

WARHAMMER®

DARK ELVES™



WARHAMMER ARMIES

DARK ELVES



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INTRODUCTION

From the chill land of Naggaroth, the black-hearted Dark Elf legions come. Seeing the world as both prey and prize, they take what they want from whomsoever they please, leaving nothing but ravaged bodies and ruined cities in their wake.

This volume is the definitive guide to the Dark Elves, the ravagers of the known world. Betrayed long ago by their High Elf kin, theirs is an existence dedicated to revenge. Immerse yourself in the cruel delights of Naggaroth, bend your knee to the Witch King, and prepare to do battle for glory and plunder.

WARHAMMER – THE GAME OF FANTASY BATTLES

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

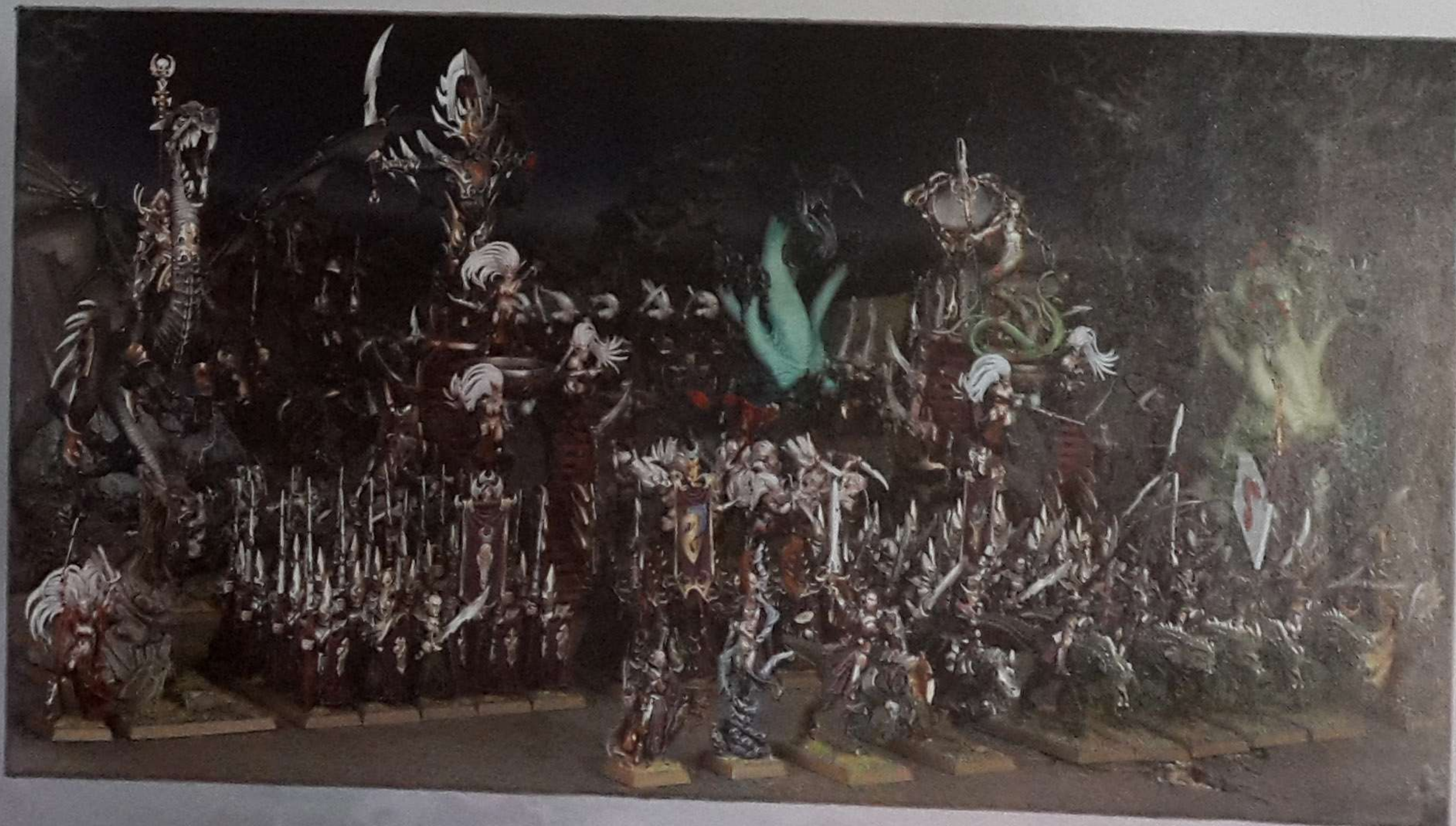
DARK ELVES

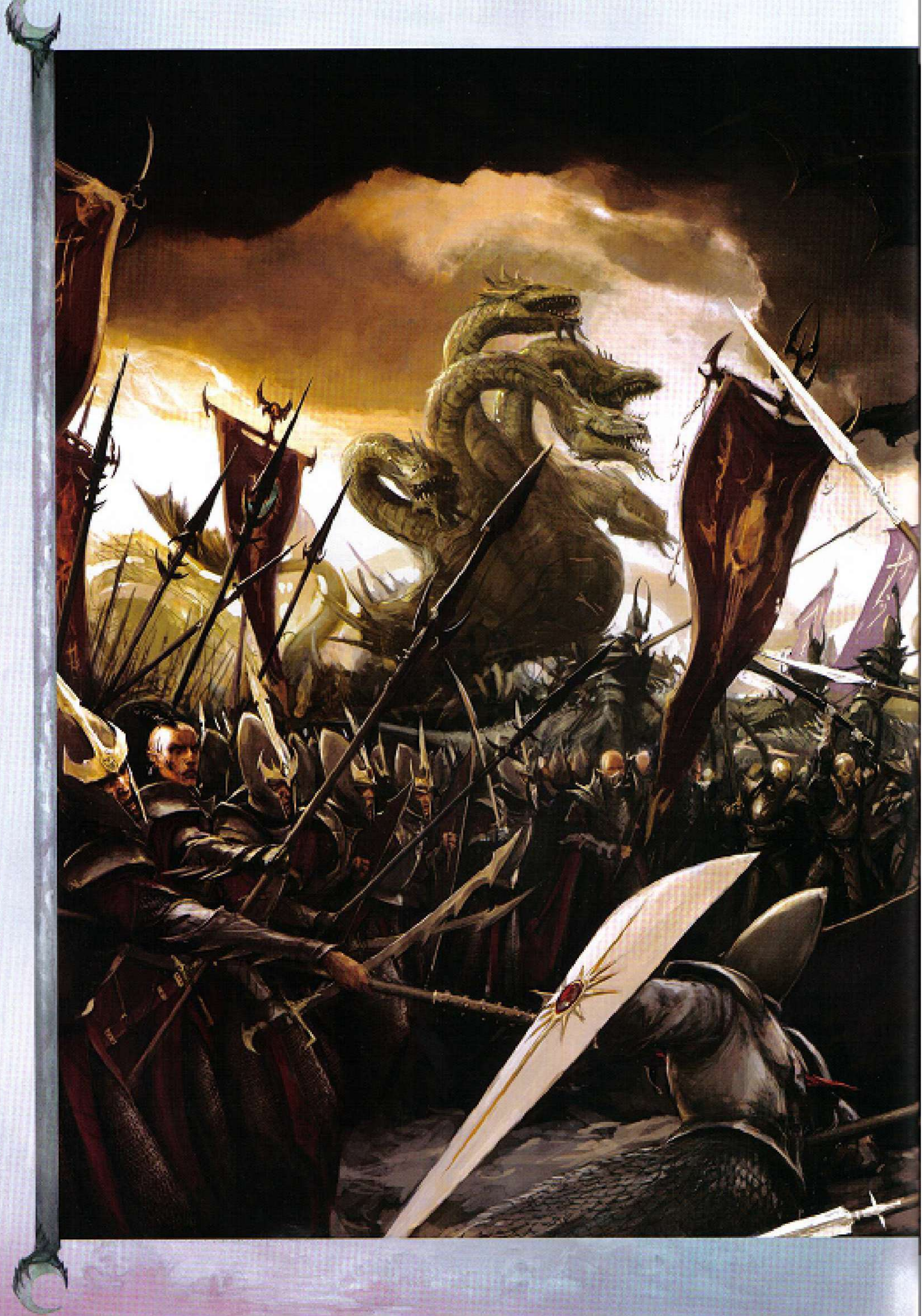
The Dark Elves are an intimidating army, filled with the promise of slaughter. Bleak-eyed warriors march to battle alongside cruel knights, merciless sorcerers and savage monsters of the chill wilds. Dark Elf soldiers stand amongst the elite of the Warhammer world, superior to most warriors, and overmatched by none. They are ruthless killers, masters of all the many ways of death. Whether you want to fight your battles with steel, poison, sorcery or sheer fighting ferocity, you will find the Dark Elf army a perfect weapon with which slaughter your foes.

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

Warhammer: Dark Elves contains the following sections:

- **The Lords of Naggaroth.** This first section introduces the Dark Elves, explaining their ongoing struggle to reclaim their ancient homeland in Ulthuan. Herein, you will find a detailed account of how the Dark Elf race was betrayed and the terrible sacrifices they have made in their quest for vengeance.
- **The Merciless Host.** In this section, you will find all the characters, unit types and monsters available to the Dark Elves. You will find a full description of each unit, which covers its role upon the battlefield and its specialised combat abilities, in addition to any rules and unique skills it possesses. This section also includes the destructive Lore of Dark Magic – the Dark Elves' twisted source of mystical power, and the Black Armoury – magic items unique to the denizens of Naggaroth.
- **The Glory of the Elves.** This section contains a stunning selection of Citadel miniatures from the Dark Elves range. From single models painted to a jaw-dropping display standard, to units and whole armies arranged in deadly battle on the tabletop, this showcase is sure to inspire your own collection.
- **Dark Elves Army List.** The army list takes all of the units presented in the Merciless Host section and arranges them so you can choose an army for your games. Each unit type also has a points value to help you pit your Dark Elves force against your opponent in a fair fight.







THE LORDS OF NAGGAROTH

In the chill land of Naggaroth lies a realm steeped in malice. This is the home of the Dark Elves, the outcast children of Ulthuan. They watch the world with malevolent eyes, knowing it is their birthright to rule and the destiny of others to serve – if they are permitted to survive at all. Yet the Dark Elves know that they cannot claim their glorious inheritance whilst the hated High Elves endure. They are two halves of a race sundered long ago, separated by the greatest betrayal ever to occur in all the ages of the world. Even should every other land bow to their rule, the Naggarathi will not rest until they have brought ruin to Ulthuan, toppled its temples and driven the High Elves into the sea. On that day, the Witch King of Naggaroth will finally claim a throne long denied him, and the rule of the Dark Elves will spread to every corner of the world.

THE DARK ELVES

The history of the Dark Elves is one of betrayal, of birthrights denied and retribution long overdue. The future they desire is one of glorious dominion, where the gleaming spires of their hated enemies are cast down, and the rule of their immortal Witch King, Malekith, reaches every corner of the globe.

Once, the Elven peoples were united in common cause, battling as one against the perils of Chaos. Those who would one day become the Dark Elves fought in the forefront of this terrible war, spilling their blood to protect the land of Ulthuan and the lives of their kin. This they did unflinchingly and without fear, for they revelled in the boundless joy of battle. Where many Elves were soldiers, defending their lands and loved ones, these were killers who delighted in the many ways of death.

Such ferocity soon came to be regarded with distaste. Thus, when the threat of Chaos receded, those very Elves who had driven it thence were played false by their peers and cast from their ancestral home. A lesser people would have been forever broken by this betrayal, but the Dark Elves were determined to thrive. From the chill land of Naggaroth, they have watched the world with opportunistic eyes, ever alert for a chance to reclaim their rightful station. In that bleak realm, the Dark Elves found a home as unforgiving as themselves – a fit site from which to plan a deserved vengeance.

Thus do the dread hosts of Naggaroth spread across the world, their fell banners dancing grimly on the wind, each warrior alert to the prospect of wicked joy that every battle brings. Ranks of spearmen advance remorselessly across the field, a shadow of death that consumes all who stand in its path. Black Ark Corsairs, given monstrous aspect by their scaled cloaks, hack through the foe, each chill-hearted pirate determined that his bladework and cunning will outdo that of his fellows. War Hydras thunder into the fray, trampling those who stand their ground, belching forth dark flame to consume those who flee. Cold One Knights strike home in a blur of steel and claw, the cold skill of the riders matched only by the savagery of their steeds. Sorceresses unleash their dark and forbidden magic, stripping flesh from bone and soul from body. Blood-drenched Witch Elves dance amongst the carnage, slashing with frenzied abandon at any who come within reach. Directing every assault are the black-hearted Dreadlords of Naggaroth, who expend the lives of their followers as easily, and with as little compunction, as they order the destruction of the foe.

THE ELVEN RACES

The Dark Elves, or the Druchii as they account themselves, are not the only Elven race to walk the world. They are but one of three great civilisations to have sprung from Ulthuan's cradle – though they dismiss the others as snivelling and





effete weaklings, unfit to inherit the legacies of ancient times. East of Naggaroth, still rooted to the fractured land of Ulthuan, dwell the High Elves, the Asur. Between these two realms there can never be peace, for the betrayals of old were but the opening volleys in a close-fought and bitter war that has only escalated as the millennia have flowed past. Whilst the Dark Elves aim to rule the world, they at least make their ambition plain. Not so the High Elves, who seek control under the guise of protection, and care not what consequence this might have on other lands. Further eastward still, upon a continent infested with humans and other barbaric primitives, lies Athel Loren, the realm of the Wood Elves, the Asrai. The Wood Elves are held in contempt by both the Dark Elves and the High Elves, for they seek neither to rule nor control, only to endure.

No matter their allegiance, all Elves are long-lived to the point of immortality, possessed of a self-assurance that falls little short of other-worldliness. They are swift of both body and reflex, capable of an effortless grace that shames the most elegant of men. Though all Elves can broadly be accounted equal, the Dark Elves deem that only they make full use of their natural gifts, for they alone of Elvenkind do not allow such concepts as mercy and tradition to shackle their deeds.

Elves are cunning of mind and clever beyond the ken of lesser mortals. Their every word conceals a depth of meaning that is altered wholly by the slightest change of inflection or stance. Dark Elves, in particular, are adept at the art of twisting speech to serve their cause and can gleefully manipulate the emotions of another to whatever end best suits their own interests. Thus do the Naggarothi make and break alliances in a careless fashion, knowing that their silver tongues can always be counted upon to heal the wounds of the past. It is this, more than anything else, which renders Dark Elf society so opportunistic and impetuous. When the deeds of old can be erased by a cleverly-spoken word, what need is there for integrity and law?

Though a Dark Elf's swiftness of mind and deftness of body serve him well individually, it is the combination of the two that grants him such murderous prowess in battle. Every detail of an opponent's poise and stance speaks volumes to an attentive Elf, telling him not only where and when the enemy intends to strike, but also the manner in which the act of attacking will weaken the foe's guard. Thus has many an enemy died midway through a blow he thought fit to end the battle, his life stolen by an impossibly swift blade, guided by a quicksilver mind.

THE TOUCH OF CHAOS

Chaos has left its mark upon the Elves, just as it has on almost all the races of the world. In this race, however, the power of the Dark Gods has taken a subtle form. It has fanned the arrogance of the Elven soul, reinforcing all that is prideful and hubristic. Long ago, compassion could have been said to be the Elves' defining trait, for such was the nature granted them by the Old Ones, but now generosity has been eclipsed by narcissism, empathy by conceit.

However, Chaos has not changed all the Elves in equal manner. The Wood Elves it has made isolationist, deniers of the wider world who blindly hope that, so long as their realm knows order, no danger can threaten it. The High Elves have

become ever more stubborn, having gained certainty beyond words' ability to convey that they, and they alone, can shield the world against the perils it faces. For the Dark Elves, however, Chaos has brought enlightenment – the knowledge that the world exists only for the pleasure of the strong. They have embraced this revelation with a burning passion that shames the cold hearts of their ancient cousins. Indeed, it may yet set the very world afire.

THE REIGN OF DARKNESS

For the Dark Elves, all of the world's bounty is theirs to do with as they wish – provided that they have the strength to claim it. They have turned aside from the benevolent gods of their pantheon, flocking instead to the worship of their more capricious and cruel deities, in particular Khaine, Lord of Murder. It is a match well made, for the Dark Elves care nothing for the sanctity of life and consider the lesser races to be nothing more than insects begging to be ground beneath a boot heel if no more productive or entertaining use can be found for them.

Naturally, the Dark Elves consider all other races inferior. Even those who approach them in skill and intellect, the Naggarothi dismiss as weaklings, sneering at the laws and traditions that waste resources nurturing the weak even as they shackle the ambitions of the strong. The Dark Elves have no such restraint; in Naggaroth, the weak perish, and the strong take whatever they desire.

None of this is to say that the Dark Elves wish to see all other races exterminated out of hand. So long as mines must be worked, farms must be tended, fortresses must be raised and ritual sacrifices are required to win the favour of the gods, there will always be a place for primitives in the realm of Naggaroth. Indeed, some of the more capable barbarians can even be wielded as weapons in their own right, manipulated by threats, trinkets and empty promises into assailing the shores of hated Ulthuan or else wreaking havoc upon the high seas. Only the High Elves have no hope of survival under the yoke of Naggarothi rule, for every Dark Elf dreams of the day when their ancient enemies will at last be scoured from every corner of the world. None consider the possibility that, when the last High Elf dies screaming in agony upon Khaine's altar, the ultimate victory might leave a void of purpose that is impossible to fill. On that day, the Dark Elves will learn just how much of their souls have been devoured by their ancient hatred – and they may not find the tally to their liking.

Until that day finally dawns, the Dark Elves will continue their bloody quest as they always have. Great raiding fleets, their sails black against the night sky, bring woe and destruction to all the shores of the world, bearing terror and death to distant realms, often for no better reason than because there is no-one who can stand against them. With every year that passes, the power of Naggaroth ascends to greater heights, built upon the backs of slaves and fuelled by a constant stream of plunder from far-off lands. As the other elder races fade, the Dark Elves thrive, knowing that their hour has at last come. Stormclouds gather across the High Elf realms, and the Witch King's malevolent laughter echoes upon the wind. Naggaroth will rise, Ulthuan will fall, and a vengeance thousands of years in the making will finally see its bloody conclusion.

KEY

Gate to the Underworld Sea

Road

Temple

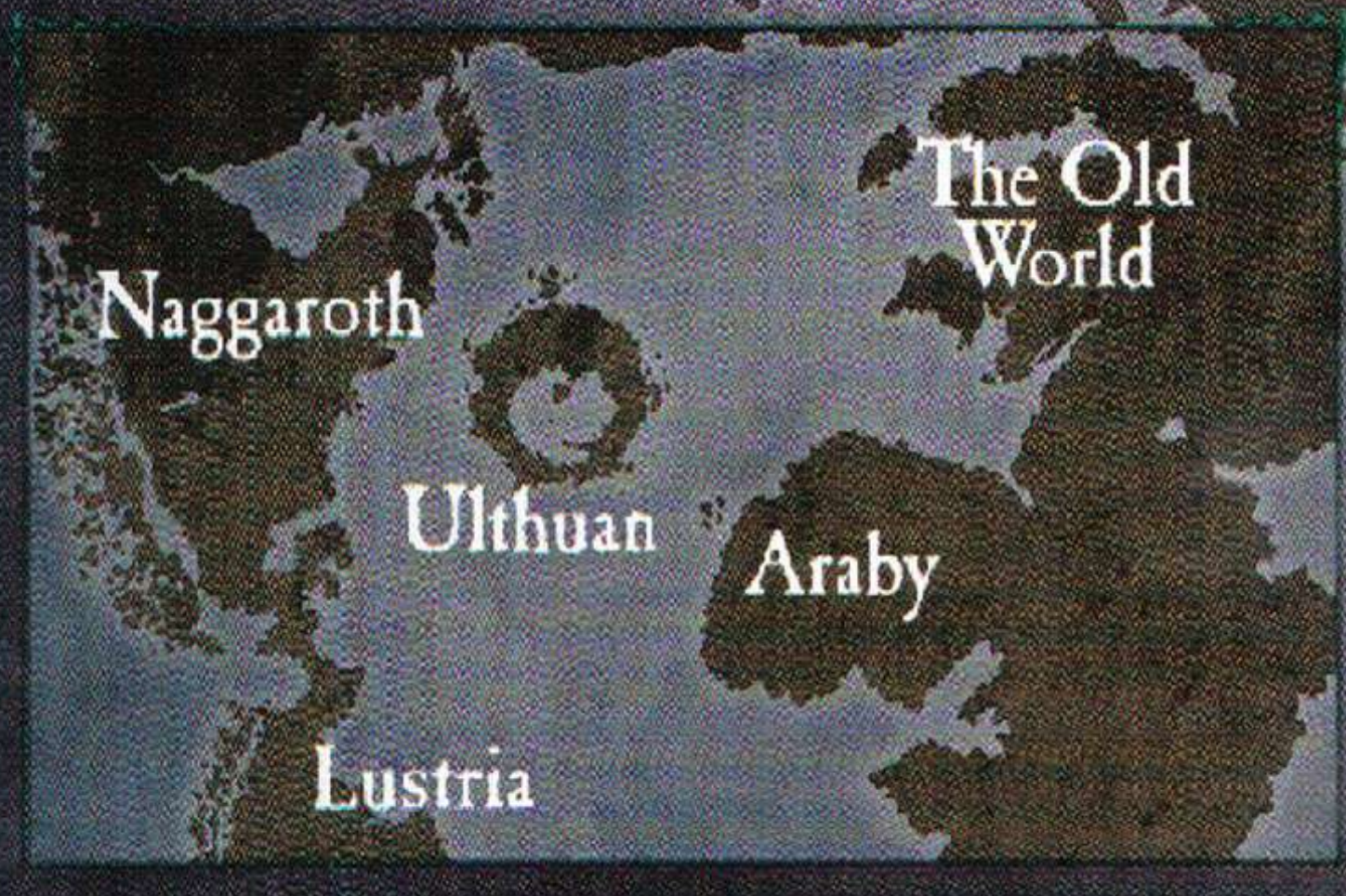
NAGGAROTH

The Land of Chill

CHAOS WASTELANDS



N





NAGGAROTH

Naggaroth is the Land of Chill, a bleak and forbidding territory that is as unforgiving as the Dark Elves who have made it their home. Its northern plains are barren and windswept expanses, broken only by jutting outcrops of rock. Magic-stained rivers, their waters sluggish and black, crisscross the ice fields, carving elaborate canyons and deep ravines in the frozen ground. Further south, the thin soil is slightly more fertile, allowing sparse pine forests to grow. Here, the Dark Elves have huge plantations to feed the cities, worked by slaves who labour until they drop dead, their bodies left to nourish the barren soil.

Most Dark Elves live in one of the realm's heavily fortified cities whose sinister pinnacles rise high into the storm-wracked sky. These are the most depraved settlements in the known world, where murder lurks in every shadow and the weak are slain for the amusement of the strong. To dwell in a Naggarothi city is to walk side by side with death every day of your short life.

NAGGAROND, THE TOWER OF COLD

Naggarond is the oldest and largest of the Dark Elves' cities, and quite likely the most malevolent place in the world. Its outer walls form an imposing circlet of black stone, in no place less than a hundred feet tall. About the ramparts are set a hundred towers, each rising as high above the battlements as the walls rise above the bare rock. From these towers fly the Witch King's dark banners of flayed skin. Severed heads and raven-worried limbs rot upon spikes about the walls, grisly reminders of the price of denying Malekith's will.

Behind its impenetrable walls, Naggarond rises high into the foothills of the Iron Mountains. The city is a jumble of mansions, barracks, temples, slave pits and crooked alleys, all swathed in a perpetual pall of smoke. Through chill day and frozen night, worshippers of Khaine tear beating hearts and tangled entrails from their still-living victims and cast them into the flame pits of their hungry god. Thus is the very air of Naggarond thick with the essence of murder.

Few walk carelessly through these streets. Those seeking sacrifices make no distinction for rank or loyalty – Khaine's thirst is slaked as readily by the highest of Dreadlords as it is by the lowliest of slaves. Murder and thievery of all kinds are rife, for the Witch King tolerates any and all deeds, save for those that inconvenience his rule. Indeed, Malekith provokes discord, for anarchy serves to weed out the weak and thus make his people stronger. To this end, he deliberately sparks contests that set one noble house against another, encourages revolt amongst the innumerable legions of slaves and sets the Hag Queens of the murder cults at one another's throats. Such turmoil frequently leaves quarters of Naggarond in scorched and blood-soaked ruin, but the Witch King cares not so long as the feeble perish and the strong thrive.

At the centre of Naggarond stands the Black Tower. No mere fortress is this, but a city within a city – a maze of palaces, ramparts and towers huddle within its curtain walls and jut from its sheer sides. Here dwell those nobles held highest in Malekith's regard – an honour that brings wealth and patronage, but also danger. The Witch King has ever

been a volatile monarch, generous when fortune smiles, but unflinchingly merciless when all does not go his way. Naggarond's court is therefore a place of rapid rises and meteoric descents – few can play this game of politics for long, and none who take part die a natural death.

The central bastion of this tower belongs to Malekith alone, and none save the Black Guard of Naggarond are granted entrance without the Witch King's permission. Neither torches nor lanterns are permitted within; though he would never admit it, the Witch King has long been discomfited by wholesome flame. Many of these rooms and passageways lie entirely in gloom, and others are dimly lit by the bloody glow of accursed sigils. Few Dark Elves enter these shadowed chambers without pressing cause, for they lie heavy with neglect, dust and an unmistakable melancholy. When Naggarond was founded, the Witch King intended his citadel to rival the finery and splendour of Ulthuan's greatest mansions. However, as the millennia crawled by, Malekith lost the taste for fripperies and fleeting indulgence. The lower chambers, which once glittered with light and rang to the wild laughter of courtiers and companions, are now desolate and web-haunted, full of faded tapestries and haunting silence. Only in the upper reaches are the glories of yesteryear maintained. Here, in rooms bedecked with plunder from around the globe, the Witch King holds court and makes his plans against hated Ulthuan.

The council chamber is a particularly gruesome spectacle. Its vaulted roof is lost in shadow, and its walls are draped in tapestries woven from bloodied hair. The jagged likenesses of cruel gods stare down from intricately-carven buttresses, their eyes glowing in the darkness. At the centre of the room sits a vast circular table struck from a single slab of obsidian. One hundred chairs of blackened bone and flayed skin sit alongside. Some are occupied only when the council meets. Others are permanently engaged, for their occupants are long dead, having displeased Malekith in ages past. It is whispered that one of the corpses was once close kin to the Witch King, a brother perhaps, or maybe even a son. Some of these dead councillors are desiccated and brittle – testament to their centuries of service. Others are relatively fresh, with maggots and beetles crawling through still-fleshy skulls.

Malekith's iron throne sits at the head of this table, but he much prefers to prowl about the perimeter so that no one can ever be certain where his fitful gaze lies. Occasionally, he will call for silence and make play of holding a one-sided conversation with one of the corpses. It is impossible to know whether he truly speaks with the dead or merely does so for macabre effect – certainly, no-one has ever dared ask. Nor do any question the need for such a council in a land bent to one supreme rule. It is simply Malekith's will, so it is done.

When not consumed by matters of war and state, the Witch King retires to his personal rooms at the very top of the citadel and the scrying chamber therein. It is said that there is no corner of the world hidden from Malekith's sorcerous vision and that he can direct his view wherever his malicious intent demands. However, his gaze is ever drawn to the mist-shrouded isle of Ulthuan, the birthright he so desperately wishes to claim as his own, or else see destroyed.

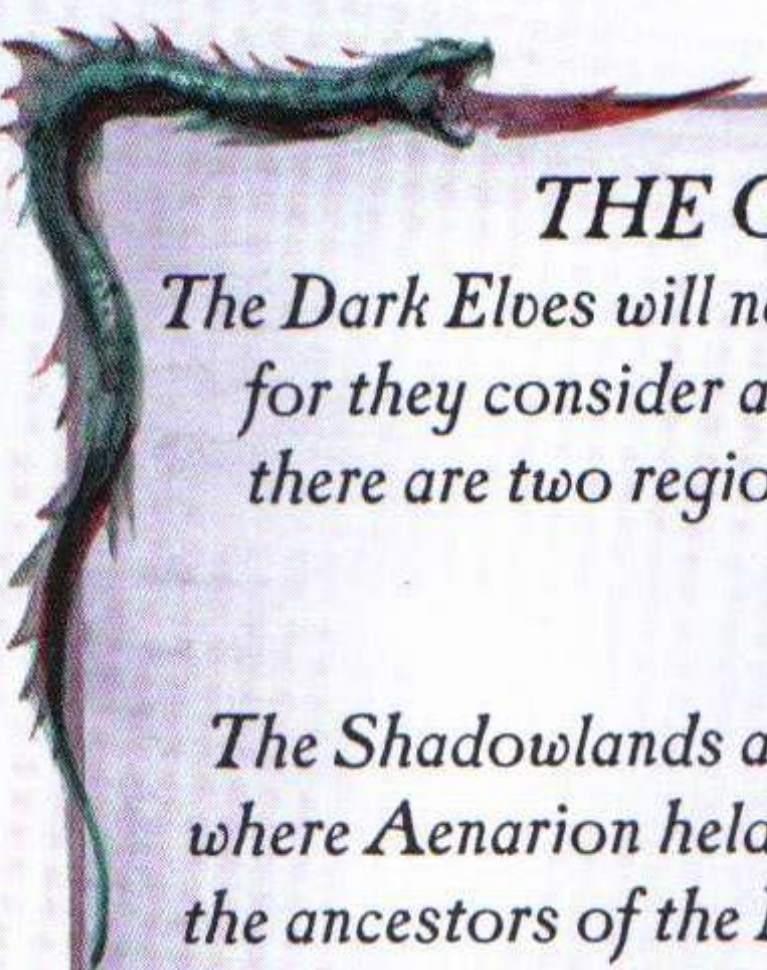


GHROUND, THE TOWER OF PROPHECY

In the absolute north stands the slender spire of Ghrond. This is the domain of Malekith's mother, the beautiful seeress Morathi. From Ghrond's pinnacle, Sorceresses of the Dark Convent can see through the snowstorms that whip about the tower and into the ever-shifting Realm of Chaos. It is said that the patterns of change therein hold the secrets of fate and that all the mysteries of the world are laid bare to she who dares look. Every day, black-clad riders gallop from the tower of Ghrond bearing prophecies southward to Naggarond. These foretell auspicious moments in which the Witch King will meet with success, or carry warnings of an enemy's growing power.

Morathi rules Ghrond without compromise and does not tolerate interference from outside. It is one thing for the Hag Sorceress to support Malekith in his rule but quite another for her to accept it herself. The Witch King tolerates his mother's small rebellion so long as her tithes are promptly delivered and generous in scope – and generous they are, for the mines beneath Ghrond have ever been rich in gold, silver and gemstones of all kinds. Even after thousands of years, there remains sufficient wealth buried beneath Ghrond to buy the loyalty of every Elf in Naggaroth.

Ghrond is legendary as a luxurious palace of decadence, not just in Naggaroth but in many distant lands also. The tales are rendered all the more alluring by a law that forbids male Elves from entering its inner sanctums, save at Morathi's decree. Those few who are admitted are at once the most cursed and blessed of mortals, for their lives – and their deaths – serve only the Hag Sorceress' pleasure. For those who do not catch Morathi's eye, there is only a life of battle against the horrors of the northern wastes. Daemons, monsters and worshippers of the Chaos Gods are drawn constantly to Ghrond and to the heady broth of sorcery and excess that flows about its walls. The defence of Ghrond is therefore a near-ceaseless battle, fraught with danger and privation. Yet the Dark Elves who defend the ramparts never consider desertion to softer lands. Captivated by Morathi's beauty and their own desires, they are as much slaves to the Hag Sorceress as the wretches who toil in the mines below.



THE COVETED LANDS

The Dark Elves will never be content ruling only Naggaroth, for they consider all Ulthuan to be their birthright, but there are two regions of their sundered home that they desire above all.

The Shadowlands are the remains of ancient Nagarythe, where Aenarion held court at Anlec, and from these lands the ancestors of the Naggarothi sprung. Though the Dark Elves have invaded Nagarythe many times, no conquest has endured. Each time Anlec has been rebuilt, the Phoenix King's soldiers have cast it down.

North of Anlec lies the Blighted Isle, site of the Shrine of Khaine. Many wars have been fought across its skull-strewn plains, and at night, the spirits of the dead battle anew, forever captured by the will of Khaine. The struggle for the Shrine of Khaine is symbolic of the struggle in the soul of the Elf race. None can say how it will end, or indeed, if it ever will.

KAROND KAR, TOWER OF DESPAIR

Even in a land where misery and torment are the currency of daily life, Karond Kar can be counted the bleakest of all refuges. The citadel stands sentinel on the edge of the Sea of Chill, perpetually battered by gale-force winds, icy rain and tidal waves the size of mountains. Its folk can therefore be counted amongst the hardiest of a hard people. Indeed, they have become so acclimatised to their frozen conditions that more temperate climes cause them a measure of discomfort.

Karond Kar is known as Slaver's Gate, for it is to here that the great reaving fleets bring their living cargo. Countless thousands die as they cross the wide seas to Karond Kar, stifled and suffocated in the holds of slave ships or tortured to death for the amusement of the black-hearted crews. Those are the lucky ones. When the survivors are finally unloaded onto the ice-wreathed docks, they soon find that their torment is just beginning. There is no escape from Karond Kar.



From the docks, the slaves are brutally driven forth amidst jeering crowds, beaten onward by lash and scourge. Those that stumble are trampled; those who slip their spiked chains are flayed, then cast bodily into the icy ocean. Both forms of death are much appreciated by the maddening spectators, who throw rocks to trip the panicked slaves and send servants to break the chains whilst the captives are still dock-side, in the hopes of inciting even more violence.

The slave markets are vast, and those captives that make it to the wide open plazas beyond the docks are roughly examined and divided by age and gender, destined to labour in mines and quarries or drudge in the dungeons and kitchens of Naggaroth. Overlooking the markets are the slave traders' palaces, slab-sided mansions decorated with the scrimshawed bones of perished slaves. Night and day, Karond Kar echoes with tortured wails, for its sorcerers delight in binding together their captives' souls to their mortal remains. Trapped between life and death, these wretches haunt the streets of the Slaver's Gate, filling the dreams of their tormentors with delicious images of suffering and pain.

The traders themselves seldom leave the comforts of their opulent homes but can be occasionally lured into the rain-drowned plazas by news of a particularly impressive bounty. A captured High Elf is the most valuable of prizes, and a wealthy slaver will gladly trade much of his remaining stock – or even members of his own family – for the opportunity to bring such a sweetmeat before his patron's tender mercies. For more commonplace cargoes, slavers hold audiences and auctions within their chambers, playing off the greed of Corsair captains to ensure a healthy profit. The slavemasters drive a hard bargain, and no fleet leaves Karond Kar with wealth equal to its expectations. However, no captain will challenge the terms of a trade once it has been completed, for they know that Assassins aplenty lurk in the crowds, waiting silently for the slavemasters' commissions. Better to leave Karond Kar with a light purse, they reckon, than to never leave it at all.

HAR GANETH, CITY OF EXECUTIONERS

Har Ganeth is a cursed place. A madness overtook the city long ago, a thirst for blood and flesh that ever since has only been kept in abeyance by some of the strictest laws in all Naggaroth. Only in Har Ganeth are acts such as murder, thievery and public debauchery considered to be crimes – a hard burden to bear for a people so steeped in thoughtless depravity. Worse, under Har Ganeth law there is but a single penalty for infraction; the transgressor is led in chains to the summit of the highest sacrificial pyramid and beheaded – there can only be one punishment in Khaine's chosen city. Only the foolish or the clever are lawbreakers in Har Ganeth, and it is not always possible to tell the two apart until the executioner's blade sweeps down – the truly clever have made an elegant escape long before this point.

This situation certainly does not mean that internecine rivalry is less prevalent in Har Ganeth than in other cities – it is merely conducted in a different manner. The Dreadlords long ago learnt that commissioning a murder is as likely to end with their death as it is that of the victim. Therefore they concentrate upon tricking rivals into acts of law-breaking that can only be answered by the executioner's blade. Such plots are seldom anything other than subtle, and they can take years to finally reach fruition. Har Ganeth is a den of shadow politics like no other, where every request or concession is merely a piece in a wider game of disgrace and death.

There is one being in all of Har Ganeth who is above its many laws. Crone Hellebron has ruled the city almost since its founding and sees no reason to obey her own dictates. Whilst she invites petitions from those who would purchase a portion of her immunity – for suitable favours, naturally – such requests are few and far between. It takes a scoundrel of a particularly bold or desperate sort to bare-facedly admit lawbreaking intent to she who is the supreme enforcer.

Only on Death Night – an eve of bloody excess in Khaine's glorious name – is Har Ganeth's order thrown completely to the winds. Elsewhere in Naggaroth, Death Night is celebrated almost exclusively by Witch Elves, and other Dark Elves do all that they can to avoid being offered up as sacrifice to the Lord of Murder. In Har Ganeth, however, everyone participates in the madness of Death Night; it is the one brief interlude in which a year's worth of pent-up wickedness is allowed free rein. The great gates of the city are sealed, slaves and prisoners are set loose in the streets and the very air crackles with anticipation. As the moon rises, madness descends. Wine and blood flow like water through the city, wild screams split the night and half-eaten corpses clog the gutters. Witch Elves dance naked around the bodies of the slain, flagstones grow slippery with spilled entrails, and everywhere, stupefied Elves lie entwined with one another atop the gore-drenched dead.

Only as dawn rises, and a great brass gong rings out, does the debauchery cease. As the bleary-eyed survivors wearily drag themselves from the streets, the gates of Hellebron's palace open and her elite guard sweep into the charnel madness searching for Elves too sated to escape. These they drag to Hellebron's chambers, and the great brass cauldron therein. Whilst other Hag Queens choose to bathe in the gore of maidens and innocents, the Blood Queen of Har Ganeth favours only that blood which is spiced with the corrupt insanity of Death Night.

THE BOILING SEA

On the west coast of Naggaroth lies a region of islands and monster-infested waters known as the Boiling Sea.

It was created many millennia ago, before the recorded history of the Elves had begun. An immense earthquake ripped apart the coasts bordering the Far Sea and toppled them into the seas, fashioning the patchwork of islands that now run along the length of the western coast. The earthquake also tore deep rents in the sea bed, terrible wounds in the world's flesh that have never healed. Through these fissures, molten lava surges up from the world's core, heating the water and creating great bursts of explosive vapours. In parts, the sea literally boils, giving rise to the region's name.

Of all the Dark Elves' warships, only the Black Arks dare to enter this inhospitable and dangerous territory. They do so for one reason only – to capture the monstrous sea creatures that have become such an important part of their fleet. Although many parts of the Boiling Sea are deadly to all forms of life, there are others where the mineral-rich waters teem with all manner of savage predators. Many such beasts, notably the ferocious Helldrakes and the vast Sea Dragons, have long served the Dark Elves as vessels of war – at least since the Naggarothi learned how to sorcerously fuse battle-fortresses to the beasts' backs. With more and more of these creatures brought back from the Boiling Sea, the Dark Elf fleets have been dramatically transformed – many Black Arks are now accompanied by flotillas of these primeval terrors.



HAG GRAEF, THE DARK CRAG

The Dark Crag is a sinister and foreboding place, built at the bottom of a cold, dark canyon and completely surrounded by mountains of bare rock that stretch into the clouds. It is a city permanently in shadow, for no sunlight ever reaches its walls.

Hag Graef is a place of twisted and impossible architecture. Its eight black towers rise from the canyon floor like the ossified remains of some loathsome cephalopod. Between the towers are strung walkways, platforms and bridges of every conceivable shape and size. Some are fashioned from withered timber and soot-stained bone, others are crafted from jagged stone or woven from the silk of monstrous spiders. The larger platforms are so massive as to be towns and villages in their own right, and are supported by gantryworks of iron and stone. It is upon these that the majority of Hag Graef's citizenry dwell, crammed into crooked mansions of cinderbrick and fire-blackened wood; the towers are home only to the city's most powerful Dreadlords. Cramped conditions, combined with the Dark Elves' peremptory nature, ensure that rivalries flare into violence with alarming regularity. Those who do not walk cautiously through Hag Graef's webwork of streets have their throats slit and bodies heaved into the morass of sewage and rotting flesh that covers the canyon floor.

The rocks below Hag Graef are honeycombed with mines and quarries that are, in turn, threaded through with chain gangs of slaves who claw iron and jet-black stone from the belly of the world. This is the most miserable of existences, toiling far from any natural light, starved of all but the

meanest food and chilled to the bone by the piercing wind that howls through the tunnels. Even after death there is no respite – the mines are riddled with veins of warpstone, whose baleful power animates the dead and keeps them labouring until they collapse into piles of worn bones.

Driven by the wealth of its mines, Hag Graef has risen to become Naggaroth's second city. In fact, it is so prosperous that its armies and influence overshadow even those of Naggarond. So eager are Hag Graef's people to escape their abyssal home that the forced conscription present in other cities is completely unnecessary here. Indeed, over the centuries, Hag Graef has earned a reputation for producing, if not the most disciplined fighters, then certainly the most desperate. The city's mercenary rulers, ever eager for profit, have taken to selling warriors into service elsewhere in Naggaroth, taking with it the opportunity to infiltrate spies.

So rich is Hag Graef in soldiery, slave and coin that were its eight great families ever truly united of purpose, they could doubtless overthrow the Witch King. Naturally, Malekith is aware of this, and spares no effort in keeping the Dark Crag's nobles at one another's throats. He need scarcely bother – with so much wealth at stake, intrigue and betrayal are already rife.

Hag Graef's greatest prize is the position of First Dreadlord – he who holds this title is the nominal ruler of the city and all its domains. The First Dreadlord sets the tariffs that govern the city's trade and is an excellent position to take a cut of all merchantry. With this wealth comes a life of patronage and grand opulence beyond the dreams of other Elves, but few incumbents survive long in office. Indeed, many of Hag Graef's social elite consider the lavish ceremony of ascension to be little more than the official opening of a new round in a particularly deadly game. None of this deters the city's nobles from competing for the First Dreadlord's chains of office. Arrogance is as rife here as it is in any other quarter of Naggaroth, and no Dark Elf believes himself foolish enough to end his rule shot, stabbed, poisoned, garrotted or beheaded – he cannot be persuaded of the danger, even though these things have happened to previous rulers more times than can be counted.

Life is scarcely less competitive elsewhere in Hag Graef. The eight families constantly vie with one another for the First Dreadlord's favour, even as they plot to have him violently removed from office. Even family ties do not guarantee loyalty – many a brother or daughter has risen to new heights over the corpses of their siblings thanks to the timely use of poison or by pressing enough gold into an Assassin's hand.

It should, therefore, not be surprising that Khainite Assassin cults flourish nowhere in Naggaroth so well as they do in Hag Graef, where there are always Dreadlords seeking to remove rivals or in need of protection from the machinations of their enemies (or their friends). Even so, there are insufficient hired blades to meet the incredible demand, and an Assassin might well answer to a hundred different masters over the course of a year. Under such circumstances, discretion and silence have become traits valued as highly as more traditional skills. As a result, many Assassins sew their mouths closed, sever their own vocal chords or nail their jaws shut to ensure they are no longer physically capable of revealing an employer's identity.

NAMES OF POWER

Family ties are seldom flaunted in Naggaroth. For a Dark Elf to achieve true renown, he must do so through his own actions, not through the long ago deeds of some withered sire. For this reason, few Dark Elves betray their lineage in name or title, but instead adopt warrior names chosen to strike fear into the hearts of their allies and enemies. Such titles must be backed up by deeds if they are to have any chance of gaining acceptance and renown, so it is common for Dark Elf lordlings to adopt names that reflect their vile proclivities, or that can at least be proven by fearsome acts. A Naggarothi who assumes the warrior name 'Venomblade' had best go to battle with his weapons coated in the deadliest of poisons, lest he suffer mockery – and likely a poisoned death – at the hands of his peers. Similarly, a noble who takes the name Severspine will go to almost theatrical lengths to remind other Dark Elves of its appropriateness.

Curiously, some of these warrior names have now become so renowned that they are handed down, in exactly the same way as the family names that have been all but abandoned. Thus have the sons of five generations borne the Fellheart name, and thus has a warrior named Chillblade served at Malekith's right hand since his ascension – even though no Elf of that name has lived longer than a hundred years. The Dark Elves see nothing contradictory in this behaviour, for while a family name is granted merely for having been born, a warrior name will only be ceded to a progeny who has performed the deeds to deserve it. As such, the latter will always be worth more than the former, even if both are handed down through the blood.

CLAR KAROND, TOWER OF DOOM

Clar Karond serves as the Witch King's chief shipyard, for it is here that the keels are laid for many thousands of raiding vessels. This is a more sprawling city than others in Naggaroth, stretching from the banks of the Redvenom River up into the trackless pine forests of the Duskridge. It is from these ancient woodlands that the Dark Elves harvest the black timber from which they build their sleek-hulled warships. The Naggarothi do not perform this work themselves, of course, for such labours are considered well beneath them, but instead set thousands of slaves to the task.

As the woodlands receded, their hearts torn out by hooked chains or consumed by dark fire, the ever-expanding streets of Clar Karond have spilled into the gap. Year by year, the city swells further, having grown fat on the labours of its slaves and despoliation of the surrounding land. Once, there was but one great tower looking over the Redvenom River; now the Duskridge bristles with jagged minarets. With each wave of expansion, new ramparts have been raised not only to protect the city as a whole, but also to defend each tower from its neighbours. As a result, Clar Karond's streets are tangled and mazelike, marred by half-collapsed buildings, severed concourses, and entire districts buried forever as newer and more impressive fortifications are raised.

Clar Karond is also famed for its Beastmasters. It was here, many long centuries ago, that the knights of Hag Graef brought the first Cold Ones to be broken, and much later, that the ferocious Kharibdyss of the deeps were bent to the Dark Elves' will. Now, Manticore pens, Harpy cages and other enclosures are as common in Clar Karond as the temples of Khaine. Both are outnumbered by the pelt-draped shrines of Anath Raema, for the goddess of the savage hunt has ever been the patron of Beastmasters. Thus, when the armies of Clar Karond go to war, they do so in Anath Raema's name, driving her savage children before them to break the enemy lines with tooth and claw.



HAR KALDRA, THE FORGOTTEN CITY

Har Kaldra was once a mighty fortress that dominated the landward passes between Naggarond and the Ironfrost Glacier. Now it is a scarred and ruined crater, surrounded by the outflung remnants of its own walls, a testament to Malekith's fickle rage. It was the Witch King that wrought Har Kaldra's ruin, meeting the rebellion within its walls with all the sorcerous might at his command. Thousands perished in that one night of horror and fury, and thousands more were taken in bondage to Naggarond, there to die in its firepits and gladiatorial arenas.

THE WATCHTOWERS

Naggaroth is a land in little danger of invasion. Few enemy fleets survive more than a few hours in its corsair-infested waters, let alone long enough to close with the jagged coast and land troops. The only real dangers come from the Lustrian legions to the south and the hordes of Chaos that roam the frozen wastelands to the north.

The Dark Elves consider that they need no fixed defences against the former, for the Lizardmen stir themselves to meaningful assault but infrequently. The latter, however, have proven so undeterred by their appalling losses and ignominious defeats that the Naggarothi have founded many great citadels to hold the hordes of Northmen at bay. Each of these watchtowers is the size of a city, provisioned to withstand years of siege and garrisoned with a great host of Naggaroth's foremost warriors. Thus have threats from the Realm of Chaos been held at bay, at least for now...

THE UNDERWORLD SEA

For hundreds of years, the Dark Elf raiding fleets were confined to the Sea of Chaos and the Great Ocean. Then they discovered the Underworld Sea, a huge underground water system that links the Sea of Chaos to Naggaroth's western coast.

The Underworld Sea is a treacherous place consisting of labyrinthine mazes of dark tunnels and strange caves.

Movement is dangerous even on the well-known routes, for cave-ins and flash floods are a constant danger. There are also many strange and cruelly predatory creatures that inhabit this unearthly subterranean realm – and their eyes are far more accustomed to the gloom than those of the Dark Elves on whom they prey.

The most accomplished explorers of the Underworld Sea come from the Shade tribes, mountain-dwellers who forsook the life of the bleak cities in ages past. Yet even they have only uncovered a small fraction of the Underworld Sea's secrets. Each decade brings new discoveries, and rumours abound of an entire lost civilisation hidden deep within the underground caverns.





ANNALS OF THE BLACK TOWER

THE CHRONICLE OF NAGGAROTH

The history of the Dark Elves is the history of the Witch King himself. Without his long-remembered insurrection against the callow Phoenix Kings, there would be no kingdom of Naggaroth and no Dark Elf race to rule it.

Malekith's long reign has been one of blood and terror, of iron-fisted rule backed by assassination and subterfuge. His will, and his will alone, guides the Naggarothi onward to their dark destiny. The Witch King may court the opinions of the Dreadlords who bask in his reflected glory, but only when it amuses him to do so. Only Morathi's sibilant voice does he heed, and then always with an ear alert to deception. Even the eldest of his other courtiers has strode the world for but a fraction of Malekith's existence, and the Witch King hangs upon their words no more than he would consider the counsel of a clever child. So long has Malekith lived – and so generous has he been with his blood – that few of Naggaroth's nobles do not claim descent from his line.

At Malekith's command, the Dark Elves have brought war to hated Ulthuan many times, their goal to claim by arms the birthright that was denied to them. Time and again, the Witch King's armies bring ruin beyond imagining upon their hated foes, only to be cast back across the western ocean through the vicissitudes of fate. To a mortal ruler, even one such defeat would be a tragedy, the undoing of a lifetime's work. For Malekith, who long ago achieved immortality, they are but setbacks that create fresh opportunities. When brute force failed, the Witch King sent infiltrators and assassins to undermine Ulthuan from within. When subversion did not yield lasting results, Malekith reached out to other realms, bribing their armies to make war in his cause.

To date, Ulthuan has endured every attack, but has each time paid for its survival with slaughtered warriors and ravaged

kingdoms – yet it will not be able to do so forever. The fires of war that have left Ulthuan scarred serve only to temper the Witch King into ever more powerful forms. From every defeat, Malekith emerges stronger than before, and ever more determined to triumph. Where the High Elves despair for each of their warriors that falls, the Witch King spends the lives of his followers without care for their survival – they are the weapons of his vengeance, nothing more.

Soon there will come a time when the High Elves cannot meet the blood price that Malekith's hatred demands. On that day, the Witch King will finally know lasting victory, and the High Elves will be obliterated once and for all.

THE DARK EPOCHS

Having known only the guidance of Malekith's firm hand, the Dark Elves cannot reckon time according to the rule of kings, as is the custom with the High Elves. Rather, they record the great epochs of the Witch King's rule, ages of the world that turn on deeds of fire and slaughter. Only the first of these epochs – the Age of Glory – tallies exactly with the rule of a Phoenix King. Aenarion was father to both the children of Ulthuan and Naggaroth, and is revered as such in both lands. Other ages might end in conjunction with the close of a Phoenix King's reign, but only in order to celebrate his death.

The Dark Elf calendar contains four seasons, though they are not founded in changeable weather – bleak Naggaroth is ever cold and wracked with storms, no matter the time of year. Dark Elves therefore dedicate the seasons (Blood, Despair, Decadence and Savagery) to their four most worshipped deities (respectively Khaine, Ereth Khial, Atharti and Anath Raema). In Naggaroth, dates are therefore recorded by age, then year, then season and finally the day (though the latter two are seldom used in regard to momentous occasions).



KEY EVENTS IN DARK ELF HISTORY

I, 42 – Birth of Malekith

Morathi bears Aenarion an heir. The seers of Nagarythe foretell he will know long life and a glorious reign.

II, 1 – The Betrayal

The princes of Ulthuan refuse Malekith his birthright, and appoint Bel Shanaar as the new Phoenix King.

II, 1669 – Malekith's Trial

Malekith murders the usurper Bel Shanaar and enters the Phoenix Flame. Rejected by Asuryan and horribly mutilated, he flees to Nagarythe.

II, 1670 – Nagarythe Rises

Civil war erupts as Malekith's armies march in their prince's name.

II, 1695 – The Sundering

The Witch King fails to destroy the Great Vortex, and the magical backlash shatters Ulthuan.

III, 124 – A Conclave of Dark Magic

Morathi founds the Dark Convent of Sorceresses and begins the construction of Ghrond.

III, 1058 – The Battle of Despair

A vast Chaos army sweeps out of the north to besiege Ghrond. Morathi's sorceries defend the city until the Witch King can lead his armies to crush the invaders.

III, 1125 – The Blighted Isle Falls

The Witch King rebuilds Anlec and begins a fresh assault on the High Elf mainland.

IV, 1813 – The Witch King's Revenge

The eighth Phoenix King, Aethis, is assassinated at Malekith's command.

IV, 1815 – The Day of Blood

A retaliatory High Elf fleet invades Naggaroth, and is utterly massacred.

VII, 81 – The Iron Vanguard

Chaos rises in the human lands, and the High Elves send aid. Malekith sends Morathi to forge an alliance with human Chaos worshippers, and the combined armies invade Ulthuan once more. Unbeknownst to his allies, Malekith withdraws his finest troops shortly after the invasion, using his erstwhile allies – and many untrustworthy Dreadlords – to test the defences of Ulthuan without committing the bulk of his armies. With the High Elves ravaged and reeling, the stage is now set for Malekith to finally claim his due.



THE AGE OF ENDLESS GLORY

1) 1 - 80 (Imperial Calendar c. -4500 to -4419)

The Elves were once but a single race that lived in peace and contentment amidst the paradise of Ulthuan. Alas, nothing endures forever, and this proved true of that Golden Age. When the great star gates of the Old Ones collapsed, a cataclysmic rent was torn in reality that allowed a tide of Daemons to sweep across the globe, leaving slaughter and destruction in their wake. The Elves were defenceless against this onslaught, untouched as they were by the depravities of war, yet from the blood and slaughter emerged the greatest Elf hero to have ever walked the world: Aenarion. In him, the mightiest warrior spirit was kindled, and it was he who rallied the Elves and taught to them the ways of war.

Though Aenarion and his growing band of warriors fought ceaselessly and without fear, the Daemon horde was unending. In desperation, Aenarion went to the sacred fire of Asuryan, lord of all the Elven gods, and offered himself as the ultimate sacrifice. With prayers upon his lips, Aenarion hurled himself into the white-hot flames. Though the mystical fires burnt his body and seared his soul, Aenarion refused to surrender. Through strength of will, he endured the punishment of the cleansing fires. Purified by his ordeal, a light shone from within Aenarion, a glow of power that filled Elves with courage and caused Daemons to cower in his presence. Soon he was hailed as the Phoenix King, the reborn son of Asuryan.

As Aenarion's army swelled, the tide of war changed in the Elves' favour. It was at this time that Aenarion met with the first of the Dragontamers, the powerful mage Caledor. The two saw the strength that existed in each other and shared a common purpose. Caledor recognised the sacred blessing bestowed upon Aenarion and swore fealty to the Phoenix King. Yet for all the strength of the united Elven host, it remained insufficient to defeat the daemoniac legions. Thus did Caledor devise a bold plan to rid the world of Chaos forever. The Dragontamer and his mages would create a vortex to siphon away the magical power of the Daemons and return it to the Realm of Chaos. Aenarion cursed Caledor for a fool, deeming such a tactic to be the most desperate folly.

THE DOOM OF KHAINE

Aenarion then heard news that was to quench the fire of his heart and turn it into a chill hatred: his wife, the Everqueen Astarielle, was slain and his children were missing. In a cold rage, Aenarion swore that he would destroy every Daemon in existence in vengeance for this act. Though calmer minds counselled otherwise, Aenarion travelled to the Blighted Isle and beheld the Shrine of Khaine, the Elves' bloody god of murder. Jutting from the black altar stood the Widowmaker – the accursed weapon of the Lord of Murder. The moment



Aenarion drew the weapon, he invited Khaine into his heart and soul, and thus doomed himself and his entire line. Armed with the weapon of the war god, and riding the great Dragon Indraguir, the unstoppable Aenarion slaughtered Daemons in their thousands. Little by little, the hordes of Chaos were forced from Ulthuan and, for a while, a shifting and fragile peace descended.

Aenarion now championed the cause of those Elves who had suffered most during the war, for their sorrow reflected his own. They gathered to the Phoenix King's side and repaid him with an unassailable loyalty. Aenarion soon came to trust these new followers more than his allies of old and, with their aid, founded a new kingdom in bleak Nagarythe. It was fitting, Aenarion said, that a king should rule from a land that matched his mood. Where other Elves fought to survive, Aenarion's warriors fought for the joy of fighting, and slew for slaying's sake. They sneered at the weakness they saw abound in other lands, and swore never to stoop so low themselves.

In time, Aenarion took another wife, the beautiful seeress Morathi, whom he had rescued from the predations of a Slaaneshi host. Many were surprised at his choice, for Morathi was as different from Astarielle as night is from day but, by now, the Phoenix King had become so grim of outlook that few dared question him on any decision, let alone upon one so personal. To those that did enquire, Aenarion said simply that he had chosen a consort suited to the times at hand and would be drawn no further on the matter. Whilst it was plain to all that Morathi truly loved Aenarion, none could ever be certain that he returned her affections – by that point the Phoenix King rarely seemed to embrace any emotion that was grounded in ought other than anger or despair.

Conversely, it was utterly apparent that Aenarion had come to rely on Morathi's council almost to the exclusion of all others. With each year that passed, her influence became ever more evident in every decision he made. The Elves of other lands looked upon this development with increasing levels of concern, but the folk of Nagarythe cared not, for they loved Morathi almost as dearly as they did their king. In time, Morathi bore Aenarion a fine son and heir, whom they named Malekith. The young prince had inherited all the many gifts of his parents, and under their tutelage became not only an accomplished warrior and skilled mage, but also a leader of great quality.

The court of Aenarion had become a wild place, full of savage gaiety and bitter mirth. By then, few in Nagarythe believed it was even possible to win a lasting victory against the Daemons, so they took what joy they could in every moment. Not every outlet of their indulgence was entirely wholesome, however. Hunting, duelling and other blood sports became increasingly common, and rumours abounded of sacrifices to forbidden gods. War and death had become the twin obsessions of Aenarion's court, and many of his oldest friends – Caledor amongst them – could bear it no longer, and departed to found a kingdom in the southern mountains. Caledor's betrayal angered Aenarion greatly, and for a time, many feared that Ulthuan would war amongst itself. And perhaps it would have done, had the Daemons not come once again, in numbers that far overshadowed any previous assault.

THE GREAT RITUAL

The war between Elves and Daemons then reached its final stage. Touched by Asuryan and marked by Khaine, Aenarion was all but invincible, but he could not be everywhere. Ulthuan stood on the brink of destruction, and would surely have fallen had it not been for Caledor. When the ancient mage beheld the Daemons' renewed onslaught, he deemed it beyond the power of the Elves to contain. Thus, he sent no forces to aid Aenarion's counter-attack, instead gathering his followers at the Isle of the Dead to begin the desperate ritual to drain the Daemons' magical lifeblood from the world.

When Aenarion learned of this, he was torn. Caledor had betrayed him a second time, but in doing so had created a slim chance of victory. Pride and duty fought in Aenarion's soul. Pride urged him to leave Caledor to his fate, to fight on heedless of consequence. Ultimately, the Phoenix King found he could not set his duty aside. Marshalling his followers one last time, Aenarion bade them ride to Caledor's aid. Morathi, fearful of losing her king, pleaded with Aenarion not to go. She begged him to stay, promising a life together through all the ages of the world. But in this one matter, Aenarion would heed her not. Climbing wearily onto Indraguir's back, he left his weeping wife behind and rode to meet his destiny.

What followed was a battle that shook the world. As Caledor's mages began their great work, the host of Nagarythe hurled itself at the Daemon horde with a fury borne of desperation. Under wailing skies wracked with fire and lightning, they held the line in Aenarion's name. That day, Elves fought like gods reborn, and their Phoenix King battled with a might to which mere words could never do justice. As the ritual reached its peak, four Greater Daemons combined their power to assail Caledor's wards – only Aenarion and Indraguir were close enough to stop them. They did not hesitate, but charged into the fray. Now, at last, the Phoenix King met his match. Though the ensuing battle saw all four ruinous beasts defeated, victory left both Aenarion and Indraguir mortally wounded.

Weary beyond words, the Phoenix King sank to his knees. Sensing victory, the Daemons howled with one terrible voice, but then Caledor completed his ritual and their dark laughter was stilled. With a burst of energy that shook the mountains, the Great Vortex sprang into life. A whirling, screaming tempest of magic engulfed Ulthuan, slaying thousands and shattering forever those fortresses whose walls still stood. Trapped within the eye of the vortex stood Caledor and his mages, frozen in eternal battle against the forces they sought to contain. The exhausted Aenarion clambered atop Indraguir who, with the last of his strength, brought the Phoenix King once more to the Shrine of Khaine. Aenarion's final act was to return the Widowmaker to its home – he was never again seen by mortal eyes.

Ulthuan lay in ruins, but as the Great Vortex drew away much of the magic corrupting the world, the Daemons vanished back to their unholy realm. The Elves thanked the gods, praised Aenarion, and set about creating a realm of light and warmth to drive away the evils of the recent past – but labour though they might, the Elves would never regain the Golden Age of yore. In drawing the infamous Widowmaker, Aenarion had set in motion events that would lead to the sundering of the people he had striven to protect.

THE AGE OF BETRAYAL

II) 1 - 1696 (Imperial Calendar -4419 to -2723)

With Aenarion's death, many Elves looked to his son, Malekith, to lead them in this new age. However, a few raised their voices against this course of action; some princes recalled the unwholesome rumours surrounding Aenarion's court and feared what mark might have been left on a child raised in such climes. In the end, the doubters prevailed, and Bel Shanaar of Tiranoc was elected. Malekith took the decision with good grace and was the first to swear fealty, even though resentment ruled his heart. Morathi, however, was not so sanguine, but ranted and railed against the iniquities heaped upon her son.

Malekith soon departed overseas and, in his absence, Ulthuan was beset by new travails. With the threat of war lifted, many Elves became selfish, indulging their heightened senses with ceremonies dedicated to forbidden gods. From the ancient, incense-choked temples of Nagarythe, cults of luxury, pleasure and excess spread unrest across the ten kingdoms. Bel Shanaar seemed powerless. Princes caught in the grip of the cults began to whisper that the Phoenix King was weak, and a usurper besides.



Whilst Bel Shanaar floundered, Malekith travelled the world. In the newly-founded city of Tor Alessi, he met and married Allisara, a priestess of Lileath. At that time, Tor Alessi was the eastern frontier of the Elven empire, and the constant threat of Orc hordes and the Chaos beasts of the deep woods ensured that there was work enough to sate his warrior's soul. It was in such battles that Malekith made common cause with the Dwarfs, whose civilisation was then spreading westward from the mountains. Soon, Bel Shanaar had little choice but to recognise Malekith's deeds and appoint him ambassador to the Dwarf High King.

In time, Malekith grew restless and resumed his travels. He searched for his father's armour upon the Blighted Isle and stood transfixed before the Altar of Khaine. He journeyed to realms that history has now forgotten and brought war to the despotic kingdoms of the east. In the frozen north, Malekith discovered a dead city of impossible age, and within its ancient vaults he found an ageless iron crown imbued with the blackest of sorceries. This Circlet of Iron awoke a dark curiosity in Malekith, and from that day forth, the prince turned his will to studying the forbidden depths of magic.

Absorbed with his studies, Malekith returned to Tor Alessi. Allisara rejoiced at his return, but as his obsession became plain, she soon grew wary. Worse, where she had once seen Malekith's destiny as a shining line of silver, his fate was now hidden from her. One night, a month after Malekith's return, Lileath finally sent Allisara a vision. The next morning, Malekith awoke to find Allisara gone. At first, he searched long and hard for her, but soon his obsession with magic returned and drowned her memory in its dark waters.

MALEKITH RETURNS

Malekith soon took ship westwards, to Ulthuan and his stolen birthright. It was now a realm in turmoil, and many of its princes looked to him as a potential saviour. Malekith accepted gladly; vowing to exterminate the forbidden cults, he took to his work with a ruthless enthusiasm. Month by month, he announced fresh victories, yet always ultimate triumph seemed out of reach. Thousands of cultists were captured, but more always took their place. When Malekith discovered Morathi was the chief power behind the cults, he publicly renounced her and ordered her imprisonment. In secret, however, mother and son schemed to further their shared cause of Bel Shanaar's downfall.

In the end, it seemed that nothing short of outright war would quell the rising tide of decadence. Thus did Malekith ask the Phoenix King to convene the council of princes at the Shrine of Asuryan, on the pretext of requesting control of Ulthuan's armies. Yet even as the princes gathered, Malekith set his true plan in motion. Unbeknownst to the others, Nagarythe's armies had begun to march, their ranks bolstered by depraved cultists.

Oblivious to the peril that descended upon their lands, the princes arrived at the shrine and listened in horror as Malekith declared Bel Shanaar to be a cultist – a claim that was not easily denied, as the Phoenix King had taken poison when confronted. The princes were not swayed, and denounced Malekith as a murdering traitor. Just then, agents from Nagarythe broke into the shrine and attacked the princes. As blood spilled across the floor, Malekith strode into the sacred flames to seize Asuryan's blessing. He screamed as the fires stripped away his hair, skin and flesh. Malekith could no longer endure, and with a final shriek of agony, hurled himself clear. Abandoning the battle with the princes, his disciples took up Malekith's smoking form and fought their way clear, leaving carnage in their wake.

CIVIL WAR

As Malekith's followers fled north with his ruined body, Morathi took command in his stead. Though Malekith yet lived, his body was all but broken and still blazed with Asuryan's flame – he could do little more than watch as war erupted across Ulthuan. This was a conflict heavily stacked in the insurgents' favour. Nagarythe's legions had learnt well from Aenarion's warrior creed; iron discipline, backed by fear of their leaders, drove them onward. Only a united Ulthuan could have hoped to defeat such a host, and Ulthuan was near leaderless.

The armies of Nagarythe moved swiftly, seizing many of the vital passes across the Annulii Mountains, separating the Inner Kingdoms of Ulthuan from the Outer Kingdoms. With them came many vile monsters that lived within Ulthuan's magic-riven mountains. The other kingdoms knew nothing of the danger until the hosts of Nagarythe besieged their cities. In Tiranoc and Ellyrion, Morathi's agents infiltrated the ruling families and, through sabotage, kidnap, coercion and the threat of assassination, ensured the princes of these lands bent to her will.

The hour of Malekith and Morathi's victory seemed near, but the surviving princes had not yet given up hope. In their minds, there was only one Elf who could defeat the armies of Nagarythe – Imrik of Caledor – and he was hurriedly elected to the position of Phoenix King. While Imrik rallied the armies of the other Elven kingdoms, the rulers of Nagarythe acted to forestall their foes. They sent word to sympathizers and agents in Saphery, a realm renowned for its mages. Some of these mages had been tempted by the power of dark sorcery and subverted to the cause of Nagarythe. Titanic magical duels tore the lands of Saphery apart as sorcerer fought mage. Yet for all the power of the sorcerers, they could not prevail and were forced to flee Saphery and seek refuge in Nagarythe and the kingdoms its armies now occupied.

There was betrayal all across Ulthuan. Even in Caledor, a land thought incorruptible by many, a priest of Vault named Hotek secretly forged weapons for the legions of Nagarythe. When he was discovered, Hotek fled and sought sanctuary within Nagarythe. Aided by renegade sorcerers, Hotek then constructed a suit of armour for the crippled Malekith. Unable to quench the fires set in the prince's flesh, Hotek fused the newly forged armour directly to his body. Clad in a rune-etched skin of black steel, Malekith could once again lead his armies. He was no longer the Prince of Nagarythe; now, and forever, he was the Witch King.

Where the Witch King led, victory followed. However, for all the guile and ferocity of the hosts of Nagarythe, the kingdoms of Ulthuan endured. The new Phoenix King, who had taken the honoured name of Caledor, fought a cunning campaign of ambush and counter-attack. Sapped by this constant hit-and-run warfare, the Witch King's armies advanced, faltered, regrouped and attacked again. For a quarter of a century, neither king could achieve the crushing victory he needed, though both had their chance on the Field of Maledor. There, the Witch King's legions had the advantage of numbers, and could well have routed their hated foes. Alas, at the moment of victory, Caledor slew the Witch King's beloved Black Dragon, Sulekh, pitching Malekith into the midst of a Phoenix Guard regiment. Though the Witch King cut his way clear, the day was lost and the armies of Nagarythe withdrew once more.

As he fled Maledor, the jeers of the victorious Elves burning in his ears, Malekith's patience snapped. He knew then the one, terrible truth of his predicament: Ulthuan would never be his. Asuryan and the princes had both rejected him, and the common people had not flocked to his side as he had expected. No amount of spilt blood could conceal that the usurper, Caledor, had won. As the full force of this realisation struck home, the resentment and frustration in the Witch King's heart coalesced into a terrible hatred that would remain with him for the rest of his days.

Consumed by desperate rage, Malekith decided upon one last, ruthless bid for victory: he and his sorcerers would unbind the magic of the Great Vortex and unleash the full fury of the Realm of Chaos. If Ulthuan would not accept his will, it would be utterly destroyed – such would be the price for their betrayal. Knowing that their fate was tied to that of the Witch King, his sorcerers agreed to this insane gambit, despite the danger of dealing with such untameable forces. Only one of his disciples, Urathion of Ullar, saw the madness of Malekith's ploy and alerted Caledor to the doom at hand.

THE SUNDERING

As the Witch King's sorcerers stood upon the summits of their black towers and struggled for control of the vortex, the mages of Saphery roused their own magic to thwart the spell of unbinding. Great forces shook the lands. The mountains trembled and the seas heaved as dark and light waged a mystical battle. As night came, the stars obscured by flickering witchlights and coronas of magical energy, the Witch King and his coven exerted the last of their strength. It was then, at the very moment that the Great Vortex began to fail, that a new power entered the contest. Freed from their long stasis, Caledor Dragontamer and his trapped mages returned to the realm of the living. Instantly realising Ulthuan's peril, they added their own incantations to that of the Phoenix King's wizards, and with a colossal release of magical energy, they dragged the vortex into place once more.

The backlash tore Ulthuan asunder. A tidal wave a thousand feet high crashed upon the northern coasts, engulfing Nagarythe and Tiranoc. Cities were washed away and countless thousands perished. As the deluge swept down upon Nagarythe, the Witch King's followers used the last of their sorcerous power to ride out the storm. Energised with dark magic, their black citadels broke free and rose upon the frothing waves. Malekith's plan had failed and his energy was spent; his kingdom lay beneath the waves and his army was all but destroyed. Upon the floating castles of Nagarythe – the Black Arks, as they would be called in later years – the Witch King and his minions fled the wrath of the cataclysm they had unleashed. North and west they travelled, across the churning seas, to the desolate wilderness of Naggaroth.



THE AGE OF RESTLESS SPITE

III) 1 - 2032 (Imperial Calendar -2723 to -692)

No longer was there a single race of Elves; the civil war had wrought divisions that could never be healed. Now the High Elves of Ulthuan and the Dark Elf exiles were two distinct peoples, united only by their enmity.

Malekith's fleet sailed westwards for many weeks, through driving rain, howling wind and waves like mountains. Ever towards the sunset, Malekith led his people – towards the dark and welcoming night. In the uttermost westward reaches of the Sea of Malice, in the freezing shadows of the jagged Iron Mountains, the Black Arks of Nagarythe finally halted. There, in that desolate land, Malekith declared he would recreate the glories of Aenarion's reign and build a capital to put the greatest cities of Ulthuan to shame.

THE FOUNDING OF NAGGAROND

The Black Ark that had once been Malekith's castle beached itself upon the stony shore, fusing with the slate and iron-rich rocks of the foothills bordering the water. The Witch King soon realised that if his people were to make a kingdom in the west, they would need a workforce to build it for them – the Dark Elves were warriors all, with no appetite for toil. Knowing that the High Elves would sooner fight to the death than be taken slaves, Dark Elf slaver ships journeyed further east, returning with holds filled with primitive humans, who were put to work raising the towers and walls of Malekith's new fortress. The Witch King named this place Naggarond, and its dark

spires towered high over the growing pirate port that nestled in its black shadow.

With his capital established, Malekith loosed his armies and fleets on Ulthuan, but Caledor once again proved himself the cannier general. Though it took nearly two thousand years and cost them dear, the High Elves repulsed the invasion. The Dark Elves were driven from what was left of their ancient homeland. Caledor did not live long enough to enjoy his victory, however. As the Phoenix King sailed home to Lothorn, Morathi called down a storm that scattered his fleet; Caledor's vessel was sent far off course. Guided by sorcery, Malekith's pirates swiftly intercepted and boarded the Phoenix King's flagship. Knowing their intent was to capture him and take him as a prize, Caledor cast himself into the sea in his full armour, thus escaping Malekith's torturous revenge.

The next few centuries saw the Dark Elves focus their efforts inward. New cities were founded and fortresses raised. As Naggaroth healed from the wounds of war, the pleasure cults too grew in popularity, and none more so than those of Khaine, Lord of Murder. The fumes from their pyres swathed the cities and bloodthirsty mobs ran rampant through the streets, killing and maiming with wild abandon. Rather than quell these excesses, Malekith sought to turn this devotion to his own ends. Thus, he proclaimed himself a mortal incarnation of Khaine, and soon rejoiced as the cultists flocked to his banner.

Meanwhile, in the new world across the oceans, the High Elves were also growing in might. Under Caledor II, their colonies prospered as never before, and their friendship with the Dwarfs went from strength to strength. Fearing an alliance between the two races, the Witch King unleashed his Black Ark Corsairs. Disguised as warriors of Ulthuan and guided by maps made by Malekith when he was the Dwarfs' most trusted ally, the raiders wrought havoc upon the merchant convoys. As each fresh atrocity saw stolen wealth flow into the Witch King's coffers, the folk of Ulthuan took the blame for the deeds of their sinister kin. Under this provocation, the High Elves and Dwarfs grew ever more distrustful of one another, and finally – propelled by stubbornness on both sides – they went to war. For centuries, the might of Ulthuan and the Dwarfs were pitched against each other, both parties little aware of the boundless mirth and celebration this provoked in Naggaroth. As despair and death engulfed the realms of Dwarfs and High Elves, the people of the Witch King prospered like never before.

Events finally took a turn that Malekith saw as the sign to renew his campaign against Ulthuan. Spies reported that the Phoenix King was departing his homeland to personally oversee the war with the Dwarfs. Never had Ulthuan been more vulnerable – its garrisons had been all but stripped of fighters, and its best generals lay dead or had been disgraced. Malekith sent his Dark Riders to every city in Naggaroth, and recalled the greater part of the Naggarothi fleets. Every Black Ark returned to the Sea of Malice and an army, the likes of which had not been seen for five centuries, was loosed in the cause of invasion.

ANCIENT TRADITIONS

Dark Elf society is rigidly structured, its titles and positions stemming from the ancient traditions of pre-Sundering Nagarythe. New ranks and honours are created only on the rarest occasions, and most of those are abolished at Malekith's decree as soon as he hears of them. For the Witch King to do otherwise would suggest that the royal traditions of Nagarythe were somehow flawed, and if there is one truth closer to Malekith's black heart than any other, it is that the Nagarythe of old was a realm beyond all reproach.

This underlying order goes entirely unnoticed by those few outsiders who glimpse the inner workings of Naggaroth. Seeing the constant stream of politicking, disgrace, betrayal and assassination, they confuse an attack upon the person holding a particular position with an attack upon the position itself. Yet no Dark Elf wishes to see these ancient titles cast down, for there is no more effective way of measuring one's worth than by reckoning the minions that grovel below and the fools who preen above.

Any noble could easily carve out an entirely new fiefdom in the blasted landscape of Naggaroth. That none of them do so is because such achievement would never bestow the same status as rising to high rank in one of the great cities. Worse, it would be taken as an acknowledgement of weakness by those the Dreadlord seeks to call his peers, and weakness is seldom tolerated long in Naggaroth.

ANLEC REBUILT

As the Dark Elf armada crossed the Sea of Chill, ships from the east brought news of the Phoenix King's death. The Witch King was greatly concerned by this – with the incompetent Caledor II ruling Ulthuan, Malekith had been confident of success. Were another king with Caledor the First's steel chosen, a swift victory would be impossible.

Hastened by this news, the Dark Elves landed amongst the ruins of Nagarythe and set about restoring Aenarion's great palace of Anlec. With many thousands of slaves labouring beneath the cruel whips of their overseers, ramparts and bastions were swiftly raised around the foundations of the Black Arks. Upon the site of the old throne room, Malekith raised his flag in proclamation that Aenarion's heir had returned. As slaves strove to erect a new palace to the Witch King's glory, Malekith threw the might of his army against the sparse defenders of Griffon Gate. Alas, for all the strength of the Dark Elf host, such was the cunning artifice of the fortifications and the resolution of the High Elves that Malekith's army could not breach the defences.

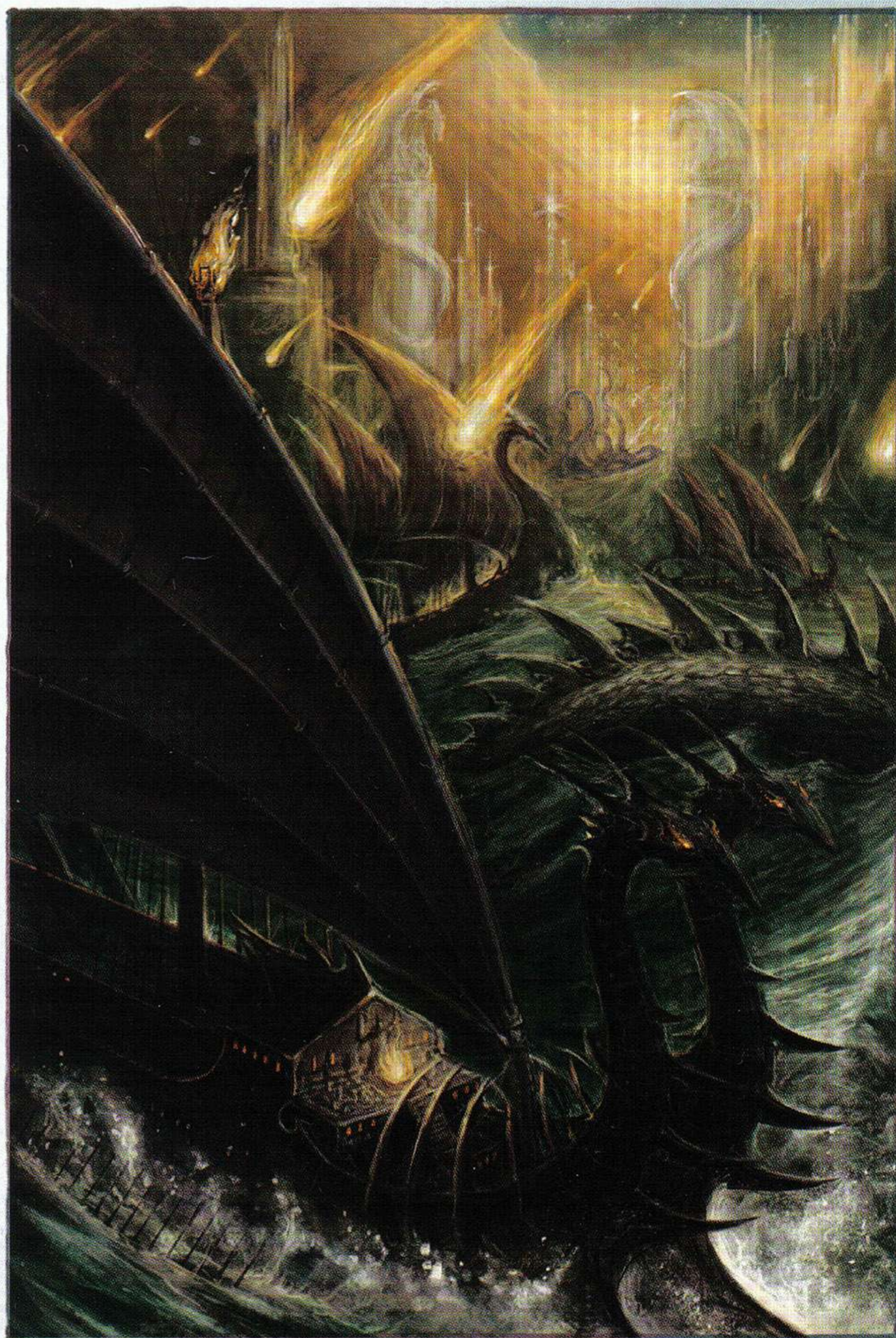
Faced with a rekindled war, the princes of Ulthuan swiftly chose Caradryel, Prince of Yvresse, as the new king. His first decree was to recall all loyal Elves to Ulthuan's defence. As reinforcements rushed back to their homeland, the Phoenix King instituted a system of rotating garrisons that ensured that the fortresses across the Annulii Mountains were always fully defended. The Dark Elves could afford no such luxury, and so were always fatigued and demoralised, while their enemies ever seemed fresh and prepared.

THE WRATH OF TETHLIS

Caradryel was no soldier, but the war with the Dwarfs had given rise to many great leaders and it was to these Elves that the Phoenix King gave command of his armies. Of these generals, the most gifted was Prince Tethlis, and it was he who finally routed the Dark Elves from their siege of Griffon Gate. Malekith became incensed when he heard of this defeat, and marched to confront Tethlis' host. This time, it was Tethlis' turn to retreat. The Dark Elves advanced without pause, fearing nothing save their master's wrath, and the High Elves fell back in disarray before the massed ranks of Cold One Knights and Chariots.

This sequence of attack and counter-attack would be the pattern for many centuries to come. Whilst Tethlis proved unable to drive the Dark Elves from Anlec, the Witch King met with an equal lack of success each time his own armies marched from the Shadowlands. Despite the best efforts of Malekith's Assassins to hasten his demise, Caradryel reigned for just over six centuries and ultimately died of old age. Worse still, after Caradryel's death, Malekith's spies reported that Tethlis had ascended to the Phoenix Throne.

The Witch King knew this boded ill for his desire to claim Ulthuan. Tethlis had the tenacity and military verve of Caledor I, who had thwarted Malekith's ambitions so many years before. The Witch King's predictions were soon proved correct. The armies of Tethlis were more disciplined and coordinated than any that had come before. Formally trained in their towns and cities, these soldiers fought for their homes and out of love for their king. Little by little, the Dark Elves were driven back through the Shadowlands.



For all his guile and sorcerous power, there was nothing the Witch King could do to halt the tide of High Elves pouring into Nagarythe. With vexed wrath, he abandoned his beloved Anlec and made for the sanctuary of the Blighted Isle. Left empty, mighty Anlec was destroyed by Tethlis' army, every tower razed from existence by fire and magic. Still not content with driving the Witch King and his armies from the mainland, Tethlis pressed onwards to the Blighted Isle, and there, along its shore, was fought one of the bloodiest battles in Ulthuan's history. Amidst the thrashing of sea creatures and red-flecked waves, the High Elves and Dark Elves hacked at each other with desperate fury. The Dark Elves fought to protect their final foothold, but the High Elves fought seeking vengeance for their fallen kin. In the end, sensing that not even his personal attention could hold back the vengeful advance, Malekith abandoned the Blighted Isle and ordered his fleet back to Naggaroth.

Tethlis had reclaimed the Blighted Isle, but he would not live to enjoy his victory. Shortly after, he beheld the Widowmaker at the Shrine of Khaine. He perished in that hour, though none can say for certain if his death came at the hands of one of the Witch King's Assassins, or those of his own bodyguard, who feared he would draw the cursed weapon and bring about a new age of darkness. With Tethlis' death, the High Elves' last remaining desire for war was quenched. They had burnt their own lands and seen their people slaughtered; they could stomach no more battle. For his part, the Witch King knew his armies were broken, their fighting spirit spent, and so the Dark Elves returned to Naggaroth to rebuild their strength. Born in blood and the clamour of war, an Age of Hateful Peace descended.

THE AGE OF HATEFUL PEACE

IV) 1 - 1816 (Imperial Calendar -692 to 1123)

With Tethlis' death, a time of relative peace came between the realms of Ulthuan and Naggaroth. In Naggaroth, the survivors of Tethlis' war brooded over their defeat. The fleet commanders willing to dare the High Elf patrols to the east were few and raiding ships slipped away and returned as sole hunters, unable to gather in great strength and repeat the mighty invasions of the past.

Wary of any threat that might prove the fatal blow to their wounded pride and lead to rebellion, the Witch King turned all his resources to consolidating the strength of Naggaroth. At Malekith's command, the defences of the great cities were reinforced and raised even higher than before. Yet for all his intent upon rebuilding the power of the Dark Elves, Malekith never truly turned his gaze from Ulthuan. As time passed, the Witch King sensed a growing weakness in the hearts of the High Elves, a softening of their souls as generations passed and the bloody battles of the past slipped from living memory. This was a failing the Witch King sought to exploit – but not through outright war, for his own armies needed time to husband their strength.

At Morathi's suggestion, Malekith heaped luxuries upon the most dedicated followers of the Dark Elves' gods. From amongst the ranks of these fervent worshippers, the most devoted were sent to learn the arts of subterfuge, sabotage and murder from the Assassins of Khaine. When ready, these agents travelled, one at a time by hidden routes, to the shores of Ulthuan. They blended in with the High Elves and assumed normal lives as carpenters and smiths, farmers and poets. All the while, they spread their poisonous beliefs, and the ancient cults of pleasure grew again. By the time the Phoenix Crown passed from Bel-Korhadris to Aethis, the heart of Ulthuan harboured a dark canker.

THE FATE OF THE BODY

When a Dark Elf dies, his fellows seldom care for the empty shell he leaves behind. Weakness is despised in Naggaroth, and it is a rare individual whose death cannot be attributed in some way to a frailty of body or paucity of resolve.

Of course, there are exceptions. For all the Dark Elves' callous and hard-bitten ways, bonds of genuine friendship and admiration do exist in Naggaroth (though the latter is often a wary acceptance of a rival's ability). Such bonds are carefully concealed lest they be seen as weakness. They nevertheless ensure that some individuals are thought well enough of to earn eternal repose in an obsidian sepulchre, rather than suffer a brief and bloody tenure as fodder for Harpies and Cold Ones. Even bitter rivals may be accorded this honour. Nothing reinforces a Dark Elf's sense of superiority (and security) quite so much as knowing not only that his enemy has perished, but also where the body is buried, should he wish to view it. Even the Witch King is not immune to the lure of such reassurance; thus is the concourse approaching the Black Tower lined with mausolea containing the mouldering remains of those Dreadlords who thought to take Malekith's throne for themselves.

MALEKITH WANES

Even as the Dark Elf presence in Ulthuan strengthened, Malekith faded. Unbeknownst to the Witch King, the same ennui that had beset his hated cousins had now wormed its way into his own black heart. He believed himself merely to be waiting for his plans to come to fruition, biding his time until the opportune moment. The truth was that Malekith, master of deception, deceived only himself. His body was immortal, but his soul was weary – without the continual challenge of Ulthuan's armies and the provocation of its upstart rulers, his spirit had dulled.

As was ever the case, that which was not clear to the Witch King shone darkly to the eyes of his mother. Morathi watched with mounting bitterness as Malekith withdrew from the world. She sacrificed daily to Khaine, so that he might grant Malekith fresh vigour. When this did not work, she instigated rebellion in the northern city of Har Kaldra, in the hope it would provoke her son to action. When news of the revolt reached Malekith, he flew into a splendid rage and obliterated the rebellious citadel and all within its walls. For a time, Morathi rejoiced, as it seemed that Malekith's former vigour had been returned to him. Alas, this resurgence proved to be only temporary. In response, Morathi's own mood darkened further – but things were soon to get worse.

A year after the ruin of Har Kaldra, a messenger from far-off Athel Loren arrived in Naggarond. His name was Hrothar the Wind Lord, and he bore news that roused the Witch King from contemplation. When Malekith's wife, Allisara, had fled him so many centuries before, she had eventually found her way to Athel Loren. Within its timeless bounds, she built a new life, but slowly came to regret her abandonment. Though the Wood Elves were isolated from much of what passed in Ulthuan and Naggaroth, little by little, Allisara had learned that her visions had indeed come true. She was now consumed with guilt and grief, Hrothar said, and would return to Malekith's side, if he so wished it. This news awoke a glimmer of warmth in Malekith's cold heart. Thus, when Hrothar returned to Athel Loren, he did so to arrange Allisara's return. The Elves of Athel Loren – who had by now come to accept Allisara as one of their own – pledged an escort of many hundreds of warriors, in order that she would be brought safe to Naggaroth.

Malekith tried to keep Allisara's return from his mother's spies, but laboured in vain. The Hag Sorceress swore that Allisara would never reach Naggaroth's shores, for her presence would only serve to further weaken Malekith's ebbing resolve. Yet even Morathi dared not flout her son's wishes openly, and thus she set in motion other plans. Travelling to Ulthuan in disguise, she englamoured Prince Valedor, a warrior whose life had been shredded by the intrigues at Aethis' court. Driven mad by disgrace, Valedor was easily led to believe that Allisara's escort was provided by a forgotten Elven nation that had thrown in its lot with the Dark Elves. Thus did Valedor's army bring Allisara's escort to battle upon the shores of Bretonnia. Many Elves died that day, and not one of them truly knew the cause for which they fought. Allisara was the last to perish in that battle, run through by Valedor's spear. As her lifeblood touched

the prince's hands, the madness finally fell from his eyes. Haunted by despair, Valedor cast himself from the bluff into the churning waters below.

THE WITCH KING RENEWED

It was weeks before any in Naggaroth learned of Allisara's fate, and longer still before the news reached Malekith, for none had the courage to lay it before him. In the end, it was Morathi – her jubilation hidden carefully beneath an icy mask – who spoke of Allisara's fate. The Hag Sorceress watched with delight as the last spark of warmth in her son's heart died forever, and his growing rage burnt away the cloak of apathy that had hung so heavy about his shoulders. By dusk, Malekith had convened a council of war. By midnight, eight of the council were dead, and the rest in fear of their lives. It transpired that many of the Naggarothi lords had believed that Malekith's lethargy heralded an opportunity for a new ruler to ascend – thus they had squandered their strength, and that of their armies, against one another. The Witch King's retribution was swift and uncompromising. Noble houses were wiped out overnight, their sons and daughters slain by Assassins. Those who survived knew full well that they did so only at the Witch King's command, and hurriedly set about rebuilding his armies.

Lacking the forces to attempt a new invasion, Malekith knew that the time had arrived to unleash his agents. There would not be a better moment to strike, for Phoenix King Aethis was a weak-willed aesthete, with little thought to spare for his nation's security. As Aethis' reign progressed, the arts rose in prominence, and under the cover of this societal change, Malekith's cults expanded swiftly and struck without warning. Nobles were found slain in their beds, mages disappeared from their towers and children vanished by the score. Panic swept through Ulthuan as the crimes grew in boldness and horror.

Although Malekith's infiltrators were wreaking havoc, they were not unopposed. When Bel-Korhadris had built the White Tower of Hoeth, he had founded a company of mystical guardians to protect it – the Swordmasters. Unknown to the Phoenix King or to Malekith, the Swordmasters were waging a silent war against the pleasure cults. The conflict came to a climax in Lothorn itself, when fighting between Naggarothi agents and the Swordmasters spilled onto the streets of the city. Forced to abandon some of their bolder plans by the Swordmasters' relentless persecution, the cults of excess faded back into High Elf society and continued their work in secret.

Even as cultists were uncovered and executed, more agents were dispatched from Naggaroth to swell the ranks of the cults that remained or even found new ones. This infiltration reached fruition when one of Malekith's most trusted agents, Girathon, acquired the position of chancellor to the Phoenix King, from where he subverted many of Aethis' commands. By the time Girathon's deception was uncovered, it was too late. The Phoenix King was dead – acting on Malekith's orders, Girathon had choked the life from Aethis with one of the golden silk scarves the monarch had so adored.

Soon after Aethis' passing, the Witch King finally discovered Morathi's role in Allisara's death. Consumed by rage, he commanded that she be imprisoned in the deepest

of dungeons. For nearly a year, Morathi languished as Malekith contemplated her fate. Finally, she was forced to kneel before the Witch King's throne, wretched but unrepentant. For a long moment, Malekith watched his mother in silence, but he then spoke in measured tones. She would see no further punishment for her deeds, the Witch King decreed, for he now saw that Allisara's death had only made him stronger. He would grant forgiveness this once, he said, but he also counselled his mother that he would not tolerate a second attempt to meddle with his destiny. It was well for the Hag Sorceress that the Witch King did not glimpse her face as she stalked from his throne room, for her knowing smile could only have made him doubt the wisdom of his clemency.

THE DAY OF BLOOD

With Aethis' passing, rule of Ulthuan passed to Morvael, who would be known to history as the Impetuous. Outraged by the actions of Malekith's agents, Morvael hastily gathered a war fleet and sent it to Naggaroth to exact revenge for Aethis' murder. However, the Sorceresses of Ghroind foresaw the invasion and sent warning south to Naggarond. By now, the Witch King's armies were returned to full splendour, and he led them against the High Elf host even as it landed at Arnheim. Outnumbered and ill-prepared, the High Elves were slaughtered. As the survivors fled eastwards on waters turned crimson by the blood of their fallen comrades, the Witch King drew plans for a new invasion of Ulthuan. The Age of Hateful Peace was ended. The Age of Blood was about to begin.



THE AGE OF BLOOD

V) 1-381 (Imperial Calendar 1123 to 1503)

When the Witch King launched his new invasion of Ulthuan, his first act was to rebuild the fortress of Anlec. Black stone was brought from the quarries of Naggaroth, and with it, mighty walls and towers were raised. Though lacking the sheer size and grandeur of its previous incarnations, this new Anlec was nonetheless a formidable fortress. More importantly, it was a secure base from which Dark Elf armies could once more besiege Griffon Gate.

As the Dark Elves rampaged across Nagarythe, the Phoenix King Morvael mustered what troops he could. With so many warriors lost in the attack on Naggaroth, he was forced to institute a system of militia levies to reinforce his armies. When news of this development reached Malekith, he scorned these new troops, dismissing them as cowards and peasants ill-suited to the warrior's mantle. And so it proved at first – though Griffon Gate held the dark tide of Naggarothi at bay, its defenders owed success to their steadfast determination and the fortress' cunning design more than to their own skill at arms.

The bloody months of the siege ground on into years, and still neither side could find advantage. Though initially frustrated that his attack had stalled, the Witch King soon grew sanguine – even amused – by the situation. His armies could not break through to the heartlands of Ulthuan, but his merciless warriors were slowly grinding the inexperienced

High Elf militias to offal for little loss in return. Before long, the Witch King felt sure, the walls of Griffon Gate would empty, and Ulthuan would be at his mercy. Malekith had another reason to be confident – each night, he visited nightmares upon the Phoenix King, testing Morvael's sanity with visions of Ulthuan drowned in blood. Season by season, the Phoenix King's dreams became darker and ever more disturbing, and he was soon wracked by them even by day.

In desperation, Morvael emptied his treasuries to rebuild the High Elf fleet. The resurgent High Elf navy swiftly made its presence known, severing the supply routes from Naggaroth to Anlec. Malekith responded by launching the greatest attack yet on the Griffon Gate. This time, the Witch King himself led the assault parties. With sword and sorcery, he swept the defenders from the ramparts of Griffon Gate and breached the outer walls – only the central keep remained inviolate. In that hour, the fortress could have fallen, but the Dark Elf forces were scattered, and many were distracted by the cruel pleasures they were inflicting on the prisoners taken as the walls were overrun. Then, during its hour of greatest need, Mentheus of Caledor reached Griffon Gate with a relief host, breaking the army of Naggaroth. Though Malekith raged, he could not rally his forces swiftly enough, and they were forced from the fortress by Mentheus' spears.

Over the decades that followed, sporadic fighting between the Dark Elves and High Elves rippled across the Shadowlands. Unable to muster the supplies for an outright battle, Malekith was forced into a strategy of ambushes and raiding – a poor duty for an army of such magnificence. Worse, the long years of war slowly transformed Ulthuan's inexperienced citizen levies into regiments just as hard-bitten and determined as the Dark Elves they fought.

Eventually, after more than three centuries of bloodshed, Mentheus' army succeeded in pushing back the hosts of the Witch King to the gates of Anlec itself. That final battle raged for weeks, and the moments of respite were as rare as they were fleeting. Once again, the Witch King took personal command of the fighting, and none amongst the High Elf host suffered as greatly as those who opposed his blade. In the final assault, Mentheus was slain by a bolt thrower, and his Dragon, Nightfang, went berserk. The beast wrought great ruin on both the Dark Elf army and Anlec itself before finally succumbing to its wounds. With Anlec cracked, Malekith was forced to quit Nagarythe once again, his bitterness and rage greater than ever. On his return to Naggaroth, the Witch King ordered the execution of the admirals who had so pitifully failed to breach the High Elf blockade. It was many long weeks before any save Morathi dared speak with him.

The Witch King did have one final revenge. Even as the towers of Anlec fell, Morvael finally succumbed to despair, and committed suicide by throwing himself into the sacred flames of Asuryan. Seven Phoenix Kings had now died, and Malekith had seen them all pass, his life sustained by dark energies. The Witch King vowed that he would survive to see the last of the Phoenix Kings perish, even if he had to wait until the end of all things.



THE AGE OF GLORIOUS TORMENT

VI) 1 - 798 (Imperial Calendar 1503 to 2300)

Malekith now turned his gaze from Ulthuan, and set his sights on the wider world. It had increasingly come to his attention that the globe was now home to many ascendant powers, and he determined that their wealth would be seized and harnessed to the Witch King's cause.

Thus did Malekith decree the Age of Glorious Torment to have begun. He bade the Dreadlords of Naggaroth take ship about the globe, sowing terror wherever they might. Competition amongst the noble families of Naggaroth fuelled a massive expansion of the raiding fleets. Any Dark Elf with the right blend of determination, bravery and ruthlessness could make his or her fortune fighting on distant shores. Even Malekith was not immune to wanderlust's lure. At the head of a black fleet, he travelled the far reaches of the world, wreaking ruin and bringing dismay wherever he went.



The sleek and sinister Dark Elf raiding vessels soon became feared across the world. Each dawn, black-hulled vessels slipped their moorings at Arnheim, Kannaroth and Padrahan, only to return weeks later, holds laden with slaves, treasures and the wealth of distant lands. Ports were burned across the length and breadth of Bretonnia, the inhabitants put to the sword by scale-cloaked raiders or offered in ritualistic blood-sacrifice. Famously, Duke Bastintaal of L'Anguille returned from crusade to discover his castle stripped of its finery, every chamber knee-deep in congealing blood, and the dismembered body parts of his household strung from finial and architrave. Tilean dukes paid massive ransoms in order to guarantee their cities' safety, then died alongside their subjects as the Dark Elves reneged. Elsewhere, the great temple-cities of the southern continent were defiled, and their timeless treasures ransacked.

As the wealth of barbaric lands flooded into the Witch King's treasury, the Dark Elf fleets expanded once again, ultimately eclipsing the all but forgotten glories of yore. At Malekith's command, they recommenced their raids upon Ulthuan's shores, wreaking whatever woe they could. Advantage was also sought in subtler ways: Dark Elf ships shadowed Ulthuan's merchant vessels as they plied their trade, learning the location of the High Elves' closest allies. This information in turn allowed the Dark Elves to infiltrate the courts of such realms. Some they struck bargains with, others they set about undermining in order to deny aid to the High Elves in the war that was sure to come.

Over the course of centuries, many realms experienced both the cold embrace and the wicked betrayal of Dark Elf diplomacy. Yet few who had been bloodied by Malekith's claws were entirely reluctant to welcome him as ally afterward. Bitterness had done little to dull the Dark Elves' allure. When they wished it, the Witch King's ambassadors

could speak charmingly enough to soothe even the rawest of grudges, and they were wealthy enough to awaken the most closely guarded avarice. It helped also that Malekith's emissaries were steeped in the most sinful and hidden of desires, and they used this knowledge to unlock many a heart that would otherwise have been fixed against them. Only in Athel Loren did their honeyed words fall upon deaf ears. The Wood Elves listened politely for a time, then bade the Dark Elves leave, and never return.

Malekith watched with grim pleasure as the tendrils of Dark Elf influence spread across the globe. By this time, the Witch King had so many informers and cat's paws in other lands that he often received word of a High Elf fleet arriving at its destination before the Phoenix King did. Better still, with but a careful stroke of his puppets' strings, Malekith could assail his hated foes with the armies and fleets of other lands, with his involvement secret to all but a few easily disposed-of pawns. For more than two hundred years, the Witch King revelled in this new method of war. Indeed, so much cruel delight did these manipulations elicit, that Malekith could well have continued upon this path for many centuries more, had his spies not brought unwelcome tidings: despite their woes, the High Elves had not lost heart. If anything, Finubar the Seafarer, the newly crowned Phoenix King, had succeeded in uniting his people to a degree unseen since the days of Aenarion.

This indeed was news that could not be borne. Summoning Morathi and his closest councillors to his side, the Witch King swept from his throne room and into the storm-wracked night. It was time for the armies of Naggaroth to vent their full fury upon Ulthuan once more – the Age of Vengeance had begun...

THE FATE OF THE SPIRIT

The Elves are cursed to have their souls devoured by Slaanesh when their mortal bodies perish. The High Elves and the Wood Elves have taken precautions to guard against this fate, sealing their spirits away in waystones and elemental creatures. The Dark Elves, however, have no such defence against the Dark Prince. They are more than capable of devising one, but refuse to surrender their being to such a half-life of dulled senses and diminished sensation. The knowledge that naught but oblivion awaits in the end only spurs the Naggarothi to a wilder and more callous existence, for they believe a life lived without limitations or censure is their only compensation.

This is not to say that all Dark Elf souls meet their end as ambrosia for thirsting Slaanesh. A few are delivered by the intercession of other gods. Ereth Khial, the Pale Queen, is always eager to acquire Elves to slave for her in the Underworld, and sends her winged servants to steal souls whilst the Dark Prince's attentions are elsewhere. Other damned souls are occasionally rescued by Loec, the Trickster, who engages Slaanesh in contests of chance, and then cheats to seize the prize. Such interventions are rare, but frequent enough to kindle some hope of salvation.

THE AGE OF VENGEANCE

VII, 1 The War of Vengeance

Scarcely had the Witch King declared the Age of Vengeance, and a new assault on Ulthuan, when a vast horde of northlanders attacked out of the Chaos Wastes. Many amongst Malekith's court counselled that he abandon the invasion, but the Witch King had other plans. For some time, he had been concerned that his armies might not be sufficient to break Ulthuan, yet his pride would not allow postponement of the attack. Now, where others feared a war on two fronts, Malekith saw only opportunity and sent Morathi northward as emissary. To the invading chieftains, the Hag Sorceress brought gold, slaves and pleasures too numerous to name. Her flesh crawled every moment she spent in their crude company, but she kept her revulsion closely guarded. Englamoured by Morathi's beauty, and ensnared by the gifts she bestowed, the warlords of the north cast aside their ambitions to ransack Naggaroth, and allied with the Witch King.



When the Dark Elves took ship to Ulthuan, they did so alongside a host nearly as great as their own. Black Arks beached across Nagarythe and black-bannered hosts swiftly besieged and overwhelmed the defences of Phoenix Gate and Griffon Gate. While the fur-clad Northmen sated their desire for carnage in the lands of Ellyrion, Tiranoc and Chrace, Malekith led his own host deep into the sacred forests of Avelorn.

Ancient groves burned with dark fire as the Witch King's host pressed onward in search of the Everqueen. The Witch King sought Alarielle's death more than that of any other, for he knew it would spread unquenchable dismay. Thousands of High Elves were slaughtered in battle, or else cast onto sacrificial pyres in praise to Khaine and Anath Raema, yet the Everqueen evaded the Witch King's gaze. Too late, Malekith learned she had escaped his onslaught – rescued by the upstart Prince Tyrion.

Furious, Malekith drove his armies all the harder. His generals, eager to outdo one another and so gain their lord's favour, loosed a tide of bloodletting and destruction not seen for thousands of years. Soon, all of Ulthuan was ablaze. Only at Lothorn and the Tower of Hoeth were the Dark Elf armies checked in their advance. The Witch King cared not for these bastions of resistance, but gloried in the carnage wrought at his command. The one blight upon Malekith's triumph was the knowledge that the Everqueen remained at liberty, having somehow evaded all who sought her. Losing patience, the Witch King loosed four of his deadliest Assassins, promising boundless wealth in exchange for the Everqueen's death. Ulthuan's destruction now seemed only a matter of time.

VII, 2 The Battle of Finuval Plain

Upon receiving news that his chosen Assassins had failed to slay the Everqueen, Malekith now resorted to desperate measures. Through unholy pacts of blood and depravity, he made a bargain with N'kari, foremost amongst Slaanesh's Greater Daemons. The Witch King had little desire to do such a thing, for even an immortal Elf had no wish to draw the Dark Prince's gaze, but he rightly perceived that the Everqueen and her protector were beyond the abilities of his mortal servants. N'kari readily agreed to the Witch King's terms. The soul of an Everqueen was a sweetmeat to be valued beyond all others, and the Daemon had long sought revenge on Tyrion for an ignominious defeat some years earlier. As the Daemon departed upon his hunt, the Witch King felt a chill cross his heart, and questioned, too late, the wisdom of his bargain.

In the following weeks, Malekith strove to drown his doubts in blood. The fortress of Tindalor he assailed with Dark Magic, and he watched with satisfaction as demonic tentacles tore the citadel apart stone by stone. In Eataine, he watched as Kouran led the Black Guard to storm the temple of Lileath and fed its priestesses to voracious War Hydras. The Witch King personally captured Adran, High Commander of Caledor, and oversaw his sacrifice to dread Hekarti. But through it all, Malekith was ill at ease – never had he been so close to ultimate victory, yet countless defeats had made him distrustful of beneficent fate. When voices upon the Winds of Magic brought news that N'kari had been banished, the Witch King took it as an omen that his invasion was in jeopardy.

In that moment, Malekith was torn. Rage and hatred exhorted him to press on, to ignore the Everqueen's perplexing survival and obliterate his accursed kin. Yet the Witch King was wiser and more calculating than when he had last brought war to Ulthuan. If this was not to be his predestined hour of revenge, then so be it – but he swore the unfolding events would serve his cause, nonetheless. In the following weeks, the Witch King arranged for his most loyal generals and their troops to take ship back to Naggaroth. He took pains to conceal their departure, though those Dark Elves who remained on Ulthuan were so drunk with slaughter that such measures were scarcely necessary.

So it was that, when the High Elves marshalled their remaining strength at the Battle of Finuval Plain, they faced a dark host less than half the size of that which had first invaded Ulthuan. Though the Witch King led the army – his pride would not allow otherwise – it by now contained only a few thousand of his hand-picked warriors. Nearly a quarter of his host were Warriors of Chaos, the battle-scarred survivors of the invasion who now flocked to Malekith's banner and the promise of glory. The remainder were Dark Elves, but the soldiery of Dreadlords who had fallen from Malekith's favour, and were therefore considered just as expendable as the primitives who fought beside them. At the head of the Dark Elf assault rode Urian Poisonblade – the Witch King's champion.

The two armies clashed like a tide of black engulfing a white rock. Poisonblade cut down a score of Elven heroes as he sought out Prince Tyrion, who in turn claimed dozens of Dark Elf lives with his runeblade, Sunfang. Malekith channelled ungodly energies to bring down fire and ruin upon his foes whilst wrestling with Teclis' counterspells. Daemons howled and gibbered as the titanic magical forces opened breaches into the Realm of Chaos, while upon the field, Dark Elf and High Elf blood matted the grass and transformed the ground into a crimson quagmire.

Many leagues distant, Morathi watched the unfolding battle through her enchanted mirror. Malekith had striven to keep his scheme from her eyes but, as ever, could have spared his efforts. Even the Hag Sorceress knew not why the battle enraptured her so. There was a certain joy to watching the besotted Northmen sacrifice themselves in her name, and an undeniable satisfaction in knowing she would never again keep their company – but neither of these could fully explain why her eye was drawn hence. Then her gaze fell upon Poisonblade and his personal battle against some princeling. For the first time in many thousands of years, Morathi started with surprise. Impossible though it seemed, Poisonblade's foe was none other than Aenarion – a younger, less careworn Aenarion, perhaps, and one unmarked by the trials of long ago, but her beloved nonetheless.

The Hag Sorceress watched in horror as the princeling stumbled and Poisonblade's sword lanced out to land a killing blow. In that moment, Morathi did something she had not done for millennia – she panicked. Instinctively reaching out into the Winds of Magic, she gathered up her every iota of sorcerous power and crafted it into an enchantment that would cheat Poisonblade's strike. Utterly exhausted from the effort of channelling sorcery over such a distance, she watched with relief as Poisonblade's sword glanced off his opponent's armour, and with disinterest as the Dreadlord was skewered in return.

Meanwhile, on the Finuval Plain, the Witch King had more to concern himself with than Poisonblade's death. Thus far, Teclis' raw talent had given him the advantage, but Malekith had learned his black art over thousands of years, and he now brought the full weight of that experience to turn the tide. In that moment, however, Teclis called upon the power of his Moonstaff and unleashed a terrible curse. Realising his peril, Malekith turned all his art and power to deflecting the spell, but was too slow to divert it entirely. The bolt struck the Witch King and engulfed him with its energies. No ordinary curse, this magical blast awakened the vengeance of Asuryan that still lingered within Malekith's soul and had burnt within his breast for nearly five thousand years. The hideous burning of old raged anew through Malekith's body, searing his flesh and mind. Tormented by the god's judgement, the Witch King summoned the last of his power and hurled himself into the Realm of Chaos where Asuryan's vengeance could not follow.



With their lord seemingly destroyed, the Dark Elves retreated, leaving their erstwhile allies to fare however they could against the vengeful High Elves. Many Naggarothi abandoned their armour and weapons in the speed of their flight, and these the High Elves pursued mercilessly. Others maintained their discipline, or fought on out of sheer hate. Kouran Darkhand of the Black Guard led the core of Malekith's army to Nagarythe with a ruthless determination. Any who could not keep to his brutal pace was left to die in the dust. Three times, High Elf princes brought Kouran to battle, and three times he hacked their armies to red ruin, even though his own warriors were weary unto death. Yet these were small victories to set against a massive defeat. Malekith had preserved his finest warriors from destruction, but was now lost to the mortal world. Ulthuan was in ruins, but Naggaroth's future was far from certain...

VII, 3 The Year of Blades

Kouran returned to Naggarond to find the capital at war; Morathi imprisoned and no fewer than eight Dreadlords attempting to claim Malekith's seemingly vacant throne. However, Kouran refused to countenance such disloyalty. He decreed Malekith's Black Tower to be forbidden ground, and enforced the order with the blades of the Black Guard. Shortly thereafter, Morathi's agents contacted Kouran. They informed him that their mistress had gone willingly into confinement, rather than grant her foes the satisfaction of an execution. The Hag Sorceress now watched the current confusion with amusement. She was icily certain that the Witch King would return, but determined that Naggaroth would not tear itself apart in his absence. Morathi had a deep treasury, and her chains had not prevented her disbursing it to Naggarond's various Assassin cults. Prison bars could do little to restrain the Hag Sorceress' malice.

A month later, Kouran invited the eight vying Dreadlords into the Witch King's palace. They could bring whatever weapons they wished, he said, but must come alone. The Dreadlords passed through those black gates with paranoia burning bright, each bearing the scars of failed assassinations. They gathered in silence at the foot of Malekith's throne, before a huge banquet that none of them would touch for fear of poison. As the Dreadlords took their seats, Kouran spoke. It was entirely fit, he said, that the new ruler of the Dark Elves ascend only after proving his strength and determination. He went on to alert the pretenders to the fact that the room was now sealed, and would remain so until only one occupant remained alive. If he, Kouran, were that occupant, he would maintain the throne and the kingdom in preparation for Malekith's return — what another chose to do in the wake of victory, he cared not. At this, the pretenders took angrily to their feet, their quarrels with each other forgotten in the face of Kouran's arrogance. For his part, Kouran simply strode over to the Witch King's throne — taking care not to turn his back on the assemblage — and reclaimed his halberd, which he had left resting in shadow.

An hour later, the doors to the throne room were unbolted to allow the Captain of the Black Guard to exit the room. Behind him, Kouran left a chamber stained with blood and gore, yet he himself remained strangely unmarked, save for a scratch high upon his left cheek. That night, the Black Guard issued forth from the palace and flooded into the streets of Naggarond where they wrought great slaughter upon the families and supporters of the erstwhile pretenders. Kouran personally freed Morathi from captivity, and received incomparable reward in exchange.

For six months, Morathi and Kouran cleansed Naggarond. Hundreds of nobles were taken in chains to Har Ganeth or cast upon the sacrificial pyres. Only when every last conspirator had been routed out did Morathi head northward to Ghron, leaving Kouran to serve as regent to the empty throne.

VII, 40 The Battle of Tor Dranil

Following a string of great victories in the Season of Despair, Tullaris Dreadbringer led a force to the shores of Nagarythe. He sought to reclaim the Chalice of Khaine, lost thousands of years ago during Tethlis' destruction of Anlec. For Tullaris, this was a holy mission and could be accomplished only with Khaine's blessing. Dark Riders and Executioners roamed the hills, taking prisoners to sacrifice to the Lord of Murder. Rite by bloody rite, Khaine led Tullaris' army on a path of slaughter westward through the Nagarythe lowlands. Finally, Tullaris stood atop the Sundered Strand, but there Khaine's visions ceased.

After a further two weeks of fruitless searching, Tullaris' gorge was rising. Shadow Warriors had raided nightly, killing his warriors in twos and threes, and still the chalice would not be found. Now, even Tullaris' dread reputation could not contain his soldiers' discontent — twice in one evening he stilled dissent by decapitating those who questioned him. Finally, on the fifteenth night, the Dark Elves found their prize. Alas, that same eve, the Sundered Strand came under attack once more, not from Shadow Warriors this time, but from a glittering army under the command of the Princes Tyrion and Eldyr.

Chariots crashed into ranks of Witch Elves, but the adepts of Khaine cared not. Driven mad by the sight of their own blood, they hacked and clawed at the charioteers even as they died. Tullaris' Executioners counter-charged, their every draich-blow drawing fresh blood. Seeing the slaughter, Prince Eldyr of Tiranoc spurred his own chariot into the fray, his spear levelled at Tullaris' black heart. Ducking low under the spear, Tullaris cut upward with the First Draich, slicing effortlessly through the chariot's carriage and sweeping the prince from his fighting platform. Eldyr tried to clamber to his feet, but Tullaris sprang forward, hacking at the fallen prince with a madness borne of bloodlust. Eldyr was dead after the second blow — after the tenth, his corpse was unrecognisable. Seeing Eldyr fall, Tyrion let loose a bellow of rage and charged towards Tullaris.

Faced with a new threat, Tullaris ordered his warriors to form up behind the wall of dead and dying charioteers. It was in that moment that the Lord of Murder spoke to him, whispering through the blood that caked Tullaris head to foot. Khaine told his disciple to forget victory that day — reclaiming the chalice was all that mattered. The Lord of Murder commanded that Tullaris abandon his companions and return home with his prize. And so Tullaris did.

In the moments before Tyrion's charge struck home, Tullaris turned and left the battlefield. No Elf, neither High nor Dark, saw him go, for Khaine's battlelust clouded their sight. As Tullaris' ship slid unseen through the waves, he looked back to see Tyrion's army tear through his erstwhile companions. Khaine had fed well this day — that he had done so at the hands of the High Elves mattered not to Tullaris Dreadbringer.

VII, 76 The Ritual of Awakening

Employing every scintilla of artifice and sorcery, Morathi captured both Prince Tyrion and the Blighted Isle. Since Malekith's disappearance, the Hag Sorceress had become increasingly convinced that the young prince was as alike in character to his forbear as he was in form — his only failings were misplaced loyalty to Finubar and a dog-like infatuation with the harlot Everqueen. Aenarion, she felt sure, would have despised Ulthuan's rulers, and this led her to believe his rebirth to be incomplete. This, she could amend. If Malekith could no longer rule, Aenarion would do.

Morathi's scheme would not go unopposed, however. Teclis' mystic sight had made him aware of his brother's kidnap almost as soon as it had occurred. With the aid of Princess Eldyra, whose father had been one of Tyrion's closest comrades, the High Loremaster gathered an army and marched north. As the High Elves counter-attacked, Morathi gave command of the army to her (almost) trusted acolyte Lyssa Cruelblade, and began a ritual atop the Altar of Khaine. Blood flowed down the sides of the shrine as the Hag Sorceress sacrificed hundreds of slaves and dozens of her sorceresses to Khaine, imploring the Lord of Murder to restore her beloved's former glory.

Alas for Morathi, a traitor in her ranks — later suspected to have been in the employ of Crone Hellebron, who had no desire at all to see Aenarion return or Morathi's power increased — disrupted the ritual and loosed Tyrion's bonds. As the prince attempted to fight his way clear, the High Elves pierced Cruelblade's lines and fought their way to the dark pyramid. Even as the skeins of sorcery unravelled, Teclis and Eldyra led a charge to the shrine's summit. The battle was lost, Morathi realised, and with it her hopes of reclaiming Aenarion's shattered soul — at least for now. Before parting, she kissed Tyrion who, lost in surprise and revulsion, squandered any opportunity to slay her. Then, summoning faithful Sulephet to her side, Morathi took flight back to Ghron, leaving her followers to make whatever escape they could.

VII, 90 Plunder in the Jungle

Having spent much of a century fruitlessly searching for a sign of Malekith's survival, Morathi resolved to tempt Khaine's favour with uncommon gifts. Thus did she offer great reward to any who brought her unusual sacrifices from the Lustrian jungles. Naggaroth's nobility scrambled to fulfil the Hag Sorceress' wishes, for they had no illusions as to who would choose a new ruler should the Witch King prove lost forever.

So it was that ships beyond counting hastened to the Lustrian coast and the dense jungles of the interior. They launched with their decks crammed with ruthless warriors, and those few that returned did so with holds full of caged beasts. Skinks and Saurus Warriors were common prizes, rendered somnolent and docile by chill sorcery. As time wore on and competition flared, ever more daring raiders seized ever larger prey. Soon Coatl, Bastiladons, and even larger creatures fed Morathi's sacrifices — though after a Carnosaur ran bloody riot at the height of a ritual, destroying much of the temple in the process, the Hag Sorceress forbade another such beast be brought before her.

For twelve years, this went on. Thousands of Dark Elves perished to bring Morathi her treasures, but the sorceress had eyes only for Khaine and her desperate quest. Then, one dark night in the Season of Savagery,

Morathi offered up her greatest prize: a Slann Mage-Priest, seized from Tlanxla and lobotomised by an Assassin's dagger. As the bloated creature's lifeblood oozed out across the altar, the sky blazed with fire and the walls of Ghrond bled with daemonic ichor. The next day, Morathi ordered the Lustrian expeditions to cease. The Hag Sorceress had her answer — all she need do now was wait.

VII, 102 The Witch King's Return

Having wandered long through the Realm of Chaos, Malekith finally clawed his way back to the world of mortals. A patrol of Dark Riders discovered the Witch King's broken body in the shadow of the northern watchtowers, his armoured skin rent and torn. Morathi nursed her son for a year, pouring all of her vile magic and malice into his soul that it might see him restored. In the ranting of waking nightmares, the Witch King spoke of bone castles and forests of eyes.

When he awoke, Malekith's eyes burned with a new light. His raging anger was gone, replaced by a cold resolve. Morathi feared that some part of her son was still trapped in the world beyond the world, but the Witch King would not be drawn into discussion. The Hag Sorceress' only clue was a broken tip of Daemon-horn the Dark Riders had found at Malekith's side.

VII, 105 Vengeance Renewed

Finally recovered from his travails, the Witch King began drawing new plans for Ulthuan's destruction. Summoning his Corsair captains, he ordered them to focus their raids on the High Elves' far-flung colonies and those realms with which they traded.

VII, 108 The Fall of Tor Elasor

At the Witch King's command, Lokhir Fellheart led a great fleet of vessels against the far-flung High Elf colony of Tor Elasor. At dawn, the Black Arks Tower of Blessed Dread and Immortal Agony breached the shoreward walls with a barrage of sorcerous shot, allowing Corsairs to ransack the city beyond. Though the High Elves within fought valiantly, they could not match their attackers' ferocity. By the time dusk fell, Tor Elasor was a blood-wreathed ruin. Fellheart nailed its still-breathing warden, Prince Datherion, to the uppermost wall of the central keep. So swift had the attack been that no word escaped to reach Ulthuan. When Sea Lord Aislinn led a fleet to discover the cause of Tor Elasor's silence, he found the colony a charnel place of rotting flesh and rampant decay.

VII, 115 A Lineage Ended

Takon Draak, last noble scion of Har Kaldra, was finally hunted down and slain by Malekith's Assassins.





VII, 117 Sea Lord Aislinn's Downfall

After several weeks shadowing the Black Ark Tower of Blessed Dread through the Sea of Serpents, Sea Lord Aislinn signalled his fleet to attack. Alas for the admiral, his trap was not all he thought. Though Aislinn's mages could conceal the High Elf vessels from sight, they could not mask the telltale ripples they caused in wind and wave – to Lokhir Fellheart, they could scarcely have been more obvious had their ships been afire. So it was that as Aislinn's ships moved in for the kill, the great portal at the rear of the Black Ark burst into life. Sorcerous black fog flooded from its depths and slicked across the ocean, and with it came a dozen Doomreavers – iron-sided war towers bound to the scaled backs of gigantic Helldrakes.

Cries of warning rang out across the approaching Hawkships, and the swift vessels scattered – but Fellheart had timed his counter-attack perfectly. The three hindmost Hawkships were smashed apart by a hail of bolt thrower fire, and the hull of a fourth was snapped like matchwood by a Helldrake's tail. With a thin smile, Fellheart ordered the Tower of Blessed Dread to come about and engage Aislinn's flagship – the mighty Dragonship Kalendirian.

Aislinn should perhaps have broken off his attack at that point, but pride goaded him on. Ordering the Eagleship Isha's Mercy to battle the Doomreavers, he set the Kalendirian upon a broad arc intended to cross the Black Ark's bows and then loop abaft. As the Dragonship cut effortlessly through the water, Aislinn watched as the enchanted bolts of his Eagle Claws rained down against towers and battlements, unseating stones and shattering fortifications.

On the Tower of Blessed Dread, Fellheart laughed. Aislinn was a daring foe to bring his vessel in so close, but it would not save him. Upon the highest point of the Black Ark's central tower, a coven of Morathi's most skilled sorceresses awaited Fellheart's command. For days they had planned this moment, offering countless slaves in blood sacrifice to ensure Hekarti's favour. At Fellheart's signal, they reached into the roiling Winds of Magic, conjured a bladed cloud of crystallised hate, and sent it against the Kalendirian.

Across the water, the Dragonship's mages saw the sorcerous attack, almost as soon as it was launched, and wove their counterspells – but not quickly enough. Whilst the Doomreavers duelled with the Aislinn's fleet, they had seeded Assassins amongst the flotsam. Many had perished in the chill of the seas, but others had survived long enough to latch onto the Kalendirian's hull as it surged past. Using scaling claws, they climbed the ship's alabaster flanks, vaulted its gunwales and fell about the mages with wicked determination. Too late, Aislinn saw the murder upon his decks – even as he led warriors of the White Lions and the Lothorn Sea Guard against the Assassins, the last mage's tongue was stilled. With a burst of light, the counterspell collapsed. Moments later, the cloud of blades engulfed the Dragonship and the decks ran red.

Hundreds died as dark magic washed over the ship. Many Assassins died also, swept into oblivion's embrace with mad laughter upon their lips. Aislinn, though cut and bloodied, had found shelter in the lee of the bridge, and he swore that the battle was not yet done – he had many more soldiers safe on the lower decks, and the Kalendirian was still a formidable vessel of war. Then he looked up and saw that the Dragonship's sails were all but gone, torn apart by the dark magic that had engulfed his ship. With a hollow heart, he turned his gaze to the Tower of Blessed Dread. The Black Ark's weapons now lay silent, but its decks were thick with scale-cloaked warriors. As the rough waves dragged the Kalendirian to a halt directly before the Tower's Dragon-skulled prow, scores of grapnels arced high from the Black Ark's decks and drew the two ships into a lethal embrace.

Lokhir Fellheart was the first to reach the Kalendirian's deck, his Red Blades flashing to disembowel and decapitate before his boots had even found purchase on the rolling decks. In his wake came scores of his Dreadblades – the most savage and merciless of his Corsairs. With their ruthless captain at their head, the Dreadblades scythed through the mustering ranks of Lothorn Sea Guard, their wicked swords flashing as they drove the High Elves back. Here and there, the Sea Guard held firm, their nerve steadied by one of the Dragonship's officers, but one by one, these anchors of resistance were silenced. The surviving Assassins now passed through the raging battle like shadows, effortlessly evading the attacks directed their way and striking out with bloody precision in return.

With Sea Guard to his port side and his bodyguard of White Lions to starboard, Sea Lord Aislinn charged into the Corsairs, never once slowing his pace nor losing his footing to the heaving deck. Aiming to sever the Dark Elves' foothold, he fought his way through to where the grapnels bit into the Kalendirian's flank. An Assassin sprang from a hiding place below the gunwale, only to be cut in two by a mighty two-handed strike from Aislinn's long sword. The admiral's Sea Guard were dying now, cut down by curved blades or pierced by repeater handbow bolts. Protected by thicker armour and their heavy cloaks, the White Lions fared better, but they were too few to make a lasting difference. Little by little, Aislinn's warriors were whittled away, and soon, the Sea Lord stood alone. The Corsairs pressed in, undaunted by Aislinn's quick blade or the pile of dead at his feet, but shrank back instantly at Fellheart's barked command – the Tower's black-hearted captain sought the admiral's life and would permit no other to take it.

So began a duel of legend. For nearly an hour, Aislinn and Fellheart fought, insensate to the screams of the dying. The Kalendirian caught ablaze, yet neither gave the fires any heed. Scarce a league distant, the Isha's Mercy and her entire crew were dragged to the inky depths by a tentacled beast, yet its fate did not merit even a glance. Blow and counterblow, the defeat

of the upstart foe at close hand, these had become all that mattered. Both let fly with every feint at their command, but still neither could claim victory.

Aislinn struck one of the Red Blades from Fellheart's grasp. The Corsair merely laughed as the sword's magic returned it to his outstretched hand, and he cut back with a double sweep that nearly sent Aislinn tumbling into the water below. Regaining his footing, the Sea Lord hacked down with all his might, cleaving Fellheart's Kraken helm and slicing deep into the Dark Elf's skull. The wound healed in moments, leaving not even a scar behind, and the metal of the Kraken helm rippled back together. Aislinn cut down again. This time his blade shattered into three pieces, but the admiral at least had the satisfaction of seeing his opponent knocked to the ground.

Taking up the axe of a fallen White Lion, Aislinn advanced, but before the Sea Lord could take advantage, Fellheart hamstringed a Corsair and cast the wretch into Aislinn's path. Now it was the Sea Lord's turn to be knocked off balance, and he was given no chance to recover. The Red Blades whirling, Fellheart knocked Aislinn's axe aside and plunged both swords to their hilts into the Sea Lord's chest. Fellheart laughed with joy as the axe fell from Aislinn's nerveless fingers. Bracing one foot against the Sea Lord's ribs, the Corsair heaved the admiral's body off his blades and over the gunwale.

An hour later, the Tower of Blessed Dread was underway once more, its holds full of slaves destined for Naggaroth. Of the High Elf fleet, only scattered wreckage remained; of Aislinn, there was no trace.

VII, 118 The Taming of Bretonnia

Having observed the realms of Ulthuan and Bretonnia making common cause on several occasions, the Witch King determined that the human kingdom should be punished. Sending emissaries to the Beastmen of the Forest of Arden and the greenskins of the Massif Orcal, Malekith stirred up such carnage that King Charlen was forced to leave many coastal fortresses undefended to quell the tumult in his heartlands.

With the armies of Bretonnia distracted, the Dark Elves rampaged across its northern coast. Towns and villages burned by the score, their defenders were slaughtered, and their peasants were shipped north to slave in Naggaroth. L'Anguille, greatest of Bretonnia's ports, was left in ruins, the mutilated dead splayed across its streets. The Witch King was pleased – it would be some time before the knights of Bretonnia would have strength to spare in a cause not their own.

VII, 125 The Sack of Yvresse

Outraged by Eltharion's sacking of Naggarond, the Witch King ordered reprisals against Yvresse. With its heartland under attack by Waaagh! Grom, the realm could muster only a token defence. By the time aid arrived from Cothique, the Dark Elves had withdrawn, leaving ruin in their wake.



VII, 152 Night of Pleasure and Pain

At the height of the Season of Decadence, when the Rites of Atharti, Goddess of Pleasure, were at their excessive peak, the Witch King brooded in his tower. Desire for vengeance had long ago burnt away his desire for gratification, and Malekith spent the eve plotting his next masterstroke. However, as the minutes passed, the Witch King became aware that something was amiss. The screams were now somehow more desperate, the laughter darker and even more tormented. Walking to his chamber's iron balcony, the Witch King looked down into the tangle of dark streets and saw what he had suspected — the anarchy was no longer that of revelry, but of battle.

Daemons were loose in Naggarond, drawn by the night's indulgences. No, that was not quite true, the Witch King corrected himself, catching sight of a broken-horned Keeper of Secrets. This was an attack borne not of opportunism, but of revenge, for none other than N'kari led the host. The Witch King drummed his fingers on the balcony's edge and watched the unfolding battle with interest. Hordes of Daemonettes capered in the Greater Daemon's wake, laughing merrily as their wicked claws lashed out, but now there was slaughter on both sides, for the city guard had mobilised. Daemonettes tumbled to the cobblestones, ichor gushing from spear- and bolt-wounds. Only where N'kari strutted did the Dark Elves know defeat, for no shield could offer defence against this elegant brute. Malekith watched with approval as, little by little, the Dark Elves yielded the streets, seeking more favourable ground. Each withdrawal left a tidemark of dead and dying where a spearwall had made its stand.

There was still no end to the Daemons, the Witch King saw — though he could not determine from where the reinforcements came. Presumably, the mansion of some foolish wretch whose observances to Atharti had gone too far, Malekith supposed. The spearwalls now held the entrances to the grand concourse directly below the Black Tower, and Malekith noted with approval that Kouran had taken command. Minutes earlier, the Captain of the Black Guard had been praising Atharti with as much joyous abandon as any of Naggarond's folk, but this would have been impossible to guess from his clear-eyed demeanour. At Kouran's order, the spearwalls threw the Daemonettes back from their shields then turned and fled into the concourse. Sensing victory, the Daemonettes let loose a shriek of pure joy. The Daemons dashed forward into the concourse, only to be scythed down in their hundreds as the war machines upon the palace walls opened fire.

Now, the Daemons flooded into a three-sided trap. On the far side of the concourse, the spearwalls reformed, their ranks thickened by fresh troops. Along the concourse, from the nine gates of the city, rode Dark Riders and Cold One Knights, their spears and lances gleaming darkly under the stars. Down the great basalt steps of the Witch King's tower swept the Black Guard of Naggarond.

Daemonettes were skewered by lances and beheaded by halberds, but still they came on. Fiends skittered across the concourse, only to be obliterated by doombolts cast by sorceresses hidden in the serried ranks. Mounted Daemonettes, too swift to target, vaulted over the ranks of the Black Guard and onto the steps beyond. As they did so, Assassins appeared amongst the Black Tower's colonnades to end the Daemons' threat with poisoned blades. Yet still the Daemons came on.

N'kari hung back, but two other Keepers of Secrets now joined the battle, scattering the Dark Elves like broken dolls. High above the fray, Malekith's fingers ceased their play. He had allowed this charade to continue out of amusement, and so that the weaklings might be purged from his warriors' ranks, but it was now well past time that he intervened. Gathering his cloak, he stalked from his chamber and began the long descent to the streets. He did not run. Bad enough that the Witch King was forced to intercede — he would not also be put to the indignity of haste.

Malekith did not so much as break stride as he joined the battle. With a flick of his fingers, he sent a wave of black fire through the Daemonettes who beset the spearwalls, filling the air with the rancorous stench of charred Daemon-flesh. After another few steps, Malekith pointed his arm towards a Keeper of Secrets and clenched his iron fist — the beast bellowed in agony as every bone in its unholy body snapped at once. With that, the momentum of the Daemons' attack was broken, and the Black Guard pushed deeper into the concourse. There, they trapped a second Keeper of Secrets against a statue of Khaine and hacked it apart.

It was then that N'kari bellowed and charged directly at the Witch King. The Daemon cared not for the outcome of the battle — he had engineered this slaughter merely to claim Malekith's corrupt soul. Without a word, the Black Guard moved to block the Keeper of Secrets' onset, but N'kari was the mightiest of his kind and would abide no obstacle. A glancing blow sent Kouran flying; other Elves were trampled to bloody ruin beneath the Daemon's hooves or pulverised by the impact of its monstrous fists. With a triumphant howl, N'kari pushed on through to personally confront Malekith on the steps of the Black Tower. As the Greater Daemon closed with him, Malekith laughed for the first time in many long centuries. When he had last fought N'kari, it had been beneath the walls of the Marcher Fortress in the Realm of Chaos. There, the Daemon had been at the peak of its powers, whilst the Witch King had been near death. Now the tables were turned, and Malekith was determined to take his own revenge.

The Keeper of Secrets did not slow as he approached Malekith, but lowered his head and charged, seeking to impale the Witch King on his remaining horn. In response, Malekith sent dark fire to stagger and blind the Daemon. As N'kari thundered past, Malekith darted to one side, a savage backswing from the Destroyer cutting deep into the Daemon's flesh. N'kari

bellowed in pain and turned to face his prey, claws slashing out. Malekith retreated across the steps, the Destroyer flashing as he parried each strike. Again and again, he sent black flame against the Greater Daemon, but this time N'kari was prepared and the fire spattered off hastily raised magical defences.

Malekith now fought with his back to the colonnade. N'kari struck out once more, but the Witch King ducked low. The blow shattered the ancient stonework behind, sending rubble flying in all directions. Taking advantage of N'kari's momentary confusion, the Witch King hefted the Destroyer's black blade and pressed the attack with a flurry of knife-quick blows. With each strike, the Destroyer glowed dully as it sapped the Daemon's magical lifeblood. Weakened, N'kari stumbled and bellowed in pain as the Destroyer lunged to pierce his shoulder. With one last effort, the Greater Daemon rose to his feet. His lower arms whipped out once more, and this time Malekith was too slow — N'kari's vice-like hands clamped about the Witch King's shoulders, pinioning his arms, and the Destroyer, to his sides.

N'kari leered with sadistic joy as he heaved the struggling Witch King from the ground. His serpent-tongue flickered out to caress his captive's armoured cheek, leaving a trail of foul-scented drool in its wake. When a handful of Black Guard charged up to the steps to their master's aid, N'kari gestured lazily with a claw and sent a cloud of magical shards to tear the flesh from their bones. As their lifeless bodies crumpled, the Greater Daemon brought his other claw up and clamped it around Malekith's armoured throat.

With a last, lingering smile, N'kari began to squeeze, but the Witch King was not yet done. For the last few moments he had marshalled his sorcery, and now he unleashed it in a single display of devastating power. A bolt of black lightning arced from the sky and smashed into the Greater Daemon, shattering his defences and wreaking ruin upon his flesh. As N'kari staggered with the impact, Malekith burst free of his grasp. Before the Daemon could recover, he brought the Destroyer around in a mighty two-handed blow that severed N'kari's foul head.

Thus did Malekith deliver Naggarond. Though the Daemonettes would surely have fought on, N'kari's death upset the balance of magics that allowed their reinforcements to reach the mortal world. Seeing their foes' numbers slacken, the Dark Elves found fresh strength. Shouting praises to Khaine and to Malekith, they swept through the bloody streets and did not rest their blades until all the Daemons were slain.

At the battle's end, Malekith stood before the Black Tower and proclaimed that, in victorious celebration, the Rites of Atharti would continue for another day and night. The Witch King then strode to the temple and gave N'kari's headless corpse as offering. He could think of no greater tribute to the Goddess of Delights than the body of a vanquished pleasure Daemon.

VII, 168 The Crusade of Blood

In this year, Crone Hellebron proclaimed a holy war of slaughter in Khaine's name. With Tullaris Dreadbringer as her champion, she set out from Har Ganeth at the head of a great host of Witch Elves and travelled through each of Naggaroth's chief cities. Murder followed in her wake and, with every day that passed, more Khaine-touched Elves flocked to her grim banner. When Hellebron returned to Har Ganeth and took ship to the primitive eastward lands, her army boasted thousands of warriors from all walks of Dark Elf society.

By the time the ships made landfall on the shores of Bretonnia, Hellebron's crusade had shrunk to near half its initial size. The voyage had been long and Khaine ever-thirsty, so each night, the weakest on each ship had been sacrificed to maintain the Lord of Murder's favour. Undeterred, Hellebron drove her army southward, slaughtering all who stood in her path. At the Battle of Nouvionne, she crushed the army of Duke D'Bastalle, and that night, the Cauldrons of Blood were filled to the brim with the life essence of Damsels and Grail Knights. Onward they drove, through the Border Princes and the Badlands, and there was never a shortage of blood to fuel the rites. Indeed, as soon as the crusade crossed into the Badlands, Orc tribes for leagues around swarmed to test their might, but their primitive gods were not so strong as Khaine. One by one, each Waaagh! was broken, and the vile blood of its warriors pledged to the Lord of Murder.

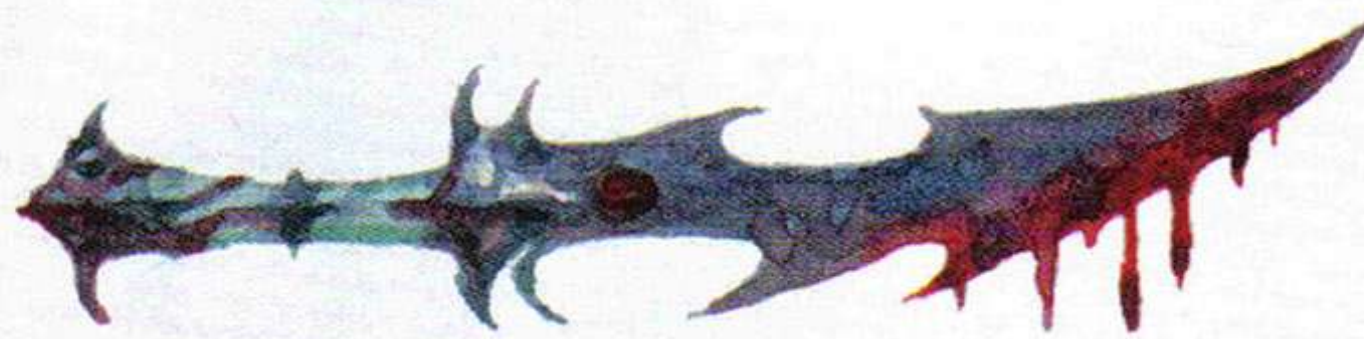
Before long, Hellebron wished to return to Naggaroth, her ships laden with the spoils of victory. However, Tullaris Dreadbringer sought to carry his master's name through other lands and to fresh glories. Some of the crusade's followers took ship with Hellebron once more, but most pledged themselves to Tullaris' side and headed south into the dead land of Nehekhara.

At first, Tullaris' army met with success, and for weeks, defeated every desiccated army the Tomb Kings sent forth. But whilst Nehekhara was a land rich in many things, fresh blood could not be counted amongst them. Starved of sacrifice and worship, Khaine withdrew his blessings, and the tide of the battles swiftly turned in the Tomb Kings' favour. Too late, Tullaris turned his army north, harried every step of the way by burrowing constructs and relentless charioteers. Finally, the exhausted Dark Elves reached Nehekhara's northern border and the prospect of respite. Alas, the Tomb Kings were hard on their heels, and Tullaris needed to win one last battle if he was to have any hope of escape.

Thus did Tullaris Dreadbringer make one last, glorious, dedication, sacrificing half of his army so that the survivors would once again know Khaine's blessing. Caked in their comrades' blood, and chanting praise to the Lord of Murder, the last of the crusade's warriors went down into the sands of Nehekhara to claim one more victory in Khaine's name.

VII, 172 Battle of Blood and Gold

Seeking to further her understanding of the Old Ones' power, Morathi forged a pact with the Vampire pirate Luthor Harkon, and together they launched an attack on the temple-city of Chokablox. As Harkon's undead hordes held back Chokablox's ferocious defenders, Morathi's warriors ransacked the sacred cloisters, recovering not only wondrous artefacts of impossible age, but enough conventional wealth to fill three Black Arks. Alas for Harkon, he argued too strongly for possession of one of the artefacts – a chest of black pearls, each glimmering with barely-contained power. Displeased by the Vampire's peremptory demands, Morathi double-crossed her ally and left him sealed in one of Chokablox's treasure vaults – an unexpected gift for the temple-city's outraged inhabitants.



VII, 183 A Game of Reavers

In this year, the Corsair captains Lokhir Fellheart and Dastan Coldeye challenged one another to a contest of plunder. Each chose a province of the Empire – Ostland in Fellheart's case, and Nordland in Coldeye's – and had a year to claim whatever bounty they could. Coldeye swiftly took the lead, thanks largely to the presence of an Empire fleet, its holds bursting with stolen Nehekhara treasures, at anchor in Debnitz when his Corsairs descended. Fellheart was not so easily bested, however, and drove his crews mercilessly until there was neither village nor town in northern Ostland that had not learned to fear his crews. Nonetheless, as year's end approached, Fellheart still lagged behind, so he did what any Dark Elf does in his situation – he cheated.

Fellheart sent word to King Akkateph of Zandri, informing him of the stolen Nehekhara treasures that now lay in Coldeye's possession. Akkateph's reaction was everything Fellheart could have wished for, and soon, Coldeye's Black Ark was pursued, harried, and ultimately sunk, by a fleet of Zandrian war dhows. Coldeye survived that battle, but with his vessel gone and his treasure taken by Akkateph's fleet, had to cede the contest. At the next high moon, he and his immediate family were sacrificed to Mathlann and Loec, for Fellheart knew full well his victory could not have been achieved without the consent of the god of the sea and the god of deception.

VII, 194 The Siege of Barak Varr

No fewer than five Black Arks sailed down the Black Gulf and blockaded the Dwarf hold of Barak Varr. Outnumbered and overmatched, King Grundadrakk ordered his folk and their vessels of war to retreat behind the great sea gates. On this occasion, however, the Dark Elves did not seek the hold's destruction. Indeed, they were well content with their tithe of prisoners, who would soon be put to work in Naggaroth's mines.

VII, 214 A Drakwald Betrayal

Acting on information from the Witch King's spies, Draxor Bloodscar, Dreadlord of Kassna Kor, intercepted an army of High Elves as it marched to aid the Emperor Karl Franz against the Drakwald Beastmen. Having successfully ambushed the High Elves several leagues short of their destination, Bloodscar ordered a glamour woven around his warriors so that their appearances matched those of their most recent victims.

Three days later, Bloodscar's warriors took the field alongside Karl Franz. To begin with, the Dark Elves bided their time, slaying Beastmen as was expected of them. Only when the Reiklanders were fully committed did Bloodscar order the veil of illusion dropped, and the Dark Elves to turn upon their erstwhile allies. Within moments, the Empire lines were in anarchy. State troops who, moments before, had thought their flank held by White Lions, died as Executioners descended hungrily upon them. Knights Panther fought desperately against Phoenix Guard whose robes had turned black as ash even as their faces grew malevolent.

Betrayed, savaged and surrounded, the Empire army turned tail and fled. Karl Franz sought to restrain the rout, but his Reiksguard captain judged the battle to be lost and dragged the Emperor from the field. Laughing at the monarch's undignified retreat, Bloodscar turned and ordered his warriors to break the Beastman horde. Slaves were slaves, after all, and there was no reason a beast of the Drakwald could not labour as well as a man of Reikland.

VII, 218 The Withering of Cothique

With the High Elves distracted by Tullaris Dreadbringer's newest assault on the Blighted Isle, Shadowblade led a coterie of Assassins through Nagarythe and Chrace, coming at last to Cothique. There, they poisoned the rivers with a noxious brew of Manbane and daemonic ichor. Before long, Cothique was in the grip of a crippling plague for which no cure could readily be found.

VII, 222 The Fall of Arnheim

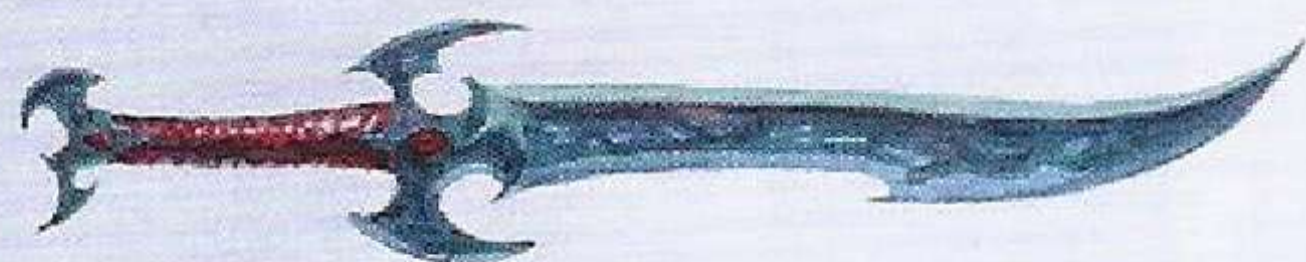
No longer content to tolerate the presence of High Elves on Naggaroth's shores, the Witch King led an assault on the port of Arnheim, obliterating it.

VII, 223 The Dawn of a New Age

After long years of preparation, the Witch King now unleashed the full might of his armies against Ulthuan once again. For centuries, he had undermined and harried the High Elves, breaking their colonies overseas and isolating them from potential allies. Now, Malekith deemed it was time for his works to bear bitter fruit. All through the Season of Blood, the moons had shone with the light of slaughter, and there was no truer sign of Khaine's favour. All along the Naggarothi coast, Black Arks slipped their moorings and sailed east. The hour of the Witch King's triumph was finally at hand.

ARMY SPECIAL RULES

This section of the book describes all the different units used in a Dark Elf army, along with the rules necessary to use them in your games of Warhammer. If a model has a unique special rule, that rule is detailed alongside its description. There are a number of recurring 'army special rules' that apply to several Dark Elf units, and these are detailed here.



MURDEROUS PROWESS

Models with this special rule (but not their mounts) re-roll all To Wound rolls of a 1 when making close combat attacks.

HEKARTI'S BLESSING

Models with this special rule add +1 to all attempts to cast spells from the Lore of Dark Magic.

ETERNAL HATRED

A model with this special rule has the Hatred special rule. In addition, its Hatred applies in every round of close combat, not just the first.

ARMOURY OF NAGGAROTH

Repeater Crossbow Weapons

The repeater crossbow fires a volley of barbed bolts at range; its smaller cousins are equally deadly as the foe closes.

These weapons are used in the Shooting phase.

Repeater Crossbow

Range	Strength	Special Rules
24"	3	Armour Piercing, Multiple Shots (2)

Repeater Handbow

Range	Strength	Special Rules
12"	3	Multiple Shots (2), Quick to Fire

Brace of Repeater Handbows

Range	Strength	Special Rules
12"	3	Multiple Shots (4), Quick to Fire, Requires Two Hands

Sea Dragon Cloak

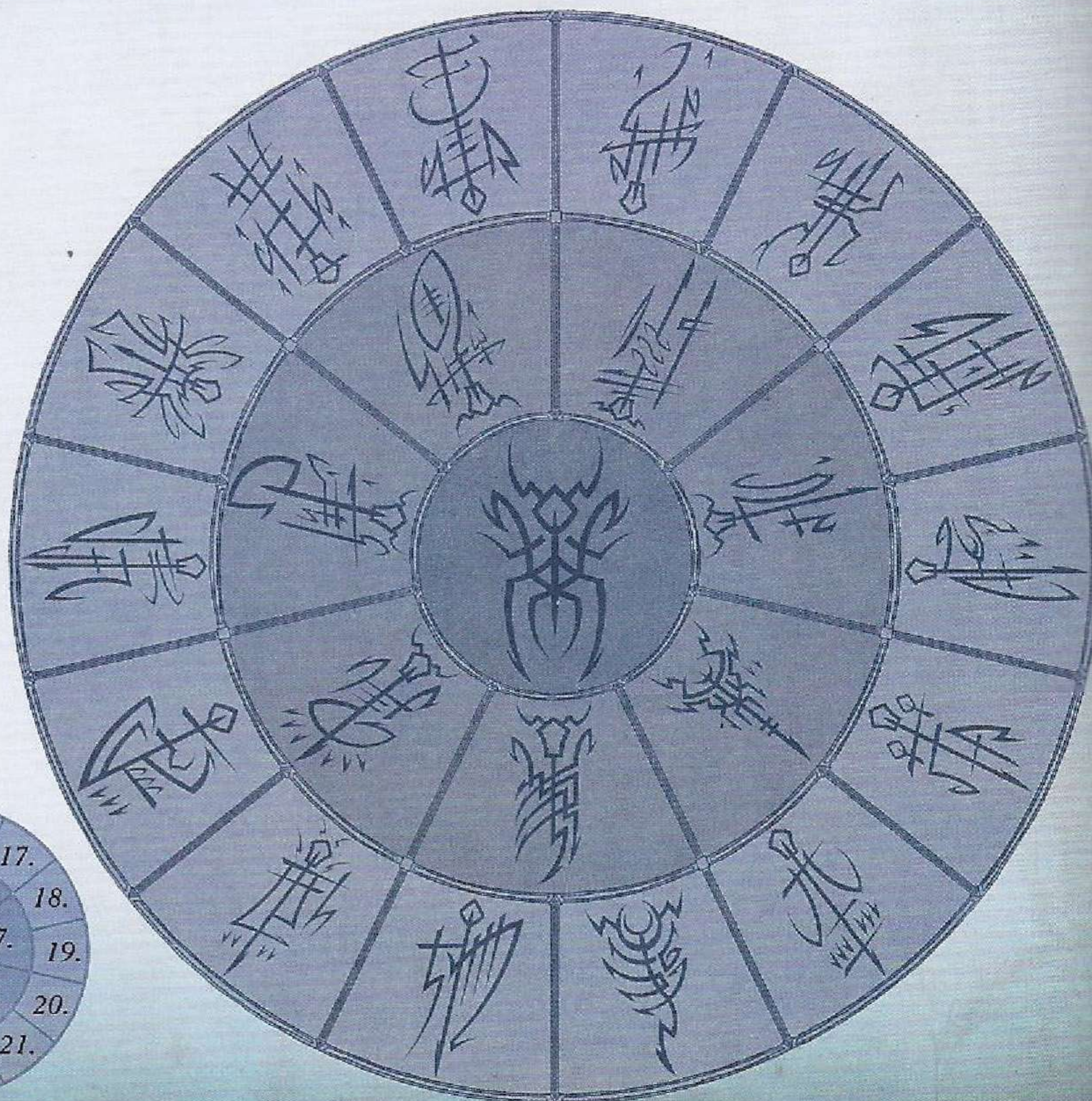
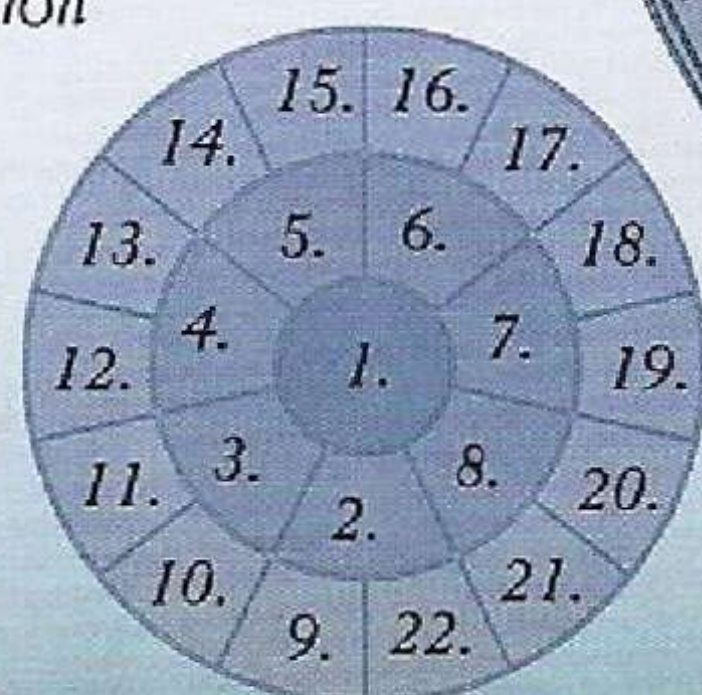
These scaled cloaks are light, flexible and incredibly tough.

This confers the Scaly Skin (5+) special rule.

The Pantheonic Mandala

The deities of the Elves are divided into the Cadai, the Gods of the Heavens, and the Cytharai, the Gods of the Underworld. In general, the Dark Elves give greatest worship to the Cytharai, and so place them at the inner ring of the Pantheonic Mandala, with Khaine given pre-eminent place at its very heart.

1. Khaine, the Bloody-Handed God
2. Ereth Khial, the Pale Queen
3. Anath Raema, the Savage Huntress
4. Hekarti, Mistress of Magic
5. Atharti, Lady of Desire
6. Ladrielle, Lady of Mists
7. Drakira, Queen of Vengeance
8. Morai-Heg, the Crone
9. Nethu, Keeper of the Last Door
10. Addaioth, Bringer of Fire
11. Mathlann, Lord of the Deeps
12. Eldrazor, Lord of Blades
13. Asuryan, the Creator
14. Vaul, the Maker
15. Estreuth, Lord of Hunger
16. Loec, the Shadow Dancer
17. Kurnous, the Hunter
18. Hoeth, Lord of Wisdom
19. Isha, the Mother
20. Ellinill, Lord of Destruction
21. Hukon, the Sunderer
22. Lileath, the Maiden



TYRANTS OF NAGGAROTH

Dreadlords and Masters are the so-called noble-born rulers of Naggaroth. They range from sycophantic schemers to masterful strategists who have waged war across a hundred battlefields. Though all such nobles pursue their own unique enthusiasms and ambitions, they are without exception selfish individuals, possessed of an arrogance matched only by their martial prowess, honed over centuries of unceasing war.

Dark Elf commanders seldom lead through personal example, preferring to rely on bloodshed and intimidation; in Naggaroth, respect counts for nothing unless it is backed by fear. Amongst the lower-born Dark Elves, it is thought better to die at the hands of an enemy than to face the wrath of a disappointed Dark Elf lord. The enemy, at least, will grant a swift death and have little prospect of making your family pay a bloody price for the failure of their kin.

Dark Elves are sustained by the misery they inflict upon others, and noble-born offspring have no special protection. Those that manage to survive to adulthood are sent on a year-long raiding expedition. Dark Elves abhor weakness of any sort, so those youths that fail to make their mark during this time do not endure long thereafter. Some are slain by ambitious rivals; others are murdered by their own families, who can neither tolerate nor risk a weakling's presence. Should the stripling acquit himself well during this rite of passage, he begins his ascent through Naggarothi society. However, this is a ladder with very greasy rungs, and more nobles perish in the climb than ever reach the heady heights of becoming a Dreadlord.

To alleviate the understandable paranoia engendered by the Dark Elves' treacherous society, a rigid code of etiquette has evolved. The lowborn classes may not approach within three sword lengths of a noble without being summoned. A retainer may stand as close as two sword lengths whilst a trusted retainer, such as a bodyguard, may stand just outside a single sword's length. The closest, most intimate space is reserved for lovers, playthings and mortal foes (the latter being far more trustworthy within reach than not).

Many Dreadlords owe their positions of power to their bloodlines, daring exploits or the Witch King's mercurial favours. Others are granted temporary power by means of a writ of iron – an edict granted by one of the six rulers of the great cities of Naggaroth. He who bears a writ of iron shares the sponsor's authority – a powerful tool for the ambitious. However, should a Dark Elf fail in his appointed task, or show cowardice whilst acting in his sponsor's name, the writ is melted down and the molten remains poured down his throat. Such is the price of failure in Naggaroth.

KHAINE, THE BLOODY-HANDED GOD

Khaine is the god of murder, hatred and destruction. He is the kindler of war, the ruthless personification of a vicious creed.

Khaine believes that: conflict is necessary for peace to reign; only slaughter gives the promise of life any meaning; and love is nothing unless tempered by the blackest of hatreds. He is a god who gives his supplicants license to do as they will, and forbids nothing, save denial of his divine will.

It is, therefore, little wonder that it is Khaine's blessing the Dark Elves seek most keenly, for their lives are founded upon deeds of slaughter and torment. Where the High Elves treat warily with the Lord of Murder, the Dark Elves embrace him with abandon, sacrificing slaves, comrades and even their own children to catch Khaine's attention for even a moment. Such devotion pleases the Bloody-Handed God in a way that the hollow observances of the High Elves never will, but Khaine is easily bored, and each passing year the sacrifices must become ever more wild and barbarous if they are to attract his ruddy gaze.

All Dark Elves are touched by Khaine to some degree, for their heritage is tainted by the Widowmaker and the acts their ancestors performed at Aenarion's side. Many, however, wholeheartedly embrace the Bloody-Handed God's cruel vision. Such Elves are known as the Knives of Khaine – both revered and shunned by their fellows, they are loyal only to their ruthless creed.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dreadlord	5	7	7	4	3	3	8	4	10
Master	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Hatred (High Elves), Murderous Prowess.

KHAINITE ASSASSINS

Assassins are masters of a subtle and murderous magic, trained from infancy to be the chosen warriors of Khaine. They move silently and with a precision that surpasses even the standards of other Elves. Blindfolded, an Assassin can walk sure-footedly across the spears of an embattled phalanx, or strike a precise flurry of blows so that each cut exploits a different weakness of armour or flesh.

The Cult of Khaine hires out its Assassins to the rulers of Naggaroth in exchange for sacrifices, wealth and political favour. Though the price is high, the Assassins' skills are such that there is a constant demand for their services. Many Assassins ply their deadly trade in the Dark Elf cities, eliminating their employer's competitors and aiding in coups against the ruling families. Some are hired by admirals of Black Arks to train Corsairs or sow terror amongst the targets of their raids. Assassins are also often employed to ensure loyalty amongst a Dreadlord's regiments. Such is an Assassin's skill at mimicry and concealment that the troops he accompanies usually remain wholly ignorant of the infiltrator within their ranks. The uncertainty this causes helps to keep rebellion to a minimum, for no Dark Elf can be absolutely certain with whom he is conspiring.

Assassins are masters of using poison, and they coat their weapons with a variety of toxins – some are deadly, others paralyse or stupefy their victim. One scratch from some of these poisons is enough to send a man into agonising

paroxysms as his nerves burn, his heart explodes or his bones crack and shatter. The Assassins take great pleasure in the awful demises of their victims and can keep prisoners alive for many days. Often, they can extract confessions and information from captives much more quickly than the crude tortures used by other Naggarothi interrogators.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Khainite Assassin	5	9	9	4	3	2	10	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Hatred (High Elves), Immune to Psychology, Murderous Prowess, Poisoned Attacks.

A Killer, not a Leader: A model with this special rule cannot be your army General. Furthermore, other units can never use his Leadership value.

Hidden: An Assassin can choose to deploy 'hidden' within another friendly Dark Elf infantry unit (but not Harpies) – make a note of which unit is concealing the Assassin.

A hidden Assassin is not placed on the table during deployment, but is revealed later during the game. If the concealing unit is wiped out or flees from the battlefield before the Assassin is revealed, the Assassin counts as a casualty. There is no other way an Assassin can be harmed before he is revealed.

Hidden Assassins may be revealed at the start of any of your Movement phases, or at the start of either player's Close Combat phase; declare that the unit in question contains an Assassin and place the model anywhere in the front rank of that unit, displacing models as you normally would if a character had joined the unit.

UPGRADES: FORBIDDEN POISONS

Black Lotus: *This poison contains a powerful narcotic and drives its victims to delusional insanity.*

For each unsaved Wound a character suffers from a model equipped with Black Lotus, that character suffers a -1 penalty to their Leadership for the rest of the game.

Dark Venom: *A victim of Dark Venom knows only a drawn-out and agonising death.*

A model with Dark Venom has the Killing Blow special rule.

Manbane: *Even the slightest wound can prove fatal if the blow was struck with a Manbane-edged blade.*

A model with Manbane receives a +1 bonus on all rolls To Wound (rolls of 1 still fail).



SORCERESSES

Elves have a natural affinity for the shifting Winds of Magic. In the ancient days, they learnt the secrets of manipulating this mystical power from the Slann, the most powerful servants of the Old Ones. Yet for all their expertise, there was always a limit to the amount of power the Elves could harness – the risk of madness and spiritual corruption prevented them from delving deeper into the power of Chaos.

It was Morathi who first ventured into this forbidden territory. Through dark rituals and bloody sacrifices, she moulded the energies of Chaos to her bidding. With this sorcery – the unrefined power of magic – Morathi soon began to weave enchantments and spells whose raw power far outstripped anything the Elves had previously known. To this day, Dark Elves study the sorcerous arts, utterly seduced by the unrestrained energy it allows them to command.

Chief amongst the magic-wielders of Naggaroth are the sisters of the Dark Convent of Sorceresses who are gathered in the great fortress of Ghrond. Competition for positions in the Dark Convent is bloody and fierce. Those that survive their sisters' ambitions learn some of the most powerful magic in the world. They can call upon ancient daemonic entities to devour their enemies, hurl storms of wicked shards at their foes or engulf them in dark energy.

Though Dark Elves of both genders are capable of mastering the art of Dark Magic, male sorcerers are regarded with disdain, fear and suspicion – a situation only exacerbated by the generous bounties Malekith offers for such a being's severed head. The Witch King knows of the Prophecy of Demise, whose ancient stanzas foretell how a great warrior will one day be cast from his home by a sorcerer. Malekith – ever given to a cautious mindset in such matters – believes it is he to whom the prophecy refers, and he is determined to cheat that destiny – one severed head at a time. Nonetheless, there are still those who would rather risk the Witch King's wrath than incur a debt to the Convent of Sorceresses, so some sorcerers yet survive.

Should a Dreadlord's need be great enough to secure aid from the Dark Convent, however, he will find himself in proxy command of a magical mastery as well-rounded as it is ruthlessly wielded. The Dark Magics of sorcery are but one of the disciplines studied by the Sorceresses of Ghrond, and they can call upon the Lores of Battle Magic with just as much skill as the stiff-souled mages of Ulthuan. Enemies can be immolated by whirling fire storms, turned to crystal by swirling purple energies, torn limb from limb by elementals, blasted apart by lightning or transmuted into solid gold. All the while, the sorceress laughs with wicked delight, her castings becoming wilder as the joy of battle overtakes her. Yet no matter how absorbed she becomes in the destruction, the sorceress always has one eye on her putative employer, her mind ablaze with the possibilities of how she will exact payment if none is voluntarily forthcoming.

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: Sorceresses are Wizards who use spells from the Lore of Dark Magic (see page 61) or one of the eight Lores of Battle Magic in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Hatred (High Elves), Hekarti's Blessing, Murderous Prowess.

HEKARTI, MISTRESS OF MAGIC

Hekarti is the goddess of conjurations and Dark Magic. She has no shrines, save for a small temple within Ghrond's Dark Convent. She sees all the Winds of Magic and has six arms to carry her sacred accoutrements – a serpent-headed staff, a beating heart, a scorpion, a broken arrow, a serrated dagger and a phial of orphan's tears.

Unlike many of her kind, Hekarti pays close attention to the desires of the Elves. She is ever locked in jealous contest with her twin sister Atharti, the Goddess of Pleasure, and resents her sway over mortals. It was supposedly this rivalry that first enticed Hekarti to grant wisdom to Morathi. That said, the Hag Sorceress has always kept her devotions to the two sisters in careful balance – Naggarothi legends have many grim examples of what happens to those who favour one above the other.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Supreme Sorceress	5	4	4	3	3	3	5	1	9
Sorceress	5	4	4	3	3	2	5	1	8

HIGH BEASTMASTERS

The Beastmasters of Clar Karond and Karond Kar can command even the unruliest creatures to do their bidding. In part, this mastery springs from their unflinching dedication to the tormentors' craft, but brutality alone would be worthless without a Beastmaster's innate empathy. All Elves share a mystical attunement with the natural world, but while most embrace this bond to gain greater wisdom and fellowship with other living creatures, Dark Elves, and Beastmasters in particular, employ it as another weapon in their arsenal of torment. It matters not whether the beast is a raging Manticore, a cunning Harpy or the wisest of all Caledor's ancient Dragons: eventually, all submit to the Beastmaster's will, or perish under his lash.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
High Beastmaster	5	7	7	4	3	3	8	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Hatred (High Elves), Murderous Prowess.

Beastslaver: At the start of each of your turns, choose a friendly monster within 3" of the Beastmaster. That monster has +D3 Attacks until the start of your next turn. A monster can only be affected by this special rule once in each turn.



SCOURGERUNNER CHARIOTS

Beastmasters are always eager to find fresh subjects, for the many perils of battlefield, gladiatorial arena and neglect ensure that stables suffer a high rate of attrition. Small bands of Beastmasters roam the wilds in Scourgerunner Chariots, searching fen, crag and cave for suitable prizes. Armed with barbed nets and harpoons attached to strong chains, they snare and immobilise their prey. Once captured, the beast is trussed securely, yoked to the back of the chariot and dragged many miles back to Clar Karond where a life of slavery and torment awaits it – if the creature survives the journey at all.

Scourgerunner Chariots are a common sight on the battlefield, where they search for suitable 'recruits' amongst the enemy ranks. If no fitting candidate presents itself, the Beastmasters vent their frustration as best they can, cutting down foemen with lash, blade and harpoon before claiming the twitching bodies as fodder for their hungry charges.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Scourgerunner Chariot	-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-
Beastmaster Crew	-	4	4	3	-	-	5	2	8
Dark Steed	9	3	-	3	-	-	4	1	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 5+).

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First (Crew only), Hatred (High Elves) (Crew only), Murderous Prowess.

EQUIPMENT:

Ravager Harpoon: This is a bolt thrower that can be fired even if the Scourgerunner Chariot moves.

Range	Strength	Special Rules
24"	7	Barbed Bolts, Multiple Wounds (D3)

Barbed Bolts: If a monster suffers at least one unsaved Wound from this weapon, it is immediately dragged D6" towards the firer, stopping instantly if it comes within 1" of impassable terrain or another unit. If the monster is dragged more than 3" in this manner, it suffers another Wound, with no armour saves allowed.

ANATH RAEMA, THE SAVAGE HUNTRESS

Anath Raema is the sister of Khaine and goddess of the savage hunt. Through her, the Dark Elves are gifted the joy of the chase and of the kill. Anath Raema does not care who or what is hunted; every living creature is prey to the bloodthirsty goddess.

The Savage Huntress is a vengeful deity, who about her waist wears a belt of heads and hands – tokens claimed from hunters who bore her blessings but offered no praise in return. Legend also tells that her amorous advances were once spurned by Kurnous, and so she is also worshipped by some Elves as a patron of jealous lovers; an avenging deity who will hunt down and slay those who have wronged her supplicants.

WARRIORS OF THE DARK CITIES

Dark Elf armies are formed around a core of utterly merciless soldiers, schooled in slaughter by a lifetime of survival amidst the twisted streets of Naggaroth's cities. Most such warriors are conscripted into service, but a few muster willingly, having identified some manner in which the battle will play to their personal advantage.

DARK ELF WARRIORS

Many Dark Elves forsake melee weapons in favour of delivering death from afar. Armed with repeater crossbows – magazine-fed weapons capable of unleashing blistering hails of bolts – these Darkshards can take positions at the rear of the battlefield firing storms of iron-tipped bolts against approaching foes, or move forwards to weaken the enemy line with a withering volley before the Dark Elf attack charges home. Though often scorned by other warriors for their distaste of close quarters battle, the Darkshards are unflinchingly proud of their marksmanship and are certainly no less cruel than their fellows. It is not uncommon for a Darkshard to forgo a killing strike to eye or heart in favour of a gut shot or other debilitating blow which, while ultimately no less lethal, guarantees that the enemy's last moments will be spent in mewling agony.

All Dark Elves are arrogant beyond tolerance, but Bleakswords far outstrip even other Naggarothi in this regard. Each believes himself to be the greatest warrior of

his age, needless of aid and heedless of danger. Bleakswords forsake the spear and the repeater crossbow, deeming the former a peasant's weapon and the latter a craven armament. Instead, they wield slender duelling blades that flash past an enemy's guard to slit his throat or pierce his heart.

Dreadspears consider themselves to be true soldiers, and look down upon the Bleakswords as brash adventurers unsuited to the proper business of battle. Through blood spilt and shed, they have learnt the strength of discipline, of the locked shieldwall bristling with wicked spearpoints. Dreadspear regiments are therefore the reliable bastions around which a Dreadlord can form his battle-plan. Whilst the army's wilder warriors roam freely to slaughter at will, the Dreadspears hold key positions and repel counter-attacks.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dark Elf Warrior	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Lordling	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8
Guardmaster	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Hatred (High Elves), Murderous Prowess.

REAPER BOLT THROWERS

Reaper bolt throwers are used at sea to clear the decks of enemy vessels, and on land to scythe down ranks of enemy warriors. A mechanism of counterweights and cords allows the Reaper to shoot a hail of bolts, or a single missile with force enough to pierce a Dragon's hide. A Reaper's bolts are barbed and difficult to remove from the wounds they inflict. Those injured – but not slain – by such a shot often suffer such horrendous maiming on the bolt's removal that they are worthless as slaves, and are therefore left to bleed to death or given over to the bloody caresses of the Witch Elves.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Reaper Bolt Thrower	-	-	-	-	7	2	-	-	-
Dark Elf Crew	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8

TROOP TYPE: War Machine.

SPECIAL RULES (Dark Elf Crew): Always Strikes First, Hatred (High Elves), Murderous Prowess.

SPECIAL RULES (Reaper Bolt Thrower):
Repeater Bolt Thrower: The Reaper can fire either as an ordinary bolt thrower or can instead fire six smaller repeating bolts, with the profile given below. If a bolt thrower fires in this way, all six shots must be fired at the same target. Note that, unlike firing a single bolt, repeating bolts do not pierce ranks.

Range	Strength	Special Rules
48"	4	Armour Piercing



RAVAGERS OF THE WORLD

The Dark Elves prey ruthlessly on other realms, believing their strength and cunning to be the only justification they need for their predations. Yet there are those who have perfected such wicked deeds to a form of art, so single-mindedly do they pursue the slaughter of weaklings.

BLACK ARK CORSAIRS

Black Ark Corsairs are notorious reavers, having spent their entire lives pillaging distant lands. They are the lionised darlings of Naggarothi society, embodying as they do the drive to earn riches and glory. It is a hard, dangerous life in the raiding fleets, but a successful voyage can see a captain and crew return laden down with wealth beyond the dreams of most city-dwellers. It is not uncommon for a Corsair fleet to spend years ransacking foreign lands, returning home only when their holds are bursting with slaves and plunder.

As they tend to do most of their fighting in the topmasts of ships and the crowded tangle of dockside streets, Black Ark Corsairs prefer fast weapons that give them an edge in one-on-one fights. Cutlasses, punch daggers and barbed knives are common, as are repeater handbows. Corsairs eschew shields and metal armour, relying on cloaks fashioned from Sea Dragon hide to preserve them from injury. They also carry a vile array of nets, grapples and barbed chains. Such tools are not only useful for getting a grip on the slippery flank of a ship, but also for ensnaring fleeing victims, who are soon thereafter dragged to a terrible fate.

SHADES

The ancestors of the Shades once ruled Clar Karond but were betrayed and exiled by their peers. Now the outcast clans have become utterly at home in the wilderness of the Blackspine Mountains, moving as silently as ghosts through petrified forests and razor-sharp rocks. Their lives are vicious, even by the harsh standards of Dark Elves. Every day is a battle for survival with the dread beasts of the mountains; every night a gauntlet of drum-driven kin-sacrifice and death duelling. The Shades' hardiness makes them valued additions to any raiding fleet, and many Dreadlords expend much wealth in enticing them to his cause. When the army attacks, the Shades infiltrate the enemy battle line. From this position, they can harass the foe with volleys of dark-fletched bolts, or strike out and slay war machine crews with glinting blades.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Shade	5	5	5	3	3	1	5	1	8
Bloodshade	5	5	6	3	3	1	5	1	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Hatred (High Elves), Murderous Prowess, Scouts, Skirmishers.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Black Ark Corsair	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Reaver	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Hatred (High Elves), Murderous Prowess.

BLACK ARK FLEETMASTERS

It takes decades of hard-bitten villainy to earn (or usurp) command of a mighty Black Ark and its attendant fleet. Little wonder is it then that Black Ark Fleetmasters are amongst the most intemperate and ruthless of their race, and must always have one eye on their 'loyal' warriors.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Black Ark Fleetmaster	5	6	6	4	3	3	7	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Hatred (High Elves), Murderous Prowess.

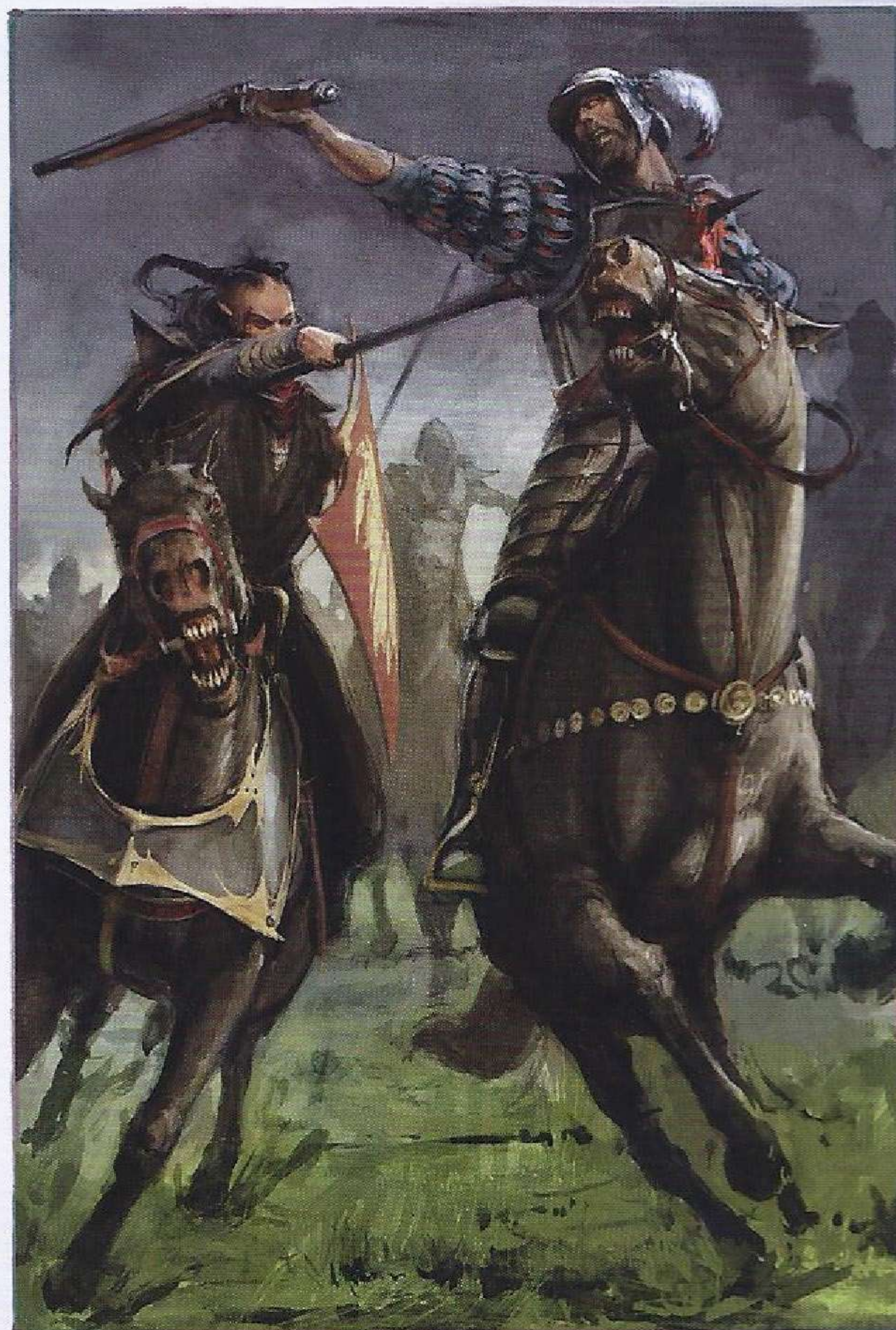
Show No Weakness: If this model fights in a challenge or kills an enemy character, and is alive, he (and all models in his unit) gain the Unbreakable special rule until the end of that turn.

DARK RIDERS

In the grim days when armies of Daemons besieged Ulthuan, keen-eyed messengers from Nagarythe kept guard for any signs of a daemonic intrusion. These Dark Riders wore cloaks of black feathers, invoking the raven-headed god Nethu to keep them hidden from the eyes of the enemy. During the civil war, the Dark Riders earned a more sinister reputation. They travelled ahead of Nagarythe's hosts, sowing terror and confusion wherever they rode, burning villages and driving their people into the wilds.

To this day, Dark Riders are messengers and pillagers both, carrying tidings between the great cities of Naggaroth, or else riding deep into other lands as harbingers of destruction. Their horses, once pureblood steeds of Nagarythe, are now so twisted by magic and torture that they have become something altogether more malevolent and ravenous.

In battle, Dark Riders take delight in skirting the enemy flanks to attack war machines and cut lines of supply. They revel in the prospect of running down terror-stricken victims, dragging out every moment of wild panic as long as possible before delivering the final heart-seeking strike.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dark Rider	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Herald	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8
Dark Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Always Strikes First** (Riders only), **Fast Cavalry**, **Hatred (High Elves)** (Riders only), **Murderous Prowess**.

DOOMFIRE WARLOCKS

When Malekith first learned of the Prophecy of Demise, his initial wrathful blow fell against the Doomfire Warlocks of Hag Graef. Fearing that they would rebel, the Witch King cursed them with hollowness, and their souls have teetered between the mortal world and the Realm of Chaos ever since. Thus, whilst other Elves fear Slaanesh as a potential fate, Doomfire Warlocks feel the Dark Prince's grasp on their souls grow with every passing day. As the grip tightens, dark runes blaze into life on their flesh, an unholy fire that creeps slowly across the skin. If this process is not arrested before the Warlock's entire body is swathed in flame, his soul is snuffed out and consumed by the Dark Prince. This fate cannot be thwarted, for no mortal can long deny rapacious Slaanesh. It can, however, be stalled if the Warlock sacrifices others in his stead – the purer or mightier the soul, the better.

Doomfire Warlocks descend upon villages in the dead of night, seeking victims to slake Slaanesh's thirst. Cloaked in shadow, they pass like phantoms through defences, stealing prey from their beds before vanishing into the night. When a Dark Elf army musters, the Warlocks gather, hoping to capture mighty warriors to fuel their rites. To aid this cause, they infuse their scimitars with numbing curses that strip a foe of his senses with a single scratch. Alive but mindless, the victims are led from the battlefield to the rituals that will keep Slaanesh at bay for a few days more.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Doomfire Warlock	5	4	4	4	3	1	5	2	8
Master of Warlocks	5	4	4	4	3	1	5	3	8
Dark Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Always Strikes First** (Riders only), **Fast Cavalry**, **Hatred (High Elves)** (Riders only), **Murderous Prowess**, **Poisoned Attacks** (Riders only).

Cursed Coven: A unit of Doomfire Warlocks is considered to be a Level 2 Wizard that knows the spells *Soulblight* (Lore of Death) and *Doombolt* (Lore of Dark Magic, see page 61). This doesn't stop other Wizards from knowing those same spells. The unit receives an additional +1 to cast for each rank of 5 or more models in the unit, after the first, to a maximum of +3. Each time the unit casts a spell, you must nominate one Master of Warlocks or Doomfire Warlock as the caster for the purposes of line of sight, range, etc. In the event that a Doomfire Warlock unit rolls a miscast, do not roll on the Miscast table. Instead, the unit suffers D3 Wounds with no armour saves allowed. If the unit is targeted by a rule that affects a Wizard, your opponent must choose one Master of Warlocks or Doomfire Warlock as the target.

Prey of the Dark Prince: Models with this special rule have a 4+ ward save, except against Wounds caused by models with the Daemon of Slaanesh special rule or models that have the Mark of Slaanesh.

COLD ONE KNIGHTS

Cold Ones are reptiles that live in the caves and tunnels beneath Hag Graef. Their chill flesh is almost immune to pain, and their bodies exude a toxic slime. Dark Elves can withstand small quantities of this substance and tiny amounts are used to make poisons. Where the Cold Ones truly excel, however, is in service as war steeds for Naggaroth's knights. Though single-minded when hunting, Cold Ones are extremely stubborn and very stupid. It takes great strength and willpower to master such a steed, and those Dark Elves that do are feared, if not respected, by their fellows.

COLD ONE KNIGHTS

Cold One Knights count themselves amongst the finest warriors in Naggaroth. They are nobles of great wealth and ambition, whose warrior instincts elevate them far beyond the upstart cavalymen of lesser races. The knights' weapons are the finest that can be bought in the great cities: long swords enchanted in such a manner as to never lose their edge, and tall lances sharp enough to pierce the hide of a Dragon. Their mounts, too, are superior to those of other lands; no horse, no matter how well-trained or carefully bred, could ever hope to match the savagery of a Naggarothi Cold One.

It is a daring Dark Elf who takes a Cold One for his steed, for the lizards savagely attack all who come near them, recognising warm-blooded creatures as prey by the smell alone. This is dangerous in itself, and no few strutting

nobles have been savaged by their own mounts, much to the amusement of their rivals. To avoid this, the Dark Elf must anoint himself repeatedly with the Cold One's own foul-smelling slime so that the beast will accept him. There is a great price to pay for the Dark Elf, though, for the fumes of this noxious balm are extremely potent, burning the nostrils, numbing the skin and destroying taste buds, so that the rider can no longer smell or taste food, or feel a lover's touch. So it is that a Cold One is not only a fearsome war-mount, but also a declaration of bravery and ambition on the part of the knight. For many Dark Elves, this heavy price is considered one worth paying, for in doing so a warrior proves his dedication to the Witch King and can earn great political as well as physical reward.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Cold One Knight	5	5	4	4	3	1	6	1	9
Dread Knight	5	5	4	4	3	1	6	2	9
Cold One	7	3	0	4	4	1	2	2	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Always Strikes First** (Riders only), **Fear, Hatred (High Elves)** (Riders only), **Murderous Prowess, Stupidity.**

Thick-skinned: A model riding a Cold One receives an armour save bonus of +2, rather than the usual +1 for cavalry mounts.

COLD ONE CHARIOTS

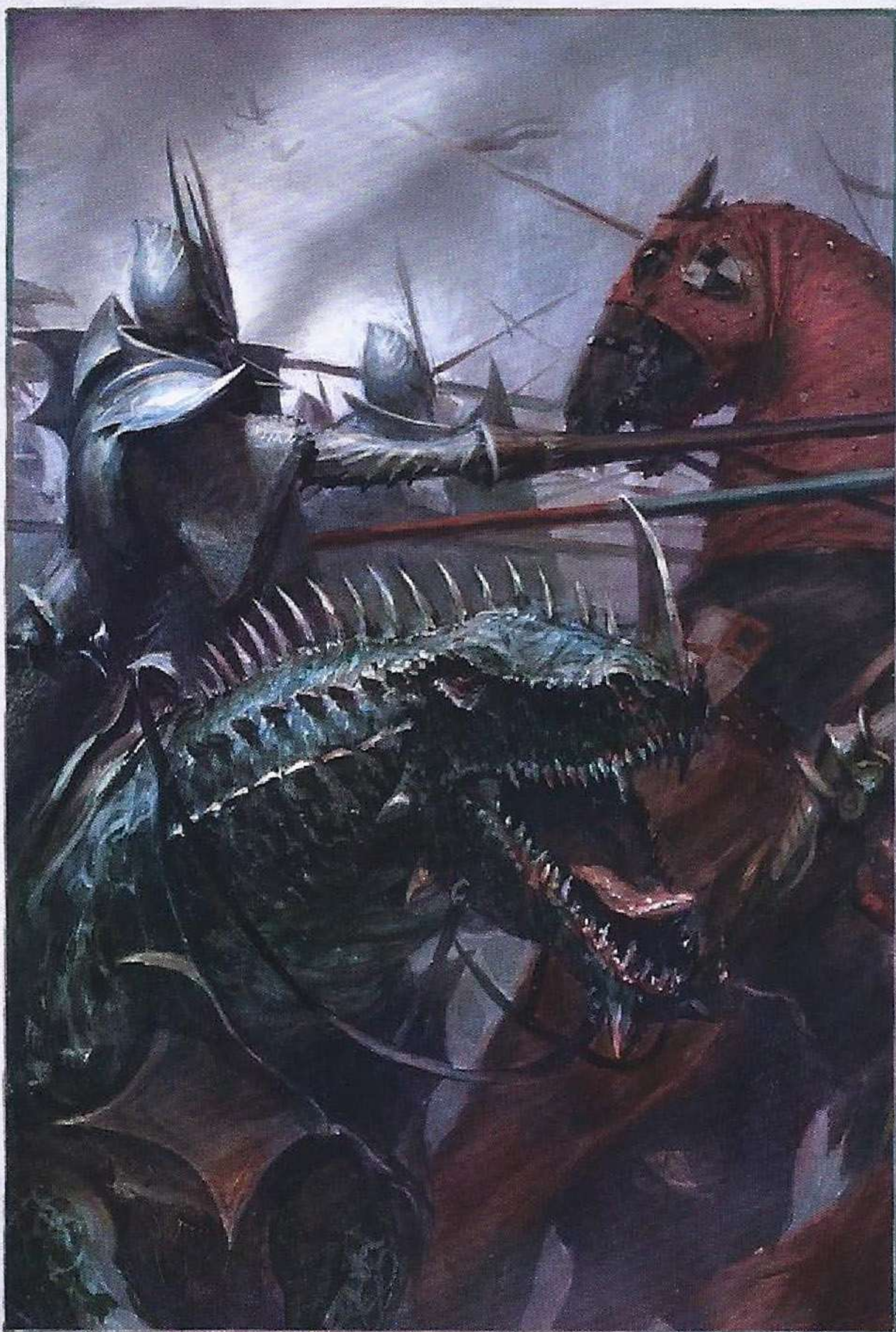
Cold One Chariots are sometimes given as gifts to those rare knights who have pleased Lord Malekith with their devotion and prowess in battle. To possess such a machine is a symbol of great prestige, and is ranked amongst the highest stations in battle, even though the Cold Ones' truculent nature can often bring the chariot to a jarring halt at the most inopportune moments.

Should the crew retain mastery of their chariot, they thunder across the battlefield like gods of war, wicked spears levelled and Cold Ones roaring fit to freeze the blood. In the last moment before impact, the crew goad their steeds to one last effort and the chariot crashes into the enemy ranks, crushing foes with the weight of its impact and opening flesh to the bone with the blades upon its flanks.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Cold One Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-
Knight Charioteer	-	5	4	4	-	-	6	1	9
Cold One	7	3	-	4	-	-	2	2	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 3+).

SPECIAL RULES: **Always Strikes First** (Charioteers only), **Fear, Hatred (High Elves)** (Charioteers only), **Murderous Prowess, Stupidity.**



BLACK GUARD OF NAGGAROND

The Black Guard are Malekith's personal army, answerable to no other save he. They are recruited from the offspring of families high in the Witch King's favour, taken at birth from mothers who are soon thereafter put to the sword. With no family ties to distract them, these children are raised within the barracks of the Black Guard and taught the myriad skills of death and destruction that are required of Malekith's foremost elite.

As soon as they are able, these young warriors are pitched against each other in murderous fights to the death, so that only the strongest, quickest-witted and most merciless survive. This violence is not restricted to the training fields and arenas. An intake of recruits can lose up to half its number as the incautious, injured and unpopular are disposed of by their fellows. As they mature, these fledgling fighters are regularly visited by the Witch King, who lavishly rewards those who show great cunning and bloodlust. When the aspirants finally come of age and their training is completed, Malekith pledges each of them great wealth and lands, which will be theirs if they serve him well for two hundred years.

Those Black Guard that survive their arduous tour of duty go on to become rulers of cities, leaders of armies and favoured members of the Witch King's court. However, this promised generosity seldom requires fulfilment, for there are many ways to perish in Malekith's service – not least as scapegoat for his frustrations. Yet if the risks are great, then the rewards are greater still, and so every member of the Black Guard serves without faltering until death claims him. They are a bulwark of grim steel on the battlefield, holding their ground where all others have fled, fighting with a determination fit to transform defeat into victory, and victory into a glorious massacre.

The barracks of the Black Guard are divided into twenty Towers, which compete against each other in contests of war and torture. The Witch King grimly encourages competition between the Towers, and each year, at the beginning of the Season of Blood, a tournament is held to determine which Tower will hold dominance over the others for the coming year. The leaders of these factions are the Tower Masters, veterans of the Black Guard so inculcated with death and battle that they choose to continue in Malekith's service after their two centuries of duty have been completed. These hardened warriors rule their underlings with a will of iron, determined that their Tower shall not be shamed by a lack of discipline – or worse, a glimmer of mercy – on the part of their charges.

ELLINILL, LORD OF DESTRUCTION

Legend tells that Ellinill once had more than one hundred offspring, each of whom had inherited an aspect of his destructive nature. Together, father and progeny inflicted all manner of disasters upon the world, revelling in the harm they unleashed upon the Elves. Ellinill was proud of his children, but he was also paranoid, and worried that they might conspire to supplant him. Individually, the offspring were no match for their sire, but the Lord of Destruction was wary of their combined power, and so he watched them closely.

Finally, Isha could bear the suffering of the Elves no more, and pleaded with the other gods to curtail the actions of the Ellinilli. All save one refused to heed her, for they were all wary of provoking Ellinill's wrath. Only Loec the Trickster answered Isha's plea, and he soon deceived Ellinill into believing that the long-feared betrayal had arrived. Upon hearing Loec's words, the Lord of Destruction flew into a rage and, one by one, hunted down and consumed his children, reclaiming the facets of destruction they had once embodied. Yet the battles had weakened Ellinill, and he would never again know the level of godly might he once enjoyed.

Of all the Ellinilli, only five survived: Addaioth, Bringer of Wrath and Fire; Estreuth, Herald of Famine and Drought; Hukon the Sunderer; Mathlann, King of Storm and Sea; and Drakira, Queen of Vengeance. They hid themselves in the mortal world, and have never returned to the heavens lest they join in their siblings' fate.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Black Guard	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	2	9
Tower Master	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Eternal Hatred, Immune to Psychology, Murderous Prowess, Stubborn.

HAR GANETH EXECUTIONERS

Har Ganeth is the spiritual centre of Khaine's worship, with many shrines to the Lord of Murder, dominated by the towering edifice of the great temple. It is from Har Ganeth that Hellebron rules over the Witch Elves, and countless victims are brought here to be sacrificed upon Khaine's altars. It was in Har Ganeth that the first ceremonies of execution were held. In the wake of a great victory over the High Elves, the guards of Har Ganeth led thousands of captives to the pinnacle of the temple and beheaded them with full ceremony and ritual. Such was the Dark Elves' delight when they beheld the bloodied heads tumbling down the steps that, from that day forth, executions became a regular feature in Har Ganeth society and a punishment for all manner of diverse crimes.

So adept have the guards of Har Ganeth become at their bloody art, they are now notorious throughout Naggaroth as the Executioners. Each spends half his waking day in his duties as sentry, and the other half practising with his blade. This occasionally takes the form of ritual sparring between different Executioners, but more often involves the honing of deathblows upon luckless captives and miscreants. The Executioners are not frenetic butchers, but rather cold-blooded killers who take pride in dispatching their foes with the minimum of effort. It is said that a fully-trained Executioner knows the way to kill any creature with but a single blow, whether by decapitation, disembowelment or a single thrust through the heart. They are heartless murderers,

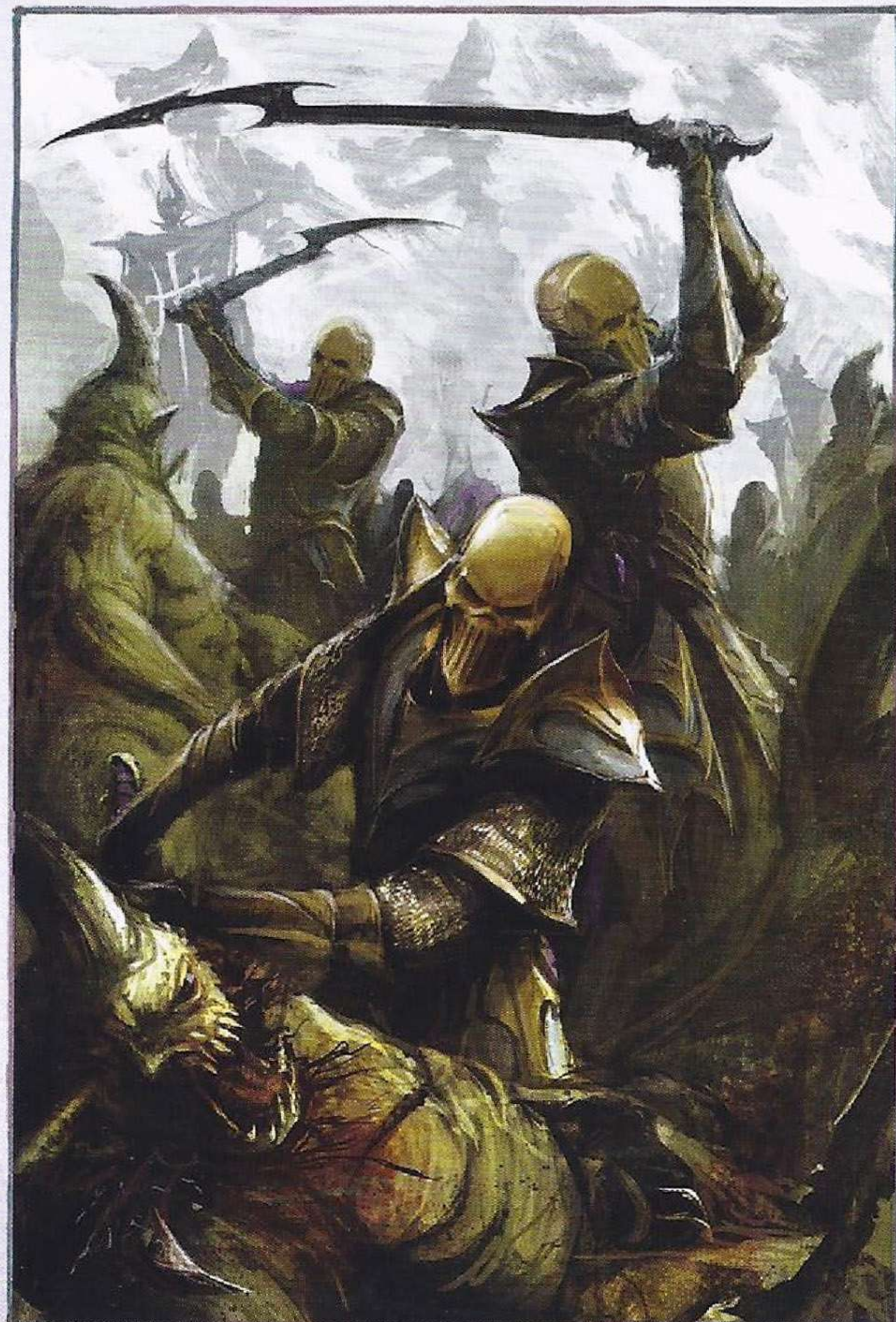
who see their role as a sacred one and, unlike other Dark Elves, do not make sport of their victims, killing them swiftly and cleanly. It can take decades for an Executioner to perfect his chosen strike, to judge precisely the angle of the blow and how the blade might be deflected or otherwise cheated by splinters of bone.

Every Executioner carries a draich, the ceremonial weapon of his calling. Each draich is forged by its wielder under the supervision of the armourers of Khaine's great temple. As an Executioner learns his bloody skills, he also refines his weapon so that the two are as one. Some Executioners prefer a heavy axe-like blade, others a slender sword, depending upon their own abilities and preferred method of killing. Regardless of design, these weapons are fearsome in battle, able to cleave through armour, flesh and bone with but a single, flawlessly placed strike.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Id
Executioner	5	5	4	4	3	1	5	1	9
Draich Master	5	5	4	4	3	1	5	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Hatred (High Elves), Killing Blow, Murderous Prowess.



ERETH KHIAL, THE PALE QUEEN

Ereth Khial is goddess of the Underworld. Long ago, she sought to seduce Asuryan, but was banished for her temerity. She has thus ever been an outcast in the eyes of the Elves of Ulthuan. She is, however, a much-courted deity in Naggaroth, for the Dark Elves see their own betrayal echoed in her fate. The Pale Queen alone offers the Dark Elves some salvation from Slaanesh's hunger, for her own armies are forged from the stolen souls of the Elf-dead. This is not to say all the Elves who have ever died now labour in Ereth Khial's service, for countless souls remain bound into waystones and trees, and a far greater number have been consumed by Slaanesh. Yet still, year by year, the Pale Queen's army grows. One day, her shadow legions will tear down Asuryan's vaunted creation in payment for his insults of old.

Though most Dark Elves care little for the fate of their souls, some fervently worship the Pale Queen, seeking to ensure that she will come to their aid when death claims them. It is far better, they believe, to perform abased service in the Underworld's grim embrace than to meet oblivion at Slaanesh's hand. Such ideals are woefully misguided, and it is probably little consolation that most will never find out how mistaken they are – the Dark Prince begrudges even the smallest scraps to fall from his table, and Ereth Khial can risk only the subtlest of thefts.

There is a rumour in Naggaroth, however, that there is one soul Ereth Khial yearns to seize beyond all others. In Malekith, the Pale Queen sees a consort whose ruthlessness is fit to match her own, and she has sworn that it is he who will one day lead her final vengeful assault on creation.

SISTERS OF SLAUGHTER

There are many venues of malign entertainment to be found in Naggaroth, but few are so enthusiastically patronised as the gladiatorial arenas. Every city has at least one such amphitheatre, where battle is fought to the death for the amusement of a bloodthirsty crowd. Here, amidst the bonestrewn sands, gladiators do battle with traitors, monsters and hordes of drug-addled slaves. For those warriors who ply this trade as a profession, rather than as a punishment, it is a wild existence, where survival and glory are victory's reward.

The Sisters of Slaughter are first amongst the gladiatorial guilds, the undisputed queens of the arena. Once they numbered merely a dozen – the outcast daughters of a disgraced house who pledged their lives to Eldrazor, Lord of Blades, so that he might look favourably upon their quest for revenge. Now, with their vengeance long ago carved into the bones of their family's betrayers, the Sisters have thousands of experienced fighters spread amongst enclaves in all the great cities, and a legend that has reached even the shores of distant lands. As for Eldrazor, he is greatly satisfied with the results of his patronage – ever the half-forgotten outcast of the Elven pantheon, his power has grown much with the Sisters' rise.

The Sisters fight as they live, moment to moment, with every gut-spilling swipe and viper-quick slash going unplanned until the second it is unleashed. Those who have not seen the Sisters of Slaughter at their quicksilver trade mock their talents, refusing to believe that mere instinct – however finely honed – could replace discipline and training. Such doubts last only until the naysayer witnesses a lone Sister hack her way through a trio of captured Daemons, or sees a handful of gladiatrices fell a raging Chimera with an attack pattern that is as sublimely artistic as it is impossible to predict.

Most Sisters live their entire lives in the arena, performing bloody deeds of battle for the baying crowds. There comes a time for many, however, when the ritual of arena combat becomes staid and unfulfilling. Thus, a fortunate Dreadlord can find himself approached by a band of Sisters seeking to test their skills on a real battlefield. Few commanders find it possible to reject such an offer, for the Sisters demand no plunder in return for their services, only the promise of a foe that will truly test them.

So it is that many a Dark Elf raid is headed by gaily laughing warrior-women who dance into battle with ferocious grace. Most foes, trained for the battle of regiments and shieldwalls, are easy prey. The Sisters do not slow their approach as the enemy looms, but vault sure-footedly over the locked shields to throw themselves, weapons swinging, into the formation's heart. Moments later, the surviving foes cast down their weapons and flee, their will to fight broken. The Sisters of Slaughter are no longer concerned with them. Eyes glittering with battle-joy, they run towards the next foe, eagerly searching for opponents worthy of their skills.

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Hatred (High Elves), Murderous Prowess.

Dance of Death: Models with this special rule have a 4+ ward save against Attacks made in close combat. In addition, at the start of each round of combat, each unit of Sisters of Slaughter chooses one enemy unit in base contact. That unit receives no combat result bonus for extra ranks this turn, and models in that unit cannot make Parry saves this turn.

The Trial of Blades: Models with this rule receive +1 To Hit and To Wound (a roll of 1 still fails) if at least one enemy model in base contact with the unit has a higher Weapon Skill or Strength characteristic (before modifiers for weapons).

ELDRAZOR, LORD OF BLADES

Eldrazor is a god obsessed with the skilful arts of war. He seldom ranks high amongst his pantheon, for many Dark Elves scorn his reluctance to fight save in the pursuit of honour. However, once Eldrazor decides to fight, he does so without mercy. Any tactic is permissible within his Arena of Death, and as he constantly redefines the arena's bounds in the mortal realm, it is impossible to know you're within it until it is far too late...



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sister of Slaughter	5	6	4	3	3	1	6	2	9
Handmaiden of Shards	5	6	4	3	3	1	6	3	9

BRIDES OF KHAINE

WITCH ELVES

Witch Elves are the cruellest of all their heartless race, for they live only to serve Khaine's malevolent demands for bloody, agonising sacrifice. Their observances to the Lord of Murder are blood-slicked affairs. Still-beating hearts are ripped from victims' chests and hurled into fires, writhing flesh is daubed with gore-red runes and altars are decorated with the entrails of dying captives.

Yet ceremonies are but a part of the Witch Elves' worship – their truest observances take place upon the field of battle. On the eve of war, Witch Elves drink blood laced with poisonous herbs, driving them into a divine frenzy. Whilst in this god-touched state, Witch Elves give no thought to their own defence, and seek only to hack foes apart in a blood-drenched orgy of slaughter. There is little grace to such an assault, merely a whirling storm of venom-coated blades that slash at the foe with maddened fury. Those enemies unfortunate enough to survive their wounds are rounded up by the Witch Elves at the battle's end. These poor souls are torn apart in wild victory celebrations, their blood offered in libation to the ever-thirsting Lord of Murder.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Witch Elf	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8
Hag	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	2	8



TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Frenzy, Hatred (High Elves), Murderous Prowess, Poisoned Attacks.

Madness of Khaine: At the end of each of your turns, roll a D6 for each of your characters that is in a unit of Witch Elves (do not roll for Khainite Assassins, Shadowblade, Death Hags or Hellebron – they've learnt how to survive in such company). On a score of 4+, nothing happens. On a score of 3 or less, that character immediately suffers D6 Strength 3 hits as the Witch Elves lose all control and turn on their ally.

DEATH HAGS

The Death Hags are the priestesses of the Witch Elves, the guardians of Khaine's mysteries. It is they who mix the noxious potions that drive the Witch Elves into their battle-rage and they who craft the poisons with which they taint their blades. They know also how to wield the secret names of their god as obscene weapons that can befuddle their foes or strike them down with madness.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Death Hag	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Frenzy, Hatred (High Elves), Murderous Prowess, Poisoned Attacks.

UPGRADES: GIFTS OF KHAINE

Cry of War: By screeching one of the seventeen secret names of Khaine, the Death Hag freezes her enemies with horror.

This model has the Fear special rule. In addition, all Fear tests taken by enemy units in base contact with this model must be taken with a -3 penalty to Leadership.

Rune of Khaine: The Bloody-Handed God's gore-red rune blazes upon the Death Hag's brow, marking her as one of the Lord of Murder's chosen.

This model has +D3 Attacks (roll each round of combat, immediately before the model attacks).

Witchbrew: Distilled from the blood of Hag Queens, Witchbrew drives the imbibers into an ecstasy of destruction.

This model, and all models in the same unit, have the Frenzy special rule. If they already have the Frenzy special rule, that Frenzy grants +2 Attacks instead of just +1, but the unit suffers a -3 penalty to Leadership when testing not to declare a charge.

CAULDRONS OF BLOOD

The Cauldrons of Blood are rumoured to be gifts from Khaine, who bestowed them upon the Witch Elves as rewards for their single-minded dedication to his cause – at least that was Morathi's claim when she gave the first of these brass cauldrons to the Cult of Khaine. Each is kept filled with the blood of countless sacrificial victims, though curiously, it never overflows. The cauldron always maintains the same level, no matter how many gallons of lifeblood are poured into it, as though the very metal of the cauldron thirsts.

Each Cauldron of Blood lies heavy with dark enchantments and, with the proper knowledge, a Death Hag can access these to unleash the many blessings of Khaine. Chief of these is the cauldron's ability to restore youth and vitality to those who bathe within it. As Morathi kept the innermost secrets of the cauldron for herself, all others who utilise this blessing must frequently repeat the bathing process or soon find themselves in their old and withered states once more. In this way, the Hag Sorceress ensures the Witch Elves' loyalty – with the irresistible lure of eternal beauty.

The Cauldrons of Blood are ordinarily kept safely secured within the great temples of Khaine, but one is occasionally brought forth when a great host of Witch Elves marches to battle. Drawn to the cauldron by the prospect of slaughter, the Lord of Murder's baleful spirit goads nearby Dark Elves to a feverish war-lust that will be spent only when there is no longer any blood to spill.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Cauldron of Blood	5	-	-	5	6	5	-	-	-
Witch Elf Crew	-	4	4	3	-	-	6	1	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 6+).

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Frenzy, Hatred (High Elves), Large Target, Magic Resistance (1), Murderous Prowess, Poisoned Attacks, Terror.

Bloodshield of Khaine: The Cauldron of Blood has a 4+ ward save. Witch Elves, Hags and Death Hags (including Hellebron) in the same unit or mounted on it have a 5+ ward save, and all other models in the same unit have a 6+ ward save.

Fury of Khaine: As the blood in the cauldron boils and bubbles, Khaine drives bloodlust to a fever pitch and stokes hearts with a violent fire.

Innate bound spell (power level 3). *Fury of Khaine* is an **augment** spell that targets a single unit within 12". The target gains the Frenzy special rule until the start of the Cauldron of Blood's next Magic phase. If the target already has the Frenzy special rule, that Frenzy grants +2 Attacks to every model in the unit instead of just +1 until the start of the Cauldron of Blood's next Magic phase. *Fury of Khaine* is not cumulative with Witchbrew.

Strength of Khaine: Friendly models with the Murderous Prowess special rule in units within 6" of the Cauldron of Blood re-roll all failed To Wound rolls.

Will of the Gods: This model has no steeds to draw it, but uses its own Movement value. Unlike other chariots, it can also march. It can also join units and leave as if it were a character, save for the fact that it must always be placed in the centre of the front rank (note that it is not otherwise treated as a character – it can only join and leave units like one). Only one model with this special rule can join each unit.

DEATH NIGHT

Once a year, the Witch Elves descend on the streets of their cities in unbridled celebration of their bloody lord – this is Death Night, a time of terror for all in Naggaroth. The boulevards and alleys echo with manic drumming and shrill pipes, while thick clouds of blood-red incense drift around twisted mansions. Through the smoke prowl roving bands of Witch Elves, murder in their hearts. Under the direction of their Hag Queens they steal away any Dark Elves they find, often breaking into houses to drag the inhabitants to their bloody altars.

It is on Death Night, re-invigorated by the blood of the slain, that the Hag Queens are at their most beautiful and frenetic. Over the course of the following year they slowly revert to their true haggard appearance but, for that one night, they are wanton avatars of lustful slaughter – true daughters of Khaine.

BLOODWRACK SHRINES

Thousands of years ago, the Bloodwrack Medusae were Sorceresses of Ghrend who used their magics and blood-feasting rituals to become more beautiful than even the gods. In so doing, they came to the attention of the goddess Atharti, who is vain beyond measure and suffers no mortal competition. In retribution, the Goddess of Pleasure stripped the upstart mortals of their beauteous forms and caged them in pain-wracked, serpentine bodies. Even this punishment she deemed insufficient, and so she reduced their minds to be little more than those of beasts. Atharti left only one sliver of awareness to her victims, enough that they might always remember with torment the beauty and power they had once possessed. Morathi, who alone had accounted her comeliness in no need of magical enhancement, drove her former sisters from Ghrend's walls. She then gave thanks to Atharti for delivering a punishment well-earned, and set about replenishing the Dark Convent's ranks.

Now, the Bloodwrack Medusae are bent to serve Morathi's needs once more, though in a manner entirely different to that of their former lives. When a great campaign beckons, the Hag Sorceress sends warriors into the caverns below the Spiteful Peaks and the squalid lairs therein. Those who survive return to Ghrend with prisoners in tow – Bloodwrack Medusae, their claws bound and their faces masked. At Morathi's direction, the captives are chained to Atharti's great Bloodwrack Shrines and propelled by dark magic to the very forefront of the assembled armies.

A Bloodwrack Medusa's gaze is a fearsome weapon; should a victim's eyes lock with hers for even a second, his lifeblood violently rebels, flooding from every pore until his body collapses into a pool of its own gore. It is to guard against this that the shrinekeepers – priestesses so beguiled by their goddess that the act of worship has become their chief pleasure – wear masks polished to a mirror-like sheen. Worse still, all who fight near a Bloodwrack Shrine find their minds twisted by an echo of the Medusa's endless despair. All save the Dark Elves, that is; to them, the scent of suffering is akin to the finest perfume – a heady brew when mixed with the tang of fresh-spilt blood.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bloodwrack Shrine	5	-	-	5	6	5	-	-	-
Shrinekeeper	-	4	4	3	-	-	5	1	8
Bloodwrack Medusa	-	5	5	4	-	-	5	3	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 6+).

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Hatred (High Elves), Large Target, Magic Resistance (1), Murderous Prowess, Terror, Will of the Gods (see page 47).

Aura of Agony: Models from *Warhammer: Dark Elves* within 6" of a Bloodwrack Shrine have a +1 bonus to their Leadership. All other models within 6" suffer a -1 penalty to their Leadership.

Avert Your Gaze!: At the start of each Close Combat phase, before challenges are issued, enemy models in base contact with this model must pass an Initiative test or suffer a Strength 4 hit with the Killing Blow special rule and no armour saves allowed. This is a magical attack.

Bloodwrack Stare (Bloodwrack Medusa only): This is a magical shooting attack with the following profile:

Range	Strength	Special Rules
12"	4	Killing Blow, Multiple Shots (4)

When rolling To Wound with this shooting attack, substitute the target's Toughness with its Initiative value. No armour saves are permitted against the Bloodwrack Stare.

ATHARTI, LADY OF DESIRE

Atharti is the goddess of pleasure and seduction, often depicted as a masked figure entwined with blood-red snakes. She has a profound rivalry with her sister Hekarti, and each has made many attempts to slay the other. The Lady of Desire is a mistress of all forms of seduction, and the very sight of her is said to cause mortals to collapse in complete and unquestioning abasement. For this reason, those Naggarothi who infiltrate High Elf society count Atharti amongst their foremost patrons, for only she can unlock the hearts and minds of those they wish to corrupt.



WAR HYDRAS

The Hydra is a titanic beast of the mountains, whose ill-tempered and ravenous nature has proven the doom of many an unsuspecting morsel. Indeed, so ferocious is the Hydra that campaigning armies often make wide detours to avoid intruding on such a beast's bone-strewn lair. Those that march on regardless do so either out of confidence in their battle-prowess or ignorance of the Hydra's savagery.

Only creatures as twisted as the Dark Elves would look upon the Hydra's vicious glory and deem it insufficient for the task at hand. But ever since the Witch King's Beastmasters first tamed the creatures, the Naggarothi have continually experimented with breeding techniques and dark enchantments to raise the raw ferocity and power of successive generations. The War Hydras of Naggaroth's armies are therefore a far more daunting foe than those the Dark Elves first encountered many long centuries ago in the Anoulii Mountains.

War Hydras are notoriously difficult for their handlers to control, and a Beastmaster must be quick with his lash lest he be devoured in the enemy's stead. They are even more difficult to slay, for not only are their scaly bodies incredibly well armoured, they also regenerate damage at a frightening rate. A foe's only chance is to sever all the monster's heads in quick succession – if even a single one remains, the remainder will swiftly grow back and devour the impudent attacker for his troubles.

There are many ways to be slain by a Hydra: torn apart, swallowed whole, crushed underfoot, immolated or even skewered by arrows as they ricochet off its scaled hide. Generals often see even their finest troops pulverised by just a single War Hydra and are then left to watch with horror as the beast emerges unscathed from the carnage, vents forth an ear-splitting roar, and then charges forwards with thundering strides to trample another regiment into ruin.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
War Hydra	6	4	4	5	5	5	2	3+*	6

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Large Target, Scaly Skin (4+), Terror.

If One Head is Severed...: A War Hydra has three Attacks, +1 for each remaining Wound.

...Another Takes its Place: If this model is alive at the end of your turn, roll a number of D6 equal to the difference between the War Hydra's starting number of Wounds and its current number of Wounds. For each roll of a 4+, the War Hydra immediately recovers a single Wound lost earlier in the battle.



UPGRADES:

Fiery Breath: A War Hydra with this upgrade has a Strength 4 Breath Weapon with the Flaming Attacks special rule.

Spit Fire: A War Hydra with this upgrade can make a shooting attack with the following profile:

Range	Strength	Special Rules
8"	*	Flaming Attacks, Multiple Shots (*)

* The Strength and Multiple Shots value of this attack is equal to the War Hydra's remaining number of Wounds.

THE CONTEST OF CLAWS

Beastmasters can be found all over Naggaroth, for they are drawn to wherever potential pets can be found. However, there is a traditional rivalry between the rulers of Karond Kar and Clar Karond, who each claim to have dominion over the most accomplished Beastmasters of all. This claim is settled, once each year, in the Contest of Claws – a formal battle between whichever Beastmasters from the two cities are prepared to put their lives, and those of their charges, at risk for the fleeting honour of their city. The Contest of Claws is always a closely fought affair, with both sides arranging 'accidents', assassinations and as many other forms of skulduggery as possible to ensure their rightful victory.

THE BEASTS OF NAGGAROTH

The Dark Elves take great pride in breaking the savage creatures of Naggaroth to their service, and their armies' ranks are thick with all manner of wild and ferocious beasts. Some are trained from youth to serve as loyal and prestigious mounts; others are scarcely tamed at all, and must be goaded into battle with lash and scourge.

BLACK DRAGONS

Dragons once ruled the skies of the world. Now, their race is but a shadow of its former power and majesty. When the Old Ones arrived, the greatest Dragons found the world too warm for their liking and hid from the bright sun, while more still stole into caverns and the ocean deeps with the coming of Chaos.

These massive beasts still slumber, undisturbed by the passing millennia and all but impossible to rouse. Younger Dragons, still tremendously powerful monsters, sometimes rise from their sleep at the call of the Elves or when other events disturb their aeons-long dreams. Most of these rest in the realm of Caledor on Ulthuan, friends to the Dragon Princes who are descended from the great archmage Caledor Dragontamer, ally of Aenarion.

Like all intelligent creatures, Dragons are prone to acts of good or ill depending upon their disposition and the nature of their upbringing. When Malekith first began his plotting to usurp the Phoenix Crown, his agents stole many Dragon eggs from their nests in Caledor. These were secretly nurtured in Nagarythe, and enchanted with dark spells to corrupt the unborn within. The fiercest Black Dragon from this first clutch was Sulekh, a fearsome monster of ferocious power who was slain only by the combined efforts of three High Elf princes and Caledor the Conqueror. Since Sulekh's death at the hands of the High Elves, her children have continued to fight alongside the Dark Elves, seeking vengeance for their ancestor.

A Black Dragon is capable of slaughtering entire armies with its claws, horns and fangs. With expulsions of noxious gas from its maw, it can wither the lungs of its victims and desiccate their flesh. The thick hide of a Black Dragon protects it from even the weightiest blows of its enemies. Perhaps the greatest weapon of all is the overwhelming wyrm-dread that fills the enemy upon sighting such a bloodthirsty and destructive monster.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Black Dragon	6	6	0	6	6	6	3	5	8

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly, Hatred (High Elves), Large Target, Scaly Skin (3+), Terror.

Noxious Breath: A Black Dragon has a Strength 4 Breath Weapon. All models in a unit that has suffered one or more casualties from the attack suffers a -1 penalty to their Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill until the end of the following turn.

HARPIES

Harpies make their nests in the uppermost spires of Karond Kar. Some claim they are the souls of slain Witch Elves given physical form, others that they are a manifestation of Khaine. They are certainly vicious enough for either to be true. In Naggarothi lore, Harpies are considered to be an omen of good fortune, and it is claimed that if they ever deserted Karond Kar, the city would fall soon after. Harpies are similar in temperament to the Dark Elves, for they delight in tormenting their victims. Hunger drives them to follow raiding fleets for months on end, soaring patiently in the skies until battle begins.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Harpies	5	3	0	3	3	1	5	2	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly.

DARK PEGASI

Dark Pegasi make their nests on the northernmost peaks of the Iron Mountains. It is from these eyries that the Dark Elves steal young Pegasi to serve as steeds – a fully-grown beast is too savage to be trained. The majority of these young Dark Pegasi are sold in Ghrond, for such beasts are favoured as steeds by the Sorceresses of the Dark Convent.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dark Pegasus	8	3	0	4	4	3	4	2	6

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly.

Impale Attack: On a turn in which it charges, a Dark Pegasus' close combat attacks are resolved at +1 Strength.

BLOODWRACK MEDUSAE

Not all Bloodwrack Medusae are goaded to war atop monolithic shrines. Some emerge willingly from their lairs and follow the scent of blood to war. They are unreliable allies who pay no heed to any battle plan, seeking only to share their own torment with their luckless victims.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bloodwrack Medusa	7	5	5	4	4	3	5	3	2

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Avert Your Gaze! (see page 48), Bloodwrack Stare (see page 48), Fear, Frenzy, Hatred (High Elves), Murderous Prowess.

MANTICORES

Dark Elves hold no creature in higher esteem than the Manticore, for they believe it to be one of the thousand incarnations of Khaine, and daring Beastmasters venture as far north as the Chaos Wastes in search of young Manticores to sell at auction. Manticores can be tamed enough to take a rider, though they remain feral. Even if his steed occasionally ignores his commands and pitches him into unfavourable fights, a Dark Elf considers this a minor risk compared to the fear and respect that having such a mount brings.

UPGRADES:

Blind Rage: A Manticore with this upgrade has +D3 Attacks (roll each round of combat, immediately before the model attacks). However, all enemies attacking the Manticore in close combat receive a +1 bonus To Hit.

Iron Hard Skin: A Manticore with this upgrade has the Scaly Skin (4+) special rule.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Manticore	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	5

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly, Killing Blow, Large Target, Terror.

Uncontrollable: At the start of each friendly turn, a model riding a Manticore must take a Leadership test. If the test is failed, the Manticore and its rider are subject to Frenzy until the start of their next turn. Also, should a Manticore's rider be slain, the Manticore does not take a Monster Reaction test. Instead, it is automatically affected by the 'Raaargh!' Monster Reaction result.

NETHU, KEEPER OF THE LAST DOOR

Nethu is Ereth Khial's son, and the gatekeeper of Mirai, the Underworld. It is his task to see that those souls claimed by the Pale Queen remain sealed away until the hour of the Rhana Dhandra – the last battle of the gods. It is also Nethu's duty to see that no intruder breaches the Mirai to steal away the secrets of the dead – at least, not without offering a suitable tribute to the Pale Queen.

In this, the Keeper of the Last Door is aided by a host of Dark Pegasi, who watch unblinkingly from the battlements of his dark fortress, easily mistaken for statuary by the unwary. When roused, none are safe, for their shadowy maws consume soul-stuff as easily as mortal flesh.



KHARIBDYSS

The Kharibdyss is a loathsome beast of the uncharted depths, its kind seldom seen on land save when the Dark Elves goad one to war. Untold numbers of these primeval horrors churn the murky deep off Naggaroth's western coastline, sating their hunger on any creature foolish enough to cross their path. Occasionally, a Kharibdyss can be sighted upon the broken isles of Naggaroth's western coast, tentacles writhing with slime and sea-spray as the beast hunts for tasty morsels.

The Beastmasters of Clar Karond covet the Kharibdyss as a prize beyond treasures, and only the very wealthiest can hope to acquire one. Even an army of Dark Elves would be easy prey for such a creature in its own environment, and only by employing a Sorceress to lure a Kharibdyss to the surface can a Beastmaster hope to capture one and break it to his will.

Many Beastmasters make great fanfare of having tamed a Kharibdyss, but in truth, the creature needs little forcing into battle. It is a brutish and slow-witted beast at heart, and simply rampages wherever hunger leads it. This course of destruction must occasionally be altered by a timely swipe of the Beastmaster's scourge, lest the beast feast upon Dark Elves rather than their foes. This is not to say that unfortunate accidents do not occur if the creature is not properly trained. More than one Beastmaster has met bloody reprisal from his fellows after a Kharibdyss has eaten its way through the Naggarothi ranks – but such occurrences are few and far between.

Once broken, a Kharibdyss can be counted amongst the most formidable weapons at a Beastmaster's command. Its slimy body, adapted to resist the fantastic pressures of the ocean, is unstoppable once on land, possessing colossal strength and incredible fortitude. Smaller foes are plucked from the battlefield and swept into the Kharibdyss' maw by its crown of flailing tentacles; larger ones are entangled and held fast whilst razor-sharp teeth feast upon their succulent flesh.

The Kharibdyss' digestive juices are ferociously efficient, and can dissolve flesh, metal and bone in a matter of minutes. The same cannot be said of enchanted artefacts and a few precious gemstones, which are curiously resistant to the attentions of the monster's gullet. Indeed, the belly of a slain Kharibdyss is often something of a treasure trove, full of whatever magical possessions adorned its victims at the moment of digestion. Such items provide some solace to a Beastmaster who is unfortunate enough to lose his Kharibdyss to battle. If he is lucky, the value of these treasures will at least partially offset the expense of acquiring a new plaything.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kharibdyss	6	5	0	7	5	5	4	5	6

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Large Target, Poisoned Attacks, Scaly Skin (4+), Terror.

Abyssal Howl: Enemy units that are in base contact with one or more Kharibdyss models must re-roll successful Leadership tests.

A unit is immune to the effects of Abyssal Howl if the majority of its models have one or more of the following special rules: Fear, Terror and Immune to Psychology.

Feast of Bones: If the Kharibdyss directs all of its close combat Attacks against the same model, and all of those Attacks hit, then the target model suffers an additional D6 Strength 7 hits.

MATHLANN, LORD OF THE DEEPS

Mathlann is the King of Storm and Sea, the ruler of the savage creatures of the deeps. He is an unpredictable deity, as likely to bestow curses as he is to grant favours, and seemingly makes no distinction between the various races of Elves, only seeing a difference between those who plough his beloved seas, and those who prefer to remain bound to dry land.

Black Ark Corsairs revere Mathlann most highly. In part, this is simply good sense – any Elf who spends so much of his life upon the waves is well-advised to ensure he remains in good standing with the King of Storm and Sea. However, the Corsairs also feel a kinship with Mathlann that transcends mere worship, for they too are a force of destruction that strikes without warning from calm seas, bringing ruin to fleets, ports and coastlines.



MALEKITH

The Witch King of Naggaroth

The Witch King is the supreme ruler of Naggaroth, and the eternal enemy of the High Elves. Long ago, he sought to claim Ulthuan's crown, but the Flames of Asuryan left him scarred by fire and twisted with hatred. In the years since, Malekith has many times attempted to scour Ulthuan from the face of the world, but each time has been undone by cruel fate or the incompetence of craven underlings. Yet the Witch King is immortal and knows he will outlast those who foolishly believe themselves his betters. The day is fast approaching where old debts and insults will finally be repaid, and Malekith will do anything within his power to hasten its arrival.

Armour of Midnight: *Malekith's rune-armour is forged from the hardest meteoric iron and protects against any mortal weapon.*

Magic Armour. The Armour of Midnight grants Malekith a 5+ armour save, as well as a 2+ ward save against all non-magical attacks. If Malekith suffers an unsaved Wound from an attack that has the Killing Blow or Multiple Wounds special rules, he will only ever suffer a single Wound.

Supreme Spellshield: *The Supreme Spellshield absorbs magic and then unleashes the energy back at the foe.*

Magic Armour. Shield. This item grants Malekith the Magic Resistance (2) special rule. If Malekith is ever the target of an enemy spell that he successfully dispels, the caster's unit immediately suffers D6 magical Strength 6 hits.

Circlet of Iron: *The Circlet of Iron is said to be older than the race of Elves and is a potent source of magical power.*

Arcane Item. Once per Magic phase (yours and your opponent's), Malekith can use the Circlet of Iron to add a single bonus dice to any of his failed casting or dispel attempts. This bonus dice can contribute to irresistible force (and a miscast).

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Malekith	5	8	7	5	4	3	8	4	10
Seraphon (Black Dragon)	6	7	0	6	6	6	3	6	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

Malekith may be carried into battle by his Black Dragon Seraphon (Monster).

MAGIC: Malekith is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Dark Magic (see page 61).

SPECIAL RULES (Malekith): Always Strikes First, Eternal Hatred, Fear, Hekarti's Blessing, Immune to Psychology, Murderous Prowess.

Absolute Power: If you take Malekith, he must be your army's General. Malekith's Inspiring Presence has a range of 18" (or 24" if riding Seraphon).

SPECIAL RULES (Seraphon): Fly, Hatred (High Elves), Large Target, Noxious Breath (see page 50), Scaly Skin (3+), Terror.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Destroyer: *Forged by the Witch King of Naggaroth himself, this blade is a symbol of the Dark Elves' determination to destroy the High Elves and all their works. The Destroyer's merest touch can unmake enchantments or even drain knowledge from the minds of unwary wizards.*

Magic Weapon. At the start of every Close Combat phase, all enemy models in base contact with Malekith must reveal their magic items.

Furthermore, if Malekith scores one or more hits against a model with any magic items, roll a D6; on a 4+, one randomly determined magic item is immediately destroyed and cannot be used further in this game. Do not include magic items that are mounts, magic items that contain bound spells that miscast earlier in the game, or any magic items labelled as 'one use only' that have been used. In addition, if a Wizard suffers one or more unsaved Wounds from Destroyer, roll a D6; on a 4+, the Wizard immediately loses a Wizard level.

THE BLACK COUNCIL

Malekith's inner circle always numbers exactly one hundred lords and ladies of Naggaroth – though not all are living. Claiming a seat at the obsidian table is one of the highest honours, but also one of the most dangerous. The Witch King is nothing if not mercurial in his favours, and it is not unusual for fewer Dreadlords to leave the chamber than entered it.

Down the ages there have always been nobles clever enough to avoid falling victim to the Witch King's explosive temper, and it is no different now. Closest of all Malekith's councillors is his mother, Morathi. This honour is not granted out of filial regard, but because the Hag Sorceress can be trusted only when kept in plain sight. Kouran, Captain of the Black Guard, is a different matter entirely, for his loyalty to the Witch King is without question. The third most influential seat on the council belongs to the cadaverous noble known only as Ezresor – a particularly cold-blooded individual widely assumed to be Malekith's spy master, though this has never been officially confirmed.

Venil Chillblade, latest incumbent of a seat that has become almost a hereditary privilege, holds sway over fleets that plough the seas east of Naggaroth, whilst the darkly beautiful Drane Brackblood directs the plunder of westward realms. Command of Naggaroth's armies is split between several nobles, of whom the heavily-scarred Ebnir Soulflayer is most prominent. His is perhaps the most tenuous seat on the council, for he earns glory for every victory and blame for every defeat. So far, Soulflayer has managed to shift any blame to other, now dead, council members, but this game can only be played for so long.

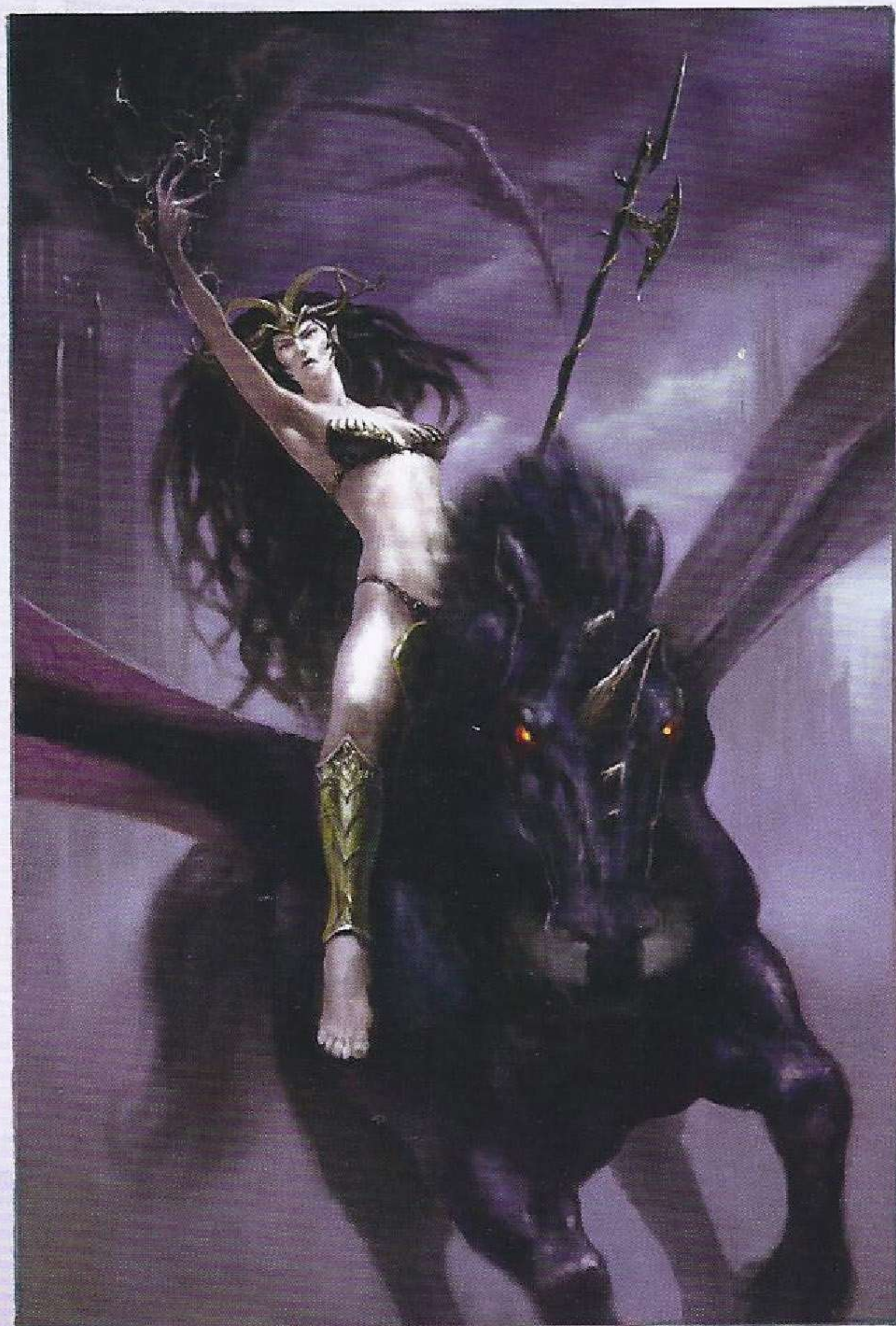
MORATHI

The Hag Sorceress of Ghron

Morathi's entire existence has been one of scheming and manipulation. Who knows how many of Aenarion's darker deeds sprang from seeds she planted within his mind, or how the history of the Elves might have been different if he had not taken her as wife? Yet for all beautiful Morathi's wiles, she was ultimately spurned by the Phoenix King. Heartbroken, Morathi swore that if her husband could no longer rule the Elves, her son would do so in his place.

Since that day, Morathi has pursued that goal with supernatural determination. She has spent millennia teaching Malekith all she knows of statecraft and magic, and works tirelessly to maintain his grip on Naggaroth's throne. When the Witch King has faltered, Morathi has always been ready to fan the embers of hatred in his heart; when he has been betrayed, none have fought so hard as she to restore his rule.

Morathi prefers to work behind the scenes, twisting events to her favour with a carefully chosen alliance or assassination, yet she is a terrifying force if roused to open conflict and can unleash the horrific power of Chaos with barely a thought. She is capable of the most destructive magics possible, and there is little doubt that if Malekith is ever slain, she will use that knowledge to see the world destroyed rather than endure it in the hands of another.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Morathi	5	5	4	3	3	3	6	3	10
Sulephet (Dark Pegasus)	8	4	0	4	4	3	4	3	6

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Morathi is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Death, the Lore of Shadow and the Lore of Dark Magic (see page 61). She can generate all of her spells from the same lore, or from two or more of the above lores in any combination. Declare how many spells she will generate from each lore before spells are generated.

SPECIAL RULES: **Always Strikes First** (Morathi only), **Fly, Hatred (High Elves)** (Morathi only), **Hekarti's Blessing**, **Impale Attack** (Sulephet only) (see page 50), **Murderous Prowess**.

Enchanting Beauty: Any model, friend or foe, in base contact with Morathi at the start of each round of close combat must pass a Leadership test or suffer a -5 penalty to their Weapon Skill (to a minimum of 1) until the end of the round. This does not affect attacks that do not roll To Hit (such as Impact Hits), nor does it affect models that have the Immune to Psychology special rule.

The First Sorceress: Morathi adds +D3 to all her casting attempts – roll each time a spell is cast. Combined with Hekarti's Blessing, this grants Morathi an extra D3+1 to all attempts to cast spells from the Lore of Dark Magic.

Thousand and One Dark Blessings: Morathi has a 4+ ward save and the Magic Resistance (2) special rule.



MAGIC ITEMS:

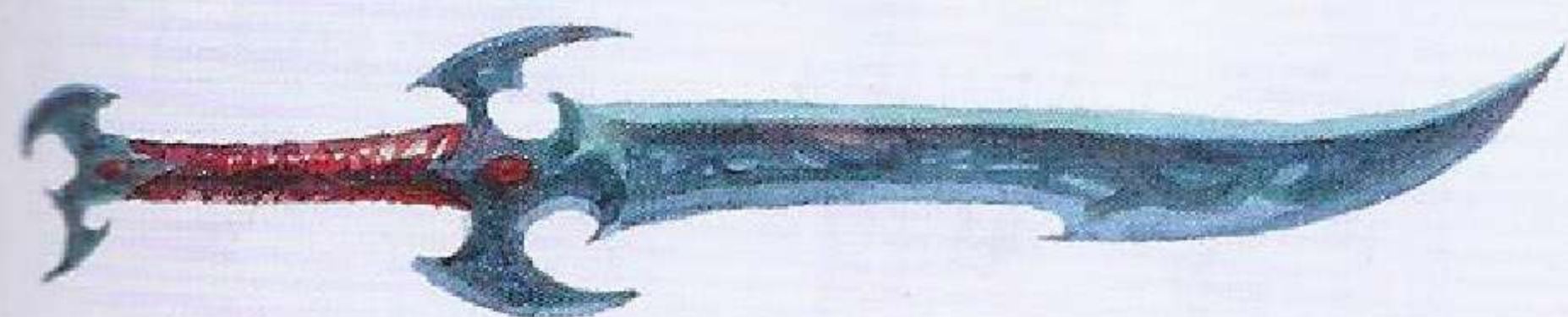
Heartrender and the Darksword: *The Heartrender's blade is a wicked thing, laden with vile enchantments to seek an opponent's heart. The Darksword too is bewitched, but with spells of blinding and enfeeblement that sap a foe of his strength even if he survives the blow.*

Magic Weapon. Paired weapons. Hits from this weapon have the Killing Blow special rule and are resolved at +2 Strength in the turn Morathi charges. In addition, a monster or character that suffers one or more unsaved Wounds from Heartrender and the Darksword reduces its Attacks, Strength and Toughness characteristics by one (to a minimum of 1) for each unsaved Wound. These penalties are applied at the end of the round of close combat in which the Wounds were suffered, and last for the remainder of the game.

HELLEBRON

The Blood Queen of Har Ganeth

Crone Hellebron is the most ancient of the Hag Queens and second only to Morathi in Khaine's sight. However, while the youth and beauty of Morathi never fades, that of Hellebron is now almost expended, for the Hag Sorceress deliberately withheld from her the deepest secrets of using the Cauldrons of Blood. Therefore, ever more sacrifices are needed to fill Hellebron's cauldron each year, and yet the rejuvenating effects last for less and less time. Once beautiful beyond measure, the Blood Queen must now endure many dark months with the visage of an old and ugly crone for each stolen day of vibrant youth. It is chiefly for this reason that Hellebron hates Morathi, and her wrath at the deception is only deepened by the knowledge she would have performed the exact same betrayal had their positions been reversed.



So it is that for many nights of the year, Hellebron holds court hooded and cloaked to conceal her haggard appearance. Only her closest attendants are permitted to see the full horror of her aged and withered form, and they are sworn to silence under pain of death. It is only on the days following Death Night, where her flesh and form are renewed to full vigour, that Hellebron walks the world unveiled, revelling in the power and sensations of youth. Those who wish a boon of her are well advised to seek it in this brief window of joy, for at other times her mood is capricious and sour, and an audience with her is very likely fatal.

Ugly and worn as she may be, Hellebron remains the greatest of the Brides of Khaine. Her mastery of the many ways of murder eclipses even that of Morathi – who is often too distracted by her sorcerous pursuits – and far outstrips the skills of the other Hag Queens. It is she who leads the Lord of Murder's unholy rites and dictates the holy creed that all Witch Elves must follow. She is so steeped in the ways of death that her merest touch can kill, and a single whispered word from her withered lips can open up old wounds to bloody life. Wherever Hellebron treads, the gaze of Khaine follows. Inevitably, insane fervour sweeps over all those in her path, driving not only Witch Elves, but Dark Elves of all callings, into a maddened frenzy fit to drown the world in blood.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hellebron	5	7	7	4	3	3	9	4	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Frenzy, Hatred (High Elves), Murderous Prowess, Poisoned Attacks.

GIFTS OF KHAINE (see page 46): Cry of War, Rune of Khaine, Witchbrew.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Deathsword and the Cursed Blade: *The Deathsword glistens with murder and the Cursed Blade moves with a life of its own.*

Magic Weapon. Paired weapons. Hits from Deathsword and the Cursed Blade are resolved at Strength 10. If a model rolls a 1 To Hit whilst attacking Hellebron in close combat, it suffers an automatic Strength 4 hit for each 1 rolled.

Amulet of Dark Fire: *This amulet wreathes its wearer in a mystical flame that burns magic instead of flesh.*

Talisman. Dispel attempts made against spells that target Hellebron's unit receive a +4 bonus to dispel.

THE DAUGHTERS OF DESPAIR

The masked Death Hags known as the Daughters of Despair form the ruling council of Har Ganeth. Legend tells that whilst Hellebron's beauty is bought with the lifeblood of her victims, the Daughters of Despair are not so afflicted; they wear masks not to hide their ugliness from the world, but rather to conceal their own youthful appearance from a jealous and wrathful mistress.



MALUS DARKBLADE

Scion of Hag Graef

Malus Darkblade was always ambitious, even by the lofty standards of Hag Graef's warring families. For long years, he played the deadly game of politics and assassination and played it well, but finally his thirst for power led Darkblade into the clutches of a being darker even than he. Rumours of a great power hidden in the distant north set Darkblade on a quest that led him deep into the Realm of Chaos.

It is testament to Darkblade's determination that he not only survived his journey, but at last came before the temple of Kul Hadar, in which his prize could be found. Alas for Darkblade, the great power within the temple was something not easily bent to mortal will. Long centuries ago, the Daemon Tz'arkan had been bound within Kul Hadar, and Darkblade now unwittingly presented it an opportunity for escape. Blinded by avarice, Darkblade was possessed by the Daemon. In that instant, his life and soul were forfeit. He had but one way of escaping his fate – to find five artefacts of power that would fully free Tz'arkan from his ancient prison and thus see Darkblade's soul restored. He had only a year to succeed, or else remain in the Daemon's thrall for eternity.

Though the search took every waking hour of the allotted year, Darkblade finally succeeded in his quest. Upon the eve of his doom, he returned to Kul Hadar with the artefacts,

and performed the ritual that would set the Daemon free. But Tz'arkan had tricked the Dark Elf – upon escaping from Darkblade's body, the treacherous Daemon stole his black soul. From that moment on, the fates of Darkblade and Tz'arkan were forever intertwined.

In the years since, Darkblade has become legendary in Naggaroth, as a great warrior and leader whose hatred can overcome any opposition. Wielding the Warpsword of Khaine, the only surviving artefact from that long-distant quest, Darkblade has hacked a path of bloody ruin across the frozen north, drawing upon Tz'arkan's power when needed, but relying first and foremost on his own dark determination and limitless reservoir of hate.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Malus Darkblade	5	7	7	4	3	3	8	4	10
Spite (Cold One)	7	3	0	4	4	1	2	3	4

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Always Strikes First** (Malus only), **Eternal Hatred, Fear, Murderous Prowess, Thick-skinned** (see page 42).

Not Just a Dumb Brute: Not only is Spite not subject to the rules for Stupidity, any unit containing Malus Darkblade automatically passes Stupidity tests. Spite also benefits from the Eternal Hatred special rule.

Tz'arkan: Malus Darkblade may unleash the power of Tz'arkan at the start of any friendly Movement phase. Once the Daemon is released, he cannot be bound back during the battle. If Malus releases Tz'arkan, the following rules apply for the rest of the game:

- Malus Darkblade (but not Spite) immediately gains the Frenzy special rule.
- Malus Darkblade increases his Weapon Skill, Strength, Toughness and Initiative by 1.
- Each time Malus Darkblade makes a To Hit roll of 1, a friendly model in base contact (of your choice) suffers an automatic hit at Malus Darkblade's Strength that must be re-rolled if it fails To Wound. Armour saves cannot be taken against Wounds Malus causes in this manner.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Warpsword of Khaine: *This is one of the five fabled treasures that Malus had to retrieve in his quest to rid himself of the Daemon that possesses him.*

Magic Weapon. Failed To Wound rolls made with the Warpsword of Khaine must be re-rolled. In addition, armour saves cannot be taken against Wounds caused by the Warpsword of Khaine.



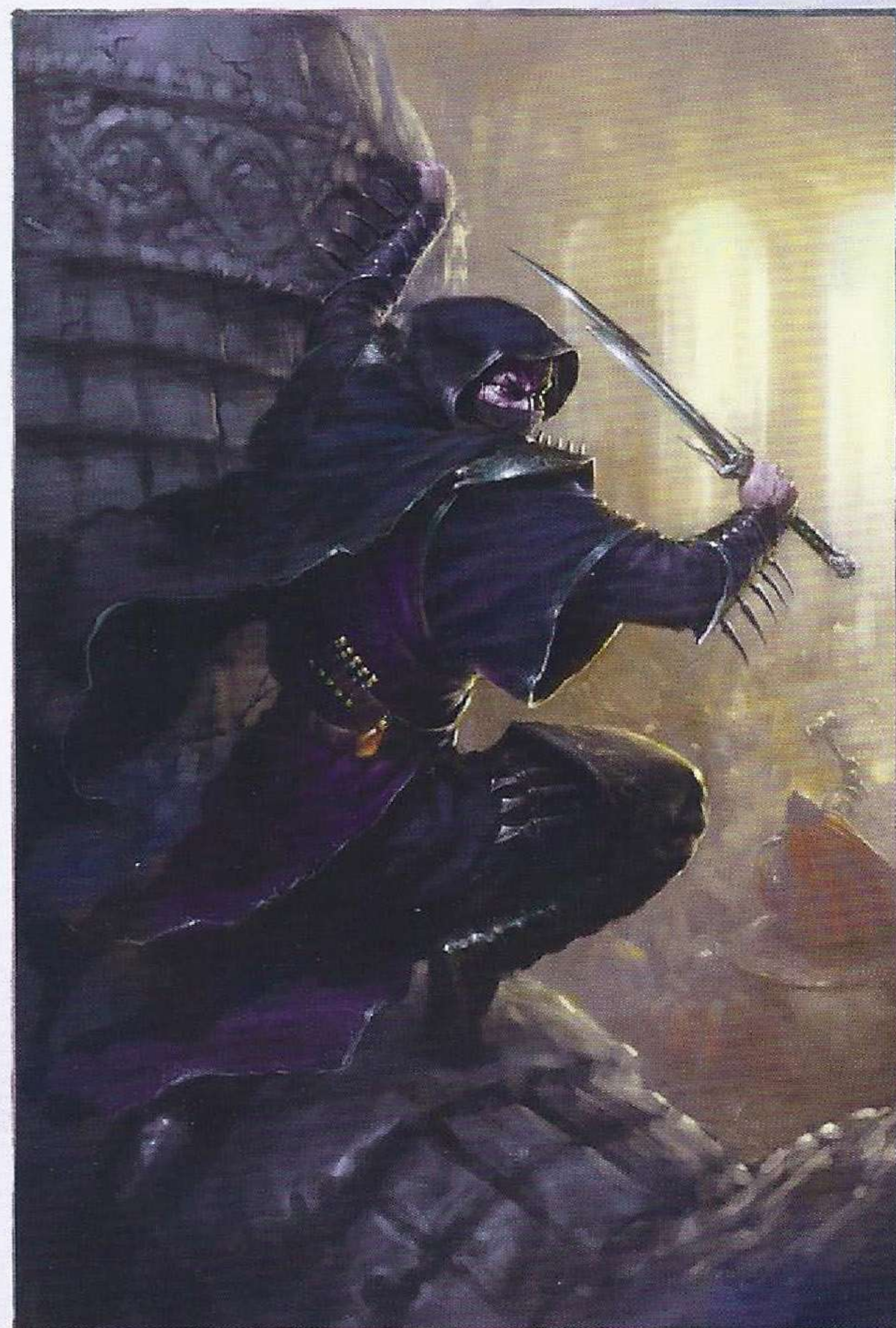
SHADOWBLADE

The Death that Walks Unseen

Shadowblade is still relatively young, having known less than two centuries of Malekith's rule. His reputation, however, is legendary, and his arrogance is as bottomless as the sea. Fables of his grisly adventures are already used as stories to scare Dark Elf children, a litany of murder and terror that grows longer and bloodier with each passing day. Shadowblade's most famous exploit was the slaughter of the entire crew of a High Elf Hawkship, one by one, over a period of several days. Only the horribly mutilated captain was left alive, so that he could tell of the mounting horror on the ship as the crew desperately attempted to corner Shadowblade – to no avail.

Shadowblade's fabled deeds are difficult to substantiate, however, because no-one has seen his face and lived. Not even Hellebron knows for certain what Shadowblade looks like, and the master that taught him perished long ago by his pupil's blade. Furthermore, those that start spreading stories about Shadowblade tend to come to untimely ends. Whilst the master may take pride in the appreciation of his work, he does not allow wagging tongues to spill his secrets.

Unlike other Assassins, whose loyalties often change at the clink of a purse, Shadowblade reports only to Hellebron; it is rumoured that she has used him to eliminate a great many of her political opponents. If this is the case, it would seem that only Morathi has so far been left untouched, but it remains to be seen if this is because the Hag Sorceress is a mark even beyond Shadowblade's ability, because the kill order has not yet been given, or because the master Assassin has other loyalties hidden even from Hellebron.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Shadowblade	6	10	10	4	3	2	10	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: A Killer, not a Leader (see page 36), Always Strikes First, Hatred (High Elves), Hidden (see page 36), Immune to Psychology, Murderous Prowess, Poisoned Attacks.

Dance of Doom: Shadowblade has a 5+ ward save.

Master of Disguise: Shadowblade can deploy using the Hidden special rule (see page 36) like a Khainite Assassin. If he does so, he can change which unit he is hiding in at the start of any Movement or Close Combat phase – keep a note of where Shadowblade is each time you change your mind. (Clearly Shadowblade is not 'moving' between units, his disguise was simply so good that he was hiding just where he needed to be all along, waiting for the perfect time to strike!)

If an opponent has an ability that forces you state that there are 'hidden' models within a unit, you only need to say that Shadowblade is hiding within a unit, but not which unit he is currently within.

FORBIDDEN POISONS (see page 36): **Black Lotus, Dark Venom, Manbane.**

MAGIC ITEMS:

Heart of Woe: *This large ruby throbs and beats like a living heart. Should its bearer be slain, the crystal shatters into a thousand jagged shards, impaling anyone unfortunate enough to be in the vicinity.*

Enchanted Item. If Shadowblade is ever slain, centre the small round template over him before removing the model as a casualty. Every model touched by the template immediately suffers a Strength 3 hit. After any damage has been resolved, remove Shadowblade as a casualty as normal.

Potion of Diabolic Strength: *This potent magical brew, created from Troll blood, Chimera bile and the heart of a Blackspine Mountain Griffon, is distilled by Crone Hellebron and gifted only to her most trusted servant.*

Enchanted Item. One use only. The Potion of Diabolic Strength can be drunk at the start of any player's Close Combat phase, after any Assassins have revealed that they are hiding in a unit. Shadowblade has +4 Strength (to a maximum of 10) until the end of the turn.

LOKHIR FELLHEART

Krakenlord of Karond Kar

Some Dark Elves take to the seas in search of plunder or revenge, but many more do so to escape the dangers of Naggaroth. Not so Lokhir Fellheart – he was born to ply the rolling seas, to bring fire and terror to the shores of other lands. It was his great-great-grandfather, Menreith Fellheart, who first commanded the Black Ark *Tower of Blessed Dread*, and the doom-bringing flagship has answered to a Fellheart ever since. Lokhir is the latest of his line to rule over that great vessel of war and, by all accounts, the most daring.

Following his father's death at an Assassin's hand (which, unusually, was not a patricidal commission, the Fellhearts being one of the few Naggarothi families who hold blood to be thicker than water), Lokhir inherited command of both the *Tower of Blessed Dread* and its mighty fleet. He acted quickly to ensure both the loyalty of his crew and the favour of Mathlann, by sacrificing the chief troublemakers to the sea god's glory. That very night, the decks of the Black Ark still slick with the first officer's blood, Lokhir led his new fleet out onto the open sea and a glorious future.

Tales soon returned to Naggaroth of ports set ablaze, fleets scoured from the seas and whole cities put to the sword. The High Elf port of Tor Canabrae, whose Dragonships had long been the terror of Naggarothi Corsairs, fell in a single night

once Lokhir Fellheart set his attention to it. Such deeds, and many more, earned Fellheart not only more glory than that of all his forebears combined, but also wealth beyond measure. Slaves and treasure flow into Karond Kar as never before, earning Fellheart the grudging respect, if not quite the loyalty, of the city's masters. The best plunder he keeps, but there is always plenty more for lavish rewards and bribes.

Fellheart is much admired by his Corsairs, not just for his generosity, but also because he fights at the forefront of every battle – a dangerous habit many Dark Elf admirals lose as soon as they can. The burdens of command have done little to blunt Fellheart's swordplay, and he fights as naturally as he reads the oceanic temper, feinting towards one foe before changing direction mid-thrust to cut down another. Ever aware that his crew's loyalty will last only as long as his reputation, Fellheart strives to slay enemy heroes and add their severed heads to the growing collection festooned about his command deck. He knows full well that every skull adds another tale to his legend and, more importantly, gives mutineers a compelling reason not to cross swords with him.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lokhir Fellheart	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Hatred (High Elves), Murderous Prowess, Show No Weakness (see page 40).

Daring Leap: Unless fighting in a challenge, Lokhir Fellheart can direct his close combat Attacks against any enemy character model who is fighting in the same combat – even one that he is not in base contact with.

Merciless Slaver: If an enemy unit breaks from a close combat that includes Lokhir Fellheart, all units taking Panic tests as a result of that unit breaking suffer a -1 penalty to their Leadership value for that test.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Red Blades: When Fellheart sacked the Temple of Gilgadresh, he took a great many treasures, among them a statue of Indan bloodsteel. When melted down, it was forged into the deadliest pair of blades on the high seas.

Magic Weapon. Paired weapons. Any hits made by the Red Blades re-roll any failed To Wound roll.

Helm of the Kraken: This golden helmet makes the wearer as resilient and dread-inspiring as its namesake.

Magic Armour. Lokhir Fellheart counts his armour save as being one point better than normal. In addition, the Helm of the Kraken grants Lokhir Fellheart the Regeneration and Terror special rules.



KOURAN DARKHAND

Captain of the Black Guard

Kouran Darkhand is the longest-serving member of Malekith's Black Guard, having fought at the Witch King's side for nearly a thousand years. His rise to prominence was nothing short of meteoric, for he became a Tower Master within his first decade of service, and rose again to captaincy over the entire Black Guard within a mere five centuries. Both of these ascensions in station were heralded by the brutal deaths of the previous incumbents. The first was strangled with his own hair after Kouran had been disarmed; the second he hurled bodily from the east wall of the Black Tower. Such is the way of promotion in Naggarond.

Kouran is that rarest of things in a land steeped in treachery – he is an honest soul, a warrior utterly loyal to the Witch King. Such traits are little treasured in Naggaroth. Indeed, it would normally be considered a weakness so crippling as to not only prevent ascension to high rank, but also pose a serious threat to survival. Yet Kouran has not only survived, he has prospered. This can be accredited to the fact that however lacking he may be in deceitfulness, he has no qualms over taking swift and ruthless action should he consider his own interests to be imperilled.

Over the long years, many nobles have underestimated Kouran, mistaking his uncomplicated speech for a dull wit, and his dogged dedication for a weak will. Few live to make such mistakes a second time. Some find themselves hauled before Malekith's council, their careful steps to treachery inexplicably uncovered by the captain's bloodhound instinct and laid bare before that most merciless of juries. Still more simply vanish into Naggaroth's dark nights, or meet with accidents on the battlefield, their fate a mystery to all save Kouran. Such activities have little endeared Kouran to Naggaroth's nobility, who hold him to be a common-born dog with ambitions far above his station. Yet the combination of Kouran's own sense for imminent treachery, and the Witch King's generous patronage, has thus far preserved the captain from his enemies.

Kouran's wits are sharp, but his battle-skills are infinitely keener. One does not rise to his rank – nor survive the constant stream of challengers who would claim the title as their own – without possessing such ability. He has extensively studied the use of both sword and halberd from the finest weapon masters in Naggaroth, many of whom perished during the tutelage. He combines this battle-art with a brand of gutter-brawling so brutal and unseemly that many nobles cite it as proof of Kouran's unsuitability for such a high rank. For him, everything is a weapon, be it a blade, a rock, a fist, an underling or some pulped fragment of a previous opponent. To Kouran, it matters not how you die, only that you are dead.

Kouran Darkhand

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	9	6	4	3	2	7	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

ADDAIOTH, BRINGER OF WRATH AND FIRE

Addaioth is the god of the all-consuming flame. He can be ranked as the least subtle of all the Elven gods and prefers direct and forceful solutions to any obstacle placed in his path.

The Bringer of Wrath and Fire is a being of monstrous pride and unbridled power. When Ellinill set about devouring his offspring, most fled or attempted to hide. Addaioth did neither, but met his ebon sire in battle. For three days and three nights, son matched father blow for blow in a conflict that shook the heavens and drowned the mortal world in flame. Addaioth knew that he was overmatched, but his hubris made concession unthinkable, and his anger lent him the strength to fight on. Nonetheless, it was a battle that Addaioth could not win. He was sure to have been vanquished had not Ladrielle, Lady of Mists, blinded Ellinill and spirited Addaioth away to the mortal world.

As the millennia passed, Addaioth healed from the grievous wounds he suffered that day, but he has never forgiven Ladrielle for interfering. He knew that the other gods believed him to have fled the field, and the shame of it hangs heavy on him. Nonetheless, the Bringer of Wrath and Fire knows he is destined to fight his father once again, and spares no effort in preparing for that inevitable battle. He labours beneath the mountains, crafting new weapons to aid his victory. Alas, Addaioth is a poor smith and too proud to ask Vaul for aid, thus every blade he creates is flawed beyond redemption. With each failure, his anger grows, causing the ground to quake and lava to flow. In Naggaroth, the Dark Elves see fire burst from the mountaintops and know that the Bringer of Wrath and Fire has forged another crooked sword.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Eternal Hatred, Immune to Psychology, Murderous Prowess, Stubborn.

The Right Hand of Darkness: If Kouran Darkhand is in a unit of Black Guard, he and all models in that unit have the Unbreakable special rule.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Crimson Death: This huge halberd was carried by Dark Lord Khalak of Ghond, the first Captain of the Black Guard. Each captain since has prised it out of his predecessor's dead hands.

Magic Weapon. Close combat attacks made with the Crimson Death are resolved at +2 Strength.

The Armour of Grief: This enchanted armour was first worn by Arnaethron, one of the Witch King's first lieutenants. Those that strike the wearer find themselves sharing in the injury.

Magic Armour. The Armour of Grief confers a 5+ armour save. Each time a model makes a successful To Hit roll against Kouran Darkhand in close combat, the model that struck the blow immediately suffers a Strength 5 hit.

TULLARIS DREADBRINGER

The Hand of Khaine

Tullaris Dreadbringer is the Chosen of Khaine, Captain of the Har Ganeth Executioners and one of the most murderous war-leaders in the whole world. So notorious has Tullaris become that the rumour of his presence sets an unassailable fear in his enemies' quivering flesh, and the merest glimpse of his blood-encrusted armour has been known to rout foes from the battlefield.

Some Dark Elves recount that Tullaris once had a settlement razed to the ground and its inhabitants butchered simply because he didn't like the name. However, legend tells a darker story: in the midst of an otherwise unremarkable raid, Tullaris suddenly froze on the spot, lips working madly as if in conversation with some unseen party. When Tullaris finally recovered, he ordered the captives brought before him one at a time. Each died a slow and agonised death at Tullaris' hands, the rune of Khaine etched upon their brow and their own whispered name the last sound heard. By nightfall, the village was a charnel ruin that unsettled even the stomachs of Tullaris' followers, and it was they who set the place ablaze once their dread master had taken ship elsewhere.

Tullaris' destiny was forged long ago. He was but a stripling when the first great sacrifice of Har Ganeth took place but, as he watched the heads of the High Elves bounce down the

steps of the great temple, he felt the beckoning of Khaine in his blood. The next day, he leapt up to the sacrificial dais, tore the blade from a guard's hand and slew his first captive, showering himself in his victim's blood. From that point on, his fate was sealed – he was one of the first inducted into the ranks of the newly-formed Har Ganeth Executioners. Hellebron herself soon took great interest in her talented new disciple, and when the Executioners first formed a bodyguard for the Hag Queen on a journey to Naggarond, she chose Tullaris to lead it.

Unlike Malekith, who claims to be Khaine's mortal avatar purely for the accompanying political advantage, Tullaris is the Lord of Murder's true herald. His dreams and waking hours alike are filled by violent whispers that urge him on to ever greater acts of slaughter. Little by little, the Witch King has become aware of this unfortunate state of affairs, and knows that a reckoning between himself and the god-touched warrior will one day be necessary. Thus far, Malekith has stayed his hand only out of uncertainty over which of them can most rely on Khaine's blessing. Meanwhile, Tullaris has made no attempt to challenge the pretender, simply because the Lord of Murder has not yet commanded him to do so.

While he has ever remained Hellebron's loyal servant, Tullaris' first devotion is to Khaine, and Khaine alone. He has slain fellow Executioners without flinching when he has thought them remiss in their dedication or sloppy in their blade work. Even Witch Elves are wary of his anger, and no few Brides of Khaine have found their necks upon Tullaris' chopping block. Under his command, the Executioners of Har Ganeth have partaken in such cold-blooded destruction that they have gained a fearful reputation across the world. They care not that their leader hears voices, so long as the ghostly words guide them to ever greater victories.

DRAKIRA, QUEEN OF VENGEANCE

Drakira is the daughter of Ellinill, Lord of Destruction. No affection binds them, for theirs was ever a family bound together only by a shared delight in the suffering they could inflict upon the mortal Elves. Indeed, Drakira was often mocked by her brothers and sisters, for theirs was the power to wreak destruction on a grand scale, whilst hers were subtler gifts whose wicked fruits bloomed only with patient tending.

When Isha wept for the woes Ellinill's children inflicted upon the Elves, Drakira saw an opportunity. It was she who shaped Isha's tears of mourning into bitter shards, who stoked the mother goddess' grief until her desire for retribution burned bright. Thus did Drakira, frailest of the Ellinilli, bring about the fall of her siblings. Those who survived the horror Isha's grief unleashed were ever careful never to offend their sister again.

All Dark Elves know this story, and are careful to treat the Queen of Vengeance with the respect her family denied her. They believe that she looks favourably upon their vendetta with the High Elves, for what goddess of retribution could possibly deny a people so badly wronged? The truth is, of course, that Drakira supports the Elves of Ulthuan and Naggaroth in equal measure. The desire for vengeance burns bright on either side of the ocean, and the Queen of Vengeance has no need to take sides. She lends her aid to an Elf in whom the desire for retribution burns bright, regardless of rank or rightness of cause. There is always a price, of course. No act of vengeance leaves the perpetrator entirely as he was, and a bargain with Drakira inevitably costs the supplicant more than he ever intended to give.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tullaris Dreadbringer	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Fear, Hatred (High Elves), Killing Blow, Murderous Prowess.

Khaine's Sacred Slaughterer: Tullaris Dreadbringer, and all models in his unit, have the Frenzy special rule.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The First Draich: *This weapon claimed the first victim during the great sacrifice that led to the creation of the Executioners and has thirsted for blood ever since.*

Magic Weapon. Attacks from the First Draich are resolved at +2 Strength and have the Always Strikes Last special rule. To Wound rolls of 5 or 6 made with the First Draich benefit from the Killing Blow special rule.

THE LORE OF DARK MAGIC

When generating spells, a Wizard can swap a randomly generated Dark Magic spell for one of the lore's two signature spells. Wizards who know two or more spells from the Lore of Dark Magic can instead swap any two Dark Magic spells for both signature spells.

POWER OF DARKNESS (Signature Spell)

Cast on 8+

The caster draws unstable power from the Realm of Chaos to empower their spells as well as their minions.

Power of Darkness is an **augment** spell that targets the caster's unit. All models in the target unit have a +1 bonus to their Strength characteristic until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. Then add D3 power dice to your power pool. If three dice are generated, the caster suffers a Wound with no armour saves allowed.

DOOMBOLT (Signature Spell)

Cast on 12+

The caster hurls a bolt of blazing black fire at his foe.

Doombolt is a **magic missile** with a range of 18" that causes 2D6 Strength 5 hits. The Wizard can instead choose to cast a more powerful version, inflicting 4D6 Strength 5 hits. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 24+.

1. CHILLWIND

Cast on 5+

The wizard assails the enemy with a freezing gale.

Chillwind is a **magic missile** with a range of 24" that causes 2D6 Strength 2 hits. If the target suffers any unsaved Wounds, all models in the unit suffer a -1 penalty to their Ballistic Skill characteristic until the start of the caster's next Magic phase.

2. WORD OF PAIN

Cast on 9+

As the caster utters a forbidden name, her foes are wracked with agony.

Word of Pain is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". All models in the target unit suffer -D3 to both their Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill until the start of the caster's next Magic phase (roll once for both). The Wizard can instead choose to cast a more powerful version of the spell that also inflicts the -D3 penalty to their Strength and Initiative (to a minimum of 1). If they do so, the casting value is increased to 12+.

3. BLADEWIND

Cast on 9+

A clutch of hungry swords sweep across the battlefield.

Bladewind is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 24". Every model in the target unit must pass a Weapon Skill test or suffer a Strength 4 hit with the Armour Piercing special rule.

SPITEFUL CONJURATION

(Lore Attribute)

When a Dark Elf Wizard successfully casts a **hex**, **magic missile** or **direct damage** spell from this lore, the spell is not dispelled, and the casting roll contains any double, the spell's target suffers 2D6 Strength 1 hits with the Armour Piercing special rule. If the casting roll contains any treble, the spell's target instead suffers 3D6 Strength 1 hits with the Armour Piercing special rule. In either case, the hits are resolved after the spell has been resolved.

4. SHROUD OF DESPAIR

Cast on 10+

At the caster's command, light is driven from the battlefield and numbing darkness rushes to fill the void.

Shroud of Despair is a **hex** spell that targets all enemy units within 12". Until the start of the caster's next Magic phase, the targets cannot benefit from the Hold Your Ground! or Inspiring Presence rules. In addition, whenever a target unit fails a Leadership test of any kind, all target units (including the one that failed) suffer -1 to their Leadership until the start of the caster's next Magic phase (this effect is cumulative with itself).

5. SOUL STEALER

Cast on 11+

Tendrils of pure, solidified darkness writhe out from the wizard's outstretched hands, draining the life force from their hapless enemies to renew the caster's own vigour.

Soul Stealer is a **direct damage** spell. Place the small round template anywhere within 18" of the Wizard – it then scatters D6". All models hit by the template suffer a Strength 2 hit with no armour saves allowed. Roll a D6 for each unsaved Wound inflicted by *Soul Stealer*. For each roll of 4+, the caster immediately gains a single Wound (to a maximum of 10). The Wizard can choose to extend the range of this spell to 36". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 14+.

6. ARNZIPAL'S BLACK HORROR

Cast on 15+

The caster tears down the walls between realities, and a black cloud of roiling energy sweeps across the battlefield. As the darkness travels, slimy tentacles lash out from its depths, dragging unfortunate victims screaming to an unknown fate.

Remains in play. *Arnzipal's Black Horror* is a **magical vortex** that uses the small round template. Once the template is placed, the player then nominates a direction in which the Black Horror will move. To determine how many inches the template moves, roll an artillery dice and multiply the result by the caster's Wizard level. Any model touched by, or passed over by the template must pass a Strength test or be slain outright with no armour saves allowed (a model may take a single ward save, if it has one – the model remains in play if the save succeeds).

If the result on the artillery dice is a misfire, centre the template on the caster and roll both a scatter dice and a D6. The template moves a number of inches equal to the result of the D6, in the direction shown on the scatter dice (if you roll a Hit!, use the little arrow shown on the Hit! symbol). In either event, in subsequent turns, the Black Horror travels in a random direction and moves a number of inches equal to the roll on an artillery dice. If a misfire is rolled in subsequent turns, the Black Horror collapses in on itself and is removed. A particularly brave Wizard can infuse *Arnzipal's Black Horror* with more power, so that it uses the large round template instead. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 25+.

THE BLACK ARMOURY

On the following pages are magic items available to Dark Elf armies. These can be taken in addition to any of the magic items listed in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

HYDRA BLADE Magic Weapon

100 points

The Hydra Blade was carved from a single fang of Akholrak, first and greatest of the War Hydras broken to Malekith's service, and like its many-headed namesake, its keen edge strikes repeatedly against its foes. Though Akholrak is dead now, torn asunder long ago by the talons of the great Caledonian Dragon Incalamir, its malice lives on within this gnarled and twisted sword. Only those of iron will can hope to dominate the Hydra Blade, for it is imbued with an echo of Akholrak's malice and is little inclined to suffer the commands of another. Most wielders discover the blade's wilfulness more than offset by its alacrity, but more than a few have perished needlessly in encounters where skill would have served them far better than speed.

The wielder of the Hydra Blade has the Random Attacks (D6+A) special rule, where A is the Attacks characteristic of the wielder. In addition, at the start of any round of close combat in which the bearer will fight, he must take a Leadership test with a -2 modifier before striking any blows. If the test is passed, nothing extra happens. If the test is failed, the wielder suffers a -5 penalty to Weapon Skill (to a minimum of 1) but gains the Heroic Killing Blow special rule until the end of the round.



CHILLBLADE Magic Weapon

50 points

When Malekith obliterated the northern citadel of Har Kaldra, he offered neither warning nor quarter. The iron-clad fortress was blasted to rime-scarred splinters with a single cataclysmic spell. Ever after, the freezing north wind has wailed with the agonised voices of those who perished that day, and its chill grasp can be held at bay by neither fur nor flame. It was from scattered shards of Har Kaldra that the Chillblade was forged. Its merest touch freezes not only the physical body but also the soul within, leaving the victim paralysed and easy prey for his attacker's next strike.

Attacks made with the Chillblade wound automatically. Any model that suffers one or more unsaved Wounds from the Chillblade must immediately pass a Toughness test or suffer -3 to its Attacks characteristic (to a minimum of 1) until the end of the following Close Combat phase.

BLACK DRAGON EGG Enchanted Item

50 points

In Ulthuan, the egg of a Dragon is sacred, and harsh punishment awaits any who endanger or disturb a Dragon nest. In Naggaroth, a Dragon egg is naught but a potential source of power, and their nests nothing but cradles to nurture that power. So it is that for every Black Dragon Egg that develops into a hatchling, countless dozens more are taken and consumed, so that their devourers might take a portion of the eggs' strength as their own.

One use only. The bearer may consume this item at the start of any player turn. For the rest of that turn, the consumer has Strength and Toughness 6, and a Strength 2 Breath Weapon, against which no armour saves can be taken.

CLOAK OF TWILIGHT Enchanted Item

50 points

Woven from the hair of innocents and dyed with the blood of sorcerers, the Cloak of Twilight is all but invisible to the mortal eye. The cloak has served many masters well across the long centuries. It was this garb that allowed Morathi to keep a close watch on the Phoenix Court of Bel Shanaar even from Nagarythe. Centuries later, it had passed from the Hag Sorceress' hands and became the tool that allowed the Master Assassin, Venomblade, to stalk the blood-slicked streets of Tor Elyr as he visited his Night of Screaming Death upon the folk of that great city. Ownership of the Cloak of Twilight guarantees an ambitious Dark Elf the success he craves, but is not without risk. However determined its wearer, there is always a more ruthless pretender, his mind set to steal the cloak's power for his own.

The wearer of the Cloak of Twilight has a 3+ ward save against Wounds caused by shooting attacks and spells. Furthermore, in the first round of any close combat, the wearer of the Cloak of Twilight has both the Killing Blow and Multiple Wounds (D3) special rules.

THE BLACK AMULET

Talisman

60 points

Carved from the tortured heartstone of a mountain drenched in Dark Magic, the Black Amulet is a lustrous polished stone of midnight hue. It is engraved with a single glowing rune, and into its ebony facets have been poured all the captured malice and spite that emanates from the chill lands of Naggaroth. To behold its darksome shape is to see despair made physical, it is to abandon even the merest memory of hope.

The wearer of the Black Amulet has a 4+ ward save. Furthermore, each time the bearer of the Black Amulet makes a successful ward save while fighting in a challenge, the Black Amulet inflicts one Wound on the bearer's opponent. Armour saves cannot be taken against Wounds caused by the Black Amulet.

RING OF HOTEK

Talisman

50 points

Hotek was an outcast priest of Vaul. It was he who forged Malekith's rune-etched armour, and he also oversaw the creation of many of the Witch King's most terrible weapons. Renegade and turncoat though he was, Hotek was no fool. He knew that he lived only at Malekith's fickle pleasure, and so created for himself an armoury of defences – both magical and physical – with which he hoped to blunt the Witch King's wrath long enough to escape. Ultimately, Hotek did not perish at Malekith's hands, but was poisoned at Morathi's order. His armoury was broken up soon after, the scattered pieces changing hands with the ebb and flow of patronage and power. None of the artefacts have known as many masters as the Ring of Hotek, for this trinket of obsidian and black diamond is claimed to be the renegade priest's greatest work.

The bearer has the Magic Resistance (3) special rule. In addition, any enemy Wizard that attempts to cast or target a spell on a unit within 6" of the bearer will suffer a miscast on a roll of double 1, as well as double 6. Miscasts caused by a roll of double 1 do not benefit from irresistible force.

BANNER OF NAGARYTHE

Magic Standard

100 points

During the Sundering, many of Nagarythe's treasures were lost in battle or destroyed by natural disaster. Those that remained were greedily seized upon by nobles of both allegiances. Some fell into the hands of the Aesamar, who hid them away from Malekith's forces, but the most important were taken by the Dark Elves. The Banner of Nagarythe is the greatest of all such treasures, woven through with silver thread and inlaid with pearls and diamonds. For the Dark Elves, the Banner of Nagarythe is a physical reminder of the injustices heaped upon them by the Phoenix Throne. Moreover, it is the personal standard of the Witch King and proclaims his right to rule not only Naggaroth, but the ten kingdoms of Ulthuan as well. For their part, the Shadow Warriors of Nagarythe deem this banner too mired in corruption and betrayal to any longer have any wholesome purpose. They seek not its return, but its destruction.

All models in the unit carrying the banner have the Unbreakable special rule, as do Alith Anar, any Shadow Warriors and any Shadow-walkers (from *Warhammer: High Elves*) if their unit is within 12" of the banner.

THE GEM OF SPITE

Arcane Item

35 points

Many Dark Elves feel that a misfortune shared is, if not exactly a misfortune halved, then at least one in which they can take a certain malignant (and possibly posthumous) glee. Such was the goal behind the creation of the Gem of Spite. It was fashioned during a rare civil war in Ghron, when sorceress fought sorceress in an attempt to claim a place at Morathi's right hand. The Gem of Spite still turns up from time to time, normally in the possession of one who has fallen from the Hag Sorceress' favour.

Whenever the bearer suffers a miscast, the Gem of Spite inflicts a single Strength 6 hit on every enemy Wizard within 12". Each time a Wound is caused by the Gem of Spite, your opponent can discard a dice from his dispel pool. If they do so, the Wound is negated and has no effect.

THE SACRIFICIAL DAGGER

Arcane Item

25 points

This dagger is a tiny splinter of the cruel weapon wielded by Hekarti, Goddess of Dark Magic. It was shivered from her blade during a failed attempt to sacrifice her sister, Atharti, to an older and darker power than she. The shard was flung far and came to rest in the caverns beneath Ghron. Here, amongst the bleached bones and rubble, it was discovered by Khaeleth the Sorceress. She claimed the dagger as her own and learned how to unlock its power to transmute the soul-essence of living creatures into a raw and hungry magic. So began Khaeleth's rise to the foremost seat of power within the Dark Convent of Ghron, an elevation marked by blood sacrifice and the darkest of sorceries.

Once per casting attempt, after the casting dice are rolled but before a dispel attempt is made, the bearer of this magic item can sacrifice one model in her unit. Choose which model is sacrificed – it is immediately removed as a casualty with no saves of any kind allowed – then roll a D6. On a 4+, the Sorceress gains an extra power dice that must be rolled and added to the casting result; dispel attempts can now be made and the spell resolved. On a roll of 3 or less, the sacrifice has not generated enough power – you can either immediately sacrifice another model from the unit and roll again, following the procedure above, or accept the original casting result (if the bearer is the only model remaining in the unit, no further sacrifices can be attempted).

TOME OF FURION

Arcane Item

25 points

Dark Magic is destruction incarnate – even its most basic precepts are corrosive to mind, body and soul. Few tomes containing its secrets therefore exist, for mere paper and papyrus smoulder to naught within decades of being inked with such sigils. The Tome of Furion is a rare exception to this rule. Its pages are flayed Orc-hide, but the book endures its burdens thanks only to the carefully layered enchantments Furion bound into its covers. The letters inscribed within writhe and shift like living creatures, and the pages are warm to the touch even in the dead of winter.

When the bearer of the Tome of Furion generates spells from the Lore of Dark Magic, she can choose one spell – the rest must be generated following the normal rules.





THE GLORY OF THE ELVES

The army of the Dark Elves is a diverse and flexible force, able to muster regiments of hardened killers, fanatical devotees of Khaine and some of the mightiest sorcerers in the mortal world. With spear, crossbow, fang and dark magic, you will tear your foes to bloody shreds and send the survivors fleeing in disarray.

This section presents a showcase of Citadel miniatures available in the Dark Elves range. Within these pages, you'll find inspiration aplenty for summoning your own legion of Naggaroth.



Black Ark Fleetmaster



Dreadlord



Dreadlord of Naggarond



Khainite Assassin



Supreme Sorceress of Naggarond



Dreadlord of Ghroind



Dreadlord of Naggarond on Cold One



Morathi, the Hag Sorceress of Ghroind



Sorceress



Sorceress of Hag Graef



Supreme Sorceress on a feared Black Dragon of Naggaroth



Bleakswords are arrogant warriors, eager to earn renown upon the field of battle.



Darkshards – ruthless repeater crossbowmen who fell their foes from afar



Dreadspears are the cruel heart of Naggaroth's armies, their legions feared around the world.



A callous Dark Elf host brings slaughter to an unsuspecting town.



Cold One Chariot of Naggarond



Black Guards of Naggaroth

Black Guard Tower Master

Each regiment of Black Guard bears the colours and heraldry of their Tower.



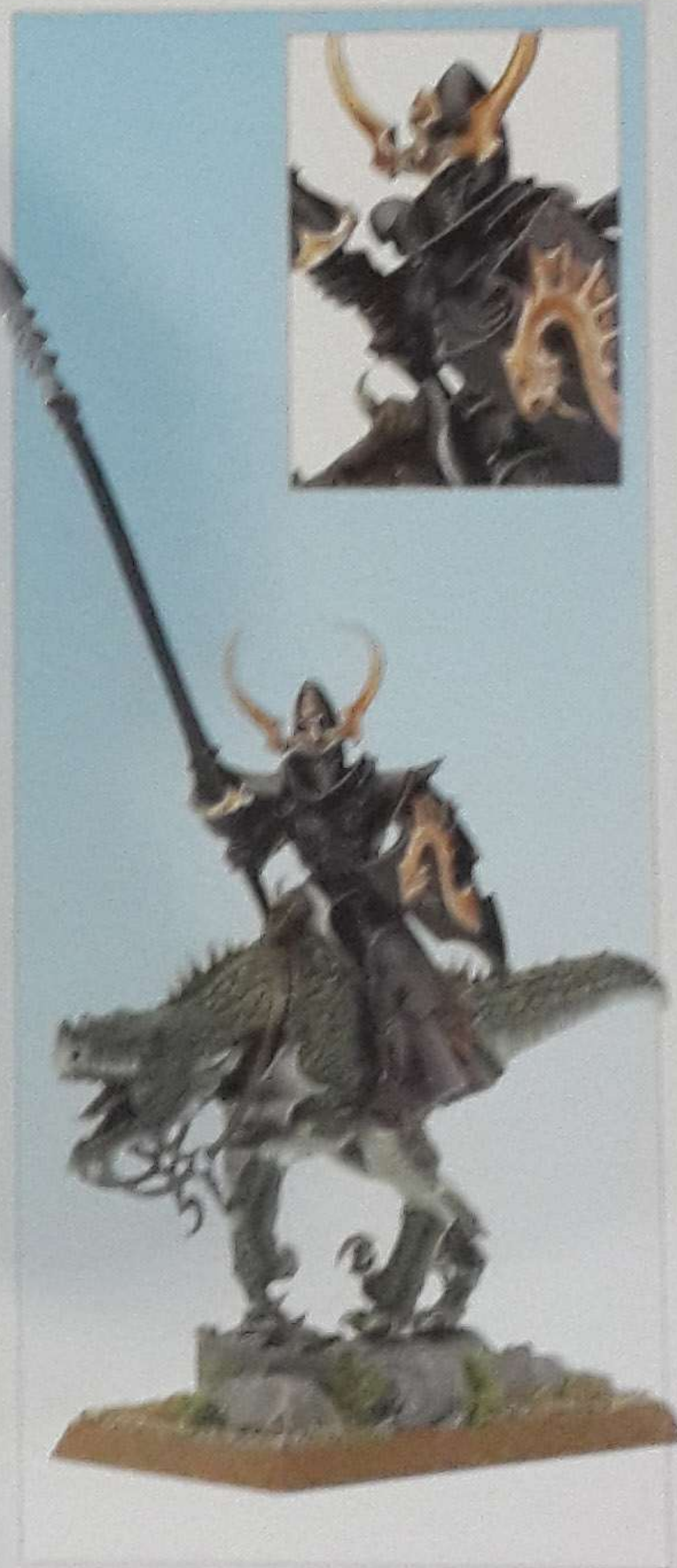
The Black Guard of the Flaykin and Deathshadow Towers accompany the Witch King into battle.



Hungry for battle, the Cold One Knights of Naggarond lead the charge.



Cold One scale deepens in hue as the beast ages, just as its temper grows fouler with the passing years.



Cold One Knight from the Conclave of the Ebony Tower

For all Dark Elves, Dread Knights must ever be wary of challenges from their vassals.

Cold One Knights bear their own unique heraldry, but their regimental standard always shows that of their conclave – in this case, the Crimson Serpent.







Har Ganeth is the favoured city of Khaine. Bloody hearts are a common motif upon the banners and shields of its warriors.



*Crone Hellebron,
The Blood Queen of Har Ganeth*



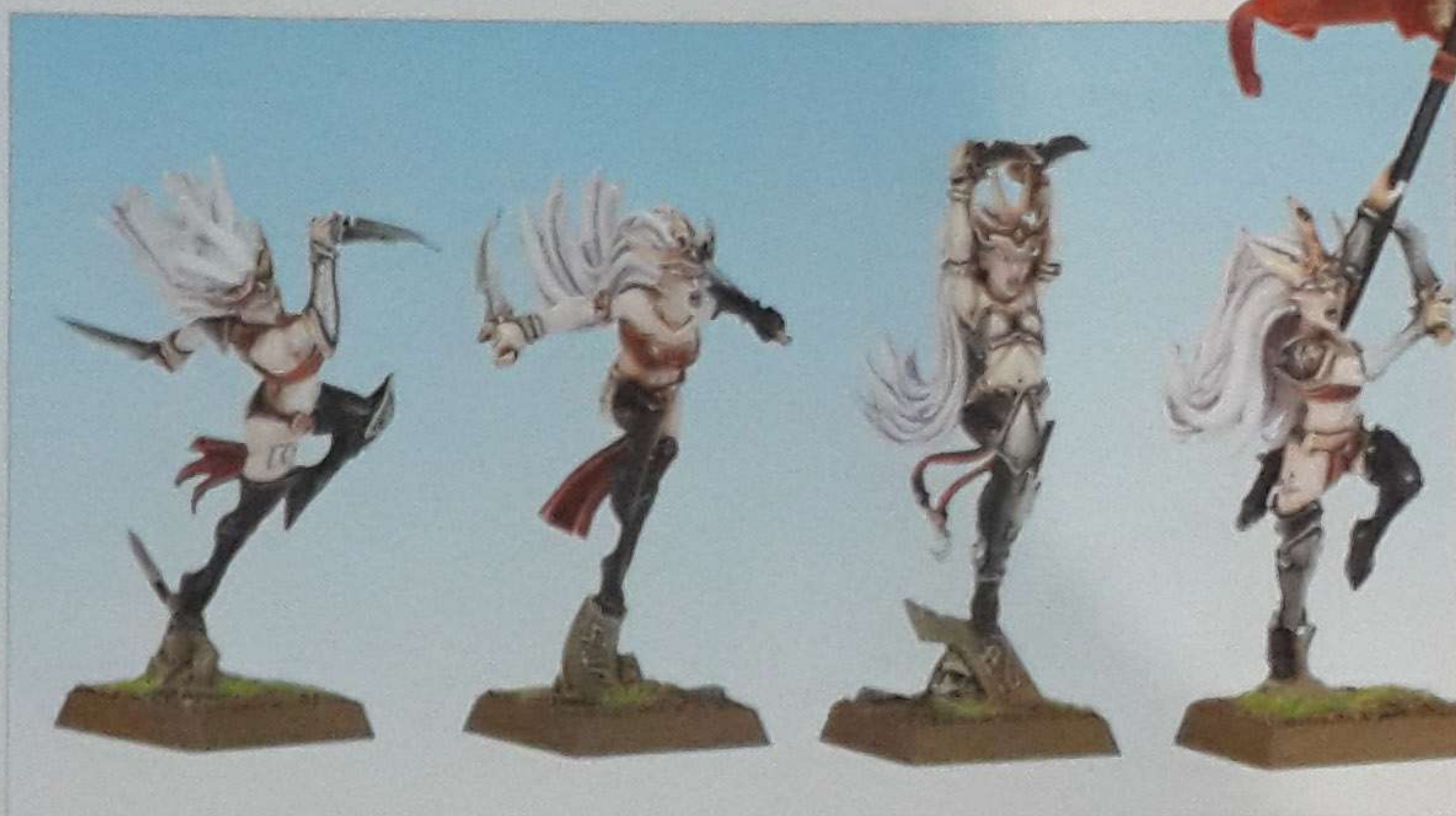
The Cauldron of Blood, a sacred shrine to Khaine



Har Ganeth Executioners, blood-soaked enforcers from Naggaroth's grimmest city



*Shadowblade,
The Death that Walks Unseen*



Witch Elves



Hag



*Witch Elf
standard bearer*



Loosed to the fray by a Sorceress' command, the Witch Elves seek fresh victims.



The shields and banners of Clar Karond celebrate the prowess of their famous Beastmasters, and the savage creatures they unleash upon the foe.



War Hydra of Clar Karond



Hag Graef is Naggaroth's largest city. The Dark Pegasus represents the gatekeepers of the Underworld, one of the gates to which is believed to lie beneath the city.



Shades are wanderers and sellswords – these are in the employ of Ashrenek Redeye, a Dreadlord of Hag Graef.



Doomfire Warlocks keep the hunger of Slaanesh at bay only by sacrificing innocents in their stead.



Dreadlord of Hag Graef



Doomfire Warlocks often fight in the vanguard of a Dark Elf host – no Dreadlord wishes to tempt Slaanesh by having them closer at hand.



The colours of Ghroni are those of the icy wastelands of the north. Its warriors bear icons of the Medusae, or of the all-seeing eye.



Dark Rider standard bearer

Dark Rider with repeater crossbow

Dark Rider with spear



Sisters of Slaughter are famed gladiatrixes, their bloody skills as murderously efficient on the battlefield as in the arena.



Bloodwrack Medusa



The mirror prevents the Bloodwrack Medusa from turning its gaze upon the Dark Elf host.



Bloodwrack Shrine





This banner identifies the regiment as hailing from the Black Ark Endless Torment.

Black Ark Corsairs



Lokhir Fellheart, the Krakenlord of Karond Kar



Corsair of the Black Ark Deathsun Reaver



Corsair of the Black Ark Ashwrack Leviathan



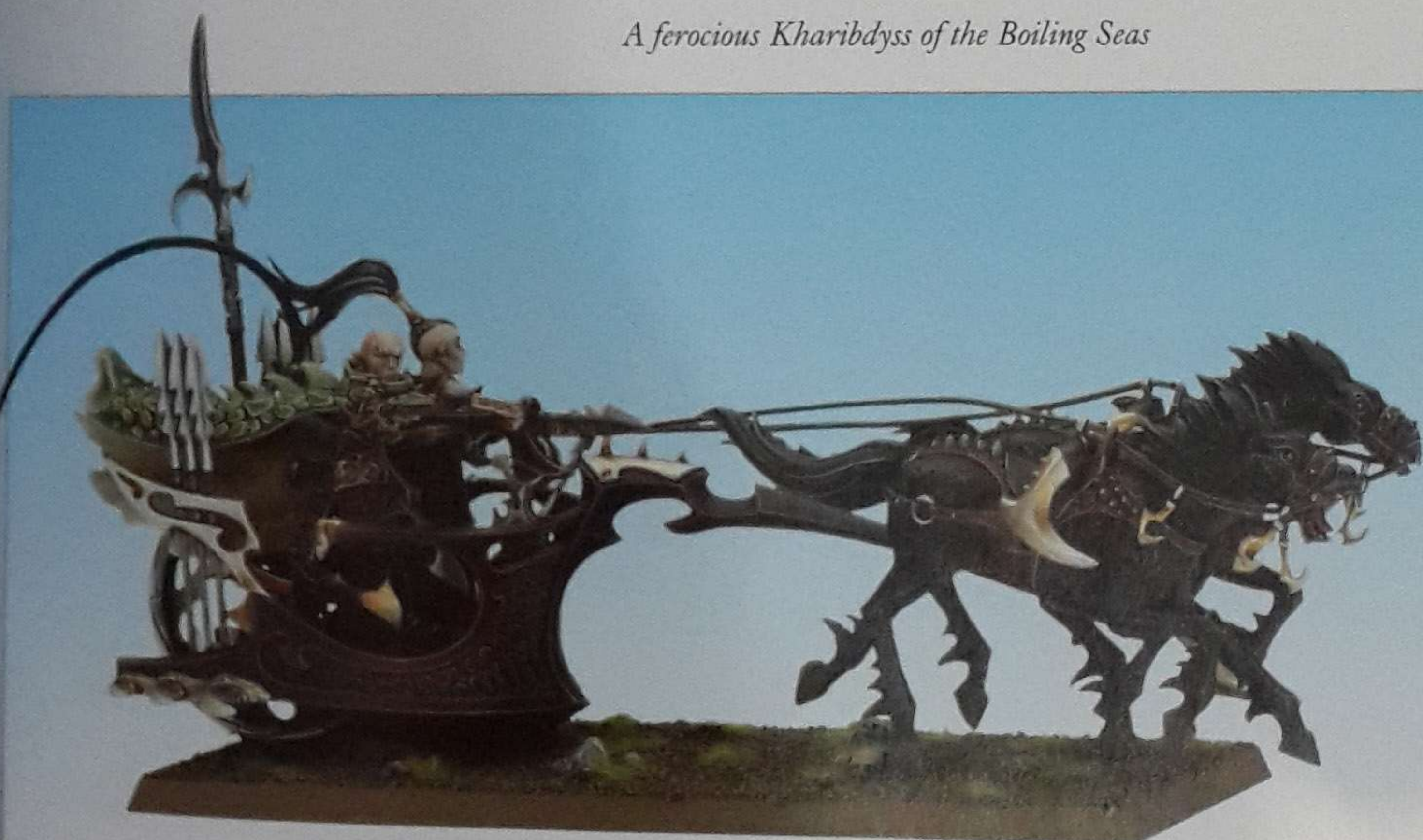
Corsair of the Black Ark Shining Oblivion



The noble houses of Karond Kar favour blue-greens in their heraldry, the better to reflect the treacherous seas surrounding their citadel.



A ferocious Kharibdyss of the Boiling Seas



High Beastmaster on Scourgerunner Chariot





DARK ELVES ARMY LIST

A Dark Elf army offers many tools for victory, and many ruthless warriors with which to slaughter the foe. As its master, it is your duty to unleash the correct mix of soldiers to win another deserved victory in the Witch King's name.

This section of the book helps you to turn your collection of Dark Elves Citadel miniatures into an unstoppable host, ready for a tabletop battle. At the back of this section, you will also find a summary page, which lists every unit's characteristic profile for quick and easy reference during your games.

LORDS

MALEKITH

510 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Malekith	5	8	7	5	4	3	8	4	10	Infantry (Special Character)
Seraphon (Black Dragon)	6	7	0	6	6	6	3	6	8	Monster

Magic Items:

- Destroyer
- Armour of Midnight
- Supreme Spellshield
- Circlet of Iron

Special Rules (Malekith):

- Absolute Power
- Always Strikes First
- Eternal Hatred
- Fear
- Immune to Psychology
- Hekarti's Blessing
- Murderous Prowess

Magic:

Malekith is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Dark Magic.

Options:

- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Cold One 25 points
 - Cold One Chariot (see page 93 for profile. Count the cost against your allowance for Lords. Malekith replaces both of the chariot's crew) ... 110 points
 - Seraphon (Black Dragon) 300 points

Special Rules (Seraphon):

- Fly
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Large Target
- Noxious Breath
- Scaly Skin (3+)
- Terror



MORATHI

375 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Morathi	5	5	4	3	3	3	6	3	10	Monstrous Cavalry (Special Character)
Sulephet (Dark Pegasus)	8	4	0	4	4	3	4	3	6	-

Magic Items:

- Heartrender and the Darksword

Mount:

- Sulephet (Dark Pegasus)

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First (Morathi only)
- Enchanting Beauty
- Fly
- Hatred (High Elves) (Morathi only)
- Hekarti's Blessing
- Impale Attack (Sulephet only)
- Murderous Prowess
- The First Sorceress
- Thousand and One Dark Blessings

Magic:

Morathi is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Death, the Lore of Shadow and the Lore of Dark Magic.

HELLEBRON

310 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Hellebron	5	7	7	4	3	3	9	4	10	Infantry (Special Character)

Gifts of Khaine:

- Cry of War
- Rune of Khaine
- Witchbrew

Magic Items:

- Deathsword and the Cursed Blade
- Amulet of Dark Fire

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Frenzy
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Murderous Prowess
- Poisoned Attacks

Options:

- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Manticore 150 points
 - May be upgraded to have Iron Hard Skin 20 points
 - May be upgraded to have Blind Rage 25 points
 - Cauldron of Blood (see page 87 for profile) 190 points

LORDS

MALUS DARKBLADE

295 points

Profile

Malus Darkblade
Spite (Cold One)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	7	7	4	3	3	8	4	10
7	3	0	4	4	1	2	3	4

Troop Type

Cavalry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Heavy armour
- Sea Dragon cloak

Mount:

- Spite (Cold One)

Magic Items:

- Warpsword of Khaine

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First (Malus only)
- Eternal Hatred
- Fear
- Murderous Prowess
- Not Just a Dumb Brute
- Thick-skinned
- Tz'arkan

DREADLORD

140 points

Profile

Dreadlord

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	7	7	4	3	3	8	4	10

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Murderous Prowess

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon (unless mounted)3 points
 - Halberd3 points
 - Lance (mounted only)7 points
 - Great weapon6 points
- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Repeater crossbow5 points
 - Repeater handbow5 points
 - Brace of repeater handbows10 points
- May replace light armour with heavy armour6 points
- May take a shield3 points
- May take a Sea Dragon cloak8 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Dark Steed20 points
 - Cold One25 points
 - Dark Pegasus50 points
 - Manticore150 points
 - May be upgraded to have Iron Hard Skin20 points
 - May be upgraded to have Blind Rage25 points
 - Cold One Chariot (see page 93 for profile.
Count the cost against your allowance for Lords.
The Dreadlord replaces one of the chariot's crew)120 points
 - Black Dragon300 points
- May take magic items up to a total of100 points



SUPREME SORCERESS

185 points

Profile

Supreme Sorceress

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	4	4	3	3	3	5	1	9

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Hekarti's Blessing
- Murderous Prowess

Magic:

A Supreme Sorceress is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Dark Magic or one of the eight Lores of Battle Magic in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 4 Wizard35 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Dark Steed20 points
 - Cold One25 points
 - Dark Pegasus50 points
 - Manticore150 points
 - May be upgraded to have Iron Hard Skin20 points
 - May be upgraded to have Blind Rage25 points
 - Black Dragon300 points
- May take magic items up to a total of100 points

LORDS

HIGH BEASTMASTER

300 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
High Beastmaster	5	7	7	4	3	3	8	3	9	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Spear
- Light armour
- Sea Dragon cloak

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Beastslaver
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Murderous Prowess

Options:

- Must be mounted on one of the following:
 - Manticore *free*
 - May be upgraded to have Iron Hard Skin *20 points*
 - May be upgraded to have Blind Rage *25 points*
 - Scourgerunner Chariot (see page 94 for profile).
The High Beastmaster replaces one of the chariot's crew) *free*
- May take magic items up to a total of *100 points*

BLACK ARK FLEETMASTER

155 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Black Ark Fleetmaster	5	6	6	4	3	3	7	3	9	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Light armour
- Sea Dragon cloak

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Murderous Prowess
- Show No Weakness

Options:

- May take magic items up to a total of *50 points*

MOUNTS

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Black Dragon	6	6	0	6	6	6	3	5	8	Monster
Cold One	7	3	0	4	4	1	2	2	3	War Beast
Dark Pegasus	8	3	0	4	4	3	4	2	6	Monstrous Beast
Dark Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5	War Beast
Manticore	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	5	Monster

Special Rules:

- *Black Dragon*: Fly, Hatred (High Elves), Large Target, Noxious Breath, Scaly Skin (3+), Terror.
- *Cold One*: Fear, Stupidity, Thick-skinned.
- *Dark Pegasus*: Fly, Impale Attack.
- *Dark Steed*: Fast Cavalry.
- *Manticore*: Fly, Killing Blow, Large Target, Terror, Uncontrollable.

CAULDRON OF BLOOD

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Cauldron of Blood	5	-	-	5	6	5	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour Save 6+)
Witch Elf Crew	-	4	4	3	-	-	6	1	-	-

Crew:

2 Witch Elf Crew

Equipment

(Crew):

- Two hand weapons

Drawn by:

The Will of the Gods

Equipment

(Cauldron of Blood):

- Scythes

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Bloodshield of Khaine
- Frenzy
- Fury of Khaine
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Large Target
- Magic Resistance (1)
- Poisoned Attacks
- Murderous Prowess
- Strength of Khaine
- Terror
- Will of the Gods

HEROES

SHADOWBLADE

245 points

Profile

Shadowblade

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
6 10 10 4 3 2 10 3 9

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Throwing weapons

Forbidden Poisons:

- Black Lotus
- Dark Venom
- Manbane

Magic Items:

- Heart of Woe
- Potion of Diabolic Strength

Special Rules:

- A Killer, not a Leader
- Always Strikes First
- Dance of Doom
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Hidden
- Immune to Psychology
- Master of Disguise
- Murderous Prowess
- Poisoned Attacks

LOKHIR FELLHEART

235 points

Profile

Lokhir Fellheart

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
5 6 6 4 3 2 7 3 9

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Heavy armour
- Sea Dragon cloak

Magic Items:

- The Red Blades
- Helm of the Kraken

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Daring Leap
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Merciless Slaver
- Murderous Prowess
- Show No Weakness

KOURAN DARKHAND

180 points

Profile

Kouran Darkhand

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
5 9 6 4 3 2 7 3 9

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Crimson Death
- The Armour of Grief

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Eternal Hatred
- Immune to Psychology
- Murderous Prowess
- The Right Hand of Darkness
- Stubborn

TULLARIS DREADBRINGER

155 points

Profile

Tullaris Dreadbringer

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
5 6 6 4 3 2 7 3 9

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Heavy armour

Magic Items:

- The First Draich

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Fear
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Khaine's Sacred Slaughterer
- Killing Blow
- Murderous Prowess

SORCERESS

80 points

Profile

Sorceress

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
5 4 4 3 3 2 5 1 8

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Hekarti's Blessing
- Murderous Prowess

Magic:

A Sorceress is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Dark Magic or one of the eight Lores of Battle Magic in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard35 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Dark Steed10 points
 - Cold One12 points
 - Dark Pegasus50 points
- May take magic items up to a total of50 points

HEROES

MASTER

70 points

Profile

Master

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
5 6 6 4 3 2 7 3 9

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Murderous Prowess

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon (unless mounted)2 points
 - Halberd2 points
 - Great weapon4 points
 - Lance (mounted only)6 points
- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Repeater crossbow5 points
 - Repeater handbow5 points
 - Brace of repeater handbows10 points
- May replace light armour with heavy armour4 points
- May take a Sea Dragon cloak6 points
- May take a shield2 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Dark Steed10 points
 - Cold One12 points
 - Dark Pegasus50 points
 - Manticore150 points
 - May be upgraded to have Iron Hard Skin20 points
 - May be upgraded to have Blind Rage25 points
 - Cold One Chariot (see page 93 for profile.
Count the cost against your allowance for Heroes.
The Master replaces one of the chariot's crew)120 points
- May take magic items up to a total of50 points

BATTLE STANDARD BEARER

One Master or Death Hag may carry the battle standard for +25 points. The Battle Standard Bearer may carry a magic standard (with no points limit). A model that carries a magic standard cannot have any other magic items.



DEATH HAG

85 points

Profile

Death Hag

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
5 6 6 4 3 2 7 3 9

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Frenzy
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Murderous Prowess
- Poisoned Attacks

Options:

- May take one of the following:
 - Cry of War15 points
 - Witchbrew30 points
 - Rune of Khaine40 points
- May take a single magic weapon worth up to50 points
- May be mounted on a Cauldron of Blood (see page 87 for profile)190 points

KHAINITE ASSASSIN

90 points

Profile

Khainite Assassin

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
5 9 9 4 3 2 10 3 8

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Throwing weapons

Special Rules:

- A Killer, not a Leader
- Always Strikes First
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Hidden
- Immune to Psychology
- Murderous Prowess
- Poisoned Attacks

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon2 points
 - Repeater handbow5 points
- May take one of the following:
 - Black Lotus15 points
 - Dark Venom20 points
 - Manbane20 points
- May take magic items up to a total of50 points

CORE UNITS

DREADSPEARS

9 points per model

Profile

Dark Elf Warrior
Lordling

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8

Troop Type

Infantry
Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:

- Spear
- Light armour
- Shield

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Murderous Prowess

Options:

- May upgrade one Dark Elf Warrior to a Lordling.....10 points
- May upgrade one Dark Elf Warrior to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Dark Elf Warrior to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - One Dreadspears unit with a standard bearer may take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points

BLEAKSWORDS

9 points per model

Profile

Dark Elf Warrior
Lordling

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8

Troop Type

Infantry
Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- Shield

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Murderous Prowess

Options:

- May upgrade one Dark Elf Warrior to a Lordling.....10 points
- May upgrade one Dark Elf Warrior to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Dark Elf Warrior to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - One Bleakswords unit with a standard bearer may take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points

DARKSHARDS

12 points per model

Profile

Dark Elf Warrior
Guardmaster

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8

Troop Type

Infantry
Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Repeater crossbow
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Murderous Prowess

Options:

- May upgrade one Dark Elf Warrior to a Guardmaster.....10 points
- May upgrade one Dark Elf Warrior to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Dark Elf Warrior to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - One Darkshards unit with a standard bearer may take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model



CORE UNITS

BLACK ARK CORSAIRS

9 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Black Ark Corsair	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Infantry
Reaver	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Murderous Prowess

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- Sea Dragon cloak

Options:

- May upgrade one Black Ark Corsair to a Reaver10 points
 - Reaver may take a brace of repeater handbows4 points
- May upgrade one Black Ark Corsair to a musician10 points
- May upgrade one Black Ark Corsair to a standard bearer10 points
 - One Black Ark Corsairs unit with a standard bearer may take a magic standard worth up to25 points
- The entire unit must take one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons2 points per model
 - Repeater handbows2 points per model

DARK RIDERS

16 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Dark Rider	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Cavalry
Herald	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8	Cavalry
Dark Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First (Riders only)
- Fast Cavalry
- Hatred (High Elves) (Riders only)
- Murderous Prowess

Equipment:

- Spear
- Light armour

Options:

- May upgrade one Dark Rider to a Herald10 points
- May upgrade one Dark Rider to a musician10 points
- May upgrade one Dark Rider to a standard bearer10 points
- The entire unit may take shields1 point per model
- The entire unit may take repeater crossbows3 points per model

WITCH ELVES

11 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Witch Elf	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8	Infantry
Hag	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	2	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Frenzy
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Madness of Khaine
- Murderous Prowess
- Poisoned Attacks

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons

Options:

- May upgrade one Witch Elf to a Hag10 points
- May upgrade one Witch Elf to a musician10 points
- May upgrade one Witch Elf to a standard bearer10 points
 - One Witch Elves unit with a standard bearer may take a magic standard worth up to50 points

SPECIAL UNITS

COLD ONE KNIGHTS

30 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Cold One Knight	5	5	4	4	3	1	6	1	9	Cavalry
Dread Knight	5	5	4	4	3	1	6	2	9	Cavalry
Cold One	7	3	0	4	4	1	2	2	3	-

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Lance
- Heavy armour
- Shield

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First (Riders only)
- Fear
- Hatred (High Elves) (Riders only)
- Murderous Prowess
- Stupidity
- Thick-skinned

Options:

- May upgrade one Cold One Knight to a Dread Knight10 points
 - Dread Knight may take a magic weapon worth up to25 points
- May upgrade one Cold One Knight to a musician10 points
- May upgrade one Cold One Knight to a standard bearer10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to50 points



BLACK GUARD OF NAGGAROND

15 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Black Guard	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	2	9	Infantry
Tower Master	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	3	9	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:

- Halberd
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Eternal Hatred
- Immune to Psychology
- Murderous Prowess
- Stubborn

Options:

- May upgrade one Black Guard to a Tower Master10 points
 - Tower Master may take a magic weapon worth up to25 points
- May upgrade one Black Guard to a musician10 points
- May upgrade one Black Guard to a standard bearer10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to50 points

SHADES

16 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Shade	5	5	5	3	3	1	5	1	8	Infantry
Bloodshade	5	5	6	3	3	1	5	1	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Repeater crossbow

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Murderous Prowess
- Scouts
- Skirmishers

Options:

- May upgrade one Shade to a Bloodshade10 points
- May upgrade one Shade to a musician10 points
- May upgrade one Shade to a standard bearer10 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons2 points per model
 - Great weapons2 points per model
- The entire unit may take light armour1 point per model

SPECIAL UNITS

COLD ONE CHARIOT

115 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Cold One Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour Save 3+)
Knight Charioteer	-	5	4	4	-	-	6	1	9	-
Cold One	7	3	-	4	-	-	2	2	-	-

Unit Size: 1

Drawn by:
2 Cold Ones

Crew:
2 Knight Charioteers

Equipment (Crew):

- Hand weapon
- Spear
- Repeater crossbow

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First (Charioteers only)
- Fear
- Hatred (High Elves) (Charioteers only)
- Murderous Prowess
- Stupidity

Equipment (Chariot):

- Scythes

HAR GANETH EXECUTIONERS

12 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Executioner	5	5	4	4	3	1	5	1	9	Infantry
Draich Master	5	5	4	4	3	1	5	2	9	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Killing Blow
- Murderous Prowess

Equipment:

- Great weapon
- Heavy armour

Options:

- May upgrade one Executioner to a Draich Master. 10 points
- May upgrade one Executioner to a musician 10 points
- May upgrade one Executioner to a standard bearer 10 points
- May take a magic standard worth up to 50 points



SPECIAL UNITS

REAPER BOLT THROWER

70 points

Profile

Reaper Bolt Thrower
Dark Elf Crew

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
-	-	-	-	7	2	-	-	-
5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8

Troop Type

War Machine

Unit Size: 1

Equipment (Crew):

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules (Crew):

- Always Strikes First
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Murderous Prowess

Special Rules (Reaper Bolt Thrower):

- Repeater Bolt Thrower

Crew:

2 Dark Elf Crew

A Dark Elf army may include up to 4 Reaper Bolt Throwers, and up to 8 in a Grand Army.

HARPIES

15 points per model

Profile

Harpies

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	3	0	3	3	1	5	2	6

Troop Type

Infantry

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Fly

SCOURGERUNNER CHARIOT

150 points

Profile

Scourgerunner Chariot
Beastmaster Crew
Dark Steed

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-
-	4	4	3	-	-	5	2	8
9	3	0	3	-	-	4	1	5

Troop Type

Chariot (Armour Save 5+)

Unit Size: 1

Drawn by:

2 Dark Steeds

Crew:

2 Beastmaster Crew

Equipment (Crew):

- Hand weapon
- Spear
- Repeater crossbow

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First (Crew only)
- Hatred (High Elves) (Crew only)
- Murderous Prowess

Equipment (Chariot):

- Ravager harpoon

WAR HYDRA

160 points

Profile

War Hydra

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	4	4	5	5	5	2	3+*	6

Troop Type

Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- If One Head is Severed...
- ...Another Takes its Place
- Large Target
- Scaly Skin (4+)
- Terror

Options:

- May take one of the following:
 - Fiery Breath..... 20 points
 - Spit Fire..... 20 points

RARE UNITS

DOOMFIRE WARLOCKS

25 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Doomfire Warlock	5	4	4	4	3	1	5	2	8	Cavalry
Master of Warlocks	5	4	4	4	3	1	5	3	8	Cavalry
Dark Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First (Riders only)
- Cursed Coven
- Fast Cavalry
- Hatred (High Elves) (Riders only)
- Murderous Prowess
- Poisoned Attacks (Riders only)
- Prey of the Dark Prince

Options:

- May upgrade one Doomfire Warlock to a Master of Warlocks..... 10 points

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

BLOODWRACK MEDUSA

90 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bloodwrack Medusa	7	5	5	4	4	3	5	3	2	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Avert Your Gaze!
- Bloodwrack Stare
- Fear
- Frenzy
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Murderous Prowess

KHARIBDYSS

160 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Kharibdyss	6	5	0	7	5	5	4	5	6	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Abyssal Howl
- Feast of Bones
- Large Target
- Poisoned Attacks
- Scaly Skin (4+)
- Terror

BLOODWRACK SHRINE

175 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bloodwrack Shrine	5	-	-	5	6	5	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour Save 6+)
Shrinekeeper	-	4	4	3	-	-	5	1	8	-
Bloodwrack Medusa	-	5	5	4	-	-	5	3	-	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment

(Crew):

- Spear

Equipment

(Bloodwrack Shrine):

- Scythes

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Aura of Agony
- Avert Your Gaze!
- Bloodwrack Stare (Bloodwrack Medusa only)
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Large Target
- Magic Resistance (1)
- Murderous Prowess
- Terror
- Will of the Gods

Crew:

1 Bloodwrack Medusa and 2 Shrinekeepers

Drawn by:

The Will of the Gods

SISTERS OF SLAUGHTER

15 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Sister of Slaughter	5	6	4	3	3	1	6	2	9	Infantry
Handmaiden of Shards	5	6	4	3	3	1	6	3	9	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Dance of Death
- Hatred (High Elves)
- Murderous Prowess
- The Trial of Blades

Options:

- May upgrade one Sister of Slaughter to a Handmaiden of Shards..... 10 points
- May upgrade one Sister of Slaughter to a musician 10 points
- May upgrade one Sister of Slaughter to a standard bearer 10 points
- May take a magic standard worth up to 50 points

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

SUMMARY

LORDS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
Black Ark Fleetmaster	5	6	6	4	3	3	7	3	9	In	40
Dreadlord	5	7	7	4	3	3	8	4	10	In	35
Hellebron	5	7	7	4	3	3	9	4	10	In(SC)	55
High Beastmaster	5	7	7	4	3	3	8	3	9	In	38
Malekith	5	8	7	5	4	3	8	4	10	In(SC)	53
- Seraphon	6	7	0	6	6	6	3	6	8	Mo	
Malus Darkblade	5	7	7	4	3	3	8	4	10	Ca(SC)	56
- Spite	7	3	0	4	4	1	2	3	4	-	
Morathi	5	5	4	3	3	3	6	3	10	MC(SC)	54
- Sulephet	8	4	0	4	4	3	4	3	6	-	
Supreme Sorceress	5	4	4	3	3	3	5	1	9	In	37

HEROES	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
Death Hag	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9	In	46
Khainite Assassin	5	9	9	4	3	2	10	3	8	In	36
Kouran Darkhand	5	9	6	4	3	2	7	3	9	In(SC)	59
Lokhir Fellheart	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9	In(SC)	58
Master	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9	In	35
Shadowblade	6	10	10	4	3	2	10	3	9	In(SC)	57
Sorceress	5	4	4	3	3	2	5	1	8	In	37
Tullaris Dreadbringer	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9	In(SC)	60

CORE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
Black Ark Corsair	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	In	40
- Reaver	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	In	
Dark Elf Warrior	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	In	39
- Lordling	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	In	
- Guardmaster	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8	In	
Dark Rider	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Ca	41
- Herald	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8	Ca	
- Dark Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5	-	
Witch Elf	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8	In	46
- Hag	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	2	8	In	

SPECIAL UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
Black Guard	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	2	9	In	43
- Tower Master	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	3	9	In	
Cold One Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-	Ch	42
- Knight Charioteer	-	5	4	4	-	-	6	1	9	-	
- Cold One	7	3	-	4	-	-	2	2	-	-	
Cold One Knight	5	5	4	4	3	1	6	1	9	Ca	42
- Dread Knight	5	5	4	4	3	1	6	2	9	Ca	
- Cold One	7	3	0	4	4	1	2	2	3	-	
Executioner	5	5	4	4	3	1	5	1	9	In	44
- Draich Master	5	5	4	4	3	1	5	2	9	In	
Harpy	5	3	0	3	3	1	5	2	6	In	50
Reaper Bolt Thrower	-	-	-	-	7	2	-	-	-	WM	39
- Dark Elf Crew	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	-	
Scourgerunner Chariot	-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-	Ch	38
- Beastmaster Crew	-	4	4	3	-	-	5	2	8	-	
- Dark Steed	9	3	0	3	-	-	4	1	5	-	
Shade	5	5	5	3	3	1	5	1	8	In	40
- Bloodshade	5	5	6	3	3	1	5	1	8	In	
War Hydra	6	4	4	5	5	5	2	3+*	6	Mo	49

RARE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
Bloodwrack Medusa	7	5	5	4	4	3	5	3	2	MI	50
Bloodwrack Shrine	5	-	-	5	6	5	-	-	-	Ch	48
- Shrinekeeper	-	4	4	3	-	-	5	1	8	-	
- Bloodwrack Medusa	-	5	5	4	-	-	5	3	-	-	
Doomfire Warlock	5	4	4	4	3	1	5	2	8	Ca	41
- Master of Warlocks	5	4	4	4	3	1	5	3	8	Ca	
- Dark Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5	-	
Kharibdyss	6	5	0	7	5	5	4	5	6	Mo	52
Sister of Slaughter	5	6	4	3	3	1	6	2	9	In	45
- Handmaiden of Shards	5	6	4	3	3	1	6	3	9	In	

MOUNTS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
Black Dragon	6	6	0	6	6	6	3	5	8	Mo	50
Cold One	7	3	0	4	4	1	2	2	3	WB	42
Dark Pegasus	8	3	0	4	4	3	4	2	6	MB	50
Dark Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5	WB	41
Manticore	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	5	Mo	51
Cauldron of Blood	5	-	-	5	6	5	-	-	-	Ch	47
- Witch Elf Crew	-	4	4	3	-	-	6	1	-	-	

Troop Type Key: In=Infantry, WB=War Beast, Ca=Cavalry, MI=Monstrous Infantry, MB=Monstrous Beast, MC=Monstrous Cavalry, SC=Special Character, Mo=Monster, Ch=Chariot, Sw=Swarms, Un=Unique, WM=War Machine.





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