

Introduction

Welcome to the Uniforms & Heraldry of the High Elves. This book forms part of a continuing range, each detailing the heraldries, uniforms, iconographies and markings of one of the many fantastical armies fighting for survival in the Warhammer world. Whether your hobby revolves around collecting, painting or wargaming with Citadel miniatures (or all three) you'll find this volume an indispensable guide to the full splendour of the High Elf soldiery.

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Ulthuan is a vast continent, home to many thousands of bloodlines and traditions. Indeed, even the smallest princedom is heir to customs, ritual and folklore enough to fill this book many times over. This volume is therefore not intended to be an all-encompassing guide, but rather a collection of the most important elements of High Elf heraldry. This leaves plenty of scope for you to create your own variations, should you wish to do so. Honour to the Phoenix King, and victory to his armies!

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The High Elves

The High Elves of Ulthuan are guardians of order. For millennia they have protected the world from the threat of Chaos, halting the tide of darkness with spear, with bow and through their command of magic. This has not been achieved without cost. The High Elves are dwindling, worn away by century upon century of unrelenting war, and their might is now but a fraction of what it once was. Of an occan-spanning empire that covered the globe, all that now remains are the ten kingdoms of Ulthuan and a handful of scattered outposts overseas. Yet, despite the hardship and ruin inflicted upon its peoples, there is still glory and wonder enough in Ulthuan to outshine all the other kingdoms of the world combined.

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To this day, the High Elves are constantly at war. The Dark Elves, their treacherous kin from the chill land of Naggaroth, raid Ulthuan on an almost daily basis. These despoilers hate their High Elf cousins to a degree incomprehensible to outsiders. The Naggarothi still consider the ten kingdoms of Ulthuan to be theirs by right, and probe ceaselessly for any weakness in its defences, spreading terror and destruction in their wake. Almost as bad are the rising realms of the lesser races. Those that do not appear to be deliberately wicked or destructive are, at the very least, ignorant of their rightful place in the world, and with a few thoughtless acts can undo the labours of a dozen generations of High Elves. Thus must the armies of Ulthuan march upon other lands, ensuring that the careful balance they have nurtured is not undone by the foolishness of primitives.

The ten kingdoms of Ulthuan are united under the rule of the Phoenix King and the Everqueen. The Phoenix King is elected by a council of his peers and given the blessing of Asuryan, the Creator, highest of the Elven gods. The position of Everqueen, however, is purely hereditary, forming a line of mothers and daughters unbroken since the earliest days of Elven civilisation. Beneath the twin thrones serve the countless princes of the ten kingdoms. In the fleeting moments of peace, these nobles set their minds to politicking, ever seeking the blessing of their monarchs and preferment over their fellows. Intrigue has ever been a cornerstone of Ulthuan, but it seldom interferes with the grim business of war. When battle's trumpet sounds, rivalries vanish like mist in the noonday sun – despite their domestic squabbles, the princes of Ulthuan will always stand united against outsiders.

When he marches to war, a High Elf prince can count upon aid from all corners of the ten kingdoms. First to answer the call are the archer and spear regiments of his own domain and the nobles of his court. Garbed in white – the Elven colour of death – and clad in shimmering silver scale, these warriors transcend the martial glory of mortals to become something otherworldly and supernatural. As word spreads and the true extent of the danger becomes known, phalanxes of Lothern Sea Guard answer the call with the uncomplaining determination of true veterans.

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Hard upon their heels come swift horsemen from Ellyrion and charioteers from Tiranoc, considered brash by the standards of the High Elves, but with valourous hearts all.

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Of Ulthuan's many legendary factions, the fabled Swordmasters of Hoeth are the swiftest to lend their support to a growing warhost. Dozens of Swordmasters travel Ulthuan, performing the bidding of their Loremasters. When the rallying cry goes out, all nearby Swordmasters able to put aside their current burdens will do so, forging themselves into a regiment for the campaign's duration. Should one of the Loremasters of Hoeth choose to lend his mystical might to the cause, the number of Swordmasters in the warhost can rise quite steeply, as such revered mages rarely appear on the field of battle without an escort of the quicksilver warriors. The regal bodyguards, the White Lions of Chrace, are loath to leave their assignments for ought but the direst of tragedies - duty to their charge comes before all. Thus, if an Elven lord seeks the presence of the White Lions upon the field, he is well advised to request the aid of the one they protect, to gain the service of their bodyguard. As for the Phoenix Guard, they take to the battlefield in Asuryan's name whenever they are called upon to do so. Alas, the Phoenix Guard are so few compared with other forces, that they can rarely be present in the numbers a prince might wish for.

Amongst the most prized of potential allies are the Dragon Princes of ancient Caledor, proud warriors every one. The Dragon Princes cannot be called upon for the mundane drudgeries of sentry and patrol work: such tasks are for the common folk, not the descendants of Caledor the Great. If the commander of an assembling host is wise, he will pique the Dragon Princes' interest with the promise of a battle worthy of gods, or perhaps confess that a particular foe is beyond his own humble talents. Lured by such glories, the sons of Caledor would gladly ride to a battle on the far side of the world. Last, and most secretive of all, are the bitter Shadow Warriors of Nagarythe. Marked forever by lives of constant, bitter struggle, they stand apart from High Elf society and never directly respond to a cry for aid. Nevertheless, many a battle has been swung by an unlookedfor volley of black-fletched arrows. Though they are shunned and distrusted by their own folk, the wardens of Nagarythe know full well where their loyalties lie.

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

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Elven Runes

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

High Elves frequently decorate their standards, weapons and armour with runes. The runes used in war often represent the pride and might of the High Elves, but also remind them of the noble principles of Elven warfare. Many High Elf standards are magical and their runes form a glowing, swirling pattern that creates otherworldly visions to embolden the High Elves and terrify their foes. Likewise, shields and even the robes of individual warriors or mages are frequently adorned with runes, either magical or mundane. For a High Elf there is great spiritual value in bearing a rune that proclaims loyalty, or threatens death to the enemies of Ulthuan.



Arhain Shadows, night, stealth, secrets, perfidiousness.



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

Danoi

Sleep, peace, lethargy.



Aroth Fortress, courage. taciturnity.



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



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



Charoi Strength, ferocity, mane of hair.

Dromui

Hope, ascent,

the Heavenward Stairs.

Elrith

The forge,

spark of the anvil, boldness.



Avalu Fires, fortitude, the Mark of Vaul.



Cynath Chill, death, silence, loneliness.



Dassoir Scrying, sight, forbidden knowledge.



Eanith Honour, burden, contest of wills.



Elthrai Doom, inexorable fate, hope.



Cadaith Grace, power, music of the stars.



Cython The serpent, wisdom, knowledge, futility, Symbol of Lileath.



Denla Freedom, fulfilment, emptiness.



Eddu Pain, longing, determination.









Edra Laughter, the cruelty of fate.



Darlioth Fearlessness, Symbol of the Mirai, corrupt harvest.



Drome The Underworld Stair, descent, inevitability.



Eldoir Flight, true aim, skyward sight.

Daroir Remembrance, memory, the strength of stones.





Endri Ennui, endlessness, steadfast loyalty.



Hadri Ships, exploration, the endless voyage.



Horinar Trade, treaty, corruption.



Indrion The heavens, portent, doom of mortals.



Keldri Anguish, murder, victory, the Last Path.



Lacoi Might, glory, fear of death.



Lavrai Torrent, endless flight, death at sea.



Enthlai Concordance, twins, war without end.

Hanor

The Season of Rain,

boldness, ingress.

Ildir

The Chained Dragon,

duty, obedience.

Isalt

Watchfulness, Mark of



ns, The Trident, war at sea, defence against invasion.



Harathoi Youth, boundless energy, jealousy.



Ildra Espediency, the balance restored.



Ismuir Mists, cloud, the secret paths.



Kindra Final victory, the death of all hope.



Lalinoi Herald, splendour, hubris.



Lithri Vision, far-sightedness, the palace of the gods.



Galri Destiny entwined, sorrow, joy.



Harvoi Music, song, eternity of joy.



Ildri Poison, terror, the wound that heeds no healing.



Issth The Serpent of Light, dextrousness, trickery.



Kirior The path of leadership, formless art, knowledge of ancient days.



Larime The Season of Frost, caution, egress.



Malavoi Savagery, creatures of the deep.



Garoir Darkness, gloom, strength of ancient days.



Histo Plenty, dominance, the Golden Age.



Indrast The heavens awoken, fate fulfilled.



Istryn Symbol of the Arcspan, alliance, common cause.



Kurn-ath Bow of Kurnous, the hunt.



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



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



Kenui War without end, a lingering death.

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Ladroi The Season of Sun, apex, joy.



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



Minaith Skill at arms, spirituality, the Lost Way.



Quul The Tree of Life, regrowth, decay.



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



Sethai Flight, wind, cry in the far mountains.



Thanan Hidden power, inner strength, indecisiveness.



Varinor Strength, fire, the Pride of Caledor.



Yennla The Seed, promise of Isha.



Nadrur The Season of Storm, dwindling, sorrow.



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



Sarumar Temptation, fulfilment, discipline, the Watcher in the Dark.



Sevir Wind, storm, the anger of the world.



Thanlui Injustice, necessity, the unbalanced scale.



Varour Aggression, lightning, downfall.



Ylvan Pride, honour, imperfection.



Nastirr Path of the Soul, oblivion, remembrance.



Qyl-Aman Symbol of Amanar, drake of the deeps.

Sendai Dedication, sacrifice, resentment.



Skale Guardian Dragon, strength and honour.



Tiroir The broken tower, the world reborn.



Verdan Woodland, continuity, defence.



Ylvoir Throne of Kings, guardianship, servitude.



Odri Deception, Inner Truth, The Road Not Taken.



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



Senlui Swiftness, accuracy.



Tavlu The tower, Mark of Hoeth, wisdom, misery.



Tyloir Broken lands, the Sundering, the cycle of history.



Volroth Supremacy, royalty, heroic death.



Yngra Rescue, imprisonment.



Blood, birth.



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



Senthoi Unity, loyalty, broken promise.



Thalui Hatred or vengeance.



Urithair Destruction, conquest, sacrifice of innocence.



Yenlui Balance, harmony, Chaos.



Ytha Waves, swiftness, the hungry ocean.

Eataine

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Eataine is the mightiest of the kingdoms of Ulthuan, centred around the Emerald Gate and the city of Lothern. Even in the waning days of the Elves, Eataine is a land rich beyond even Dwarfen avarice. Its merchants and emissaries visit many foreign shores, and its fleets of swiftprowed warships dominate the great oceans of the world. There is a great pride in these lands, even by the standards of the High Elves. Many of Eataine's nobles believe it to be Asuryan's chosen land, the blessed realm of the Creator. They point as proof to the Frostheart Phoenixes that nest about their coastline's clifftops and, more significantly, that Eataine has suffered considerably less than other kingdoms during the six millennia of near-constant war. Thus do

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all princes of Eataine consider themselves touched by the divine, in one way or another – a state of affairs only exacerbated by the fact that the Phoenix King's court is based in Eataine's capital, Lothern.

> The Silver Helms of Eataine bear lances carved from the trees of the Eternal Grove. That forest has endured since the time of Aenarion, and the weapons carved from its trees will never break in battle. The colours of Eataine's noble houses are reds, oranges and crimson – the hues of Asuryan's Phoenizes.

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Some of Eataine's veteran spear regiments bear the image of a Frosthear Phoenix upon their shields.



Lothern

Lothern has long been the traditional seat of the Phoenix King - Caledor the Conqueror kept court here, and few of his successors chose to break with that tradition. The Lothern Sea Guard are the finest of Eataine's warriors. Skilled in both spear and bow, these veteran soldiers fight the Phoenix King's battles both on land and at sea. Should the armies of Ulthuan make war in a distant land, it is invariably the ships of Lothern that bear them hence, and the disciplined advance of the Lothern Sea Guard that will seize the beachheads.



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The banners and shields of Lothern bear the image of the Sea Dragon, Amanar, ancient protector of Lothern. Legend tells that Amanar sleeps fitfully beneath the Emerald Gate, and that he will rise up to defend Lothern in its hour of greatest need.

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The Sea Lords of Lothern have borne the same heraldry for over four thousand years.

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Lothern Skycutters wheel through the heavens as swiftly as Tiranoc's more traditional chariots sweep across the plains. It is commonplace for nobles to race one another into a battle, a contest of wing and hoof, with the right to spill the first foeblood the only prize.

▲ Lothern Sea Helm in Skycutter Chariot

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Eagle Claw Bolt Throwers are a common sight on both Ulthuan's fortress walls and the decks of her warships. Crewed exclusively by Lothern Sea Guard, they are sought after by the nobles of many other kingdoms, who will pay almost any price to have such a machine seconded to their armies.

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▲ Lothern Sea Guard Eagle Claw Bolt Thrower

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The Storm Riders

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The Storm Riders are a Sea Guard company whose reputation for ruthless boarding actions is legendary amongst the Black Ark Corsairs of Naggaroth. Witnesses claim that the Storm Riders strike with the savagery of the great Merwyrm, Amanar, whose majestic image adorns their shields. So terrible was the damage they wreaked upon the fleet of Yalthis Doomreaver that the Naggarothi commander has since offered a thousand slaves for their deaths.

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Tiranoc

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Tn days of yore, Tiranoc was the wealthiest and grandest of all the Elven kingdoms. Alas, during the Sundering, the realm suffered greatly. Tidal waves drowned its fair meadows and prosperous valleys, and only those folk who clung to the rocks of its mountain-fortresses survived. Though the waters eventually receded, Tiranoc was left forever changed - its beautiful coastal cities had been swept away, and a goodly portion of its citizens drowned in the deeps. Yet the proud Elves of Tiranoc refused to abandon their ancestral lands, and instead laboured to restore as much of its former glory as they could. Despite their efforts, Tiranoc remains a battered and broken land, ever in danger of slipping further into the unforgiving seas.

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The wings of the sea hawk are common emblems in Tiranoc, for the nobles ever aspire to imitate the creature's merciless grace.

A Prince of Tiranoc

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Tranoc traditionally fields fewer Silver Helms than other kingdoms – there are very few nobles within that land who would not rather see battle from the deck of a swift-moving chariot. Indeed, for a mobile of Tiranoc to make war as a cavalryman is often taken as proof that his family has fallen upon hard times, and can no longer afford the expense of maintaining a chariot and all its trappings.

The rays of the sun represent hope, and are borne not only on Tiranoc chariots, but often also upon the helms of the nobles that crew them.

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Nagarythe

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N agarythe is a hard land of intemperate climes and dark deeds. It was from here that Malekith the Accursed led his civil war, and this land too bore the brunt of that conflict. Nagarythe was all but destroyed in the Sundering, and by far the greater part of its lands lie drowned in the murky oceanic depths. Those of its folk that remain are a secretive and ruthless sort, little trusted elsewhere in Ulthuan for their kinship with the traitors of ages past. Ironically, these same blood-ties drive the dour warriors of Nagarythe to fight with a merciless determination. There is not a High Elf living that does not despise Malekith and his Dark Elves, but the folk of Nagarythe hate the Naggarothi with a ferocity that far surpasses the most fervent

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warriors of other lands. There can be no peace in Nagarythe, no cessation of bloody war, until Malekith and every one of his twisted followers have been scoured from all the lands of the world.

▲ Shadow-walker

Shadow Warriors keep the meaning of their personal heraldry and lineage as closely guarded secrets, known only to the closest of their allies. Many bear crescent pendants of the goddess Lileath – the only being in creation who can forgive them for their ruthless actions.









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The band of Shadow Warriors known only as The Grey take their name from the ashen cloaks that conceal them. Descended from those who swore fealty to Malekith before his treachery was revealed. The Grey have slain Dark Elves beyond counting in a blood feud spanning five millennia. Since the Sundering, they have battled ceaselessly to redeem the honour of their family names, the burden of shame and obligation passing from father to son.

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Chrace



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hrace is a wild land of dark forests and rugged mountains. All of its folk are skilled hunters, for an Elf possessed of sparse woodcraft is naught but easy prey for the ferocious lions and the other savage beasts of the Chracian lands. Most famous of all Chrace's warriors are the White Lions - veteran woodsmen of Chrace who serve as the Phoenix King's bodyguard. It is the dream of all young Chracian warriors to one day earn the right to wear the lion pelt and serve at their monarch's side, a calling that drives them to prove their valour whenever possible. Opportunities for such glory are commonplace, for Chrace is a land almost permanently at war - if not against Dark Elves seeking passage to Ulthuan's Inner

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Kingdoms, then against the beasts that dwell within its borders. Whenever the Winds of Magic rise and the creatures of Chaos stir from their slumbers, only the bravest of warriors dare enter the dark heart of the Chracian hinterland.

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▲ Guardian









Cothique

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The realm of Cothique is a harsh place, unlovely to the eyes of most Elves. Its towering cliffs and shale beaches are windswept and grey, its surrounding seas home to megalodons, sea serpents and other fierce predators of the ocean trenches. Even to the Elves of Cothique, these shores hold little comfort, for their wanderlust is the greatest known to any of Ulthuan's peoples. Never is an Elf of Cothique happier than when aboard the rolling deck of a ship, the tang of salt air about his nostrils, and the cold sea breeze whirling through his hair. So it is that the ships of Cothique come to many other lands, sometimes in search of trade and comradeship, but just as often in the full raiment of war. Cothiquan

warriors are wild by the staid standards of other High Elves, and much prefer the thrill of raiding to the more conventional battles prosecuted by other realms – a predilection that has seen them branded as pirates in some foreign lands.

It is of constant surprise to other Elves that the nobles of Cothique would even consider taking their horses to serve in shipboard conflict. Yet such are the deft reactions of a Cothiquan Silver Helm, and the peerless training received by his steed, that Elf and beast can do battle on the rolling deck of a ship just as gracefully as other Elven knights do on dry (and motionless) land.









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The Scions of Mathlann This brotherhood of Cothique claim to be the chosen of the Lord of the Deeps, and few dispute their right to do so. Many times when the Scions of Mathlann have fought in defence of their coastal kingdom, a vast sea creature has risen from the depths to destroy the fleet of their foes. So do they offer great praise to Mathlann lest they fall from their fickle master's favour and one of his progeny emerge not to deliver salvation, but divine punishment.

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Yvresse

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Yvresse is the land of mists, a shrouded expanse of rolling hills and hidden valleys. It is a sparsely settled realm, with a comparative handful of towns, and only one major city – the glorious spires of Tor Yvresse. Though Dark Elf raiders seldom travel so far around Ulthuan to beach their dread vessels upon Yvresse's shores, the warriors of the realm must always be on guard. The sorcerous mists that blanket field and fen have ever been the haunt of Daemons, and both arrow and spear must be eternally ready to cast them back into the void. The soldiery of Yvresse is therefore of a grimmer cast of mind than warriors from other lands, for their eyes have borne witness to much that mortal creatures were never meant

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to see. Thus have the warriors of Yvresse gained a reputation for holding the line where others do not, a glimmer of deeper resolve forged in battle against the most uncarthly of foes.

> The archers of Yoresse take to the battlefield clad in glimmering scalemail. They wear wayshards – gems attuned to the locations of waystones – so that they can find their way through Yoresse's billowing mists. The colour of each wayshard varies according to the traditions of the region from which the archer hails.

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▲ Noble of Yvresse

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The Spire Guard of Tor Yvresse Originally formed as an honour guard by the Warden of Tor Yvresse to protect his tower, the tallest spire in the kingdom's majestic capital, the Spire Guard have since become the city's foremost defenders - the anchor around which the army of Tor Yvresse now forms. Time and time again, the Spire Guard have turned the tide of battle by stubbornly holding the line, pouring arrows into their foes to buy time for their kin to regroup and counter-attack.

Eagle Gate

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

luxury given to only a few. Between the Dark Elves of Naggaroth and the monsters of the Annulii, a soldier will have to best many foes if he is to return home.



▲ Tiranoc Mage serving at the Eagle Gate





Griffon Gate

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The Griffon Gate is the oldest of Ulthuan's great mountain fortresses. It is also held to be unlucky by those who serve within it, for it always seems that foes besiege the Griffon Gate long before they consider carrying their blades against its sister fortresses. Yet the Griffon Gate's defenders forgive their fortress its odd fortunes, for there is still honour to be earned upon its walls. Furthermore, there are few more glorious sights than when the first rays of sun strike the colossal golden statues that stand watch over the gate. To be present upon the walls of the Griffon Gate at sunrise, it is said, is to be reminded of the Golden Age of the Elves, and to know one's hope reborn. Perhaps this is why, despite many hundreds of sieges over thousands

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of years, the Griffon Gate has never once fallen to its attackers. No matter how overmatched its defenders, the golden fortress of the western mountains has always held true. The Griffon Gate is the only fortress to include Shadow Warriors as part of its garrison. No one knows why this is so, for the Shadow Warriors remain silent if asked.

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Unicorn Gate

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

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It is for this reason that the Unicorn Gate underwent substantial modification during the reign of Bel-Korhadris, adding several dozen outrigger towers from which keen-eyed archers could scour the walls in the event of a Harpy attack.

> The greater part of the Unicorn Gate's garrison has always been drawn from the warriors of Ellyrion, who maintain the traditional blue and magenta heraldries of that kingdom.



Dragon Gate

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The Dragon Gate is the largest and grandest of all Ulthuan's fortresses. When Caledor the Conqueror laid down the foundations for the great gates, he knew he would been unable to spend much time at court in Lothern, so enshrined the Dragon Gate as his war capital. He ordered a great palace be built into the heart of the fortress, and that provision be set aside for Ulthuan's highest families to take up residence there in times of strife. The Dragon Gate's garrison too was established on a suitably grand scale, with near twice as many soldiers under arms as any two of the other great gates combined. Such an obvious display of martial pride soon proved a irresistible lure to the Dark Elves, and within a decade of the Dragon Gate's

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completion, no fewer than six of Malckith's armies broke themselves upon its walls. Now, like much of Ulthuan, the Dragon Gate is only sparsely occupied, but its grim reputation is said to be worth ten thousand spears.

Even though Caledor the Conqueror's bloodline died out long ago, Caledorian nobles recognise no greater honour than to serve upon the Dragon Gate's walls.

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Phoenix Gate

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The Phoenix Gate was well named, for over the course of its existence it has been reduced to rubble and rebuilt on several occasions. Yet its garrison are little worried by this seemingly grim record. A great many of the Phoenix Gate's soldiers are drawn from the Kingdom of Eataine, and they simply assume such woes to be part of Asuryan's ineffable plan. 'Should the enemy topple our walls,' they say, 'then we shall simply build them higher and grander than before.' And so they have, many times. Indeed, the towers of the Phoenix Gate now stand so tall that their spires are lost within the clouds that hang heavy about the Annulii Mountains. This stubborn pride in the face of disaster has become famous throughout

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Ulthuan – despite this, few warriors from other realms seek out service upon the Phoenix Gate. It takes a very deliberate kind of madness to seek guardianship over a fortress whose walls seem almost predestined to fall.

> The archers of the Phoeniz Gate traditionally hail from Caledor and Avelorn, and wear the greens and reds of those realms. They fire arrows blessed by the Anointed of Asuryan, that they might better strike down those who would oppose the Creator's plan.



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▲ Eataine Noble serving on the Phoenix Gate





Dragons of Caledor

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Dragons and Elves have been allies for time immemorial. Indeed, many legends tell that Draugnir, Father of Dragons, was a great friend to Asuryan's court – at least until the jealousy of the savage huntress Anatha Raema ended his noble life. Even in the days of their waning, the Dragons of Caledor remain true to their ancient allies, and fight alongside them with willing hearts.





Caledor

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aledor is the land of Dragons and smouldering pride. It has ever served as the backbone of Ulthuan's armies - a fact that the haughty nobles of the mountains cannot forbear from mentioning whenever an opportunity presents itself. Though Caledor is now but a shadow of its former glory, it remains a land of fierce warriors and martial splendour, and can always be counted upon to bear more than its share of the burden of war. Indeed, the princes of Caledor rest uneasily in those rare moments when Ulthuan is at peace, and while away such days almost as lethargically as do their Dragon steeds. When war comes to Ulthuan once more, and the Great Horn of Caledor bellows through the mountains, torpidity falls

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from the princes of Caledor like a veil. Dragons are roused, horses saddled and the weapons of ages past retrieved from ancestral vaults. Woe betide he who encounters an army of Caledor on the march, for it will surely be the last battle he ever fights.

> Dragon Princes of Caledor wear armour whose colour and style evokes the great Dragons of their land. Their horses are bedecked in plate and scale to mimic the appearances of the mighty drakes.

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▲ Drakemaster

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As royal bodyguards of the ruling Prince of Caledor, the noble Imrik, the Fireborn are the finest knights in a kingdom rightly famed for its peerless mastery of war. Their shields bear the image of Indraugnir, the legendary Dragon that bore Aenarion to battle, an honour bestowed upon them by Imrik himself after they slew the great Bloodthirster, Gorecleaver, and led the charge that shattered the dread legion of Skalthrak the Slaughterer.

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Ellyrion

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Ellyrion is a land of open plains and swift horses, of wild storms that clear as quickly as they break. This kingdom is home to perhaps the most hot-tempered of the High Elves, for the Ellyrians are easily roused to angry words and deeds should they feel that they, or their rightly famed horses, have been slighted. The Ellyrians are the finest horsemasters in Ulthuan, and their unparalleled Reaver Knights the continuation of a proud tradition from the days of Caledor the Conqueror. Though their land is protected by the ring of the Annulii Mountains and the great gates of the northern passes, the folk of Ellyrion must always be on their guard. The Dark Elves covet the wild black horses of the Ellyrian plains, and often launch raids

merely to capture those steeds for their own. Worse, the Naggarothi care naught for horses of other colours, and simply slay them out of spite if they can. Thus are the steppes constantly patrolled by hard-eyed Ellyrians whose spears and bows are always close at hand.

The Ellyrian Reavers spend many days and nights in the saddle, riding behind enemy lines if need arises. They travel light, disdaining the full suits of armour worn by Silver Helms and Dragon Princes in favour of flexible coats crafted from ithilmar scale.

▲ Harbinger

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The Heralds of the Wind Despite the regiment's relative youth, the Heralds of the Wind are famed amongst the Reavers of Ellyrion. Their Harbinger, Toralien, has earned them great renown for his innate ability to read the ebb and flow of a battle. Thus have the Heralds of the Wind ever appeared precisely where they were needed at the crucial moment, sweeping aside war machines behind enemy lines or crashing home into their flanks to wreak utmost havoc.

Avelorn



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velorn is the spiritual heart of Ulthuan. for it is here that the Everqueen holds court. It is a land of wonder and eternal summer. where creatures of legend still walk and miracles occur daily. Great Eagles nest in Avelorn's sundappled hills, and Unicorns walk its enchanted glades. To walk in Avelorn, it is said, is to experience everything beautiful the world has to offer. Little wonder is it then that some Elves spend a lifetime within its bounds, so entranced by the wonders within that they can no longer face the reality of the outer world. Yet beneath Avelorn's beauty lurks danger. The Evercourt is riven by bitter enmity and malice, as its various factions contest for the favour and affection of their queen. Wild beasts lurk in the forests'

> The Sisters of Avelorn are warrior-maids appointed at the Everqueen's order. Theirs is the responsibility for guarding the forbidden groves, fending off marauding creatures with fellflame arrows.

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hidden depths, and Daemons prowl the foothills of the Annulii. So must the folk of Avelorn be forever on their guard. Though their land be bounteous and fair, there is nothing soft about the Elves of Avelorn.

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▲ High Sister

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Saphery



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S aphery is the land of magic and wizardry, where careful study and puissant wisdom bring greater honours than battle ever could. All of the princes and nobles of this land are mages of great power, and it is said that magic, rather than blood, flows through their veins. Yet wisdom and wizardry alone will never be sufficient to keep a land in safety, and Saphery does not neglect its martial ways. Its spear and archer regiments are as well-trained and numerous as those of other lands, and a good many of its nobles are as dedicated to the arts of battle as they are the more esoteric practices of magic. Indeed, the wisdom of Saphery takes many forms, and not all of them are tied to sorcery. All manner of wisdom can be learnt

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in the cloistered chambers of this kingdom, from grand strategy to the tactics of desperation, from spearcraft to the shattering of siegeworks. To challenge the armies of Saphery, therefore, is to invite a swift, but impeccably inflicted, defeat.

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The mage princes of Saphery are eccentric even by the standards of other High Elves, inclined to idiosyncratic manners of dress and armament. Almost all bear cresecent tokens of Lileath, goddess of dreams and visions, for few mages can know success without her favour.

Archmage

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The Pantheonic Mandala

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



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Swordmasters of Hoeth

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The Swordmasters of Hoeth have dedicated their lives to the pursuit of martial perfection. They train ceaselessly with their slender greatswords, seeking to master every nuance of strike and counterstrike. A Swordmaster's first duty is to the Tower of Hoeth, and to the Loremasters who study within – accordingly, the tower features on almost every banner in some form or another. Nevertheless, each warrior is always eager to wield his sword in the Phoenix King's service, for it is in such battles that his skill will truly be tested.



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Phoenixes of Ulthuan

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Phoenixes have dwelt upon the alabaster Flamespyre crags for centuries untold, absorbing the energy of the magical winds that gust through the rocky columns. Though they are neither so noble nor wise as the Dragons of Caledor, the Flamespyre Phoenixes willingly lend their aid in the battle for Ulthuan's survival, fighting either on their own, or as steed for an Anointed of Asuryan.

> Phoenizes often offer themselves as mounts to the Anointed of Asuryan – the spiritual leaders of the Phoeniz Guard. The creature will always seek out a rider whose temperament echoes its own, so Flamespyres seek out younger, more vibrant masters, whilst the Frosthearts are drawn to those Anointed whose ardour has cooled to a deep and measured wisdom.

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The plumage of Flamespyre Phoenixes mirrors their impetuous nature. It is rare for two such birds to bear exactly the same markings, but all share the angry reds and vibrant yellows of a hungry flame.

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Frostheart Phoenizes are aged Flamespyres, whose magical fire has faded with old age. Now they are living conduits of cold whose plumage glimmers with icy blues, chill purples and brilliant whites.

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The Shrine of Asuryan

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The Shrine of the Creator is the holiest place in all of Ulthuan. It is within this great pyramid temple that each new Phoenix King is crowned – at least, should he pass unharmed through Asuryan's sacred flame. The Shrine of Asuryan is watched over by the silent warriors of the Phoenix Guard. Only they, of all mortals, have witnessed the full wisdom of the Creator.



Famous Regiments of Ulthuan

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Most of Ulthuan's regiments have a storied history that stretches back into the mists of time, but a few are relative newcomers, having been founded in the reign of Finbur the Seafarer. Some of these newer regiments have already earned a potent reputation for themselves – a fact that appals many traditionalists, but brings hope to those who perceive the darkness of the days ahead.



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Worst of all are those battles fought by the Revenants of Khaine. These warriors of Nagarythe have lost all family and friends to the endless war, and have now sworn to defend the Shrine of Khaine from their black-hearted kin. Though other Elves admire the Revenants and their unceasing determination, they also find them unsettling, for the shadow of Khaine lies heavy upon every Revenant's vengeful heart.

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MISTWALKERS OF YVRESSE The Mistwalkers are rangers who patrol the balleys and hills of Ybresse, longbow and sword ever-ready to repel the Daemons who lurk within the magical mists.

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Since their inception by Moranion of Athel Tamarha, the Mistwalkers have recruited from the sons of the nobility, rather than the citizen levy. Many of Yoresse's currently reigning princes saw their first battles from within the Mistwalkers' ranks and honed their steely nerve in battle against the daemonic horrors of the shrouded hills.

The Mistwalkers are not an official part of Yoresse's armies, but still owe fealty to the Warden of Tor Yoresse. No other prince knows the full truth of Yoresse's plight – that the kingdom is held from ruination only by the deeds of the grey-garbed Mistwalkers.

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Outposts

Though the High Elves are no longer the dominant colonial power that they once were, they still maintain several far-flung outposts.



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By: Neil Hodgson and Mat Ward Cover Art: Dave Gallagher

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