

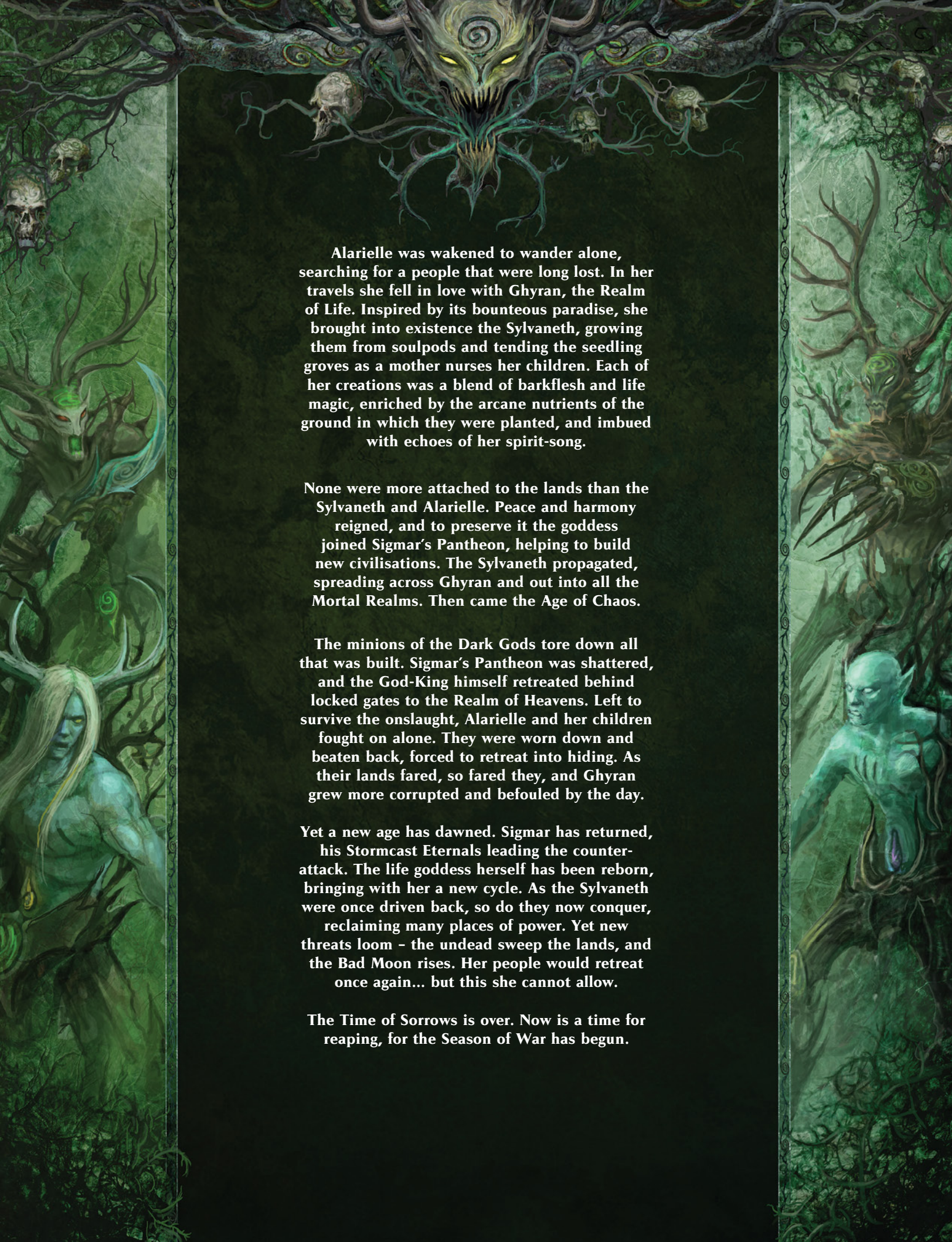
WARHAMMER

AGE OF SIGMAR



— ORDER BATTLETOME —

SYLVANETH



Alarielle was wakened to wander alone, searching for a people that were long lost. In her travels she fell in love with Ghyran, the Realm of Life. Inspired by its bounteous paradise, she brought into existence the Sylvaneth, growing them from soulpods and tending the seedling groves as a mother nurses her children. Each of her creations was a blend of barkflesh and life magic, enriched by the arcane nutrients of the ground in which they were planted, and imbued with echoes of her spirit-song.

None were more attached to the lands than the Sylvaneth and Alarielle. Peace and harmony reigned, and to preserve it the goddess joined Sigmar's Pantheon, helping to build new civilisations. The Sylvaneth propagated, spreading across Ghyran and out into all the Mortal Realms. Then came the Age of Chaos.

The minions of the Dark Gods tore down all that was built. Sigmar's Pantheon was shattered, and the God-King himself retreated behind locked gates to the Realm of Heavens. Left to survive the onslaught, Alarielle and her children fought on alone. They were worn down and beaten back, forced to retreat into hiding. As their lands fared, so fared they, and Ghyran grew more corrupted and befouled by the day.

Yet a new age has dawned. Sigmar has returned, his Stormcast Eternals leading the counter-attack. The life goddess herself has been reborn, bringing with her a new cycle. As the Sylvaneth were once driven back, so do they now conquer, reclaiming many places of power. Yet new threats loom - the undead sweep the lands, and the Bad Moon rises. Her people would retreat once again... but this she cannot allow.

The Time of Sorrows is over. Now is a time for reaping, for the Season of War has begun.

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The forest comes to life in all its verdant glory as the Sylvaneth march to war, bringing death and destruction to those who seek to despoil the wild places of the realms.



THE SYLVANETH

They are the watchers in the wood, the gale that howls through forest canopies. They are the fury of the wild places. As changeable as the weather, as merciless as nature itself, they are the Sylvaneth, vengeful forest spirits of terrifying power, and to any who enter their lands unbidden, they are death.

Even the bravest of warriors have learned to fear the vast tracts of woodland that can be found throughout the Mortal Realms. Surrounded by trees, it is all too easy to get disoriented and lost, but there is a more primal dread at work. In the forest, one can never be sure what is lurking just out of sight. Sounds are muffled, yet noises seem to come from everywhere – the snapping of twigs, a sinister rustling of leaves, and a creaking in the wind-stirred canopy above. Enemies could lie behind any twisted cluster of vines, with arrows nocked or sharp teeth bared in hungry anticipation. Many who enter such environments never come out again, and thus do the wise learn to shun the deep woods of the wilderness.

Behind many of the myths and superstitions surrounding the Wyldwoods are the Sylvaneth. The term 'Sylvaneth' covers a host of different creatures, all of which are the offspring of the goddess Alarielle, Queen of the Radiant Wood. It was she who planted them all, growing each from seeds that sprouted forth to produce all manner of new creations. Originating in Ghyran – the Realm of Life – the Sylvaneth remain strongest there, but have since spread outwards to inhabit all the Mortal Realms. Wherever they go, the Sylvaneth seek out vitality-rich areas. They make their homes within deep forests and places of natural wonder where life magic gathers, for they themselves are creatures shaped by an arcane blending of flesh, bark and sinew infused with the living boughs of the Wyldwood and elder spirits.

The Sylvaneth are at one with their forest homes, attuned to their environments in ways beyond the ken of other mortals. It is a symbiotic relationship, and as the forests flourish, so too do the Sylvaneth. The way they move in and out of even the densest terrain seems nothing short

of supernatural to outsiders. All children of Alarielle, from towering Treelords to the most gnarled of Branchwraiths, are connected by the spirit-song. No matter the distance they are from Ghyran or each other, they remain linked by the haunting melody that courses through them. The unifying energies of the spirit-song bind the Sylvaneth to the land and other members of their race, so that they live and fight as one people.



After ages of battle, the Sylvaneth have grown untrusting of others, becoming aggressive in their protection of their forest homes. At a moment's notice they stand ready to defend or march out of their arboreal sanctuaries and go to war. Sylvaneth wargroves – the term used to describe their armies – advance with a speed which rivals that of the cavalry of other forces. Even clad in thick bark and with bodies of knotted heartwood, creatures such as Dryads, Treelords and Tree-Revenants move with a flowing grace, bending and swaying like branches in the wind. Yet any who suppose the willowy limbs of the tree creatures are weak are soon proven wrong.

The gnarled hands of Treelords are more than capable of crushing even heavily armoured foes, such as Ironjaw orruks, into an

unrecognisable mass of crumpled metal, pulped flesh and splintered bone. Their massive talons batter apart shield walls with contemptuous ease, while their strangleroots shoot outwards to spear through helmet visors or snake through chainmail links, puncturing and stabbing into the vulnerable flesh beneath.

The bulk of most Sylvaneth wargroves is composed of Forest Folk – that is, Dryads and their spiritual leaders, the Branchwraiths. Although once they may have been peace-loving creatures, content to tend the wild places of the realms, that all changed with the coming of Chaos. Forced to defend themselves and their sacred sites, the Dryads have become battle-hardened. They prefer hit-and-run tactics, charging out of dense forest to strike before fading back into the thickets so quickly that the foe can offer little reprisal.

The Sylvaneth known as Noble Spirits have always been more martial. They are the commanders and champions, the warrior class of their people. The rulers of the clans are the Treelords and Treelord Ancients, mighty creatures who tower over the battlefield. In addition to possessing tremendous strength and resilience, Treelords amplify the power of the spirit-song, while the Ancients are masterful wielders of life magic, which they can use to cause Wyldwoods – sentient forests suffused with powerful spirits – to rise suddenly from the battlefield.

Tree-Revenants are Noble Spirits that form the standing armies of the Sylvaneth. Appearing as a mixture of aelf and tree, these warriors fight with elegant yet deadly enchanted blades. Branchwyches serve as warrior matriarchs, sorceresses of the wood that can summon swarms of spites – small, faerie-like creatures that harry, sting and harass foes.

The tree creatures known as Free Spirits do not belong to any of the clans, but instead answer directly to the goddess Alarielle. When the Sylvaneth spirit-song calls for war, the Free Spirits muster to aid their kin. At their head come the Spirits of Durthu – Treelords lit by a mystical inner fire that radiates life magic, and can be channelled through their massive blades in a powerful blast. The Kurnoth Hunters are beings possessed of both great strength and agility who fight with blade, bow or scythe, while the Arch-Revenants are martial, aelf-like champions borne to war upon the wings of symbiotic zephyrspites, allowing them to perform swift and savage aerial assaults.

Strangest of all Sylvaneth are the shunned ones – the Outcasts. Spite-Revenants are sinister beings that are a dark reflection of their kin. They cannot hear the spirit-song, save only when it calls for war. During such times, they join the clans for battle, where their bitter hatred makes them fierce combatants. However, their cruel and unnatural nature means that they are unwelcome amongst the Sylvaneth during times of peace. Of the horrors committed by the leader of the Outcasts – Drycha Hamadreth – the woodland folk speak only in dreadful whisper.

For the most critical of battles, Alarielle the Everqueen leads the Sylvaneth herself. She wears the raiment of war and wields weapons that were ancient when the Age of

Myth was young. Alarielle rides to battle upon the back of a gigantic wardroth beetle, and where she passes the enemy fall before her like wheat before the scythe, while in her wake new life blossoms green and bountiful.



SYLVANETH AND THE ALLIANCE OF ORDER

Most Sylvaneth are noble beings, and all are staunch enemies of Chaos. In the past, Alarielle has acted alongside Sigmar as part of his pantheon, and her children entered into the Alliance of Order. Yet for all that, the Sylvaneth are still greatly misunderstood and even feared by other races of their confederation. To humans, duardin and aelves the Sylvaneth seem inconstant, their deeds strange. Indeed, the Sylvaneth are a living dichotomy. On the one hand they appear as gentle shepherds of the deepwood, fey caretakers of growing things and protectors

of sacred sites. This side of their racial personality is full of beauty, enchanting magics and wonders of nature. Their other aspect is far more sinister, that of the inhuman stalkers who haunt the woods, cruel and terrifying warriors who strike unseen and kill without warning.

The Sylvaneth are not moved by base mortal desires such as amassing plunder or reaping glory. Instead, they are driven to safeguard their places of power and to ensure the continuation of the natural cycles of the Mortal Realms. Outsiders are often unaware of the mystical seasons that shift and alter the Sylvaneth, making the forest beings seem mysterious and mercurial, wild creatures that are capricious or cruel. The Sylvaneth can thus prove difficult allies, for their motivations often conflict with those they are fighting alongside. For their part, the Sylvaneth find that no others share or even understand their concern for the lands they inhabit and the profound rhythms of existence. Pacts between mortals and forest folk rarely stand the test of time.

For a long age, the Sylvaneth had to fight a losing war, forced by endless defeats to hide, striking back from scattered pockets of resistance using guerrilla tactics. Yet extinction has not proven to be their fate, for at last the seasons have changed. Alongside their new allies, the Stormcast Eternals, the Sylvaneth are resurgent, and have begun to reclaim their ancestral lands.

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. 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 sprouted forth the goddess renewed. Alarielle was reborn, and her children rejoiced. No

longer was she a bitter and waning thing, but instead 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 and mustered for battle anew.

All across the Mortal Realms, the Sylvaneth stirred. New life filled them. Shimmering life-motes lit the soulpod groves. 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, the invaders be driven out and the lands cleansed of taint. Now, the Sylvaneth would rise again as all joined the song of war.



Those who dare to trespass near the Wyldwoods must be prepared to face what lies hidden beneath their boughs. To tread – even unknowingly – in close proximity to a Sylvaneth sacred site is to risk their wrath and invite death. With no warning and impossible swiftness, the woods themselves seem to come alive as the wargroves march out.



A TIME OF NEW DAWN

Early on in the Age of Myth, Alarielle was discovered and awoken by the God-King Sigmar as he journeyed across the newly formed Mortal Realms. At first the Everqueen was heartsick, lonely for her lost people from the world-that-was. Yet with every stride she took in her new world, Alarielle gained strength.

For a long time Alarielle walked the wilds of Ghyran alone, exploring the many wonders of the bountiful new lands in which she found herself. Although grateful to Sigmar for awakening her, Alarielle desired the company of neither mortal nor immortal, and she found solace in nature alone. And here, in this unknown place, was nature as she had never seen it. Life and magic abounded, blended into countless shapes and forms. Alarielle spoke to many creatures and plants, and used her spells to nurture the flora and fauna. Only when she tired of solitude did the goddess sow her most treasured artefacts – seeds that she had saved from the lost world.

Where and when she planted each seed was not without significance, for the different conditions of each sowing yielded new and amazing creatures. Under her guidance

the first of the Sylvaneth grew to maturity. Motherhood suited the Everqueen, and she blossomed once again. Only then did she seek out Sigmar to thank him properly, joining his pantheon and sharing gifts of life magic with other realms.

During the days when Sigmar's Pantheon reigned, the Sylvaneth spread until they ruled the greater part of the vast realm of Ghyran. They existed in harmony with nature and – for the most part – with the mortal tribes of the Jade Kingdoms. Even in those days there were still many dangers, including rampaging beasts, hostile barbarian tribes, and the always volatile greenskin hordes. When troubles arose, the courageous Noble Spirits crushed each threat in turn, fulfilling their role as protectors so that the Dryads and Branchwraiths could continue to nurture the lands and live in peace.

THE SPIRIT-SONG AND REALMROOTS

All Sylvaneth are united by the spirit-song, which echoes through their souls from the moment they are podborn. It flows between 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 try. It is as much emotion and metaphor as it is a harmony, and only the barest edge of this phenomenon can be expressed vocally. The more Sylvaneth who are in close proximity to one another, the greater the chorus swells.

Alarielle's children draw comfort and strength from this melodic bond, and they know no greater fear than becoming a single, lonely voice amid the silence. Early on in their history, to ensure they stayed



in contact with each other and with the spirit-song, the Sylvaneth established realmroots throughout Ghyran. These deep-burrowing roots were magical in nature, and formed paths along which the Sylvaneth could communicate over immense distances. The most powerful amongst their kind were able to transform into pure life magic and flow along the realmroots to reappear elsewhere.

THE GREAT SPREADING

Time passed, and Alarielle's children propagated widely. They made their settlements – known as enclaves – across all the Mortal Realms. Some were simple clearings in the forest known as heartglades, while others were clusters of great halls whose roofs were formed from twisting limbs and boughs. Yet others were dwellings sculpted into cliff faces that lay behind cascading waterfalls. Each enclave was different, and located on a site rich in life magic. Settlements in realms other than Ghyran were more dangerous to the Sylvaneth, and though the Noble Spirits fought off most threats,

there was one hazard they could not have planned for: once beyond the Realmgates, they found themselves cut off from the spirit-song.

Sylvaneth outside of Ghyran could still perceive echoes of the spirit-song, but largely found themselves to be small islands of harmony amidst a terrible silence. Some went mad, while others fled back to the comfort of their heartglades. Those Sylvaneth who endured sought out sites where life magic flowed the strongest, such as verdant glens or near falling water. In these places they planted soulpod groves and sank new realmroots. The latter proved able to traverse great distances within a realm, but could not connect different realms, as could the Realmgates.

So grew the new enclaves. The vast Hunter's Moon, the Singing Mountains, the Citycaverns of Briardell and countless other settlements joined the spirit-song choir. Ghyran itself bloomed, and natural wonders the like of which had never been seen before blossomed in the Realm of Life. And then, Chaos came to all lands...

SOULPODS

Save for their mother goddess, nothing is as sacred to the Sylvaneth as their soulpods. They are the wellsprings of life enriched by the spirits of those who have passed. Without soulpods, Alarielle's children would die out.

Soulpods take many different forms, for life delights in variety. Even Alarielle does not always know what will grow from each, but all stem from her loves, hopes and dreams given form. The eldest of them are echoes of the world-that-was, and within each lies a deep and abiding magic, a force that cleanses the lands in which they grow. Soulpod groves exist at the heart of every Sylvaneth enclave, and whatever sprouts there will swell the Sylvaneth ranks. 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.



THE WAR OF LIFE

The forces of Chaos invaded all of the Mortal Realms, but the war for control of Ghyran unleashed battles unlike any other. For an age, Alarielle and her realm were battered, each pressed almost to extinction in a clash between the fair and the repulsive, between that which is pure and that which is befouled.

Chaos came into each of the realms in different ways. The War of Life began with an unctuous slithering in a lost, dank corner of Ghyran.

Nurgle, the Plague God, had long coveted the life-rich realm of Ghyran. Best known for his deadly pestilences, it is oft forgotten that Nurgle delights equally in the full, glorious cycle of life. A corpse can still house masses of wriggling maggots and contagions untold. Indeed, from such seemingly barren sources come some of the most fecund of all creations.

With deliberate care, corruptions from the Garden of Nurgle – the foul god’s kingdom in the Realm of Chaos – were allowed to seep into Ghyran. There, tentacles of obscenity burrowed and bred with disturbing ebullience. So swiftly did Nurgle’s spawn multiply that tides of squirming terrors were soon sweeping across the lands at an unstoppable pace. Tapping into and perverting rich veins of vital life magic, it was not long before Nurgle’s Plague Legions were manifesting throughout the realm, popping up like hideous buboes upon the landscape.

Sensing the sudden and unnatural rot, the Queen of the Radiant Wood rose to repel the foul invasion and launched dozens of different campaigns. On a thousand fronts, renewal battled entropy, healing magic fought arcane infection. Tallyband upon Tallyband of Nurgle’s daemons trudged through the Jade Kingdoms, the land writhing and screaming beneath their tainted tread. In response, Alarielle and her Regents hurled hundreds of clans into battle. The conflicts were too many to count, but some live on as legends, such as the Last Stand of the Hawthorn or the Fall of Dappelloren. On and on the war ground. Weeks became months, then years, then centuries – but still

the battles raged back and forth with great victories and horrific defeats upon both sides.

At first, Sylvaneth clans flooded back into Ghyran from the other Mortal Realms, surging through Realmgates to aid their queen in her time of need. But as the Age of Chaos darkened, and corruptions spread, those enclaves in the other realms found themselves hard-pressed even to stand to their own defence. In other places, Realmgates were captured or broken in the fighting, and even those enclaves that wished to send help found they could no longer do so. So did the flow of Sylvaneth reinforcements into Ghyran dry 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 strove to defend her domains, but as fares Ghyran, so fares the Everqueen. Though the Sylvaneth resisted bravely, many magical places of exquisite beauty were reduced to tainted wastelands, heaped with the kindlewood corpses of Sylvaneth dead. The loss of her children was a grievous blow to Alarielle, and to see entire clans driven from their homes and forced into a desperate, hunted existence caused the mother goddess untold anguish. Perhaps worst of all were the betrayals, for many of the human tribes of the Jade Kingdoms – who worshipped Alarielle in all her forms – turned from her light in the hope that

Nurgle would spare them. Led by Chaos-corrupted humans, Plague Legions marched directly into the Sylvaneth’s sacred sites so that soon soulpod groves burned and ancient places of power were corrupted. The relic known as the Tear of Grace was unveiled, but its power was twisted out of true, forcing the Sylvaneth to hide their weapon once again. Even woodlands themselves were contorted, twisted from their natural shapes into horrible parodies. Rivers congealed with filth. One by one the great cities of the Everspring Swathe fell, overcome by plagues, invaders or both. Every day, the suffering of her land and her followers sapped Alarielle’s strength until, at last, she became grieved and sorrow-haunted.

Still defiant, Alarielle led the last enclaves of Sylvaneth into hiding. The kings and queens of the glades withdrew behind veils of sorcery and misdirection. Here and there, fierce war leaders still ventured out of their sanctuaries, directing counter-attacks against the myriad armies of Nurgle, but their guerrilla assaults were more for vengeance than for any type of victory.

Alarielle herself finally broke following a string of disasters that included the Battle of Tears and the slaughter that followed the Last Hunt. Overcome by melancholy, she fled to the hidden vale of Athelwyrd. Concealed from Nurgle’s rheumy gaze, the faded goddess had all but accepted her defeat, rousing only rarely to briefly rally against her assailants. No longer wishing to fight, she desired only to brood over 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, when Alarielle learned that an old friend was seeking her out, she wished only for solitude. Hope itself had withered within Ghyran, and for all intents and purposes, the War of Life had been lost.

STORM OF SIGMAR

By the time Sigmar's Tempest broke across the Mortal Realms, Nurgle had all but claimed Ghyran for his own. Daemon Tallybands and plague-ridden armies of tainted humans roamed freely, scouring the realm in search of hidden Sylvaneth enclaves. The lands themselves were beginning to rot at the edges, as more and more of the contaminations of the Garden of Nurgle leaked into the Jade Kingdoms.

As the war of reconquest rolled out across the Mortal Realms, Sigmar sent Stormcast Eternals to locate the Queen of the Radiant Wood. The God-King's envoys sought his allies of old, hoping to reform the pantheon in a renewed alliance against the Chaos Gods.

The Hallowed Knights were the first Stormcast Eternals to enter Ghyran, crashing down before the Gates of Dawn, but others soon followed. All searched the lands, battling Chaos followers while seeking the Everqueen. In some cases, the actions of the warriors of Sigmar soon found them fighting alongside the scattered wargroves that still resisted. However, such instances were fleeting and proved nothing to the Sylvaneth, for they had long grown leery of outsiders. Despite their aid, none offered the Stormhosts any revelations about the hidden location of their missing mother goddess. And the meetings between Sylvaneth and Stormcast

were not always cordial, for some of Sigmar's warriors approached too closely to sacred grounds and were met at best as trespassers, and at worst as invaders.

Refusing to give up, the Hallowed Knights led by Lord-Castellant Lorrus Grymn overcame many perils to at last find Alarielle. Alas, in doing so, the Stormcasts inadvertently led the hordes of Nurgle straight to the goddess' last hiding place of Athelwyrd. The battle that followed was brief and vicious. Stirred to war, Alarielle fought, 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.

The Lady of Vines, the Everqueen's Branchwraith handmaiden, commanded the bodyguard that had formed to protect her. It was the Branchwraith that led them to the Cascading Path – a remnant of the broadest part of Ghyran's realmroots that allowed swift travel. Even this ruse could not shake all those who followed, eager to claim the goddess in Nurgle's name. It was at this time that the goddess, overcome by change, shrank to become a chrysalis – Alarielle, the great grower herself, reduced to a soulpod.

Many clashes followed in a series of running battles. More Sylvaneth came to aid their goddess, and Sigmar hurled down more Stormcast Eternals. The lands themselves

rose up to help Alarielle, and even a Seraphon constellation led by an ancient slann intervened. Through heroic struggles the Lady of Vines finally reached a place of purity to plant her goddess' soulpod, where it could absorb glory, heroic deeds, and vengeance.

ALARIELLE REBORN

Time flowed 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. 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.

THE LADY OF VINES

The Lady of Vines is Alarielle's seneschal, and one of her greatest generals. The Branchwraith is quite literally the right hand of her queen, cut from Alarielle's wrist and nurtured into a courageous and skilled lieutenant. The goddess sprouted a new hand soon enough, for her veins sing with the magic of life, and the sacrifice was worth making – in creating her favoured daughter from the stuff of her own body, she ensured unquestioning loyalty. Gnarled and weathered by centuries of war, the Lady of Vines never faltered in her prosecution of the War of Life. She improvised her own commands when her beloved mother receded into melancholy, and stood as the foremost defender of the Shimmertarn for many years. No matter how bleak things became, the Branchwraith never allowed the embers of hope to die. The doubts that Nurgle sent to worm their way into the heartwood of all who served Alarielle were swiftly burned away by the radiant vigour and certainty that permeated her being. That fire was kindled anew by the arrival of the Stormcast Eternals, for in them she saw a chance to spark a change in Alarielle and bestir her from despondency. In this, the Lady of Vines proved correct, although the heroic acts of protecting the soulpod-phase of Alarielle cost the Branchwraith her life. However, one of the Everqueen's first acts upon her rebirth was to grow a new incarnation of her most loyal servant, and so the Lady of Vines lives once more.



SEASON OF WAR

Although the final piece of total triumph – capturing Alarielle – had eluded Nurgle, the Lord of Decay’s grip upon Ghyran was nearly complete. Yet the newly risen goddess had gone through a metamorphosis, and had shaken off the malaise that had sapped her will. Would her new vitality be enough to change the war’s course?

Alarielle rose again, birthed from the soil of fallen heroes and watered by the lifesap of her own champion. In her anger she sent forth a pulse, a wave of pure life magic that coursed through the realms. As her energies cleared the miasmatic fog that enveloped the land, the waning sun shone through. Radiant once more, Alarielle sang her new song. Gone were all signs of defeat and despondency, and in their place was anger and vengeance. Thus did the Season of War begin.

Alarielle called a great muster, a war gathering not seen for an age. Her spirit-song summoned the wargroves of every glade to her side. The disbanded Sons of Durthu, Alarielle’s bodyguard of old, also heeded that command, travelling from far distant realms. Free Spirits moved in droves, and from the shadows came Outcasts, eager to join the call to war. In a solemn moment the Everqueen took up that which remained of Kurnoth – a shining spear that bore the last energies of the Hunter God.

This was not the time for sorrows, however. A Royal Moot was called, and the Regents of the Glades themselves attended in person, or at least in part, for several sent a detachable portion of themselves as the bulk of their personage was simply too deeply rooted to move. Alarielle sent for Sigmar as well, and the God-King despatched his armies alongside his champion, the Celestant-Prime. When all were gathered, war councils were held. It was Alarielle’s wish – despite some protests from her own factions about outsiders – to ally once more with Sigmar.

Across the realms, Sigmar’s Stormhosts were attempting to seize control of key Realmgates from the followers of Chaos. It was their plan to pin the enemy in place, deny them reinforcements, and take back

vital lands one by one, all the while attempting to free enslaved peoples and rally more forces of Order to their cause. Their next targets were the All-gates.

The most coveted command point in the Mortal Realms was the Allpoints, a vast island that existed in the void between realms. From that strange land were Realmgates leading to each of the Eight Realms, so that whoever controlled the Allpoints had access to all lands. Over the ages, many battles had been fought over the site, and since the early days of the Age of Chaos it had served as headquarters for the greatest of Chaos Champions, Archaon. The followers of Chaos – who saw the inter-realm island as a vast eight-pointed star – knew it as the Eightpoints, and there was built the Varanspire, Archaon’s seat of power and the proving ground for his vaunted Varanguard. Portals in the Varanspire’s highest towers led to the Realm of Chaos, making it a prime place from which the anarchic energies and daemon legions of Chaos flowed freely out into the Mortal Realms via the connecting Realmgates.

It was now Sigmar’s hope to take the strongholds that guarded the Realmgates leading to the Allpoints. The name of the Realmgate in Ghyran was the Genesis Gate, and Alarielle was quick to join forces with the Stormcast Eternals and assail the Chaos defences that surrounded it. Even Sylvaneth who were normally leery of allying with other forces were overjoyed to see their queen risen once more, and all were in awe of her new incarnation. So were the wargroves eager to assemble and march to battle.

THE GENESIS GATE

Once, the Genesis Gate had been at the centre of a glorious series of anchored shimmerfalls, floating islands that issued forth powerful

waterfalls rich in the magics of Ghyran. It was the largest of these cascades that formed the portal that led to the Allpoints. That had been long ago, before the coming of Chaos. Since then, the Genesis Gate had morphed into something far more horrible. Now known as the Lands shoals, the floating islands drifted free, their spillage corrupting all lands they passed over. The isles themselves had mutated, twisting to look like immense jellyfish that trailed foul tentacles beneath their bulbous shapes. Flesh-like domes grew over their surfaces, acting as sails to keep the isles moving while trapping toxin-filled air within. Sylvaneth of the Oakenbrow Glade had made many attempts to win back the Genesis Gate, hoping to stem the tides of Chaos filth, but all had ended in failure. Now, led by Alarielle in her full war guise and allied with many other glades and the Stormcast Eternals, they would try again.



Standing against the Sylvaneth and their celestial allies were many Chaos armies, all under the command of the Glottkin, a gruesome trio of brothers each gifted foul powers by Nurgle himself. Seven fortresses – the fabled Ring of Corruption – guarded seven openings that led to Nurgle's most valued prize in all the realm. A central keep, known as the Dripping Fortress, floated above the Genesis Gate itself.

'I call upon sun and wind – let the filth be cleansed from the lands. Now is not the time to count the cost of victory, nor to weep over our losses, for it is the Season of War. Now is the time to make our foes pay for the evil they have wrought. Let your vengeance flow like a flood tide.'

– Alarielle, Queen of the Radiant Wood

The battles that followed were bitter and hard-fought. At last, Alarielle had a chance to release her pent-up rage and frustration, and she led the wargroves to smash down the Ring of Corruption and storm their way to the Dripping Fortress. Not even

the Glottkin could prevent Alarielle from reaching the Genesis Gate and using her purifying magic to seal the Realmgate, halting the influx of Chaos. At long last, the tide had changed in the War of Life.

THE SEEDS OF HOPE

The battle to reclaim the Genesis Gate was only the beginning, and was soon followed by Alarielle's campaign to seize the lands of Thyria. Across Ghyran, hundreds of battle fronts opened, and each day saw Nurgle's grip upon the Jade Kingdoms wane further. A new wind blew as wargroves marched to reconquer their lost lands.

During this time the three cities known as the Seeds of Hope were established. Raised with impossible quickness with the help of Alarielle's life magic, the cities of Greywater Fastness, the Living City and the Phoenicium sprang into existence, and were settled by tribes of men and the Everqueen's new allies from Azyrheim. The War of Life was far from over, but it was now being fought on equal terms as the signs of civilisation sprang back to Ghyran.

THE LIVING CITY

Raised by Lady Alarielle the Everqueen from the stone and ironoak of the Jade Kingdom, the Living City is a natural bulwark against the savage powers of the realms, and a symbol of coexistence between Azyr and Ghyran. A mighty woodland city ringed by thorn-studded towers and walls of choking vines, it was the first of the so-called 'Seeds of Hope' to be founded. These three fortified cities would find themselves under siege by the forces of darkness during the Season of War. After a vicious campaign, the battle was won, as the city itself stirred to life to crush and tear its foes apart. In the wake of this victory the boughs of the Living City have continued to reach outwards, forming new perimeter walls of venom-tipped thorns and canopy-districts of winding, oaken pathways. Artisans flock to the Living City, fashioning wondrous artefacts and weapons from sturdy ironoak.



THE FOREST HOSTS

The Sylvaneth are unique within the Mortal Realms, and so too are the armies with which they wage war. The wargroves are able to move and strike with impressive speed, and their attacks are coordinated and launched with a unison almost unheard of by other forces.

In the blink of an eye, what appears to be the edge of a silent forest can suddenly become far more menacing. Without so much as a leaf falling from the canopy, a sway of a tree trunk or the crack of a branch, an entire Sylvaneth wargrove can spring forth from out of cover, ready to do battle.

So fluid and coordinated is the mustering of a Sylvaneth wargrove that it can, to outsiders, appear to be a spontaneous natural phenomenon rather than the premeditated actions of sentient beings. In truth, this is not the case. It is the response to a call to arms issued by a powerful Noble Spirit – be it a clan leader, one of the Regents of the Glades or even Alarielle herself.

To assemble a wargrove, the forest spirit who will lead the army 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 compelling notes of violence. Within the minds of those who hear it, feelings of anger twine jaggedly into images of battle and wordless calls for vengeance and fealty. It is possible for a Sylvaneth to refuse the song's summons, although few would choose to do so. Amongst Alarielle's children, loyalty is a deep-rooted instinct, and when called to war, the Sylvaneth abandon all other endeavours, even if they are a vast distance away. 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 – summon clans from many glades, and it is then that the Sylvaneth are at their mightiest. Such gatherings can take days or weeks to complete, often occurring in stages as bands of Free Spirits converge upon the regal

being that uttered the song of war. 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 creatures known as spites scamper to join the assembly, chattering to one another or aping the patrolling sentries.



With every new band of Sylvaneth that joins the gathering, the spirit-song swells. When the mustering is done, the song rises to a shattering crescendo that fills the Sylvaneth with soaring vitality and vengeful purpose. Treelords boom out deep war cries, Branchwraiths raise their voices in melodious battle-songs and Wyldwoods – enchanted thickets filled with ancient spirits – burst spontaneously from the ground.

Sylvaneth armies fight with the wrath of nature unleashed. Keening bands of Dryads burst from amongst the Wyldwoods, with Branchwraiths leading them in a lashing dance of war. While the Forest Folk encircle the enemy, the Noble Spirits flicker along the spirit paths to slam into their foes from unexpected angles. As the enemy is locked in place, the rest of the Sylvaneth wargrove arrives, choosing their targets with merciless precision. Under this onslaught, enemy battle-lines swiftly

erode away like soil on a cliffside with no roots to hold it firm.

As the spirit-song travels via the realmroots, it cannot normally be heard by other races. Those with the keenest perception will feel the growing disquiet of the forests, understanding that something momentous is happening just on the edge of their senses. Unless the song swells to a full battle-chorus, it is not until foes hear the piercing shrieks of the Dryads that they realise they are under attack, and by then it is often too late. When an entire wargrove unleashes its attack, the spirit-song soars, mixing with the Sylvaneth battle-cries to become a ringing sound of terror the fills opponents with dread.

A NEW WAY OF WAR

As they do with all things, the Sylvaneth approach their military strategy from a naturally ordered perspective. Their wargroves are comprised of distinct layers, within which each warrior instinctively knows their place. It was not always this way.

Once, battle was to be avoided, a last resort after diplomacy, barrier spells and palisades of ironhedge had failed to keep the peace. In the Age of Myth, most Sylvaneth conflicts saw them on the defensive, simply trying to protect their sacred sites from invaders. A few hunting forays were made to track down rampant monsters or raiding warbands, but such sorties were rare. The coming of Chaos changed all that.

Though now a key part of most wargroves, the Forest Folk were not warriors at the dawn of the Age of Myth. At that time, Dryads and Branchwraiths were peaceful creatures, deeply spiritual beings who tended the wild forests. When the first invasions of the Age of Chaos began, the Forest Folk

suffered horribly. It was no longer enough for them to take shelter while the Noble Spirits fought on their behalf. Any Sylvaneth who could not fight the foe was doomed. They had to learn not just to defend, but to help battle their way out of encirclements. Those that baulked swiftly fell to their attackers' blades. Through successive generations, the Forest Folk were winnowed down until only the fighters survived.

Now, in the Age of Sigmar, Forest Folk still tend the forests, but there is a juxtaposition in their beings. A Dryad might croon a song of purity to help living things grow, or to stave off plagues that still threaten to rot plants from within. At need, a Dryad's branch-like hands can be so gentle as to scoop up a fallen bird's nest and place it back in the upper boughs with such grace that the fledglings within remain asleep. Yet should a foe appear within Sylvaneth boundaries, the selfsame creature takes on a remarkable change. They stalk the invader, moving from tree to tree until the moment is right, and then that once-gentle creature will reach out with talon-like claws

to rip, mangle and pull an intruder apart limb by limb. Even would-be allies that mistakenly stumble into a sacred glen are mercilessly torn asunder. The concept of honour is alien to the Forest Folk, and they have no qualms about attacking unseen or about destroying helpless targets. There is no reason, only stark, terrifying aggression.



*What is the law of the Wyldwood?
(Question of the Ancient)
To Protect Thy Own.
(Response of the Branchling)
And who is thy protector?
(Question of the Ancient)
The Queen in the Radiant Wood.
(Response of All)*



In contrast to the Forest Folk, those Sylvaneth of the Noble Spirits have always been a warrior class. They lead the Sylvaneth as commanders and champions. In general, the Noble Spirits are less binary in their outlook and more high-minded, as well as less prone to instinctual behaviour. They tend to be stern

and sombre, especially the Treelord Ancients who rule the woodland clans. However, even the Noble Spirits have changed since the golden era of the Age of Myth. While not as mercurial in temperament as the Forest Folk, they too have grown embittered. During conflicts, they have learned to savagely press any advantage. In all-out war there is no room for compassion – certainly not for foes, but increasingly not for anyone but their own kind.

No longer do the Sylvaneth fight solely to defend themselves. Such ways died out with the millions who fell during the long defeat that was the Age of Chaos. Now the wargroves march to battle in order to reclaim lost lands, to reconnect realmroots that have been severed or simply to eradicate outsiders, especially those marked by the taint of Chaos. Once, it would have been anathema for the Sylvaneth to even contemplate a campaign of mass slaughter – a deed more likely to be perpetrated by the Outcasts than to their race as a whole – yet such is the grim reality of the harshness demanded by the Season of War.



THE SOUL WARS

Without respite Alarielle pushed her children. Across Ghyran the armies of Nurgle were suddenly wrong-footed, finding themselves on the defensive against a vengeful foe that knew the lands better than they. Yet other forces were at work, and soon Ghyran and all the Mortal Realms were besieged by a new threat...

Even as Alarielle directed the Sylvaneth on campaigns – the reconquest of Erosia, the Glade Gathering of Thyria and the destruction of the towers of Invidia to name but a few – a new peril loomed over the realms.

IT CAME FROM SHYISH

The many centuries of war within the Mortal Realms had exacted a heavy toll upon the living. From the slaughters of the Age of Chaos to the invasions of reconquest which saw the arrival of the Age of Sigmar, battles untold had been fought in every land. These long ages of loss and calamity played into the hands of one being in particular: Nagash.

Also known as the Great Necromancer, the self-proclaimed God of Death had long plotted against mortalkind. From his strongholds in Shyish – the Realm of Death – Nagash had conceived a dreadful plan. As the master of the undead, Nagash could call upon an endless supply of minions to serve him, and as an immortal, it mattered not how much time his grand design would take to realise.

Like a spider building a web, Nagash played the long game, for he sought to rule all. The Great Necromancer wanted nothing to do with alliances or councils – he desired complete control for himself. He was also moved by revenge. In the Age of Myth, when Nagash deigned to join the pantheon of Sigmar, he was promised rule of Shyish. He believed that after mortals died their essences would be his in perpetuity, for all souls travelled to the underworlds of Shyish, where the afterlives of all cultures could be found.

Instead, Nagash watched as the Gods of Chaos devoured or eternally corrupted souls that belonged to him. He saw the aelven deities stealing away souls that were his

by right, using eldritch magics to refashion their slain race. The Sylvaneth sought to recycle the souls of their fallen to enable them to be reincarnated. Worst of all, he beheld Sigmar's faithless betrayal as the God-King snatched up the mightiest heroes at the moment of their deaths and transformed them into warriors eternal for whom true death was no longer possible.

Outwardly Nagash gave no obvious sign of his fury, for he is as cold as the grave, but his anger gnawed upon him. His vengeance was as slow and creeping as the inevitable onset of death itself. A plan that took thousands of years to reach its conclusion at last saw him construct a mountainous black pyramid of harvested realmstone at the heart of Shyish.

Had Nagash's unholy ritual been completed as he intended, all living beings would have fallen, their souls torn from them and their mindless corpses rising up to serve their new master. Forewarned by dire portents, all powers of the Mortal Realms – and even beyond – sent forces marching into Shyish in attempts to halt the final stages. It was too late – the invaders were met and held by the undead legions, but their attacks proved an unwitting distraction. Skaven agents snuck into the Black Pyramid and corrupted the ritual at the last moment, resulting in tidal waves of unchannelled death magic being released.

Even the necromantic powers of Nagash could not control the rampant energies that washed over Shyish and then out across all the Mortal Realms. Behind the bow wave of death magic rode spirit armies, and in the wake of that hellstorm the dead rose from their graves. Following the necroquake all forms of magic ran wild, and new spells were born that did not fade or dissipate, but rampaged on.

Seeking to capitalise on the mayhem and the superfluity of undead, Nagash launched his legions alongside endless processions of Nighthaunts. One way or another, the Great Necromancer would see his revenge over the souls that were his due. Thus began the Soul Wars, a new dark age of battle.

SEASON OF DREAD

The Sylvaneth are attuned to the natural world, and many felt the cold winds of death long before the full gale of necromantic energies was released. Sensing trouble was brewing in Shyish, Alarielle had already sent forth her envoys, convincing Drycha Hamadreth and the spirits of Dreadwood to undertake a mission. However, the Everqueen's concentration was fixed on retaking and purifying the greater portion of Ghyran that had been overrun by the forces of Nurgle.

LAMENTIRI

Lamentiri are the soulseeds that grow within any Sylvaneth of higher standing than the Forest Folk. These beautiful seeds contain the racial memories of that clan's previous generations. Lamentiri burrow deep within their bearer, and can be likened to motes of a collective of souls who have come before. Noble Spirits live long lives – many times that of humans – but when they die, their lamentiri can be harvested and planted back in the enclave so that the seeds release their energies and last bearer's essence into the soulpod groves. In this manner, the accumulated experiences of all Sylvaneth can be added to the next generation, though this recycling of souls fuels the Great Necromancer's ire.

When the full blast of the necroquake rolled across Ghyran, none of the Sylvaneth were truly prepared. Waves of undead lurched into forests only recently cleansed from the corruptions of Nurgle. Beneath the boughs Dryads attempted to slow the hordes, sending out pleas for help along the restored channels of the realmroots. All too often the desperate requests never reached their destinations.

Necromantic magic is heavy, often accumulating in low-lying areas. Its thickest concentrations sank down, waking the buried dead but also withering the realmroots and severing connections between them. In Verdia the Tower of Vines fell, the soulpod groves of Yska were breached and destroyed, and the purifying waters of the Silverwyr ran dry. So it went all across Ghyran. The Sylvaneth were forced to call off their attacks against the reeling Plague Legions in order to stave off undead invasions. Using the distraction, the armies loyal to Nurgle retreated to their own strongpoints, although they had to battle their way through the undead to do so.

After raging swarms of sentient spells and Nighthaunt processions ravaged the wargroves that were marching against Chaos, the Sylvaneth fell back, seeking sanctuary in their defensible enclaves. In withdrawing before the undead, they chose to hide behind illusionary magics, sacrificing vast forests in order to protect the vital soulpod groves. For Alarielle this was too much like the old ways, and this she could not countenance. No longer in her season of sorrows, the Everqueen refused to back down from this new threat. In frustration, the goddess poured forth her vibrant fury into a new seeding. For one day and one night Alarielle swayed over the planting, singing her song of war. What arose were the Arch-Revenants – deadly Free Spirits made for battle.

In order to speed these new creations on their way to the far-flung glades, Alarielle made a pact with the Spitemonarch to secure zephyrspites – winged creatures that would grant the Arch-Revenants the power of

flight through symbiosis. When any Sylvaneth stand within the presence of an Arch-Revenant, the spirit-song is altered, its harmonic rhythms amplified into a strident anthem of vengeance and righteous wrath. So on Alarielle's command did the Arch-Revenants bring the Everqueen's aggression to each of the glades, spurring on the wargroves to not stand defensively but to boldly march out of their greenholds.

In the Deftwood, Oakenbrow Glade led the charge against the Legions of Arkhan the Black, while in Kurnotheal, the spirits of Heartwood headed a campaign against the barrow legions of invading Wight Kings. Alarielle herself led a coalition of glades that vanquished the previously undefeated procession led by the Knight of Shrouds known

as the Baroness of the Crypt Isles. Beneath the darkened canopy, far from the light of sun or star, tree-spirit fought undead, matching their natural vitality and life magic against the oblivion of death magic. Here, as on so many battlefields in which the Sylvaneth fought against the forces of undeath, the magic of the forest stirred to life. Gladewyrms burst from the loamy earth, their serpentine forms striking out to shatter bones and rusted armour. Forward lumbered many Skullroots, those most malicious of sentient trees, their club-like branches whipping out with skull-smashing force. In all its destructive force, the necroquake had awakened the dormant magic of the wilds, and these primal spells now surged forth to overwhelm those who would defy the natural order.



THE GREAT CYCLES

The living memories of the Sylvaneth are marked by cycles just as the barkflesh of a Treelord is imprinted with rings. The wisest of their kind can recall all the deeds of yesteryears, each tinged by its season, such as the sorrow of dwindling or the mirth of newbloom. All such knowledge passes into the lamentiri to be re-absorbed.

● AGE OF GROWTH ●

Known to others as the Age of Myth, this is a time of great sprouting and expansion for the Sylvaneth.

ALARIELLE ALONE

Desiring the company of neither mortal nor god, Alarielle wanders Ghyran until the natural beauty of the realm eases her sorrows. It is at this time that the goddess bonds forever with the Realm of Life.

THE SOWING

Alarielle sows seeds across the length and breadth of Ghyran. From sunlit mountaintops to the ocean depths, she plants soulpod groves. Emerging from these come the first of the Sylvaneth, beginning with the Oakenbrow and Gnarlroot Glades, though many more soon follow.

THE RISE OF CIVILISATION

During this period Alarielle joins Sigmar's Pantheon, travelling to other realms to spread life magic, and in turn joining the other gods in raising cities for the burgeoning mortal races. Alarielle watches with pride as her children spread across Ghyran and develop their settlements. They are drawn to places of natural magical power, for in such places realmroots grow swiftest, and soulpod groves can readily absorb life-giving energies. All lands fill with harmony, but none more so than Ghyran, which blossoms with many wonders.

THE BONEBARK MARCH

Noble Spirits of Clans Dernoth and Laeril march to war alongside ranks of the undead. Together, they crush a horde of beastmen at Sunderstone Peak, a major victory for Sigmar's alliance.

GROWING STRIFE

Discord increasingly sets the factions of Sigmar's Pantheon against one another. Greenskins are behind many of the disputes, but not all, for Nagash's undead encroach upon

Decrepita in the Great Swathe, and deforestation along many mountain ranges at the hands of the duardin causes strife. There are even brief periods of internecine fighting as tensions grow between Sylvaneth glades, particularly between Oakenbrow and Dreadwood. Alarielle herself grows disenchanted with her fellow pantheon members and spends more time alone, attending her growing Sylvaneth, or – if the season and moon align – with the remnants of Kurnoth, the Hunter God, who escaped the destruction of the world-that-was.



SEEDS OF A NEW AGE

All realms draw the attention of the Chaos Gods, but Nurgle's gaze fixates upon the most fertile – Ghyran. With compound eyes, plague insects scout out the lands, bringing reports of growing dissent back to the Garden of Nurgle. Many fowl seeds are secretly planted. Something begins to fester in the cracks growing between Sigmar's Pantheon.

A FOETID WIND

Across Ghyran come tales of strange growths, of rotten bark sloughing off, of sprouts withering and fronds uncurling to reveal not healthy green shoots but monstrous mutations. Betentacled beasts roam the forests and one-eyed daemons are reported. Whispering voices speak false promises of power to human tribes.

● AGE OF CHAOS ●

OPENING STAGES OF CONTAGION

Nurgle's forces invade as the season of the dwindling draws nigh. At first, they strike through captured Realmgates and the reality-splitting gnawholes of the Clans Pestilens. The attacks are repulsed, but many lands are further seeded with corruption.

THE BARKPOX ASSAULTS

As diseases blossom, a series of well-planned invasions are launched across Ghyran. While the Great Unclean One known as Rotigus drenches the lands in plague-rains, another greater daemon – Bolathrax – begins a campaign to spread the blisterpox. The Glottkin themselves march at the head of a diseased host that carries the festerbark pox. In thirteen different locations, boil-ridden skaven erupt from tunnels to spread their foul contagions. Several major glades are destroyed during these onslaughts, including Hawthorn, Frondkin and Eiderbract. When Springleaf – perhaps the most populous of the glades – lose their capital Dappelloren, their other enclaves fall soon after, until only Rimewald in the north remains.

SPRINGLEAF NO MORE

With the destruction of Rimewald, Springleaf Glade are broken. The survivors scatter, eventually reforming as Winterleaf Glade.

THE SHROUDED TIME

The War of Life grows worse daily, and everywhere the Sylvaneth wargroves find the conflict turning against them. Alarielle calls a Royal Moot and vows to turn the tide, no matter the price. What horrors follow are a mystery, veiled from Sylvaneth memory by enchanted forgetfulness. No few speculate that it was during this time that the curse of the Outcast fell upon their people. Thus begins Alarielle's season of waning.

A LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

From an unexpected grove, Harvestboon Glade sprouts. They are born for vengeance, and seek to bring back hope to their kind.

THE SONS' QUEST

Alarielle despatches twelve of the Sons of Durthu – her personal bodyguard – on a mission into the Ulgulands. They seek a weapon of incredible power that could be used to help liberate Ghyran, but after many battles the formation is not heard from again. In the years that pass, memory of the mission fades, but several old-growths still hold out hope that the absent Sons will return one day bearing a mighty prize.

A BITTER HARVEST

As Sylvaneth places of power fall, Alarielle is forced to take ever more extreme measures. Seeking a way to stem the tides, she plants the seed of Drycha deep within the vale known as the Hamadrithil. What emerges from that place is far wilder and more dangerous than the goddess expects.

THE FIRST SIEGE OF THE SILVERED GROVE

A vast Rotbringer army lays siege to the Silvered Grove, the greatest greenhold of Gnarlroot Glade. Household after Household sallies out to drive back the plague hordes from the ancient rootbridges, while a conclave of Treelord Ancients unleash life magics that tear their attackers apart. A final counter-attack destroys the last of the would-be invaders, although at great cost.

BATTLE OF TEARS

Led by Horticultural Slimux, a Nurgle invasion force from the corrupted land of Invidia traverses the gelatinous Hind Sea and invades the neighbouring continent of Kurnotheal. There they meet Kurnoth the Hunter and a host of Sylvaneth in a terrible battle. However, Kurnoth is in his winter season and is far from his full might, and though he and his warriors of the Great Hunt fight ferociously, the god is finally dragged down and slain by the servants of the Plague God. Seeking to return Kurnoth's spear and what remains of his body

to Alarielle, a Heartwood wargrove begins a desperate journey. They are pursued in a running battle that sees the Sylvaneth weaving in and out of the realmroots in an effort to evade their foes. A lone Dryad survives to deliver their sacred burden. The woeful but heroic tale is thereafter known as the Slaughter of the Last Hunt.

RETREAT TO ATHELWYRD

After many seasons of calamity and the corruption of her beloved lands, the Everqueen herself begins to wither. The failure of her efforts to heal Ghyran, the loss of Kurnoth and the betrayals of those once loyal to her send the goddess into a spiral of despair. In a fit of madness she banishes the Sons of Durthu from her side. No longer believing victory in the War of Life is possible, the Queen of the Radiant Wood retreats to the hidden vale of Athelwyrd, leaving the last enclaves of Sylvaneth to fight on their own.



SCATTERED RESISTANCE

The Sylvaneth secrete themselves in hidden groves protected by illusions. Gone are the bold marches and epic battles, replaced instead with stealthy ambush and small, hit-and-run attacks upon the hated foe.

THE IRONTHORN

Before the Great Ironthorn Wall, the human Blackstone tribe allies with several Sylvaneth wargroves to march against the daemons of Nurgle's Plague Legions. Victory for the alliance seems assured, until the Blackstone tribe's shamans are unwittingly infected with blightworms. At the campaign's height, the mystics burst open upon the field of battle, showering those nearby in rancid viscera. The humans' collective horror and despair at the spectacle summons forth a Tallyband of Plaguebearers that sweeps all before it.

SAVING GRACE

A thousand Tree-Revenants appear before the ruins of Ghoremfel led by the Lady of Vines and a coven of Branchwyses. They carve through Slaaneshi cultists and recover the sacred Tear of Grace from its embervault before disappearing.

AMBUSH AT WIDOWBITE

Atop Widowbite Crag, the root clans of Winterleaf Glade face their doom. With fatalistic determination they hurl back waves of frenzied skaven, but with each assault more forest spirits fall. Just as all seems lost, Drycha Hamadreth bursts forth from the undercaves of the crag at the head of a swarm of Outcasts. Few of the invading ratmen escape the terrible massacre that follows.

SILVERED GROVE DEFIANT

By pooling their magical power, the Treelord Ancients of Gnarlroot Glade are able to foil a massive Maggotkin assault on the Silvered Grove. Illusions lead thousands of Blightkings into a cloying morass where their corpulence sees them sink waist-deep into the mud, rendering them easy prey for enraged Dryads. Meanwhile, towering thorn-barriers spell a sudden end for entire wings of Pusgoyle Blightlords and Plague Drones, who only spot the lethal glamour-wreathed bulwarks when it is too late.

LOWERING SKIES

A breeze stirs the foetid air of Ghyran, and some of the eldest of the old-growths feel change on the wind and in the soil. While many enclaves lie blackened with rot, a strange hope seems to emanate from the gathered storm clouds.

◆ AGE OF SIGMAR ◆

THE STORM BREAKS

A new age begins as Sigmar unleashes his Stormcast Eternals. By capturing Realmgates, the God-King hopes to establish beachheads in the other Mortal Realms and halt the flow of Chaos reinforcements. Although suspicious of outsiders, many Sylvaneth wargroves are eager for revenge and go to battle alongside Sigmar's Stormhosts.

THE GATES OF DAWN

The first victory for the Stormcast Eternals in the Realm of Life is won by the Hallowed Knights. Allying with an Oakenbrow wargrove, they close a Chaos-corrupted Realmgate in the Ghyrtract Fen. More victories follow, with each Stormhost seeking an audience with Alarielle, yet she refuses to emerge from seclusion.

THE FALL OF ATHELWYRD

The Stormcast Eternals finally locate Alarielle's hidden enclave, Athelwyrd, but in doing so they unwittingly reveal its location to the forces of Chaos. Led by the Lady of Vines, the goddess escapes the fall of her refuge with her enemies in close pursuit.

QUEEN OF MALICE

At the fall of Athelwyrd, such shock sweeps through the remaining realmroots that many Sylvaneth believe their goddess to be slain. Stepping into the leadership gulf, Drycha claims that Alarielle is gone. Several clans from different glades – most notably Dreadwood – pledge themselves to Drycha, and she assembles a vast wargrove joined by thousands of Outcasts that begins to attack all non-Sylvaneth in Ghyran.

END OF A CYCLE

Her system shocked into a change, Alarielle turns into a soulpod, leaving her vulnerable even as enemies close upon the small forces of Sylvaneth and Stormcast Eternals that guard her. In a series of battles across Ghyran, the armies of Torglug the Despised seek to hunt down and capture the Queen of the Radiant Wood. Thanks to many heroics, the unexpected arrival of a Seraphon army led by a Slann Starmaster, and the Lady of Vines' noble sacrifice, Alarielle's soulpod is at last planted atop Blackstone Summit where it can absorb the essence of glory and might from the remains of fallen heroes.

BLACKHOLLOW

During the Battle of Blackhollow, several Dreadwood clans are forced to ally with a force of Hallowed Knights to repel a grot infestation. Sigmar's warriors are horrified at the spite and cruelty of their allies.

THE STIRRING

All nine root clans of Harvestboon muster to besiege the Foulspine in Ghyran. Though many of the forest spirits fall, a band of Treelords tears down the Suppurant Gate and hundreds of Dryads pour into the Dreadhold. Putrus the Rotlord is left impaled upon his own thorn-strangled battlements. The Willowqueen of Harvestboon proclaims the victory a sign of new hope. As if in answer, the soulpod groves of Harvestboon clans across the Mortal Realms blossom, replacing the glade's losses and giving rise to entire new clans.



HEARTWOOD'S REVENGE

With the aid of a Seraphon constellation, Heartwood clans in Ghur finally exact vengeance on the Tzeentchian Daemon Prince who centuries earlier conquered the enclave of Verdantia, reducing the usurper's stronghold to glittering rubble after a decade of bitter battle.

THE SONS OF BEHEMAT

Following the death of the zodiacal godbeast Behemat, the gargant's last sons wander lost across Ghyran. Wise and compassionate, the clans of Oakenbrow welcome the powerful – if crude – allies to their lands.

REBIRTH

Bursting forth with a song of vengeance, Alarielle rises up reborn. A wave of life magic surges across the Mortal Realms, and every soulpod grove bears new generations of Sylvaneth, including new forms made for war. The scattered Sons of Durthu are recalled, and a Royal Moot is held to begin the mustering of the wargroves.

SEALING THE GENESIS GATE

Alongside Sigmar's Stormhosts, Alarielle leads the Sylvaneth against the Chaos strongholds known collectively as the Ring of Corruption. The Everqueen defeats the Glottkin and succeeds in closing the Genesis Gate, the Ghyranite entrance to the Allpoints, cutting off the flow of Archagon's forces into the Jade Kingdoms.

CYCLE OF RENEWAL

All glades send forth wargroves to drive out their foes, beginning the long process of purification. New Wyldwoods are sown in areas razed or polluted by Ghyran's many invaders.

THE HUNTERS' MOON

All across Ghyran, Kurnoth Hunters arrive to bolster the glades. In some places the Free Spirits strike alone. At Anvil Gate a hundred-strong war-copse seizes the Realmgate from the skaven of Clan Feesik, while at Aquia the Hunters shoot down the living isle of Bloatus.

SEEDS OF HOPE

In the Jade Kingdom of Thyria, the Everqueen leads wargroves to victory against the skaven of Clan Morbidus, then uses her potent magics to raise the first of the cities known as the Seeds of Hope. She offers this Living City to her new allies, a place of safety in exchange for their custodianship of the newly grown forests that surround it. Other cities – the industry-heavy Greywater Fastness and the City Raised From Ruin, the Phoenicium – soon follow.

A PATH RESTORED

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

HUNTERS' VENGEANCE

In the Mistwoods of Shae-Rahat, the Wild Hunt is led by a spearhead of Kurnoth Hunters and Tree-Revenants in pursuit of the Great Unclean One Gruxulok and his armies. By the time the hated

plague-bringer is cornered, the very landscape has turned savagely against the Chaos invaders.

RISE OF THE WYLDWOODS

With Alarielle in full bloom, her children are resurgent throughout the Mortal Realms. The Sylvaneth's numbers grow daily, with soulpod groves sprouting new forest spirits in numbers not seen since the Age of Myth. The spirit-song shivers audibly in the air. On countless fronts the hordes of Chaos are driven back before the vengeful Sylvaneth wargroves. New Wyldwoods spring up to replace the ravaged and corrupted landscapes.

ALLIES ABOUND

The Sylvaneth find the Stormcast Eternals to be strong allies in hundreds of battles, and make common cause with many other factions. Some – the Fyreslayers, Kharadron Overlords and Seraphon – are races true to their word. Other coalitions – such as those formed with the Daughters of Khaine, ogors and Idoneth Deepkin – prove to be less stable, the two sides often reverting to a state of mutual distrust or even outright hostility once their shared enemy is destroyed.

THE GHOUL MERE

When the inhabitants of Greywater Fastness level the verdant ground around the city and their industry turns it into a polluted swamp, Alarielle despatches Dreadwood wargroves under the leadership of a Treelord named Pale Oak to blockade the settlement, in order to protect what is left. The area becomes a deadly no man's land known as the Ghoul Mere. Aggression from the Sylvaneth is followed by negotiations in which Pale Oak finally agrees to allow a single route into and out of the city so that its people might avoid starvation, but any who stray from the path are slain in a horrible fashion.

HAMMERHAL GHYRA

Hammerhal, the Twin-tailed City, is established. One half of the burgeoning metropolis, Hammerhal Ghyra, lies in the Realm of Life; the other, Hammerhal Aqsha, is located in the Realm of Fire.

ALARIELLE ADVANCES

The Everqueen seems to be everywhere, emerging from the realmroots to direct one campaign even as another is in the final throes of triumph. She is the saviour of Erosia, the hero of the Glade Gathering of Thyria, and the architect behind the destruction of the Towers of Invidia, but there are always more Chaos strongholds to root out, and even as the Sylvaneth advance a new threat rises.

STRANGE SIGNS FROM SHYISH

After hearing repeated claims of a rising necromantic threat, the Everqueen plays upon the vindictive malice of Drycha and Dreadwood Glade to convince them to find the source of the danger. Drycha travels to Shyish, and several Dreadwood clans set their roots in the Desolation of Mhala. Simultaneously Alarielle commands wargroves throughout the Mortal Realms to hunt down and vanquish rogue spirits, along with those practising necromancy. Many deathly mages are slain, their departed spirits sent to the underworld of Mhala, where Drycha waits like a spider on a web to extinguish them for all time.



THE NECROQUAKE

At the last minute, the great ritual set in motion by Nagash is triggered prematurely, causing a flood of death magic to wash over the realms. The dead rise in numbers beyond count, whilst malignant spirits and endless spells are unleashed to prey upon anything that lives. Sylvaneth enclaves everywhere come under attack. Many glades are content to withdraw into hiding to weather the ensuing waves of undead, but Alarielle calls for the wargroves to march out and drive back the unliving invaders.

UNLEASHED WRATH

Vast hosts of Nighthaunts lay waste to newly purified sacred sites such as the Hallowfalls and the kelp forest surrounding the Sanctum

Isles, drawing Alarielle's wrath. Accompanied by the Sons of Durthu, the goddess travels the realmroots to cleanse those magic-rich lands once more. When she finds the local human tribes did nothing to stop the undead from taking the Hallowfalls, they too are slain as punishment.

BAD MOON RISING

The Bad Moon is seen in the skies, heralding invasions of the grots who worship it as their deity and mass migrations of the troggoshs who mindlessly follow its course. Across the Mortal Realms the Sylvaneth engage them in battle, desperately defending the enclave of Neith'y'Ghallich, crushing the Three-headed Squigalanche of Doom and ending the rampages of Loonboss Gribblehook.

THE WAVERING

Though the War of Life remains an ongoing crisis in Ghyran, the retreating Chaos forces are given a reprieve as the Sylvaneth turn their attention to the undead and greenskin threats. Skaven, beastmen and the followers of Nurgle are able to consolidate armies, reinforce strongholds and freely defile lands still under their control. Noted atrocities include the beastmen sacking of Gnarlknot and the fall of Dru'thar. In the horrific Battle of Six Twistings, the maniacal Grey Seer Krektus unleashes dozens of endless spells, and voracious ratmen surge from gnawholes to consume the lamentiri of the slain. It seems for every Sylvaneth victory, there is an equally momentous loss elsewhere.

LET WAR REIGN

From atop the new growth that sprouts from the ruined remains of the Oak of Ages Past, Alarielle calls every glade to launch an all-out offensive. She demands that wargroves march out to reclaim every lost site of power, targeting first the Great Falls of the Verdural Forests, the Living Mont of the Lament Peaks, the ruined Tower of Vines in Verdia, and the Floating Gardens of Humidia. All across Ghyran the spirit-song pulses like never before as the Season of War accelerates, rising towards its crescendo.

A NATURAL ORDER

To outsiders, Sylvaneth society and its wargroves appear as wild and uncultivated as the forests from which they spring. Yet no matter how anarchic it might appear, everything in the natural order has its place and purpose. So it is with the way in which Alarielle's children organise themselves.

GLADES

The Sylvaneth obey ancient, instinctively binding social conventions, which are as clear to them as they are strange to others. Their race is made up of glades, the closest mortal comparison of which would be nations or perhaps empires. However, each glade is more like a vast extended family whose descendants are scattered across different enclaves throughout Ghyran as well as dotted about other realms.

At the time of Alarielle's rebirth into her war phase there were seven prevalent glades and an unknown number of lesser ones. Over the years many glades have died out, and it is not unheard of for new glades to spring up or pockets of supposedly lost ones to be subsequently rediscovered.

Each glade has a ruler, and its own traditions, traits and culture. Oakenbrow, for example, claim to be the most ancient glade, and their ways are noble and proud, governed by centuries of tradition. By comparison, Harvestboon is the youngest and most vibrant of glades, and in many ways the least hidebound by convention, perhaps because they first bloomed during the early days of the Age of Chaos and have known nothing but war and a desperate fight for survival. Glades differ widely in size and age, but all are equal in Alarielle's eyes.

CLANS

Each glade is made up of a number of clans, which are the Sylvaneth societal units that inhabit each enclave. Clans are something like kin – those who share the same birth grouping from the soulpod groves, and take a common name. Often these familial titles resemble the names of beings or places from long ago, echoes of the Sylvaneth's collective racial memory.

The larger glades contain hundreds of clans, the smaller often merely a dozen or so. It is common for more than one clan to inhabit an enclave, working together in harmony to care for and protect it. Although most clans are based in a static settlement such as a greenhold, some, in the aftermath of the Age of Chaos, are wanderers with no fixed enclave.

The members of most clans exhibit certain similarities in appearance and disposition, such as pale bark, blackened branch-tips or a grim fatalism brought about through shared hardships. The smallest clans 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.



THE ROYAL MOOT

Alarielle is the ultimate ruler of all Sylvaneth, and to them her word is law. The Everqueen occasionally assembles a ruling court known as the Royal Moot. It comprises Alarielle herself, the Regents of the Glades and other unique Sylvaneth such as the Royal Huntmaster or the Huldress. This mighty council has gathered on only a handful of occasions in all the history of the Mortal Realms, and typically does so only in times of great change.

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 turbulent 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 ensures that Alarielle's will is enacted.

EMISSARIES OF ALARIELLE

In addition to the glades and the Royal Moot, the Everqueen has more direct and warlike agents – the Free Spirits. These Sylvaneth include the Spirits of Durthu, the Kurnoth Hunters and the Arch-Revenants. All are courageous forest spirits who exist outside the hierarchies of the glades and clans. 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.

THE SHUNNED ONES

On the fringes of Sylvaneth society are 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 beings slink from the shadows to join the fight, though they are little loved by their nobler kin.

SPITES

Swarms of forest spirits – from twigling imps to all manner of spites – accompany every stratum of Sylvaneth society, including wargroves on the march. They are not Sylvaneth themselves, and hold no rank or position, but there are some that serve in key roles, such as the wardroth beetle that Alarielle herself rides to war and the scintillating starspate that nestles within the canopy of the Old King of Gnarlroot Glade to help light the elder being's way.



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, the Huldress 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, Arch-Revenants and Spirits 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. To them, tradition is paramount.

GNARLROOT GLADE

Aloof and profound, strange and grim in thought and deed – they care only for lore and the hidden secrets of ancient things. Their wisdom runs deep.

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. Their loyalty is unbreakable.

IRONBARK GLADE

Never shall they bend, never shall they break. Like deepest root and strongest branch they can weather any storm, and will endure for evermore.

WINTERLEAF GLADE

Harsh and cold as a leafless bough, their heartwood is naught but ashes and sorrow. They are bitter and piercing as an icy wind.

DREADWOOD GLADE

Spiteful as the sharpened thorn, dark as the shadows at the forest's heart – fear the spirits of Dreadwood, for no mercy do they feel. They are the blackness which no gaze can pierce.

HARVESTBOON GLADE

New shoots grow the swiftest when the fires have passed, and with them grows a hope that long was lost. Pliant, they can bend like reeds in wind.

WARGROVES

For battle, the Sylvaneth employ all manner of formations, from war-copse patrols to the garrisons of ironthorn thickets, but the most common and formidable of their military structures is the wargrove. Although all glades have their idiosyncrasies, there is a standard core upon which all Sylvaneth draw.

When mustered for battle, a typical Sylvaneth wargrove is composed of distinct elements, each drawn from a clan, or in some cases, from several different clans working together. These warriors are almost always from the same glade, although there are exceptions.

LORDS OF THE CLAN

All clans are ruled over by a single Treelord Ancient, known as the Head of the Clan, who is attended by another Treelord Ancient who holds the title of Loremaster, and a martial Treelord known as a Guardian, whose duty it is to protect his liege unto death. The heads of larger clans can be accompanied by several Loremasters and Guardians, though generally no more than three of each. Collectively these individuals are known as the Lords of the Clan, and act as commanders for a wargrove.

In battle it is the Lords of the Clan that magnify the spirit-song, raising it to a swelling chorus that is not only audible to outsiders but dangerous. While the surging harmonies inspire Sylvaneth and warn them of impending harm, to enemies it can cause blood vessels to burst and even hearts to explode.

HOUSEHOLDS

The first to answer any muster issued by the Lords of the Clan are the Households. These are an enclave's standing army, and each is formed from a core of Tree-Revenants led into battle by a sorcerous Branchwych and mighty Treelord. These noble warriors permanently garrison each enclave, patrol its borders and guard its soulpod groves. A small mission might require the despatch of a single such grouping, but when the wargrove is gathered it will comprise at least three Households. Often the vanguard of a Sylvaneth attack, they seek to pin down the largest

or most formidable of the enemy's formations, holding them in place to allow the rest of the wargrove to launch counter-attacks.



FOREST FOLK

The verdant heart of any wargrove is composed of the Forest Folk battalions – entire copses of Dryads led to war by a Branchwraith. A typical wargrove will include at least three such formations, though some of the larger wargroves, especially those of the Oakenbrow, will have more.

FREE SPIRITS

When they go to war as part of a wargrove, Free Spirits are led by a Spirit of Durthu. Typically only one of these powerful Sylvaneth will join a wargrove, acting as a formidable anchor around which their warrior comrades gravitate. The presence of a Spirit of Durthu in a wargrove lifts the courage of not only other Free Spirits but all nearby children of Alarielle, and also bolsters its arcane potency thanks to the innate magical ability of these ancient beings. The younger Free Spirits – the Kurnoth Hunters – form hard-hitting warbands intended to lead assaults. A full wargrove can boast multiples of these powerful units, and even more are known to join armies of the Heartwood glade.

In recent times, a new warrior form has joined the ranks of the Free Spirits – the Arch-Revenant. Able to fly thanks to their bonded zephyrspites, these Sylvaneth occupy a role not unlike that of lieutenant in some armies, and can often be found leading key attacks or bracing vital sections of the Sylvaneth line.

OUTCASTS

As the call to muster vibrates along the realmroots, a wargrove may be joined by Outcasts. In battle, groups of these dark Sylvaneth lurk on the flanks and in the shadows of Wyldwoods, employing terror tactics to shatter the foe's morale. Though their methods are undeniably effective, few glades actively seek the Outcasts' aid; rather, they simply turn a blind eye to their presence and violent excesses. The exception to this is Dreadwood, who show unusual tolerance for and engagement with their shadowy kin, and count a greater number of them among their wargroves.

FORMATIONS OF LEGEND

Some Sylvaneth warriors have become famous for their unusual organisation and epic deeds. Perhaps the most renowned of these are the Sons of Durthu. The eldest and most powerful of the Spirits of Durthu, they usually operate individually or in small numbers as formidable bodyguards, but have on a few occasions gathered together as an entire wargrove.

Other distinctive wargroves include the resplendent Golden Grove of Oakenbrow, the embittered Hoarfists of Winterleaf, the tenacious Stand of Iron from Ironbark, and the Hunters of Heartwood. In contrast, Drycha and her hand-chosen wargrove of Outcasts and Dreadwood formations, known as the Red Talons, have gained infamy and notoriety for their sheer savagery.

OAKENBROW GLADE

The Oakenbrow are one of the best known and most prolific of all Sylvaneth glades. They are renowned as steadfast and just, as well as for the wisdom of their many ancient Treelords. Whatever Alarielle's needs, she can always count upon the noble warriors of the First Glade.



A vast glade, the clans of Oakenbrow are numbered in the hundreds, and their enclaves can be found across Ghyran and throughout the other Mortal Realms.

The Sylvaneth of the Oakenbrow clans are noble of aspect and regal of bearing. They claim to be the First Glade – that is, that their ancestors sprang from the first of the soulpods planted by Alarielle. Some of those beings, it is said, still stride the realms today. Certainly the Oakenbrow have existed since the early days of the Age of Myth, and they survived the Age of Chaos in better shape than most of their contemporaries.

Many of the Oakenbrow enclaves are situated on prime conduits of life magic, including sacred sites like the Silver Shimmerfalls in Neos, the Golden Confluence, the Mistwoods of Shae-Rahat and the Peakwood forest. Such is the pride of the glade and their own knowledge of the many great deeds they have performed for Alarielle in the past that even the lowliest Dryads of Oakenbrow carry themselves with great poise and solemnity.

The sigil of Oakenbrow has long been associated with the mother goddess herself, and by connotation guardianship and authority. It is a symbol recognised by Sylvaneth throughout the Mortal Realms.



This makes High King Rhalaeth of Oakenbrow – an old-growth of immense size – one of the most powerful of Regents, and it speaks well of this vast and elder being that he is gracious and fair in his rule. Alarielle trusts Rhalaeth, and only in her most fey of moods goes against his wise counsel.

There are many Oakenbrow enclaves, each one populated by at least one large clan and oft-times more. When Oakenbrow are called to battle the wargroves they form are typically large and contain many Noble Spirits. Striding amongst their musters are an unusually high proportion of Treelords and Treelord Ancients. These venerable beings are highly respected and unusually active in leading the clans to battle. Indeed, the elder Ancients do not slumber as often or as long as do those of other glades, and are therefore available more often. Many tales are told of the tenacity of such beings, and their defiant stands in battle are legendary. It matters not what manner of weapons the foe carry, for the towering nobles simply refuse to yield. The disciplined warriors of Oakenbrow revere their

clan lords, seeking their wisdom in peace and rallying around them in times of war.

The spirits of Oakenbrow can be recognised by their warm but sombre colours, including foliage that is frequently crimson or reddish brown. While still natural in aspect, their clans often display more-regimented colour schemes than those of their fellow glades, taking much pride in refining their clan markings and colours over the ages.

After Alarielle seeded more Oakenbrow into the fertile lands of Irridia, a rivalry began between them and the Dreadwood Sylvaneth who were planted in nearby Decrepita. Since the Age of Myth the two glades have clashed numerous times. Even under desperate circumstances, it is rare that wargroves from the two glades are able to fight side by side without animosities flaring and even internecine fighting breaking out.



'Those of Dreadwood might call us arrogant, but there are beetles in my bark that have more sense than they.'

Look thou at deeds and measure a being's worth by those, not by words. Our heritage is long and honourable, and those who would besmirch us should look upon their own.'

- Haaldhorm, Treelord Ancient



The Oakenbrow are noted for being particularly diplomatic in their relations with outsiders – a trait that those of Dreadwood frequently point out as a weakness. It is the Oakenbrow who most favour Alarielle's renewed alliance with Sigmar, and they have fought alongside the Stormcast Eternals many times. In these storm-forged warriors, the Sylvaneth see kindred spirits, brave and determined crusaders who will die before they see Chaos victorious.

GNARLROOT GLADE

Those of Gnarlroot Glade are the scholarly keepers of eldritch lore, the shapers of trees and the seekers of knowledge. They are regarded as taciturn, grim, closed-off and secretive. It is said that only one thing leads those of Gnarlroot to leave their enclaves: the search for sources of arcane power and enlightenment.



Amongst myriad other concepts that would be impossible for a non-Sylvaneth mind to comprehend, the sigil of Gnarlroot Glade symbolises age, wisdom and the preservation of knowledge.



The Gnarlroot are an old and well-established glade. Their leader – who holds the title of Old King or Grum-King – is ancient and weathered with age, and claims to have been podborn during Alarielle's first sowing. Those of Gnarlroot bristle with indignation when others speak of Oakenbrow as the eldest. Certainly they can claim that many of their Treelord Ancients strode the realms and were already old before Sigmar's pantheon was formed.

The collected wisdoms amassed by those of Gnarlroot run deep, and no other glade can match them in the wielding of life magic. They have shaped the forests more than any other glade, using their arcane powers to twist trees, grow ironthorn, and weave nigh-impregnable greenholds.

In battle, the eldritch might of Gnarlroot greatly aids their wargroves. The enemy wither like rotted fruit on the vine, while the Sylvaneth blossom with enhanced strength and increased vitality. The secrets of their arcane lore are passed down from Treelord Ancients to Branchwyches and Branchwraiths

so that even as the warriors of the Households and the Forest Folk spring into battle, they are accompanied by a veritable gale of sorcerous energies.



'Use well the wisdom of the ancients, and return to the lamentiri-springs with more than you began.'

- Ithil-spond, the Grum-King



Those of Gnarlroot are tightly knit into their clan structure and fiercely loyal to each other and their leaders, known as the Gnarl-Lords. They like to consider matters at length, and resent being rushed. Regardless of right or wrong, they tend to side with their own and are deeply suspicious of new concepts and peoples. Other Sylvaneth consider the Gnarlroot to be hidebound traditionalists, rooted in the old ways.

The Gnarlroot clans prize lore above all things, and have many Ancients and Branchwyches amongst their ranks. They seek knowledge from any source, often

with a determination bordering on compulsion, and so will set aside their wariness to converse and even ally themselves with mages and scholars of any race. Although unravelling such secrets delights those of Gnarlroot, sharing their hard-won knowledge with those outside the glade does not – it is their wont to hoard arcane wisdom, trading it only to gain further insights. Only Alarielle's direct command can persuade the Grum-King to share his people's learnings with the Royal Moot.

The greatest of Gnarlroot enclaves is the Silvered Grove. Twice that greenhold survived long besiegement during the Age of Chaos. Although its outer defences were gnawed away by disease and ceaseless batterings, the foe never breached the settlement's inner rings. There – beneath a resplendent canopy where ancient boles have grown so thick that a hundred men holding hands could not encircle one – can be found the rich soulpod groves within which all the glade's collected knowledge resides.

Gnarlroot maintain a presence in the majority of the new cities in the Realm of Life, and it was their magics that aided Alarielle in the raising of the Seeds of Hope, as well as in the reconsecration and purification of the Sylvaneth enclaves reclaimed from the horrors wrought upon them during the War of Life. However, it is rare to find Gnarlroot enclaves outside of Ghyran, as their traditionalist nature and mistrust of outsiders makes them the least well-travelled of all glades.

In appearance, those of Gnarlroot are often riddled with knots. Their barkflesh is ruddy brown in colour, and their sigils glow with a cool jade light. Many bear old battle scars and attract thick layers of moss and ivy, often a sign of advanced age in the treefolk.

HARVESTBOON GLADE

Those of Harvestboon do everything with vigour, bringing the urgent vibrancy of the first green shoots of bloomtide to everything they do. They are the epitome of the energy of youth, and approach expansion, the purification of forests and the reclamation of sacred sites with the same fervour with which they fight Chaos.



Harvestboon's symbol encapsulates the youthful vitality of this nascent glade, as well as their bold and warlike nature. Buried within its lines is another, darker truth – one that only the wisest may glean.



Harvestboon is the newest glade to rise to prominence. Their leader, the Willowqueen, was asked to join the Royal Moot by Alarielle during the Age of Chaos. They are the smallest of the seven pre-eminent glades, and even after a significant soulpod planting number just over a dozen clans. However, what those of Harvestboon lack in numbers they more than make up for with inexhaustible wellsprings of zeal.

Even the eldest members of Harvestboon Glade were only podborn during the midst of the Age of Chaos. Born into battle, they have swiftly answered war's call, and are ever eager to muster. It was Harvestboon who spearheaded the attacks that reclaimed the sacred sites of Eiderhall and the Jadedfalls, and led to the purification of the old Seven Rivers forest. Few among the Sylvaneth would deny that it is the wargroves of Harvestboon that have made the greatest advances in Alarielle's campaigns of resurgence.

Although warlike in the extreme, those of Harvestboon are not gnarled with bitterness as are so many of the elder glades. Instead, they are the

most hopeful and aspirational of their kind, even more so following the return of their goddess Alarielle. None were as overjoyed to see her emerge from the season of sorrows and be reborn in her war aspect. It is a change the Harvestboon wholeheartedly embrace, harnessing the invigorating energies released by the Everqueen's reawakening to stimulate the growth of a series of new soulpod seedings, many of which have already sprouted new clans and entire new wargroves.

In addition to their exuberant ways, Harvestboon are famous for their Branchwraiths, who are known for the flowing beauty and power of their song and spellcraft. The Willowqueen sings the strongest song of all. With the confidence of the young, she drives her kin through one deadly conflict after another, seeking to clear the way for a future free from the taint of Chaos. She believes that she and her glade were made for the task of healing and restoring the Realm of Life. Fearlessly, she leads her clans through any danger, no matter how grave, in pursuit of that ultimate prize.

Built around warbands of quick-tempered Forest Folk, the wargroves of Harvestboon Glade are swift on the attack. The hope that sings through the heartwood of these lithe young spirits lends them great speed and agility, and sees them surge across the battlefield like the Spear of Kurnoth itself. Life magic swirls around Harvestboon's wargroves, focused upon their Branchwraiths, who are more prevalent than in other glades and take great pride in leading 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. The Dryads themselves are similarly aggressive, fully invested in the glade's mission of reconquest.

In appearance the Harvestboon clans are most often seen arrayed in the vibrant hues of the dawning seasons. Silver-sheened barkflesh, lively green foliage, and tresses the colour of the morning sun are colourations common amongst the glade.

So far, there are relatively few Harvestboon clans, but since Alarielle's rebirth their numbers have been spiralling higher with breathtaking speed. Each enclave boasts busy and burgeoning soulpod groves, and new Harvestboon wargroves are mustered daily, marching out to battle with their spirit-song full of hope.

The deeds and audacity of Harvestboon polarise the opinions of the other glades. 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 Glades – those of Gnarlroot and Winterleaf – 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.

IRONBARK GLADE

Known for their deep-rooted and immovable battle lines, the Ironbark Glade are stubborn beyond reason. While this grit and determination can make them difficult to deal with and impossible to sway in matters of discourse, they are traits that stand them in good stead upon the battlefield.



Led by their Archduke, the Ironbark were the first glade to settle in Chamon. There, they learned how to draw precious minerals through their roots, so that now their forms

glitter with seams of metal and crystal deposits. Early on in their history the Ironbark developed trade ties with the duardin, which grew into an alliance between mountain and wood – but then came the Age of Chaos. All glades in Chamon save Ironbark were wiped out by invasion, and for centuries they stood alone in the realm. During those black years they learned to endure, becoming famous for their intractable defence of their enclaves.

One by one the mountain karaks of the duardin were destroyed. The Ironbark took in the refugees fleeing the armies of Khorne, many of whom subsequently travelled to

Azyrheim or joined the sky-fleets of those who later became the Kharadron Overlords. The glade's deeds were never forgotten, and to this day many duardin factions consider the Ironbark to be kin.

Since then, Ironbark have remained tenacious, mastering the art of defence. They fuse wood and steel so that their enclaves can weather the worst hardships. Their Households bear finely wrought weapons, and their patrols slip into and out of ironthorn labyrinths to waylay invaders. On the battlefield, Ironbark wargroves dig their roots deep, standing defiant to shatter enemy attacks before launching their own.

WINTERLEAF GLADE

There is no glade more embittered than that of Winterleaf. Their heartwood has grown icy cold, and they no longer harbour compassion or mercy for any living thing. So grim have those of Winterleaf grown that they care nothing for their own lives, believing themselves already dead in every way that matters.



Once, the Winterleaf were as flush with vital life magic as any glade to have ever set root within the Mortal Realms. During the Age of Myth they were the Springleaf, and they were prolific, with enclaves spread across Ghyran. Their capital, Dappelloren, was hailed as the largest and fairest of all Sylvaneth greenholds. It was ruled over by the Bough-mother, and clans from other glades travelled far to see the fabled Hanging Gardens of Shimmervale,

which were considered to be one of the wonders of the Realm of Life. A profusion of life magic poured from each of its many cataracts, in places the arcane power mixing with the mist rising from the falls, creating tangible rainbows upon which spites played.

During the War of Life, the armies of Nurgle targeted the Springleaf's enclaves, for they were the most fecund. What was once fairest was turned foulest. One by one they were corrupted, with Dappelloren finally falling to the festerbark pox. The Bough-mother herself was captured, and rumours tell that she was taken to Nurgle's Garden in the Realm of Chaos – truly a fate worse than death.

Well over three quarters of Springleaf's population was destroyed, along with every enclave save one. Those who managed to escape made their way to the frosted

forests of Rimewald, where King Scrioshal attempted to rally what remained of his glade. This defence likewise fell, at the Battle of Frozen Grief, and the survivors fled into the wastes.

Since then, the name Springleaf was used no more. Those who lived became fey and melancholy, establishing new enclaves only in blasted heaths, glacial ice fields and barren lands. Gone was their vibrant colour; these Sylvaneth instead exhibited pale colours and foliage of icy blue. The sigils within their bodies still blaze green, for only their hatred of Chaos remains verdant. They are now Winterleaf Glade.

To stand before the wargroves of Winterleaf is to know the icy fury of the blizzard as it rips its way through the rattling, clawing branches of a leafless canopy. They advance with the cold inevitability of the oncoming of winter itself.

DREADWOOD GLADE

Sinister, duplicitous, spiteful – all Sylvaneth can be merciless, but those of the Dreadwood have a reputation for cruelty. They are intolerant of other races and will go out of their way to attack them, taking a wicked delight in devious and inventive punishments.



As there are many types of forests, so too are there many types of Sylvaneth. Those of the Dreadwood were not planted as soulpods in merry and sun-dappled greenery,

but rather in the black hearts of the most fearful deepwoods. They are the watchers in the shadows, the forest beings that shift pathways and ambush travellers not only to protect their lands, but for their own amusement. They are masters of surprise attacks and illusionary magic.

The other glades do not trust Dreadwood. Its clans are cruel, malicious and spiteful, and delight in tormenting non-Sylvaneth. They never did have much mercy, and the terrible centuries of the Age of Chaos have leached away the last of it. They are expert at subterfuge and trickery, and dark whispers persist that this

callous and ambitious glade had something to do with the Shrouded Time. Certainly, it cannot be denied that more Outcasts are drawn to their musters than to those of any other glade.

Dreadwood enclaves can be found across the Mortal Realms, and they often thrive where other Sylvaneth struggle, such as in Ulgu and even Shyish. Dreadwood Sylvaneth exhibit colourations that are usually some combination of pale and dark hues, akin to moonlight on a shadowy bough. Their weapons and sigils often glow an angry red – a reflection of the malice they harbour for other beings.

HEARTWOOD GLADE

In Heartwood is found bravery, but not vainglory. They are steadfast and true, and the spirit of battle runs in their lifesap, yet it is tempered by the wisdom of age and a long history of strong leadership. They are the first to answer war's call, and they likewise pride themselves as being the last to leave the battlefield.



Heartwood are said to be the most courageous of all the glades. They have ever been at the forefront of the Sylvaneth's wars, and since Alarielle's rebirth this is truer than ever.

Heartwood enclaves can be found throughout Ghyran, but their capital and queen can be found in Hol'leath in the lands of Kurnotheal. Despite the enclave being invaded many times during the Age of Chaos, the brave defenders never once allowed

the foe to penetrate its inner forests, launching fierce counter-attacks to drive back the enemy every time they threatened to break through.

Heartwood Glade are long-standing allies of Oakenbrow, and lately have found themselves championing the aggressive behaviour of Harvestboon. Several of their clans have also made alliances of convenience with aelves, but they are leery to do so again after betrayal by both the Idoneth Deepkin and the Daughters of Khaine. Those of Heartwood not only distrust Dreadwood, but also despise them.

This glade has long worshipped Kurnoth as Alarielle's spirit-consort. It was Heartwood wargroves that engaged the Chaos forces at the disastrous Battle of Tears and recovered the spear of the fallen Hunter God, which they brought to the Everqueen. None celebrate the periodic Hunter's Moon festival as

do they, and when a Wild Hunt is called, many members of Heartwood heed the summons.



'When the realmroots throb with the song of war, we shall always answer. Even if the foe outnumber the leaves in a forest, we will march forth to meet them. Nothing shall stay our spirit, for we are the Heartwood, and we stand ever ready to fight.'

- Thorma, Branchwych of House Hol



Since the arrival of the Kurnoth Hunters and the Arch-Revenants, the clans of Heartwood have made every effort to welcome them and facilitate their missions if they can. It is common to see the wargroves of Heartwood led into battle by whole hunting parties of these Free Spirits.

In appearance, those of Heartwood glade tend towards fulsome green foliage and glittering sky-blue sigils.

ALARIELLE THE EVERQUEEN

Queen of the Radiant Wood, All-mother of Ghyran, Goddess of the Realm of Life – Alarielle is creator and destroyer, both sower of seeds and fell-handed reaper. She is like nature itself – merciless in its beauty, and moving in ever-changing cycles. Alarielle is the revered leader of the Sylvaneth, and to them her word is law.

Alarielle, Queen of the Radiant Wood, is an ancient and powerful being. She is the goddess of life, her powers intrinsically intertwined with the flowing magic of Ghyran, the Jade Realm. Vitality exudes from Alarielle, and in her presence the ground blossoms so that even the most hostile realmscape are rendered habitable. At her call, new life springs forth, while skies clear at her joy, or weep in sympathy with her sorrows. Where she strides, there does life spring, so that ironoaks can grow from seed to towering maturity in the blink of an eye.

As with all living things, Alarielle is a creature of cycles. With the passage of time, her aspect changes. The sudden energy of bountybloom gives way to the harshness of hag-winter, which sees her become stubborn and withdrawn, pristine yet cold-hearted. The season of grief is over, and now is wrathharvest, the season of war – a time for the vengeful reaping of those who made victims of Alarielle's children for so long. The goddess revels in her new role, and she has flourished into the full fury of her warrior self so that her enemies cower in terror before her.

The war aspect of the Everqueen interlaces the wrath of a mother guarding her brood, a fierce drive to conquer, and a terrifying ruthlessness towards her enemies and those who have displeased her. Yet the war she wages is not as any mortal would know it; rather, it is the battles of the natural world concentrated into the actions and will of a single being. On one level it is a constant, glacially slow struggle, like the fight of roots against stone. Pushing, intertwining, cracking, the tendrils of her resolve probe for weak points in her foe's designs, just as, over time, the smallest shoot can grow to split the largest boulder. It is a clash of growth, such as takes place in the forest as trees forever seek to rise higher than the others, to send forth their branches

to capture the most light from the heavens. Yet conversely, her struggles can often be likened to the contest between hunter and prey, the battle for survival condensed into a few fleeting, heart-pounding moments in which the continuance of life teeters on a knife's edge.

Though Alarielle leads nothing less than a battle for the survival of her children, she is no longer on the defensive. She pushes the Sylvaneth to conquer like an invasive species, to spread and to proliferate – to set their roots into not just that which they once ruled and then lost during the Age of Chaos, but to seize all lands that they survey. Alarielle's war aspect is one of relentless aggression, and she wills her children to attack, to drive out the impurities that threaten Ghyran and to spread unchecked across the Mortal Realms.



The Everqueen's fierce beauty in her war guise is both fair and frightening to behold. She glows with divine power, standing taller than a Stormcast Eternal and girded in the gleaming raiment of battle. The artefacts and weapons she bears were ancient even at the dawn of the Age of Myth, and embody the cycles of blooming, reaping and withering. The Spear of Kurnoth – which stories claim contains the last vestiges of the Hunter God himself – projects raking blasts of energy, while the Talon of the Dwindling drains the life from the Everqueen's foes and reduces them to gnarled, desiccated husks.

Bursting with life magic, Alarielle can summon clouds of healing pollen with but a thought, command the roots of trees to snare foes or form protective shields around allies, or send forth swarms of spites with lethal stings. She can even transform her enemies, causing flesh and bone to twist in an agonising fashion until the victim becomes just another tree in the Wyldwood.



'The winds have shifted – the tides have changed. Our foes have brought about this season. It was they who planted the seeds of war, and now comes the time of reaping. They can no more stop me now than they can halt the coming of dawn.

Onwards, my children...'

- Alarielle the Everqueen



WARDROTH BEETLE

Alarielle rides to battle 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 and goddess. The creature's great horns can topple fortifications and send scores of enemy warriors hurtling through the air with a single, mighty swipe.

Whenever Alarielle takes to the air upon her fronded wings, her wardroth beetle shatters into a million swirling glowspites. These flow through the air around the Everqueen before solidifying once more as her feet touch down upon its back. From the thick armoured shell of the monstrous creature hang glittering vessels known as soul amphorae, within which swirl magical pollens that can bring forth new Sylvaneth from the ground or choke the life from the enemy. Although the massive spite has been slain on rare occasions, Alarielle bears soulseeds with which she can regrow new incarnations of her faithful steed.



NOBLE SPIRITS

The beings known as Noble Spirits are given great respect and reverence amongst the Sylvaneth, for they are the commanders and warrior class who guide them during peace and war. Whether leading a wargrove to battle or heading the cyclic rituals of the glades, these beings are the aristocrats of the treefolk.

Standing above all other Noble Spirits are the Treelord Ancients and Treelords. They are lore-keepers and leaders, the ruling caste who guide the Sylvaneth in combat and use their monstrous strength to smash enemy battle lines asunder.

The life magic flowing through these huge beings is 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 range much further, 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 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 and Treelords are beloved by the Sylvaneth and by the living environment of their homes. Growing plants – from the least seedling to the eldest tree – bow slightly at their passing. Attracted by their sonorous spirit-song, swarms of spites typically infest a Treelord's branches, hiding in every nook of their craggy hides.

TREELORD ANCIENTS

Foremost amongst the Noble Spirits are the Treelord Ancients, incredibly long-lived beings and the leaders of the clans. They are revered by the Sylvaneth, who respect age and the wisdom of the natural order above

all else – traits these elder wonders possess in abundance. It is for this reason that Alarielle appointed them with the rule of her children, and it is to the credit of the Treelord Ancients that they have rarely failed in their stewardship.

Through their vast knowledge and long absorption of life magic, Treelord Ancients wield potent eldritch powers. The majority of these are concerned with growth and nurturing, enchantments they frequently employ upon their clan and the woods and enclaves in which they make their homes. In times of strife, however, such abilities are turned to war. In battle they send tangling masses of roots and thorns to tear enemies apart, shield their allies with whirling barriers of wind and twining vines, and even conjure up Wyldwoods from the realmroots far below. The spirit-song thrums strongly in these venerable beings, and they can use its powerful notes to warn their nearby kin of incoming threats.

It is not their magic alone that makes Treelord Ancients so dangerous, for though their saps runs slower than it did in their youth, they are still beings of immense strength. Their sweeping blows batter down the enemy's ranks, while the iron-hard tips of their limbs can easily impale even an armoured foe. Treelord Ancients bear staves gifted to them by Alarielle, from which snake vines that can coil around and strangle enemies. Those who attempt to close with the towering Sylvaneth find themselves thrown off balance by ground-shaking stomps, or harried by the spites that often make their homes in the Treelords' foliage.

As they lay about themselves with spell and stave, the Ancients commit every detail to memory. Even in the direst of circumstances, the venerable Sylvaneth are able to keep some part of their minds serene,

taking in every nuance of events around them. They know the face and name of each spirit that follows them into battle, and absorb every feature of their enemies. They do this so that this knowledge can be passed to later generations when their lamentiri finally return to the soulpod groves. Such memories can also be recalled at will with absolute clarity, giving Ancients access to centuries of strategic insight.

Treelord Ancients are a rare sight, one made rarer still by the long periods of dormancy they require due to their advanced age. Although most of the larger glades boast several Ancients in their number, seldom are all of them active at any one time. Only at great need are all such revered beings disturbed from their quiescent repose.

A LOST ENCLAVE

Ylthari and her Guardians grew from a soulpod grove in the Jade Embassy, which long ago stood on the verdant outskirts of Shadespire. The Sylvaneth of this enclave were envoys who spoke to the Katophranes on behalf of Alarielle. They formed strong bonds with those who dwelt in and travelled through Shadespire, but all was sundered when Nagash cursed the city. In that instant, the Sylvaneth were cut down, and the soulpods that housed their spirits were imprisoned within the Mirrored City. With the advent of the necroquake, the life magic of Alarielle has been able to seep through cracks in reality back into Shadespire. Some of the Sylvaneth trapped there have stirred once more, with Ylthari and her Guardians being the first to awaken. Imbued with bountiful vigour and wrath, they seek the lost soulpods of their fallen kin.

TREELORDS

The Treelords are the boughmasters and strongbranches of the Ancients, arbiters of their will and protectors of their groves. With sap that runs quickly through them, Treelords are more dynamic than their revered elders, and more likely to act on impulse. They are energetic leaders and far more warlike in aspect, being likely to choose violence as a solution to any troubles as opposed to their venerable kin. Treelords are often seen by the Ancients as reckless youths, though even the least mature of their number has likely endured many lifetimes of lesser mortals. It takes much longer still to achieve the profound patience and deeper wisdom of the Ancients, as well as their mastery of life magic.

Each Treelord combines the skill and discipline of a born warrior with the resilience and power of a siege tower. In battle their mighty limbs crush knots of the foe with every blow, and their twisting strangleroots shoot outwards to shred more distant enemies. All the while, the Treelord sounds the song of war to perfectly coordinate their followers upon the battlefield. Although well accustomed to fighting on their own, a group of Treelords can break the back of an entire army or bring a Dreadhold crashing down with their battering fists and burrowing roots.

Treelords are the Noble Spirits who most personify the traits and peculiarities of their glade. Those 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 glimmer with veins of metallic minerals that lace their bodies, while those of Gnarlroot are heavily knotted, covered in moss and vines, and frequently swarming with spites. 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 regal creatures, and they are just and exceptionally wise in both counsel and deed.



BRANCHWYCHES

Branchwyches are druidic figures, practitioners of life magic and protectors of their enclaves' soulpod groves. They also bear the sombre responsibility of harvesting the lamentiri of their clan's fallen Noble Spirits in the aftermath of battle. These they gather with swings of their scythes, reverently bearing the seeds 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 fellow Sylvaneth for their abilities both as martial commanders and magic wielders. They have a heightened perception of the earth and air around them, which grants them a keen intuition that is not

always practical, but most often proves correct. Unlike the steady, even-paced logic of the Treelord Ancients, they possess infamously short tempers, and tend to act on impulse. Only spite seems immune to their ire – the odd creatures can do no wrong in the Branchwyches' eyes, and are often summoned to do their bidding.

The most faithful of the Branchwyches' companions are the bittergrubs – large caterpillar-like creatures that ride upon their keeper's shoulders and savagely attack any foes that draw near. When a bittergrub has fed on its victims, 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 corrupted ground.



TREE-REVENANTS

The Sylvaneth equivalent to a standing army is a Household. Typically, each clan has three such bodies of soldiery, though the largest can field many more, and the smallest might have but one. Each Household is comprised of multiple bands of Tree-Revenants. Their duty is to enforce the will of their clan, patrol their borders and garrison all defences, reconquer places of power and crush the armies of those who would do the Sylvaneth harm. 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.

The Tree-Revenants affect a sombre aspect, as befits the warrior caste of their people. It is said that their appearance echoes that of the Protectors of ancient days, their features flowing and strangely delicate, their smooth-barked limbs ending in hands that wield elegant enchanted blades. In everything they do, from their selfless defence of the Forest Folk to the strokes and swirls of their eerie fighting style, the manner in which the Tree-Revenants comport themselves is intended to uphold and strengthen the memory of those mythological beings. These warriors of the Households 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 using the power of magically resonant instruments known as waypipes. 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.

FREE SPIRITS

Free Spirits are those Sylvaneth who do not belong to the standard clan hierarchy but instead serve Alarielle directly. The best known of these are the Kurnoth Hunters, Arch-Revenants and Spirits of Durthu. They move from enclave to enclave and throughout the Mortal Realms at the goddess' bidding.

KURNOTH HUNTERS

The rise of Alarielle's war aspect brought new warriors into the Sylvaneth fold – the Kurnoth Hunters. These mysterious beings were grown from soulpods not long after Alarielle's metamorphosis, and they quickly sprouted upwards, standing nearly twice the size of a Dryad. Masters of sword, bow and scythe, they are strong enough to tear a man in two, and despite their hulking size they move with a natural grace, quietly moving into position with less noise than the gentlest of breezes rustling through a forest's eaves.

Travelling in small bands, Kurnoth Hunters typically range ahead of Alarielle's wargroves. There is speed and subtlety to their movements, and some even whisper that an enchantment from their mother goddess lends them stealth, allowing them to pass undetected through all but the most heavily guarded terrain. With infinite patience the Hunters track their quarry, monitor enemy movements or seek out ideal ambush sites. They are especially adept at communicating via the realmroots, allowing the Hunters to heed their leader's commands or to report what they see across distances and obstacles that would block the efforts of other races.

When they fight, the Kurnoth Hunters show none of the capricious whimsy of some of their kin. After standing perfectly still, the Hunters will suddenly strike, moving and killing with a graceful precision. Each fluid movement has a considered purpose, and not a single motion or weapon swing is wasted. Effortlessly the Free Spirits feint, parry and strike with massive blades and scythes that would take three lesser warriors simply to move, while their powerful hind claws sink into the earth to hold them firm before an enemy charge, or rise up in order to crush and trample.

Some Kurnoth Hunters wield elegantly curved bows that stand twice as tall as a man. Deceptively nimble for their great size, the gnarled hands of these archers move with blurring speed as they notch, draw, aim and loose their arrows, accurately hitting targets at incredible distances. However, at need, those same hands can easily rend flesh and crush bone. During such times, the Hunters do not fight with animal rage but with an air of calm – a quiet and deadly storm in the midst of a tumultuous melee, or confrontation with the most rabid and bloodthirsty of foes.

In addition to their roles as scouts and elite fighting formations, the Kurnoth Hunters also serve as the Everqueen's executioners. Should a foe commit crimes against Ghyran or an enemy war leader be deemed too dangerous to live, the Kurnoth Hunters have their queen's dispensation to call a 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.

The Kurnoth Hunters are considered taciturn and strange by most other Sylvaneth. Kurnoth is an elder deity from the world-that-was, who fell combating the forces of Nurgle during the Age of Chaos. Yet no few whisper that Alarielle still bears some of that divine being's essence locked away in the heirloom spear she carries, and it is this she uses to summon her spirit-consort during the high rituals of each seasonal cycle. It was immediately following the rites of the Heartfire Equinox that the soulpods of the Kurnoth Hunters were grown, leading many to speculate that the Free Spirits were formed as a result of that union.

While the Kurnoth Hunters venerate their living goddess and devote themselves utterly to Alarielle's will,

they also give praise to Kurnoth, and dedicate those slain in battle as sacrifices upon his altar. Many Sylvaneth discretely observe rites to minor demigods of the seasons, but the overt worship of another deity sits uncomfortably with some – the most obvious exception being those of Heartwood, who also venerate the Hunter God. Alarielle vouches for her most warlike creations, 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.

SPITES

Spites are highly magical creatures that spring up around concentrations of Alarielle's children. They are extremely diverse in their forms, ranging from tiny flying humanoids and insect-like creatures to monsters of truly vast proportions. Some are irascible, others whimsical, others cruel or wise, foolish or enigmatic. Many spites possess an innate ability to conjure minor spells. Some spit, bite or sting with an array of venoms, while others fight with tiny weapons or tangle victims in binding thorn-vines. Though they are often caring and protective towards sites of natural beauty or loci of arcane power, they are aggressive towards all other living beings save the Sylvaneth, and will actively seek to hurt outsiders who enter their forests. They take great delight in misleading trespassers who are lost, and leading wanderers to a horrible doom. In war, all these talents can be turned to the assistance of the Sylvaneth, while in return the clans indulge the spites in their nonsense and playfulness, and protect them from harm.

ARCH-REVENANTS

In her war guise, Alarielle has seen fit to add to the arsenal of the Sylvaneth, for she knows the battles are only just begun. As the Sylvaneth march out to reclaim their lands, a new seeding of hot-sapped, martial heroes has emerged. Known as Arch-Revenants, these swift and deadly warriors are as skilled as scouts and spies as they are as war leaders.

Arch-Revenants regularly accompany and fight alongside other Free Spirits. They are charged by Alarielle herself with travelling the realms, rousing the enclaves and spurring the clans to war. Where foes are in too great a number to defeat militarily, the Arch-Revenants seek ways to undermine them. They are exceptional manipulators and cunning spies – in this, they can be likened to the relentless creep of vines as they overtake and strangle the tallest trees, gradually sapping the strength of the foe before smothering them entirely. Piece by piece, inch by inch, an Arch-Revenant will complete their mission no matter the magnitude of the task or the obstacles in their path.

Arch-Revenants are masterful warriors. They can leap from one spirit path to the next like quicksilver, allowing them to close the distance to their enemies with blistering speed. By the time they go to battle they will have already gathered every shred of information they can about their targets, employing agents in the form of spies, Dryads and Kurnoth Hunters to aid them in their surveillance. This vital intelligence allows them to strike precisely where they will have the greatest impact.

Winged insectile creatures known as zephyrspites cling to the backs of the Arch-Revenants, allowing these Sylvaneth to soar from one area of the battlefield to another with lightning speed. In this way, the Free Spirits repeatedly strike the most vulnerable elements of the enemy force, picking it apart one swift assault at a time before finally swooping in to deliver the killing blow. Armed with elegant glaives, the Arch-Revenants deliver powerful

blows that slice through armour with ease, while their crescent-shaped shields can be used defensively or to help guide their strikes. Even their zephyrspites are lethal, for the creatures possess wicked tail pincers capable of severing heads and limbs.

Despite their obvious battle prowess and the favour of Alarielle, the Arch-Revenants are not fully trusted. Most of the glade Regents and clan leaders tend towards conservatism, so the Free Spirits' acceptance into Sylvaneth society has been a difficult process. The fact that the Arch-Revenants themselves have little time or respect for the traditional structures of the clans works against them as well. Their ability to evade notice is so advanced they can freely traverse the Sylvaneth's established territorial boundaries, and while this talent is most often used to spy upon and sabotage Alarielle's foes, it has not endeared them to their fellows.

Furthermore, before battle, the Arch-Revenants make the Sign of the Hunter, for they give worship to both their mother goddess and the God of the Hunt – another mark against them in the eyes of the traditionalists. What other Sylvaneth most commonly hold against them, however, is the unsettling effect the Arch-Revenants have upon the spirit-song, which swells with wrathful overtones in the mere presence of one of these warriors. Even the most sombre forest spirits are stirred to belligerence and action in close proximity to one of these Free Spirits; those who have spent centuries surviving by secrecy and concealment suddenly find themselves filled with the urge to strike swift and true against Alarielle's foes, no matter the cost.

Arch-Revenants are not blind to the diplomatic etiquette observed and expected by those clans they wish to rouse to war, but their essential natures are coloured by Alarielle's most aggressive aspects. Most of them are forthright and impatient beings who see their mission and duty to the Everqueen as paramount, and, if tested, they will imperiously thrust aside that which impedes them, be it friend or foe.

SPIRITS OF DURTHU

Blazing with eldritch energies, Spirits of Durthu descend upon foes of the Sylvaneth like the wood-daemons in the mythologies of many of the realms' mortal races. They are echoes of an impossibly ancient and heroic being from the world-that-was, a loyal and indomitable ally of the Everqueen. In size and shape, the Spirits of Durthu are similar to Treelords, but they can be readily distinguished by the massive guardian swords they wield.

Like the Kurnoth Hunters and Arch-Revenants, the Spirits of Durthu belong to no clan or glade, but rather are loyal to Alarielle alone. They are sent by the goddess across the Mortal Realms – either individually or in groups – to act as her warlords and agents of her will. Occasionally they are despatched as envoys to other factions and races, but most often they operate within the various Sylvaneth enclaves to ensure that Alarielle's decrees are being enacted by her children.

The Blightkings formed a circle, hoping that their final stand might strike a crippling blow to the hated wood-beasts. Yet they strayed too close to the Wyldwoods, and from those gnarled boughs burst Lum'na'thil, his inner fires blazing. In two strides the Spirit of Durthu was upon them, a blast of purifying life energies felling half his foes, and a single swipe of his sword cleaving the rest apart.

As one, the oncoming Dryads and their leader Illith bowed their heads. 'We thank you, Great Ancestor,' spoke Illith. 'Doubtlessly the humans on the roadway will thank you also.'

Turning to face the Forest Folk, the mighty Lum'na'thil held Illith's gaze for a moment before speaking in heavy bass. 'Mmm... I think not. I slew them too. Alarielle sends word to beware all interlopers. They might carry disease. Admit no strangers. Take no risks.'

Spirits of Durthu are rich in wisdom, and their counsel is steeped in tradition and ancient lore, yet they are much more than simply bearers of Alarielle's word. A single Spirit of Durthu is a warrior with the power to turn the tide of a battle, and their presence in a wargrove emboldens all nearby Sylvaneth, no matter the glade from which they hail. With swords that are longer than some trees are tall, they can cleave through entire ranks of the enemy, or sever a limb from a gargant with a single blow. The Spirits can channel their inner energies through their blades, discharging verdant blasts of life magic that can slay a charging bullgor. Even without their enchanted weapons, these mighty Free Spirits are extremely dangerous – their fists strike harder than a falling ironoak, while their talons can pierce the toughest hides of monsters, or punch clean through man-sized foes.

Incandescent in their fury, there are many tales of Spirits of Durthu leading the Sylvaneth to shatter enemy battle lines, or standing alone before an onrushing tide of foes. Often Spirits of Durthu are tasked with serving as bodyguards, protecting a vital personage such as a Treelord Ancient or Branchwych on the battlefield. Indeed, since the Age of Myth, Alarielle has formed her own hand-chosen honour guard from the Spirits' ranks, naming them the Sons of Durthu. The deeds of this warrior brotherhood are legend among the Sylvaneth, and their appearance in a battle strikes fear into the hearts of the followers of Chaos.

All Sylvaneth are the children of Alarielle, and are linked to each other in a way that outsiders cannot fathom. This is even more true of the Spirits of Durthu, who are bonded to their brothers on a level so deep that they possess something akin to a shared consciousness. Those Alarielle chooses to serve in the Sons of Durthu are a particularly tight-knit brotherhood, for each of them was grown from the very first soulpod seeding planted by the Everqueen on her maiden journey through the Realm of Life.

Spirits of Durthu are intrinsically connected to the natural world, but their loyalty belongs first and foremost to Alarielle. They follow her every command, and would cut down without hesitation any who threatened the Everqueen, no matter their station. Their counsel has often proved invaluable to the goddess, but the relationship between the Spirits and their creator has been strained at times. During the darkest moments of the War of Life, Alarielle flew into a rage and banished the Sons of Durthu from her lands. The reason for this ostracism is known only to the Everqueen and her most trusted

servants. Dismayed but still faithful, the Sons departed in an exodus now referred to as the Splintering. Scattering across the Mortal Realms, some fell into a state of miserable hibernation, while others sought a final death in battle rather than face their overwhelming sorrow. The majority wandered far and wide, battling evil wherever it could be found and hoping that their mother would one day call them home. Summoning the Sons of Durthu back was one of Alarielle's first acts upon her rebirth, and most of her protectors returned to once more serve their queen.



OUTCASTS

Hissing and shrieking, the mysterious Outcasts surge from the shadows of the Wyldwoods and fall upon their victims with malicious savagery. Darkness twines around these terrible creatures, and they are feared not only by outsiders who lay eyes upon them but also other Sylvaneth.

Shrouded in darkness and mystery, the creatures known as Outcasts inhabit wild places soured by malice. They come in many forms, great and small, but all are marked by the same aura of unnaturalness. These twisted spirits are notoriously unpredictable even for Sylvaneth, 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 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...

Some Outcasts have grown sedentary, appearing as no more than ancient trees, yet they are black-hearted, their roots seeking to strangle any living thing that draws near. Others are glint-eyed creatures, winged tree-folk that bear long, cruel stingers or barbed talons. Their bitter presence taints the forest, giving rise to chilled corners where living creatures fear to tread. By far the most common and active Outcasts are the Spite-Revenants.

SPITE-REVENANTS

Where other Sylvaneth are graceful beings at one with nature and suffused with life magic, the creatures known as Spite-Revenants are not. They do not move with the grace of the Tree-Revenants, but

rather in fitful flickering bursts, like a nightmare vision that at one moment is impossibly fast and at the next is painfully slow. They are surrounded by an aura that instils spite in living things around them, and plants that possess wicked thorns or bear poisonous fruit tend to proliferate where they lurk.

When war calls the Sylvaneth, the Spite-Revenants also answer, creeping forth from the deepest shadows of the forests. In many places they come in numbers that rival those of the Households. These terrible creatures hurl themselves into battle, darting wildly amongst the enemy ranks with their talons slashing and fangs bared. The fires of madness burn brightly in their eyes, and the darkness seems to cling



to them, so that they flitter weirdly away from the light, appearing like sporadic patches of gloom on a sunlight-dappled forest floor.

Where Dryads sing a war dirge in battle, Spite-Revenants give voice to a nerve-shredding cacophony of horror and hate fit to drive mortal minds beyond the brink of sanity. These Outcasts drench themselves in the blood of the foe, perpetrating acts of murderous butchery that shock the most stalwart of their fellow Sylvaneth. They are known to take trophies and to string the remains of the slain in gruesome fashion amongst the branches. Even the fiercest of foes dread fighting against or even near Spite-Revenants. Their extreme violence is unnerving enough, but it is the palpable waves of spiritual dissonance which radiate from them that truly unsettle their prey, and many foes have simply fled in terror when affected by this disturbing phenomenon.

With regard to colouration, many Spite-Revenants exhibit the hues of the glade they most often fight alongside, while others display their own unique colours. With the exception of some, most notably Dreadwood, such association sits ill at ease with the glades, who prefer to distance themselves from Outcasts.

DRYCHA HAMADRETH

Only one twisted in mind and soul would seek the company of the Outcasts, 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 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 Drycha's 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 that shadowed 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. Ever torn between fury and anguish, 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. In her new incarnation, Drycha 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 goddess.

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, although she will fight by anyone's side providing that to do so furthers her genocidal aims. Drycha seeks the ultimate 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 SHROUDED SEASON

There are some things of which the Sylvaneth never speak. Most of these are the grimmer aspects of the natural cycles through which Alarielle and her children must pass, also known by various clans as Dreadcycles or simply the Change. Yet even amongst such forbidden subjects there is one that stands alone – the origin of the Outcasts. It is not simply that Alarielle's children do not wish to speak of that time – it is that they literally cannot recall it.

As the horrors of the Age of Chaos unfolded, the Sylvaneth found themselves steadily losing the War of Life. The Everqueen, spurred to desperate measures, began a long ritual. What happened next is unknown, and those ancient beings who lived through that age recall it only as a blur, their memories fogged over by a powerful enchantment. It is known as the Shrouded Season, a hidden time the mere mention of which sends shivers from the boughs to the roots of even the mightiest Treelord, a period when the Sylvaneth's racial memories run blank.

The first of those who would come to be called Outcasts appeared soon after, frightful creatures that were out of balance with nature. It was not long before their horrific deeds and unsettling auras caused them to be exiled from the clans. These new beings were of the Sylvaneth yet not, a darker reflection of Alarielle's otherwise wholesome children.

Many speculate about the Outcasts' origins. Some say that perhaps they were spites who tried to become Sylvaneth but instead morphed into something monstrous. Others rumour they are the product of soulpods grown in tainted soil. Yet other theories claim that they could be Sylvaneth given in to despair, or beings born from soulpods that the goddess had been too fearful to plant, but nevertheless did so in a time of great desperation. What occurred, they wonder, that was so awful that 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 bar the Outcasts themselves are filled with disquiet when they think upon such matters.

FOREST FOLK

By far the most numerous and widespread of the Sylvaneth are the Forest Folk. These are the tribal bands of Dryads that make up the bulk of most clans, along with the Branchwraiths who act as their chieftains and spiritual guides. They launch flailing attacks with their wicked claws before suddenly fading back into the forest.

The Forest Folk were once peaceful creatures, but that idyllic time passed even as the Age of Chaos began. Those Sylvaneth temperamentally or physically incapable of fighting back against the invaders that befouled the lands of the Dryads were soon reduced to hacked and splintered corpse-wood. 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, at hiding in secret enclaves 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. Constant and brutal war made killers of the Forest Folk whether they wished it or not, and these now insular and mistrustful creatures excel in stalking and ambushing their enemies.



DRYADS

Since the Age of Myth, primitive tribes of men have known Dryads by various names, such as the woods-that-walk, forest daemons or treefolk. They are fast, and are rarely seen if they do not wish to be.

Dryads were amongst the first Sylvaneth planted by Alarielle, and they were definitely the most numerous. She scattered them across all the Mortal Realms, but particularly in the lands she loved best in Ghyran. They are difficult for humans to comprehend, being impulsive creatures whose minds whirl with mercurial thoughts and who are stirred by wind and weather in ways other mortals cannot fathom. They can appear whimsical and even motherly to the natural world around them, but as quickly as clouds can cover the sun, Dryads can shift moods, turning altogether more deadly. The same creatures that gently tend flora and fauna can turn fierce and intractable when protecting Sylvaneth-claimed forests. As to those who approach unbidden near to Sylvaneth enclaves or sacred sites, there are no innocents in the Dryads' eyes, only trespassers. They are likely to strike first with intent to kill rather than ask questions or issue warnings.

Insular and untrusting, Dryads do not think in terms of grand strategy or military manoeuvres, but instead rely upon their instincts. In battle they fight with unrestrained ferocity, lashing and tearing the enemy in a storm of savage strikes. Their vicious talons are as sharp as any blade, and are capable of punching straight through Chaos-wrought armour to rend the flesh beneath. They are fast-moving and surprisingly resilient for such willowy-looking beings, their tough, bark-like hide shrugging off blows that would fell an armoured warrior. As they fight, the Dryads sing keening dirges of loss and fury that tear at

mortal senses like cruel thorns, the haunting melodies confounding and distracting their prey. When massed in numbers, Dryads aid one another, each interweaving their branches with those of their kin to form an impenetrable thicket for mutual protection. Within the confines of the Wyldwood Dryads are even more formidable, as tree limbs, tanglevines, and myriad small creatures and spites seek to aid them and thwart their foes.

The champions of the Dryads are known as Branch Nymphs, and they are the fiercest and most vital of their kind. When the Forest Folk go to war they are first in battle, and also lead the many Dryad rituals that safeguard the enclaves and keep them rich in life magic.



*Here in the thickest forest,
So dark, so deep,
We offer all blackest sleep.
It is always night and never day,
Those who enter shall be our prey.
We will bury you where none can see,
A gift of life to feed a tree.
So dark, so deep.*
- Translated excerpt of a Sylvaneth
song heard on the bounds of the
Verdural Forests



BRANCHWRAITHS

Branchwraiths are powerful Sylvaneth that are especially attuned to their forest surroundings. Natural currents of life magic suffuse these beings, which they are able to draw from nearby Wyldwoods. In battle, they can channel these energies into coiling blasts of eldritch thorn-vines to tear apart their enemies, or use them as a harmonic resonator for the spirit-song to better enable them to coordinate, warn and summon forth their Dryad followers.

Branchwraiths tend to the forests and souldpod groves, watching over them as a shepherd watches over their flock. Their rites and spells bring sustenance to bough and branch, and they seek to guide the oft-wayward Dryads upon fitting paths.

Branchwraiths that are not slain prematurely by battle, beast or treachery can live for an extremely long time. Many are gnarled by centuries of warfare and exhibit an unflinching pragmatism born of great experience. The Branchwraiths carry within their heartwood an echo of the Noble Spirits' greatness, and though they do not bear lamentiri, they still hold a critical role within Sylvaneth society. 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.



While it is Treelords who lead the enclaves, directly beneath them in terms of authority are the Branchwraiths, and they are often appointed as wartime commanders of the Forest Folk. They are matriarchal figures and spiritual warrior-chieftains who curb the wild instincts of the more fey of their followers, striving constantly to ensure the survival and well-being of their Dryad kin. If the Branchwraiths have grown stern in their years, it is only from steering the fickle nature of their charges, for outside of battle, Dryads have a tendency to flit from task to task and drift across forest regions in patterns less discernible than even the unpredictable weather of bloomburst seasons.

In combat a Branchwraith's piercing talons, great agility and iron-hard bark make them formidable opponents. Most of their number relish the opportunity to release the pent-up frustrations they harbour as a consequence of their many responsibilities, and once their sap is up, they will remain in a belligerent state for days.

SPELLS OF THE WILD

The cataclysm of the Shyish necroquake wreaked havoc upon the enclaves of the Sylvaneth. Amethyst magic swept across reality, withering the boundless gardens of nature, stripping the vitality from ancient groves and sending a shock wave of terror through the Sylvaneth's gestalt consciousness. Yet the flood of magic did not only bring with it death and hopelessness. In the depths of the forests and beyond, arcane forms of life became agitated, disturbed by the screams of the treefolk and the bitter aura of deathly energies. These mythic creatures, formed from the pure essence of life magic, have existed hidden from sight for generations. Now they have emerged from their secluded haunts, seeking the source of their anguish. When these eldritch entities look upon the devastation that has been wrought across the realms they are filled with rage.

Gladewyrms, ancient protectors of the realmroots, surge forth in untold numbers, answering the call to war. Erupting from the earth amidst the ranks of trespassers and despoilers, they rip their quarry to bloody shreds with bladed carapace and razor-sharp mandibles. Vengeful Skullroots lumber out of shadow-haunted glades, their thick tendrils stretching out to strangle the life from enemies of the forest. Long have these malign entities preyed upon stray travellers in the dark places of the wilds, but now they bring their spiteful presence to the field of battle. Summoners call upon the tides of life magic to manifest Spiteswarm Hives, from which pour forth tides of insects that swirl about the bodies of weary Sylvaneth, thousands of invigorating stings filling the bodies of nature's warriors with vitalising energy.



A Spirit of Durthu marches forth to drive the Bloodbound and their daemonic allies from the corrupted forge of Arc Domenex, hacking down the Chaos worshippers without mercy.



NATURE'S VENGEANCE

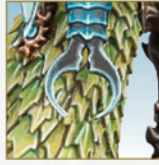
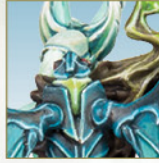
Graceful warriors clad in the verdant panoply of nature, the Sylvaneth are a formidable and visually stunning force upon the battlefield. On the following pages you will find examples of beautiful Citadel Miniatures expertly painted by Games Workshop's own 'Eavy Metal team and Design Studio army painters.



Under the shadowed boughs of the deep forest, a host of Sylvaneth led by Alarielle the Everqueen battles foul daemonic invaders. They will fight to their last breath to cleanse the taint of Chaos from their woodland homes.



Arch-Revenant



Branchwych



A Branchwych leads a band of Dryads in battle against a pack of Bloodletters, sweeping her greenwood scythe through daemonic flesh even as she summons the magical denizens of the forest to her side.



The stench of fear-musk fills the air as skaven Clanrats are ambushed by Kurnoth Hunters armed with greatswords.

An Arch-Revenant leads her wargrove in the eradication of a skaven infestation. This vengeful war-leader will not cease until every last verminous foe has been hewed apart.





Greatbow-wielding Kurnoth Hunters are imposing marksmen, able to skewer several foes in one shot.





The sinister forest spirits known as Spite-Revenants delight in inflicting pain and terror upon their prey. Even the war-loving Ironjawz are shaken by their vicious malice.



Tree-Revenants are noble warriors of the glades, inheritors of a proud legacy. They are sworn to defend their woodland homes against all intruders with blade, axe and glaive.



The embodiment of vengeful cruelty, Drycha Hamadreth is unleashed against the most bitter enemies of the Sylvaneth. She does not cease her slaughter until every last foe lies mutilated and slain.



Drycha Hamadreth



Huntmaster with Kurnoth Greatbow



Kurnoth Hunter with Kurnoth Greatsword



Alarielle the Everqueen



The Battle of the Smoulderfields was the culmination of centuries of ill will between the Sylvaneth and the Fyreslayers of the Vostarg lodge. Hundreds of doughty duardin were slain at the hands of the Everqueen and her woodland host.



Oakenbrow Branch Nymph



Dryad



Harvestboon Dryad



Oakenbrow Branchwraith



Gnarlrroot Branchwylch



Dreadwood Spite-Revenant



Oakenbrow Scion



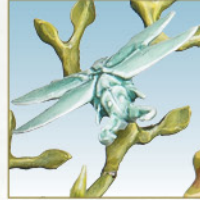
Ironbark Tree-Revenant

A Treelord Ancient is a living symbol of nature's might, an ancient colossus that has battled against the enemies of the Everqueen for centuries beyond counting.





Tree Lord



Spirit of Durthu



HOST OF THE EVERQUEEN

The defenders of the wilds stride forth in their verdant panoply, led by the majestic figure of Alarielle the Everqueen. There are many ways to collect a Sylvaneth army – below you will find just one example of how to assemble a regal force of nature to dominate the battlefields of the Mortal Realms.

It is always a good idea to think about what kind of army you would like to collect before you start painting and assembling any miniatures. Inspiration can be found from many sources. You might simply look at the range of Sylvaneth models and pick those that most appeal to you. Alternatively, you might decide to focus on a particular style of play on the tabletop, or a narrative found in a battletome or novel. Regardless, there is no right or wrong way to go about collecting your army. The end goal

is always the same – to assemble a visually striking and formidable Sylvaneth host!

Alarielle the Everqueen is an obvious choice for the centrepiece of your collection. As well as being a devastating spellcaster capable of laying waste to her enemies and healing her allies with magic, Alarielle is powerful in close combat thanks to her immense wardroth beetle mount. Even better, her command ability bolsters the attacks of all nearby Sylvaneth.

Answering the call to war, an Arch-Revenant soars through the skies above the Everqueen's advancing host. The regal presence of this powerful warrior inspires the Sylvaneth to great feats of valour and aggression.

A Spirit of Durthu is a truly fearsome force on the tabletop, combining impressive resilience with deadly melee and ranged attacks. The mere presence of such a towering guardian improves the morale of your other warriors.



Magical support can be added in the form of Branchwraiths and Branchwyches. The former can summon Dryad reinforcements, making your force more resistant to attrition, while the latter can unleash swarms of spites to inflict mortal wounds on enemy units in an area around her.

The heart of this force's battle line consists of Dryads. These swift, hard-hitting troops excel at ambushes, and can be used to tie up troublesome enemy units while your elite elements wreak carnage. Tree-Revenants exchange speed for armour-piercing blades – they are the perfect counter to heavy infantry. Spite-Revenants, meanwhile, are not only vicious fighters, but also strike mortal fear into their prey – with

careful timing and positioning, they can send your opponent's warriors fleeing from the battlefield in terror. Units shaken by the Spite-Revenants are the perfect prey for the terrifying Drycha Hamadreth. This ferocious warrior possesses a variety of lethal attacks, and can even strike units with low bravery dead!

Your shock troops are the mighty Kurnoth Hunters. These huge warriors wield a variety of weapons, and depending on their armament can either take the fight up close or pick off their foes at long range with deadly greatbows. In addition, this collection includes two mighty Treelords. These gigantic beings cross the battlefield with earth-shaking strides, crushing ranks of infantry to a bloody paste.

1. Alarielle the Everqueen
2. Spirit of Durthu
3. Arch-Revenant
4. Kurnoth Hunters with Kurnoth Greatswords
5. Kurnoth Hunters with Kurnoth Scythes
6. Kurnoth Hunters with Kurnoth Greatbows
7. Branchwych
8. Treelord
9. Treelord
10. Tree-Revenants
11. Tree-Revenants
12. Branchwraith
13. Dryads
14. Drycha Hamadreth
15. Spite-Revenants
16. Spite-Revenants



PAINTING YOUR SYLVANETH

Whether you are a veteran hobbyist with several collections under your belt or you have never put brush to miniature before, painting a Sylvaneth army is a particularly exciting and rewarding challenge. On the following pages you will find a guide to creating a vibrant and colourful host of the deep forests.

There is nothing like the sight of a fully painted army of Citadel Miniatures. There is real satisfaction to be had in adding your chosen colours, teasing out the finely sculpted details and truly making your miniatures collection your own.

An entire Sylvaneth army brought together through shared colours is a stunning sight to behold. For those of us who are completionists, there is also immense gratification in watching your collection grow as you add each new painted figure

to the ranks of the finished models. There's no right or wrong way to go about painting your collection, but on the following pages you will find some basic guidelines that will allow you to create a striking Sylvaneth army. The simple and easy-to-follow Citadel Paint System will help you to quickly achieve great results – you will have a wargrove rampaging across the tabletop in no time at all!



The Citadel Paint System takes the guesswork out of painting, and uses several different formulations of paint to best match different techniques. The paints are used in a set sequence, and each enhances the underlying colour to produce a final scheme that belies the straightforward techniques. The first paint you'll apply is called the undercoat. Supplied in spray cans, it's formulated to provide a smooth, even surface for the colours that follow. Once it has dried, you can break out your brushes and start painting.



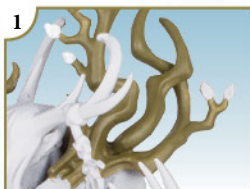
Base paints deliver a bold, intense colour that provides the core of your paint scheme. Layer paints are typically brighter, with a smoother consistency, and are used to achieve a more vibrant hue. Shade paints are designed to settle into recesses and provide depth to your model, while Dry paints can be used to quickly apply highlights to your model.



WARHAMMER TV

Warhammer TV's painting tutorials have insights for everyone, as they show you how to paint Citadel Miniatures from start to finish. The guides are available for free on games-workshop.com, and can also be watched via the Warhammer TV YouTube channel. Why not take a moment to check them out?

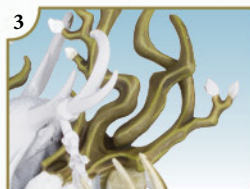
OAKENBROW DARK BARK



1 Over a Corax White undercoat, basecoat with Death World Forest.



2 Shade with Athonian Camoshade.



3 Layer the raised areas with Elysian Green.



4 Carefully highlight the edges with Ogryn camo.

FOLIAGE AND LIGHT BARK



Foliage: Basecoat Khorne Red, shade Fuegan Orange, layer Wild Rider Red, then highlight Fire Dragon Bright.

Light Bark: Over Corax White, shade Athonian Camoshade, then highlight Pallid Wych Flesh.

GNARLROOT DARK BARK

1 Begin with a basecoat of Mournfang Brown.



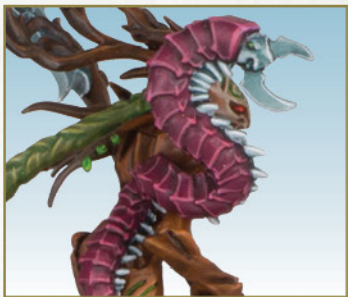
2 Shade with Agrax Earthshade.



3 Apply thick Skrag Brown highlights.



4 Apply fine Deathclaw Brown highlights.

BITTERGRUB CARAPACE

Basecoat with Screamer Pink, shade with Nuln Oil, then highlight with Pink Horror.

FOLIAGE

Basecoat with Death World Forest, shade with Athonian Camoshade, layer with Elysian Green, then highlight with Ogryn Camo.

LIGHT BARK

Over a Mournfang Brown basecoat, layer with Baneblade Brown, then highlight with Karak Stone.

HEARTWOOD DARK BARK

1 Undercoat with Corax White, basecoat with Rhinox Hide.



2 Shade with Agrax Earthshade.



3 Layer with Steel Legion Drab.



4 Highlight with Karak Stone.

LAMENTIRI

Basecoat with Caledor Sky, apply Baharroth Blue thick highlights, then White Scar fine highlights.

GREEN BARK

Over Corax White, shade with Athonian Camoshade, then highlight with Pallid Wych Flesh.

WEAPONS

Basecoat with Celestra Grey, glaze with Waywatcher Green, then highlight with Pallid Wych Flesh.

IRONBARK BROWN BARK

1 Over a Chaos Black undercoat, apply a basecoat of Rhinox Hide.



2 Continue with an all-over shade of Agrax Earthshade.



3 Layer with Doombull Brown.



4 Finally, highlight the raised areas with Karak Stone.

GREY BARK

Basecoat with Mechanicus Standard Grey, shade with Nuln Oil, layer with Dawnstone, then highlight with Administratum Grey.

FOLIAGE

Basecoat with Waaagh! Flesh, shade with Biel-Tan Green, apply Warboss Green thick highlights, then Screaming Skull fine highlights.

PURPLE BLADES

Basecoat with Ulthuan Grey, glaze with a mix of Druchii Violet and Lahmian Medium, then build up this colour towards the tip of the blade.

WINTERLEAF DARK BARK

1 Over Corax White, apply a basecoat of Abaddon Black.



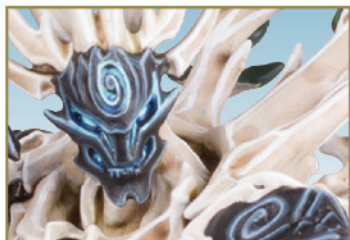
2 Outline the edges with Dark Reaper.



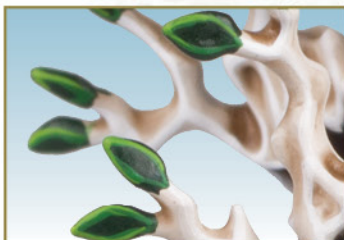
3 Apply highlights of Thunderhawk Blue.



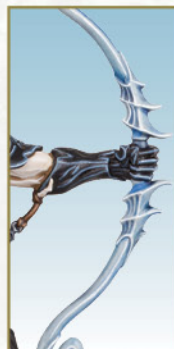
4 Apply fine highlights of Fenrisian Grey.

LIGHT BARK

Over Corax White, basecoat with Pallid Wych Flesh, shade with Agrax Earthshade, then highlight with Pallid Wych flesh.

FOLIAGE

Basecoat with Caliban Green, shade with Biel-Tan Green, apply Warpstone Glow thick highlights, then Moot Green thin highlights.

WEAPONS

Basecoat Ulthuan Grey, shade with a Drakenhof Nightshade and Lahmian Medium mix, then apply a second shade in the recesses. Highlight with White Scar.

DREADWOOD DARK BARK

Over Chaos Black, apply a basecoat of Incubi Darkness.



Shade with Nuln Oil.



Layer with Kabalite Green.



Highlight the edges with Sybarite Green.

LIGHT BARK

Celestra Grey, Drakenhof Nightshade, Pallid Wych Flesh.

FOLIAGE

Basecoat with Warpstone Green, then apply Moot Green highlights.

SIGILS

Paint Mephiston Red into the sigils, then paint Fire Dragon Bright into just the tips of the sigils. Thinning your paint with Lahmian Medium helps for this stage.

HARVESTBOON DARK BARK

Over Corax White, apply a Caliban Green basecoat.



Shade with Athonian Camoshade.



Layer with Elysian Green.



Highlight with Ogryn Camo.

LIGHT BARK

Basecoat with Pallid Wych Flesh, glaze with a mix of Biel-Tan Green and Lahmian Medium, glaze again with Lamenters Yellow, then highlight with Pallid Wych Flesh.

FOLIAGE

Basecoat with Averland Sunset, shade with Seraphim Sepia, layer with Averland Sunset, apply Ushabti Bone thick highlights, then Screaming Skull thin highlights.

SIGILS

Paint Temple Guard Blue into the sigils, then paint White Scar into just the tips of the sigils. Thinning your paint with Lahmian Medium helps for this stage.

BLADE VARIANTS



Regardless of the colour, the technique for gleaming blades is the same. Start by applying the Glaze paint of your chosen colour over a basecoat of Ulthuan Grey. Then, create a darker glaze using an even mix of Lahmian Medium and the Shade-paint equivalent of the same colour. Carefully build up the darker colour in a small area on one half of the blade, alternating this technique down the blade's length. Finally, add highlights with White Scar.

SKIN VARIANTS



Basecoat Ulthuan Grey, glaze with a Drakenhof Nightshade and Lahmian Medium mix, layer Ulthuan Grey, then highlight White Scar.



Basecoat Stegadon Scale Green, shade Nuln Oil, layer Sotek Green, then highlight Fenrisian Grey.



Basecoat Ulthuan Grey, glaze with a Waywatcher Green and Lahmian Medium mix, layer Ulthuan Grey, then highlight White Scar.

HAIR



Basecoat Castellán Green, layer Elysian Green, apply thick highlights of Ogryn Camo, then fine highlights of Screaming Skull.



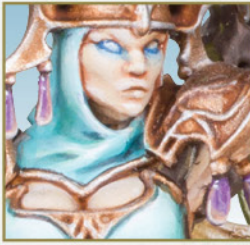
Over Corax White, apply a glaze of Lamenters Yellow followed by a White Scar highlight.



Basecoat Temple Guard Blue, layer Baharroth Blue, highlight White Scar.

BLUE GLOW

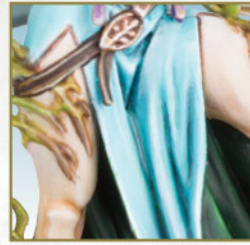
ALARIELLE THE EVERQUEEN DETAILS



Skin: Basecoat Kislev Flesh, shade Reikland Fleshshade, highlight Flayed One Flesh.



Carapace: Basecoat Incubi Darkness, shade Nuln Oil, drybrush Sotek Green, highlight Fenrisian Grey.



Robes: Basecoat Celestra Grey, glaze with a Coelia Greenshade and Lahmian Medium mix, highlight White Scar.



Metal: Basecoat Fulgurite Copper, shade with an Agrax Earthshade and Lahmian Medium mix, highlight Stormhost Silver.

HIVES



Basecoat with Averland Sunset, shade with Seraphim Sepia, drybrush with Ushabti Bone, then highlight with Ushabti Bone.

AMPHORAE



Basecoat with Celestra Grey, shade with Drakenhof Nightshade, then highlight with White Scar.

BLUE SPITES



Over Corax White, shade with Drakenhof Nightshade then again with Guilliman Blue. Drybrush with White Scar.

BASE VARIANTS



Apply stones and Citadel Sand with PVA glue. Basecoat Caliban Green, drybrush with Elysian Green, then again with Ogryn Camo. Add leaves from the Barbed Bracken kit.



Basecoat Mechanicus Standard Grey, shade with Athonian Camoshade, drybrush with Dawnstone, then add some Valhallan Blizzard for the snow.



Basecoat Mournfang Brown, drybrush with Balor Brown, then again with Screaming Skull. Add some Middenland Tufts.

FORCES OF THE SYLVANETH

This battletome contains all of the rules you need to field your Sylvaneth miniatures on the battlefields of the Mortal Realms, from a host of exciting allegiance abilities to a range of warscrolls and warscroll battalions. The rules are split into the following sections.

ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

This section describes the allegiance abilities available to a Sylvaneth army. The rules for using allegiance abilities can be found in the core rules.

BATTLE TRAITS

Abilities available to every unit in a Sylvaneth army (pg 65).

COMMAND TRAITS

Abilities available to the general of a Sylvaneth army if it is a **HERO** (pg 66).

ARTEFACTS OF POWER

Artefacts available to **HEROES** in a Sylvaneth army (pg 67-68).

SPELL LORES

Spells available to **WIZARDS** in a Sylvaneth army (pg 69).

AWAKENED WYLDWOOD

Here you will find the rules and scenery warscroll for the Awakened Wyldwood terrain feature (pg 70-71).

SYLVANETH GLADES

Abilities for seven of the most famous Sylvaneth Glades (pg 72-79). These rules can be used by units in a Sylvaneth army that have been given the appropriate keyword (see the Glades battle trait, opposite).

BATTLEPLANS

This section includes a new narrative battleplan (pg 80-81) that can be played with a Sylvaneth army.

PATH TO GLORY

This section contains rules for using your Sylvaneth collection in Path to Glory campaigns (pg 82-85).

WARSCROLLS

This section includes all of the warscrolls you will need to play games of Warhammer Age of Sigmar with your Sylvaneth miniatures. There are three types of warscroll included in this section:

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

These are formations made up of several Sylvaneth units that combine their strengths to gain powerful new abilities (pg 86-89).

WARSCROLLS

A warscroll for each unit is included here. The rules for using a Sylvaneth unit, along with its characteristics and abilities, are detailed on its warscroll (pg 90-101).

ENDLESS SPELL WARSCROLLS

There are three endless spell warscrolls that detail the rules for unique and powerful spells that can be summoned by Sylvaneth **WIZARDS** (pg 102-103). The rules for playing games with endless spells can be found in the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar Core Book*, and in *Warhammer Age of Sigmar: Malign Sorcery*.

PITCHED BATTLE PROFILES

This section contains Pitched Battle profiles for the units, warscroll battalions and endless spells in this book (pg 104).

ALLIES

This section has a list of the allies a Sylvaneth army can include (pg 104).

ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

BATTLE TRAITS

65

WAYS OF THE WARGROVES

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 on the battlefield, you can place it to one side and say that it is set up in the hidden enclaves as a reserve unit. You can set up one reserve unit in the hidden enclaves for each unit you set up on the battlefield. At the end of your movement phase, you can set up one or more of the reserve units that are in the hidden enclaves on the battlefield wholly within 6" of an **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD** and more than 9" from any enemy units. Any reserve units in the hidden enclaves that are not set up on the battlefield before the start of the fourth battle round are slain.

NAVIGATE REALMROOTS

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

Instead of making a normal move in your movement phase, 1 friendly **SYLVANETH** unit wholly within 6" of an **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD** can navigate the realmroots. If it does so, remove that unit from the battlefield and then set it up again wholly within 6" of another **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD** and more than 9" from any enemy units.

PLACES OF POWER

Although most traces of glory from the Age of Myth have been razed to the ground or desecrated by the forces of Chaos, their power still lingers beneath the surface of the more recent landscape.

After territories have been chosen but before armies are set up, you can pick 1 terrain feature on the battlefield that was not set up by your opponent as part of their army. Do not take battleshock tests for friendly **SYLVANETH** units while they are wholly within 6" of that terrain feature.

GLADES

The different Sylvaneth glades have their own distinctive ways of waging war on the enemies of the Everqueen.

If your army is a Sylvaneth army, you can give it a Glade keyword. All **SYLVANETH** units in your army gain that keyword. You can either choose one of the Glades listed below, or choose another Glade you have read about or created yourself. If you choose one from the list below, all units with that keyword benefit from the extra abilities listed for that Glade on the page indicated. If you choose a different Glade, simply pick the Glade that most closely matches the nature of your own.

- **OAKENBROW** (pg 72)
- **GNARLROOT** (pg 74)
- **HEARTWOOD** (pg 75)
- **IRONBARK** (pg 76)
- **WINTERLEAF** (pg 77)
- **DREADWOOD** (pg 78)
- **HARVESTBOON** (pg 79)

COMMAND TRAITS

ASPECTS OF WAR

D6 Command Trait

- 1 **Dread Harvester:** *Foes fall like swiftly gathered fruit when this general enters the fray.*

You can re-roll hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by this general if this general made a charge move in the same turn.

- 2 **Gnarled Warrior:** *This Sylvaneth's hoary hide has turned aside countless blades.*

You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for attacks that target this general.

- 3 **Gift of Ghyran:** *A regenerative nectar courses through this general's body.*

In your hero phase, you can heal 1 wound allocated to this general.

- 4 **Lord of Spites:** *Impish forest spirits aid this general with an array of venoms and snares.*

You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for attacks made by this general.

- 5 **Warsinger:** *This general spurs on Alarielle's children with stirring song.*

Add 2 to charge rolls for friendly SYLVANETH units wholly within 12" of this general.

- 6 **Wisdom of the Ancients:** *Even amongst their venerable kin, this general's sage battle-sense is trusted deeply.*

Add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of friendly SYLVANETH units while they are wholly within 12" of this general.

ASPECTS OF RENEWAL

WIZARD only.

D6 Command Trait

- 1 **Arcane Bounty:** *The woods hold few mysteries that elude this eldritch being.*

This general knows 1 extra spell from the Lore of the Deepwood (pg 69).

- 2 **Mystic Regrowth:** *The currents of magic nourish this creature's body like cleansing rainfall.*

At the end of your hero phase, if this general successfully cast any spells in that phase that were not unbound, you can heal D3 wounds allocated to this general.

- 3 **Voice of Warding:** *This wizard's very words extend like grasping vines into the minds of their rivals.*

This general can attempt to unbind 1 extra spell in the enemy hero phase.

- 4 **Glade Lore:** *The forest whispers powerful secrets to those it trusts.*

Add 1 to casting rolls for this general while it is wholly within 6" of any AWAKENED WYLDWOODS.

- 5 **Spellsinger:** *Like pollen on the wind, this wizard's spellcraft travels far afield.*

Add 6" to the range of each spell this general successfully casts.

- 6 **Radiant Spirit:** *Shielding emerald energy surrounds this spellcaster like a leafy sanctuary.*

Each time this general is affected by a spell or endless spell, you can roll a dice. If you do so, on a 4+ ignore the effects of that spell or endless spell on this general.

ARTEFACTS OF POWER

WEAPONS OF THE GLADES

D6 Artefact of Power

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

Pick 1 of the bearer's melee weapons. Improve the Rend characteristic of that weapon by 1.

- 2 **Greenwood Gladius:** *This blade strikes with the youthful vigour of sunrise.*

Pick 1 of the bearer's melee weapons. Add 2 to the Attacks characteristic of that weapon if the bearer made a charge move in the same turn.

- 3 **Autumn's Ire:** *Just as woodland leaves burn brightest before yielding to winter's touch, this weapon strikes fiercest when its wielder comes to harm.*

Pick 1 of the bearer's melee weapons. You can re-roll hit and wound rolls of 1 for attacks made with that weapon while any wounds are allocated to the bearer.

- 4 **Winnowstaff:** *This enchanted staff strikes down lesser foes as easily as chaff is blown from wheat.*

Pick 1 of the bearer's melee weapons. You can re-roll hit rolls for attacks made with that weapon that target a unit with a Wounds characteristic of 1.

- 5 **Ancient Barkblade:** *Blows from this venerable weapon land like a felled oak.*

Pick 1 of the bearer's melee weapons. Add 1 to the Damage characteristic of that weapon.

- 6 **The Darkest Bough:** *Harvested at a location of utmost secrecy, the branch that formed this weapon is steeped in sinister power.*

Pick 1 of the bearer's melee weapons. If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with that weapon is 6, that attack inflicts D3 mortal wounds on the target in addition to any normal damage.

BOONS OF THE EVERQUEEN

D6 Artefact of Power

- 1 **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.*

You can re-roll save rolls of 1 made for attacks that target the bearer.

- 2 **Briar Sheath:** *This spiny mantle renders its wearer's true form difficult to discern.*

Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks that target the bearer.

- 3 **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 you allocate a mortal wound to the bearer. On a 5+ that mortal wound is negated.

- 4 **Lashvines:** *Thorned, sentient tendrils coil around this Sylvaneth, striking out viciously at any threat to their host.*

Roll a dice each time a wound inflicted by a melee weapon is allocated to the bearer and not negated. On a 6+ the attacking unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

- 5 **Silken Snares:** *Spite-silk webs cover much of this fighter's form, deadening the impact of all but the keenest weapons.*

If the weapon used for an attack that targets the bearer has a Rend characteristic of -1, change the Rend characteristic for that attack to '-2'.

- 6 **Nightbloom Garland:** *A perpetual gloom emanates from this chaplet of pale flowers, veiling the wearer from sight.*

The bearer is not visible to enemy models that are more than 12" from the bearer.

VERDANT TREASURES

D6 Artefact of Power

- 1 **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 is slain, before removing them from the battlefield, roll a dice. On a 1, the bearer is slain. On a 2+ the bearer is not slain, you can heal up to D3 wounds allocated to them, and any wounds that remain to be allocated to them are negated.

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

Subtract 1 from the Bravery characteristic of enemy units while they are within 10" of the bearer.

- 3 **Everdew Vial:** *The merest sip of the sacred water contained within this delicate bottle breathes fresh purpose into the drinker's every stride.*

Add 2 to run rolls and charge rolls for the bearer.

- 4 **Lifewreath:** *Held aloft at times of great peril, this wreath radiates waves of healing magic.*

In your hero phase, roll a dice. On a 3+ you can heal D3 wounds allocated to each friendly SYLVANETH unit wholly within 10" of the bearer.

- 5 **Crown of Fell Bowers:** *Rooted in this enchanted circlet, a canopy of ethereal branches forms above the foe, lending uncanny aid to the weapons of the Sylvaneth.*

At the start of the combat phase, pick 1 enemy unit within 6" of the bearer. You can re-roll wound rolls for attacks made by friendly SYLVANETH units that target that unit in that phase.

- 6 **Etherblossom:** *Strangest of all the flowers that grow in the Weirding Vale in Ghyran, obstacles fade into unreality wherever an Etherblossom is carried.*

The bearer can fly.

RELICS OF NATURE

WIZARD only.

D6 Artefact of Power

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

Once per battle, at the start of your hero phase, you can set up an AWAKENED WYLDWOOD wholly within 12" of the bearer and more than 1" from any other model, terrain feature or objective, and add it to your army.

- 2 **Spiritsong Stave:** *Eldritch power blossoms from this ancient rod of willow.*

The bearer can attempt to cast 1 extra spell in your hero phase.

- 3 **The Vesperal Gem:** *Malice and mercy dwell in this gemstone in equal measure, visible as fey lights swirling at its core.*

Once in each of your hero phases, when the bearer attempts to cast a spell from the Lore of the Deepwood, instead of making a casting roll you can say they are using the Vesperal Gem. If you do so, that spell is automatically cast (do

not roll 2D6) and cannot be unbound. After the effect of that spell has been resolved, roll a dice. On a 1, the bearer suffers D3 mortal wounds.

- 4 **Luneth's Lamp:** *A relic saved from a shrine desecrated by sorcery, this lamp's flame flares whenever hostile magic seeks physical form.*

Add 2 to the roll when the bearer attempts to unbind or dispel an endless spell.

- 5 **Hagbane Spite:** *These rare spites are deadly to foes of the Sylvaneth who wield sorcery.*

If the bearer successfully unbinds a spell, the caster suffers 1 mortal wound.

- 6 **Wychwood Glaive:** *The glowing edge of this ensorcelled blade thirsts for the lifeforce of hostile wizards.*

Pick 1 of the bearer's melee weapons. Add 2 to the damage inflicted by that weapon for attacks that target a WIZARD.

SPELL LORES

SYLVANETH WIZARDS know the Verdant Blessing spell in addition to any other spells they know. In addition, you can choose or roll for one of the spells from the Lore of the Deepwood table for each WIZARD in a Sylvaneth army.

Verdant Blessing: *The caster hurls forth a shimmering orb of jade energy that swiftly takes root and bursts upward as a newly conjured Wyldwood.*

Verdant Blessing has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, set up 1 **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD** wholly within 24" of the caster and more than 1" from any other model, terrain feature or objective.

LORE OF THE DEEPWOOD

D6 Spell

- 1 **Throne of Vines:** *Borne aloft upon a seething throne of summoned vines, the caster drinks deep of the magical energies that flow through the Mortal Realms.*

Throne of Vines has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, add 2 to casting rolls for the caster until the caster makes a move or is set up in a different location.

- 2 **Regrowth:** *The caster channels the burgeoning magic of life into an invigorating healing bloom.*

Regrowth has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick 1 friendly **SYLVANETH** unit wholly within 18" of the caster and visible to them. You can heal up to D6 wounds allocated to that unit.

- 3 **The Dwellers Below:** *Drawing upon the darkest and most spiteful aspects of nature's power, the caster summons a seething swarm of tendrils from beneath the ground.*

The Dwellers Below has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within 10" of the caster and visible to them and roll a number of dice equal to the number of models in that unit. For each 6+ that unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

- 4 **Deadly Harvest:** *Just as the Sylvaneth can instinctively channel the flowing energies of life magic to nurture and heal, those of a darker bent can also stem the flood, or leech it away altogether.*

Deadly Harvest has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, each enemy unit within 3" of the caster suffers D3 mortal wounds (roll separately for each unit).

- 5 **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, pick 1 friendly **SYLVANETH** unit wholly within 18" of the caster and visible to them. You can return 1 slain model to that unit. If you picked a unit of **DRYADS**, **TREE-REVENANTS** or **SPITE-REVENANTS**, you can return up to D3 slain models to that unit instead of 1.

- 6 **Treesong:** *The caster implores the simple spirits of the Wyldwoods to guide the blades of their allies and expose the weaknesses of the foe.*

Treesong has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within 16" of the caster and within 6" of an **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD**. Until the end of the turn, you can re-roll hit and wound rolls of 1 for attacks made with melee weapons that target that unit.



AWAKENED WYLDWOOD

The Wyldwoods of the Sylvaneth are far more than mere trees. Ancient, powerful spirits stir 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.

A Sylvaneth army can include 1 AWAKENED WYLDWOOD terrain feature. After territories have been chosen but before armies are set up, you can set up the AWAKENED WYLDWOOD anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 1" from any other terrain features, more than 1" from enemy territory and more than 6" away from any objectives. If both players can set up a terrain feature before armies are set up, they must roll off, and the winner can choose the order in which the terrain features are set up.



Marrabus cursed, and spat a gobbet of yellowish phlegm that splattered against the trunk of a nearby tree, leaving a sizzling trail as it slid down to the leafy earth. For hours the Blightlord had been wandering in this accursed place, and still he had come across no sign of his companions. The canopy had grown thicker and thicker, and now only a few sharp spears of amber sunlight pierced the darkness.

'Where are you?' Marrabus called out to the silent forest. 'Blaug? Cobbot? You thrice-cursed bunglers, show yourselves! When I find you I shall make a cloak from your hides!'

Only the rustling of leaves and the soft trill of night birds answered his calls. Muttering dark threats against his missing comrades, Marrabus hauled his bulk up a muddy slope. All he had wanted was to catch a few scourhorns for food, to let them pustulate and bubble a while in a cauldron of bile-spirit until they were good and ripe. The thought made his swollen belly rumble painfully.

He was lost. And the scabs that covered his flabby back itched terribly, as they always did when he felt watchful eyes upon him. Somewhere in the darkness there was a screech, high-pitched and animalistic.

'Who's out there?' Marrabus called, hefting his rusted battleaxe and backing up to a broad, black-trunked oak.

Something wet and warm splattered across his neck. Looking up, he was reunited with his errant companions. Cobbot and Blaug were impaled upon the branches of the tree, their rotten intestines spilling from their opened bellies like rancid vines. As he took in the pitiful sight, Marrabus heard a susurrus of soft laughter echo around him.



◆ SCENERY WARSCROLL ◆

AWAKENED WYLDWOOD

When the Wyldwoods of the Sylvaneth stir, enemies of the natural order must be on their guard. The awakened spirits that dwell within these ancient groves are roused to terrible fury by intrusions into their domain. They seek every chance to prey upon those foolish enough to stray beneath their shadowed boughs.

DESCRIPTION

An Awakened Wyldwood is a single terrain feature consisting of 3-6 Citadel Wood models. Each tip of each Citadel Wood model must touch the tip of a different Citadel Wood model, with the tips of all the models pointing inwards so that a ring is formed. The battlefield inside the ring is treated as being part of that Awakened Wyldwood.



SCENERY RULES

Overgrown Wilderness: *It is only possible to see a few yards into these foreboding thickets.*

Models are not visible to each other if an imaginary straight line 1mm wide drawn between the closest points of the two models crosses over more than 1" of an **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD**. This scenery rule does not apply if either model can fly.

Roused By Magic: *The arcane currents of hostile spellcasting drive Wyldwood spirits into a fury.*

In the hero phase, if a spell is successfully cast by a **WIZARD**

wholly within 6" of an **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD** and not unbound, roll a dice for each unit within 1" of that **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD** which does not have the **SYLVANETH** keyword. On a 5+ that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds after that spell's effects have been resolved.

Wyldwood: *The spirits within a Wyldwood are easily angered by trespassers into their domain.*

At the end of the charge phase, roll a dice for each unit within 1" of an **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD** which does not have the **SYLVANETH** keyword. On a 6, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

KEYWORDS

SCENERY, AWAKENED WYLDWOOD

OAKENBROW

First and most numerous of the Sylvaneth glades, the Oakenbrow are inheritors of a regal legacy and a formidable resilience. They fight on bravely even in the most seemingly hopeless of battles, determined that they will not fail their beloved Everqueen.

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 Alariele by giving in to defeat.

As the most populous of the glades, the Oakenbrow can field great hosts of Sylvaneth, who pour forth from the depths of Wyldwoods to surround and overwhelm their foes. Many a Chaos Lord or rampaging army of beastmen has thought the battle won, only to hear the rousing war cries of Tree-Revenants echoing around them as Oakenbrow warriors leap from the undergrowth with blades swinging. In addition, the Oakenbrow hold good relations with many of the civilised races, and have entered into pacts and military alliances with the likes of the God-King's armies and the undersea hosts of the Idoneth. Of all the Sylvaneth it is they who are most commonly seen battling alongside these allies upon the battlefields of the Mortal Realms, and envoys of the Oakenbrow are a common sight in many great cities.



ABILITIES

Our Roots Run Deep: *Oakenbrow tree spirits are renowned for the resilience of their heartwood.*

Subtract 2 from the number of wounds suffered by **OAKENBROW SPIRITS OF DURTHU**, **OAKENBROW TREELOD ANCIENTS** and **OAKENBROW TREELODS** when determining which row on their damage table to use (to a minimum of 0).

COMMAND ABILITY

Yield To None: *The towering Treelords of Oakenbrow stride to war alongside great hosts of Dryads, who fight with all the spirit of their ancient sires when the need is great.*

You can use this command ability at the start of the battleshock phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly **OAKENBROW HERO**. Until the end of that phase, do not take battleshock tests for friendly **OAKENBROW DRYADS** units while they are wholly within 16" of that **HERO**.

COMMAND TRAIT

An **OAKENBROW** general must have this command trait instead of one listed on page 66.

Regal Old-growth: *This general has stoically defended the Oakenbrow clans through countless seasons of war.*

Add 1 to the Wounds characteristic of this general.

ARTEFACT OF POWER

The first **OAKENBROW HERO** to receive an artefact of power must be given the Dawnflask.

Dawnflask: *This unassuming earthenware vessel contains a blend of rare seeds and pollens which lend mysterious protection to their keeper.*

Roll a dice each time you allocate a wound or mortal wound to the bearer. On a 6+ that wound or mortal wound is negated.



GNARLROOT

The Gnarlroot are amongst the most isolated and mysterious of the Sylvaneth, for it is they who are tasked with protecting the eldritch secrets of Ghyran. When they march forth, they do so to gather new sources of magical power – nothing fascinates these scholars so much as unravelling the arcane mysteries of the realms.

No other Sylvaneth army can match the sorcerous might wielded by the wargroves of Gnarlroot. 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 secrets jealously guarded by their wizened lords. Even as the warriors of the Households and the Forest Folk spring into battle, they are accompanied by surging winds of sorcerous energy that see the enemy scattered before them like leaves on the wind, while the Sylvaneth blossom into greater strength and vitality than ever before.

The tidal wave of magical energies released by the necroquake has stirred the Gnarlroot into action like never before. The glade's summoners find themselves able to call forth mythic beasts of the deep forest in great numbers, and shape the innate magic of Ghyran into fearsome, predatory forms. Gladewyrms and Skullroots come to the Sylvaneth's aid, crushing those sent to bring death to their ancient enclaves. Fascinated by the sudden awakening of magic, the lords of the Gnarlroot have despatched secretive war parties led by Branchwraiths to uncover the truth behind this mystery.



ABILITIES

Shield the Arcane: *Gnarlroot clans prize arcane knowledge above all things, and they fight with fiery spirit to defend the keepers of their spell lore.*

Re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made by friendly GNARLROOT units while they are wholly within 12" of any friendly GNARLROOT WIZARDS.

COMMAND ABILITY

The Earth Defends: *Fronds of magical foliage burst from the earth, instinctively protecting the Sylvaneth nearby.*

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly GNARLROOT unit wholly within 12" of a friendly GNARLROOT HERO. Until the end of that phase, roll a dice each time you allocate a wound or mortal wound to that unit. On a 6+ that wound or mortal wound is negated.

COMMAND TRAIT

A GNARLROOT general must have this command trait instead of one listed on page 66.

Nurtured by Magic: *Gnarlroot Sylvaneth draw great sustenance from the spellcasting of their kin.*

Once in each of your hero phases, if this general successfully casts a spell that is not unbound, pick 1 friendly GNARLROOT unit wholly within 18" of this general. You can heal up to D3 wounds allocated to that unit.

ARTEFACT OF POWER

The first GNARLROOT HERO to receive an artefact of power must be given the Chalice of Nectar.

Chalice of Nectar: *This ashwood cup brims with fortifying nectar, gifting the bearer with arcane nourishment.*

When making a casting or unbinding roll for the bearer, roll 3D6, remove 1 dice of your choice, and then use the remaining 2D6 to determine that casting or unbinding roll.

HEARTWOOD

True heirs of Kurnoth, those of the Heartwood are aggressive warriors who delight in taking the fight to their enemies. It is they who are most often found at the head of Alarielle's armies, their war-horns blaring proudly as they hurl themselves upon the enemy.

Brave and determined, the warriors of Heartwood 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 these towering Sylvaneth, or racing out upon the Wild Hunt to drag down and tear apart those who have defiled Alarielle's realm. Huge arrows fly forth to pierce hearts and throats with unerring accuracy, while howling warriors carve a bloody path through their quarry. Only when every enemy lies dead do the Heartwood slip back into the trees.

Although Kurnoth fell during the Age of Chaos, the Sylvaneth of Heartwood believe that they keep a flickering ember of the Hunter God's essence alive through ritual and battle, and insist that one day he will return to rejoin his beloved Everqueen. In his absence, they honour the fallen deity by ceaselessly attacking the enemies of the Sylvaneth. The armies of the Heartwood are almost never at rest, for to call off the hunt is unthinkable to true followers of Kurnoth.



ABILITIES

Courage For Kurnoth: *The clans of Heartwood Glade are renowned for their steadfast bravery.*

Add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of friendly **HEARTWOOD** units while they are wholly within 12" of any friendly **HEARTWOOD HEROES**.

COMMAND ABILITY

Lord of the Hunt: *Heartwood Sylvaneth are devout followers of Kurnoth, God of the Hunt, and honour him by the eager pursuit of their quarry.*

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, pick 1 enemy unit within 12" of a friendly **HEARTWOOD HERO**. Until the end of that phase, you can re-roll hit and wound rolls of 1 for attacks made by friendly **HEARTWOOD** units that target that enemy unit.

COMMAND TRAIT

A **HEARTWOOD** general must have this command trait instead of one listed on page 66.

Legacy of Valour: *The proud memory of this Sylvaneth's martial deeds will live on long after their demise.*

If this general is slain, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 1" of this general before they are removed from play and roll a dice. On a 2-5 that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. On a 6, that unit suffers D6 mortal wounds.

ARTEFACT OF POWER

The first **HEARTWOOD HERO** to receive an artefact of power must be given the Horn of the Consort.

Horn of the Consort: *Blasts from this ancient hunting horn stir Kurnoth Hunters to new heights of fervour.*

You can re-roll hit rolls for attacks made by friendly **HEARTWOOD KURNOTH HUNTERS** wholly within 12" of the bearer.

IRONBARK

Arrows and blades skip harmlessly from the armoured hides of the Ironbark as they march relentlessly into battle, accepting every punishment that their enemies can offer before hewing them down mercilessly. Sturdy and strong-willed, there are few armies in the realms that can breach their defensive lines.

Like a towering tree with its roots dug deep, an Ironbark wargrove is as immovable as it is mighty. Built around stoic Households of Noble Spirits armed with expertly crafted blades of the most enduring minerals, the warriors of Ironbark soak up the fury of the enemy's charge before cutting them 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 battlefield.

Unlike many of their kin, who delight in lightning-fast ambushes and swift assaults, the Ironbark prefer to fight from fortified positions. They choose their battles carefully, drawing in the enemy and pinning them between immovable lines of Forest Folk and Treelords before crushing them slowly to death. The glade is particularly noted for the resilience of their fortifications. Indeed, it is said that Alarielle herself tasked Ironbark with strengthening the organic battlements of the Living City. This they achieved by watering the citadel's great roots with liquids taken from Chamonic streams, which led to the formation of reinforcing metal veins within its walls.



ABILITIES

Stubborn and Taciturn: *Stoic indifference marks out the Ironbark clans in battle.*

You can re-roll battleshock tests for friendly **IRONBARK** units while they are wholly within 12" of any friendly **IRONBARK HEROES**.

COMMAND ABILITY

Stand Firm: *Ironbark Sylvaneth are steadfast defenders, forming up into grim living shield walls from which they strike back at attackers.*

You can use this command ability in the combat phase, before the players pick any units to fight. If you do so, pick 1 enemy unit that made a charge move this turn and is within 1" of a friendly **IRONBARK** unit and roll a dice. On a 2+ that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

COMMAND TRAIT

An **IRONBARK** general must have this command trait instead of one listed on page 66.

Mere Rainfall: *With a gnarled limb raised overhead to form a protective canopy, most missile weapons fall on this Sylvaneth as harmlessly as raindrops.*

You can re-roll save rolls for attacks made with missile weapons that target this general.

ARTEFACT OF POWER

The first **IRONBARK HERO** to receive an artefact of power must be given the Ironbark Talisman.

Ironbark Talisman: *Forged by the duardin, this talisman infuses the Sylvaneth's limbs with steely strength.*

Add 1 to wound rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by the bearer.

WINTERLEAF

Full of bitterness and resentment, the Winterleaf no longer feel kinship with other living things. They seek only to slake their hatred in battle, and attack with a single-minded ferocity, uncaring of their own safety – as far as these vengeful spirits are concerned, their lives are already forfeit.

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, for their wargrove has suffered too much loss, and grief has robbed them of everything but the desire for vengeance against their persecutors. 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.

The Winterleaf fight with a bleak cruelty, seeking every opportunity to inflict pain upon their foes, especially the hated minions of Chaos. Their summoners whip up hails of frozen branches that whistle through the air to pierce flesh and shatter bone. Their armies contain many Dryads, for such was the devastation wrought upon the Winterleaf's lands that there are pitifully few enclaves for these guardians to watch over. Filled with hatred and sorrow, these forest wardens attack in a frenzy, shredding their prey with wild slashes of their rime-frosted talons. Just as complete desolation has been visited upon their lands, so do the Winterleaf leave nothing but destruction in their wake.



ABILITIES

Winter's Bite: *Winterleaf Sylvaneth are as heartless as their desolated homeland, and vent their malice upon all who cross them.*

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with a melee weapon by a friendly WINTERLEAF unit is 6, that attack inflicts 2 hits on the target instead of 1. Make a wound and save roll for each hit.

COMMAND ABILITY

Branch Blizzard: *A mass of rattling, leafless branches fills the air, lacerating the enemy.*

You can use this command ability in your shooting phase. If you do so, pick 1 enemy unit within 12" of a friendly WINTERLEAF HERO and visible to them. Roll a number of dice equal to the number of models in that unit. For each 6+ that unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

COMMAND TRAIT

A WINTERLEAF general must have this command trait instead of one listed on page 66.

My Heart Is Ice: *This general is roused to a chilling vengeful fury by the blows of the enemy.*

Roll a dice each time a wound inflicted by a melee weapon is allocated to this general and not negated. On a 5+ the attacking unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

ARTEFACT OF POWER

The first WINTERLEAF HERO to receive an artefact of power must be given the Frozen Kernel.

Frozen Kernel: *This precious nut bore witness to the ravaging of its birthland, and its wailing laments rouse Winterleaf Sylvaneth to a merciless frenzy.*

Once per battle, at the start of the combat phase, you can pick 1 friendly WINTERLEAF unit wholly within 18" of the bearer. After that unit has fought in that phase for the first time, if it is within 3" of an enemy unit, it can make a pile-in move and then attack with all of the melee weapons it is armed with for a second time.

DREADWOOD

No Sylvaneth embody the cruelty inherent in the natural order so perfectly as those of Dreadwood. They are the darkest shadow of the forest, merciless and predatory. To meet them in combat is to face every nightmare the mortal races have ever attributed to the ancient woods of the realms.

Dreadwood care nothing for the honour, nobility and grace of their fellow Sylvaneth. They delight instead in spreading confusion, fear and pain. Sneak attacks, cruel illusions, torture and terror tactics – there is no strategy that is beneath the 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.

Though Alarielle has allied in common cause with the God-King Sigmar, not all of her children honour this pact. The actions of the Dreadwood in particular have greatly strained relations between the followers of the two deities. Against the decree of the Everqueen, members of the glade have begun to prey on foresters, trappers and frontiersmen brave enough to venture into the depths of their ancient forests. Free cities such as Izalend and Greywater Fastness have reported thousands of missing souls, though the cunning lords of the Dreadwood maintain a veneer of innocence. Alarielle knows the truth, but cannot afford to censure her wayward children. Instead, she has had some success in refocusing their malice towards the servants of Chaos and the necromantic followers of Nagash.



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 hit rolls of 1 for attacks made by **DREADWOOD SPITE-REVENANTS**.

COMMAND ABILITY

Sinister Ambush: *Dreadwood clans are masters of subterfuge, using the spirit ways to deceive their foes and strike where least expected.*

You can use this command ability once during each of your turns, at the end of your movement phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly **DREADWOOD** unit wholly within 18" of a friendly **DREADWOOD HERO**. Remove that unit from the battlefield and then set it up again anywhere on the battlefield more than 9" from any enemy units.

COMMAND TRAIT

A **DREADWOOD** general must have this command trait instead of one listed on page 66.

Paragon of Terror: *Wherever this cruel creature stalks, fear grips its foes like smothering weeds.*

Re-roll successful battleshock tests for enemy units while they are within 6" of this general.

ARTEFACT OF POWER

The first **DREADWOOD HERO** to receive an artefact of power must be given the Jewel of Withering.

Jewel of Withering: *This malicious gem knows and cultivates the fears of its bearer's enemies, draining them of strength and willpower.*

Subtract 1 from wound rolls for attacks made with melee weapons that target the bearer.

HARVESTBOON

A young, vital glade filled with hope and determination, the Harvestboon fight at the forefront of Alarielle's wars, reclaiming sites of wild magic from the clutches of Chaos-worshippers and monstrous hordes. Theirs is the future, so they believe, and they will gladly sacrifice their lives to ensure a brighter dawn.

The warriors of Harvestboon race towards the foe's lines, competing with one another to be the first to engage the enemy. In battle they fight with an exuberance that only those of the greenest heartwood possess, favouring all-out aggression and relying upon the relentless momentum of their charges to break the enemy's will. As members of this glade fight, the very earth seems to rejoice and grow more fertile in their presence, and vibrant energies spill forth from even the most barren land to reinvigorate the glade's warriors.

Always moving forwards and looking to the future, the Harvestboon lack the bitterness and hatred that defines so many of their kin. Born into the nightmare of the Age of Chaos, they have no grand legacy to pine for, only a desire to reshape the realms in the name of their Everqueen. The aggression and audacity of Harvestboon has caused much consternation amongst the more traditional glades, but for now the upstart glade retains the full blessing of the Everqueen. Alarielle sees a great need for such forward-thinking boldness in this time of conflict, and Harvestboon wargroves are commonly seen at the forefront of her campaigns.



ABILITIES

Vibrant Surge: *Sylvaneth of Harvestboon have a burning desire to engage the enemy in combat and drive them from their territory.*

You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made by friendly **HARVESTBOON** units that made a charge move in the same turn.

COMMAND ABILITY

Fertile Ground: *Nourishing energies swell from the soil, quickening the blades of the Harvestboon clans.*

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly **HARVESTBOON** unit wholly within 12" of a friendly **HARVESTBOON HERO**. Until the end of that phase, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that unit's melee weapons. You cannot pick the same unit to benefit from this command ability more than once per combat phase.

COMMAND TRAIT

A **HARVESTBOON** general must have this command trait instead of one listed on page 66.

Seek New Fruit: *This general moves in and out of combat at will, bending to the currents of battle like a sapling in a breeze.*

Each time this general attacks with its melee weapons, it can make a 6" move after all of its attacks have been resolved. If it does so, it must finish the move more than 3" from enemy units.

ARTEFACT OF POWER

The first **HARVESTBOON HERO** to receive an artefact of power must be given the Silent Sickle.

The Silent Sickle: *This elegant blade moves through the air like a darting forest bird whose wings briefly flash in the sunlight.*

Pick 1 of the bearer's melee weapons. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that weapon.

BATTLEPLAN

AWAKEN THE GROVES

A valley once rich with sacred life has finally shed a centuries-long curse concealing its whereabouts, but the soulpod groves that once blossomed there now lie dormant and defenceless, and hostile forces have descended upon the site, intent on the final destruction of the groves. Heeding the distant spirit-song of the imperilled woodland, the Sylvaneth gather to purge the valley of its despoilers, and reawaken the soulpod groves to their rightful splendour.

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army as described in the core rules. One player is the Sylvaneth player and their opponent is the Despoiler. The Sylvaneth player must use a Sylvaneth army. Each army has a unique command ability, as follows.

SYLVANETH
COMMAND ABILITY

Verdant Surge: *Amidst the desperate struggle to revive the sacred soulpods, the spirit-song impels the slain to flourish back to life in aid of their kin.*

You can use this command ability in your hero phase. If you do so, you can return D3 slain models to each friendly DRYADS and TREE-REVENANTS unit that is wholly within 16" of a friendly SYLVANETH HERO.

DESPOILER
COMMAND ABILITY

Follow My Lead: *Undaunted by the fervent resolve of the Sylvaneth, a champion amongst the despoilers joins the fray with such wrath that all rise to their example.*

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly HERO that made a charge move in the same turn. Until the end of that phase, you can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made by friendly units wholly within 12" of that HERO.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Place 3 AWAKENED WYLDWOODS along the midpoint between both players' territories, as shown on the map below. Each of these AWAKENED WYLDWOODS represents a soulpod grove. Until a soulpod grove is awakened (see below), treat it as a normal terrain feature rather than an AWAKENED WYLDWOOD.

SET-UP

The players alternate setting up units one at a time, starting with the Despoiler player. The Despoiler player's units must be set up wholly within their territory. The Sylvaneth player's units must be set up wholly within their territory.

Continue to set up units until both players have set up their armies. If one player finishes first, the opposing player can set up the rest of the units in their army, one after another.

FIRST TURN

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





WAKING THE GROVES

For the first time in centuries the groves hear the spirit-song of their kin, and burst from their dormancy in radiant blooms of life magic.

Starting from the second battle round, roll a dice at the start of the Sylvaneth player's hero phase for each soulpod grove that has no units from the Despoiler's army within 8" of it. Add 2 to the result for each unit from the Sylvaneth player's army that is wholly within 8" of that soulpod grove. On a 7+ that soulpod

grove has been awakened. An awakened soulpod grove is treated as an **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD** for the rest of the battle.



GLORIOUS VICTORY

If all units in the Sylvaneth player's army are destroyed, the Despoiler player wins a **major victory**. If fewer than two soulpod groves are awakened by the end of the fifth battle round, the Despoiler player wins a **minor victory**. If two soulpod groves are awakened by the end of the fifth battle round, the Sylvaneth player wins a **minor victory**. If three soulpod groves are awakened by the end of the fifth battle round, the Sylvaneth player wins a **major victory**.

PATH TO GLORY

Path to Glory campaigns centre around collecting and fighting battles with a warband in the Age of Sigmar. Champions fight each other and gather followers to join them in their quest for glory, taking advantage of this age of unending battle to win glory and renown.

In order to take part in a Path to Glory campaign, you will need two or more players. All players will need to have at least one **HERO**, who is their champion, and must then create a warband to follow and fight beside their champion during the campaign.

The players fight battles against each other using the warbands they have created. The results of these battles will gain their warband favour. The warband will swell in numbers as more warriors flock to their banner, while existing troops become more powerful.

After gaining enough favour or growing your warband enough to dominate all others through sheer weight of numbers, you will be granted a final test. Succeed, and your glory will be affirmed for all time, and you will be crowned as the victor of the campaign.

CREATING A WARBAND

When creating a Path to Glory warband, do not select your army in the normal manner. Instead, your army consists of a mighty champion battling to earn the favour of the gods, and their entire band of loyal followers. As you wage war against other warbands, your own warband will grow, and existing units will become grizzled veterans.

WARBAND ROSTER

The details and progress of each warband need to be recorded on a warband roster, which you can download for free from games-workshop.com.

To create a warband, simply follow these steps and record the results on your warband roster:

1. First, pick an allegiance for your warband. Each allegiance has its own set of warband tables that are used to generate the units in

the warband and the rewards they can receive for fighting battles. The warband tables included in this battletome let you collect a warband with the Sylvaneth allegiance, but other Warhammer Age of Sigmar publications include warband tables to let you collect other warbands from the Grand Alliances of Order, Chaos, Death and Destruction.

2. Next, choose your warband's champion by selecting one of the options from your allegiance's champion table. The champion you choose will determine the number of followers in your warband. Give your champion a suitably grand name, and write this down on your warband roster.
3. Having picked your champion, the next step is to generate your starting followers. These can be chosen from the followers tables for your allegiance. If your allegiance has more than one followers table you can freely choose which ones you use, selecting all of your followers from a single table or from several. Instead of choosing, you can place your destiny in the hands of fate and roll on the followers tables instead. To make a followers roll, pick a column from one of the followers tables and then roll a dice.
4. Your followers need to be organised into units. The follower table tells you how many models the unit has. Follower units cannot include additional models, but they can otherwise take any options listed on their warscroll. Record all of the information about your followers on your warband roster.
5. Instead of generating a unit of followers, your champion can start the campaign with a Champion's Reward, or one of your units can start with a Follower's Reward.

No champion or unit can start the Path to Glory campaign with more than one reward each.

6. Finally, give your warband a name, one that will inspire respect and dread in your rivals. Your warband is now complete, and you can fight your first battle. Good luck!

TO WARI

Having created a warband, you can now fight battles with it against other warbands taking part in the campaign. You can fight battles as and when you wish, and can use any of the battleplans available for Warhammer Age of Sigmar.

The units you use for a game must be those on your roster. Units can either be fielded at their full roster strength, or broken down into smaller units, as long as no unit is smaller than the minimum size shown on its pitched battle profile.

Any casualties suffered by a warband are assumed to have been replaced in time for its next battle. If your champion is slain in a battle, it is assumed that they were merely injured, and they are back to full strength for your next game, thirsty for vengeance!

GAINING GLORY

All of the players in the campaign are vying for glory. The amount of glory they have received is represented by the Glory Points that the warband has accumulated. Glory can be increased by fighting and winning battles, as described next. As a warband's glory increases, it will also attract additional followers, and a warband's champion may be granted rewards.

Warbands receive Glory Points after a battle is complete. If the warband drew or lost the battle, it receives 1

Glory Point. If it won the battle, it receives D3 Glory Points (re-roll a result of 1 if it won a major victory).

Add the Glory Points you scored to the total recorded on your roster. Once you have won 10 Glory Points, you will have a chance to win the campaign, as described below.

REWARDS OF BATTLE

Each allegiance has its own set of rewards tables. After each battle you can take one of the three following options. Alternatively, roll a D3 to determine which option to take:

D3 Option

- 1 **Additional Followers:** More followers flock to your banner. Either select a new unit or roll for a random one from a follower table, then add it to your warband roster. You can choose from any of your own follower tables, or from any of the follower tables from an allied warband table i.e. a warband table whose allegiance is from the same Grand Alliance as your own. In either case, if you wish to add a unit from a follower table that requires more than

'1 roll', you must also reduce your Glory Points total by 1 (if you do not have enough Glory Points, you cannot choose a unit from such a table). Once 5 new units have joined your warband, you will have a chance to win the campaign, as described below.

- 2 **Champion's Reward:** Your champion's prowess grows. Roll on your allegiance's champion rewards table. Note the result on your warband roster. If you roll a result the champion has already received, roll again until you get a different result.
- 3 **Follower's Reward:** Your warriors become renowned for mighty deeds. Pick a unit of followers (not one from an allied warband table), then roll on your allegiance's followers rewards table. Note the result on your warband roster. If you roll a result the unit has already received, roll again until you get a different result.

ETERNAL GLORY

There are two ways to win a Path to Glory campaign; either by Blood or by Might. To win by Blood your warband must first have 10 Glory Points. To win by Might your warband must have at least 5 additional units of followers. In either case, you must then fight and win one more battle to win the campaign. If the next battle you fight is tied or lost, you do not receive any Glory Points – just keep on fighting battles until you either win the campaign... or another player wins first!

You can shorten or lengthen a campaign by lowering or raising the number of Glory Points needed to win by Blood, or the number of extra units that must join a warband to win by Might. For example, for a shorter campaign, you could say that a warband only needs 5 Glory Points before the final fight, or for a longer one, say that 15 are needed.

SYLVANETH WARBAND TABLES

Use the following tables to determine the champion that leads your warband, the followers that make up the units which fight at their side, and the rewards they can receive after battle.

CHAMPION TABLE

Champion	Followers
Spirit of Durthu	2 units
Treelord Ancient	2 units
Arch-Revenant	3 units
Branchwych	4 units
Branchwraith	4 units

RETINUE FOLLOWERS TABLE

D6	Followers
1-2	10 Dryads
3-4	5 Tree-Revenants
5-6	5 Spite-Revenants

ELITE RETINUE FOLLOWERS TABLE

D6	Followers
1-2	3 Kurnoth Hunters with Kurnoth Greatswords or 3 Kurnoth Hunters with Kurnoth Scythes
3-4	3 Kurnoth Hunters with Kurnoth Greatbows
5-6	1 Treelord



FOLLOWERS REWARDS TABLE

D6 Reward

- 1 Guided by Kurnoth:** *These Sylvaneth strike with the precision and surety of the God of the Hunt, honouring him with blade, talon and bow.*

Re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made by this unit.

- 2 Woodland Avengers:** *Trespassers in the woodland realms will not escape the retribution of these Sylvaneth.*

Re-roll wound rolls of 1 for attacks made by this unit.

- 3 Enduring Barkflesh:** *Standing firm through war as ancient trees endure the seasons, these fighters stubbornly resist any assault.*

Re-roll save rolls of 1 for attacks that target this unit.

- 4 Zephyr-borne:** *These fighters surge into combat like a fell wind, bringing swift vengeance to those that oppose the Everqueen.*

You can re-roll charge rolls for this unit.

- 5 Biting Blades:** *Glowing with righteous wrath, the weapons of these Sylvaneth can sunder any armour.*

Improve the Rend characteristic of this unit's melee weapons by 1.

- 6 Oaken Strength:** *Every strike from these strong-limbed fighters is a grievous threat to the enemy.*

Add 1 to the Damage characteristic of this unit's melee weapons.



CHAMPION REWARDS TABLE

2D6 Reward

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|--|--|
| <p>1 The Everqueen Weeps: <i>Sad laments echo through the Wyldwoods, singing of the glories this champion might have achieved had their life force endured.</i></p> <p>If your champion is slain, you lose D3 Glory Points (to a minimum of 0), and must remove all rewards your champion has gained from this table so far from your warband roster. Generate a new champion from the Champion table opposite.</p> <p>2 Keen Aggressor: <i>This quick-footed champion leaps into the fray when their kinfolk are threatened.</i></p> <p>Add 2 to run rolls and charge rolls for your champion.</p> <p>3 Elusive Target: <i>Few telling blows find their mark against this lithe and cunning fighter.</i></p> <p>You can re-roll save rolls for attacks that target your champion.</p> <p>4 Repairing Sap: <i>An oozing amber sap quickly seals this champion's worst injuries.</i></p> <p>Roll a dice each time you allocate a mortal wound to your champion. On a 5+ that mortal wound is negated.</p> <p>5 Foecleaver: <i>This graceful, archaic blade is rarely intercepted.</i></p> <p>Pick 1 of your champion's melee weapons. Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with that weapon.</p> <p>6 Wrongs to Avenge: <i>Bereft of things held dear, this champion fights in a flurry of anger.</i></p> <p>Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of your champion's melee weapons.</p> | <p>1 Guardian Spites: <i>Protective forest-spirits flit around this champion, warning of dangers and deflecting attacks.</i></p> <p>Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks that target your champion.</p> <p>2 Haleheart: <i>Tenacious as the raiment of an evergreen, this champion has endured through countless seasons of war.</i></p> <p>Add 1 to your champion's Wounds characteristic.</p> <p>3 Righteous Defender: <i>The greatest protectors of their forest kin will find their deeds repaid by surging life magic.</i></p> <p>At the end of the combat phase, if any enemy models were slain by wounds inflicted by this champion's attacks in that combat phase, you can heal 1 wound allocated to this champion.</p> <p>4 Barbed Riposte: <i>With whiplash speed this champion punishes overconfident attacks.</i></p> <p>If the unmodified save roll for an attack that targets your champion is 6, the attacking unit suffers 1 mortal wound after all of its attacks have been resolved.</p> <p>5 Roots of Wrath: <i>Feet planted firmly on the soil to be cleansed, this champion launches each attack in wrathful tribute to kinfolk lost.</i></p> <p>If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with a melee weapon by your champion is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target in addition to any normal damage.</p> |
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WARSCROLLS

WARSCROLL BATTALION 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 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, a Sylvaneth wargrove can command the forests, summoning trees from even the most barren ground and effortlessly traversing the realmroots to confound their foes.*

When you choose a Sylvaneth army, you can include 2 **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD** terrain features instead of 1 if your army includes this battalion.



This section includes Sylvaneth warscrolls, warscroll battalions and endless spell warscrolls. Updated May 2019; the warscrolls printed here take precedence over any warscrolls with an earlier publication date or no publication date.



Eyes bulging, bloody drool spilling from their screaming mouths, the warriors of the Bloodbound surged forwards towards the isolated ranks of the Oakenbrow warriors.

Tree-Revenants raised their blades artfully, standing as calm as a still lake in the face of their deranged foes, the forest at their backs. Howling, blood-smeared warriors surged around them, their numbers so vast that it seemed the Sylvaneth would be swallowed up in the blink of an eye.

As the Tree-Revenants swept their curved blades across, scything apart the fastest of the enemy horde, the air was split by the wail of hunting horns.

The trees themselves came to life, creaking and groaning as they stepped from the gloom of the forest into the crimson dawn. These titans carried blades

that burned with summer light, and as they crashed into the thick of the Chaos horde, they struck out with these fearsome weapons, carving a dozen barbarians apart with every blow.

The Khornate warriors turned to meet this new threat, but even as they readied their axes a hail of spear-like missiles rained down upon them, piercing flesh and burnished brass. Loosing and restraining their greatbows with easy grace, hawk-eyed Kurnoth Hunters reaped a terrible harvest.

Dryads and more Tree-Revenants spilled from the forest, howling with rage. Now it was the Khornate worshippers who were surrounded on all sides. Never ones to flee from a fight, they bellowed their praises to the Blood God and fought on doggedly. Not one amongst them survived the Battle of Summerhill.

WARSCROLL BATTALION

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 weapon of singular purpose that brings swift retribution.

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 movement phase, if you declare a unit from this battalion will run, do not make a run roll. Instead, add 6" to the Move characteristic of that unit for that phase.

WARSCROLL BATTALION

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

A Lords of the Clan battalion consists of the following units:

- 2-4 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 your shooting phase, roll a dice for each enemy unit that is within 6" of 2 or more models from this battalion. On a 2+ that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

WARSCROLL BATTALION 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 within 3" of any units from this battalion cannot retreat.

WARSCROLL BATTALION 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

Swift as the Breeze: *The Forest Folk favour a swift, hit-and-run fighting style that allows them to strike at multiple targets before the enemy can marshal a reaction.*

Units from this battalion can retreat and still charge later in the same turn.

WARSCROLL BATTALION 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 forest, but few legends live up to the ghastly reality of an Outcasts attack.*

If an enemy unit fails a battleshock test within 3" of any units from this battalion, add D3 to the number of models that flee.



ALARIELLE THE EVERQUEEN



The ground shudders beneath the tread of her gargantuan wardroth beetle as Alarielle leads the Sylvaneth charge. Wherever the goddess' gaze falls, her foes cower, for there is no mercy in the Everqueen's heart towards those who despoil her realm.

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
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 named character that is a single model. She is armed with the Spear of Kurnoth and the Talon of the Dwindling.

MOUNT: Alarielle's Wardroth Beetle attacks with its Great Antlers.

FLY: This model 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.

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made by the Talon of the Dwindling is 6, that attack inflicts D3 mortal wounds on the target in addition to any normal damage.

Lifebloom: Alarielle calls upon the restorative energies of Ghyran to breathe fresh vitality into those who serve her.

In your hero phase, you can heal up to D3 wounds allocated to each friendly SYLVANETH unit wholly within 30" of this model (roll separately for each unit).

Sweeping Blows: The wardroth beetle's huge antlers can smash gaping holes into any enemy battle line.

Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with this model's Great Antlers if the target unit contains 5 or more models.

Living Battering Ram: A charging wardroth beetle tramples all in its path.

Roll a dice for each enemy unit that is within 1" of this model after this model makes a charge move. On a 4+ that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Soul Amphorae: Alarielle scatters the precious magical pollens within her soul amphorae, seeding the battlefield with new life.

Once per battle, at the end of your movement phase, you can summon 1 of the following units to the battlefield:

- 20 Dryads
- 10 Tree-Revenants
- 10 Spite-Revenants
- 3 Kurnoth Hunters
- 1 Branchwych
- 1 Treelord

The summoned unit is added to your army, and must be set up wholly within 9" of this model and more than 9" from any enemy units.

MAGIC

Alarielle the Everqueen is a **WIZARD**. She can attempt to cast three spells in your hero phase, and attempt to unbind three spells in the enemy hero phase. She knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Metamorphosis spells.

Metamorphosis: With a wrathful glare from the Everqueen, the enemy is turned to wood.

Metamorphosis has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within 16" of the caster that is visible to them and roll a number of dice equal to the casting roll. For each 4+ that unit suffers 1 mortal wound. In addition, if that unit is destroyed by the mortal wounds inflicted by this spell, you can set up 1 **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD** terrain feature wholly within 12" of the last model from that unit to be slain, and more than 1" from any other model, terrain feature or objective, and add it to your army.

COMMAND ABILITIES

Ghyran's Wrath: The fury of the reborn Everqueen knows no bounds.

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, in that phase you can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for attacks made by friendly SYLVANETH units while they are wholly within 14" of a friendly model with this command ability.

KEYWORDS

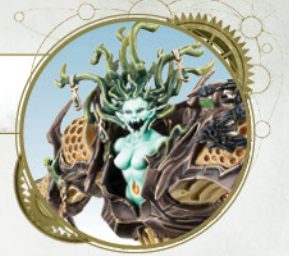
ORDER, SYLVANETH, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, ALARIELLE THE EVERQUEEN



When the Everqueen goes to war the forests themselves spring to life, and all of nature's raw power is unleashed upon her enemies.



DRYCHA HAMADRETH



Drycha Hamadreth keens with hatred as she tears through her enemies like a raging storm. The 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 of both friend and foe in her wake.

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

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

DESCRIPTION

Drycha Hamadreth is a named character that is a single model. She is armed with Slashing Talons, a Swarm of Squirmlings and a Colony of Flitterfuries.

ABILITIES

Deadly Infestation: *Malicious spites infest Drycha's form, drawn to the bitterness of her soul.*

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with a Colony of Flitterfuries or a Swarm of Squirmlings is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target and the attack sequence ends (do not make a wound or save roll).

Mercurial Aspect: *The Flitterfuries that dwell in Drycha's body bask in the heat of her rage, while the Squirmlings she hosts suckle at her sorrow.*

At the start of the battle round, declare whether this model is Enraged or Embittered. The relevant ability below lasts until the end of that battle round:

Enraged: While this model is Enraged, its Colony of Flitterfuries has an Attacks characteristic of 20 instead of 10.

Embittered: While this model is Embittered, its Swarm of Squirmlings has an Attacks characteristic of 20 instead of 10.

Song of Spite: *Drycha shares a special kinship with the Outcasts, who seem to echo her fury.*

You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for attacks made by friendly **SPITE-REVENANTS** units while they are wholly within 16" of this model.

MAGIC

Drycha Hamadreth is a **WIZARD**. She can attempt to cast one spell in your hero phase, and attempt to unbind one spell in the 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 soul-rending scream of anguish and pain.*

Primal Terror has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, roll 2D6. Each enemy unit within 10" of the caster with a Bravery characteristic lower than this roll suffers D3 mortal wounds (roll separately for each unit).

KEYWORDS

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



SPIRIT OF DURTHU



Embodiments of Alarielle's will, these imposing forest spirits are mantled with the greatness of their ancestor. With their every deed they strive to be worthy of Durthu's legacy, and this resolve makes them some of the mightiest warriors in the 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

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

DESCRIPTION

A Spirit of Durthu is a single model armed with Massive Impaling Talons, a Guardian Sword and Verdant Blast.

ABILITIES

Champion of the Everqueen's Will:

Spirits of Durthu instil great courage in the Everqueen's children.

Add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of friendly SYLVANETH units while they are wholly within 12" of any friendly models with this ability.

Groundshaking Stomp: *The earth quakes as this mighty tree spirit stamps its limbs, shaking the enemy's wits.*

At the start of the combat phase, pick 1 enemy unit within 3" of this model and roll a dice. On a 4+ that unit fights at the end of that combat phase, after the players have picked any other units to fight.

Impale: *The spear-like growths that form this tree spirit's talons have vanquished many enemies of the Everqueen.*

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with Massive Impaling Talons is 6, that attack inflicts D6 mortal wounds on the target and the attack sequence ends (do not make a wound or save roll).

Spirit Paths: *These ancient guardians of the forest can walk the spirit paths at will, vanishing from sight only to reappear where they are needed most.*

At the start of your movement phase, if this model is wholly within 6" of a friendly **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD**, it can walk the spirit paths instead of making a normal move in that movement phase. If it does so, remove this model from the battlefield and set it up wholly within 6" of a different friendly **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD** and more than 9" from any enemy units.

Wrathful Guardian: *When the sacred groves of the Sylvaneth are threatened, Spirits of Durthu fight with all the wrath of their legendary ancestor.*

Add 2 to the Attacks characteristic of this model's Guardian Sword while this model is wholly within 8" of any friendly **AWAKENED WYLDWOODS**.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, FREE SPIRITS, MONSTER, HERO, SPIRIT OF DURTHU

TREELORD ANCIENT

The fury of the forest is roused by the magics of the Treelord Ancients. Amongst the eldest living creatures in the realms, these towering tree spirits are not only fearsome warriors, but also potent spell-wielders who can loose the wrath of the Wyldwoods.



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
Massive Impaling Talons	1"	1	3+	☀	-2	1
Sweeping Blows	3"	☀	3+	3+	-1	D6

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

DESCRIPTION

A Treelord Ancient is a single model armed with Massive Impaling Talons, Sweeping Blows and a Doom Tendril Staff.

ABILITIES

Groundshaking Stomp: *The earth quakes as this mighty tree spirit stamps its limbs, shaking the enemy's wits.*

At the start of the combat phase, pick 1 enemy unit within 3" of this model and roll a dice. On a 4+ that unit fights at the end of that combat phase, after the players have picked any other units to fight.

Impale: *The spear-like growths that form this tree spirit's talons have vanquished many enemies of the Everqueen.*

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with Massive Impaling Talons is 6, that attack inflicts D6 mortal wounds on the target and the attack sequence ends (do not make a wound or save roll).

Spirit Paths: *These ancient guardians of the forest can walk the spirit paths at will, vanishing from sight only to reappear where they are needed most.*

At the start of your movement phase, if this model is wholly within 6" of a friendly **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD**, it can walk the spirit paths instead of making a normal move in that movement phase. If it does so, remove this model from the battlefield and set it up wholly within 6" of a different friendly **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD** and more than 9" from any enemy units.

Silent Communion: *Treelord Ancients have a strong spiritual connection to the Wyldwoods, and can call forth these eldritch corpses at a whim.*

Once per battle, in your hero phase, you can pick 1 friendly model with this ability and set up 1 **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD** wholly within 18" of that model and more than 1" from any other model, terrain feature or objective, and add it to your army.

MAGIC

This model is a **WIZARD**. It can attempt to cast one spell in your hero phase, and attempt to unbind one spell in the enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Awakening the Wood spells.

Awakening the Wood: *At a Treelord Ancient's command, Wyldwood trees come to life and attack with twisted branches and thorny boughs.*

Awakening the Wood has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick 1 friendly **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD** that is wholly within 30" of the caster. Each enemy unit within 3" of that **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD** suffers D3 mortal wounds (roll separately for each unit).

COMMAND ABILITIES

Heed the Spirit-song: *The Treelord Ancient speaks to its kin through the spirit-song, warning them of approaching dangers.*

You can use this command ability in your hero phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly model with this command ability. Until your next hero phase, you can re-roll save rolls of 1 for attacks that target friendly **SYLVANETH** units wholly within 12" of that model.

KEYWORDS

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



TREELORD



Treelords storm towards the enemy with earth-shaking strides. Their roots burrow through the soil as fast as arrows through the air, exploding from the ground to rend and throttle, while every swing of their vast talons slaughters another swathe of foes.

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
Massive Impaling Talons	1"	1	3+	✱	-2	1
Sweeping Blows	3"	✱	3+	3+	-1	D6

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

DESCRIPTION

A Treelord is a single model armed with Massive Impaling Talons, Sweeping Blows and Strangleroots.

ABILITIES

Groundshaking Stomp: *The earth quakes as this mighty tree spirit stamps its limbs, shaking the enemy's wits.*

At the start of the combat phase, pick 1 enemy unit within 3" of this model and roll a dice. On a 4+ that unit fights at the end of that combat phase, after the players have picked any other units to fight.

Impale: *The spear-like growths that form this tree spirit's talons have vanquished many enemies of the Everqueen.*

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with Massive Impaling Talons is 6, that attack inflicts D6 mortal wounds on the target and the attack sequence ends (do not make a wound or save roll).

Spirit Paths: *These ancient guardians of the forest can walk the spirit paths at will, vanishing from sight only to reappear where they are needed most.*

At the start of your movement phase, if this model is wholly within 6" of a friendly **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD**, it can walk the spirit paths instead of making a normal move in that movement phase. If it does so, remove this model from the battlefield and set it up wholly within 6" of a different friendly **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD** and more than 9" from any enemy units.

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, NOBLE SPIRITS, MONSTER, TREELORD



ARCH-REVENANT

Arch-Revenants soar high over the battlefield, borne upon the wings of a zephyrspite. Swooping down to strike where the foe is most vulnerable, their regal presence inspires nearby Sylvaneth, filling them with courage and warlike aggression.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Revenant's Glaive	2"	3	3+	3+	-2	2
Zephyrspite's Tail Pincers	1"	1	4+	3+	-	D3

DESCRIPTION

An Arch-Revenant is a single model armed with a Revenant's Glaive.

COMPANION: An Arch-Revenant is accompanied by a zephyrspite that attacks with its Tail Pincers. For rules purposes, it is treated in the same manner as a mount.

FLY: This model can fly.

ABILITIES

Crescent Shield: *This shield can be used to deflect blows or to steady the shaft of a weapon.*

At the start of the combat phase, say whether this model is using their shield for protection or to steady their weapon. If they use their shield for protection, you can re-roll save rolls of 1 for

attacks that target this model in that phase. If they use the shield to steady their weapon, you can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made with this model's Revenant's Glaive in that phase.

Champion of Kurnoth: *An Arch-Revenant commands instant obedience and commitment from Kurnoth Hunters that are nearby.*

Re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made by friendly **KURNOTH HUNTERS** units while they are wholly within 12" of this model.

Ultimate Sacrifice: *A zephyrspite will throw itself in front of an enemy attack, sacrificing its own life to save that of its master.*

Once per battle, when you allocate a wound or mortal wound to this model, you can choose to negate it. If you do so, this model cannot fly or

use its Zephyrspite's Tail Pincers attack for the rest of the battle.

COMMAND ABILITIES

Call to Battle: *An Arch-Revenant's fiery spirit-song incites the children of the Everqueen to attack her enemies with all of their ire.*

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly **SYLVANETH** unit wholly within 9" of a friendly model with this command ability, or wholly within 12" of a friendly model with this command ability that is your general. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that unit's melee weapons in that combat phase. You cannot pick the same unit to benefit from this command ability more than once per combat phase.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, FREE SPIRITS, HERO, ARCH-REVENANT



• WARSCROLL •

BRANCHWYCH



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Fearsome warrior-matriarchs of the Households, the Branchwyches lead their kin to battle with blasts of sorcery and hissing swings of their scythes. These same weapons are used when the fighting is done to harvest the lamentiri from the Sylvaneth's fallen.

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

DESCRIPTION

A Branchwych is a single model armed with a Greenwood Scythe.

COMPANION: A Branchwych is accompanied by a Bittergrub that attacks with its Snapping Mandibles. For rules purposes, it is treated in the same manner as a mount.

ABILITIES

Fury of the Forest: *Fiercely protective of their forest domains, Branchwyches fight with great wrath when a Wyldwood is threatened.*

Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made by this model while it is wholly within 6" of any friendly **AWAKENED WYLDWOODS**.

Quick-tempered: *Branchwyches are vengeful creatures whose anger is hottest when fresh injury is suffered.*

Add 2 to the Attacks characteristic of this model's Greenwood Scythe whilst any wounds are allocated to this model.

MAGIC

This model is a **WIZARD**. It can attempt to cast one spell in your hero phase, and attempt

to unbind one spell in the enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Unleash Spites spells.

Unleash Spites: *The Branchwych summons a swarm of malicious spites which spiral outwards to attack those who have displeased her.*

Unleash Spites has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, roll a number of dice equal to the casting roll for each enemy unit within 9" of the caster. For each 6, that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, NOBLE SPIRITS, HERO, WIZARD, BRANCHWYCH



• WARSCROLL •

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 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 armed with Piercing Talons.

ABILITIES

Blessings of the Forest: *Currents of life magic flow through Sylvaneth Wyldwoods like freshwater streams, lending protection to kindred creatures nearby.*

Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks that target this model while it is wholly within 6" of any friendly **AWAKENED WYLDWOODS**.

MAGIC

This model is a **WIZARD**. It can attempt to cast one spell in your hero phase, and attempt to unbind one spell in the enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Roused to Wrath spells.

Roused to Wrath: *With biting verses, the Branchwraith sings to her allies through the realmroots, calling them forth to join the reaping.*

Roused to Wrath has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, you can summon 1 unit of 10 **DRYADS** and add it to your army. The summoned unit must be set up more than 9"

from any enemy units, and wholly within 1" of an **AWAKENED WYLDWOOD** that is within 12" of the caster. The summoned unit cannot move in the following movement phase.

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, FOREST FOLK, HERO, WIZARD, BRANCHWRAITH



• WARSCROLL •

YLTHARI

The Thornwych Ylthari tirelessly seeks those soulpods that have been claimed by Nagash, and by channelling rampant life magic she rids the dead places of those who would serve the Great Necromancer.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Briar Staff	1"	1	3+	3+	-1	D3
Spiteful Thorns	1"	3	4+	4+	-	1
Snapping Mandibles	1"	1	4+	4+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

Ylthari is a named character that is a single model. She is armed with a Briar Staff and Spiteful Thorns.

COMPANION: Ylthari is accompanied by a Spite that attacks with its Snapping Mandibles. For rules purposes, it is treated in the same manner as a mount.

ABILITIES

Vigour and Wrath: *Ylthari and her guardians have only recently been awakened, and are imbued with bountiful vigour and wrath.*

You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for attacks made by this model.

MAGIC

Ylthari is a **WIZARD**. She can attempt to cast one spell in your hero phase, and attempt to unbind one spell in the enemy hero phase. She knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and The Reaping spells.

The Reaping: *Ylthari looses a scything blast of magical energy that cuts down her foes like corn.*

The Reaping has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within 12" of the caster that is visible to them and roll 6 dice. For each 5+ that unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, NOBLE SPIRITS, OAKENBROW, HERO, WIZARD, THORNWYCH, YLTHARI

• WARSCROLL •

YLTHARI'S GUARDIANS

Grown from ancient soulpods in the Realm of Death, Ylthari's Guardians were once diplomats and emissaries, though now they are evergreen with bitter wrath and seek only vengeance for their kin who have been slain.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Revenant Bow	24"	2	4+	3+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Enchanted Greatblade	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	1
Protector Glaive	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	2
Revenant Bow	1"	1	4+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

Ylthari's Guardians is a unit that has 3 models. Gallanghann is armed with a Protector Glaive; Skhathael is armed with an Enchanted Greatblade; and Ahnslaine is armed with a Revenant Bow.

ABILITIES

Martial Memories: *Tree-Revenants can draw on centuries of experience when they go to war.*

Once per phase, you can re-roll 1 failed hit roll or 1 failed wound roll for an attack made by this unit, or 1 failed save roll for an attack that targets this unit, or 1 charge or run roll for this unit, or 1 battleshock test for this unit. You cannot use this ability to re-roll more than once dice for this unit in the same phase.

Vigour and Wrath: *Ylthari and her guardians have only recently been awakened, and are imbued with bountiful vigour and wrath.*

You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for attacks made by this unit.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, NOBLE SPIRITS, OAKENBROW, TREE-REVENANTS, YLTHARI'S GUARDIANS



• WARSCROLL •

TREE-REVENANTS

The Tree-Revenants move with flowing grace, flickering along the spirit paths to carve their way through the enemy's ranks. Their highly ritualised way of war lends them a lethal speed and skill that few enemies can stand against.



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MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Enchanted Blade	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	1
Protector Glaive	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	2

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Tree-Revenants has any number of models, each armed with Enchanted Blades.

SCION: 1 model in this unit can be a Scion. Add 2 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's Enchanted Blade. A Scion can be armed with a Protector Glaive instead of an Enchanted Blade.

GLADE BANNER BEARER: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Glade Banner Bearer. Whenever a unit that includes any Glade Banner Bearers makes a pile-in move, you can move it up to 6" instead of up to 3".

WAYPIPES: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can carry Waypipes. At the start of your movement phase, a unit that includes any Waypipes can walk the spirit paths instead of making a normal move. If it does so, remove this unit from the battlefield and set it up anywhere on the battlefield more than 9" from any enemy units.

ABILITIES

Martial Memories: *Tree-Revenants can draw on centuries of experience when they go to war.*

Once per phase, you can re-roll 1 failed hit roll or 1 failed wound roll for an attack made by this unit, or 1 failed save roll for an attack that targets this unit, or 1 charge or run roll for this unit, or 1 battleshock test for this unit. You cannot use this ability to re-roll more than once dice for this unit in the same phase.

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, NOBLE SPIRITS, TREE-REVENANTS



• WARSCROLL •

SPITE-REVENANTS

Spite-Revenants are shrieking terrors from the depths of nightmare. Light and shadow play weirdly around these ghastly beings as they tear and bite their victims, rending to bloody tatters any who do not simply fling down their weapons and flee.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Cruel Talons and Fangs	1"	3	3+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Spite-Revenants has any number of models, each armed with Cruel Talons and Fangs.

SHADESTALKER: 1 model in this unit can be a Shadestalker. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's Cruel Talons and Fangs.

ABILITIES

Unbridled Malice: *Spite-Revenants fight with a vengeful fury, filling the air with blood-chilling curses in unknowable tongues.*

Subtract 1 from the Bravery characteristic of enemy units while they are within 3" of any friendly units with this ability. In addition, re-roll successful battleshock tests for enemy units while they are within 3" of any friendly units with this ability.

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, OUTCASTS, SPITE-REVENANTS



• WARSCROLL •

KURNOTH HUNTERS

WITH KURNOTH GREATSWORDS



Many Kurnoth Hunters who favour the fury of close combat choose to wield immense greatswords, two-handed weapons that can cleave through a Magmadroth's scaly hide in a single blow.

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

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Kurnoth Hunters with Greatswords has any number of models, each armed with a Kurnoth Greatsword.

HUNTMASTER: 1 model in this unit can be a Huntmaster. Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made by that model.

ABILITIES

Envoys of the Everqueen: *Kurnoth Hunters act as the voice of the rulers and commanders of the Sylvaneth race.*

If a friendly SYLVANETH HERO uses a command ability, friendly SYLVANETH units

wholly within 12" of this unit are treated as being in range of that command ability.

Sundering Strikes: *Swung with enough force, the keen edge of a Kurnoth Greatsword can hew any target apart.*

If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with a Kurnoth Greatsword is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target in addition to any normal damage.

Tanglethorn Thicket: *Kurnoth Hunters can sprout a thick weave of thorned branches that protects them from harm.*

At the start of the charge phase, you can say that this unit will sprout thorned branches. If you

do so, until the end of the turn, this unit cannot move except to pile in up to 1", but you can re-roll save rolls for attacks that target this unit.

Trample Underfoot: *Kurnoth Hunters use their size and strength against their foes, stamping on and crushing them.*

At the end of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 1" of this unit and roll 1 dice for each model in this unit. For each 4+ that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, FREE SPIRITS, KURNOTH HUNTERS

• WARSCROLL •

KURNOTH HUNTERS

WITH KURNOTH GREATBOWS

Huge and powerful, yet swift and all but silent, Kurnoth Hunters stalk their foes across the battlefield before unleashing salvos of arrows from their Kurnoth greatbows to skewer their luckless prey.

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
Vicious Claws	1"	3	4+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Kurnoth Hunters with Kurnoth Greatbows has any number of models, each armed with a Kurnoth Greatbow and Vicious Claws.

HUNTMASTER: 1 model in this unit can be a Huntmaster. Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made by that model.

ABILITIES

Envoys of the Everqueen: *Kurnoth Hunters act as the voice of the rulers and commanders of the Sylvaneth race.*

If a friendly SYLVANETH HERO uses a command ability, friendly SYLVANETH units wholly within 12" of this unit are treated as being in range of that command ability.

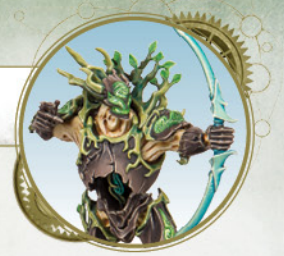
Tanglethorn Thicket: *Kurnoth Hunters can sprout a thick weave of thorned branches that protects them from harm.*

At the start of the charge phase, you can say that this unit will sprout thorned branches. If you do so, until the end of the turn, this unit cannot move except to pile in up to 1", but you can re-roll save rolls for attacks that target this unit.

Trample Underfoot: *Kurnoth Hunters use their size and strength against their foes, stamping on and crushing them.*

At the end of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 1" of this unit and roll 1 dice for each model in this unit. For each 4+ that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, FREE SPIRITS, KURNOTH HUNTERS





• WARSCROLL •

KURNOTH HUNTERS

WITH KURNOTH SCYTHES



Striding forward with calm and implacable purpose, Kurnoth Hunters armed with scythes carve bloody furrows through the enemy ranks, sending heads and limbs flying like scattered corn.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Kurnoth Scythe	2"	3	3+	3+	-2	D3

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Kurnoth Hunters with Kurnoth Scythes has any number of models, each armed with a Kurnoth Scythe.

HUNTMASTER: 1 model in this unit can be a Huntmaster. Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made by that model.

ABILITIES

Envoys of the Everqueen: *Kurnoth Hunters act as the voice of the rulers and commanders of the Sylvaneth race.*

If a friendly **SYLVANETH HERO** uses a command ability, friendly **SYLVANETH** units wholly within 12" of this unit are treated as being in range of that command ability.

Tanglethorn Thicket: *Kurnoth Hunters can sprout a thick weave of thorned branches that protects them from harm.*

At the start of the charge phase, you can say that this unit will sprout thorned branches. If you do so, until the end of the turn, this unit cannot

move except to pile in up to 1", but you can re-roll save rolls for attacks that target this unit.

Trample Underfoot: *Kurnoth Hunters use their size and strength against their foes, stamping on and crushing them.*

At the end of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 1" of this unit and roll 1 dice for each model in this unit. For each 4+ that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, FREE SPIRITS, KURNOTH HUNTERS



• WARSCROLL •

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.

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

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Dryads has any number of models, each armed with Wracking Talons.

BRANCH NYMPH: 1 model in this unit can be a Branch Nymph. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's Wracking Talons.

ABILITIES

Blessings of the Forest: *Currents of life magic flow through Sylvaneth Wyldwoods like freshwater streams, lending protection to kindred creatures nearby.*

Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks that target this unit if it is wholly within 6" of any friendly **AWAKENED WYLDWOODS**.

Enrapturing Song: *The eerie, lilting voices of Dryads can lull listeners into a fatal stupor.*

At the start of your combat phase, pick 1 enemy unit within 3" of this unit. Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made by this unit that target that enemy unit in that 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.*

Add 1 to save rolls for attacks that target this unit while it contains 10 or more models.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, FOREST FOLK, DRYADS

GLADEWYRM

Gladewyrms are ferocious subterranean creatures formed from concentrated life magic, and are used by the Sylvaneth to protect the realmroots from eldritch invaders. When called upon, they leave their patrols along the spirit paths and erupt from the earth to aid their summoners.

DESCRIPTION

A Gladewyrm is a single model.

PREDATORY: A Gladewyrm is a predatory endless spell. It can move up to 8" and can fly.

MAGIC

Summon Gladewyrm: *The earth splits apart as a sleek, serpentine form heaves itself free, eyes blazing with arcane energies.*

Only **SYLVANETH WIZARDS** can attempt to cast Summon Gladewyrm. It has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, set up a Gladewyrm model wholly within 6" of the caster.

ABILITIES

Burrowing Doom: *Gladewyrms burst into reality from beneath the earth, summoned from deep within the realmroots.*

When this model is set up, the player who set it up can immediately make a move with it.

Death From Below: *Erupting in the midst of the battlefield, Gladewyrms sow destruction with their fearsome mandibles and bladed carapaces.*

After this model has moved, roll a dice for each unit within 1" of it. On a 3+ that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. This ability has no effect on units with the **SYLVANETH** keyword.

Healing Mist: *More than mere predators, Gladewyrms exhale emerald clouds of life magic that revive all children of Alariele.*

After this model has moved, roll a dice for each **SYLVANETH** unit wholly within 6" of this model. On a 3+ heal up to D3 wounds allocated to that unit.

KEYWORDS ENDLESS SPELL, GLADEWYRM

SPITESWARM HIVE

With a humming chant, a sorceress versed in the magic of Ghyran can summon a Spiteswarm Hive. The air thrums near the comb, and the luminescent Spiteswarms buzz forth, the insect-clouds obscuring friendly formations or diving forth to deliver vitalising bites that can re-energise weary troops.

DESCRIPTION

A Spiteswarm Hive is a single model.

MAGIC

Summon Spiteswarm Hive: *The air is filled with the buzzing of a thousand wings as a swarm of iridescent insects bursts from its hive.*

Only **SYLVANETH WIZARDS** can attempt to cast Summon Spiteswarm Hive. It has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, set up a Spiteswarm Hive model wholly within 15" of the caster.

ABILITIES

The Hive Nourishes: *Winged spites pour forth from a Spiteswarm Hive's honeycombed depths. Their mandibles laden with raw life magic, they bestow invigorating bites on their Sylvaneth allies, or else swarm about them to form a brief veil of protection.*

At the end of the hero phase, if this model is on the battlefield, the player who set it up can pick one of the effects below and immediately resolve that effect. The same unit cannot be picked to be affected by this ability more than once per hero phase.

Vital Venoms: Roll a dice for each **SYLVANETH** unit wholly within 8" of this model. On a 2+ add 3" to that unit's normal moves and charge moves until the end of the turn.

Shielding Swarm: Roll a dice for each **SYLVANETH** unit wholly within 8" of this model. On a 2+ re-roll save rolls of 1 for attacks that target that unit until the end of the turn.

KEYWORDS ENDLESS SPELL, SPITESWARM HIVE

VENGEFUL SKULLROOT

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Also known as the Drifting Death or the Creeping Willow, the Vengeful Skullroot is a manifestation of a forest's fury. Black-hearted and hateful, these arcane plants can be summoned by Sylvaneth versed in magic. As the tree stalks across the battlefield, its tentacle-like roots bludgeon, crush and strangle all they pass over.

DESCRIPTION

A Vengeful Skullroot is a single model.

PREDATORY: A Vengeful Skullroot is a predatory endless spell. It can move up to 8" and can fly.

MAGIC

Summon Vengeful Skullroot: *From the shadows comes a nightmarish form, a huge, black-limbed tree clutching piles of bleached skulls within its tangled roots.*

Only **SYLVANETH WIZARDS** can attempt to cast Summon Vengeful Skullroot. It has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, set up a Vengeful Skullroot model wholly within 6" of the caster.

ABILITIES

Uprooted Spirit: *Loosed from the ancient groves that once sheltered them, Vengeful Skullroots stalk eerily across the battlefield.*

When this model is set up, the player who set it up can immediately make a move with it.

Terrors Unearthed: *Wherever this rogue spirit creeps, its roots open the shallow graves of battles past, dragging grotesque remains to the surface which chill the hearts of the forest's foes.*

If a unit fails a battleshock test within 3" of any models with this ability, add D3 to the number of models that flee. This ability has no effect on units with the **SYLVANETH** keyword.

Strangleroots: *The grasping limbs of a Vengeful Skullroot enwrap and choke their foes, their wrath all the greater when the kindred trees of a Wyldwood are threatened.*

After this model has moved, each unit that has any models it passed across suffers D3 mortal wounds, or D6 mortal wounds if that unit is also within 3" of any **AWAKENED WYLDWOODS**. This ability has no effect on units with the **SYLVANETH** keyword.

KEYWORDS

ENDLESS SPELL, VENGEFUL SKULLROOT



The magic of the Sylvaneth often manifests as arcane forms of life, from the spiteful lurching horrors known as Vengeful Skullroots to majestic Gladewyrms and droning Spiteswarm Hives.

PITCHED BATTLE PROFILES

The table below provides points, minimum unit sizes and battlefield roles for the warscrolls and warscroll battalions in this book, for use in Pitched Battles. Spending the points listed on this table allows you to take a minimum-sized unit with any of its upgrades. Understrength units cost the full amount of points. Larger units are taken in multiples of their minimum unit size; multiply their cost by the same amount as you multiplied their size. If a unit has two points values separated by a slash (e.g. '60/200'), the second value is for a maximum-sized unit. Units that are listed as 'Unique' are named characters and can only be taken once in an army. A unit that has any of the keywords listed on the Allies table can be taken as an allied unit by a Sylvaneth army. Updated May 2019; the profiles printed here take precedence over any profiles with an earlier publication date or no publication date.

SYLVANETH UNIT	UNIT SIZE		POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
	MIN	MAX			
Dryads	10	30	100/270	Battleline	
Treelord	1	1	200	Behemoth	
Arch-Revenant	1	1	100	Leader	
Branchwraith	1	1	80	Leader	
Branchwych	1	1	80	Leader	
Ylthari	1	1		Leader	Unique. These units must be taken as a set for a total of 180 points. Although taken as a set, each is a separate unit.
Ylthari's Guardians	3	3	180		
Alarielle the Everqueen	1	1	660	Leader, Behemoth	Unique
Drycha Hamadreth	1	1	320	Leader, Behemoth	Unique
Spirit of Durthu	1	1	340	Leader, Behemoth	
Treelord Ancient	1	1	300	Leader, Behemoth	
Kurnoth Hunters with Kurnoth Greatswords	3	12	200		
Kurnoth Hunters with Kurnoth Greatbows	3	12	200		
Kurnoth Hunters with Kurnoth Scythes	3	12	200		
Spite-Revenants	5	20	60/200		Battleline in Sylvaneth army
Tree-Revenants	5	30	80/420		Battleline in Sylvaneth army
<i>Forest Folk</i>	-	-	140	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Free Spirits</i>	-	-	140	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Household</i>	-	-	100	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Lords of the Clan</i>	-	-	60	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Outcasts</i>	-	-	100	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Wargrove</i>	-	-	80	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Gladewyrm</i>	1	1	30	<i>Endless Spell</i>	
<i>Spiteswarm Hive</i>	1	1	50	<i>Endless Spell</i>	
<i>Vengeful Skullroot</i>	1	1	40	<i>Endless Spell</i>	
<i>Awakened Wyldwood</i>	1	1	0	<i>Scenery</i>	<i>Each Awakened Wyldwood is comprised of 3-6 Citadel Wood models</i>

ORDER

Sylvaneth

ALLIES

Dispossessed (only if general is **IRONBARK**), Fyreslayers (only if general is **IRONBARK**), Idoneth Deepkin, Stormcast Eternals, Wanderers

WHAT'S NEXT?

From flame-filled magmaholds they march, the power of their war-god flowing into them from blazing runes of gold hammered into their flesh.

