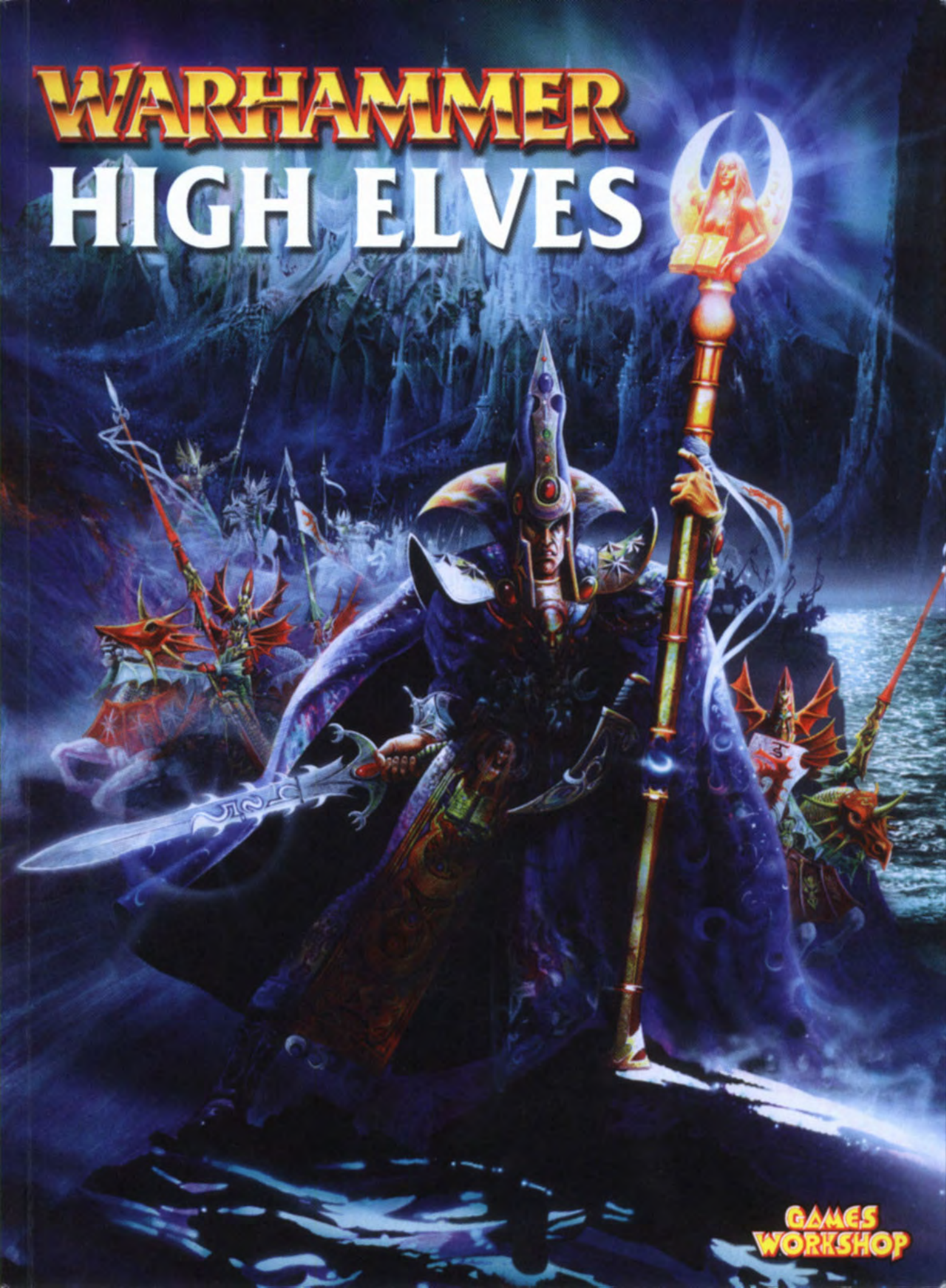
WARHAMMER
HIGH ELVES



GAMES WORKSHOP

HIGH ELVES



A WARHAMMER ARMIES SUPPLEMENT

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION 3
THE SUNDERING 4
THE ELVEN WARHOST 6
Nobility & Mages 6
Citizen Militia 7
Silver Helms & Ellyrian Reavers 8
Dragon Princes 9
Swordmasters of Hoeth & Shadow Warriors 10
Phoenix Guard & White Lions 11
Griffons & Great Eagles 12
Dragons 13
Repeater Bolt Throwers & Tiranoc Chariots 14
HIGH ELF ARMOURY 15
HIGH ELF HONOURS 15
VAUL'S FORGE 16
Common Magic Items 16
Magic Weapons 16
Magic Armour 17
Talismans 17
Arcane Items 18
Enchanted Items 18
Magic Banners 19
THE MYSTIC ARTS OF SAPHERY 20
DEFENDERS OF ULTHUAN 22
Lords 24
Heroes 25
Core Units 26
Special Units 28
Rare Units 30
PAINTING A HIGH ELF ARMY 33
HISTORY OF THE ASUR 50
The Blade Reforged 54
The War of the Beard 56
Against the Dark Host 58
From the Notes of Jacob Stackeldhorf 60
GUARDIANS OF LIGHT 63
Imrik, Dragon Prince of Caledor 64
Tyrion, Defender of Ulthuan 70
Teclis, High Loremaster of the White Tower 72
APPENDIX – NEW SCENARIOS 74
Anulii Patrol 74
Quest 77
The Elven Language 78
Reference page 80

Written by
Jake Thornton & Space McQuirk

Additional Material
Bill King & Anthony Reynolds

Cover Illustration
Geoff Taylor

Illustrations
John Blanche, Paul Dainton and Karl Kopinski

Graphics
Nuala Kennedy

Citadel Designers
Mark Bedford, Juan Diaz, Colin Grayson, Mark Harrison, Alex Hedström, Gary Morley, Aly Morrison and Trish Morrison

Editing and Layout
Mark Owen

Colour Production
Mark Raynor

Model Makers
Mark Jones and Dave Andrews

Miniatures Painters
Neil Green, Martin Footitt, Tammy Haye, Keith Robertson, Chris Smart, Kirsten Mickleburgh, and Dave Thomas

Thanks also to
Gavin Thorpe, Jim Butler and the Geeks.

PRODUCED BY GAMES WORKSHOP

Citadel & the Citadel castle, 'Eavy Metal, Games Workshop & the Games Workshop logo, Warhammer, Dragon Princes of Caledor, Ellyrian Reavers, Imrik, Phoenix Guard, Shadow Warriors, Silver Helms, Swordmasters of Hoeth, Teclis, Tyrion, Ulthuan and White Lions of Chrace are trademarks of Games Workshop Ltd. 'Scatter' dice are UK registered design no. 2017484.

All artwork in all Games Workshop products and the images contained therein have been produced either in-house or as work for hire. The copyright in the artwork and the images it depicts is the exclusive property of Games Workshop Ltd. Copyright Games Workshop Ltd., 2001. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of Games Workshop. Games Workshop Ltd. 2001.

British cataloguing-in-Publication Data. A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

UK
Games Workshop,
Willow Rd,
Lenton,
Nottingham, NG7 2WS

US
Games Workshop,
6721 Baymeadow Drive,
Glen Burnie,
Maryland, 21060-6401

Australia
Games Workshop,
23 Liverpool Street,
Ingleburn
NSW 2565

Canada
1645 Bonhill Rd,
Units 9-11,
Mississauga,
Ontario, L5T 1R3

Product Code: 60 03 02 10 002

Games Workshop World Wide Web site: www.games-workshop.com

ISBN: 1-84154-175-3

INTRODUCTION

"Ah, there you are young master! I thought I might find you here among the many weapons of the training rooms. And yes, I know that you cannot be a general and cower at the rear, but you must understand the strategy of the whole army, as well as the detail of individual swordplay. You will destroy the enemies of Ulthuan by crushing them with your armies, not with your own sword.

But crush them you shall, of that I have no doubt, for you will lead an army of noble High Elves. For five thousand years we have defended our shores from all who would conquer us. Even in our darkest hour, when our own kin rose up and betrayed us, we fought with such determination and martial skill that they were vanquished.

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

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

For the tactician, there are few more satisfying armies to play than the proud and majestic High Elves. Deadly, swift and precise, the power of the High Elves lies in their ability to hit the enemy hard where and when they choose it, with the support of their awesome sorcery and devastating missile fire. The High Elves are refined and well organised, and they march to war in perfect unity, armoured in their strong, flexible scale coats and wielding fine weapons of the highest quality.

Taught the ancient arts of warfare from a young age, the High Elves are masters of sword and bow. A highly elite force, they are skilful and well led, though few in number. A successful commander must use each of his precious units to their full potential, fulfilling their designated role to perfection and using each of them to support the rest of the army.

As a defensive force, the High Elves are without peer. The citizen militia display skills beyond those of most professional soldiers from other races, their archers and spearmen capable of holding off almost any foe. Backed up by the mighty Eagle Claw repeater bolt throwers, the High Elves are almost immovable in defence. To bolster the citizen levy, the High Elves have a range of highly specialised elite foot troops, from the legendary White Lions, huntsmen without peer, to the Swordmasters of Hoeth, deadly warrior-scholars with preternatural speed and skills beyond human comprehension.

The High Elves boast some of the fastest and most skilful cavalry units in the Warhammer world. Swift and manoeuvrable, the proud and tall Silver Helms and the last of the mighty Dragon Princes are devastating, both in offensive and defensive roles, having the speed to charge and countercharge at will. The aim of any tactical High Elf commander is to strike hard and fast, dissecting the enemy and withdrawing before they have a chance to counter-attack, while the stout defence of the High Elves is perfectly capable of holding out against almost any attack.

Apart from anything else, the resplendent, glittering ranks of the High Elves look magnificent on the battlefield! The crisp, bright colours of the army make them stand out from the rabbles they face, while their heroes and mages are spectacular looking characters. Reason enough to collect an army of High Elves!

In this book you will find the following sections:

The Elven Warhost. This describes the unique troops, majestic creatures and war machines of the High Elf army and gives full details of their rules.

The Army List. This provides all of the points values, weapon options and upgrades for you to field a High Elf army in games of Warhammer.

Painting and Collecting Guide. This section shows examples of High Elf colour schemes and markings, gives advice on choosing your own schemes, and tips on painting and modelling.

The Fair Isle. The back of this book is dedicated to extra information revealing the character, history and mighty heroes of the High Elves and their homeland, the Isle of Ulthuan.



The Sundering

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

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

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

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

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

Evil struck unseen at our souls. Our leaders were betrayed and one by one they succumbed. Those that saw through the deception were murdered before they could spread warning. Malekith, the Master of Darkness, grew ever more powerful.

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

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

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

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





THE ELVEN WARHOST

"We, the Asur, are a noble people, our long and proud history stretching back to a time when Men were still fur-clad savages. Living on our fair isle of Ulthuan, set in the centre of the Great Ocean, we are far removed from the petty squabbles of the lesser races. Here we are able to practice our magic and our arts, perfecting them for no reason other than the sheer joy of it.

We are a tall and slender people, slight of build and graceful of movement. Our armies, too, move with fluid grace as do our warships and steeds. All that we touch is elegant and finely crafted for we are a long lived people and refuse to surround ourselves with ugliness and discord. During our long lives we are able to perfect many skills and our people are renowned for our highly skilled artisans, fine craftsmen, the beauty of our art and the melodious grace of our songs. All in all we are a race that loves beauty and treasures skill, but our days are not all spent in idle pursuits.

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

Special Rule:

Stoic: When fighting against a Dark Elf army, all High Elves are immune to Panic.

High Elf Nobility

The noble families have led our people through times of peace and conflict for thousands of years. They pride themselves on their deep sense of honour and mastery of both the arts of diplomacy and war, taught to them from a young age. In times of conflict they demonstrate this prowess through their flexibility, perfectly capable of fighting with unmatched skill in the thick of the mêlée, or commanding our armies from a distance, directing the flow of battle as need dictates.

Foolish weaklings of the lesser races sometimes misinterpret this as cowardice, but they are mistaken. On the contrary, far too many of our nobles die fighting in the press of combat and our people would often be better served if our commanders were less brave, not more so. While other races may throw their leaders recklessly into the thick of battle, we the Asur are not a prolific race and so when a noble falls, he is mourned, and the loss keenly felt.

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

Intrigue at Court: Though they are loyal to a fault, High Elves love intrigue and politics. Unfortunately, this sometimes means that their armies are trusted to the care of individuals on the basis of the political faction they follow rather than their ability to lead.

The army's General is determined randomly. Before deployment, line up the character models and roll a dice. Count this number along the line – this is your General. If you roll over the number of characters in the army then the General is selected as normal instead (see page 102 of the Warhammer rulebook). If you have six or more characters, choose five of them to line up, and then roll as above.

High Elf Mages

On the eastern shores of the Sea of Dreams lies the magical realm of Saphery. At the heart of this land stands the White Tower of Hoeth, the shrine to the god of Wisdom, built over twenty centuries ago on the orders of the Phoenix King Bel-Korhadris, the Scholar King. This bone-white structure rises far above the surrounding forests, its heights often obscured in cloud. Within the walls of the Tower of Hoeth is held the entire magical knowledge of our people, collected and compiled through the centuries by the greatest of Asur mages and scholars.

Our people are a magical race, the flow of power is strong within our blood. Many of us show some talent in the subtle art of sorcery, though only the most gifted young Asur are given the privilege of being taught the art within the Tower of Hoeth. We have practised our magic for untold millennia, long before the coming of Man, and have developed our sorcery into a form far more refined than the crude fumblings of the lesser races. The power of our mages is harnessed to protect our isle of Ulthuan, keeping it from sinking beneath the waves and holding at bay the dread powers of Chaos.

In times of strife, the Phoenix King will request the aid of Saphery. Those battle mages who accompany our armies are masters of their art, wielding awesome powers with which to strike down our enemies. Many a battle has been won by the famed mages of the White Tower of Hoeth.

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

Magic: Archmages and Mages are Wizards and follow all of the normal rules for Wizards. High Elves use the term Mage to describe spellcasters in general, and this has been used throughout this book, but includes Archmages as well. For example, a magic item that is listed as being available only to a Mage may also be taken by an Archmage.

Citizen Militia

Spearmen & Archers

The majority of warriors in our armies are citizen militia rather than professional soldiers. This militia is a form of part-time army in which all take their turn to serve, every Elf providing his own battle gear in defence of his home and country.

When he is inducted into the citizen levy, a keen-eyed young Elf will begin his training in the Archers. Lacking the battle experience of his older brethren, he fights from a distance – experiencing the carnage of war from a relatively safe place. As his familiarity with the horrors of battle grows, he will eventually be promoted to the Spearmen. This is the senior arm of the militia, and is expected to fight bravely in the main line of battle. With decades of experience behind him, an Elf can don the armour of a Spearman and join his fellows in the rigorous training needed to fight efficiently as one body.

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

The following special rules apply to all High Elves and are in addition to those listed specifically in the entry for each unit.

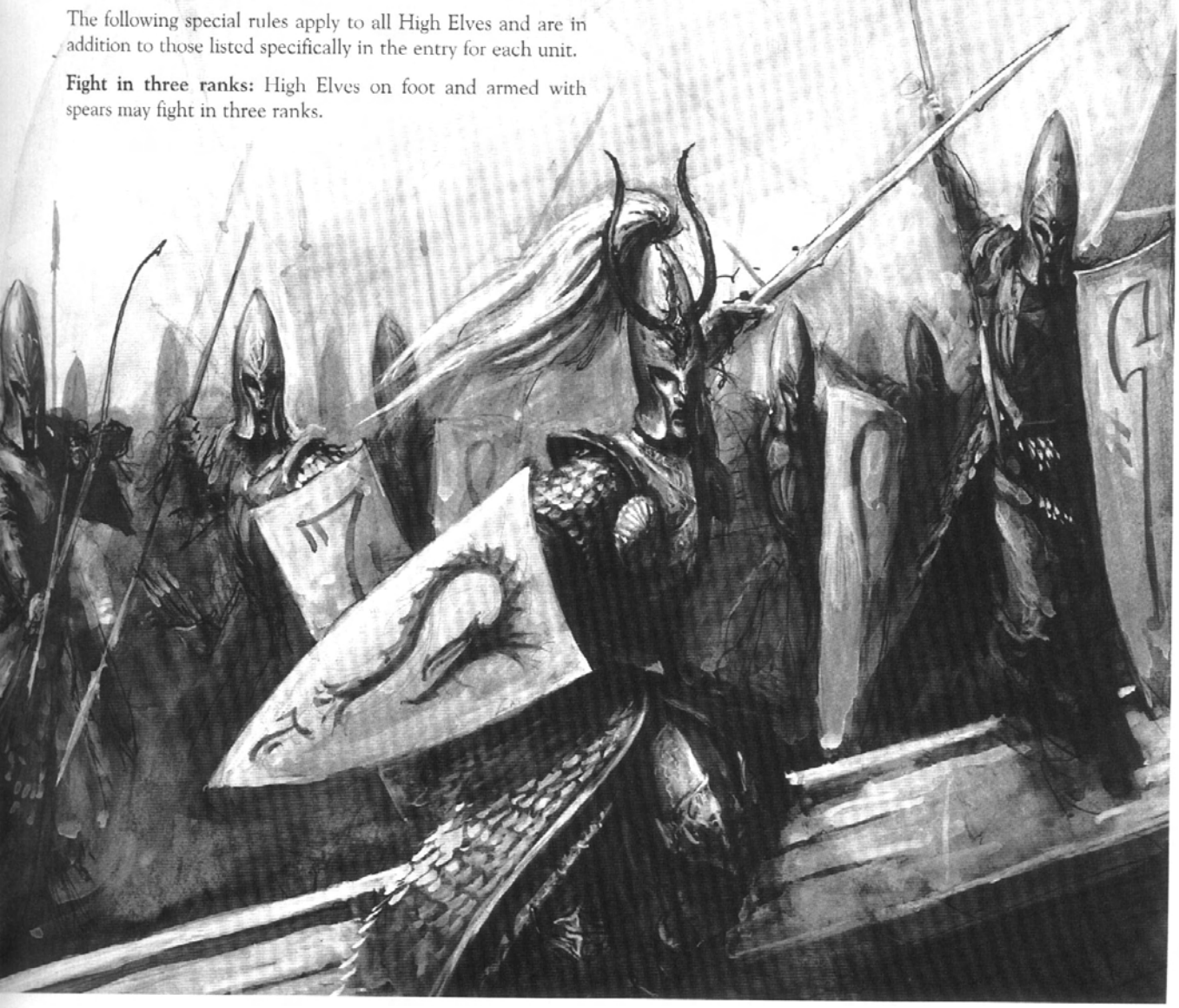
Fight in three ranks: High Elves on foot and armed with spears may fight in three ranks.

Lothern Seaguard

Eataine does not field a citizen militia as all the other provinces do, instead contributing the Lothern Sea Guard to the Phoenix King's army. Unlike the normal levy, they are not only called up in times of need, but remain at arms at all times.

The riches of our people are great, and the legends greater still, so there is never any shortage of villainous cut-throats who will stoop to any depth to steal their way into our fair capital and plunder our ancestral wealth. The Seaguard patrol the shores around Lothern and man the many batteries of Eagle Claw bolt throwers that overlook the harbour approaches. They also form a corps of marines to crew the many sleek vessels of our fleet that circle the world in its long patrols.

As space is always at a premium on board ship, the Seaguard are traditionally armed with both bow and spear, allowing their commanders to fight with twice the strength their small numbers might imply.



Silver Helms

Many of the famed regiments of our army come from one or other of Ulthuan's provinces, but not so the Silver Helms. They are formed from the sons of our nobility, given a chance to fight the enemies of our people and possessing the means to equip themselves in all the expensive panoply of a fully armoured horseman.

In these troubled times all nobles must prepare themselves for war, and teach their sons the ways of the sword and bow as well as the finer arts such as poetry and song. It is not only our way of life that lies threatened, but our very existence. To this end, all noble houses send their sons to fight in the wars for the survival of our race.

The Silver Helms are named for their traditional tall helmets, which are polished to a mirror-like sheen and worn with gleaming white robes. We are a proud race and will have our foes know who it was that spelt their doom.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Silver Helm	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Champion	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

Ellyrian Reavers

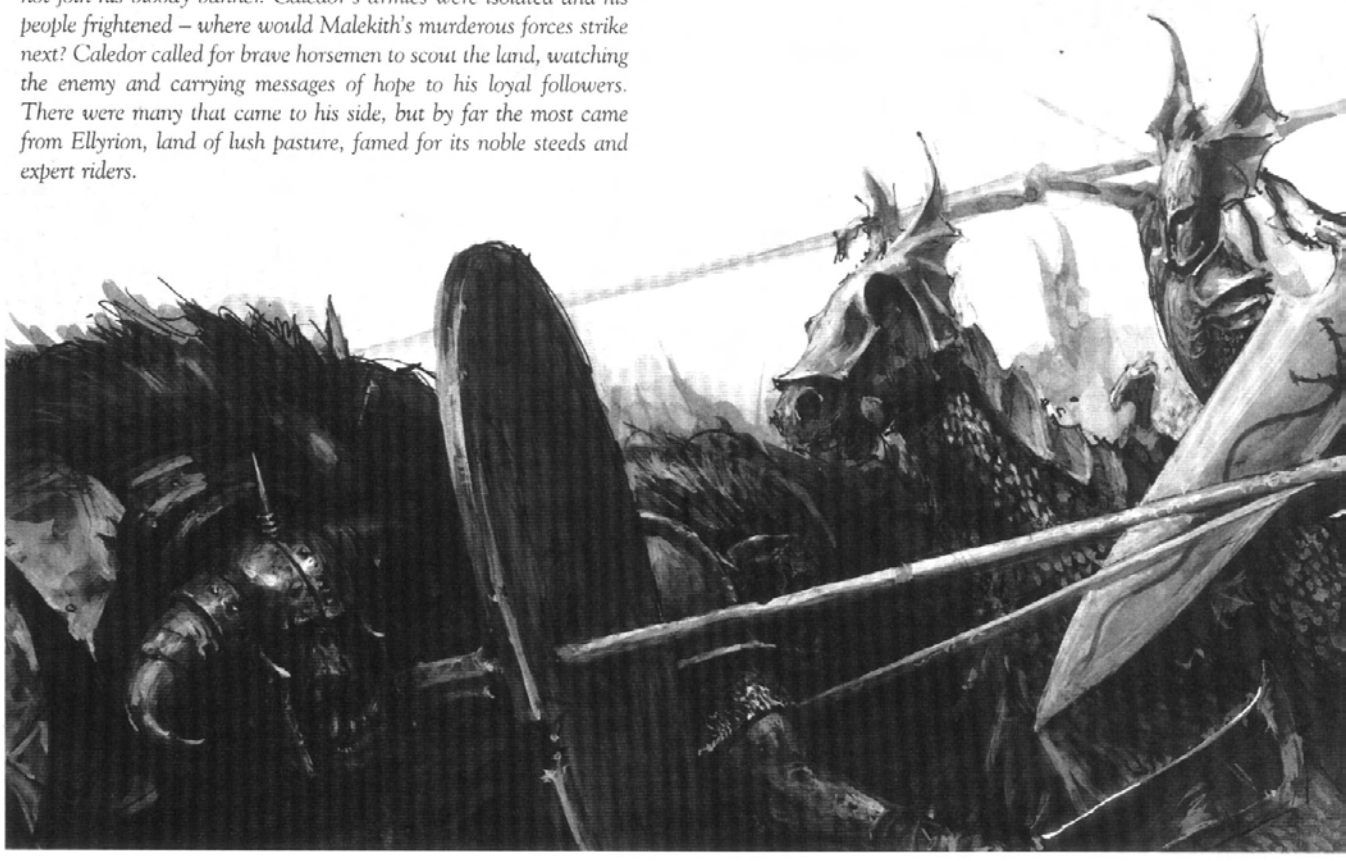
The descendants of generations of expert horse warriors, these lightly armed cavalrymen are experts at scouting, and form the eyes and ears of most of our armies. They range many miles around the army seeking enemy troops, places of ambush and advantageous sites where the army can defend itself or give battle. Once battle is joined, the Reavers will usually ride around the flanks of the enemy army, skirmishing with the enemy scouts and then turning the flanks of the enemy army, charging them in the rear as the rest of the host engages them in the front.

These riders are the descendants of those that answered Caledor's call to arms in the dark times of the Sundering. In those bleak days the Witch King roamed the land freely, slaughtering all that would not join his bloody banner. Caledor's armies were isolated and his people frightened – where would Malekith's murderous forces strike next? Caledor called for brave horsemen to scout the land, watching the enemy and carrying messages of hope to his loyal followers. There were many that came to his side, but by far the most came from Ellyrion, land of lush pasture, famed for its noble steeds and expert riders.

That they fulfilled their duty is beyond question, and the forces of the usurper were eventually pushed into the sea. To this day, the High Elves of Ellyrion pride themselves on the valiant manner they came to the Phoenix King's aid, and continue to serve in his armies as scouts, messengers and warriors.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ellyrian Reaver	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Harbinger	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

Fast Cavalry: Ellyrian Reavers are fast cavalry as described on page 117 of the Warhammer rulebook.



Dragon Princes

In ancient times the noble warriors of Caledor rode into battle astride mighty dragons. Few indeed were those who could stand before their charge, the dragons incinerating those that escaped the lances of their masters. Now those days are gone, and the great beasts can only rarely be roused from their slumber. Instead, the Dragon Princes carry on their ancient martial tradition, fighting on the backs of Elven steeds instead of great wyrms.

Dragon Princes may no longer ride true dragons, but each piece of their battle harness carries a reminder of those glorious days. Their sturdy armour and dragon-crested helms are as much protection as the scales of a dragon itself, and every item carries the blazon of dragon wing, scale or fire. They are the proudest unit in the entire army of the Phoenix King, and the only one not to dip its banner in salute to him. In fact, such is their arrogance that 'Prince of Caledor' is a common insult among High Elves of other lands.

The nobles of Caledor always fight as one in such a unit, banding together to relive their ancient glories and remind those that would stand in their way that their traditional skill at arms has not been dimmed by the years. And who is to say that those long-gone days of heroism will not come again? The tides of Chaos and evil are on the rise once more, and even the most ancient of the firedrakes stirs in its long sleep. The Loremasters read the many signs and portents, speaking of a final battle in which the Dragon Princes will ride once again on their fabled beasts, and who can say they are wrong!

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dragon Prince	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	1	9
Drakemaster	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	2	9
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5



Swordmasters of Hoeth

There are many ways to travel the path of wisdom. Some fast and meditate for years, others study obscure and arcane tomes, but for a few their true path lies in martial prowess. These are the Swordmasters, though they are not only experts with a blade; they also learn to fight with their bare hands or with any other weapon they can reach, especially their finely balanced ceremonial greatswords.

The centre of their cult is the White Tower of Hoeth, at the heart of ancient Saphery. Here they study the secret ways of battle, honing their bodies and skills to unbelievable levels. Some say they can cut a candle in half without disturbing the flame, others that they can fight in complete darkness, guided only by the sound of their foe's breathing.

These expert warriors are the Guardians of the White Tower and serve as protectors of the mages and scholars who live and study there. But the Swordmasters are not hermits. Part of their duties is to serve as messengers for the Tower's masters, and to this end they travel throughout Ulthuan, guarding travelling scholars or seeking out information to enrich the vast store that resides in the White Tower.

In battle they are deadly opponents, eager to practise their great skills on real enemies, in an arena where there is no room for second best. This is the true test of their mettle and the one they most eagerly seek.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Swordmaster	5	6	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Bladelord	5	6	4	3	3	1	5	2	8

Swordmasters: May use a Great weapon as deftly as a normal sword. Instead of striking last in any turn they don't charge, they strike in Initiative order as explained on page 68 of the Warhammer rules. A Great weapon used by a Swordmaster will still strike blows with +2 Strength.

Shadow Warriors

Even in times of relative peace, the Shadow Warriors are never at rest. They constantly patrol the barren shores and bleakest hills as they watch for the inevitable Dark Elf raiders; the evil Druchii who sank their homeland beneath the waves and who steal their children and slaughter their kin. Little wonder then that battles between them are bitterly fought with no quarter asked or given.

Tainted by association with the Witch King and the violent madness of Aenarion, the survivors of Nagarythe are a very different type of Asur. Since the destruction of their lands they have been a rootless and nomadic people, drawn to fighting and unable to settle to more peaceful tasks. They are intense and brooding, proud and warlike, and this has made them little trusted by the other Elves of Ulthuan. Despite this they are among the most loyal subjects of the Phoenix King and the tales of their daring exploits are many. It is an unusual Elf indeed who has not heard of their valour. Though they are wilder and perhaps more vicious than the rest of our people, it is because of their tragic past rather than innate cruelty. Given the bitter times through which they have lived, this is a flaw that we find easy to understand.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Shadow Warrior	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Shadow-walker	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8

Scouts: The war of the Shadow Warriors is one of stealth and cunning, concealment and ambush. In battles they are often deployed ahead of the army to break up enemy attacks. Shadow Warriors are Scouts.

Skirmish: Shadow Warriors spend their lives fighting in the mountains, hills and forests of Ulthuan, and naturally move in dispersed formations. Shadow Warriors skirmish.

Hate Dark Elves: The few survivors of Nagarythe cannot forget the betrayal of the Witch King and the desecration of their land. The constant raids of the Dark Elves mean that this ancient wound can never heal and so the Shadow Warriors *hate* all Dark Elves.



Phoenix Guard

Of the many great warriors of our people, the most fearsome to face are the silent guardians of the Shrine of Asuryan. Known as the Phoenix Guard, the main duty of these warrior monks is to protect the island shrine and all those who make their pilgrimage there. Particularly important is the eternal flame, through which the chosen candidate for Phoenix King must walk in order to receive the blessing of Asuryan.

The secret of their unnatural silence lies in the Chamber of Days, a hidden room whose walls blaze with words of flame, writ on the naked stone itself. These tell the histories of all the Phoenix Kings who have ever lived, and also those who are yet to come. It foretells the deaths of each and their successors. Any who gaze upon these terrible words must swear a magical oath of silence from which they can never be released. This knowledge of their fate wipes the joy from these warrior priests, their faces set instead in grim expressions of doom. In battle they can always be found where the fighting is most desperate, knowing in advance if they shall fall or if they shall be victorious.

When a Phoenix King dies, the Phoenix Guard are always there, appearing suddenly and without warning to bear away the body of their king to the White Ship. Once a new candidate for Phoenix King has been chosen, they escort him safely to the Shrine of Asuryan to undertake the ritual rebirth as the new Phoenix King.

In battle the Phoenix Guard fight with their ceremonial halberds, clad in cloaks of embroidered fire that echo the sacred flame of Asuryan.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Phoenix Guard	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	1	9
Keeper of the Flame	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	2	9

Cause fear: The Phoenix Guard fight in utter silence, bound by their magical oath. In battle their movements are accompanied by the beat of a solemn drum. This unnatural manner is deeply disturbing for their enemies as even the direst of wounds will not make them cry out. The Phoenix Guard cause *fear*.

White Lions

Ever since the time of Caledor the First, the closest bodyguards of the Phoenix Kings have come from the forested wilds of Chrace. These are the bravest of the young Elves of Chrace, chosen for the honour of serving the Phoenix King by ancient rites. Not all are worthy to serve, and each must demonstrate his skill and bravery by tracking down one of the fierce white lions that roam the dark forests and barren mountains of that land. When they find one they must kill it in hand-to-hand combat and take its pelt. Those that have proved themselves wear the cloak of the white lion as a sign of their undoubted courage and may serve the Phoenix King as one of his bodyguard.

In battle the White Lions use the traditional woodsman's axe of Chrace, a finely crafted weapon which is said to be sharp enough to fell a tree or cut a man in half with one blow.

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

Woodsmen: Chrace is famed for its woods, and years of practice have taught the local folk to move through them without a sound. In battle the White Lions may move through woods without penalty. This includes any characters that are with the unit at the time.

Bodyguard: Emboldened by their ancient duty and sworn to lay down their lives before they fail, the White Lions will fight to protect their lord long after the rest of the army has fled. The White Lions are Stubborn if the General is with the unit.



Griffons

Griffons are noble beasts, as beasts go, though they are far from tame and placid. Their heads are like that of a huge bird of prey, whilst their bodies resemble that of a lion or other great cat. All this is borne aloft by a large pair of wings that carries the Griffon across the high mountains where it dwells.

A patiently hand-reared hatchling can be trained to bear a noble upon its back, making a formidable mount in times of war. The people of Chrace, renowned hunters and scouts, are particularly famed for their skills at raising and training the Griffons that circle above the high mountains of their land.

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

Fly: A Griffon has large wings and can fly as described on page 106 of the Warhammer rulebook.

Terror: A Griffon causes *terror* as described on page 81 of the Warhammer rulebook.

Large Target: A Griffon counts as a large target as described on page 62 of the Warhammer rulebook.

Great Eagles

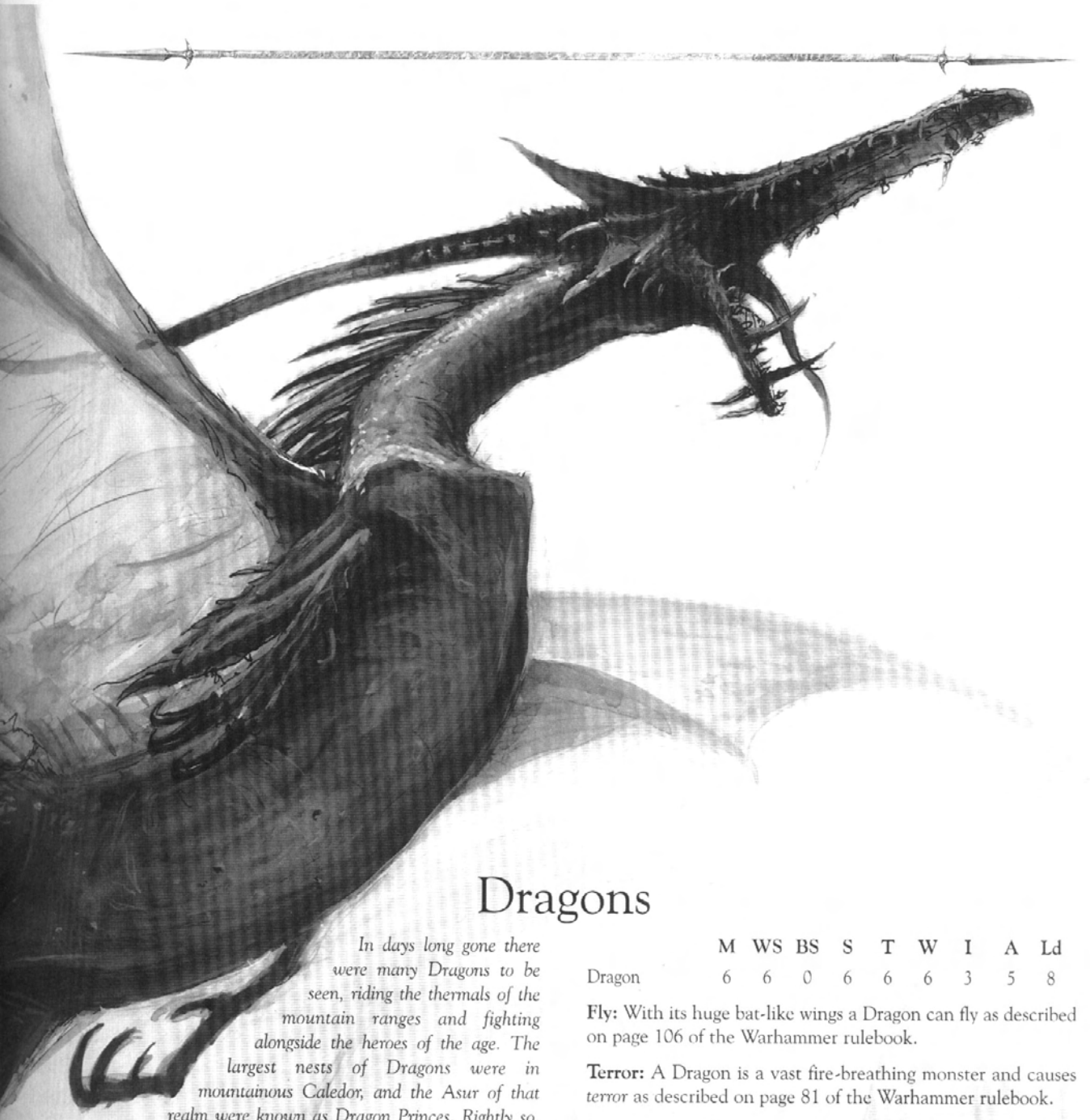
These creatures are the last of a noble race that has lived in the high mountain peaks since before the rise of Men. They are haughty and proud, and we have an ancient kinship with them. Caradinor rode Sulinash the Great Eagle into battle in the times before the Sundering, and such were their heroic deeds that songs are still sung of them. Great Eagles have been allies of our people since this time, and the sight of one soaring high above a battle is still considered a portent of victory.

Some of the wisest of our people are said to be able to converse with the Great Eagles of the Annlii as easily as if they were passing the time of day with their own brothers. The Eagles soar over the mist-shrouded peaks and rocky spires and when they return they speak with our Loremasters. In this way the dire forces of Chaos can never make their way down from the Annlii without finding the warriors of Ulthuan waiting for them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Great Eagle	2	5	0	4	4	3	4	2	8

Fly: A Great Eagle is a giant bird of prey and so can *fly* as described on page 106 of the Warhammer rulebook.





Dragons

In days long gone there were many Dragons to be seen, riding the thermals of the mountain ranges and fighting alongside the heroes of the age. The largest nests of Dragons were in mountainous Caledor, and the Asur of that realm were known as Dragon Princes. Rightly so, as they rode these majestic and fearsome creatures to war and vanquished all who opposed them.

Now the Great Hall of Dragons lies almost silent. It is still filled with the great forms of wyrmkind, but all are deep in slumber, the sound of their rasping breath filling the air. When times of danger are upon the Asur of Caledor they try to rouse a few from their sleep, but it is an ever greater task. 'Not in a Dragon's age' is a common phrase among our people, and it has been many years since more than a handful rode the skies to battle.

However, when they can be awoken they are terrible to behold. The light catches their glistening scales before they spread their great wings to blot out the sun and light the world with their fiery breath. They are huge and terrifying monsters with a cold, alien intelligence which fills same folk with dread.

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

Fly: With its huge bat-like wings a Dragon can fly as described on page 106 of the Warhammer rulebook.

Terror: A Dragon is a vast fire-breathing monster and causes *terror* as described on page 81 of the Warhammer rulebook.

Large Target: Dragons are huge beasts that count as large targets as described on page 62 of the Warhammer rulebook.

Breathe Fire: The fiery breath of Dragons is legendary in its properties. It is terribly destructive, yet is also fabled to have heated the forges of the smiths of Vaul as they crafted the finest magical blades ever known.

In battle it is used as any other breath weapon. Those hit by it suffer a Strength 4 hit. In addition, a unit that suffers casualties from Dragon's breath must take an immediate Panic test.

Scaly Skin: The thickly armoured hide of a Dragon protects it from harm, giving it an armour save of 3+. See page 112 of the Warhammer rulebook.

Repeater Bolt Throwers

We have no need for the crude black powder weapons of other races. Instead, we use the simple torsion powered bolt throwers of our forefathers, content with weapons that will not blow up in our faces.

The 'Eagle's Claw' bolt thrower, as the repeater is usually called, is a versatile weapon and by far the most common of these devices. It is lightly made, though sturdy, and is easily portable. This makes it highly adaptable and it is widely used both on ship and on shore. In fact, the same individual weapon can be used in either location as they are designed to be taken from their mountings and carried with the Seaguard when they venture forth.

In battle the Eagle's Claw can shoot either a single bolt or a hail of steel-tipped death. This flexibility allows our armies to halt our enemies whether they are heavily armoured knights or teeming hordes of rabble.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bolt Thrower	–	–	–	–	7	3	–	–	–
Crew	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8

Volley: The Repeater Bolt Thrower is a war machine and all the rules governing war machines apply. Repeater Bolt Throwers may either shoot a single bolt (follow the rules given on page 124 of the Warhammer rulebook) or may fire multiple shots.

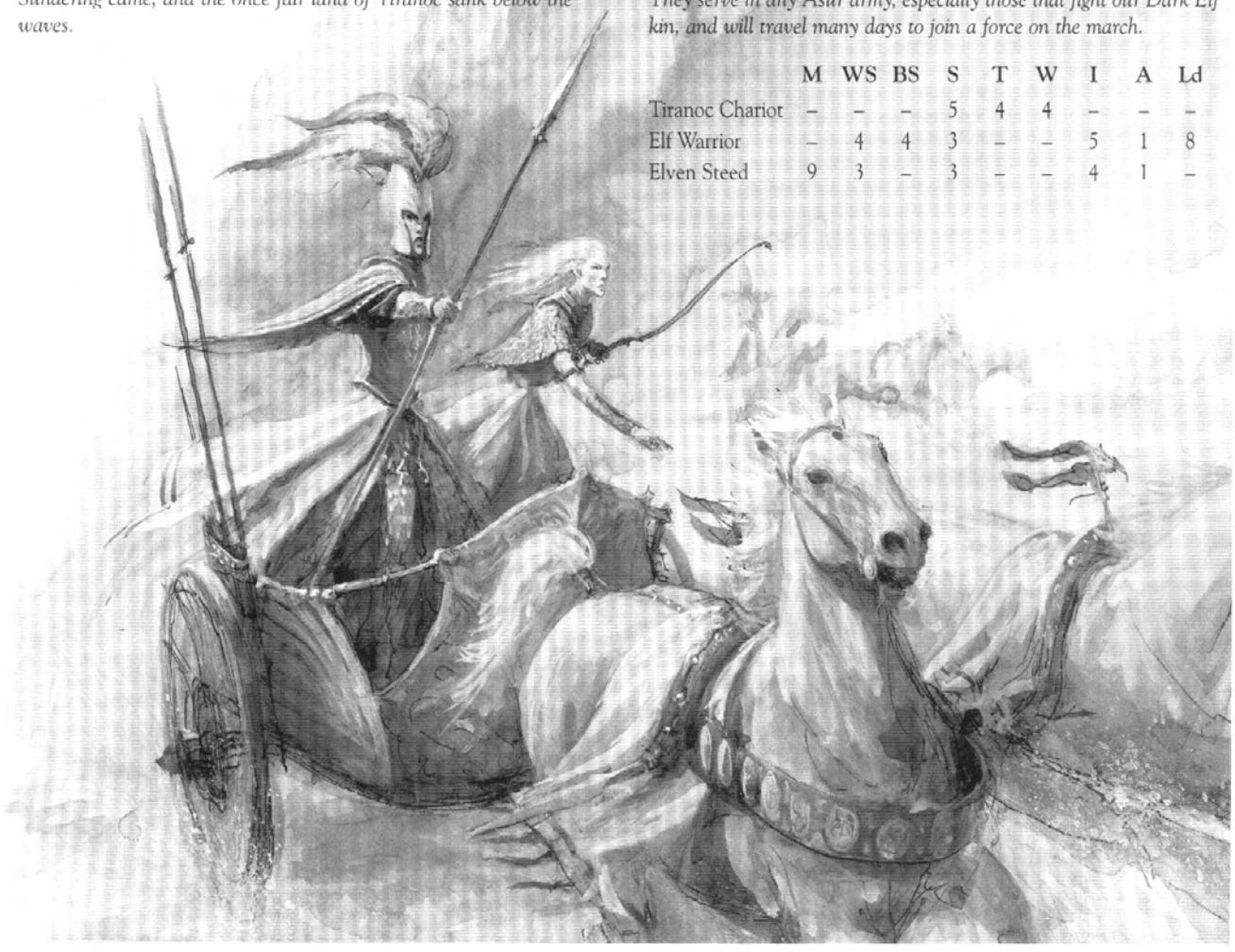
If using the multiple shots option then the Repeater Bolt Thrower shoots six bolts in each Shooting phase. These shots are worked out exactly like shots from bows or crossbows, using the Ballistic Skill of the crew to determine whether the bolts hit or not. All bolts must be directed towards a single target. Multiple shots have a Range of 48", a Strength of 4, with armour saves suffering a -2 penalty.

Tiranoc Chariots

A few charioteers are all that remain of the ancient way of war of the Tiranoc nobility. In ages past the coastal plains of their realm were full of herds of noble steeds and racing charioteers. The warriors competed with each other to see who could ride the fastest, or loose the most accurate arrow from the back of a speeding chariot. Then the Sundering came, and the once fair land of Tiranoc sank below the waves.

Not all was lost though. Indeed, many of their finest warriors were elsewhere, fighting against the evil minions of the Witch King. In this way they were able to preserve their traditions and skills, but it was an embittered few that returned to their drowned land. Since then, they have spent their time tending their herds and preparing for battle. They serve in any Asur army, especially those that fight our Dark Elf kin, and will travel many days to join a force on the march.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tiranoc Chariot	–	–	–	5	4	4	–	–	–
Elf Warrior	–	4	4	3	–	–	5	1	8
Elven Steed	9	3	–	3	–	–	4	1	–



HIGH ELF ARMOURY

The Elves of Ulthuan have many skilled artisans and weaponsmiths, and their armies march to war with the finest arms and armour. To represent this, certain Elf units and characters can take items of equipment not featured in the Warhammer rulebook. The rules for these items are included below.

Dragon Armour
Forged in the heart of a volcano, this fine armour is enchanted to ward off the effects of Dragon breath. The model is immune to all breath attacks, and any fire-based attack (including spells from the Lore of Fire). Dragon armour also counts as heavy armour, giving a 5+ armour save.

Lion Cloak
The white lion cloak that gives the White Lions of Chrace their name also gives them a +2 armour save versus missile fire. In close combat it is thrown back over the shoulder and offers no additional protection.

Ithilmar Barding
Ithilmar is extremely light, but very resilient. Barding made from ithilmar gives the same protection as heavy steel, but without slowing down the steed that wears it. Ithilmar barding adds +1 to the model's armour save like ordinary barding, however there is no reduction in the movement rate of the model.

HIGH ELF HONOURS

Elves are virtually immortal, and throughout their lives spend considerable time mastering many skills and crafts. The achievements of an Elf are highly vaunted, and an Elf who possesses many different skills will be known by several honorific titles, known as Honours.

Each character may only take each Honour once. However, more than one character in an army may take the same Honour if you wish. The only restrictions on who can take which Honour are noted in the descriptions of the abilities themselves.

PURE OF HEART **0 points – Mandatory**
Though the Golden Age of the High Elves is a distant memory, there are still a few noble Elves whose mere presence reminds those about them of the heroic past of their race. They embody all that is glorious about the Elves from before the time of the Sundering and are a bittersweet reminder of former achievements.

This Honour MUST be given to exactly one high Elf character. It costs no points.

The character, and any unit he joins, is Immune to Panic. If the Pure of Heart character is killed, the High Elf player loses 100 Victory points from his total at the end of the battle. If the scenario does not use Victory points then the demise of the Pure of Heart character has no effect.

LION GUARD **45 points**
The hero is lauded amongst all Elvenkind for his total devotion to the protection of Ulthuan and his unswerving loyalty to the Phoenix King.

The character comes equipped with a lion cloak. The character and any unit he leads is Stubborn. If you have a character with Lion Guard, then White Lions become a Special Choice for your army (but remain 0-1).

LOREMASTER **40 points**
Sated by his training in the martial arts, this character has now embarked upon the path of the mage.

The character is a Level 1 Wizard. Note that he may not cast spells if he is wearing armour (remember that barding for his steed will not affect his spell casting).

SWORDMASTER **40 points**
Trained by the adepts at the tower of Hoeth, the lethal skills of this warrior are justly fabled.

The character is equipped with a Great weapon and may not take a magic weapon. Instead of striking last in any turn he does not charge, the character will strike in initiative order, as explained on page 68 of the Warhammer rules. The character also has the *killing blow* special rule.

SEER **30 points**
The lores of magic hold no surprises for this mage. Countless hours of painstaking study mean that no spell of worth has escaped his keen eye.

Mage only. May choose his spells instead of rolling for them.

CHANNELLER **10 points**
The mage acts as a conduit through which raw power flows.

Mage only. May cast with a maximum of +1 more Power dice than normal. For example, a Level 3 Mage may use up to five Power dice in an attempt to cast a spell (instead of the usual four).

VAUL'S FORGE

High Elves are perhaps the most potent of all the mages who walk the Warhammer world, and it is they who taught Men their feeble spells. Since ancient times the anvils of Vaul have produced the most exquisitely crafted magical artefacts for the nobles of Ulthuan. In this section the common magic items are listed first (see Warhammer page 154 for a complete description). They are followed by a list of 'High Elf only' magic items. These can only be used by models from this book, and must be selected within the points limitations set by the army list section. Note that all the rules on magic items presented in the Warhammer rulebook (p152-153) also apply to the 'High Elves only' magic items.

You will note that High Elf magic items cost less than similar or even identical ones belonging to other races. This means that they can take more of them for each character, as is just and proper for these most magical of warriors. Use the discounted points costs listed here for the common magic items when taken by High Elves.

COMMON MAGIC ITEMS

SWORD OF STRIKING 25 points
Weapon; +1 to hit.

SWORD OF BATTLE 20 points
Weapon; +1 Attack.

SWORD OF MIGHT 15 points
Weapon; +1 Strength.

BITING BLADE 10 points
Weapon; -1 to enemy armour saves.

ENCHANTED SHIELD 10 points
Armour; 5+ armour save.

TALISMAN OF PROTECTION 10 points
Talisman; 6+ Ward save.

DISPEL SCROLL 20 points
Arcane; automatically dispels an enemy spell. One use only.

POWER STONE 20 points
Arcane; +2 dice to cast a spell. One use only.

STAFF OF SORCERY 40 points
Arcane; +1 to dispel.

WAR BANNER 20 points
Banner; +1 Combat Resolution.

MAGIC WEAPONS

BLADE OF LEAPING GOLD 60 points
A more finely balanced sword than this was never made.

The blade confers +3 Attacks on the character wielding it.

BOW OF THE SEAFARER 60 points
This longbow was made from a single piece of rare silverwood, and gifted to Ulanor of the Seaguard by Finubar himself. It is a mighty weapon, and many say it can even sink ships!

Treat the Bow of the Seafarer as a normal longbow with the following exception. Resolve a hit from this like a single bolt from a Bolt Thrower (see page 124 of the Warhammer rulebook). Note that you may stand & shoot with the Bow of the Seafarer.

SWORD OF HOETH 60 points
Normally this fine blade lies wrapped in silk in the armoury of the White Tower, but in time of war it is given to a great hero to wield in the name of the Loremasters.

All hits wound automatically. Armour saves are modified by the Strength of the bearer.

BLADE OF DARTING STEEL 45 Points
Bright blue steel can be enchanted to hold spells of great speed and deadly accuracy, and the Elves of Ulthuan are masters of such magic.

The wielder always strikes first, even if his opponent charged that turn. If both models have this ability, roll off to see who strikes first in each Close Combat phase. In addition, the wielder adds +1 to his rolls to hit.

REAVER BOW 40 points
The origins of this beautifully crafted bow are lost in the mists of time, though some believe it to be the same one that was made for Arathion of Ellyrion a thousand years ago.

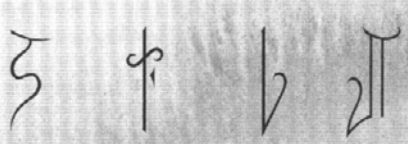
Treat the Reaver Bow as a normal longbow with the following exceptions: the bearer may shoot three times in each of his Shooting phases and any hits are resolved at Strength 5.

BLADE OF SEA GOLD 40 points
This gleaming blade is made from the finest sea gold, found in the dark depths of the sea and honed by crashing waves. It strikes with the unstoppable power of the sea itself.

No armour saves may be taken against wounds caused by this weapon.

FOE BANE 25 points
This strange and twisted blade was taken from the body of a Chaos champion. Quite why he should have carried it is unknown, as is the name of the brave Elf that slew him.

All hits on a target with 3 or more Wounds on its starting profile will always wound on a 2+. Armour saves are modified by the Strength of the bearer.



MAGIC ARMOUR

ARMOUR OF PROTECTION — 40 points

This simple armour is adorned by a single Sarathai rune on the breastplate. The World Dragon itself is said to protect the wearer.

Counts as light armour (armour save 6+) which can be combined with other equipment normally. If the wearer fails his armour save he may make a 4+ Ward save.

GOLDEN SHIELD — 35 points

A highly polished shield inlaid with swirling patterns in many types of gold.

This shield confers a 6+ armour save which can be combined with other equipment normally. In addition, all attempts to hit the bearer in close combat suffer a penalty of -1.

ARMOUR OF STARS — 30 points

Decorated with hundreds of glittering gems on a background of deepest blue lacquer, the Armour of Stars is a wonder to behold.

May only be worn by a model on foot. Counts as light armour (armour save 6+) which can be combined with other equipment normally. If the wearer suffers an unsaved wound then one of the gems will burst into brilliant white light as he is instantly teleported 3D6" in a random direction.

Note that this means that he can only suffer 1 unsaved wound in a round of close combat as he will be teleported away before the second can strike him. However, if he was struck by a Killing Blow or a weapon that does multiple wounds per hit (such as a cannon ball) then he would still suffer the instant death or multiplied wounds as normal before teleporting away.

If the model is teleported into another model or impassable terrain then simply carry on moving it along in the same direction until it is 1" beyond. If the model teleports off the table then treat it as having pursued off.

ARMOUR OF HEROES — 25 points

This finely wrought suit of armour is made in an unusual style, not seen since the time before the Sundering. A character wearing this armour seems to shine with an inner light. Surely he is one of the ancient gods of battle!

Counts as heavy armour (armour save 5+) which can be combined with other equipment normally. In order to allocate close combat attacks against the wearer, an opponent must first pass a Leadership test. Test each Close Combat phase. If the test is failed, the enemy may attack another model in base contact instead. Models who are Immune to Psychology are immune to this effect also.

SHADOW ARMOUR — 25 points

Forged by the bitter Shadow Warriors in their hidden camps, the shimmering Shadow Armour weighs almost nothing. It exists somewhere between the real world and that of magic, a fact which mages find quite alarming.

Counts as heavy armour (armour save 5+) which can be combined with other equipment normally. In addition, if the wearer is an independent character on foot then he is treated as having the Scout special rule. He may choose to deploy either at the same time as the other characters, or as a Scout (including setting up with a unit of Shadow Warriors).

HELM OF FORTUNE — 25 points

A helm of ithilmar and sea gold, bordered with tiny letters of intertwining runic script. These form a prayer to invoke Asuryan's protection upon the wearer.

This helm confers a 6+ armour save which can be combined with other equipment normally. The wearer may re-roll failed armour saves.

DRAGONSCALE SHIELD — 20 points

Although battered and scarred, this shield is a treasured heirloom of the days when Dragons roamed the skies.

This shield confers a 5+ armour save which can be combined with other equipment normally. Also gives the bearer a 6+ Ward save.



TALISMANS

VAMBRACES OF DEFENCE — 55 points

These golden bracers are fabled to have been found on the shores of distant Lustria and are inscribed with unusual glyphs.

Gives the wearer a 4+ Ward save. In addition, the wearer may re-roll failed armour saves.

GOLDEN CROWN OF ATRAZAR — 40 points

This golden circlet, studded with rare and magical gems, radiates an aura that protects its wearer from harm

Discount the first wound suffered. One use only.

LOREMASTER'S CLOAK — 40 points

Wrapped in this pale grey cloak, the wearer seems somehow insubstantial and almost illusory.

Gives the wearer and the unit he is with a 2+ Ward save against enemy spells cast at them. It has no effect against shooting or close combat attacks.

TALISMAN OF SAPHERY — 35 points

The tiny size of this powerful artefact belies its true power.

The magical weapons of enemy models will have no special effects whilst they are in base contact with the bearer of the talisman. Treat the magic weapon as a normal one of its type, eg, a Sword of Battle would count as a hand weapon, Porko's Pigstikka would count as a spear, etc.

SACRED INCENSE 30 points

Incense is often used in Elven rituals and this bundle of incense sticks has been blessed by the wardens of the Shrine of Asuryan. It will burn for days, wreathing the bearer with the scented smoke of the temples.

All shooting at the bearer or the unit he is with suffers -1 to hit.

GUARDIAN PHOENIX 25 points

A spark from the sacred flame at the temple of Asuryan is held in this ornate casket.

Gives the wearer a 5+ Ward save.

AMULET OF FIRE 20 points

Though the Amulet constantly flickers with pale flames, the wearer is never burned.

Gives the wearer Magic Resistance (1). In addition, the wearer cannot be harmed by fire-based attacks, eg, Skaven Warpfire Throwers, Dwarf Flame Cannons, or fire balls, etc.



ARCANE ITEMS

BOOK OF HOETH 100 points

This well-worn tome has been studied by mages throughout the ages and has helped some of the greatest understand the inner workings of the realm of magic.

Any spell cast by the mage with this book will be cast with Irresistible Force on any successful casting roll which includes any double, except a Miscast.

ANNULIAN CRYSTAL 40 points

Dug from beneath the Annuli mountains, this crystal has been shaped by the magical vortex that swathes Albion, so that it draws magical energy towards it.

During the enemy's Magic phase, the Crystal allows the High Elf player to remove one dice from the opponent's pile of Power dice and add it to his own Dispel dice pile.

STARWOOD STAFF 40 points

This gnarled and twisted staff looks out of place among the refined and delicately made possessions of the Elves. However, it is one of the most highly valued items a wizard can possess.

Gives +1 to all casting attempts made by the wizard carrying it.

SIGIL OF ASURYAN 40 points

The sigil is tattooed on the hand of the mage using inks prepared in the sacred flame of Asuryan itself. After use it quickly fades to nothing.

Automatically dispels one enemy spell. In addition, roll a D6. On a 4+ the spell is destroyed and the casting Wizard cannot use it for the duration of the battle. One use only.

STAFF OF SOLIDITY 20 points

The Staff earths the malign energies of the Unseen Realm, dissipating any harm caused by unstable magic before it touches the mage.

This staff makes the Mage immune to the effects of his first Miscast. Note that a miscast spell still fails regardless of the actual dice score rolled.

JEWEL OF THE DUSK 15 points

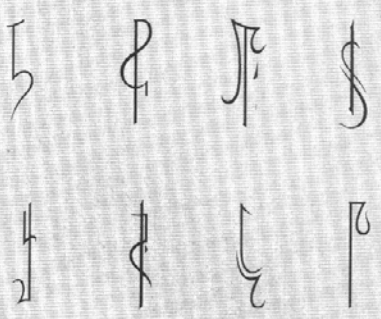
This fine ruby glows blood red with a sorcerous energy that even the least magically adept can clearly see.

The jewel gives the Mage +1 Power dice in each of his own Magic phases. Only he may use this dice.

SILVER WAND 10 points

This slender wand is covered with many lines of winding runes of the ancient script.

The wearer knows one more spell than is normal for his level.



ENCHANTED ITEMS

NULL STONE 80 points

Those with the witch-sight see this as a dark void, an unsettling patch of nothingness in the world of magic.

No Wizard within 6" of the bearer may cast any spells. No other magic item or rune item within 6" of the bearer will work. Treat them as normal weapons, banners, etc, of the appropriate type. Note that this applies to all friendly wizards and magic items as well as enemy ones.

HEALING POTION 50 points

A small vial of sky-blue liquid that sparkles in the light and holds the power to cheat death itself.

The character may drink this at the start of any phase in either player's turn. It will immediately restore all Wounds lost by the character during the battle so far. Obviously, if the character is dead at the start of the phase then he can't drink the potion. One use only.

RADIANT GEM OF HOETH 45 points

The gem is normally kept in a black velvet bag, carefully hiding its brilliance from prying eyes.

The wearer counts as a Level 1 Wizard. However, the wearer may still cast spells whilst wearing armour. This has no effect on characters who are already Wizards.

CLOAK OF BEARDS — 35 points

For millennia the High Elves have fought bitterly against the Dwarfs, collecting beards as a token payment for their black theft of the Phoenix Crown. Such is the concentration of enmity focussed in this item that Dwarf runes, the pride of their race, will be drained of their power if they come too close.

Dwarfs both *hate* and *fear* the wearer of the Cloak. In addition, for the duration of each Close Combat phase, each model in base contact with the wearer loses all the runes from one of their runic items (determined randomly). Treat the item as a normal one of its kind.

RING OF CORIN — 35 points

Bound spell (Power level 4)

The origins of this spell are steeped in mystery, and no other artefacts of this powerful mage survive. However, few are the loremasters, wizards or warlocks that have not heard of it!

The Ring of Corin may cast its Bound spell once per Magic phase like an ordinary spell. The spell requires no Power dice to cast, all the power required is provided by the ring itself.

The Ring of Corin contains the Vaul's Unmaking spell described in the High Magic spells on page 29.

RING OF FURY — 30 points

Bound spell (Power level 3)

The Elves are justly famed for their magical rings, and the black iron Ring of Fury is one of the most feared.

This ring may cast its Bound Spell once per Magic phase like an ordinary spell. The spell requires no Power dice to cast, all the power required is provided by the ring itself.

The Ring of Fury contains the Fury of Khaine spell described in the High Magic spells on page 29.

After each use, even if it was dispelled, roll a D6. On a roll of a 1 the power of the Ring has been exhausted and it may not be used for the rest of the battle.

BLESSED TOME — 25 points

The tales in this book give heart to all High Elves that hear them: tales of ancient valour and glory, stories of nobility and self-sacrifice.

The character with the tome recites the stirring words of heroes of old as battle is joined. All High Elf units within 6" of the bearer get +1 Leadership (up to a maximum of 10).

AMULET OF THE PURIFYING FLAME — 15 points

This delicate silver amulet is unadorned and plain in appearance, though it is potent in its protective powers.

Spells that target the character or the unit he is with subtract -3 from their casting roll. It has no effect on spells cast with Irresistible Force.



MAGIC BANNERS

BATTLE BANNER — 80 points

This heavily woven banner is embroidered with detailed scenes of High Elf victories, and twinkles with the light of a thousand gemstones.

The unit may add +D6 to the combat resolution of any close combat in which it is involved.

BANNER OF THE WORLD DRAGON — 60 points

This magnificent standard is emblazoned with the glittering image of the World Dragon – a symbol of Ulthuan itself. It is made of the finest silks and cloth of gold, with a thousand emerald dragon scales that sparkle in the firelight.

The unit is completely immune to all spell effects, whatever their source. This includes friendly spells, bound items, and spells with areas of effect that were cast at nearby units, etc. Spells which are cast on another unit, such as the Flaming Sword of Rhuin, will work as normal, as will magic weapons used to attack them.

BANNER OF SORCERY — 50 points

The Loremasters of Saphery presented this banner to the Phoenix King Finubar the Seafarer.

The banner adds +D3 Power dice to your pile in each of your own Magic phases.

STANDARD OF BALANCE — 45 points

Troubling shadows and flickering patches of light play across this banner as it flutters in the wind.

The unit carrying the Standard of Balance, and any enemy unit in base contact with it, is completely immune to all Psychology. Note that troops with *frenzy* lose it, just as if they had lost a round of combat.

BANNER OF ARCANE PROTECTION — 40 points

The fabric of this banner is steeped in magical energies and interwoven with powerful protective charms.

The unit gets Magic Resistance (2). In addition, any Undead or Daemon model touching the unit carrying the banner will suffer 1 Wound (saves as normal) at the start of each of the bearer's Magic phases. Note that this does not count as a close combat attack.

LION STANDARD — 25 points

An aura of courage fills the hearts of those who serve under this banner, making them each as fierce as a lion!

The unit is immune to *fear* and *terror*.

BANNER OF ELLYRION — 15 points

This small pennant depicts Korhandir, the father of all horses. It imbues the regiment with tireless energy to forge their way through the densest terrain.

The unit treats difficult ground as open ground for purposes of movement.

The Mystic Arts of Saphery



"While lesser races must study magic in its corrupted, broken form, our Mages harness its power as pure mystical energy. Our minor spells, those Lores taught to the humans by mighty Teclis, are but a pale reflection of the power that can be wielded by an Asur fully trained in the magical arts at the White Tower.

The ebb and flow of the winds of magic are ours to command, summoning great energy into themselves or denying it to the enemy. The tumultuous eddies of magic can be smoothed, and used to alter our material realm, while the most accomplished mages can enter the realm of magic and leave behind their physical shell."

High Elf Mages

High Elf Mages can use either High Magic or any of the eight lores of magic described in the Warhammer rulebook.

High Elves are far better attuned to the ebb and flow of the winds of magic than other races and can sense dangerous changes almost before they happen. High Elf Mages get +1 to each attempt to dispel.

Note that this bonus is not cumulative for having more than one High Elf Mage, so an army with two High Elf Mages will still only get +1 to dispel from this source. However, this bonus may still be combined with magic items as normal.

High Magic

Those who follow the path of High Magic, or True Magic as it is sometimes called, are among the most skilled mages ever to weave spells. In addition to knowing one spell per Level (rolled randomly on the list as normal), any High Elf who practices High Magic will also know the Drain Magic spell.

BLESSINGS OF ISHA

Before a promising youngster is taught the dangerous path of the True Mage, he will be shown some simple prayers and enchantments to bring down the blessings of the divine Isha. These are far less dangerous for the caster and can be safely employed by even the most untutored talent.

These blessings are of no real use on the battlefield, intended as they are to help the apprentice in his daily tasks and to relieve the simple Elven folk of some of the drudgery of their daily chores. However, they allow the tutor-mages to easily assess the potential of their charges and show which of their number is favoured by the gods. So it is that mages can perform all manner of tricks and illusions when in a lighter mood, and never need mundane servants. It is even said that the Elven farmers who live near the White Tower never plough their own fields as every year there is another crop of novices eager to show their skills.

High Magic Spells

To randomly generate a spell from the High Magic list, roll a D6 and consult the chart below. If you roll the same spell twice for the same Mage roll again. Any Mage can automatically swap one spell for Walk Between Worlds if you wish.

D6	Spell	Difficulty
1	Walk Between Worlds	4+
2	Curse of Arrow Attraction	6+
3	Fortune is Fickle	7+
4	Fury of Khaine	8+
5	Flames of the Phoenix	11+
6	Vaul's Unmaking	12+

Drain Magic 5+/7+/9+

The tides of the winds of magic shift so that enemy wizards are becalmed and can work little magic.

This spell can be cast at three different levels. Choose before you attempt to cast the spell – the casting number varies accordingly.

Level	Casting Number	Dice Rolls Discarded
1	5+	6s
2	7+	5s & 6s
3	9+	4s, 5s & 6s

Whichever you choose, the spell may be cast on a single enemy Wizard within 24" of the caster and may be cast into close combat. If successful, the victim's spells will be weaker. Whenever the victim rolls to cast a spell, discard any rolls of a 6/5/4 (depending on the level of the spell) before calculating the total casting value of the roll. Note that as the dice are discarded, any Irresistible Force and some Fortune is Fickle results are ignored.

The spell lasts until the start of the caster's next Magic phase.

Walk Between Worlds 4+

As the mage intones this ancient incantation he beings to fade from view, becoming as insubstantial as a ghost!

This only affects the caster, and only if he is on foot. The caster becomes ethereal. He can only be hit by magical weapons and can move through obstacles and through impassable or difficult terrain as if it was open ground. The caster is affected by spells as normal, and may cast spells himself and fight as normal. Lasts until the start of the caster's next Magic phase.

Curse of Arrow Attraction 6+

The air around the victims shimmers with magical energy as it warps and twists.

This may be cast on an enemy unit within 24" of the caster. Any missile fire directed at the unit in the following Shooting phase may re-roll any failed rolls to hit. If the unit is targeted by a template or breath weapon then you may re-roll to hit any models which are partially covered. The Curse has no effect on close combat.

Fortune is Fickle 7+

Remains in play

To normal folk there is no effect, but to those with the witch sight it is obvious that the victim has been set upon by malign spirits made from the very stuff of magic itself. These creatures drag and pull at the unfortunate spellcaster, distracting and confusing his attempts to work magic.

This may be cast on an enemy Wizard within 24" of the caster and may be cast into close combat. Whenever the victim rolls any double (even a double 6) to cast a spell it is a Miscast. In addition, any double rolled by the opposing player whilst attempting to dispel will fail (even a double 6).

The spell lasts until it is dispelled, the Mage chooses to end it (which he can do at any time), attempts to cast another spell, or is slain.

Fury of Khaine 8+

Calling on the dread might of Khaine, the mage launches a searing bolt of brilliant white energy at his enemies.

The Fury of Khaine is a *magic missile* with a range of up to 24". If successfully cast, it strikes its target causing 2D6 Strength 4 hits.

Flames of the Phoenix 11+

Remains in play

Pure white scented flames emerge from the air itself and envelop the target, immolating the unworthy foe.

This may be cast on an enemy unit within 24". Each model, including characters and unit champions, takes a Strength 3 hit immediately. If the spell is still in play at the start of the caster's next Magic phase, each model in the unit takes a Strength 4 hit. If still in play at the start of the caster's following Magic phase, each model takes a Strength 5 hit, and so on, with the Strength increasing by 1 each turn it remains in play. The spell lasts until dispelled, the Mage chooses to end it (which he can do at any time), attempts to cast another spell or is slain.

Vaul's Unmaking 12+

Glowing swords grow dim and blood-warm chalices cool as their magical energies are drained.

May be cast on an enemy unit within 24" of the caster and may be cast into close combat. If successfully cast, the owner of the unit must reveal to the caster all the magic items in the unit. The caster then chooses one of them to be nullified for the rest of the battle. The spell itself does not remain in play, but the effect lasts for the remainder of the battle.

Vaul's Unmaking can drain the magic from Dwarf rune items. Note that all the runes on an individual item will be drained by the spell, not just one.

If the unit has no magic items then the spell has no effect.

DEFENDERS OF ULTHUAN

The purpose of an army list is to enable players with vastly different armies to stage games which are as fair and evenly balanced as it is possible to make them. The army list gives each individual model a points value which represents its capabilities on the tabletop. The higher a model's points value the better it is in one or more respects: stronger, tougher, faster, better leadership, and so on. The value of the army is simply the value of all the models added together.

As well as providing points costs, the list also divides the army into its constituent units. The list describes the weapons and optional equipment that troops can have and occasionally restricts the number of very powerful units an army can include. It would be very silly indeed if an army were to consist entirely of Tiranoc Chariots or Princes on Griffons. The resultant game would be a frustrating and unbalanced affair if not a complete waste of time. We employ army lists to ensure that this does not happen!

HOW THE ARMY LIST IS INTENDED TO BE USED

Army lists enable two players to choose armies of equal points value to fight a battle, as described in the main body of the Warhammer rules. The following list has been constructed with this purpose in mind.

The list can also be used when playing specific scenarios, either those described in the Warhammer rulebook or others, including ones invented by the players. In this case, the list provides a framework which the players can adapt as required. It might, for example, be felt necessary to increase or decrease the number of characters or units allowed, or to restrict or remove options in the standard list such as magic items or monstrous mounts. If you refer to the Scenarios section of the Warhammer rulebook (pages 196-213), you'll find some examples of this kind.

ARMY LIST ORGANISATION

The army list is divided into four sections:

CHARACTERS

These represent the most able, skilled and successful individuals in your army: extraordinary leaders such as Princes and Mages. They form a vital and potent part of your forces.

CORE UNITS

Core units represent the most common warriors. They usually form the bulk of the army and will often bear the brunt of the fighting.

SPECIAL UNITS

Special units are the best of your warriors, scouting forces, and chariots. They are available to your army in limited numbers.

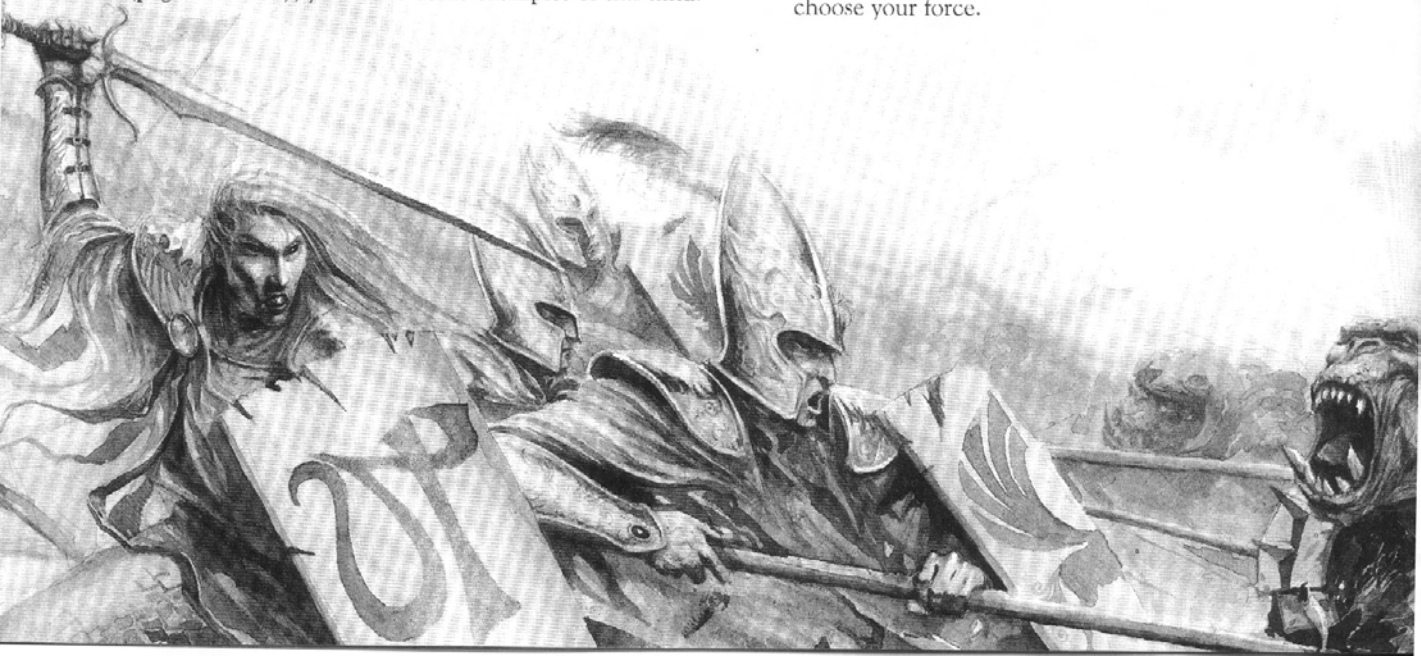
RARE UNITS

Rare units are so called because they are scarce compared to your ordinary troops. They represent unique units, uncommon creatures and unusual machines.

CHOOSING AN ARMY

Both players choose armies to the same agreed points value. Most players find that 2,000 points is about right for a battle that will last over an evening. Whatever value you agree, this is the maximum number of points you can spend on your army. You can spend less and will probably find it is impossible to use up every last point. Most 2,000 points armies will therefore be something like 1,998 or 1,999 points, but they are still '2,000' points armies for our purposes.

Once you have decided on a total points value it is time to choose your force.



Choosing Characters

Characters are divided into two broad categories: Lords (the most powerful characters) and Heroes (the rest). The maximum number of characters an army can include is shown on the chart below.

Army Points Value	Max. Total Characters	Max. Lords	Max. Heroes
Less than 2,000	3	0	3
2,000 or more	4	1	4
3,000 or more	6	2	6
4,000 or more	8	3	8
Each +1,000	+2	+1	+2

An army does not have to include the maximum number of characters allowed, it can always include fewer than indicated. However, an army must always include at least one character: the General. An army does not have to include Lords, it can include all of its characters as Heroes if you prefer. At the beginning of the battle use the Intrigue At Court rule (page 12) to choose a General, and make sure that you let your opponent know who it is.

For example, a 2,500 points army could include a Prince (Lord), a Mage (Hero), and two Commanders (2 Heroes) (ie, four characters in total, of which one is a Lord).

Choosing Troops

Troops are divided into Core, Special and Rare units. The number of each type of unit available depends on the army's points value, indicated on the chart below.

Army Points Value	Core Units	Special Units	Rare Units
Less than 2,000	2+	0-3	0-1
2,000 or more	3+	0-4	0-2
3,000 or more	4+	0-5	0-3
4,000 or more	5+	0-6	0-4
Each +1,000	+1 minimum	+0-1	+0-1

In some cases other limitations may apply to a particular kind of unit. This is specified in the unit entry. For example, the Phoenix Guard Rare unit entry is accompanied by a note explaining that a maximum of one unit of this kind can be included in the army.

Unit Entries

Each unit is represented by an entry in the army list. The unit's name is given and any limitations that apply are explained.

Profiles. The characteristic profiles for the troops in each unit are given in the unit entry. Where several profiles are required, these are also given even if, as in many cases, they are optional.

Unit Sizes. Each entry specifies the minimum size for each unit. In the case of Core units this is usually 10 models. In the case of other units it is usually less. There are exceptions as you will see. In some cases, units also have a maximum size.

Weapons and Armour. Each entry lists the standard weapons and armour for that unit type. The value of these items is included in the points value. Additional or optional weapons and armour cost extra and are covered in the Options section of the unit entry.

Options. Lists the different weapon, armour and equipment options for the unit and any additional points cost for taking them. It may also include the option to upgrade a unit member into a Champion. While this model usually has a specific name (the Champion of a White Lions unit is called a Guardian, for example) all the rules that apply to Champions apply to them. See the appropriate section of the Warhammer rulebook for details (pages 108-109).

Special Rules. Many troops have special rules, which are fully described elsewhere in this book. These rules are also summarised for your convenience in the army list.

It would be a long and tedious business to repeat all the special rules for every unit within the army list itself. The army list is intended primarily as a tool for choosing armies rather than for presenting game rules. Wherever possible we have indicated where special rules apply and, where space permits, we have provided notes within the list as 'memory joggers'. Bear in mind that these descriptions are not necessarily exhaustive or definitive and players should refer to the main rules for a full account.

Dogs of War

Dogs of War are troops of other races who are prepared to fight under your flag in return for money, food, or some other suitable reward. The most common type of Dogs of War unit are the Regiments of Renown. Although the two terms are used to describe mercenary units, both work in the same way in the army list. A selection of such regiments are available as part of the Dogs of War range of models. The descriptions and rules for these very specialised units can be found in White Dwarf magazine or the Warhammer Annual.

The option to include Dogs of War units is included in the army list as part of the Rare troops section. However, certain Regiments of Renown are more commonly available and can be included in an army as a Special choice instead of a Rare choice. Some Dogs of War may also take up additional Rare choices, or choices from your Character entries. The rules for individual Regiments of Renown detail exactly which armies may take them and which army list choices they use up.

LORDS

High Elf Princes and Archmages are the most powerful and influential individuals amongst the Asur, making them the best choice for High Elf characters.

INTRIGUE AT COURT

The General of the High Elf army is determined randomly. Line up the characters and roll a dice. The number is the character nominated for General. If you roll over the number of characters in the army then the General is selected as normal instead.

STOIC

When fighting against their arch foes, the Dark Elves, High Elves are all immune to panic.

Prince

Points/model: 125

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Prince	5	7	6	4	3	3	8	4	10

Weapons: Hand weapon.

Options:

- May choose either a lance (+6 pts), spear (+6 pts), a Great weapon (+6 pts), a halberd (+6 pts), or an additional hand weapon (+6 pts).
- May also choose a longbow (+15 pts).
- May wear either light armour (+3 pts), heavy armour (+6 pts) or Dragon armour (+8 pts), and may also carry a shield (+3 pts).
- May ride either an Elven steed (+18 pts), which can have ithilmar barding (+8 pts), or a Great Eagle (+50 pts), a Griffon (+200 pts) or a Dragon (+320 pts).
- May choose a combination of Honours and/or magic items from the Common or High Elf magic items lists, to a maximum total value of 100 pts.

Archmage

Points/model: 220

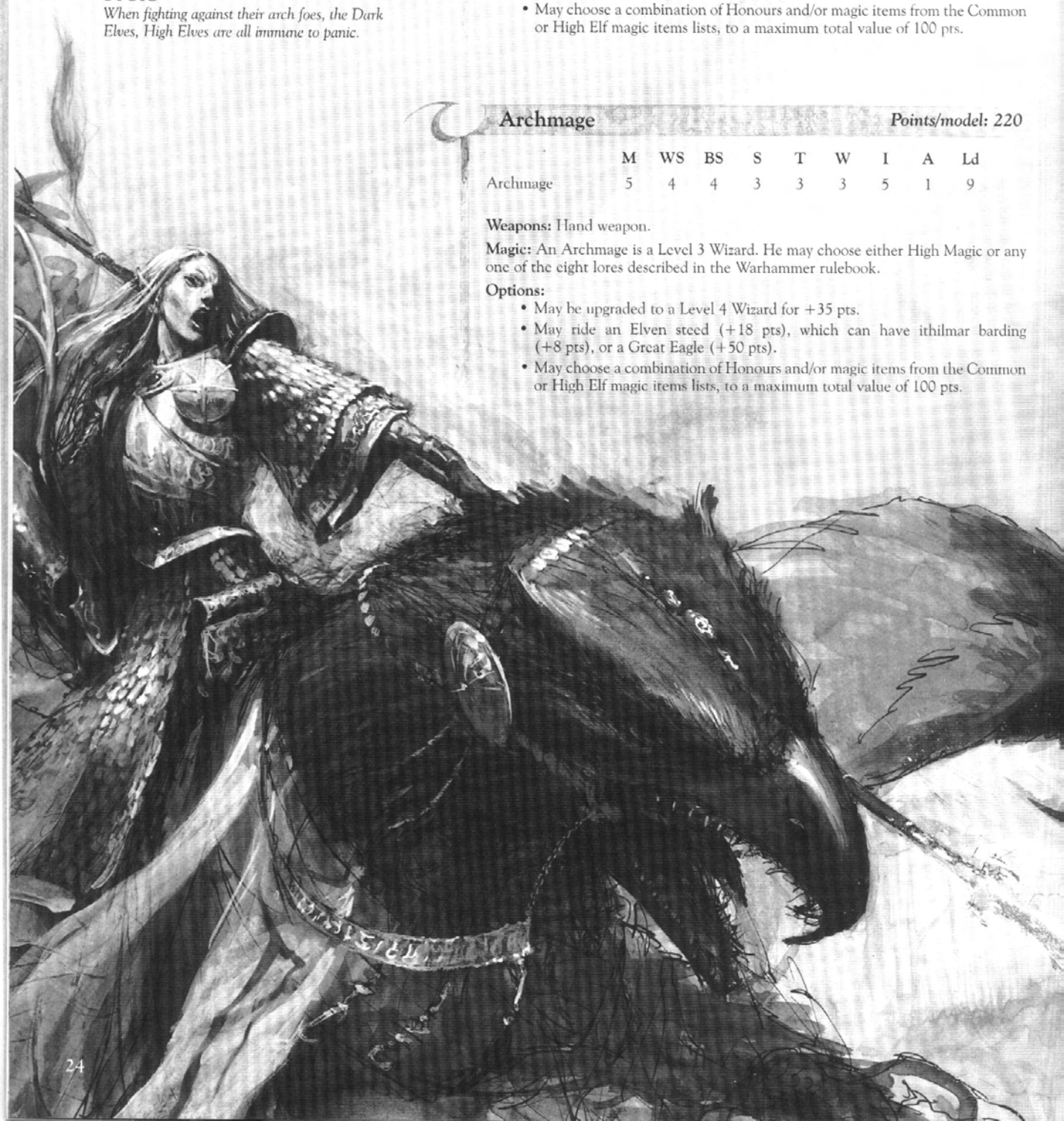
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Archmage	5	4	4	3	3	3	5	1	9

Weapons: Hand weapon.

Magic: An Archmage is a Level 3 Wizard. He may choose either High Magic or any one of the eight lores described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 4 Wizard for +35 pts.
- May ride an Elven steed (+18 pts), which can have ithilmar barding (+8 pts), or a Great Eagle (+50 pts).
- May choose a combination of Honours and/or magic items from the Common or High Elf magic items lists, to a maximum total value of 100 pts.



HEROES

Commander *(see side panel *)* — *Points/model: 70*

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

Weapons: Hand weapon.

Options:

- May choose either a lance (+4 pts), spear (+4 pts), a Great weapon (+4 pts), a halberd (+4 pts), or an additional hand weapon (+4 pts).
- May also choose a longbow (+10 pts).
- May wear either light armour (+2 pts), heavy armour (+4 pts) or Dragon armour (+6 pts), and may also carry a shield (+2 pts).
- May ride either an Elven steed (+12 pts), which can have ithilmar barding (+5 pts), or a Great Eagle (+50 pts).
- May choose a combination of Honours and/or magic items from the Common or High Elf magic items lists, to a maximum total value of 50 pts.

Mage — *Points/model: 95*

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

Weapons: Hand weapon.

Magic: A Mage is a Level 1 Wizard. He may choose either High Magic or any one of the eight lores described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard for +35 pts.
- May ride an Elven steed (+12 pts), which can have ithilmar barding (+5 pts).
- May choose a combination of Honours and/or magic items from the Common or High Elf magic items lists, to a maximum total value of 50 pts.

*BATTLE STANDARD BEARER

One Commander in the army may carry the Battle Standard for +25 points.

The Battle Standard Bearer may only be the army's General if he was randomly selected by the Intrigue at Court rule, otherwise he is ineligible even if he has the highest Leadership value in the army.

The Battle Standard Bearer cannot choose any non-magical equipment except for light, heavy or dragon armour and/or barding for his steed.

He cannot be mounted on a Great Eagle.

The Battle Standard Bearer can have any magic banner (no points limit), but if he carries a magic banner he cannot carry other magic items or use any Honours.

CHARACTERS' STEEDS

below are the profiles for steeds that can be ridden by High Elf characters. Full rules for Great Eagles, Griffons and Dragons can be found on pages 12-13.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5
Great Eagle	2	5	0	4	4	3	4	2	8
Griffon	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	7
Dragon	6	6	0	6	6	6	3	5	8

A Dragon will take up an additional Hero slot.

Any Lord or Hero may ride in a chariot chosen as normal from the Special units section of the army list at the cost shown there. He will displace one of the chariot's crew.



CORE UNITS

Core units are made up of High Elves from all over Ulthuan, whether citizen or noble.

Core units are the most numerous troops within the High Elf army. There is a minimum number of Core units that must be fielded, and this varies depending on the size of the army (see page 23).

There is no maximum limit on the number of Core units that can be fielded.

FIRST AMONG EQUALS

One unit of either Spearmen or Silver Helms may be given a magic standard worth up to 25 points.

Archers

Points/model: 12

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

Unit Size: 10+.

Weapons and Armour: Hand weapon, longbow.

Options:

- Any unit may be equipped with light armour for +1 pt/model.
- Upgrade one Archer to a Musician for +6 pts.
- Upgrade one Archer to a Standard Bearer for +12 pts.
- Promote one Archer to a Champion for +12 pts.

Spearmen

Points/model: 11

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

Unit Size: 10+.

Weapons and Armour: Hand weapon, spear, light armour & shield.

Options

- Upgrade one Spearman to a Musician for +6 pts.
- Upgrade one Spearman to a Standard Bearer for +12 pts.
- Promote one Spearman to a Champion for +12 pts.

Special Rules

Fight in three ranks with spears.



CORE UNITS

Core units are the most numerous troops within the High Elf army.

There is a minimum number of Core units that must be fielded, and this varies depending on the size of the army (see page 23).

There is no maximum limit on the number of Core units that can be fielded.

FIRST AMONG EQUALS

One unit of either Spearmen or Silver Helms may be given a magic standard worth up to 25 points.

0-1 Lothern Sea Guard

Points/model: 15

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

Unit Size: 10+.

Weapons and Armour: Hand weapon, spear, bow & light armour.

Options

- Any unit may be equipped with shields for +1 pt/model.
- Upgrade one Sea Guard to a Musician for +7 pts.
- Upgrade one Sea Guard to a Standard Bearer for +14 pts.
- Promote one Sea Guard to a Champion for +14 pts.

Special Rules

Fight in three ranks with spears.

Silver Helms

Points/model: 19

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Silver Helm	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Champion	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

Unit Size: 5+

Weapons and Armour: Hand weapon, lance, light armour.

Mounts: Barded Elven steed.

Options

- Any unit may be equipped with shields for +2 pts/model.
- Any unit may upgrade to heavy armour for +2 pts/model.
- Upgrade one Silver Helm to a Musician for +7 pts.
- Upgrade one Silver Helm to a Standard Bearer for +14 pts.
- Promote one Silver Helm to a Champion for +14 pts.



SPECIAL UNITS

Special Units are troops that come from particular kingdoms of Ulthuan, and they fight in the traditional method of their region, performing specialised roles on the battlefield. As such, their numbers are limited within High Elf armies, the bulk of the force being made up of the citizen levy.

There is a maximum number of Special units that can be fielded, and this varies with the size of the army (see page 23).

Ellyrian Reavers

Points/model: 18

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ellyrian Reaver	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Harbinger	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

Unit Size: 5+.

Weapons and Armour: Hand weapon, light armour and spear.

Mounts: Elven steeds.

Options:

- Any unit may be quipped with bows for +6 pts per model, or exchange their spears for bows at +5 pts per model.
- Upgrade one Reaver to a Musician for +7 pts.
- Upgrade one Reaver to a Standard Bearer for +14 pts.
- Promote one Reaver to a Harbinger for +14 pts.

Special Rules

Fast Cavalry.

0-1 Dragon Princes of Caledor

Points/model: 26

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dragon Prince	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	1	9
Drakemaster	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	2	9
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

Unit Size: 5+.

Weapons and Armour: Hand weapon, lance, dragon armour & shield.

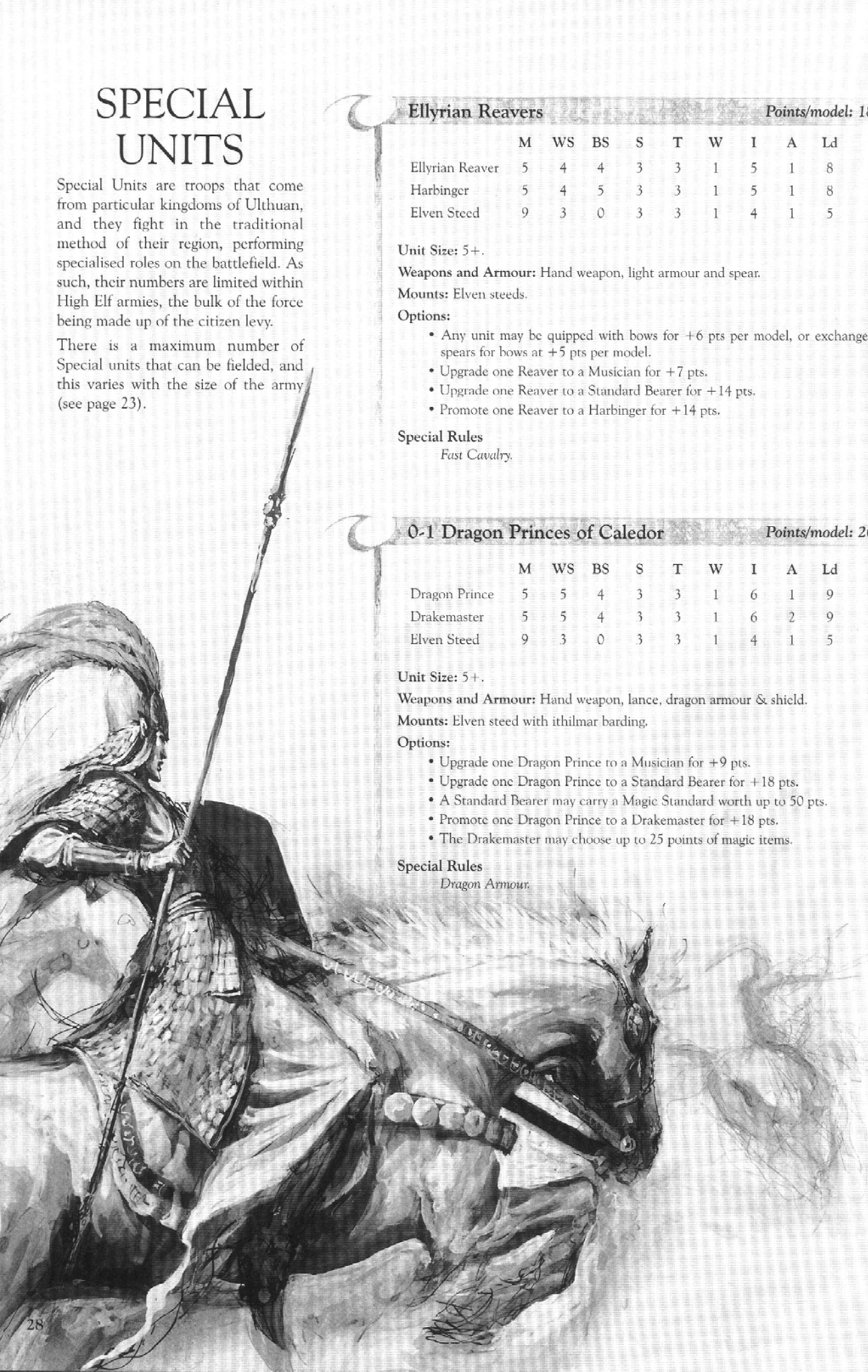
Mounts: Elven steed with ithilmar barding.

Options:

- Upgrade one Dragon Prince to a Musician for +9 pts.
- Upgrade one Dragon Prince to a Standard Bearer for +18 pts.
- A Standard Bearer may carry a Magic Standard worth up to 50 pts.
- Promote one Dragon Prince to a Drakemaster for +18 pts.
- The Drakemaster may choose up to 25 points of magic items.

Special Rules

Dragon Armour.



SPECIAL UNITS

Whereas the bulk of High Elf armies are formed from general citizens, these units train constantly to hone their warrior skills, and their speed and precision is beyond compare.

There is a maximum number of Special units that can be fielded, and this varies with the size of the army (see page 23).

0-1 Swordmasters of Hoeth

Points/model: 13

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Swordmaster	5	6	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Bladelord	5	6	4	3	3	1	5	2	8

Unit Size: 10+.

Weapons and Armour: Two-handed sword (Great weapon), hand weapon & heavy armour.

Options:

- Upgrade one Swordmaster to a Musician for +6 pts.
- Upgrade one Swordmaster to a Standard Bearer for +12 pts.
- A Standard Bearer may carry a magic standard worth up to 50 pts.
- Promote one Swordmaster to a Bladelord for +12 pts.
- The Bladelord may choose up to 25 points of magic items.

Special Rules

Swordmasters.

Shadow Warriors

Points/model: 15

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Shadow Warrior	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Shadow-walker	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8

Unit Size: 5-15.

Weapons and Armour: Hand weapon, longbow and light armour.

Options:

- Promote one Shadow Warrior to a Shadow-walker for +14 pts.

Special Rules

Scouts; Skirmish; Hate Dark Elves.

Tiranoc Chariot

Points/model: 85

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tiranoc Chariot	–	–	–	5	4	4	–	–	–
Crew	–	4	4	3	–	–	5	1	8
Elven Steed	9	3	–	3	–	–	4	1	–

*** Note that 1-2 Tiranoc Chariots count as only one Special unit choice.**

Unit Size: Each Tiranoc Chariot model is a single unit.

Crew: 2 High Elves.

Weapons and Armour: The crew are equipped with hand weapons, spears and bows.

Drawn by: 2 Elven steeds.

Armour Save: 5+

Options:

- Any Chariot may include one or two additional steeds to pull it for +7 pts each.

Special Rules

Chariot.



RARE UNITS

High Elf Rare units include the most powerful and devastating warriors and war machines that the Phoenix King can call upon in times of particular need. Their limited numbers on the battlefield reflects the scarcity of these most elite of warriors.

There is a maximum number of Rare units that can be fielded in an army, depending on the size of the army (see page 23).

0-1 Phoenix Guard

Points/model: 15

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Phoenix Guard	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	1	9
Keeper of the Flame	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	2	9

Unit Size: 10+

Weapons and Armour: Hand weapon, halberd, heavy armour.

Options

- Upgrade one Phoenix Guard to a Musician for +7 pts.
- Upgrade one Phoenix Guard to a Standard Bearer for +14 pts.
- A Standard Bearer may carry a Magic Standard worth up to 50 pts.
- Promote one Phoenix Guard to a Keeper of the Flame for +14 pts.
- The Keeper of the Flame may choose up to 25 points of magic items.

Special Rules

Cause fear.

Repeater Bolt Thrower*

Points/model: 100

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bolt Thrower	–	–	–	–	7	3	–	–	–
High Elf Crew	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8

*** Note that 1-2 Repeater Bolt Throwers count as only one Rare unit choice.**

Crew: 2 High Elves

Unit Size: Each Bolt Thrower model (with its attendant crew) is a single unit.

Weapons and Armour: The crew carry hand weapons.

Special Rules

Repeater Bolt Thrower.



RARE UNITS

In times of dire necessity, a High Elf commander may hire the services of a mercenary Dogs of War regiment, such as the famed Voland's Venators or the enigmatic Celestial Dragon Monks of the far east, though this is generally seen as a last resort.

There is a maximum number of Rare units that can be fielded in an army, depending on the size of the army (see page 23).

0-1 White Lions — *Points/model: 13*

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

Unit Size: 10+

Weapons and Armour: Hand weapon, Great axes, light armour, lion cloak.

Options

- Upgrade one White Lion to a Musician for +7 pts.
- Upgrade one White Lion to a Standard Bearer for +14 pts.
- A Standard Bearer may carry a magic standard worth up to 50 pts.
- Promote one White Lion to a Guardian for +14 pts.
- The Guardian may choose up to 25 points of magic items.

Special Rules

Woodsmen; Lion cloak; Bodyguard.

Great Eagle* — *Points/model: 50*

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Great Eagle	2	5	0	4	4	3	4	2	8

*** Note that 1-2 Great Eagles count as only one Rare unit choice.**

Unit Size: Each Great Eagle model is a single unit.

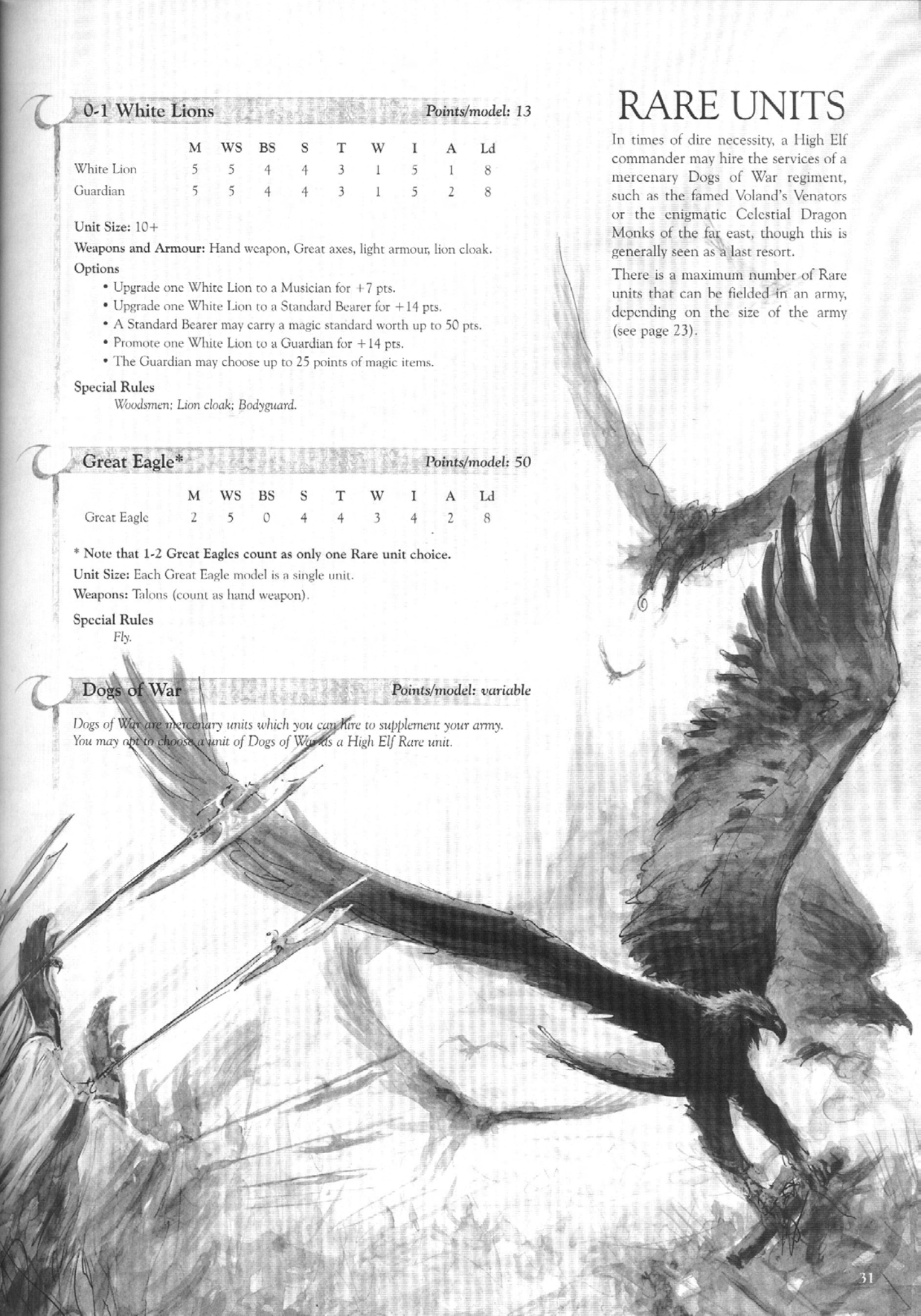
Weapons: Talons (count as hand weapon).

Special Rules

Fly.

Dogs of War — *Points/model: variable*

Dogs of War are mercenary units which you can hire to supplement your army. You may opt to choose a unit of Dogs of War as a High Elf Rare unit.





Brother, spoke the four as one, together we shall rule,
Surrender to the Darkness within your heart you know holds true.
In his hand the sword of Khaine did promise power untold,
As God of Light and God of Murder battled for his soul.
One by one the Daemons fell and Elf Lord he stood tall,
For should he fail upon his task then mortal world would fall.
Upon the isle beneath the fight, wise mages cast their spells
And Daemon minions howled in anguish, cursed to eternal hell.
And on this day we bow our heads to he who world did save,
Aenarion the Proud Defender, Aenarion the Ever Brave.

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


Domains of Ancient Elfenfolk from the Mystic Isle
Through Laborious research and arduous cross-referencing of the many Legends and Myths of the ancient race of Elfenkind, coupled with my own knowledge of the geography of the realm, I have pieced together this estimation of the extent of the Elfen expansion at the height of their seafaring power.
For more detailed cartographic splendours I refer the honourable gentleman to my accompanying work, 'Elfen Ruins in the Old World and Beyonde.'
Jacob Stachelthof
Northern Wastes
The Land of Chill
Albion
Old World
c.-4110 to c.-2200
c.-4300
Eastern Steppes
Dark Lands
Hinterlands of Khuresh
Araby
New World
c.-4400
Ulthuan
c.-4500
City of Spires
Kingdoms of Ind
Dragon Isles
Southlands
Oriental Cathay
Nippon
Steaming Jungles of Lustria
c.1200
Tower of Stars
Tower of the Rising Sun
Tower of the Sun
c.1200
Fortress of Dawn
City of Tor Elasor
Gates of Calith
Tor Elithis
Lost Isles of Elithis
Turtle Isles
c.1220
Citadel of Dusk
Here Be Daemons

The History of the Asur

Recounted by Unthwe Windrider, Herald of the Phoenix King.

The Time of the Waking

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

Each of you sat here you will recognise the truth in my words and understand that you are not alone. We are the people of Ulthuan and as we suffer the pain of our past, so does she. For we are as one with the land and our fates, histories and emotions are as intertwined as the tangled vines that climb our tallest towers. We have always lived in harmony with the world that surrounds us, but it was



Aenarion the brave, Aenarion the defender who first woke our people from our lost dreams. The might of a god flowed through him and, guided by our Asuryan, it was he who gathered the Elven people as one and led us forth. I remember clearly how my father spoke of the visions bestowed upon him, of the power he felt grow within his weak soul when he realised that Ulthuan was alive and breathed within his heart. Such knowledge has always been with us and now we grow ignorant to the fact that our people were once little more than weak flames consumed by the inferno of Chaos. Aenarion was the first of our people to feel the power and it consumed him. He fought against the tide of oppression that had engulfed our ancestors and his courage served as a beacon of light in the darkness.

Our ancestors fought back the foul Daemons that had defiled our fair shores and for a short time peace reigned. As the Everqueen bore the fruit of Aenarion, the beautiful Yvraine and noble Morelion, so did my parents give birth to me and my twin brother. For the first and only time in our history our numbers grew, and we now fondly call that blissful period the Golden Age.

Alas, the light that woke the Asur also brought with it the attentions of a darker, cruel presence. The minions of Chaos are never vanquished and so they returned. Vengeance burning in their damned souls, they slew the Everqueen. Thinking his beloved children murdered Aenarion, with cold daggers piercing his heart, drew the sword of Khaine. Neither mortal nor god could withstand his wrath and so did he wage a war against Chaos. No Daemon could face his fury for he fought with a heart turned cold with bitter hatred. It was during this time that my father accompanied him as his loyal guard. He fought at his lord's side the day they freed Morathi from a band of cultists, and it was my father himself who broke the chains that bound her. Aenarion fell for her alluring charms – Morathi the fair, Morathi the dark, Morathi the Hag. Blinded by her beauty, he refused to see that she had been tainted by her contact with the forces of Chaos. Morathi sealed her dark trickeries by bedding Aenarion and bearing him a child, the accursed Malekith. I rue the day that this dark master first entered the world and had any of us known the evil he would spread then we should have left the newborn babe to die.

The Age of the Defender

Aenarion's fight against the Chaos hordes that swept throughout Ulthuan was never-ceasing, and his rage knew no bounds. He swore an oath that he would not rest until each worshipper of Chaos had been scourged, and none doubted his

resolve. But our people were few and the Daemons many; we could not withstand the losses we suffered in the eternal war and so Caledor gathered the sages of the Asur. Together they devised a plan so intricate in its plot that should they fail, the fate of the world would surely be sealed. The ancient stone circles were used as a source to channel and drain the Chaos magic that saturated the land. In doing so the Daemons would be confined to the eternal abyss. Whilst the mages gathered on the Isle of the Dead to cast the powerful spells needed for such an great undertaking, so it was my father helped fight back the tide of Chaos.

The Daemons knew that their very being, the bond that tied them to our mortal world, dangled like a thread and four Greater Daemons united to attack the host of the Asur. They had not reckoned, though, on Aenarion. It is said they called him brother and they were not false in their claims, for Aenarion had surpassed the powers of any living Elf. Whilst he no longer bore resemblance to our people, neither was he kin to the foul minions. In a tremendous battle, Aenarion and his noble dragon, the great Indraugnir, freely sacrificed their lives to slay the foul Daemons. On that dark day I lost not only my king, but my father also, for he did not return from battle. All I have left to cherish his passing is this fine sword bestowed with his energy and his power. In battle I can feel the spirit of my father flowing through the weapon and when I pass to the next world my spirit will likewise be channelled within its blade.

Ulthuan had found peace but in so doing it was left without a ruler. To the joy of all, the children of Aenarion were found to be safe and well. The mighty Treeman Oakheart, who to this day slumbers in rest within the depths of Avelorn, had borne them to safety. Yvrainne was crowned the new Everqueen and in her the spirit of Astarielle lived on. Morelion had been sent to the east under the protection of an elite bodyguard so that the line of Aenarion would live on. Of his fate, none knew and though the council sent fleets in all directions to search for any trace of his vessel, no news returned.

Thus it was the council gathered to select a new heir to the throne. Many thought that the blood of Aenarion flowed strong in Malekith and that he should be the next Phoenix King, but we are not a people rash to act and the elders debated for many months. Under the noble rule of Aenarion, they had grown strong in their wisdom and it was clear that the fiery blood of his father coursed through Malekith. We had suffered centuries of war and the Elven people longed for peace. A life overshadowed by his troubled father and the influence of his mother had left its mark on Malekith and he was deemed unfit to rule. The council elected to crown Bel-Shanaar, a wise and just ruler, yet one who had proven his bravery many times in the war.

The Age of Discovery

It was a joyous time of peace and Ulthuan grew mighty. Our vessels sailed every ocean and we made many new allies. The Asur were a powerful race and all wished to prosper from our friendship. We gave our knowledge freely and perhaps this was our folly but at the time we knew little of the treachery of other races. We forged strong friendships with the Dwarfs and trade did flow into Ulthuan. Together Dwarf and Elf fought back Chaos from the lands that would later be usurped by the humans and called the Old World. Within the halls of Karaz-a-Karak, Bel-Shanaar did himself sign a treaty of eternal friendship. Had we known how little the written word meant to the Dwarfs then we should have carved it in stone but for the time there was peace.

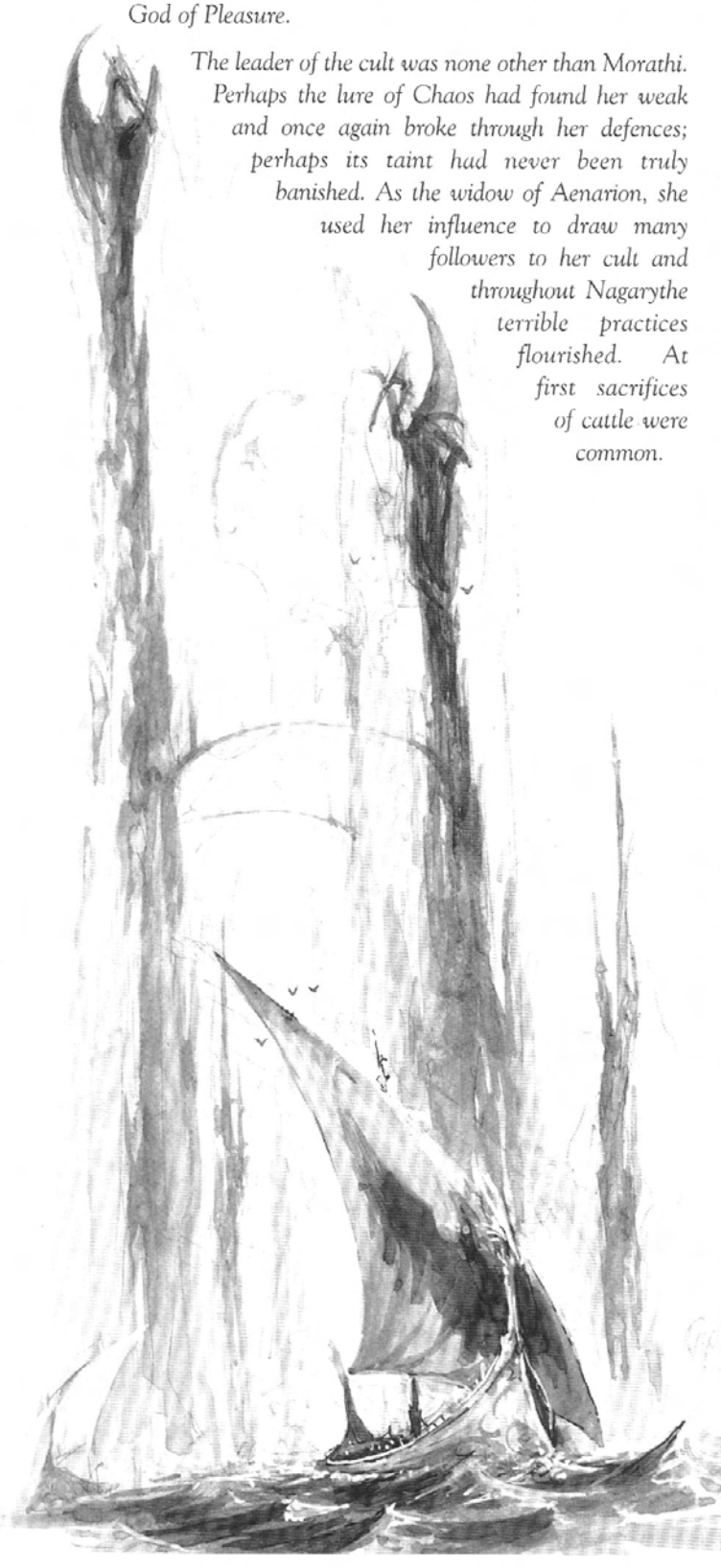
As Malekith wandered the world on a voyage of discovery, my brother and I grew to be fine warriors. We learned the ways of the hunters of Chrace, and neither could best the other. Together we were strong, for together we were able to stand against any challenge that faced us. The power of two united is far stronger than the strength of four individuals. So it was with our people. We were a race who together walked a path of invincible harmony.

Yet in freeing the world from the curse of Chaos, we grew weak. In time we grew complacent. We forgot the spirit of harmony that bound us together as one with our land.



Our vigilance faltered and the cultists returned – Elves who had grown rich through trade and lost their way, surrendering to greed. Such was the splendour of Ulthuan that they were content to live as parasites on the bounties that the fair isle freely gave. They took from Ulthuan without giving and so once again Chaos found a root in the form of Slaanesh, the God of Pleasure.

The leader of the cult was none other than Morathi. Perhaps the lure of Chaos had found her weak and once again broke through her defences; perhaps its taint had never been truly banished. As the widow of Aenarion, she used her influence to draw many followers to her cult and throughout Nagarythe terrible practices flourished. At first sacrifices of cattle were common.



We abhorred such practices but let them pass, but soon horrifying stories of the disappearance of villagers emerged. When Malekith returned from his travels he denounced his mother as a consort of Chaos. So began the great purge. Once again our people grew vigilant to the darkness that lurked close to our souls. Alas with such purges follows distrust and neighbours once free to express their love for each other now barred their doors in fear.

Malekith lead the purge and it was a task he fulfilled with righteous vigour. Nobles we thought true to our cause were found to be worshippers of Chaos and Malekith would exact a swift and deadly punishment. How we could have lost our way to believe such lies I do not know but I mourn those that died knowing they were true to Ulthuan. The people of Nagarythe were truly persecuted, and those families who lost their loved ones rose against the Phoenix King. Ulthuan teetered on the brink of civil war and the Phoenix King had unknowingly become a puppet to Malekith. He called the council to gather at the shrine of Asuryan to resolve how to prevent war. It was then that Malekith revealed his true devotion. It was only when the finger of his accusations turned to Bel-Shanaar himself that we woke to his evil ploy. Perhaps Malekith had started his purge seeking truth and the constant exposure to Chaos had turned his soul dark, or perhaps it had always been his plan. Now though we saw him for all he was and fought against him. He poisoned Bel-Shanaar and murdered the council but now we knew him to be dark of heart.

Stepping into the sacred flame, Malekith sought to prove himself worthy of ascension but though he had deceived our people he could not hide the blackness that corrupted his soul from the all seeing light of the gods. The flame burned him and he was cast from the fire. His followers took his shattered body back to Nagarythe where his mother healed his wounds with bitter tears seeking revenge for her son's pain. Fearing the wrath that would descend upon her and her injured son Morathi fled to the west and we thought that evil had been forever purged from our land.

The Age of Strife

Imrik, grandson of the great mage of the same name, ascended to the throne of Ulthuan, taking for himself the name Caledor. He was a warrior, one who could lend strength to our people in a time of need. Brother to the murdered Bel-Shanaar, he knew that whilst Malekith still lived then there could be no peace. As the Prince received the news, I had proven myself worthy as a warrior. I had been on expedition in the wild mountains of Chrace and had slain my first lion. Little did I realise that the fate of the King and my own first humble steps into adulthood would become intertwined. Returning from the hunt we heard the sound of battle and found a band of assassins attacking the Prince. We rallied to his side and fought off the murderous villains. From that day our hunters were

given the title of bodyguards to the King. It was with great pride I knelt before Caledor and swore loyalty to him. Whilst the nobles and politicians planned how best to divide the broken kingdom, Caledor was crowned. He bade them to unite the people to prepare for war.

On the eve of Caledor's wedding to the Everqueen word spread throughout the kingdom that Malekith had returned and had taken seat upon the throne of Anlec. Within days the people of Ulthuan became divided. Morathi's agents spread word throughout the realms that Caledor was a false king, a puppet of the courts. The people of Nagarythe flocked to the traitor's side and thus did Malekith gather an army to wage war upon his kindred. Many were they who were fooled by his dark guise and sly tongue. My own brother did for many days beseech me that I was blinded by the cold politicians and the ambitions of court, but he could not see into my heart, which bled with each accusation he cast in my direction. The cult of Slaanesh, which had for so long lurked within the shadows of our kingdom, emerged and spread lies and corruption. None knew who was the true king save for those like myself who had seen Caledor pass through the flame.

The armies of the Nagarythe were fierce and disciplined. They marched swiftly to war and their sorceresses wove deadly spells upon the land, but they had not counted on the Phoenix king. Caledor was a brave warrior. He gathered his forces quickly and soon all-out war raged across each realm. Tiranoc and Ellyrion fell, but the Inner Realm held strong. We fought a great battle in the realm of Saphery and I stood in awe as mage fought mage. The light banished the darkness and the forces of the Phoenix King won their first real victory. I cannot describe the honour bestowed upon me by Caledor when he chose me to carry his standard. It was at my King's side that I fought with valour and righteousness, eschewing the traditional axe of the White Lions to wield my father's blade against the forces of darkness, as he had done so many years before. We could not vanquish Malekith in all-out war, but we defeated him through cunning. We set traps and ambushed his forces as they marched to war. Time was our ally, with each defeat at the cruel hands of the Nagarythe, more and more Elves flocked to Caledor's banner. In war the true nature of Malekith could not be disguised and so it was he came to be the Witch King.

The war was bloody and will forever cast a shadow across my life. But it was not long before Caledor had gathered an army eager to avenge the deaths of the innocent. We had right on our side and knew we could not be defeated. At the marshes of Maledor did the Phoenix King choose to meet Malekith's force. So it was I came to face my brother on the field of battle. His once fair face had become sullied with the blood of the innocent and his deep blue eyes had become but blackened windows to a hate-filled soul. He bade me to cast down my standard and join with him but I knew my cause to be right. With anger, he drew his blade and attacked me and I thrust his blow to the side, pleading with him to stop his course of action. Alas he had been corrupted by greed and evil had clasped foul talons around his heart. Once again he came at me and his sword drove deep into my shoulder. To this very day the wound still pains me as it did the very second the blade pierced my flesh. With his dagger he meant to end my life. So it was that I was forced to cleanse his soul and, with prayer on my lips, I begged Asuryan to judge him lightly as I drove my own blade, the sword of our father straight through his heart.

He collapsed upon me and I too fell unconscious with the pain of my wound. When I awoke I learned of Malekith's flight and how the land had been cursed with dark magic. I was fortunate that my eyes did not bear witness to the events which befell Ulthuan. In hateful spite, Malekith had ordered his sorceresses to release terrible dark magics upon our land. Ulthuan was torn apart and it was only the sacrifice of many of our own mages that prevented the isle from sinking beneath the waves. This was the time of the Sundering.



But that, my friends, is a tale for another time. Still do the memories of the times gone bring hope to my heart but alas, I know them to be but visions of a better past. With each passing month I know that I shall never see the light that I once beheld. Only the dreams of the young now fill my heart with any joy. Never cease in your dreams for they are all that our once great people hold true. Now I ask you to meditate on all that I have told you. Still the wounds of betrayal need healing, and it is only through focusing the light that shines within each of you, will we succeed in our task. To this very day I still carry the standard of the Phoenix Kings, and countless are the battles I have fought by their side. For each battle I have fought I have lost a hundred comrades, but their light still burns bright in my heart. Guard well your souls for whilst the dark one lives there can be no peace. The Witch King is abroad once more and soon you too will discover the anguish of war."

The Blade Reforged

The sharp ring of steel upon steel echoed across the valley as the two warriors parried each other's blows. Each combatant wielded his sword with total precision, fending off the thrust of his opponent and instantly counter-attacking. Arms punched out, whipping the air as the warriors parried each attack with a speed that was almost invisible to the eye. For hours the warriors had been locked in this swirling combat, neither one able to outmatch the other. Neither showed any sign that they had been fighting for more than a minute. No beads of sweat glistened off their brows. Their breathing was controlled and steady. Had anyone been witness to the fight they would have been in awe of the skill of these Elves. What was even more impressive was the fact that one of the deft swordsman wore a bandage across his eyes and yet was able to defend thrusts that even the most skilled fighter would have had trouble blocking. As this remarkable warrior somersaulted in a backward flip to avoid a ferocious swing of his opponent's sword, the two were briefly separated from the combat.

"Come, Belannaer. Have you grown so weak that you cannot even better a cripple? You promised to test my skills," the masked warrior called out sourly.

"Your body is in fine shape, it is the wound in your heart that needs to heal." The ancient Loremaster was an exceptionally skilled warrior. He had spent many years practising his art and though his talents were now directed towards the mastery of magic, he still considered himself one of the finest swordsmen on Ulthuan. Yet even he could not gain the upper hand in this fight; his student had learned well.

"You are too eager to fight me, Eltharion. Is it death or glory that you seek?" The master spoke with calm authority.

"Victory, master." Eltharion let a rare smile cross his face as he replied.

"Come, it is nearly dusk, neither of us shall be victor this day," Belannaer pointed to the setting sun as he spoke, and then dropped his hand in embarrassment when he remembered the gesture would go unseen by his companion.

"I have no sun now, only darkness," Eltharion replied solemnly.

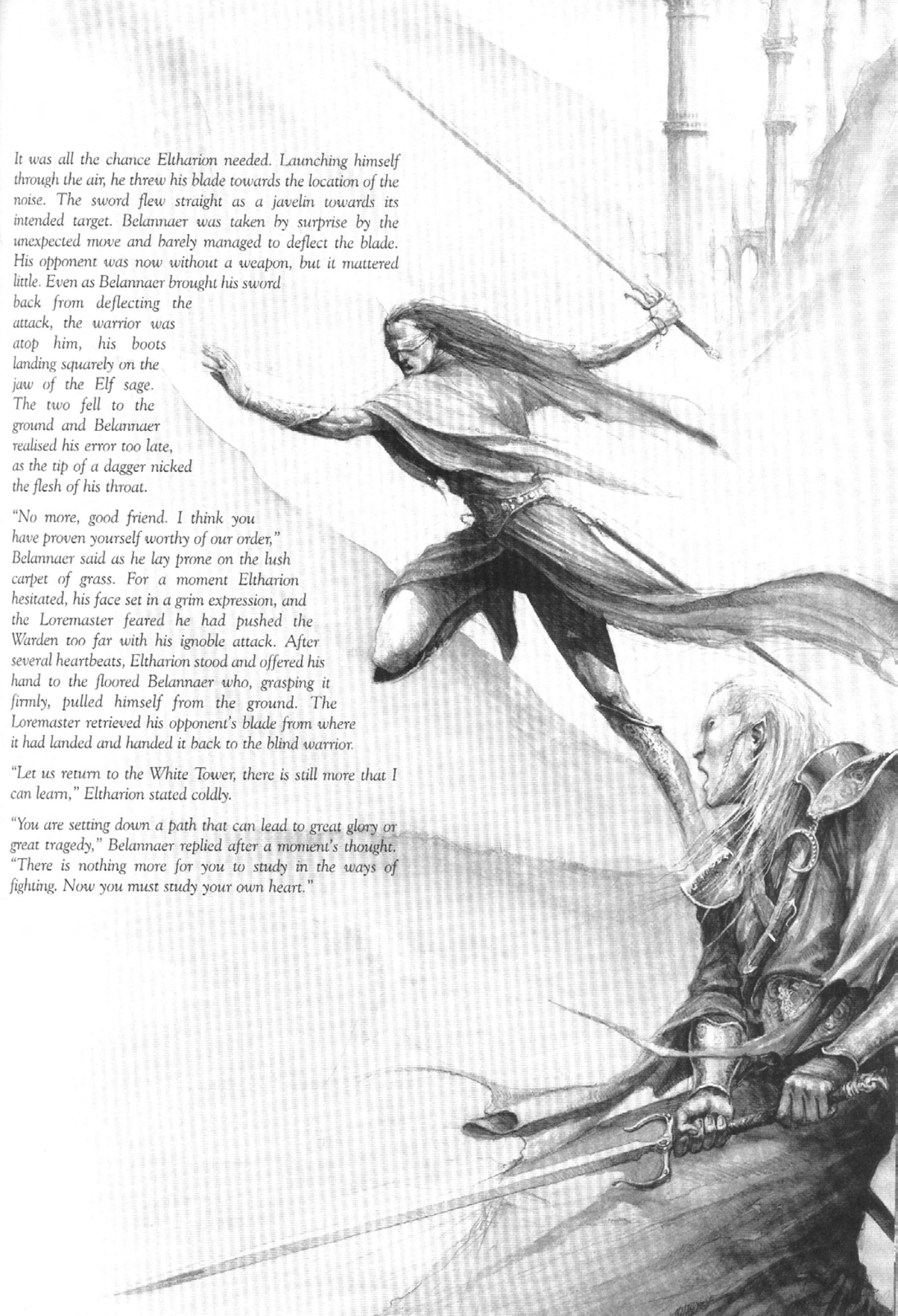
Only seven months ago, the broken husk of the once-proud Warden of Yvresse had been brought to the Tower of Hoeth for Belannaer to attend. The physical wounds had healed quickly enough, remarkably so in fact, but it was months before the mental torture of Eltharion's ordeal at the hands of Malekith had even begun to pass. Only by immersing himself in study of the ways of the swordmaster had Eltharion been able to find a fragile inner peace. Tome after tome had been carefully read out to him, over and over, but even the most talented swordmasters took decades to train, and Eltharion had only studied for a matter of months. Belannaer had laughed at his insistence that he was ready to join the ranks of the elite warriors of Hoeth, but Eltharion's constant passionate pleas had finally got the better of the ancient sage and he had agreed to this duel. Now, though, he had a fresh respect for his pupil.

Indeed, Eltharion was as skilled a fighter as any on Ulthuan, but it was not his prowess in battle that worried Belannaer. No, it was the darkness that had settled on Eltharion's soul that was cause for concern. Even before Malekith's torturers had worked their wicked skills upon him, Eltharion had been a bitter warrior, plagued by the memory of his family's death while he lay helpless. The Warden of Yvresse had been eager to attack their dark cousins, the Druchii of Naggaroth, and even against the advice of both Tyrion and the Phoenix King had led his army across the waves, seeking vengeance for the ancient wrongs of Malekith. Foolish pride, thought Belannaer. Eltharion's arrogance almost matched that of the Witch King at times, and had goaded the ruler of Naggaroth from his dormancy of the last decades. In his rashness, Eltharion had brought the wrath of the Witch King thundering down onto Ulthuan, and even now while Eltharion recovered here in Hoeth brave Tyrion strove to drive this new invasion back in the north.

Defeated and physically crushed, Eltharion had been a shadow of his former glorious self. Even now, after so much healing, the Elf was wracked with guilt and anger in equal measure, unable to stomach the peace and serenity that all others came to Hoeth to find. No, Malekith's lesson had not been learnt well by the young Warden, who was more eager than ever to bring war and death to the realms of Ulthuan. Such burning anger could never lead to good.

As he considered the shortcomings of Eltharion, Belannaer circled around his student. True, it was not an honourable way to best a blind man, but not all foes were honourable and he wished to prove once and for all that Eltharion could no longer adequately defend himself, and his companions, on the field of battle. Eltharion was stood in the shadow of a tree, with his head cocked to listen for any movement. With three rapid steps and a swift rolling of his wrists, Belannaer arced his sword at waist height towards Eltharion's unguarded back. A mere fraction of a second before the sword cleaved into his midriff Eltharion leapt high into the air, landing on a branch above his head. Amazed by the surprise move, Belannaer stood dumbfounded as Eltharion sprinted on tiptoe down the length of the branch. Diving through the air, Eltharion landed with a lithe roll, before standing upright to face Belannaer in one fluid motion.

The swordmaster span round to meet his opponent. Clad in ithilmar amour, his movements were graceful and almost silent, but to the finely-tuned hearing of the blind Elf, even the slightest chink of metal upon metal rang out as clear as a bell.



It was all the chance Eltharion needed. Launching himself through the air, he threw his blade towards the location of the noise. The sword flew straight as a javelin towards its intended target. Belannaer was taken by surprise by the unexpected move and barely managed to deflect the blade. His opponent was now without a weapon, but it mattered little. Even as Belannaer brought his sword back from deflecting the attack, the warrior was atop him, his boots landing squarely on the jaw of the Elf sage. The two fell to the ground and Belannaer realised his error too late, as the tip of a dagger nicked the flesh of his throat.

"No more, good friend. I think you have proven yourself worthy of our order," Belannaer said as he lay prone on the lush carpet of grass. For a moment Eltharion hesitated, his face set in a grim expression, and the Loremaster feared he had pushed the Warden too far with his ignoble attack. After several heartbeats, Eltharion stood and offered his hand to the floored Belannaer who, grasping it firmly, pulled himself from the ground. The Loremaster retrieved his opponent's blade from where it had landed and handed it back to the blind warrior.

"Let us return to the White Tower, there is still more that I can learn," Eltharion stated coldly.

"You are setting down a path that can lead to great glory or great tragedy," Belannaer replied after a moment's thought. "There is nothing more for you to study in the ways of fighting. Now you must study your own heart."

The War of The Beard

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

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

But the Dwarfs are a race quick to temper and slow to forget. They are impetuous and it is this fiery side of their nature that led to their folly. The Druchii, our treacherous dark cousins, attacked and raided a Dwarf caravan. As is their evil wont, they slew warrior and maiden alike and stole away the Dwarfs' weapons. The Dwarf King Gotrek Starbreaker, whose ignorance was well known amongst even his own kind, could not tell the difference between our own kin and those of Naggaroth. Quick to fury, he sent an envoy to Ulthuan who demanded recompense for an act that was not of our doing. I was amongst the many Elves who welcomed him to our city, but his rude manners, unkempt appearance and foul odour marred his role as envoy. Swearing by his beard that he would not leave until justice was served, he drew his axe in front of the king, demanding recompense. Since the Sundering, none have ever dared to draw a weapon in anger within the palace of the Phoenix King. Though it was our right to slay him where he stood, we were merciful and, condemning him by his own words, did shave him of his wiry beard and cast him out from Ulthuan.

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

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



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

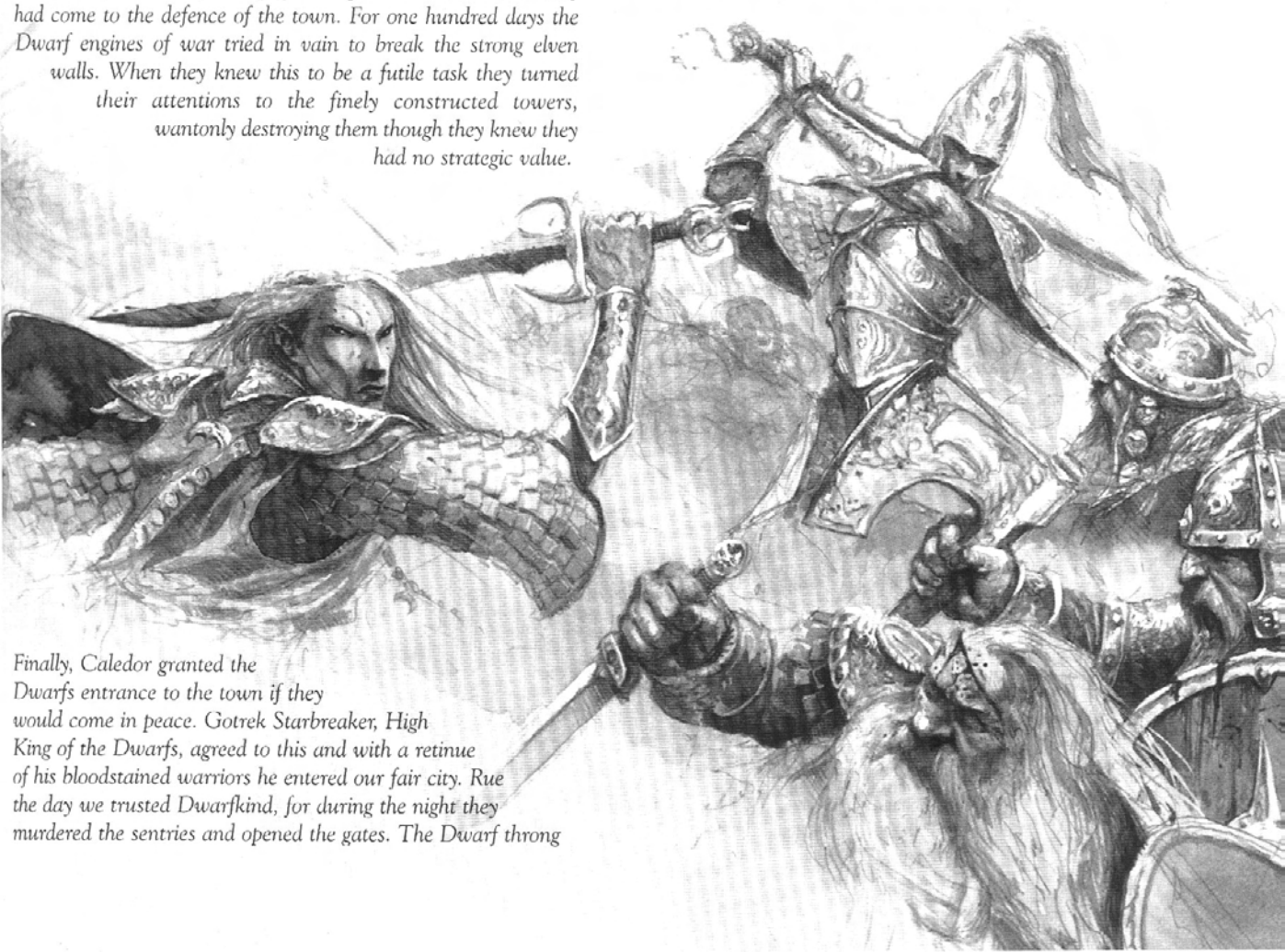
Such was the arrogant pride of the Dwarfs that Morgrim, cousin of the fallen Halfhand, now sought to avenge their Prince's death. All reason and sanity had left their minds and they marched forth seeking war. For two days we retreated, preferring to bow down in the face of aggression, but the Dwarf anger would not cool. We grew tired of fleeing from a cause that was not ours to defend and when we could flee no more our armies, with heavy heart, prepared for war. The archers tried to warn off the Dwarf advance. I remember how the sky darkened as clouds of arrows fell in front of the Dwarf lines, but they would not be stopped. Ever the aggressor, the Dwarf crossbows drew first blood. In return we slew more of their kind and for each Dwarf that fell a tear was shed, but still they came and still we killed them. The wall of Dwarf warriors collided with our glittering line and yet Lord Imladrik bade us not to cut down the foe, but to instead temper their attack. Too late did he realise that Morgrim's force was thirsty for vengeance. So noble was his heart, Imladrik dropped his sword, offering his own life if the Dwarfs would cease their fight. Morgrim mercilessly slew the defenceless Prince and our warriors retreated, knowing that the Dwarfs had no honour and all chance for peace was lost.

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

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

Such was Caledor's patience and desire for peace that he would not fight Gotrek Starbreaker. For though the Dwarf King's eyes glowed with dark fury the Phoenix King knew that, in killing him, any chance of reconciliation would vanish. The High King attacked Caledor, rage blinding him to reason. I stood a helpless onlooker watching the fight from afar. Many times could Caledor have dealt a fatal blow to the Dwarf, but his anger was tempered with resolution to find peace. Alas Gotrek was lost to all but vengeance and his hammer wielded with hatred broke through the defence of Caledor, killing the Phoenix King. As if this cruel act was not enough, he then stole the crown of the Phoenix King, Dwarf greed overcoming all thoughts of remorse for his deeds. Fleeing back to the Evermountain he cowered behind the walls of his hold, coveting his stolen prize with grubby, bloodied hands. Incensed by the bitter stab at our open hearts our warriors gathered to right what had been broken but alas the traitorous Witch King Malekith, hideous ruler of the Dark Elves, had made a dark pact with the Dwarfs and invaded Ulthuan before we could recover what was lost.

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



AGAINST THE DARK HOST

From the parapets of the Phoenix Gate, the army appeared as a black tide, sweeping forwards with deadly intent. The first Black Ark had been spied by the lookout only hours before, and, as more of the sinister floating citadels had gathered, the host of Naggaroth had descended upon the shores. Tyrion stood motionless watching the formations of Dark Elves. It had been centuries since he could remember seeing such a large host united to wage war against Ulthuan. The thought of his dark brethren tainting the soil of the fair isle reviled his heart to the core. For many months now, reports of raids all along the coast of Ulthuan had sickened his soul and a growing anger had built up with the painful news of each new tragedy.

It had been said that Malekith himself rode to battle at the fore of his army, but Tyrion could see no sign of the dark prince. Along the walls of the gate, young Elves busied themselves carrying quivers of arrows and passing them to the proud city guard. The crews of the ancient Eagle Claw bolt throwers checked their machines. The gathering army was already in range of their weapons but no missile would be fired until he gave the signal.

A cry of terror sounded from one of the watchtowers. Tyrion looked to where the sentry had pointed. Diving down from the skies, a flight of dragons soared towards the gate's wall. Tyrion's keen sight could clearly see the rider at the fore of the formation. A shiver of cold emotion ran down his spine as he recognised it to be Malekith, the Witch King of Naggaroth.

As the dragons opened their huge black leathery wings, swooping on a strafing course across the wall of the tower, Tyrion realised their plan. The noxious fumes of the dragons would kill the guard manning the walls allowing the Dark Elves to advance without the fear of the clouds of arrows that would otherwise fall upon their ranks. He quickly signalled the bolt throwers to focus on the new threat. Waiting for the dragons to close in, he held his sword out straight before dropping his arm, bringing the sword in a sweeping motion to the ground. It was the signal to fire and as Tyrion stood with bated breath, hoping that many decades of training would pay off, the crisp twang of a dozen bolts launching skyward sounded out. Two of the bolts struck home and a great cry of triumph sounded from the parapets, drowning out the piercing screams of the dying dragons which plummeted from the skies, falling into the pools that surrounded the Gate. Pulling up from their attack course the remaining dragons veered off sharply, back towards their own lines. Tyrion had little doubt that Malekith's dark flight would return once again to attack the walls but for now its bite had been tempered.

The appearance of the dragons must have been the signal for the Dark Elf advance as, far below, the regiments now marched forwards. Tyrion swiftly sprinted down the steep steps leading to the courtyard below. The Silver Helms were mounted and waiting in formation at the giant ornate gate and at the foot of the stairs his own fine steed, Malhandir, waited patiently for his master. Jumping from the stairs, he sailed through the air with grace, landing squarely on the back of his destrier. He pulled the reins in tight and Malhandir responded instantly. There was an unseen link between the two. Such was the bond between Tyrion and his steed that the fine horse could understand his master's wishes with the smallest of signals. Galloping to the fore of the cavalry formation, Tyrion thrust forward his sword, motioning for the gates to be opened. As the huge doors silently parted, the Silver Helms advanced from the fortress.

The sound of the horses' hooves thudding on the lush green grass became a blur of noise as the charge of the Silver Helms picked up speed. Tyrion held his blade aloft and within seconds the shining lances of the riders around him smashed into the front ranks of the advancing Black Guard. Tyrion's blade wove a dance of death, felling one after another of the evil invaders, then he spied the banner of an old adversary. Before him stood Kouran, scourge of Ulthuan, Captain of the Black Guard, commander of the Witch King's forces. His name was hated and feared amongst the High Elves. Two of Kouran's sinister bodyguard stepped in front of him to protect their lord but Malhandir reared up, bringing his hooves crashing down on their skulls.

Kouran raised his sword to strike at the exposed neck of Tyrion's white steed but as he thrust what would have been a fatal blow, Tyrion deftly parried the attack. More of Kouran's ruthless Black Guard tried to pull down the High Elf noble from his horse. Tyrion had challenged their captain but there was no honour amongst his kind. Tyrion's runesword blazed brightly as it cut down any Black Guard who strayed too close.

Once again Kouran attacked, this time aiming his blow at the High Elf hero, but even the dark enchanted blade could not break through Tyrion's finely wrought armour.

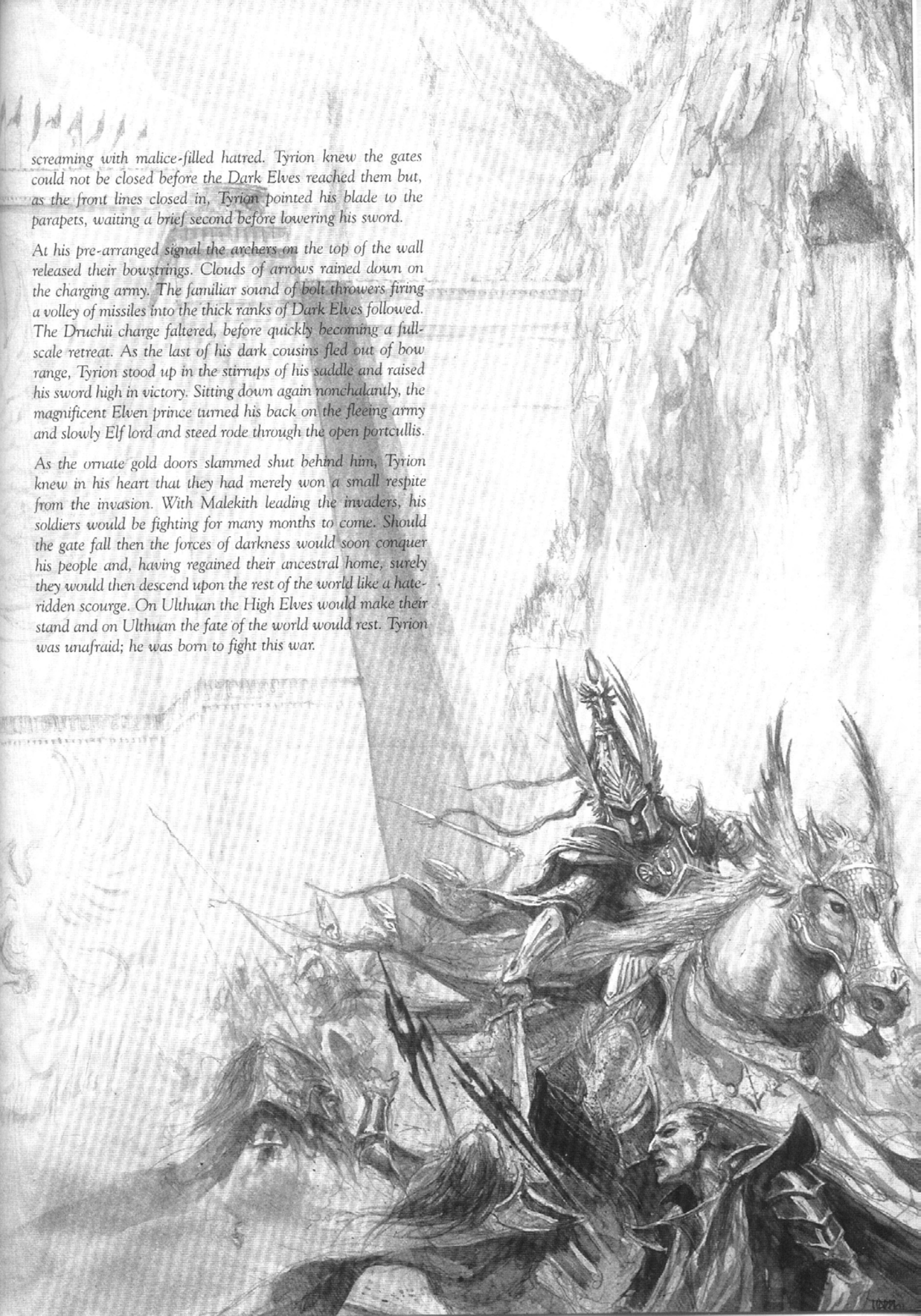
Tyrion brought his blade down in a powerful arc, smashing it against Kouran's weapon. For a brief moment, the runes on the two weapons flared into light. The dark runes of Kouran's blade glowed a menacing red against the bright blue runes of Tyrion's sword, Sunfang. With a mighty crack, Kouran's blade broke and Sunfang cleaved down through the Black Guard hero's helm, killing him instantly.

Stunned by the death of their champion, the Dark Elf attack relented for a brief moment. It was all the time that Tyrion needed. Sensing his master's intentions, Malhandir reared majestically before galloping full speed back to the gate. The Silver Helms followed and as they reached the great portal, Tyrion reined in his steed and allowed the brave cavalry to enter before him. Seeing the retreat, the Dark Elves quickly pursued. The whole host of Naggaroth surged forward,

screaming with malice-filled hatred. Tyrion knew the gates could not be closed before the Dark Elves reached them but, as the front lines closed in, Tyrion pointed his blade to the parapets, waiting a brief second before lowering his sword.

At his pre-arranged signal the archers on the top of the wall released their bowstrings. Clouds of arrows rained down on the charging army. The familiar sound of bolt throwers firing a volley of missiles into the thick ranks of Dark Elves followed. The Druchii charge faltered, before quickly becoming a full-scale retreat. As the last of his dark cousins fled out of bow range, Tyrion stood up in the stirrups of his saddle and raised his sword high in victory. Sitting down again nonchalantly, the magnificent Elven prince turned his back on the fleeing army and slowly Elf lord and steed rode through the open portcullis.

As the ornate gold doors slammed shut behind him, Tyrion knew in his heart that they had merely won a small respite from the invasion. With Malekith leading the invaders, his soldiers would be fighting for many months to come. Should the gate fall then the forces of darkness would soon conquer his people and, having regained their ancestral home, surely they would then descend upon the rest of the world like a hate-ridden scourge. On Ulthuan the High Elves would make their stand and on Ulthuan the fate of the world would rest. Tyrion was unafraid; he was born to fight this war.



My Lord.

It is with grave news that I send this report and I can only hope that it reaches you in good time for our need for reinforcements is truly dire. I am currently at the village of Luftberg, which lies but a day's ride North of Salzenburg on the coast of Nordland. A young lad had rushed to our garrison with news of an invading fleet. He told of how he had spotted three sails in the distance, approaching the village. His description of the vessels, which bore Eagles heads on their prow, was very detailed and he spoke in awe of the grace and speed that these ships cut through the waters.

Immediately he alerted the villagers to the threat, who according to his account immediately gathered arms to protect themselves. It was then that they sent the lad to us on the fastest steed they could muster. After he reported the danger, it was with great haste that two regiments of our finely trained soldiers did march to counter this threat. Alas when they arrived only hours later we were met by an eerie sight.

I gaze with wonder tinged by horror at our discovery. Never before have I seen such events as I bear witness to this day and though my words sound as though they are the spouting of a madman there is no word of a lie nor exaggeration in my report.

When we arrived at the village we found it deserted. There was no sign of struggle and after thorough examination my men could discover nothing to indicate there had been any fighting. One or two of the huts had been burned to the ground but why others were left untouched we do not know. Yet how could a whole village's inhabitants disappear? To add to the confusion the Church of Ulric which for many generations had stood on a sacred hill, had been razed to the ground, and no symbols of our favoured saviour remained. Instead it had been replaced by a huge carved obelisk.

Engraved onto the smooth surfaces of the stone were runes of an unknown origin. I can only assume that the obelisk had always been at this location, perhaps buried beneath the foundations of the church for such was its size that it would have taken many men a great time and effort to erect the monolith. I instructed my men at once to topple the blasphemous image but as soon as the first of them touched the stone he let out a terrible scream. I watched helpless as he was engulfed in a sorcerous blue flame. Moments later only a pile of ash remained where he once stood and this soon scattered, dispersed by the wind.

Now my men fear to enter the village and we are camped on the outskirts of a nearby forest. They talk of the place as being cursed and say that those who built it should not have desecrated the land. Such talk is folly, but I must confess that I am fearful lest the attackers return this very night and attack our camp. The scouts already say that the forests are haunted and even as I scribe this message it has been reported that one of our sentries has been found missing from their posts. It is for this reason that I send you word of these grave tidings and await your response. May Ulric see us through this difficult night and give us the strength against our fear.

Yours faithfully

Kurth Sveniqson.

My Lord, we found this message two days ago. It was pinned to a tree outside of the ruined village by means of an arrow of foreign origin. Of the two regiments sent to Luftberg we found no trace. I await your instructions.

Salzenburg Garrison.

Gunter Fredhoff, Commander of the Army of Nordland

Guardians of Light

The Annals of the High Elves recount a long history of noble struggle and heroic sacrifice. Their pages are soaked in the blood of brave warriors and selfless mages, many of whom gave their lives to protect their beloved homeland of Ulthuan. Here too are tales of restless explorers and wise-tongued ambassadors to far-off lands. All told, the history of the High Elves is full of valiant individuals, a few of which are described on the following pages.

This page lists a few of the most famed of these mighty heroes and you should feel free to expand on what's here, work out game stats and so on if you want to include them in your games. The following pages include full details for three characters: Tyrion, Teclis and Imrik. You may use these characters in your games of Warhammer by paying the points as normal.

You do not need to agree with your opponent about using Tyrion, Teclis or Imrik as they are balanced for normal games. However, if you wish to use any new characters of your own devising, or want to use expanded versions of the ones on this page, then you must agree with your opponent before the battle.

Special Characters and Pure of Heart

Tyrion, Teclis and Imrik are all great heroes of Ulthuan, and if included in an army, will always have the Pure of Heart honour. If you use more than one of these special characters, then they all have the Pure of Heart honour, not just one of them.

Korhil, Hunter Captain of the White Lions

The White Lions are the sworn protectors of the Phoenix King, and none is more dedicated to this sacred duty than their Captain, the mighty Korhil. Standing almost a full head taller than his brethren, Korhil is a warrior of great might and skill, wielding his powerful axe with unparalleled skill and dexterity. His talent was noted from a young age, and his feats of arms have been long recounted amongst the proud people of Chrace. His honesty and noble bearing has earned him the respect and friendship of many, and he was chosen for the position as Captain after his predecessor was slain by the poisoned blades of a Dark Elf Assassin. Korhil has proven to be an utterly loyal and devoted bodyguard to the Phoenix King, saving his life on several occasions. Steadfast in his belief and strong sense of duty, Korhil seeks neither recognition nor acknowledgement for his efforts, marching side by side with his lord being reward enough to satisfy him.

Eltharion

The blind Eltharion has suffered greatly throughout his life, yet his formidable strength of will has overcome every obstacle in his path. During a daring raid on the Dark Elf city of Naggarond, he was mortally wounded by the poisoned blade of a corrupted Witch Elf Hag. Eltharion walked the paths of the dead, leaving his mortal shell far behind. While he was away from home, the marauding Goblin hordes of Grom the Paunch attacked Ulthuan, devastating the landscape and slaughtering countless of the Asur. In the shadowy lands of death, the apparition of his father approached, telling Eltharion of his family's murder at the hands of the Goblin raiders. He entreated Eltharion to return to the flesh and save Tor Yvresse from certain destruction. Through sheer strength of will, the need for vengeance lending him strength, Eltharion forced himself back into his fatally wounded body, fighting and overcoming the poison that raced through his system. Having conquered death itself, he returned to Tor Yvresse, leading the High Elves to victory over the Goblin hordes inside the very gates of the city. He was chosen as the Warden of Tor Yvresse, a duty he fulfilled with great vigilance. It was as Warden that he stood defiant before the wrath of the dread Witch King of Naggaroth Malekith himself. Overcome by foul sorcery, Eltharion was subjected to unspeakable tortures, leaving him shattered in body and mind, a warning to those who defy the Witch King. Harnessing his unfathomable strength of will, Eltharion has drawn power from his ordeal and entered the order of the Swordmasters of Hoeth, excelling in all areas of his training, despite losing his eyes at the hands of Malekith.

Alarielle, the Everqueen

Alarielle is the current Everqueen and co-ruler of Ulthuan. The chosen representative of Isha, the Elven goddess of the natural world, she is said to be the most beautiful being in existence, a beauty matched only by the dark seductiveness of the depraved Morathi, the Hag Sorceress of the Dark Elves. To the Asur, Alarielle represents the living embodiment of the goddess Isha, and if she were ever to fall, her loss would be seen as a presage of the final destruction of Ulthuan itself. The sorcerous power of the High Elves flows strongly with the Everqueen, and she uses her skills for the protection of Ulthuan, weaving delicate yet deceptively potent magic that befuddles the enemies of her people. Her power is that of nature itself, and it is said that flowers spring from the earth and blossom at her passing. When Alarielle mourns, the skies weep with her, and when her wrath is incurred, thunder rolls over the fair isle of Ulthuan, a warning to all who wish harm to the Asur homeland. With her elite Maiden Guard standing at her side, and championed by Prince Tyrion himself, Alarielle defends her people against any and all who threaten their peace.



Imrik, Dragon Prince of Caledor

Caledor is now a silent realm. No longer do the skies ring to the cries of dragons and the roar of their fiery breath. No more do the caves rumble with their sounds nor does the earth shake beneath their heavy tread. Instead, there is nothing but the hollow echo of the Elves' footsteps in the ancient halls.

Most noble of these princes of dragons is Imrik, last of the line of the Phoenix King Caledor. It is he who remains one of the few that can wake the dragons in time of need, and then only a few. Gone are the days when his followers rode into battle atop mighty fire drakes. Now it is Imrik alone who fights in the traditional manner of his house.

And fight he does! In the defence of his homeland, and indeed of all Ulthuan, Imrik is a stalwart bastion of strength. Together with Tyrion and Teclis, the descendants of the great house of Aenarion, he stands as an unbreachable wall between the many foes of the High Elves and the mystical isle of Ulthuan.

Imrik is the last of the line of Caledor, mightiest of the Dragon Princes. He can be taken as a Lord choice, but will use up two of your Hero choices as well. Taking Imrik counts as taking both a Lord and two Heroes. He must be fielded exactly as presented here, and no extra equipment, Honours or magic items can be bought for him. The cost of his magic items are included in his total cost.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Imrik	5	8	6	4	3	3	9	4	10
Minaithnir	6	7	0	6	6	7	3	5	8

Points: 675 (335 points for Imrik and 340 for Minaithnir).

Armour: Armour of Caledor.

Weapons: The Star Lance.

Mount: Minaithnir the Dragon.

Star Lance

The tip of this deadly weapon is forged from the heart of a fallen star. With a blade of such keenness no armour can protect Imrik's foes.

On the turn he charges, Imrik gets +3 Strength, with no armour saves allowed.

Armour of Caledor

For well over four thousand years the masters of the house of Caledor have worn this armour in battle.

Gives Imrik a 2+ armour save.

With the exceptions of this improved save, the Armour of Caledor follows the normal rules for Dragon armour on page 15.

Dragonhorn

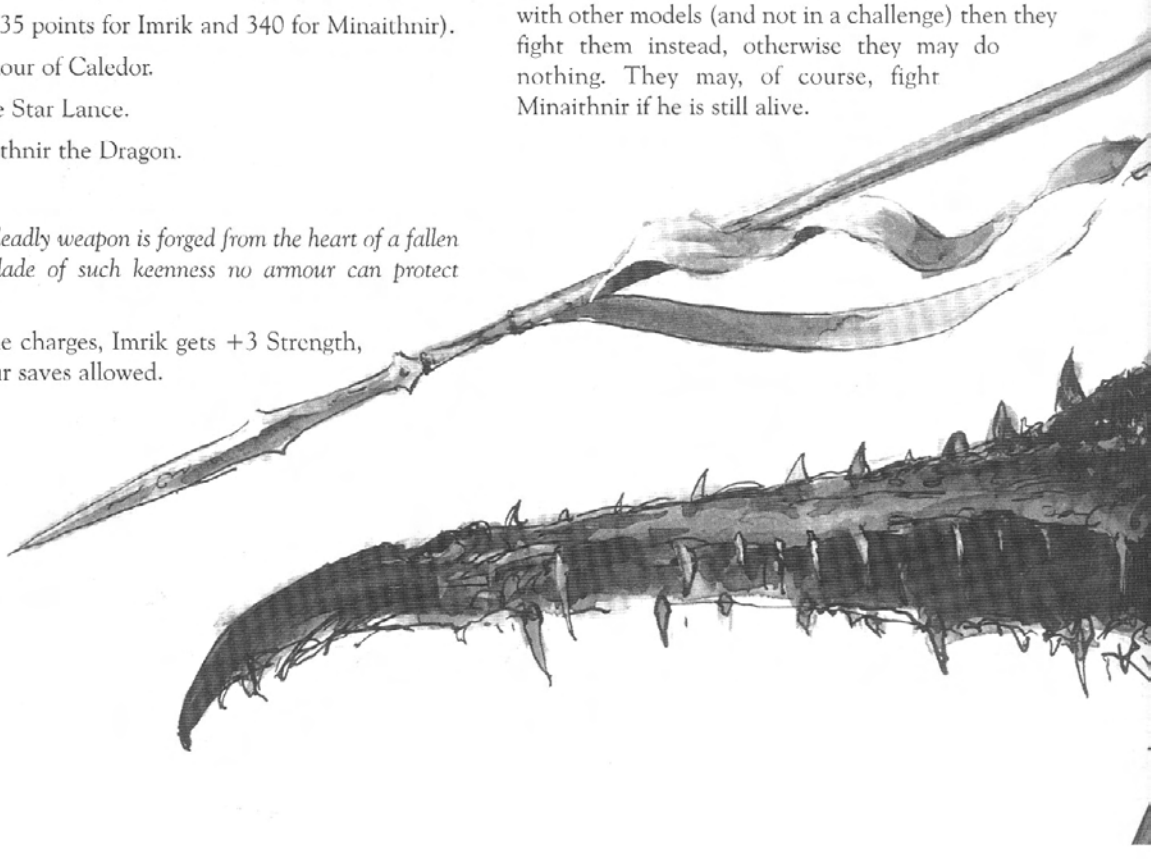
This war horn was made from the horn of an ancient dragon, gifted to Imrik's distant ancestors in elder days. The dying fire drake summoned all his remaining power to enchant his remaining, unbroken horn as he lay bleeding in the aftermath of the Battle of the Glade of Tears.

Once per battle, at the start of any of his own turns, Imrik may sound the Dragonhorn. This fills his army with pride, and until the start of his next turn, all friendly High Elf units may re-roll any Leadership-based tests they may be required to take. This includes all Psychology, Break and Rally tests.

Dragonkin

For millennia Imrik has learnt the lore and languages of dragons. He has walked the deep caves where the great beasts sleep and dream, and even the most proud and mighty firedrakes obey his every word.

No Dragons will fight Imrik. If they are in base contact with other models (and not in a challenge) then they fight them instead, otherwise they may do nothing. They may, of course, fight Minaithnir if he is still alive.



Minaithnir

Imrik rides the majestic dragon Minaithnir. They have a mutual bond between them – the last of the true Dragon Princes, and one of the last of the dragons.

Minaithnir is fanatically loyal to his master. If Imrik is slain, Minaithnir will become subject to the rules for *frenzy* (see page 84 of the Warhammer rulebook), but will otherwise remain under the control of the High Elf player. Note also that Minaithnir's profile is better than normal Dragons.



Tyrion and Teclis

Among the High Elves, the names of Tyrion and Teclis are spoken with hushed respect. The fame of these twin brothers extends throughout Ulthuan and into the lands beyond. Prince Tyrion is the Elf general who turned back the Great Incursion of Chaos two hundred years ago. Teclis is the greatest sorcerer of this age of the world, a mage so powerful that spells and magical artefacts are named after him. Born into one of the oldest families of Ulthuan, the brothers can trace their line back to the doomed King Aenarion, first and mightiest of the Phoenix Kings of Ulthuan. It is their destiny to perform mighty deeds and shape the fate of kingdoms.

The brothers are as different as day and night. Tyrion is tall, proud and fair, a master of weapons, a match for the Dragon Princes of old in battle-prowess and skill. The chosen champion of the Everqueen of Avelorn, he is a warrior without peer and a foe without mercy. Among the Dark Elves of Naggaroth he is known as the Reaper, to the Goblins of Red-Axe Pass he is Orcbane, and to the north the Norse know him as Mankiller. For two centuries he has stood between the Elves of Ulthuan and their many foes. He is a mighty champion, an unbreakable shield against the darkness. In him it is said that Aenarion the Defender has come again.

The age-old curse on the line of Aenarion affected Tyrion's twin brother Teclis more strongly. Where his brother was mighty, he was weak. Where Tyrion was golden-skinned and yellow-maned, Teclis was pale, dark and gaunt. Where Tyrion was fair-spoken and noble-minded, Teclis was caustic-tongued and bitter. From birth he was sickly and consumptive. As a child, he was driven by an insatiable curiosity and showed an awesome gift for sorcery. He was schooled by the shadowy Loremasters of the Tower of Hoeth, who recognised in him great power. Within the precincts of the White Tower, guarded by magical illusions of great cunning, he learned the intricacies of sorcery, and rose to become a true master of High Magic.

THE DARK ELF WARS

When the great incursion of Chaos came, destiny touched the twins. From the north the Dark Elves swept through Ulthuan looting, burning and pillaging. Allied with the servants of the four powers of Chaos they seemed unstoppable; the gigantic Black Arks of Naggaroth vomiting forth a wave of corruption onto the shores of the Elf lands. Ships of rune-woven red iron brought frenzied Chaos warriors to Ulthuan and the Witch King of Naggaroth once more set foot on the land from where he'd so long ago been driven. Everywhere the unprepared Elves suffered defeat after defeat at the hands of their Chaos worshipping kin. In the lands of Men things went no better. The shattered Empire, long a cauldron of factional strife, could not stand against the tide of Chaos. It was a time of blood and darkness; the world was ending in death and despair.

Tyrion was in Avelorn at the court of Alarielle, the newly crowned Everqueen, when the Dark Elves came. The thunderous voices of their beasts filled the ancient woods. The shrill blast of their brazen trumpets echoed triumphantly through the heart of the land. Hurriedly the Maiden Guard of the Queen moved to meet the threat to their lady. A hastily assembled force of warriors was thrown into battle but to no avail. The Dark Elves were too strong and it looked as if the Everqueen, the spiritual leader of Ulthuan, would fall into their clutches. In desperation, Tyrion pulled her from her silk pavilion and cut a bloody path clear of the massacre, slaying any Dark Elf that got in his way. As they fled, Tyrion was stabbed by the blade of a Witch Elf, but disregarded his wound, and the two escaped into the heart of the ancient forests and disappeared. Word of the Everqueen's loss spread through the land and the hearts of the Elves were filled with despair.

When the news of his brother's disappearance reached the White Tower, Teclis refused to believe his brother was dead. From birth, he and Tyrion had shared a special link and he was convinced that if Tyrion were dead he would know. He decided to leave the tower and seek him out. Using all his cunning arts he forged himself a blade and wove it round with deadly enchantments. Seeing that Teclis could not be dissuaded, the High Loremaster gifted him with the War Crown of Saphery and let him go. He sensed destiny in the youth and knew that the fate of the Elf kingdoms rested on his shoulders. Teclis was stronger now, the potions of the Loremasters had gone a long way towards giving him mortal strength. The High Loremaster hoped it would be enough.

Tyrion and the Everqueen fled through a land laid waste by war. The old forests burned as the Dark Elves took vengeance for their long exile. An army of Ellyrian horsemen was destroyed in the field by the Witch King's sorcery. The Princes of Caledor strove unsuccessfully to wake the last dragons while the great navies of Lothern were driven from the seas by the Chaos fleets. A Dark Elf army re-took the Blighted Isle and the Altar of Khaine fell once more into Dark Elf hands. Triumph followed triumph for the spawn of Naggaroth. Bitter defeat piled upon bitter defeat for the High Elves.

The Dark Elves were filled with glee at the news of the loss of Alarielle, but the Witch King refused to believe the rumour of her death. He insisted that her body be found so he could display it crucified upon his standard. Four assassins stood before him and pledged to know no rest till they brought him Alarielle's corpse. The Dark Elves sought the pair everywhere. Tyrion and the Everqueen often hid, blindly writhing through the loam to avoid the eyes of Dark Elf patrols. As the Witch Elf poison gripped him, Tyrion grew ever weaker and more feverish, but with her land disrupted the young Everqueen could not find the power to save him.

The High Elves were reduced to fighting a guerrilla war in their own land while the servants of Darkness reigned everywhere. But now a new rumour filled all ears. A sorcerer was abroad and no one could stand against him. He was a pale youth who wore the War Crown of Saphery. Where he walked the Dark Elves trembled, for he commanded the powers of magic as if born to them. His words summoned lightning and cast down monsters and destroyed Chaos warriors with a word. The Slaaneshi Champion Alberecht Numan challenged him to battle, but he and all his followers were in an instant reduced to dust. He intervened at the Battle of Hathar Ford and slew Ferik Kasterman's Coven of Ten – the most feared Tzeentchian sorcerers of the day. These were small victories, but in those days of darkness they gave the High Elves some hope.

Hope was what the folk of Ulthuan's many kingdoms desperately needed. The claw of Chaos held the island-continent firmly in its grip. From Chrace in the north to Eataine in the south, the Elf lands were overrun. Not even the waters of the Inner Sea were free of Dark Elf incursion. Ships were carved from the blighted forests with supernatural speed, and raiders moved as far as the Isle of the Dead before being turned back by the warding spells. Only in Saphery, around the White Tower, and by the walls of the mighty fortress city of Lothern were the Dark Elves halted, and even there things looked grim. Three Black Arks laid siege to the great lighthouse of Lothern, the Glittering Tower. By day and night spell blasts and siege engine shots battered the walls. The Phoenix King himself was trapped within the city, and it seemed only a matter of time before the entire land was devoured. With the Everqueen lost, the Elves had little heart to fight on.

THE DARKEST HOUR

In the forests of Avelorn the hunt was closing in. The four assassins finally caught up with Tyrion and his charge, coming upon their camp by night. The wounded Elf Lord fought like a blood-mad wolf. Under the furious onslaught of his blade the Dark Elves died, but not before one unleashed a messenger familiar to carry word of their discovery to the Witch King. Howling with triumph the Lord of Naggaroth then sent forth his pride and joy, the Keeper of Secrets, N'Kari. With a roar, the Greater Daemon sped through the night to find its prey.

The Daemon found Tyrion and the Everqueen in the dark hour before the dawn, descending upon them like a falling star from the firmament. Once, the Everqueen could easily have banished the Daemon, but her power was much reduced even as her land was ravaged. Tyrion reeled to his feet, determined to sell his life dearly. With a sweep of one mighty fist, the Daemon dashed the wounded warrior aside. Looming over the Everqueen it reached out to caress her cheek with its claw.

Lightning suddenly split the night and the Daemon was knocked back. A frail-looking figure emerged from the forest. On his head was the horned-moon helm of Saphery and he swiftly took up position between the queen and the Keeper of Secrets. With an angry bellow, the Daemon rose to confront him. Teclis spoke words of thunder and a sphere of coruscating energy leapt forth, its touch instantly casting the Daemon back into the Realm of Chaos. Swiftly Teclis went to his brother's aid. Using all the healing lore he had learned in the White Tower he managed to summon Tyrion's spirit back from the brink of death's abyss. When the Daemon's defeat was revealed in his black orb of seeing, the Witch-King was enraged. He ordered one thousand enslaved Elf prisoners sacrificed to Slaanesh immediately. The war blazed on with renewed ferocity.

Teclis guided the Everqueen and his twin to the shores of the Inner Sea. There they were picked up by a white ship crewed by the remnants of the Queen's Guard. This carried them to the Plain of Finuval where the shattered remnants of the Elf armies were assembling for a desperate last stand.

Charioteers from Tiranoc raced into position between Silver Helm cavalry and spearmen from Cothique and Yvresse. Ellyrian cavalrymen mustered beside the elite White Lions of Chrace. Griffon-mounted Elf Lords soared over the army. Swordmasters of the White Tower formed up alongside the Everqueen's Maiden Guard. When word of the Everqueen's presence was known, a great cheer went up from the army, and all the warriors gained new heart. But then a cloud of dust on the horizon announced the arrival of their enemies.

THE BATTLE OF FINUVAL PLAIN

That night the two armies camped almost within bowshot of each other. The watchfires of one force could be seen by the pickets of the other. In the Elf camp Tyrion and Teclis were greeted by their father Arathion. The old Elf lord gifted Tyrion with the Dragon Armour of Aenarion. This armour had been worn by the first Phoenix King during the ancient wars with Chaos. It had been forged in Vaul's Anvil and could resist the fiery breath of Dragons. Out of gratitude for his rescue of the Everqueen, the Elves of Ellyrion presented him with their finest steed, Malhandir, last of the bloodline of Korhandir, father of horses. The Everqueen herself gifted him with a heart-shaped brooch which she had woven with enchantments for his safe return. In his mighty fist Tyrion grasped the runesword Sunfang, forged in elder days to be the bane of Daemons. So Tyrion was made ready for battle.

To Teclis, Alarielle gave the sacred Staff of Lileath. It granted him strength and power so great that he had no need for his enabling potions. He refused the offer of any sword, preferring to use the blade he had forged with his own hands. He was now ready to stand beside his brother in the heat of battle.

The coming of day revealed the full extent of the Chaos forces. Endless ranks of Dark Elf crossbowmen chanted the praises of Slaanesh. A horde of Cold Ones croaked and bellowed in the chill morning light. Mail-armoured warriors brandished their spears. Witch Elves cackled and screamed maniacally. Beastmasters herded monsters into position. One entire flank of the Witch King's army was held by Chaos knights and their bestial retinues. The Elves were greatly outnumbered and the situation looked desperate. From a blasted hill in the centre of that evil army, the gigantic black-armoured figure of the Witch King surveyed the battlefield, confident that victory was within his iron-clawed grasp.

Urian Poisonblade, the Witch King's personal champion, called out a challenge to single combat. Was there anyone in the Elf army brave enough to face him? Urian's reputation preceded him. He had been bred for battle by the Witch King himself. He was the greatest of assassins, the most relentless of slayers. He had the heart of a daemon and the eyes of a hawk. He could kill a bull with one blow of his bare hands, and deflect an arrow in flight with a sweep of his blade. On his brow was the mark of Khaine. He was Death incarnate.

Arhalien of Yvresse was the first to respond. He was a mighty soldier, a veteran of countless battles. Urian cut him down as if he were a child. The Elf army moaned in despair and dismay. Next was Korhian Ironglaive, captain of the White Lions, the most renowned warrior of Chrace. Blows were exchanged faster than the eye could follow but to no avail – within minutes the proud High Elf lay headless on the plain. Then Tyrion strode forth.

It was a battle the like of which those present had never before witnessed. It was as if gods themselves made war. Sparks flew as blade clashed on blade. Both warriors fought in deadly silence. Again and again Urian's glowing black blade was turned by Tyrion's armour. Again and again the master assassin ducked the sweep of Sunfang. They fought for an hour and it seemed that neither would have the edge. Spells blistered the air around them as the Witch King sought to aid his champion. Sweat glistening on his brow, Teclis dispelled them.

Every witness held their breath. It seemed impossible that anyone could survive in the middle of that storm of blades. Then Tyrion slipped and Urian loomed over him blade held high. It was the opening that the High Elf had waited for. A quick thrust of his weapon found the assassin's heart. The host of darkness let out a howl of anguish and charged forward to overwhelm the lone Elf warrior and the Elf army raced to meet them. Malhandir reached his master first and Tyrion vaulted into the saddle then turned to face his foes.

The two forces clashed at the heart of Finuval Plain. The Dark Elves had the greater number and their allies were fell. The High Elves were fighting for their homeland and the Everqueen. They had the desperate courage that flowed from knowing that this might be their last chance to turn the tide. All that long day the armies fought with savage fury. Both sides were driven by the consuming hatred that their ancient civil war had bred. Flights of crossbow bolts, so numerous they darkened the sky, were met by clouds of white fletched arrows. Great lumbering Cold Ones were hamstrung by nimble Elf warriors. The horsemen of Ellyrion were pulled down by the foul beasts of Chaos. Spells crackled back and forth through the air. Blood mingled with the dust thrown up by the battle. Thousands died but neither side gave any ground. So great was the carnage that warriors fought over bodies of the dead and ravens feasted on the wounded trapped inside the mounds of corpses.

Right at the centre, Tyrion fought with the fury of an enraged beast. His great burning blade cut down foes with every stroke, and his shining mail turned the swords of his desperate foes. By himself he was worth an army. Where he rode the Elves took heart. Malhandir trampled Dark Elves beneath his silver-shod hooves. But Tyrion could not be everywhere at once and slowly the weight of numbers turned the battle against the High Elves.

THE DEFEAT OF THE WITCH KING

At the heart of the battle, Teclis wrestled with the dark sorcery of the Witch King. Naggaroth's dark master had perfected his evil arts over long millennia and for the first time Teclis met a foe that was his match. Awesome magical energies were focussed and brought to bear. Lightning streaked the darkening sky. Terrible clouds, capable of stripping warriors to the bone, were turned aside by magical winds. Daemons howled and gibbered as they surged through the carnage. Teclis strode into the sky to better observe the battle. From the blasted hilltop the Witch King matched him spell for spell.

Teclis saw that the battle had turned. The size of the Dark Elf warhost was too great. It looked as if the Elves would be utterly massacred. Now there was nothing else for it. It was time for a last desperate gamble. He invoked the power of Lileath. His staff glowed and pulsed as the goddess fed him energy. Teclis sculpted the power into one bolt of titanic power and unleashed it upon the Witch King.

Frantically the evil one tried to turn it aside but could not. The blast descended on him, burning into his very soul. At the final moment he was forced to cast himself into the Realm of Chaos to avoid final and utter death. Freed now from the burden of dealing with the Witch King, Teclis turned his energies on the horde of evil. Spell after spell crashed down on the Dark Elves, the carnage was too awful to contemplate.

Malhandir brought Tyrion face to face with the Witch King's standard bearer. The High Elf cut down his foe with ease. Malhandir trampled the Witch King's banner into the mud. Seeing their Lord defeated and their standard smashed the Dark Elves fell into despair. Overhead a seemingly unstoppable magician rained magical doom down on them, whilst before them an

unstoppable warrior clove through their ranks like a ship through the waves. Almost to a man that vast army turned and fled. Almost to a man they were cut down. The High Elves had won their first major victory of the year. The tide had turned.

Tyrion led the army south to relieve Lothern. Word of his coming gave heart to the High Elves. The tall warrior wearing the Everqueen's favour and his sorcerer twin became feared by their foes. The High Elf army fell on the besiegers of Lothern, putting them to the sword. The Phoenix King led his guard from Lothern to meet them. Caught between the hammer and the anvil the besieging army was crushed. Outside the walls of Lothern, Tyrion and Teclis were greeted by the Phoenix King himself.

Within two days a great plan was conceived to drive the Dark Elves from the land. Tyrion would lead one High Elf army to Saphery to relieve the Tower of Hoeth. The Phoenix King would drive north and engage the enemy directly. Word arrived from Caledor that the dragons had been roused. Victory was within the High Elves' grasp.

THE GIFT OF MAGIC

Just as the armies readied to set out, a battered ship limped into harbour. It was commanded by Pieter Lazlo, personal ambassador of Magnus the Pious. He bore a tale of woe from the Old World. The armies of Chaos had overrun Kislev and looked set to sweep over the lands of Men. Magnus had led the human defence of the Empire and, desperate for help, had sent to the Elves for aid. The Elves knew that they could barely spare a single warrior from their forces and yet they knew that if Mankind failed then the forces of Chaos in the Old World would be free to aid the Dark Elves.

Hearing once more the call of destiny, Teclis volunteered to go to the aid of Mankind. Yrtle and Finreir, two of his old comrades from the Tower of Hoeth agreed to go with him. It was all that could be done. The two brothers parted at the docks in Lothern. It was a bleak farewell. Neither knew if they would ever see each other again. Teclis took to his ship. Tyrion rode away with his army. It would be many long years before they saw each other again.

Now leading the Elf army, Tyrion proved to be every bit as skillful a general as he was a warrior. His surprise attack routed the Chaos forces in the woods around the White Tower. Joined by a contingent of Swordmasters, his army marched on into southern Avelorn to reclaim the Everqueen's land. There the Dark Elves had been demoralised by the Witch King's defeat and hounded relentlessly by guerrilla forces. Tyrion drove them out of the woods and into the hills of southern Chrace.

In this mountainous land a savage war of ambush and counter-ambush was fought. But the Phoenix King had lent Tyrion the services of a unit of White Lions and these bold warriors' knowledge of their homeland was to prove invaluable. In the year 2303, exactly two years after the invasion began, the Phoenix King and Tyrion met at Tor Achare, the capital of Chrace. The Dark Elves had been driven from the mainland of Ulthuan. The war was all but over, although bitter fighting was to rumble on in the islands for many decades.

In the Old World, Teclis and his companions arrived at the court of Magnus the Pious, where Teclis's wise advice and mighty sorcery soon made him an invaluable counsellor. The influence of the three High Elf Mages changed the course of the war. They taught some simple battle-spells to the human hedge-wizards and these, combined with their own command of awesome forces, aided in many victories for the men. In numerous battles they proved their willingness to spill their own blood in defence of the lands of man and Teclis and Finreir both took many wounds. Yrtle himself fell in battle and was buried with great honour. But it was after the war, when Magnus had driven the enemy from the land and he'd been hailed as the new Emperor, that he performed what was to be his most significant act.

Magnus requested that Finreir and Teclis teach the full secrets of magic to men. The new Emperor had seen how instrumental it had been in holding back the tide of Chaos and wanted to add yet another weapon to Mankind's arsenal. At first Finreir resisted. Elves and Men had come to blows in the past and might do so again. Teclis took the long view. He argued that by helping Men protect themselves against Chaos they would create an invaluable bulwark against the forces of darkness. Eventually Teclis's view prevailed and the Colleges of Magic were established. Teclis himself taught the first human students and more than twenty years passed before he returned home. Through his work as a teacher, he became fond of the race of Men and saw in it the possibility and the threat that in time it might far exceed the declining race of Elves.

The two brothers met again at their ancestral home in the year 2326 when Teclis returned for their father's funeral. It was a sad moment but the two embraced joyously. Tyrion was now the chosen Champion of the Everqueen, second only to the Phoenix King among the defenders of Ulthuan. Teclis planned to return to the Empire to continue his work, but word came that the High Loremaster of the White Tower had died and the council offered Teclis his position. Teclis could not refuse such an honour and so he returned to the Tower of Hoeth.

Since the days of the Great War against Chaos the two brothers have been active in the defence of Ulthuan. Tyrion led the army that defeated Erik Redaxe's army of Norse raiders and twice led expeditions to the Blighted Isle to reclaim the Altar of Khaine from the Dark Elves. Both times he drove the spawn of Naggaroth off but always they return. When not leading the armies to war he dwells at the court of the Everqueen and keeps the peace in Avelorn, slaying marauding monsters and hunting down bands of Beastmen and Goblins.

Teclis probes the ancient mysteries of sorcery at the White Tower. Often his researches demand that he visit the far corners of the world. He has ventured as far afield as Cathay and Lustria and has aided armies both human and High Elf against the forces of evil.

Tyrion, Defender of Ulthuan

Prince Tyrion is the greatest living warrior of the High Elves. He is a descendant of the first Phoenix King, and some Elven bards say that he is in fact Aenarion reborn, so valiant and skilled is he. Tyrion was commander at the glorious battle of Finuval Plain, when he routed the host of Malekith and slew the Witch King's personal champion, Urian Poisonblade. He is the protector of the Everqueen, and defender of all of Ulthuan.

In these troubled times, Tyrion is leading his people once more against the armies of Naggaroth. Some ask why it is he and not the Phoenix King who fights against Malekith, and dissent at the Court in Lothern is growing that King Finubar allows Tyrion to share this burden alone. Some even say that Tyrion should take up the Phoenix Crown himself. The oldest and wisest Elves speak out against this careless talk; those who remember the dark and treacherous times of the Sundering care not for it to be repeated again.

Whatever happens, Tyrion and his twin, Teclis, suffer under the curse of their forefather, brought down upon the family when Aenarion drew Khaine's blade to fight the forces of Chaos. It is a doom that follows them and none know yet what fate the gods hold in store for these bravest and noblest of Ulthuan's princes.

Tyrion is the mightiest High Elf warrior alive, some say the reincarnation of Aenarion himself. He can be taken as a Lord choice, but will use up one of your Hero choices as well. Taking Tyrion counts as taking both a Lord and a Hero. He will always be the army General; the Intrigue at Court special rule is not used. He must be fielded exactly as presented here, and no extra equipment, honours or magic items can be bought for him. The cost of his magic items and abilities are included in his total cost.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tyrion	5	9	7	4	3	4	10	4	10
Malhandir	10	4	0	4	3	3	5	2	7

Points: 585 (550 for Tyrion and 35 for Malhandir).

Armour: Dragon Armour of Aenarion.

Weapons: Sunfang.

Mount: Malhandir.

Riposte

Tyrion is an expert at turning aside his foes' attacks, avoiding their blows and counter-attacking before they can react.

Tyrion parries the first enemy hit against him per Close Combat phase and it has no effect. In addition, assuming Tyrion is still alive after all other attacks have been made, he may make a single extra attack of his own back against the model that he parried. This attack is in addition to those normally allowed to Tyrion and follows all of the rules for Tyrion's attacks. This has no effect on special attacks which do not use the model's Attacks characteristic (such as a Night Goblin Fanatic or a Giant).

Feint

Tyrion is nimble and lithe, twisting easily past his opponent's guard and turning suddenly to attack from unpredictable angles.

Tyrion may re-roll any failed rolls to hit on the first turn of each close combat.

Sunfang

Bound Spell. Power level 6.

The Runesword of Tyrion is a fearsome weapon, easily able to cleave through flesh and armour alike. It is also known as Sunfang for the gleaming runes that shimmer up and down its length, blazing with the captured fires of the sun.

Once per battle in his own Magic phase, Tyrion may use Sunfang to cast the bound spell Fury of Khaine. The spell requires no Power dice to cast, all the power required is provided by Sunfang itself. See page 21 for a full description of this spell.

Sunfang also gives Tyrion +3 Strength at all times.

Dragon Armour of Aenarion

This mighty armour was forged on Vaul's Anvil long ago to protect Aenarion, the first Phoenix King, in the great wars against Chaos.

Gives Tyrion a 1+ armour save. In addition, Tyrion gets a 4+ Ward save.

With the exceptions of this improved save, the Dragon Armour of Aenarion follows the normal rules for Dragon Armour on page 15.

Heart of Avelorn

This highly polished ruby glows slightly with an inner light and is warm to the touch. It was gifted to Tyrion by the Everqueen for his great bravery.

If Tyrion is slain, the Heart bursts into a thousand pieces in a flash of dazzling white light. This rush of magical energy returns Tyrion to life with 1 Wound. Obviously it will only work once.

Malhandir

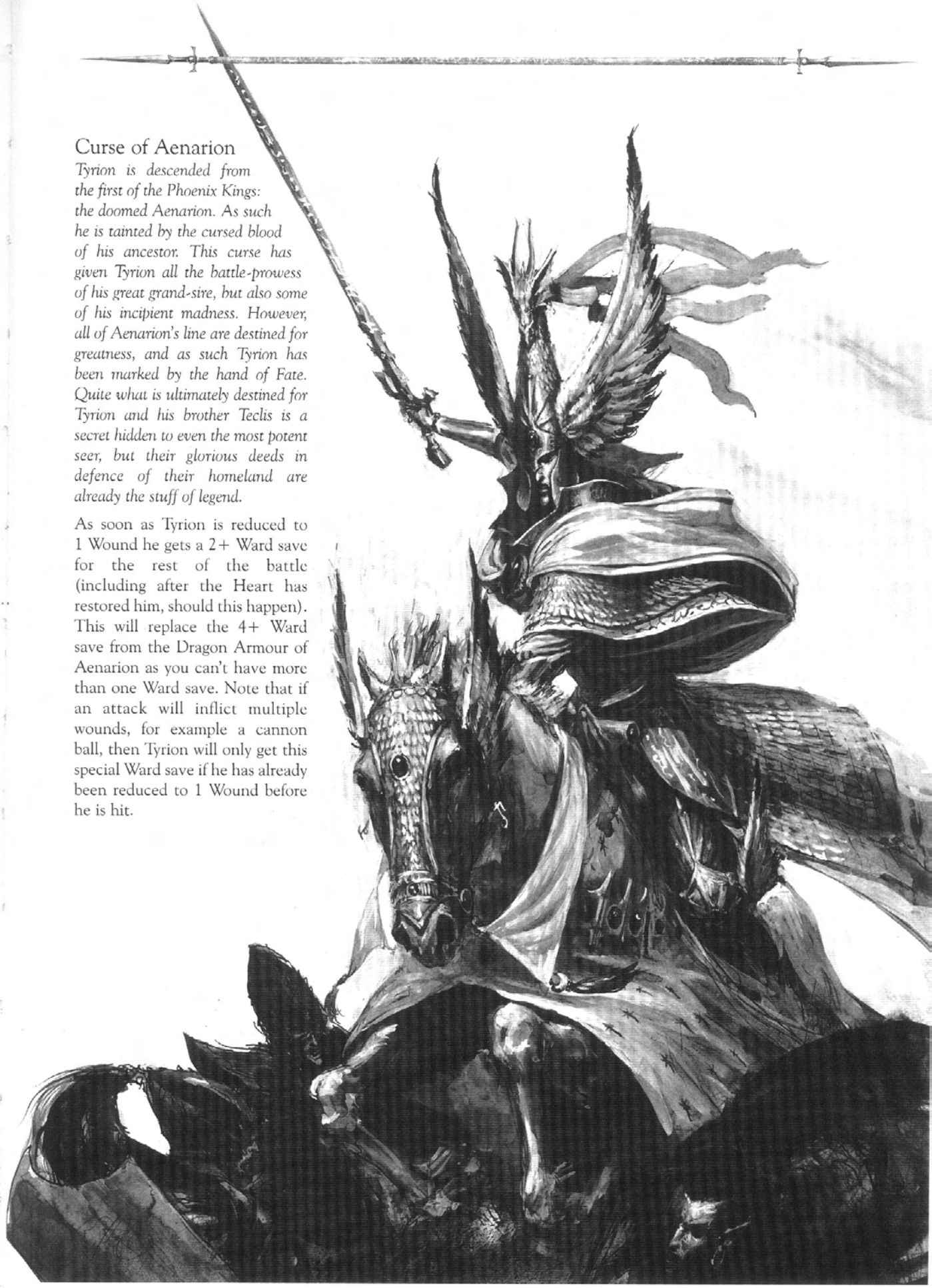
Tyrion rides a huge steed, in fact the largest and noblest Elven steed born since the father of horses himself.

In battle Malhandir counts as a monster, and his profile is given opposite. Malhandir wears barding which gives him a 5+ armour save.

Curse of Aenarion

Tyrion is descended from the first of the Phoenix Kings: the doomed Aenarion. As such he is tainted by the cursed blood of his ancestor. This curse has given Tyrion all the battle-prowess of his great grand-sire, but also some of his incipient madness. However, all of Aenarion's line are destined for greatness, and as such Tyrion has been marked by the hand of Fate. Quite what is ultimately destined for Tyrion and his brother Teclis is a secret hidden to even the most potent seer, but their glorious deeds in defence of their homeland are already the stuff of legend.

As soon as Tyrion is reduced to 1 Wound he gets a 2+ Ward save for the rest of the battle (including after the Heart has restored him, should this happen). This will replace the 4+ Ward save from the Dragon Armour of Aenarion as you can't have more than one Ward save. Note that if an attack will inflict multiple wounds, for example a cannon ball, then Tyrion will only get this special Ward save if he has already been reduced to 1 Wound before he is hit.



Teclis, High Loremaster of the White Tower

Twin to mighty Tyrion, Teclis is wholly the opposite of his brother. Physically he is frail and must sustain himself by imbibing magical potions of his own creation. He is not a master of swordplay nor strategy. However, he is the greatest living Mage in this age of the world, and his mastery of the magical arts is unsurpassed by any other living creature. It is claimed that his power is on a par with the Great Necromancer Nagash, so it is fortunate that Teclis has devoted his life to thwarting the powers of Chaos and death. It was Teclis who first taught Imperial wizards how to control the raging energies of the magical realm, and on his instruction the Colleges of Magic were set up. It was only with the aid of Teclis that the Emperor Magnus the Pious was able to push back the forces of the Dark Gods in the last Great War against Chaos. Truly, Teclis is one of those legendary heroes whose actions shape the world.

Teclis is a mage of prodigious power and a mighty foe. He can be taken as a Lord choice, but will use up one of your Hero choices as well. Taking Teclis counts as taking both a Lord and a Hero. He must be fielded exactly as presented here, and no extra equipment, abilities or magic items can be bought for him. The cost of his magic items and abilities are included in his total cost.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Teclis (Sariour)	5	3	3	2	3	3	5	1	10
Teclis (Charoi)	5	6	4	3	3	3	6	3	10

Points: 630.

Armour: None.

Weapons: The Sword of Teclis.

Honours: Teclis has the Channeller Honour (may use one extra dice than normal for spells).

High Loremaster

Teclis is the most powerful mage in this age of the world. He is master of the foremost mages of the High Elves and has studied in their secret libraries for more than an entire human lifetime.

Obviously he is far more potent than a normal mage and the following rules apply to him:

Teclis begins the battle as a Level 4 Wizard and as long as the last potion he drank was Sariour, this will remain the case. However, while he is under the influence of Charoi he will only count as a Level 1 Wizard. If he imbibes his draught of Sariour he will return to being a Level 4 Wizard. Teclis may use either High Magic or any of the lores from the Warhammer rulebook. Whatever lore he chooses, Teclis will know all six spells, regardless of his current level.

Teclis may re-roll all dice for spell effects. For example, if he casts Fury of Khaine he may re-roll the dice to see how many hits are caused and then re-roll any which fail to wound.

Instead of the normal definition of the circumstances that end a 'remains in play' spell, when Teclis casts such a spell it will remain in play until it is dispelled, or until he chooses to end it (which he can do at any time), attempts to cast the same spell again or is slain. This means that Teclis can maintain more than one 'remains in play' spell at a time.

Potions of Inner Strength

Since his sickly childhood, Teclis has carried supplies of these revitalising tonics wherever he goes. Both sparkle in the light as if the Loremaster had captured stars to brew his potion, but whilst Sariour is a golden, sunlike yellow, Charoi is the deepest blue of night.

You will note that Teclis has two profiles instead of the normal one. Which profile you use depends on which of the potions Teclis drank last. He only takes one draught of each potion with him to battle, so you can only use each type once.

At the start of the battle, Teclis will be under the effects of the potion of Sariour. At any time he may choose to drink the potion of Charoi.

If he drinks the potion of Charoi then his profile changes to that shown, and his Magic Level drops to 1. This will last until he drinks his second potion, Sariour, when he will return to his first profile and Level 4. He may drink this potion at any time.

Note, however, that the number of Wounds on the profiles refers to starting Wounds. For example, if Teclis suffers a wound before he drinks Charoi then he will not go back to 3 Wounds when he does so.

Moon Staff of Lileath

A sturdy wooden staff is the traditional symbol of the mage, often being ensorcelled with cunning wizardries to aid the spellcaster in his work. This elaborate staff channels the power of the moon goddess, strengthening Teclis and filling him with magical energy.

The staff gives Teclis 1 extra dice in each Magic phase (including enemy Magic phases).

In addition, once per battle, at the start of his own Magic phase, Teclis may draw on the full power of the staff. On the turn he does this, the number of dice granted by the Staff increases from one to D6. Unfortunately, this temporarily drains the power of the staff so it will cease to provide any additional dice for the rest of the battle.

Sword of Teclis

This sword was forged by Teclis himself, a weapon to protect himself as he began the quest for his brother Tyrion and the Everqueen.

All hits from the Sword of Teclis wound on a roll of 2+ and armour saves may not be taken.

Scroll of Hoeth

Though clearly ancient and seemingly fragile, this well-worn heirloom has seen a thousand battles and will see many more.

When the enemy casts a spell, Teclis may read the Scroll of Hoeth aloud as he might read a Dispel scroll and with the same effect. In addition, both Teclis and the caster roll a D6; if Teclis scores higher, the spell is removed from the mind of the caster and cannot be used for the rest of the game. One use per battle.

Curse of Aenarion

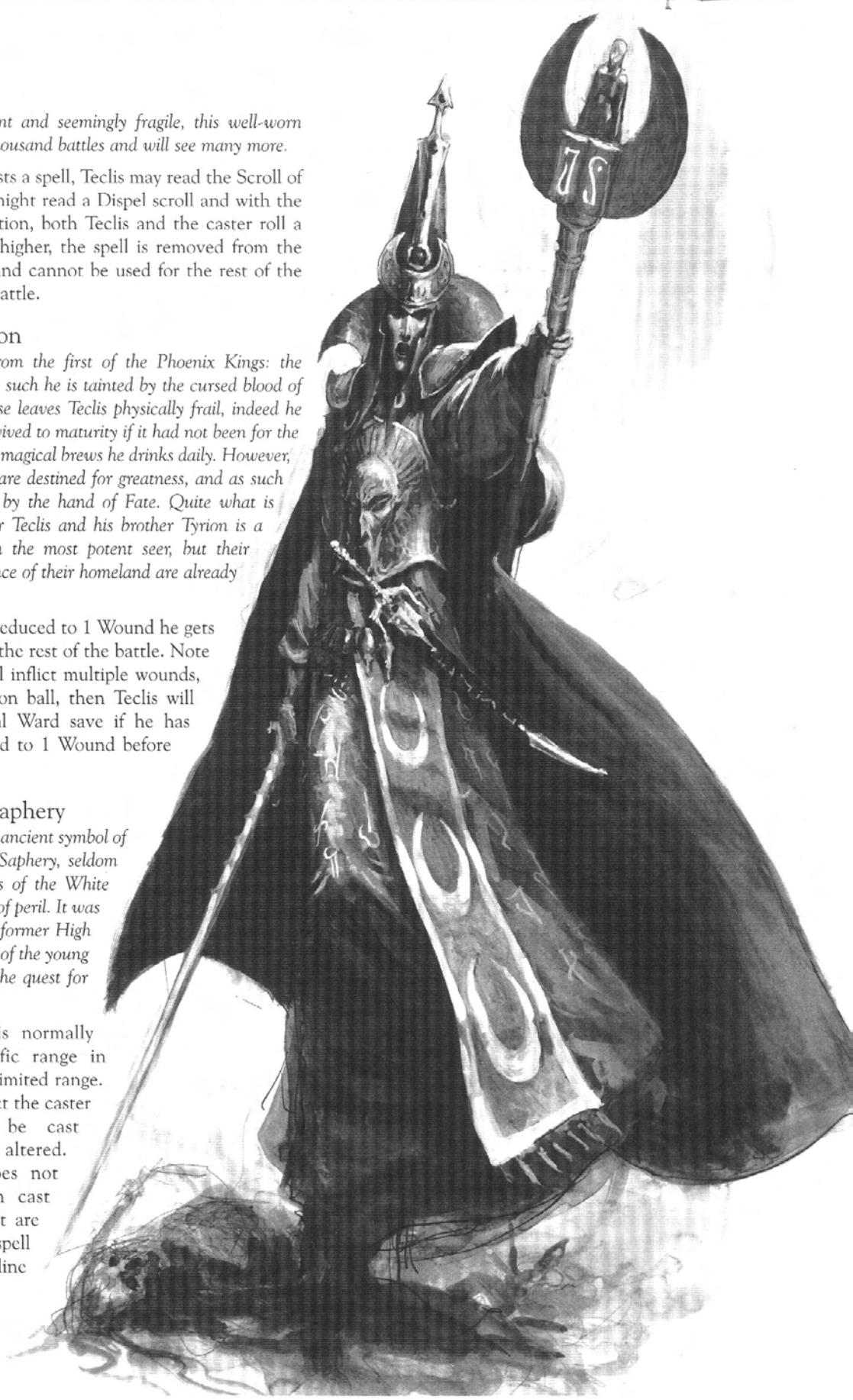
Teclis is descended from the first of the Phoenix Kings: the doomed Aenarion. As such he is tainted by the cursed blood of his ancestor. This curse leaves Teclis physically frail, indeed he would never have survived to maturity if it had not been for the curative powers of the magical brews he drinks daily. However, all of Aenarion's line are destined for greatness, and as such Teclis is also marked by the hand of Fate. Quite what is ultimately destined for Teclis and his brother Tyrion is a secret hidden to even the most potent seer, but their glorious deeds in defence of their homeland are already the stuff of legend.

As soon as Teclis is reduced to 1 Wound he gets a 2+ Ward save for the rest of the battle. Note that if an attack will inflict multiple wounds, for example a cannon ball, then Teclis will only get this special Ward save if he has already been reduced to 1 Wound before he is hit.

War Crown of Saphery

The War Crown is an ancient symbol of the magical realm of Saphery, seldom seen outside the walls of the White Tower unless in times of peril. It was gifted to Teclis by the former High Loremaster on the eve of the young mage's departure on the quest for his brother, Tyrion.

Any spell which is normally limited to a specific range in inches is now of unlimited range. Spells that only affect the caster or may already be cast anywhere are not altered. Note that this does not mean that he can cast spells at targets that are out of sight if the spell normally requires a line of sight.



The Elven Language

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

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

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

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

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

The Runes of the Elves

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

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

In written form, the Elven language is a flowing text, an unbroken stream of runes. Like the words themselves, these runes are split into Asun (Greater Runes) and Onun (Lesser Runes). Indeed, it is virtually impossible for humans to decipher High Elf writings, and it is claimed by many scholars who have tried that the runes themselves appear to change shape in the eyes of an untrained reader. Thus most of the translations of Elven text are woefully lacking, being full of inconsistencies, errors and swathes of garbled nonsense.

Of all Elven texts, the most elegant and dangerous are their tomes and scrolls of magic. The words themselves have power, and are written in the most arcane of scripts to deter those who seek such knowledge easily, even amongst Elvenkind.

High Elves often decorate their panoply of war with runes – on their banners, armour and weapons. The runes used in war often represent the pride and might of Ulthuan, but also serve as a reminder of the noble principles of Elven warfare. Many standards display runes which depict the unit's role, history or the personality of its commander, while Elven battle standards are glorious creations with many runes that tell of the army's great achievements and glorious future.



Sarathai
The rune of the World Dragon, symbolising defiance, unyielding.



Arhain
Shadows, night, stealth, secrets, perfidiousness.

Daroir
Remembrance, memory, the strength of stones.



Sariour
The moon, magic, fortune, evil deeds, destruction wrought by nature.



Yenlui
Balance, harmony, Chaos.





Lathain
Storm, wrath, gently falling rain that brings eternal sleep.



Saroir
Eternity, infinity, the flame of love that burns all it touches.



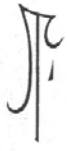
Ceyl
Law, order, justice, passion, sword that draws blood.

Elui
Ending or denial.



Caladai
Symbol of the line of kings, the dragons of flame.





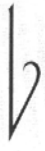
Senlui
Swiftness, accuracy.

Quyl-Isha
The tears of Isha, sorrow, mercy, endurance, mourning for lost children.





Urithair
Destruction, conquest, sacrifice of innocence.



Sethai
Flight, wind, cry in the far mountains.

Cynath
Chill, death, silence, loneliness.

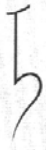


Senthoi
Unity, loyalty, broken promise.



Menlui
Water, life, majesty, weakness, torrential rain and thunder in distant mountains.





Cython
The serpent, wisdom, knowledge, futility, the symbol of Lileath.



Elthrai
Doom, hope, inexorable fate.



Thalui
Hatred or vengeance.

Thanan
Hidden power, inner strength, indecisiveness.



Cadaith
Grace, power, music of the stars.



Harathoi
Youth, boundless energy, jealousy.





Lacoi
Might, glory, fear of death.



Asur
The eternal flame, Mark of Asuryan, symbol of rebirth and lordship.



Lecai
Light, nobility of the soul, lightness of being.

Minaith
Skill in arms, spirituality, the Lost Way.



Oriour
Blood, birth.



Lords	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Special Rules
Prince	5	7	6	4	3	3	8	4	10	Stoic, Intrigue at Court
Archmage	5	4	4	3	3	3	5	1	9	Stoic, Intrigue at Court, Magic

Heroes	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Special Rules
Commander	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9	Stoic, Intrigue at Court
Mage	5	4	4	3	3	2	5	1	8	Stoic, Intrigue at Court, Magic

Core Units	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Special Rules
Warrior	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Stoic, Fight in three ranks
Archer Champion	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8	Stoic
Spearman Champion	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	Stoic, Fight in three ranks
Sea Guard Champion	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	Stoic, Fight in three ranks
Silver Helm	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Stoic
Silver Helm Champion	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	Stoic

Special Units	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Special Rules
Ellyrian Reaver	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Stoic, fast cavalry
Harbinger	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8	Stoic, fast cavalry
Shadow Warrior	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Stoic, *hate* Dark Elves; Scouts; Skirmishers
Shadow-walker	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8	Stoic, *hate* Dark Elves; Scouts; Skirmishers
Tiranoc Chariot	–	–	–	5	4	4	–	–	–	Chariot
Dragon Prince	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	1	9	Stoic, dragon armour
Drakemaster	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	2	9	Stoic, dragon armour
Swordmaster	5	6	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Stoic, *swordmasters*
Bladelord	5	6	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	Stoic, *swordmasters*

Rare Units	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Special Rules
Great Eagle	2	5	0	4	4	3	4	2	8	*Fly*
Phoenix Guard	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	1	9	Stoic, cause *fear*
Keeper of the Flame	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	2	9	Stoic, cause *fear*
White Lion	5	5	4	4	3	1	5	1	8	Stoic, Woodsmen; Lion cloak, Bodyguard
Guardian	5	5	4	4	3	1	5	2	8	Stoic, Woodsmen; Lion cloak, Bodyguard
Repeater Bolt Thrower	–	–	–	–	7	3	–	–	–	–
Crew	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Stoic

Beasts	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Special Rules
Dragon	6	6	0	6	6	6	3	5	8	*Fly*; Cause *Terror*; Large Target; Scaly Skin; Breathe Fire
Griffon	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	7	*Fly*; Terror; Large target
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5	–

HIGH MAGIC SPELLS

High Elf Wizards get +1 to Dispel. Mages using High Magic know the Drain Magic spell as well as any other spells they are allowed to take.

Drain Magic (5+/7+/9+)
Range 24". Lasts until start of caster's next Magic phase.

Level	Casting number	Dice rolls discarded
1	5+	6s
2	7+	5s & 6s
3	9+	4s, 5s & 6s

1) Walk Between Worlds (4+)
The caster becomes ethereal until start of caster's next Magic phase.

2) Curse of Arrow Attraction (6+)
Range 24". Missile fire directed at target unit in following Shooting phase may re-roll failed rolls 'to hit'. If unit targeted by a template, etc, re-roll to hit any models which are partially covered.

3) Fortune is Fickle (7+) Remains in play
Range 24". Any double victim rolls to cast a spell is a Miscast. Any double rolled by opponent whilst attempting to dispel will fail. Lasts until dispelled, Mage chooses to end it, attempts to cast another spell or is slain.

4) Fury of Khaine (8+)
Magic missile; range 24". Causes 2D6 Strength 4 hits.

5) Flames of the Phoenix (11+) Remains in play
Range 24". Each model in target unit takes a S3 hit. If spell still in play at start of each of caster's subsequent Magic phases, each model takes a hit with Strength increasing by 1 each turn it remains in play. Lasts until dispelled, Mage chooses to end it, attempts to cast another spell or is slain.

6) Vaul's Unmaking (12+)
Range 24". Owner of unit must tell caster all magic items in unit. Caster chooses one to be nullified. Effect lasts for the remainder of the battle. Drains magic from Dwarf rune items. All runes on an individual item will be drained, not just one.

REPEATER BOLT THROWER

The Repeater Bolt Thrower is a war machine and all the rules governing war machines apply. Repeater Bolt Throwers may either shoot a single bolt (follow the rules given on page 124 of the Warhammer rulebook) or may fire multiple shots.

If using the multiple shots option then the Repeater Bolt Thrower shoots six bolts in each Shooting phase. These shots are worked out exactly like shots from bows or crossbows, using the Ballistic Skill of the crew to determine whether the bolts hit or not. All bolts must be directed towards a single target. Multiple shots have a Range of 48", a Strength of 4, with armour saves suffering a -2 penalty.