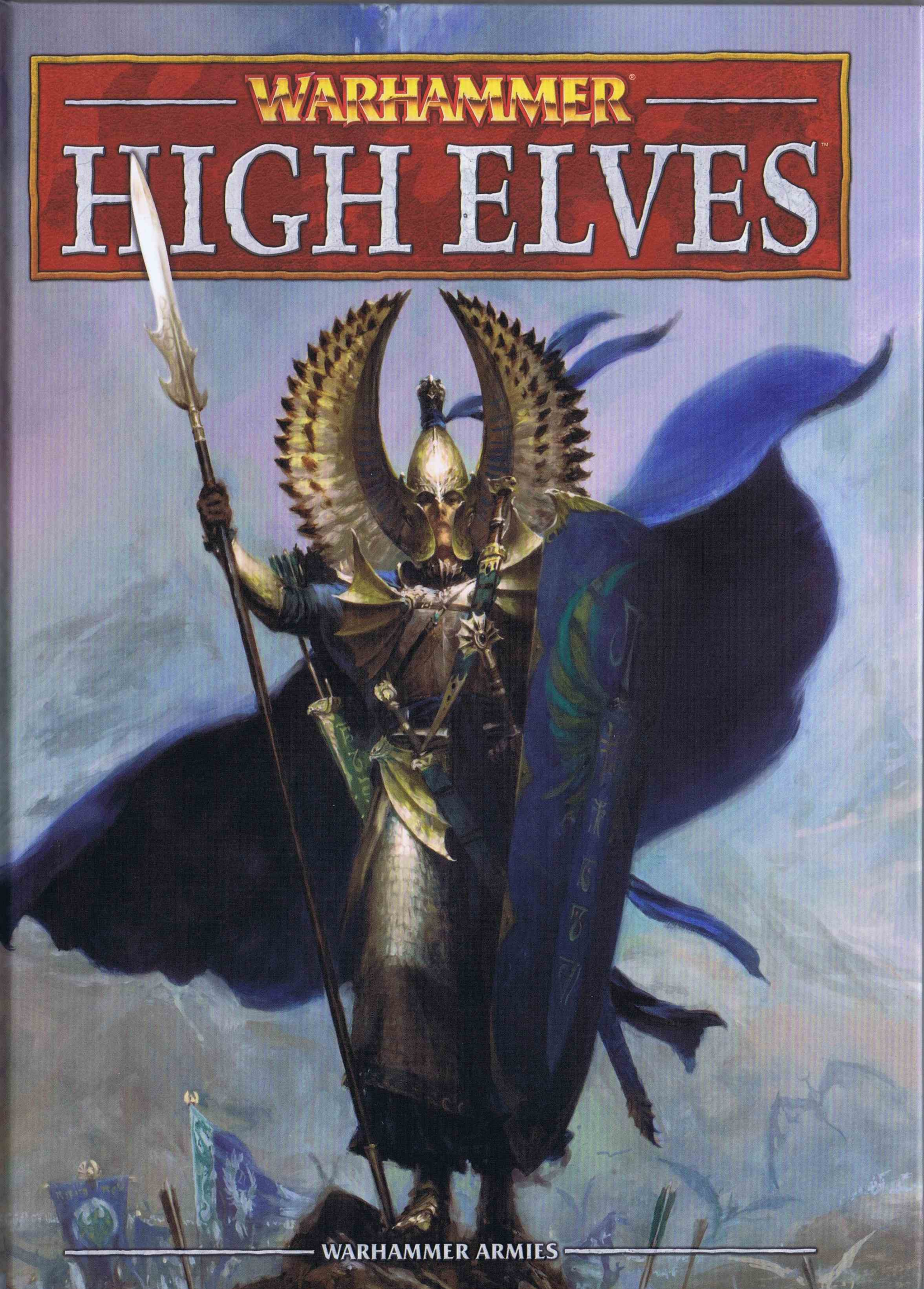
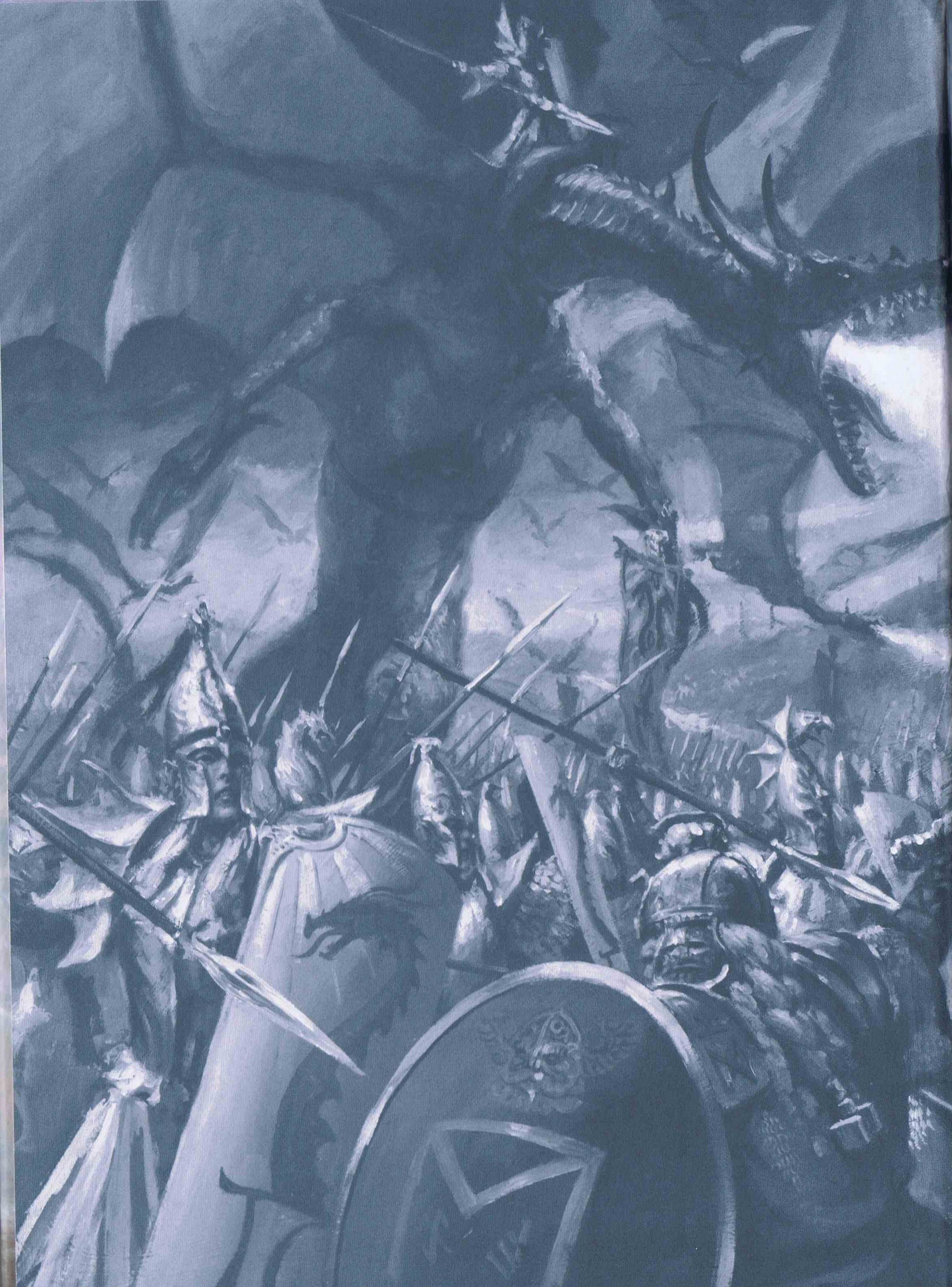
# WARHAMMER®

# HIGH ELVES™



WARHAMMER ARMIES





# HIGH ELVES



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# INTRODUCTION

**From the ten kingdoms of Ulthuan, the High Elves march to war. They have stood guard over this world for millennia, defending it from the predations of Daemons, the worshippers of unholy gods and the unthinking meddling of lesser races.**

This volume is the definitive guide to the High Elves, the ancient defenders of the world. Theirs is an eternal battle against the forces of Chaos and destruction, malice and misrule. Steep yourself in the glories of Ulthuan, swear your allegiance to the Phoenix King, and prepare to do battle in his name.

## WARHAMMER – THE GAME OF FANTASY BATTLES

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

## HIGH ELVES

There are few sights more glorious than an army of High Elves. Serried ranks of white-garbed soldiers take to the field alongside proud knights, mighty mages and ancient creatures of legend. The High Elves are an elite force who, warrior-for-warrior, can overmatch almost any other race in the Warhammer world. Over the long millennia of their existence, they have mastered every style of fighting – whether you seek phalanxes of spears, unstoppable cavalrymen, dead-eyed archers or peerless charioteers, you will find them here.

## HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

*Warhammer: High Elves* contains the following sections:

- **The Lords of Ulthuan.** The first section introduces the High Elves, detailing their ancestral kingdoms and the epochs of their Phoenix Kings. Herein you will find detailed the Sundering of the Elven peoples, the great wars the High Elves have waged and the terrible sacrifices they have made for the good of the world.

- **The Glittering Host.** All the characters, regiments and monsters available to the High Elves are examined in this section. You will find a full description of each unit that covers its role upon the battlefield and its specialised combat abilities, as well as the unit's rules and any unique skills it has. This section also includes the formidable Lore of High Magic, and Vaul's Forge – magic items unique to the High Elves.

- **The Glory of the Elves.** This section contains a stunning selection of Citadel miniatures from the High Elves range. From single models painted to a jaw-dropping display standard to vast armies arranged in deadly battle on the tabletop, this showcase is sure to inspire your collection.

- **High Elves Army List.** The army list takes all of the units presented in the Glittering Host section and arranges them so you can choose an army for your games. Units are classed as either characters (Lords or Heroes), Core, Special or Rare, and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of the game you are playing.









# THE LORDS OF ULTHUAN

*The High Elves' existence is one of eternal battle, fought with a courage and skill that only they possess. But it is a war that, little by little, is being lost. The High Elves fade, whilst their enemies multiply, and each death is a loss the soldiers of Ulthuan can ill afford. Yet it is not in the High Elves' proud nature to pass peacefully from history. When the Phoenix King issues the call to war, his people gladly answer. Disciplined spearmen form up in silence, their brilliant banners of lion, horse and eagle fluttering in the wind. Haughty knights ride alongside, their steeds reacting instantly to unspoken command. Mages prepare intricate spells, archers gauge the gusting wind and, in the skies above, Dragons and Phoenixes wheel and soar, ready to fight to the last alongside their Elven allies. Let the servants of destruction beware.*

# THE HIGH ELVES

The history of the High Elves of Ulthuan is the history of the world. They were once the masters of the mortal realm, and their actions have shaped the fates of many lands. Alas, the High Elves are now passing into twilight, their works and deeds fading alongside them. The empire of the Phoenix Kings, which once ruled entire continents, is now confined to the kingdoms of Ulthuan and scattered outposts overseas. Alabaster cities that once bustled with vibrancy are now naught but empty echoes of a bygone age, and lands that knew nothing but beauty and nobility now reek with the blood and fury of unremitting war. The time of the High Elves has passed, or so it is said, yet such is their pride that they fight on nonetheless. If oblivion is indeed to be their fate, they have chosen to face it with arrow nocked and sword held high, defending the world they have loved to the last.

So do the white-garbed hosts of Ulthuan march to war, banners streaming in the wind and every warrior reconciled to death in service of a greater cause. Ranks of spearmen advance across the plains, scaled armour glittering like diamonds in the sun. Archers rain death upon the enemy, each arrow aimed with a speed and precision far beyond the ability of lesser mortals. The ground trembles as Silver Helms, the flower of Ulthuan's dwindling nobility, spur their steeds to the charge. Swordmasters of Hoeth wield their greatswords with uncanny speed, cleaving armour and severing limbs with each graceful stroke. Mages unleash spells of incredible potency, summoning tempests and deflecting cannonballs with shields of magical force. Dragons and Phoenixes dive from the skies, their flames immolating flesh and melting steel. At the heart of every embattled spear-wall, at the head of every cavalry charge and in the forefront of every magical duel, there can be found vaunted heroes of Ulthuan, princes of ancient bloodline whose fell-handed valour lends strength to all who fight at their side.

## THE ELVEN RACES

The High Elves of Ulthuan – the Asur as they name themselves – are not the only race of Elves to walk the world. The truth of the matter depends on who is telling the story; however, they do hold the honour of being the one true civilisation from which all other Elven realms have sprung. West of Ulthuan, amidst the crags and spires of Naggaroth, dwell the cruel Dark Elves, the Druchii. There is no peace to be had between the courts of Ulthuan and Naggaroth, for the millennia of their shared history have been of endless blood and betrayal. No enmity in all the world is so bitter, no war so savagely fought. By contrast, the Wood Elves of Athel Loren hold no enmity for either their High or Dark Elf cousins, but then neither do they nurture any great trust of them. These Asrai possess a manner and outlook that is utterly alien to other Elves, and want no part of the ancestral hatred that has brought only ruin to the world.



Regardless of their bloodline, all Elves are long-lived – some say immortal. Physically, they are tall and slender, with a dextrous grace and otherworldly aspect that no other race can aspire to match. Such traits are shared by all three races, although the High Elves would have you believe that only on Ulthuan can true Elven beauty and warrior grace be found.

Elven minds are subtle and clever, possessing an intensity and depth of insight that lies far beyond the ability of other creatures – a single word or gesture, however small, conveys a wealth of information to an attentive Elf. It is said, of the High Elves in particular, that their minds are their finest weapons. This is certainly true, but they are dangerous weapons indeed, and can require a lifetime to safely master. Unless he knows discipline, a High Elf's interests can quickly become obsessions – and set his feet on a path that will ultimately see his soul delivered to a thirsting god. Due to this, Ulthuan's society has become tightly structured, rigidly bound by convention and precedent, ritual and ceremony. For a High Elf to behave out of keeping with tradition is considered a truly shameful matter, able to break the power of a family overnight if proven before the Phoenix Court. Thus, its mere implication is one of the chief gambits in Ulthuan's interminable politics.

On the battlefield, it is the combined alacrity of mind and body that makes each Elf so deadly an opponent. His mind is keen enough to read an opponent's intent in the slightest shift of stance, and his body swift enough to deliver a lethal counterblow a heartbeat thereafter. There is no weapon nor form of fighting an Elf cannot master and, even untrained, his skills are formidable. Once properly tutored in his chosen way of war an Elf soldier is lethal grace given form, able to match a hero of lesser blood blow for blow.



## THE INFLUENCE OF CHAOS

The Elves have always believed themselves immune to the warping influence of Chaos and, whilst it is true that they are less ravaged by its effects than other mortals, they have not been left entirely unmarked. Even before the advent of Chaos, Elves were given to pride and arrogance. Now, with the influence of the Dark Gods having long gnawed at their souls, this sense of paramountcy has greatly increased, and with it has come a careless ambivalence concerning the fate of those considered inferior. This has come to manifest itself in different ways amongst the Elven races. In the Dark Elves, it has developed into selfishness, a belief that the world exists solely for their pleasure. It has driven the Wood Elves to isolationism, and they now concern themselves little with the fate of the wider world. In the High Elves, superiority has reinforced their stubborn pride and hubristic certainty. With the passing centuries, they have become ever more assured that the world will only endure if the sons and daughters of Ulthuan give themselves over to its protection from the dread powers of Chaos.

## GUARDIANS OF ORDER

Whilst the High Elves consider themselves to be the defenders of the world, that calling doesn't necessarily extend to the protection of other races. Only a relative handful of High Elves see the lesser races as something worth protecting – and even they believe that these races must occasionally be saved from themselves. The rest, at their most generous, consider foreigners an additional set of defences with which to preserve Ulthuan, living fortress walls to be reinforced or abandoned as the larger scheme of battle dictates. This is not to say that the High Elves never fight alongside other races, but it is true that such alliances seldom come about save through the intervention of exceptional and foresighted individuals.



Few amongst the other races see the High Elves' mission for what it is, so blinded are they by their own petty concerns and suspicions. To them, the folk of Ulthuan are merely another power jockeying for pre-eminence through the channels of trade, diplomacy and war. They have not the wit to see that if the High Elves choose to trade with another race, it is not out of a desire for coin or armaments. There are treasures beyond the dreams of avarice in the vaults of even Ulthuan's meanest mansion, and the armouries of its kingdoms contain ten times as many enchanted weapons than there are Elves to wield them. However, the High Elves know trade to be something that others welcome and understand, and so use it to gather information and position spies. Likewise, the High Elves find the tongues of other races to be leaden and boorish, and so only engage in overseas politicking if it factors into their wider goals.

Even in matters of war, the High Elves seldom commit themselves unless it will substantially benefit their cause. The armies of Ulthuan are amongst the mightiest weapons any ruler could hope to wield, but the world is vast, and they cannot be everywhere at once. Every battle, whether it be a skirmish between warbands, a clash of armies or the siege of a great city, is fought because it will shift the balance between the order the High Elves seek to maintain and the destruction caused by the onset of Chaos. Not all such battles are fought directly with the forces of the Dark Gods. Though they know it not, rampaging greenskins, meddling Men and needlessly stubborn Dwarfs can undermine the High Elves' quest for order, simply through their unthinking deeds. As a consequence, the blades of Ulthuan must be carried against the warriors of many lands – if the ignorant must be slaughtered to deny the truly wicked, then so be it.

The war that the High Elves fight is a desperate one, with no ultimate victory in sight. The forces of Chaos are endless and eternal, whilst the High Elves dwindle daily. There may yet come a time when all of Ulthuan's blood has been spent, and the world is left bare before the predations of hungry gods. That day may yet be long away, but every battle, won or lost, brings it closer.

KEY

City

Fortress

Shrine

Northwatch

THE ISLES

BLIGHTED ISLE

Plain of Bones

Shrine of Khaine

Rock of Galirian

Anlec

Blighted Woods

Shrine of Kurnous

The Amaranth Isles

Isle of Endless Chill

Rokhame

THE SHIFTING ISLES

Desolation of Tethlis

Lion Fang Hills

Lion March

CHRACE

Tor Dynal

Elisia

Sundered Strand

NAGARYTHE

Dead Kings Peak

Tor Gard

Tor Achare

The Burned Glades

Whitecreach Bay

The Salvation Isles

Tor Dranil

ANNULII MOUNTAINS

Phoenix Gate

Elyran Tarn

Sky Forge

COTHIQUE

The Seven Sisters

Mistnar

Shadow March

Everale Ridge

Oakheart's Pyre

Dragon Gate

Silverglen

Tor Saroir

Tor Koruali

Tor Andar

Shrine of Remembrance

Unicorn Gate

Mirror Woods

Chasm of Sorrows

Stone of Ellyrion

Evershale

ELLYRION

AVELORN

Shadow Peak

Elendro Mere

The High Vale

Isha's Circle

Tor Anroc (The Sunken City)

Griffon Gate

Moonspire

Skyhaven Plateau

The Dead Shale

Reaver's Mark

River Vilu

Night Wood

Whitefire Tor

Eversprings

Elaranna Bay

Tor Finu

Shrine of Mathlann

Eagle Gate

Tor Elyr

YVRESSE

Finuval Plain

Farwatch Keep

Gaean Vale

SEA OF DUSK

Shrine of Hoeth

ANNULII MOUNTAINS

Tor Yvraine

Athel Tamarha

Fallow Marsh

THE INNER SEA

Isle of Aestuniae

Ruins of Sardenath

TIRANOC

The Bleak Coast

Isle of the Dead

The White Tower of Hoeth

Tralinia

The Wheeled March

Cold Drake Keep

Port Elistor

Cairn Avon

Wailing Fen

Whitepeak

The Arespan

SEA OF DREAMS

SAPHERY

Shrouded Shore

Circle of Night

Towers of the Winds

Elessaeli

Shrine of Asuryan

Avethir

Tor Sethai

CALEDOR

Circle of Dawn

Cairn Thel

Drake Isles

Angerrial

Darkstone Chasm

Stonesung Plateau

Tower of Lysean

The Bay of Tears

Summersong

Everwatch

The Dragon Spine

Shrine of Addaioth

Shimmersung

EATAINE

Lothern

Shimmersward

Glittering Tower

Caledor's Repose

Dragonette Cove

Straits of Lothern

Shrine of Lileath

Vaul's Anvil

The Shifting Shrine of Loec

The Chaos Wastes

Eastern Steppes

The Old World

The Dark Lands

Naggaroth

Ulthuan

Araby

The Great Ocean

Tower of Stars

Tower of the Sun

Tor Elithis

Southlands

Lustria

Tor Elasor

Gates of Calith

Citadel of Dusk

Fortress of Dawn

# ULTHUAN

The High Elf civilisation was born on the immense continent of Ulthuan, an island paradise created specifically for the High Elves when the world was formed by the Old Ones. It is a place of incredible magic, where unthinkable power is harnessed and borne upon gentle winds.

Ulthuan is comprised of the ten realms of the Outer and Inner Kingdoms. The former are those whose shores touch the ocean, while the latter are those that surround the Inner Sea. The Inner and Outer Kingdoms are divided by the cloud-piercing Annulii Mountains. The Annulii are almost impossible to cross, save by certain passes and tunnels, and even then, travellers must contend with the perilous beasts that shelter amidst the crags and catacombs. No Elf has ever scaled to the very summit of one of the Annulii and spoken of it, but legends abound of an otherworldly realm beyond the clouds, where ancient gods hold court.

## EATAINE

Eataine is simply the hinterland of the vast city-state of Lothern, and first amongst the Elf kingdoms. It is the home of the current Phoenix King, Finubar, and the site of his Phoenix Court. Eataine is dotted with vineyards, villas and summer estates to which the noble families of the city retire. The city is one of the wonders of the known world and source of Eataine's prosperity.

Approaching Lothern, the first thing a mariner sees is the Glittering Tower – a great lighthouse filled with thousands of lamps, situated on a rocky isle in the mouth of the treacherous Straits of Lothern. This titanic fortress guards the approach to the Emerald Gate, the first sea-gate of Lothern. Anyone approaching the Emerald Gate can easily be caught in a crossfire between the massed war engines in the Glittering Tower and those on the Gate itself. The sight of these imposing bastions is enough to turn all but the most insane attackers away.

Any who are allowed through the Emerald Gate pass through the wide channel of the Straits, sheer cliff faces lined with ramparts all constantly garrisoned by the well-armed and alert warriors of the Sea Guard. A second portal bars the way for those who are not permitted access, a vast gate of shining silver set with sapphires the size of a man's head, beyond which lies a huge lagoon where thousands of vessels of every conceivable size and shape, from tiny pleasure craft to the mighty warships of the High Elf fleet, lie at anchor. Towering statues of the Phoenix King and the Everqueen face each other across the mouth of the bay. Around the harbour are other great statues of the Elven gods: Asuryan, Lileath, Kurnous, Isha and many others. As dusk falls, the statues blaze briefly with white flame: all save that of Khaine, whose eyes and hands glow blood-red.

Around this lagoon sits Lothern itself, and this is as far as any non-Elf may travel – outsiders are forbidden to pass through the third gate of ruby and gold and into the Inner Sea. In these days of dwindling, Lothern is as much a foreign city as an Elven one, for the many merchants who bustle through its streets now seem as numerous as the High Elves with whom they trade.

## AVELORN

The great Forest of Avelorn is the oldest of all the Elf realms. Ancient glamours lie upon its tangled groves, and creatures of legend still walk beneath its eaves. Yet Avelorn's glories are maintained only by the constant watchfulness of the rangers that guard its borders, for the monsters of the Annulii Mountains are drawn to this realm as to no other; scarcely a day passes without an attack by some dread creature.

Avelorn is ruled by the Everqueen, the chosen of the Earth Mother, mistress of the undying forest, preserver of green fastness, observer of the rites of the golden spring, monarch of one of the Twin Thrones of Ulthuan. As such, she holds tremendous power and prestige – her only real peer is the Phoenix King himself. Often, there is rivalry between the two Thrones, but this balance is at the very heart of the High Elves' concepts of hierarchy – being ruled by a single all-powerful dictator would be unthinkable to them.

The court of the Everqueen moves through Avelorn from place to place like a great carnival, pitching silken pavilions wherever it halts. By day, silver laughter rings through the forest as the Elves make sport. By night, faerie lights flicker in the darkness, illuminating the revels and feasting. With its perfect weather, bountiful forests and beautiful near-immortal inhabitants, Avelorn seems the sort of verdant paradise of which mortal men can only dream.

### *THE GREAT VORTEX*

*Ulthuan is spanned by a network of waystones – towering rune-carved menhirs that channel and redirect the Winds of Magic. Each waystone collects the raw power of Chaos and directs it to an inward neighbour. Thus are the magical energies of the world inexorably drawn, like the waters of a whirlpool, to Ulthuan's heart. There the magic is drained from the world by the Great Vortex; the last – and most brilliant – enchantment of Caledor the Great.*

*The Great Vortex is centred on the Isle of the Dead, the ancient memorial ground of the Elves. It is not a true island, but rather an archipelago of waystones whose arrangements are laid in symbols of mystical significance. These menhirs vary greatly in size – some are scarce a dozen feet tall and slim as an Elf, whilst others are as tall as mountains and nearly a mile in girth. Without the latent spiritual energy contained within these waystones, the conjuration of the Great Vortex would have been impossible. The Isle of the Dead exists outside time, beyond the reach of the physical world – its black-robed guardians keep a grim watch to ensure it remains that way. If an intruder were to be allowed upon these haunted shores, he would find the High Elf mages of old, caught like flies in amber, still chanting their ages-long spells to preserve the balance of the world.*

*Despite the Great Vortex, magic has left its mark on Ulthuan. Strange lights flicker in the skies, beautiful voices dance upon the wind and waterfalls resonate with otherworldly music. Indeed, Ulthuan's entire being is now sustained by magic. During a time known as the Sundering, the continent was wracked and shattered, its remnants saved from the hungry sea by desperate enchantments. Only by harnessing the vast power drawn in by the waystones can the Elves ensure that Ulthuan is not swallowed up by the ocean.*

## CALEDOR

Caledor is a thinly populated, mountainous realm. Its sparse population has ever belied its power, for it is here, beneath the blazing peaks of the Dragon Spine mountains, that the Dragons dwell. Here, long ago, came Caledor Dragontamer. Mightiest of the ancient mages, he bound the fearsome Dragons to his will, using harnesses of enchanted truesteel smelted in the fiery heart of Vaul's Anvil. His descendants named their kingdom Caledor in his honour.

In the centuries that followed, great granite fortresses sprang up in the misty vales, and from them, Dragon Princes rode the thermals over sullen volcanoes. None could stand against them in battle, for the nobles of Caledor were fearsome mages as well as mighty warriors, borne upon Dragons that were terrible to behold. Though the Dragon Princes were few, the destruction they wrought was unmatched, and few dared court the wrath of Caledor.

Eventually the mountains cooled, and the fury of the volcanoes ebbed. As the peaks lost their fire, so did the Dragons lose theirs. One by one, they drifted into slumber, becoming ever more difficult to rouse. As the strength of the Dragons waned, so did the power of the Caledorian princes. Their grip on the Phoenix Throne slackened, and the old realm of Caledor was eclipsed by other kingdoms. Yet even in their weakened state, the Caledorians are still formidable, and their voices carry much weight at the Phoenix Court.

Caledorians are haughty even by the standards of other Elves. Indeed, 'Prince of Caledor' is a byword for arrogance amongst Elves of other lands. The banners of the Dragon Princes remain upright whilst all the others are dipped to acknowledge the rule of the Phoenix King prior to battle. When forced to remark upon it, Dragon Princes claim that this stems from the reign of Caledor the Conqueror, who granted them this as a sign of respect for their noble sacrifice. They say that it is not for them to countermand the word of Caledor. Such an act would be to offer far greater disrespect to the lineage of Phoenix Kings than ten thousand erect standards could ever achieve. Others point out that even before Caledor granted this boon, the Dragon Princes refused to lower their banners anyway.

The Kingdom of Caledor is the location of Vaul's Anvil, the fiercest of all Ulthuan's volcanoes. Upon this blazing black island at the very tail of the Dragon Spine sits the Shrine of Vaul, god of the forge. His temple rests in a great tower of black adamant rising out of the steaming lava within the volcano's crater. The temple can only be approached over a narrow drawbridge of truesteel. Within this shrine, the priests of Vaul forge weapons of power and devices of infinite cunning for use by the Elf lords.

The priests of Vaul ritually blind themselves when they enter the Order of Vaul. The act of putting out their own eyes has greater significance than merely leaving the priests sightless. While they lose their earthly vision, they gain something far more. They are bestowed with the skill and shrewdness of their patron deity, and the understanding of the sorrow and suffering that Vaul has undergone to protect the Elves. This knowledge and wisdom enables them to harness the fickle Winds of Magic and use them to create weapons of incredible potency for the High Elves who fight the wars to protect Ulthuan.

## ELLYRION

Ellyrion is a land of gentle summers and mild winters, of sweeping plains, azure skies and heady pollen. It is famed for its horses, who thunder across moor and heath from dawn to dusk. The steeds of Ellyrion are the swiftest and most noble of four-legged beasts, much prized by nobles of the Ten Kingdoms, and those of the lands beyond.

To folk from other lands, the Ellyrian steppes appear to stretch on forever. Indeed, time and distance work strangely here. A traveller can walk directly towards his destination for hours upon hours, growing ever more distant from his starting point, yet never coming closer to his goal. The Ellyrians know the secret paths and ways through their land, for they have learnt them from the horses, but such secrets are seldom shared – even amongst other Elves.



The Horsemasters of Ellyrion live in harmony with their mounts. They prefer not to break their beasts' spirits with harsh treatment; rather, the horses are enchanted and serve willingly when called. The Elves repay this loyalty with kindness and protection. Those who harm their steeds are severely dealt with – even in a realm as civilised as Ellyrion, it is still possible to die a most uncivilised death. 'Better to harm the brother of an Ellyrian than his horse' is a well-known saying in Ulthuan.

Ellyrians are a wild and proud people, quick-tempered as Elves go, and swift to avenge any stain on their honour. They are flamboyant and skilled riders, capable of performing staggering feats of archery and acrobatics on horseback. It is said that they learn to ride before they learn to walk. This is almost true – at a young age, each Ellyrian child is bonded to a specially selected foal who will be their mount in later life.

The Ellyrian cavalry is constantly called to battle, for Ellyrion is one of the main areas that the Dark Elves of Naggaroth will raid on those occasions when they get across the mountains. The Horsemasters maintain constant patrols across their lands to warn of any incursion, and running battles between Ellyrian Reavers and Dark Elf raiders are a common occurrence. The Naggarothi often raid Ellyrion solely for the purpose of stealing black horses from the great wild herds. Such conflicts are notably bitter and hard-fought affairs for, in the eyes of an Ellyrian, no blacker villain can exist than a Naggarothi who stoops to the matchless infamy of horse theft.

The capital of Ellyrion is Tor Elyr, a city built on a series of island castles linked by a web of silver bridges. Each castle is a palace, sculpted from the living rock of a peaked island, decked with statues of Ellyrian princes and their steeds. Beneath Tor Elyr, the waters of the Sea of Dusk churn wrathfully, their foam-flecked tips dashing against the city's alabaster walls. Ellyrians believe that the spirits of their fallen steeds dwell within those waves, and indeed horse-shaped figures rise from the white crests every dawn. Should Tor Elyr ever fall, they say, the spirits of the waves will rise up one last, terrible time to drown the city and all within.

## SAPHERY

Saphery is an enchanted land, with skies that shine with all the colours of the rainbow, hills that move by night and warm rivers that glow with gentle light.

Magic courses through the blood of Sapherian Elves, and all of the realm's princes are also mages of awesome power. They are reclusive and idiosyncratic, dwelling in exquisite mansions far from other outposts of civilisation. Each noble's home has its own character that reflects the interests and magical researches of its patrons. The palace of Anurion the Green is surrounded by terraced gardens containing many strange and exotic plants, some carnivorous, some sentient, some both. Much of his collection is not even of this world. By contrast, the mansion of Hothar the Fey drifts gently across the sky of Saphery, never greeting the dawn twice in the same location. Though Sapherian princes are thought eccentric even by other High Elves, their independence and intellect have ever been highly valued by the Phoenix Throne. Predictability, after all, can sometimes be a weakness.

The heart of Saphery is the Tower of Hoeth, the Elven god of wisdom. This is the greatest repository of magical knowledge in the world, compiled down the centuries by High Elf mages and scholars who dedicated their lives to the accumulation of magical lore. This bone-white structure is almost half a mile high, a feat of engineering made possible only by magic. Its approaches are guarded by rings of illusion, and mazes of spells ensure that only those selected by the Loremasters of Hoeth ever find the true path. Those who seek wisdom here will find it. Those who seek power for power's sake are never seen again.

### *THE ISLES OF FLAME AND REBIRTH*

*Once a year, the sacred white barges of the Phoenix King and the Everqueen ply the waters of the Inner Sea to their respective shrines upon the Isle of Flame and the Isle of Rebirth. Each ship is built for the coronation of the ruler and, on his or her death, bears them off to the Isle of the Dead to rest with the ancient rulers of Ulthuan. As the barges plough the waters, nothing slows their stately progress; no wind fills their sails, no hand guides their tiller. They follow the lines of power that run through the Inner Sea to their destination.*

*The Shrine of Asuryan, destination of the Phoenix King, is located on the Island of the Flame due north of Lothern. Within this ancient pyramid's central chamber burns the eternal fire of the phoenix. When a new king is crowned, he bathes in these white-hot flames, passing miraculously unscathed through the inferno before emerging to be clad in ceremonial robes and the great feathered cloak of kingship. Both these ceremonies are overseen by the Phoenix Guard, the silent sentinels of Asuryan. Just as they attend the king on his journey to the flame, so too do they bear his lifeless body to the funerary White Ship when his mortal existence finally ends.*

*Further north, off the shores of Avelorn, lies the Island of Rebirth, site of the Earth Mother's shrine. Here, in the depths of the beautiful Gaen valley, lies the cavern-temple of the Mother Goddess, where the Everqueen is crowned. Herein dwell the priestesses of Isha, an oracular order whose origins lie shrouded in the mists of time. Within the underground complex, many mysterious rites take place which no male Elf is allowed to witness. Every female Elf is expected to make a pilgrimage here at least once in her life.*



## TIRANOC

Tiranoc is the westernmost of Ulthuan's realms. Once it was the fairest of the Elf lands, where majestic snow-capped peaks towered over sweeping flower-strewn plains. Its people were great sailors who colonised many lands to the west. Wealth flowed from these colonies: gold to gild the city's spires, silver to be wrought into the bodywork of chariots, furs for winter wear and medicinal herbs to cure the sick. The charioteers of Tiranoc, famed throughout the land for their skill and daring, raced between their white marble cities. The folk were content and peaceful, and their lives golden. But this time of happiness was to pass.

In the dark time of the Sundering, when the Dark Elves broke with the people of Ulthuan, Tiranoc suffered grievously. At the climax of the war, Dark Elf sorceries and High Elf counterspells clashed with such force that the whole of Ulthuan was devastated. Tiranoc was flooded by the sea and disappeared almost completely, leaving only a fraction of the once-great kingdom above the ocean, with its beautiful cities tumbled to ruin, or else swept beneath the seas.

In the wake of the Sundering, Tiranoc's survivors swore to rebuild their kingdom to its former glory. Over the millennia they have achieved much, and there are once more prosperous cities in the realm – nonetheless, it is a rare heart in Tiranoc that does not know bitterness. Thus, whenever the Dark Elves invade Ulthuan, it is the armies of Tiranoc which are the first to take up arms. Such battles are vicious beyond measure, for the prospect of retribution lends strength and resolve sufficient to overcome any foe.

## THE SHADOWLANDS

The Shadowlands are a dark and desolate region, but were once part of a mighty Elven kingdom called Nagarythe. Here, the first Phoenix King once held court, and it was here that the greatest battles against Daemonkind were won. That desperate struggle hardened and embittered the folk of Nagarythe, so that other Elves came to regard them as a cruel and bloodthirsty people. After Aenarion's death his son Malekith inherited the kingdom. When Malekith rose against the rightful Phoenix King, he led his warriors in a savage and destructive war. Nagarythe was destroyed and many of its people fled with their evil master to the cold lands of the New World. They became the Dark Elves – evil kin to the High Elves of Ulthuan. Today, what little remains of the once-proud Kingdom of Nagarythe is treated with fear and distrust. It is uninhabited but for wanderers and beasts.

The great fortress of Anlec, from where both Aenarion and Malekith ruled the proud people of Nagarythe, was destroyed during the Sundering. Since that time, the Dark Elves have repeatedly attacked, attempting to reclaim their ancient kingdom, but each time they have been repelled by the High Elves. The ruins of Anlec have been refortified, fought over, and cast down again more than once, and even today they draw the Dark Elves back to the lands of their ancestors. Some whisper that more Elves have died fighting over Anlec's ruins than anywhere else in Ulthuan.

### *THE ISLES OF THE NORTH*

*The Isles of the North suffered most during the Sundering – cataclysmic forces were unleashed that shattered the northern part of the continent and drowned a great many of its islands. The remaining islands are tortured and twisted places, blasted by fire and death. Monsters, stirred from the lightless ocean depths by the sinking of the lands, sometimes come ashore here in search of prey.*

*This realm once belonged to the Dark Elves and they still seek to reclaim it. The Elves of Ulthuan maintain fortresses and watchtowers in these desolate lands to defend them against invaders. Year by year, war is waged here. Sometimes the Isles are in possession of the Dark Elves, sometimes in possession of the warriors of the Phoenix King.*

*Rising over the misty wilderness of the Blighted Isle, largest of the surviving islands, is the great Shrine of Khaine, the war god of the Elves. This shrine has long been abandoned, but it is still a place of great power and of deep significance to both the High Elves and the Dark Elves. Both worship Khaine as a god and both claim his shrine. The shrine itself is a massive black altar within which is embedded Khaine's Widowmaker – a weapon of immeasurable power, forged by Vaul himself. Everyone who looks upon it sees a different weapon, whether spear, sword or axe. All agree that the weapon drips blood, and those who have dared to behold it can feel it singing to their soul, filling them with promises of destruction.*

*The Dark Elves would use this weapon in an instant if they could but seize it, yet they have never been able to control the Blighted Isle long enough to perform the rituals that would allow its release. For their part, the High Elves have lost too many kings to Khaine's madness to even consider employing his Widowmaker. Thus, no matter how stretched the armies of Ulthuan become, a watch is always kept upon the Shrine of Khaine, to ensure the Phoenix King learns swiftly when the Dark Elves return.*

## COTHIQUE

Cothique is a coastal kingdom, inhabited by shrewd and hardy seafolk. It is a cold realm, battered by chill northeastern winds, and little-loved, save by its own people. Yet even these folk of Cothique are renowned for their wanderlust, and reputedly spend as little time within their own land as possible. Their graceful vessels plough the turbulent northern waters in search of food and trade with different lands. This is a highly dangerous area to sail, not just because of the perilous waters, but because the seas contain many monstrous creatures stirred up by the collapse of northern Ulthuan centuries ago. Kraken, huge shark-like megalodons, behemoths and even the dread Black Leviathan are all known to lurk in the waters north of Ulthuan.

To survive in such waters requires great skill, but the Elves of Cothique are the finest sailors in the world. Sleek, alabaster war-catamarans prowl the coast, their lookouts ever alert for deep-spawned perils. Sky-ships, their timbers infused with magic, scout the reefs and archipelagos in search of Dark Elf raiders, while messengers mounted on the giant flying fish of the outer isles carry news landward.

In these dwindling days, most of Ulthuan's realms are inward-facing, concerning themselves with the wider world only when not doing so would invite disaster. Only the nobles of Cothique look to the wider world as a source of opportunity. This is why the later voyages of Finubar the Seafarer were conducted on ships from Cothique, for no other living mariner on Ulthuan could match the breadth of knowledge found within that realm.

Cothique's cities and fortresses are more practical and of much sturdier build than those found in other realms. After all, they were designed primarily to survive the weather, rather than serve as aesthetic examples. Indeed, the realm's true treasures can be found underground, amidst the network of caves and caverns that honeycomb the region's cliff faces and valleys. It was to here that the folk of Cothique retreated during invasions of times past and, over the centuries, that which was born of necessity became a way of life.

Now, many of Cothique's palaces lie beneath the surface. Their walls are the land's alabaster rock, brilliantly polished, and decorated with a web-work of finely wrought silver and star sapphires. No shadow falls here, for darkness is a fit companion only for Goblin warrens and the grim redoubts of the Dwarfs. Instead, Cothique's grottoes and halls are lit by a magical glow from the rock itself, set there in ages past by the most accomplished mages of the realm. Anywhere else in the world, underground halls such as these would be under constant threat from the Skaven – but to Ulthuan, which rests not on bedrock, but is rather held upon the waves by magic, the ratmen can make no subterranean passage.

Alas, as glorious as the halls of Cothique are, the finest were lost during the dark days of the Sundering. The waters of the Eastern Ocean rose up in a mighty wave and flooded the palaces nearest to the sea. Though the waters mostly retreated – as it did not in Tiranoc and Nagarythe – no Elf will lightly enter those chambers, for the bitter tang of the sea and the stench of the wave-rotten dead hangs heavy about them. Indeed, Cothiquan mariners tell that the spirits of the drowned still haunt those passages, holding court amongst tapestries of tangled kelp and hoards of tarnished treasure.

## CHRACE

Chrace was once a relatively empty and peaceful land, occupied only by those who sought to escape the civilised realms and return to nature. Now, Chrace exists in a state of permanent war, for it is the main route through which the Dark Elves seek access to the Inner Lands. Its settlements are fortified, its glades ring to the sound of sword upon steel, and its populace lives ever under the shadow of battle. The once-wondrous forests have become perilous, for dark magic has scoured the land, corrupting ancient groves and giving birth to monstrous creatures.

The hunters of Chrace maintain a constant watch on the passes through their lands. When the Dark Elves are spied, Great Eagles are immediately despatched to summon reinforcements. Meanwhile, the Chracian archer and spear regiments employ every trick of ambush and forestcraft to hinder and destroy the trespassers. Thus has many an invading army of Dark Elves simply been swallowed up whilst campaigning in Chrace, with no tale of its fate ever reaching their twisted homeland.

The mountains of Chrace are the home of the fearsome white lions. To be counted as a real hunter, an Elf of Chrace must kill one of these regal creatures single-handed, or else tame it to his service. Neither task is an easy one, for the lions are intelligent and canny beasts, making the contest one of wits, as well as strength. The white lion also gives its name to the legendary regiments in the service of the Phoenix Throne: the White Lions, carefully selected warriors who guard the Phoenix King in battle.

## YVRESSE

Yvresse is the land of mists. It encompasses not only a sizable part of eastern Ulthuan, but also the islands of the Eastern Ocean. The mainland is a wild coastline, fringed by deep coniferous forests. The foothills of the Annulii march off to form distant peaks that tower dramatically into the clouds. Yvresse is the least densely populated kingdom of Ulthuan, and by those Elves from other realms, it is often considered a bleak coastal realm, and less than lovely – but to those who call it their home, the towering cliffs and soaring sea birds are sights as fine as any to be seen in the continent of Ulthuan.

To the east of the mainland are the Shifting Isles. This is an area shrouded in legend, where ancient spells of illusion shield the eastern coast of Ulthuan from intruders. The whole area is wreathed in mists, and within these billowing clouds, strange and terrifying things are often seen; whether these are the products of men's ensorcelled imaginations or whether they actually exist is something not often discussed. However, the Shifting Isles definitely live up to their name, and each is seldom encountered twice in the same spot. This creates treacherous mazes of shoals and sandbars which can confuse even High Elf sailors.

Yvresse has only one major city: Tor Yvresse, a metropolis as beautiful and grand as any of the Elf cities of old. Sadly, its glory days are long past. Many of the old mansions are uninhabited, and the great amphitheatres are silent and empty. The walls of the city are mighty and deep, but there are never enough warriors to man them, and many wonder if the city could withstand another serious invasion.





# THE PHOENIX KINGS

Ulthuan is ruled by a collection of princes, princesses and mages, above whom preside the Phoenix King and the Everqueen. The relationship between these rulers is not as simple as the titles would suggest. The kingship is elective while the queenship is hereditary, and both monarchs maintain entirely separate courts.

The Everqueen is always the Queen of Avelorn. Her realm is the site of the principal shrine of the Earth Mother, and she is regarded as the spiritual leader of the whole Elven realm. The position of Everqueen is always taken up by the firstborn daughter of the previous queen, conceived during her year-long ritual marriage to the Phoenix King. After this formal marriage, they are free to take new consorts, but only the daughter conceived from the marriage of the Phoenix King and the Everqueen can be the new Everqueen. Hence the Queens of Avelorn have always been the Everqueens of Ulthuan, forming an unbroken chain from ages past. By contrast, the Phoenix King is chosen from among the princes of Ulthuan, one year after the death of the previous incumbent. Each is crowned during a holy ceremony, held at the massive pyramidal Shrine of Asuryan and attended by the legions of the Phoenix Guard and the princes of Ulthuan.

The process of choosing the new Phoenix King is rife with intrigue. Emotions often run hot during this fraught and delicate event. Traditionally, the last thirty days of the year of mourning are set aside for the election to take place; however, in practice the debate starts much sooner than that. Often, the politicking starts long before the reigning Phoenix King has died. High Elves love intrigue, and never is the prize greater than when a new Phoenix King is chosen. The grandest of Ulthuan's noble families each look for their candidate to be chosen, and they vie for the support of their peers for their choice. Further to this, each realm in Ulthuan desires the new Phoenix King to be chosen from their land. So it is that rivalries are set aside – or created – to ensure that the agendas of the noble houses are met.

For all the deception, manipulation and chicanery employed during the election process, it is almost unheard of for the tactics employed to escalate to violence or outright sabotage. Such actions are considered heretical, for the Phoenix King is the anointed servant of Asuryan. Few High Elf nobles are so consumed with victory that they could believe, even for a moment, that the Creator God would ever approve of a King selected by the ruling council under such dubious and destructive circumstances.



## THE AGES OF RULE

Elves reckon time differently to Men and Dwarfs. They are so long-lived that their history is divided not into centuries or millennia but 'reigns', with each Phoenix King's reign considered to be a separate historical epoch.

The Elven calendar, like that of Men, has four seasons (Frost, Rain, Sun and Storm), and it is by this calendar that they measure time. In Elf records, the reign of the Phoenix King comes first, then the year, then season and lastly the day (though the latter two are seldom used in the chronicling of significant events). Thus V, 140, 3, 90 would equate to the ninetieth day of the season of the Sun, in the one hundred and fortieth year of the reign of Caradryel the Peacemaker. Because a new Phoenix King is not elected until the previous ruler has been dead for a full year, the 'missing year' is always considered to be the last year of the dead King's reign.

No records exist concerning the dating system prior to Aenarion's reign (the day he stepped through the Fire of Asuryan being the first day of his reign), except that the Everqueens ruled alone, and the system revolved in some way around them.

## KEY EVENTS IN HIGH ELF HISTORY

I, 1 **Aenarion's Ascension**
*Aenarion passes through the sacred flame and defends the Shrine of Asuryan against Morkar's Chaos Horde.*

I, 79 **Battle of the Isle of the Dead**
*The last battle of Aenarion the Defender. The Great Vortex is created, and the Daemons of Chaos are banished from the world.*

II, 1669 **Malekith's Betrayal**
*Prince Malekith assassinates the Phoenix King Bel Shanaar and attempts to seize the throne. His body is rejected by the sacred flame, and is borne north by his followers as Ulthuan wakes to his treachery.*

III, 1 **Nagarythe Rises**
*Ulthuan erupts into civil war as those loyal to Malekith rise up in support of their prince, who is thereafter known as the Witch King.*

III, 26 **The Sundering**
*As a result of the Witch King's interference with the Great Vortex, much of northern Ulthuan is sunk.*

IV, 201 **The War of the Beard**
*Elven pride and Dwarfish stubbornness ignites a war that will blaze for centuries to come.*

V, 1 **Invasion of the Blighted Isle**
*The Dark Elves create a great fortress at Anlec – this remains a blight upon Ulthuan's shores for many long centuries, and a staging post from which the Dark Elves prosecute their wars against their sundered kin.*

V, 10-98 **The Homecoming**
*At the order of Phoenix King Caradryel, Elven colonists return home to Ulthuan. The Elves of Athel Loren refuse to conform, and declare their independence from the Phoenix Throne.*

VI, 301 **The Scouring of Ulthuan**
*Phoenix King Tethlis the Slayer topples the fortress of Anlec and drives the Dark Elves from Ulthuan.*

VII, 11 **The Second Golden Age**
*Bel-Korhadris commences an age of rebuilding, in which many of Ulthuan's humbled glories are restored. Work commences on the White Tower of Hoeth.*

X, 498 **The Voyages of Finubar**
*Finubar travels the lands beyond Ulthuan and opens relations with the realms of many younger races.*

XI, 138 **The Great Incursion**
*Dark Elves invade Ulthuan, and Chaos swamps the Old World. Though sorely beset at home, the High Elves elect to aid the younger races. This wary (and often fraught) alliance against the forces of destruction will be invoked many times in later years.*

# AENARION

*I) The Defender, 1- 80 (Imperial Calendar c.-4498 to -4419)*

Aenarion was the greatest and most tragic of all Elf heroes: a doomed champion, a fallen god. He was the mightiest warrior in an age of darkness and constant strife; best-loved and most accursed of all the Phoenix Kings of Ulthuan.

Aenarion's reign began in a time of terror and strife. The polar gates, once used by the star-walking Old Ones to step from world to world, had collapsed, unleashing a roiling tide of magical energy across the world. In the magic's wake came the daemonic legions of the Chaos Gods, who sought to claim the mortal world for their own. Against a foe such as this the Elves stood no chance, for they were unschooled in warfare and their magic was used only for peaceful pursuits. Ulthuan was soon ablaze with war and slaughter, and the Elves pleaded to their gods for salvation.

## THE FIRST OF THE PHOENIX KINGS

Aenarion was a wanderer who had travelled the length of the world, but who swiftly returned to Ulthuan in its time of need. Realising that the Elves could not long stand against the unfettered fury of Chaos, Aenarion battled his way through the land to the Shrine of Asuryan. There he offered himself to the sacred fire, and implored Asuryan to save his people. Asuryan made no response, but Aenarion held to his promise and cast himself into the white-hot flames – yet Aenarion did not die that day. He emerged unscathed from the fires, transformed by Asuryan's divine will from mortal Elf to the first and mightiest of the Phoenix Kings.

Aenarion began his reign with a truly auspicious victory. Outside the walls of the temple, he faced a howling Daemon horde whose black hearts were set on toppling the shrine, that the sacred fires might be forever extinguished. With a single throw of his hunting spear, Aenarion slew the Daemon-lord who led the charge. Then, scarcely breaking step, he took up the Daemon's weapon and butchered the rest of that abominable host.

Word of Aenarion's victory swiftly spread across Ulthuan. All Elvenkind took heart at his actions, and rallied to him even as the Daemons reeled from the defeat. Caledor Dragontamer, the greatest wizard of the era, swore fealty to Aenarion, and together they trained the Elves in the art of battle. Whilst Aenarion bade the priests of Vaul forge mighty weapons of tempered ithilmar and steel, Caledor undertook the tutelage of his fellow mages, teaching them great sorceries to banish and destroy. Thus changed the Elves' fortunes. With Aenarion at their head, the children of Ulthuan took the fight to the Daemons, casting down their champions and hurling their armies back into the Realm of Chaos.

For nearly a century, the war dragged on without respite or sign of victory, and the Elves began to lose heart. Moments of peace were few, and even these were tainted by the knowledge that the Daemons would soon return. Even the implacable Aenarion realised that there could be no victory – only a slow and inevitable defeat. Ultimately, it was Caledor, that wisest and most ancient of sorcerers, who would offer salvation. He devised a plan to create a cosmic vortex that would drain magic from the world, and with it the Daemons who rode upon its fury. It was a desperate plan, with little hope of success, but Caledor, and many like him, thought a last desperate gamble would be preferable to the slow death the Elf people were enduring. Aenarion opposed Caledor's plan, calling it the counsel of despair. Although in his heart he knew that the war was unwinnable, the Phoenix King was determined to put off the end for as long as possible, rather than risk Caledor's plan failing. Such were Aenarion's charisma and powers of reason, that he surely would have changed Caledor's mind entirely. Yet soon thereafter, Daemons overran Avelorn. Astarielle, Everqueen of Ulthuan and wife to Aenarion, was slain in the attack, and their children could not be found amongst the carnage.

## THE WIDOWMAKER

Upon hearing of his family's fate, Aenarion was overcome with terrible fury. He swore to kill every Daemon on the face of the world and declared that he would travel to the Blighted Isle. Dread filled those who heard his words, for it could mean only one thing: Aenarion intended to draw forth the Widowmaker, a weapon of terrible power that had waited, embedded in the great black Altar of Khaine since the beginning of time. As old as the world itself, it was the ultimate weapon, death itself made manifest – a splinter of the fatal weapon forged for the death god Khaine, capable of slaying mortals and gods alike. All knew that to wield Khaine's blade was to invite death, damn your soul and doom your lineage forevermore.

Upon learning of his liege's intent, Caledor beseeched Aenarion to relent, but he would not be dissuaded. Ignoring all warnings from mortal and immortal alike, Aenarion vaulted onto the back of Indraugnir, the greatest of the Dragons, and set off for the Blighted Isle. The journey was long and arduous and tested even Indraugnir's might. Winged Daemons assailed Elf and Dragon as they travelled, trying to turn Aenarion from his path. The Elf gods whispered warnings in Aenarion's ear, but if he heard, he paid no heed. Parting ways with Indraugnir just a few leagues from the Altar of Khaine, Aenarion walked towards his fate. It is said that even the ghost of his departed wife pleaded with him to turn back. Yet, as he stood before the altar, Aenarion hardened his heart and wrenched free the great blood-dripping weapon, sealing his fate, and that of his people.

When Aenarion returned, those Elves most embittered by the war flocked to this side, and he created a kingdom in the dismal land of Nagarythe. There, to the surprise of everyone, he took another wife, the beautiful seeress Morathi. In time, Morathi bore him a second son, whom they named Malekith. Soon after, the court of Aenarion earned itself a dark reputation, and the Elves of other lands were reluctant to go there. Tales of cruelty at Aenarion's court began to spread across Ulthuan. Even Caledor led his Dragon-riders south to his own land. It is said that Caledor's departure angered Aenarion greatly, but the Daemons struck again before his wrath could bear fruit. Such was the size and ferocity of the daemonic attack that it became obvious to all but Aenarion that the war was lost and the world was doomed to eternal darkness.

## THE GREAT RITUAL

Caledor, fully aware of Aenarion's incipient madness, decided that there was only one thing left he could do. He called together a convocation of the greatest High Elf sorcerers then living, and assembled them on the Isle of the Dead. With Caledor Dragontamer intent on performing the ritual, Aenarion was left with no choice. He assembled his forces and moved to defend the mages on the Isle of the Dead.

At the centre of Ulthuan, the two forces met. Dragons, so numerous that their wings darkened the sky, descended upon the Chaos host. Elves and Daemons were slain in their thousands, and the death agonies of monsters filled the sea with foam. As the creation of the vortex began, the seas churned and a terrible wind blew from the north. The skies darkened, and raw magic lashed the tortured earth. At the last, Aenarion, with only the faithful Indraugnir beside him, fought a bloody battle against four Greater Daemons of the Chaos Gods as they strove to breach Caledor's wards. It was a battle no mortal could ever win, yet Aenarion's fury and determination that day set him amongst the ranks of the gods – one by one, the foul creatures fell beneath the Sword of Khaine, though Aenarion was mortally wounded in return.

While the battle raged, the High Elf sorcerers chanted the spell that would create the vortex. Chain lightning flickered. The world shuddered. For a moment all was silent. Then the mountains shivered. Terrible energies pulsed between earth and sky. From the mountaintops, bolts of pure power leapt to converge over the Isle of the Dead. While Aenarion and his outnumbered army fought, the sorcerers struggled to complete their ritual. One by one they died, the weakest succumbing first as the magic that they sought to control burned out their minds. Even as Aenarion defeated the four Daemons, the ritual was finally completed – or at least partially so. The High Elf sorcerers had succeeded in opening a vortex to drain away the raging magic, but were trapped within it, eternally keeping it open, forever held in their battle with Chaos.

His foes defeated, but his body ruined, Aenarion climbed wearily upon the back of the wounded Indraugnir and made once more for the Blighted Isle. Barely managing to complete the journey, Indraugnir crashed to the ground on the shores of that dismal island. Trembling from fatigue and the terrible wounds to his ancient body, Indraugnir gave one last bellow of defiance and died. Alone, Aenarion crawled back to the Altar of Khaine. He knew that should anyone take the weapon of Khaine, they could rule the world, and so he thrust it back into the rock from whence it came. Then, it is said, he lay down beside the ravaged and torn bulk of his beloved steed and passed from that age of the world.

The immediate effects of Caledor Dragontamer's ritual were a series of magical storms, earthquakes and tidal waves that ravaged the land for three days. Thousands died as the shores of Ulthuan were swept clear by monstrous waves, ships were sunk and the sky was split by lightning bolts. When the storms abated, though, the polar gates were sealed and the daemonic legions were gone. Ulthuan was a land in ruins, but at least it had a future.



# BEL SHANAAR

*II) The Explorer, 1- 1670 (Imperial Calendar -4419 to -2749)*

A year to the day after Aenarion disappeared, the princes of Ulthuan convened at the Shrine of Asuryan to elect a new Phoenix King. The obvious choice was Malekith, Aenarion's son by Morathi. He had grown to be a mighty warrior, a great sorcerer and an excellent general, but there were those amongst the High Elf nobility who remembered the cruel days of Aenarion's court in Nagarythe and they doubted that any child raised there could be entirely wholesome.



Malekith said that he desired the kingship not for himself but in honour of the memory of his father. However, if the princes did not call upon him to serve, he would willingly swear fealty to whoever was selected. The princes thought this handsomely said, and took Malekith at his word. From their own number they chose Bel Shanaar, Prince of Tiranoc, an Elf who had distinguished himself in the war and yet was seen as a voice of peace and reason. Morathi shrieked her protests at her son not being chosen, but Malekith calmed her and agreed that the selection was a good one. He was the first to bend his knee to the future Phoenix King.

So began the great days of exploration. Colonies were planted across the face of the world. Contact was established with the Dwarfs and a great era of trade and friendship began. Bel Shanaar, a seaman of wondrous skill, personally visited the new colonies and even ventured to Karaz-a-Karak in the Worlds Edge Mountains to swear the Oath of Friendship with the Dwarf kings. Malekith became his ambassador there. Thus, though none could yet know it, were sown the seeds of tragedy.

As the Elves spread and multiplied across the face of the world, wealth flowed back into Ulthuan. The Elven cities became places of beauty and wonder once again. And, though the folk did not realise it, Chaos returned – slowly, softly and insidiously. It came in a new guise, and so there were no defences raised against – it spread in the form of the Cults of Luxury and Pleasure. As the cults' influence spread, and their excesses deepened, the Phoenix King grew ever more concerned. Rumours abounded of living sacrifice and unwholesome association with the very darkest of forbidden gods. So it was that on his return to Ulthuan, Malekith found a realm in the grip of suspicion. The Cults of Excess were strongest in Nagarythe, his homeland, and his mother, the Lady Morathi, had long been a devotee. Indeed, legend has it that she was one of the founding members, and their High Priestess.

Malekith appeared horrified by what he found in Nagarythe. He denounced the entire coven of pleasure worshippers, including his mother, and handed them over to the Phoenix King. Ingratiating himself further with the Phoenix King, he championed the hunt for hidden members of the cults. It seemed that cultists could be found in all levels of society. Nobody was safe from his scrutiny. Military action against the cults seemed inevitable. Malekith called Ulthuan's lords to a Council of War at the Shrine of Asuryan. On the eve of the council, the worst of horrors was revealed: Malekith claimed the Phoenix King himself was a secret member of one of the cults. Before Bel Shanaar could deny this, Malekith had him poisoned.

With this act, Malekith had gone too far. No-one could believe that the king had been a worshipper of the cults; certainly not the assembled princes who had all known Bel Shanaar long and well. Too late, the light of suspicion fell on Malekith. He and his followers already had the Shrine of Asuryan in their possession. The princes and their bodyguards were trapped within his grasp, and a secret treaty with his kin in Nagarythe meant an army of cultists would impose Malekith's will on the leaderless Elves.

Believing that all he had to do was crown himself and slay the princes to ensure his ascendance, Malekith marched into the sacred flame, confident that, like his father before him, he could endure the ordeal. He was wrong. The flame of Asuryan would not suffer his polluted body to pass through it. Thus did the flame that brought Aenarion miraculous rebirth bring nothing but ruin to his deceitful and treacherous son. Malekith was caught within the fire, his body terribly scarred and burned. It is said that his screams were so terrible that none who heard them could ever cast them from memory. However, Malekith's twisted will was not yet spent. Unable to pass through the fires that even then ravaged his body, he managed to cast himself back onto the side of the platform from which he had entered.

With their leader on the verge of death, Malekith's followers took up their master's body and fled the shrine, leaving most of the Elf princes dead within and massacring all who stood in their path. An age of tragedy and conflict was about to begin.

### *THE LINE OF AENARION*

*Malekith was not the only child of Aenarion to survive his father. Indeed, both Morelion and Yvraine, Aenarion's children by Astarielle, survived the massacre of Avelorn. As the Daemons cloaked the ancient forest in fire, the Everqueen foresaw the doom of her line, and struck alliances to prevent it. So it was that Morelion and Yvraine were borne from the fray on the shoulders of the mighty Treeman known in Avelorn as Oakheart. Satisfied with the escape of her offspring, Astarielle remained in Avelorn until the very end, and her fate was so dreadful that the Elves refuse to speak of it.*

*For decades, Morelion and Yvraine were thought dead – with Avelorn in flames and the Everqueen's court slaughtered, this was a reasonable enough assumption. Not until after Aenarion's death was the fate of his children revealed. Ultimately, Yvraine became the new Everqueen, continuing the line unbroken from the dawn of Elven civilisation. Morelion, however, was content to pass into obscurity. He made no claim upon the Phoenix Throne, and retired to Avelorn where he could ensure his sister's continued safety. His line was ever after a troubled one, for it bore Aenarion's early light and later darkness in equal measure, yet still brought forth some of the mightiest heroes ever to grace Ulthuan's shores.*

# CALEDOR

*III) The Conqueror, 1- 552 (Imperial Calendar -2749 to -2198)*

With Malekith's betrayal, the Elf realms were plunged into turmoil once more. Malekith and his followers fled north to Nagarythe. Leaderless, the High Elves did not pursue. Frantic consultations were held between the surviving princes, the chief priest of the Shrine of Asuryan and the Captain of the Phoenix Guard. It was decided that there was only one Elf capable of the task: the third Phoenix King would be Imrik, who upon his succession took the name Caledor the First, for he was the grandson of the famous mage of that name.

Scarcely had Caledor been affirmed when the legions of Nagarythe swept down from their grim realm, bearing Malekith's banner before them. Thus did civil war engulf Ulthuan and the colonies – a desperate conflict in which quarter was neither asked nor given. Malekith himself rode at the head of his host, a dread figure clad in armour as black as his soul – then, and ever after, he would be known as the Witch King.

As the war ground on, the folk of Nagarythe became ever more desperate, relying on the blackest of sorceries and daemonic pacts. Thus did they come to be known as Dark Elves. Consumed by madness, the Witch King decided on a final scheme with which he could reverse the tide of the war – he would undo the spells that held together the Great Vortex, and return Chaos to the world. The daemonic legions would march once more upon the face of the world – but this time to the aid of their new allies. Shocked by the turn of events, one amongst the Witch King's court saw this plan for the madness it was, and brought word of it to Caledor.

So began a last deadly conflict. As the Witch King and his councillors began their terrible ritual, the greatest wizards of the Elves attempted to stop them, but such was the awesome power of the Witch King's dark magic that he and his coven of mages slowly and inexorably gained the upper hand. The heavens shook and the earth trembled. In the far north of the world, the Realm of Chaos churned and prepared to advance once more. In the camp of the Phoenix King, Caledor prayed to all the gods and to his grandsire to aid him.

At dusk, the Witch King and his followers began their final push. Daemonic sorcerers came to their aid, and the last spells of the defenders collapsed before their onslaught. From the sky, the triumphant laughter of the Dark Gods was heard. Then, as the tainted magic touched the Isle of the Dead at the very heart of the vortex, new players entered the game. Mighty figures clad in light sent the surge of mystical power tumbling back to Nagarythe. The trapped mages of the Isle of the Dead refused to let their work be undone.

As the wave of energy reached Nagarythe, the island buckled under the titanic stress. Across Ulthuan, earthquakes cast down cities and toppled mountains. A wall of water a thousand feet high smashed down on Nagarythe. The sea rushed in to cover all of the dark kingdom and most of Tiranoc besides. Thousands were slain – drowned by waves, buried by earthquakes or struck by magical lightning. The shock was felt as far away as the Worlds Edge Mountains and is recorded in the chronicles of the Dwarf kings.

With the High Elves weakened and in disarray, the surviving Dark Elves retreated northwards and founded the kingdom of Naggaroth in a bleak and bitter land. For a century, both sides nursed their many wounds. Soon though, there began a long period of sea warfare and skirmishing over the north of Ulthuan as the Witch King sought to gain a foothold once more. Neither side had the strength to dominate, and the Blighted Isle, where the Widowmaker still rested, changed hands several times. During this period, Caledor oversaw the building of the fortresses at Griffon Gate, Phoenix Gate, Eagle Gate, Dragon Gate and Unicorn Gate.

Caledor personally led the last expedition to the Blighted Isle and reclaimed it from the Dark Elves. It is said that he stood before the Altar of Khaine and for a moment the Blade called to him. He stood there for a time, head bowed, and in the end, simply said no. Returning home from the conquest of the Blighted Isle, Caledor's ship was separated from the rest of the High Elf fleet by a freak storm. It was attacked by Dark Elf raiders who set the ship alight. For long hours, Caledor and his crew fought off their attackers, but the Dark Elves gradually gained the upper hand, and the Phoenix King realised that he and his remaining warriors could not win. Rather than fall into the hands of the Witch King's servants, Caledor jumped into the sea clad in full armour. Thus passed Caledor the Conqueror. It was a bad end for a great king.



# CALEDOR II

*IV) The Warrior, 1- 600 (Imperial Calendar -2198 to -1599)*

Caledor the First had perished, but his legacy remained. For his successor, he left a strong army, a secure line of fortresses in the north and the most powerful navy in the world. When the Council of Princes chose Caledor's son to succeed him, continuity was foremost in their minds – to an Elf people desperate for stability, Caledor II promised a familiar hand at the tiller. Alas, Caledor II shared few of his father's traits. Where his father had been wise, Caledor II was foolish. Where the father had been a great general, the son was rash and impetuous.

As the Elves returned to the Old World in strength, trade between the two realms grew once more. Whilst rumours of the Elven civil war had reached the ears of the Dwarfs, they didn't really understand the situation. Reaving and kinslaying were completely alien concepts to them, and no Dwarf would ever break his oath to his liege lord. Alas, Malekith had been shown the secret trade routes of the Dwarfs during his period as Bel Shanaar's ambassador, and he now used that knowledge to his own benefit. Dark Elves, garbed as warriors of Ulthuan, fell upon the Dwarf caravans, seizing their goods and leaving tokens of their passage that the Dwarfs could not help but trace back to the Elves of Ulthuan.

Suspicion fell instantly upon the High Elves, and King Gotrek demanded recompense. When word of this demand reached Caledor, his reply was immediate and undiplomatic.



He sent a message saying that the Phoenix King did not answer demands but granted pleas. In turn, King Gotrek sent a blunt reply saying he made pleas to neither Elf nor god and demanded twice the recompense because of the implied insult. Caledor sent the Dwarf ambassador back with his beard shaved off and said that if Gotrek wanted compensation he should come to Ulthuan and collect it.

Thus began the War of the Beard, born from the dangerous combination of honour and stiff-necked pride. Dwarf armies quickly laid siege to the trading city of Tor Alessi, and Gotrek swore an oath that he would have his money or its weregeld price in Elf blood, or else he would shave his head. It was a mighty oath. His ambassador had already become a Troll Slayer from the shame of having his beard shaved. The Dwarfs were determined that their king should not endure a similar fate.

Upon hearing of the Dwarf attack, the Phoenix King was outraged. He instantly dispatched an expedition to relieve Tor Alessi. Indeed, so mighty was the fleet, and so great was the army that it bore, that many of the Phoenix King's advisors feared that Ulthuan had been left all but defenceless, should they suffer another attack. Caledor flew into a towering rage and dismissed their fears as groundless.

Despite the arrival of Caledor's great host, the war dragged on. The fortress cities of the Dwarfs were virtually impregnable. The dour, stalwart Dwarf troops were quite unlike any foe the Elves had faced before. Displaying the tenacity and stubborness for which they have become renowned, the Dwarfs simply refused to give up or admit defeat, even when hopelessly outnumbered. For their part, the Dwarfs were astonished by the power of the Elf forces. They had judged the strength of Ulthuan by that of the least of its provinces. The huge armies of knights and disciplined infantry were not what they had expected. Still, in true Dwarf fashion, they were not about to admit to a mistake, especially to an Elf.

The war engendered a legacy of hatred and bitterness that was to last for thousands of years. In response to the beard-shaving incident, the vengeful Dwarfs chopped down entire virgin forests simply to spite the Elves. In revenge, the Elves poisoned the tarns and underground lakes from which the Dwarfs drew their water, and a great sickness spread throughout the Worlds Edge Mountains. Both sides fought till nearly their entire military strength was spent. Tired of their lack of success, Caledor II dismissed his generals and took command of the Elven host personally. It was his last great mistake – at the fourteenth siege of Tor Alessi, Caledor II was cut down by King Gotrek, who snatched the Phoenix Crown from his bloodied corpse and took it in payment for the Elves' insolence.

With this final victory, the Dwarfs withdrew, claiming their honour was satisfied. Any petitions to return the Phoenix Crown were greeted with an invitation to come and plead for it. The first Phoenix Crown remains in the great vault of the Everpeak to the present day, an enduring source of festering hatred and recrimination between the two peoples.

# CARADRYEL

*V) The Peacemaker, 1 - 604 (Imperial Calendar -1599 to - 996)*

With the death of Caledor II, the Elves once again found themselves in the middle of a war without a Phoenix King. Yet worse was to come. Even as the Elves mustered a suicidal expedition to besiege Karaz-a-Karak, the world's most unassailable fortress, word came that the Dark Elves had invaded Ulthuan once more. The Witch King's long plan, in which both Caledor and Gotrek had unwittingly played their parts, had come to fruition.

Sailing under a pall of dark sorcery, the fleets of the Witch King seized the Blighted Isle and retook most of the Shadowlands. Several Black Arks – enchanted islands torn from sundered Nagarythe – were beached to form the core of a new fortress city at the harbour of Anlec. From there, the Dark Elves drove south to besiege the Griffon Gate. To compound matters further, the tang of the Witch King's sorceries spread far and wide across Ulthuan, luring all manner of vile beasts from their lairs amidst the Annulii Mountains. Whilst the northern kingdoms bore the brunt of the fighting against the oncoming Dark Elves, only the most fortunate of princedoms were spared predations from Harpies, Chimerae and worse.

The High Elves were caught in the jaws of a trap, fighting a war on two fronts against two powerful foes. The Fourth Council met at the Shrine of Asuryan and chose Caradryel of Yvresse, who was as different from Caledor II as night from day. He was quiet and unassuming, an indifferent soldier but an able ruler. Caradryel's first decree was that the colonies would be abandoned, and their peoples brought home to Ulthuan. Faced with the implacable hostility of the Dwarfs, it seemed to him foolish to maintain huge armies overseas, particularly with a more pressing threat to the Elf heartland. Caradryel knew that it would be many long ages of the world before the Dwarfs would consent to reconciliation without demanding ruinous recompense, but he also knew that there could be no war if the Dwarfs no longer had anyone to fight. Thus did Caradryel abandon pride. He ordered the forging of a new Phoenix Crown and called the armies home.

Among the haughtiest Elves there was a huge outcry. It seemed an gross insult to Elf pride that the Phoenix Crown should remain in Dwarf hands. Caradryel, ever a plainspoken individual, replied that he would rather lose the crown than the realm, and thereafter ignored the complaints. Additionally, there were protests from the Elf colonists, who saw the departure of the armies as a betrayal. Once more, Caradryel was unassailable in his intent, and direct in his rebuttal. He said simply that, if Elves required the protection of the armies of Ulthuan, then they should return home, where those armies could best offer that protection.

Many Elves did return but others, such as those in Athel Loren, refused to abandon their adopted homeland and declared themselves independent of the Phoenix Throne. Thus isolated from their kin, their culture thereafter took a different path from that practised on Ulthuan, in some ways staying truer to Elven tradition, and in others departing far from it. Though saddened by this turn of events, Caradryel attempted no forcible repatriation – Ulthuan's situation was tenuous enough without risking another civil war.

Caradryel now turned his gaze to matters of war. Recognising his own inexperience as a general, he appointed a succession of brilliant field commanders to lead the High Elf armies. Tethlis of Caledor, in particular, established a brilliant reputation, lifting the siege of Griffon Gate and harrying the Dark Elves to within sight of Anlec. With his wars thus governed by veteran hands, Caradryel continued to oversee the long retreat from overseas. As ever more troops returned, he strengthened the forces holding the great gateway fortresses. He also initiated the system of rotating units to the forts in succession, so that the forces holding these valuable citadels would always be fresh and near to full strength.

For the rest of Caradryel's reign, sporadic war blazed through northern Ulthuan. Ever more Dark Elves flowed in from Naggaroth, their blades lent purpose by centuries of nurtured hate. Yet all their twisted malice could not overcome the disciplined and impeccably trained armies of the Phoenix King, many of whom were veterans of the wars with the Dwarfs. The northern seas were the scene of many great naval battles, and despite an increased program of shipbuilding, the High Elves were never entirely able to sweep the seas clear of their foes. Caradryel was the first Phoenix King to die peacefully in bed.

### *THE PHOENIX CROWN*

*The original Phoenix Crown was created during the time of Aenarion. It was forged not from a single piece of metal, but was crafted from ingots of gold and gemstones brought from the ten kingdoms. From the very start, it was deemed that the Phoenix Crown should be derived from all the realms it was to rule.*

*Caledor II was the first, and only, Phoenix King ever to wear the crown to battle. So assured of his superiority was Caledor that he refused to believe that any foe had the strength of arms to wrest it from him. The folly of this course was later proved when the Dwarf King Gotrek Starbreaker took the crown from Caledor's corpse as spoils of war and as recompense for insults suffered. Thus lost in battle, the first Phoenix Crown was never recovered. Even to this day, it rests amidst the hoard of Karaz-a-Karak, a fond memento for the Dwarfs, and an aching wound to High Elf pride.*

*After his own rise to the Phoenix Throne, Caradryel soon determined that a replacement crown should be commissioned. The task of forging fell to the priests of Vaul, who undertook the work with all the diligence for which their order was famous and, after a century's labour, the new crown was completed. Mindful of Caledor's impetuousness, Caradryel's first decree whilst wearing the new Phoenix Crown was that this new symbol of Elven kingship would never enter the fires of battle. Furthermore, he announced that the crown would henceforth have a guard of one hundred White Lions of Chrace to watch over it at all times.*

# TETHLIS

*VI) The Slayer, 1 - 306 (Imperial Calendar -996 to -691)*

The Fifth Council chose Tethlis of Caledor, the hero of Griffon Gate, to be Caradryel's successor. Tethlis had learned well the value of preparation and organisation from Caradryel and he came to the throne with one aim: to force the Dark Elves out of Ulthuan and reclaim the Blighted Isle from the spawn of Naggaroth. He followed this plan through with single-minded ruthlessness and determination.

Tethlis' heart was filled with a terrible, cold hatred for the children of Naggaroth, for they had slain his family in one of their many raids. Thus did the Dark Elves forge their most implacable of enemies. Tethlis fought not for honour or glory. He sought only to end the threat of Naggaroth for all time, and he might have succeeded had it not been for the decline in power of the Dragons. During the latter part of Caradryel's reign, the Dragons had become increasingly rare. For reasons unknown, many had started to drift into longer and longer sleeps, waking perhaps once per century. The Elves needed to increase their strength in other areas to compensate for losing the raw power and savage strength of the great beasts.

The first years of Tethlis' reign saw the assembling of new armies. Every Elf city was required to have a martial field where its soldiers could train and fight mock battles. Painstakingly, with meticulous attention to detail, Tethlis rebuilt the Elf forces to a strength not seen since the time of Aenarion. He never committed an army to the field without being sure that he could bring overwhelming force to bear and never fought a battle without being sure he could win it.

By relentless attrition he wore the Dark Elves down. Over the long centuries, a series of massive offensives rolled them back through the Shadowlands and eventually culminated in the storming of Anlec. Tethlis was cold and ruthless, even by the standards of Elves. He ordered the entire city razed. No prisoners were taken. Salt was strewn in the fields. Shocked though his subjects were, they obeyed. No Dark Elf was left alive on Ulthuan.

Having scoured Ulthuan, Tethlis turned his attention to the Blighted Isle, which was still in the hands of the Witch King's legions. The largest Elf armada of all time was assembled to reclaim it. Hundreds of ships bore many thousands of troops out to sea. Elf mages bound the weather and kept the skies clear of storms. The seas were swept clear of Naggarothi ships. On the shores of the Blighted Isle, the Dark Elf host assembled, determined to deny the High Elves a foothold on the shore.

The Elves landed and thus began the Battle of the Waves, in which the swirling tides turned red with blood. Both sides fought with abandon, crimson water swirling round their knees. The skies were black with arrows and crossbow bolts, and the wounded were trampled and drowned in the shallow waves. Inch by bloody inch, the High Elves fought their way onto the beach and overran the island, driving their dark kinsfolk into the sea. The carnage was ghastly. Dark Elves were butchered by the thousand until even the hardiest Elf captains were sickened. They feared that their troops might acquire a taste for such butchery and become no better than those they fought against. With a great victory won, Tethlis at first insisted that the army push on to Naggaroth, but as the army moved northward he found himself drawn, by some irresistible influence, to the Altar of Khaine.

On his journey through the Plain of Bones, Tethlis saw something glitter. Strangely drawn to the light, he unearthed the Dragon Armour of Aenarion. Of Aenarion or Indraugnir there was no other trace to be found. The armour, he gifted to Auaralion, the great grandson of Morelion, Aenarion's son by Astarielle. This was virtually his last act as Phoenix King.

There are two versions of what happened when Tethlis at last came before the Widowmaker. Some records say that he dismissed the White Lions and the rest of his retinue, claiming that he wanted a moment alone to contemplate the blade that had done his people so much harm. It is said that a Dark Elf assassin emerged from his hiding place beneath the piles of bones and struck Tethlis down with a poisoned blade. Others say that Tethlis, determined to end the war with the Dark Elves, grasped the Sword of Khaine and that it writhed in his grip and started to come free, and that the king was cut down by his own bodyguard, who feared the consequences of Aenarion's fatal weapon being unleashed once more upon the world.

No-one knows for sure exactly what happened. Scholars are divided. All that is known is that Tethlis died that day, and lacking his driving presence, the armada turned back from Naggaroth.

### *A JOURNEY INTO THE HEAVENS*

*Savan of Tiranoc was one of the few pupils of Caledor the Great not to perish during the creation of the Great Vortex. It was he, more than any other, who ensured that Ulthuan's legacy of magic was not lost with Caledor, for he undertook the tutelage of many students in the decades following his master's sacrifice.*

*In time, Savan found Ulthuan to offer fewer and fewer challenges that matched his wisdom. Casting aside his duties as scholar, he travelled the world, seeking the lost treasures of the Old Ones, and communing with the ancient Slann of the southern jungles. Finally, he returned home to Ulthuan to undertake one last exploration – he would ascend the Annulii Mountains and seek the gods who lived upon the summits.*

*When Savan finally returned, all who saw him were shocked to see that his hair, once jet-black, was now white as snow. Worse, where his eyes had once been, there were now only scarred and empty sockets. Savan offered no explanation – indeed, he never spoke thereafter. For the rest of his days, Savan never again attempted so much as a cantrip, and refused all attempts by others to learn of what had occurred beyond the clouds. Finally, after years haunted by terrible dreams, Savan climbed to the top of the tallest tower of his mansion, and threw himself from its balcony. In his death, Savan left one last puzzle. Whilst many servants saw him fall, his body was never found. Whether he was rescued before death, or his corpse taken after – and by whom – was never discovered.*

# BEL-KORHADRIS

*VII) The Scholar-King, 1- 1190 (Imperial Calendar -691 to 499)*

With their people weary of war, the Elves of the Sixth Council selected Bel-Korhadris of Saphery to be the next Phoenix King. Bel-Korhadris was a wizard prince and a famed scholar. While he did not neglect the defence of the realm, he was not given to fighting, believing that magic could shield Ulthuan from its enemies.

Bel-Korhadris ruled wisely and well and was loved by all. His reign was notable for being a time of near unbroken peace. The Dark Elves of Naggaroth had been so weakened by Tethlis' onslaught that they were afraid to attempt more than raids, which were seldom more than simple – if unutterably cruel – acts of piracy and brigandage. It was well for the High Elves that their ancient enemies lay quiet, for Tethlis' war had left much of Ulthuan in ruins, with untold villages and cities caught between the armies of light and dark. Worse, the war's constant demand for fresh warriors had left the foothills of the Annulii Mountains unguarded against the monsters of the peaks. As a result, many areas of Ulthuan that had suffered little from the ravages of war were preyed upon by Manticores and other fell creatures. Bel-Korhadris' first act as Phoenix King was, therefore, to decree an age of rebirth – the ruined lands would be reclaimed, shattered settlements rebuilt, monsters driven out and the glory of Ulthuan restored once more.

Thus began a reign that would be forever remembered as the start of a second golden age. During this time, the White Tower of Hoeth was constructed. This was to be Bel-Korhadris' greatest contribution to the rebirth of Ulthuan: a citadel of sorcery and scholarship, where the wisdom of the corners of the world would be gathered, and grimoires of the most potent spells would be enshrined. For a thousand years, the Elves raised this vast sky-reaching structure, harnessing secrets of artificer and mage in equal measure with every stone that was laid. Craftsmen laboured for nearly a millennium on intricate carvings. The tower was woven round with spells of illusion and warding to protect this treasured knowledge.

As work on the White Tower progressed, Bel-Korhadris founded the order of Loremasters who would be both the guardians and pupils of the knowledge assembled within. Every discipline, from warfare and sorcery to alchemy and astromancy, was to be studied. Many famed scholars and sorcerers gathered at Hoeth, and such an exchange of knowledge occurred as had not been seen before, and has not been seen since. In the shadow of the needle-pointed spire, thousands of the wisest philosophers debated their knowledge. Within the library, a cadre of Loremasters began to inscribe the Book of Days, the great history of the Elf people on which all future histories would be based. It was during this time that the Swordmasters of Hoeth gathered to study the art of swordsmanship and protect the tower.

Though Bel-Korhadris' own passion was the pursuit of knowledge, he recognised that scholarship and magic alone would not see Ulthuan preserved – he knew that the time would again come when the High Elves would need heroes of the blade. He therefore encouraged the nobles of his court to prove their personal valour in vanquishing the beasts that roamed the land. Thus was Bel-Korhadris' reign also a renaissance of personal glory not seen in Ulthuan since the times before Aenarion, so vigorously did nobles of all ranks embrace the Phoenix King's charge. Slowly but surely, the kingdoms of Ulthuan were scoured with fire and sword, the roaming monsters slain or else driven back into the Annulii Mountains to lick grievous wounds.

The threat of such creatures could never truly be ended, however. Even should an army prove bold enough to scour the Annulii Mountains, it could spend a thousand lifetimes amongst their peaks, and still not find every lair, nest and roost. Each time the watch on the mountains grew lax, vile creatures slithered and crawled into Ulthuan's heartlands once more. Yet Bel-Korhadris did not seek lasting victory against the creatures of the mountains – he desired only that his lands be reclaimed, and that the battle-skill of Ulthuan's nobility was not dulled by the years of relative peace.

Bel-Korhadris died just after the completion of the White Tower and was buried amid its foundations. It is said that his ghost still haunts the crypts below the tower and occasionally assists scholars in their searches.



# AETHIS

*VIII) The Poet, 1- 623 (Imperial Calendar 499 to 1121)*

Bel-Korhadris was succeeded by Aethis of Saphery. He was the first Phoenix King who did not inherit an unstable kingdom or take the throne in the aftermath of a war. In his reign, the long peace continued. The Dark Elves lay quiescent in Naggaroth. Their raids ceased. Many suspected that they were a dying race, slowly passing into extinction. Rumours abounded that the Witch King had finally died. The Dwarfs, too, were content to be left alone. During the early centuries of Aethis' rule, news of the founding of a new human empire reached Ulthuan, but this seemed no great cause for concern. Nothing threatened the High Elves. Strangely enough, this was also the period when the High Elves came to realise they were a dying race. Even during the long golden days of peace, the population had fallen. The number of births had simply decreased and the great cities began to empty.

Aethis was a noted poet and singer. He gathered all the great artists of Ulthuan to his court in Saphery. Dramatists, painters, sculptors, writers of histories and masques all found a place in his palace of carved jade. This was the high-water mark of Elf culture, when most of their greatest works of art were created. This was the period that saw the creation plays of Tazelle, and Torion Fireheart's animated court portraits. An army of sculptors and artisans beautified the mountains of Chrace. Above the Griffon Gate, a towering Griffon five hundred feet high seemed to leap from the mountain. So cunning was the sculptor's work that the story was told that it would come alive to guard the pass against any invader. Prodigious amounts of wealth were spent on grandiose projects such as these. The city of Lothern grew from a small fishing village to a great city to accommodate the increase in trade from the colonies and other realms. Contact was made with the old human empire in Cathay. Representatives of the Phoenix King arrived at the court of the Emperor of Cathay. Silk, jade and spices became valued commodities in Ulthuan.

Secure in their strength, the Elves began to run down their armies and fleets. After nearly fifteen hundred years of relative peace under Bel-Korhadris and Aethis, memories of old wars and old enmities began to fade. Approaches were made to the Dwarfs about the return of the Phoenix Crown. These were rebuffed, but the Elves took no insult.

A certain complacency set in. Many nobles cast aside their martial pursuits and traditions, thinking such brutal arts an ill fit for these civilised times. Factions sprang up at court, and intrigue – always a dangerous pastime among the Elves – became a way of life for many. Where only a handful of generations earlier a prince would have proved his worth with sword or wisdom, now he did so by delivering prettily spoken compliments and razor-sharp epigrams.

Not all in Ulthuan surrendered entirely to indolence, however. In the north, Prince Valedor of Ellyrion ensured that the watch on the great gates never faltered, and that the warriors there received the best training and the finest wargear that Ulthuan could provide. On one occasion, Valedor happened upon several nobles of the Phoenix King's court as they were about the business of emptying one of the Griffon Gate's armouries. Scores of wagons were already loaded with fine-wrought ithilmar scale and Dragon plate when Valedor encountered them. Flush with royal authority, the nobles spoke boldly at first, informing Valedor that the Phoenix King wished the 'surplus' to be used as costume at his latest theatrical masterpiece. Valedor flew into a rage and struck down the speaker with a single blow of his mailed fist, at which point the nobles – craven and pleasure-loving wretches to an Elf – fled, leaving Valedor's warriors to return the armour to its proper place. It later transpired that Aethis had given no such instruction: the nobles had acted on their own initiative in order to gain their king's favour. None of this would preserve Prince Valedor, however. Little by little, his name and reputation were whittled apart by those he had thwarted. Within a year, he had been stripped of all honour and title, and his family divested of their ancestral wealth.

Once more, the Cult of Luxury began to spread, this time cloaked in a secrecy that made it even more attractive to jaded Elf aristocrats. After a while, the Swordmasters of Hoeth began to investigate the cult and report back to the White Tower. Their findings disturbed the High Loremaster sufficiently for him to take them to the Phoenix King. The Chancellor of the Court was revealed as a secret spy for Naggaroth. As he was unmasked, he drove a poisoned dagger through Aethis' heart, and so the eighth Phoenix King was slain by a trusted friend.

### *THE FATE OF THE BODY*

*As with all else in Ulthuan, the funerary traditions of High Elves are bound tight by millennia of precedent, protocol and, above all, seemliness. That said, the precise rituals vary greatly with different realms and families holding fast to different traditions.*

*In Lothern, it is customary to lay a great hero in a funerary ship, which is then set adrift upon the Sea of Dreams to meet whatever fate may claim it. In Caledor, bodies are put to the flame, in order to more quickly free the spirit within. In Tiranoc and Ellyrion, realms where the connection to the land is strongest felt, great stone sepulchres are sunk into the ground, with whole generations of families laid out in silent repose upon slabs of marble and serpentinite. The Elves of Cothique are of a more practical mind. Seeing the bodies of the slain as naught but empty vessels, they cast cadavers into the waves. Thus are Cothique's halls not only kept untainted by the dead, but the megalodons and Sea Dragons of the Cothiquan coast kept accustomed to a hunger for fresh meat. It is even said that in the heart of Avelorn there is a subterranean labyrinth of amber and jade. There, or so the legend tells, the empty shells that once belonged to Handmaidens of the Everqueens sit upon thrones of ivory, their silken robes adorned with enough gemstones to drive a mortal mad with avarice.*

*Yet such is the extreme lifespan of Elves that it is not always easy to determine when death has occurred. Some nobles lie in state for hundreds of years, their families convinced they have merely slipped into a long sleep, and will awaken in their own good time. Some Elven princesses have 'slept' for centuries, with fresh flowers – and sometimes even suitors – brought to their bedside each day by servants or relatives.*

# MORVAEL

*IX) The Impetuous, 1- 383 (Imperial Calendar 1121 to 1503)*

The Eighth Council chose Morvael of Yvresse to succeed the assassinated Phoenix King. He was the High Loremaster of the White Tower under Aethis. Although learned, Morvael had little real experience of statecraft or warfare. His first act after his coronation was to order a punitive attack on Naggaroth. An Elf fleet was despatched to the cold north and was massacred by the Dark Elves.



As the few survivors brought word of the defeat back to Ulthuan, panic spread among the High Elves. The last thing they had expected was defeat. They had supposed the threat of Naggaroth all but extinguished, but now it seemed that the Dark Elves had merely been rebuilding their strength. By allowing their fleets and armies to be run down under Bel-Korhadris and Aethis, the Elves of Ulthuan had allowed their dark kindred to catch up and perhaps even surpass them in military might. A mighty Dark Elf armada seized the Blighted Isle and sailed on to Ulthuan. They retook the cursed city of Anlec and cast up a great fortress in the rubble. Swiftly, they pushed south and were stopped only after desperate fighting around the Griffon Gate.

Desperate for soldiers, Morvael organised the system of troop levies that still exists in Ulthuan today. This required every Elf to spend at least part of the year as part of a military force, and to provide wargear for himself. Thus was the depleted population of Ulthuan able to field mighty armies of citizen-soldiers well beyond that which it could otherwise have mustered. Morvael, having been forcibly confronted by his mediocre skills as a general over the course of earlier defeats, appointed Mentheus of Caledor as field commander.

Morvael was a sensitive and highly-strung soul, often troubled by terrible nightmares and dreams. He did not care for sending his friends and subjects to their deaths, but in order to preserve the realm, there was little else he could do. He emptied the coffers of the Phoenix Throne to build a new and powerful fleet capable of carrying the war to the northern seas and stopping the flow of reinforcements from Naggaroth. He was forced to use the Swordmasters of Hoeth and other agents to seek out the devotees of the Cult of Pleasure – who, as before, provided the Dark Elves with a network of influential spies – and it was his unpleasant task to sign the many death warrants that resulted. Many long nights Morvael would brood in his tower, and before long, he was turned stoop-shouldered and prematurely old by the weight of his crown. Yet no matter how deep Morvael's despair grew, it never overcame his sense of duty. He relied ever more upon his closest advisors and drew fresh strength from their own faith to replenish his own frail resolve. Mentheus of Caledor ever remained his closest confidant, and Morvael soon came to rely on his general's counsel and friendship as surely as he depended upon his leadership and skill in battle.

For over a century, intermittent warfare blazed. The fleets of Ulthuan ranged the seas destroying Dark Elf slaving ships. Two new fortresses were built far from Ulthuan to enable these long range missions to be accomplished. At the tip of the Dark Continent, the Fortress of Dawn was built to refit the fleets and protect the trade routes to Cathay. At the tip of Lustria, the Citadel of Dusk was completed, as a base from which the Elf fleets could guard the coasts of southern Lustria.

Eventually the war reached its climax. Mentheus of Caledor besieged Anlec with a great army of Elves. Morvael remained in the Shrine of Asuryan awaiting the outcome of the battle. Every night he was assailed by ever more dreadful dreams, which some say were sent by the Witch King to plague him. With every day that passed, he became ever more despairing and hopeless as messengers brought him reports that made much of the army's casualties and little of its chances of victory.

Yet despite Morvael's fears, the forces of Ulthuan ultimately proved victorious. Alas, the High Elves would yet have to bear two further tragedies in the face of triumph. On the final day when Anlec fell, Mentheus was killed as he led the assault. His great Dragon, Nightfang, went berserk with rage and grief, slaughtering many Dark Elves and their monstrous thralls. News of Mentheus' death finally shattered Morvael's resolve. Weary unto death, listless and depressed, the Phoenix King abdicated by walking into the sacred flame of Asuryan. No mortal frame could twice endure such a trial. From midnight until noon the next day, Morvael's body burned upon the sacred pyre; as the sun reached its apex, a cold wind from the north gathered up his ashes and scattered them across the Inner Sea.

### *THE BLESSINGS OF LILEATH*

*During the Golden Age, the goddess Lileath presented three gifts to the Elves. The first was the Star Crown, said to have granted the bearer vision of all times and places known to the gods. The second was the Amulet of Sunfire, which brought hope to those in despair, but whose fury no evil creature could abide. The last gift was the Moon Staff, into which it was said the goddess had poured much of her power, so much did she love the Elves. Alas, only the Moon Staff has survived to the reign of Finubar the Seafarer – the other gifts have long since been lost to the tides of ruin and war.*

*The Star Crown was shattered during Malekith's first assault on Saphery. To this day, the Loremasters of Hoeth search in desperation for the lost fragments of the Star Crown. Even the merest shard of the crown contains great power, and many an Elven mage dreams of harnessing that might to his own ends.*

*The Amulet of Sunfire was lost forever during Morvael's reign. Against the counsel of Hoeth's Loremasters, the Phoenix King gifted it to his son, Aravael, as the prince took ship for a distant land. Alas, Prince Aravael never reached his destination, but was spirited to a watery grave in the depths of the Churning Gulf – the Amulet of Sunfire has never been seen since.*

# BEL-HATHOR

*X) The Sage, 1- 661 (Imperial Calendar 1503 to 2163)*

The Ninth Council ended in deadlock, a tie between the faction that wanted a warlike king and those who preferred a peacemaker. In the end, a compromise was reached and Bel-Hathor, a wizard prince of Saphery, was chosen and crowned.

Bel-Hathor seemed an inauspicious choice; like most Sapherian princes he was something of an eccentric. Many of the other princes saw him as easily manipulable towards their faction's ends. They were wrong. Bel-Hathor turned out to be surprisingly strong-willed – through sheer personality he managed to quell much of the infighting that had plagued the Phoenix King's court since the time of Aethis. He refused all attempts to force him to order an invasion of Naggaroth. He knew that, although Ulthuan could probably win such a war, the cost would be too high. Elven numbers had so declined that many of the cities were half-empty and many of the lands abandoned. He was not prepared to gamble the future of the Elven race against the possibility of vengeance.

Soon his attention was focused elsewhere. In two short millennia, the race of Man had risen from savagery to being the dominant race in the lands east of Ulthuan. Norse longship raids – which had long been dismissed as trivial irritants – grew to such frequency and fury that the High Elf navy could no longer contain their threat. Realising that the attacks would only become worse over time, Bel-Hathor called a convocation of all the greatest mages and instructed them to guard Ulthuan's eastern approaches. After three decades of preparation, the magicians enshrouded the island's approaches in a maze of spells, illusions and treacherous shifting shoals and mists. It became virtually impossible for Norse raiders to reach Ulthuan except by pure chance. Legends of these terrible sea routes reached the Old World and caused Men to talk of the Elf-realm with dread.

The Norse were not the only Men to dare the sea-routes to Ulthuan. Increasingly, other naval powers, and particularly the Empire and Bretonnia, also sent ships west over the ocean, seeking Ulthuan and the legendary golden cities of Lustria. Some of these determined mariners, and eventually some of their ships, found a route to Ulthuan. The Phoenix King issued an edict forbidding them to set foot on Elven soil. He did however agree to let Finubar, Prince of Eataine, take ship with them, to learn more of these emergent realms.

Finubar sailed to L'Anguille in Bretonnia and, from there, spent fifty years wandering over the continent. Because of the ancient feud with the Dwarfs, it had been a long time since any High Elf had set foot on the shores of the eastern continent. He was at once impressed and appalled at what he saw. The human realms were endless, teeming and populous. Finubar had expected mud huts, primitive savages and anarchy unbound. Instead he found mighty walled cities and disciplined armies, capable of fending off the Orcs and keeping the peace over huge stretches of territory. He saw that the humans were numerous and becoming more so, and that it was only a matter of time before they would eclipse even the elder races. In addition, Finubar was fascinated by the humans' crude vitality and exuberant culture, their energy and greed. He swiftly decided that it would be better for the Elves to have these people as allies rather than enemies.

In his travels he also came upon the lost Elf realm of Athel Loren. He was both shocked and amazed by what he found there. The Elves of the old frontier province had taken a far different path from the High Elves; they had become one with their woodland home, as far removed from the High Elves of Ulthuan as were the Dark Elves of Naggaroth. Ever after, they were known to their kin on Ulthuan as the Wood Elves. Though the Elves of Athel Loren were not unfriendly to Finubar, further rapprochement proved impossible and any ambassadors despatched from Ulthuan were treated with indifference at best.

When Finubar finally returned to Ulthuan, he was hailed as a great hero. The Phoenix King listened to Finubar's report and reversed his earlier edict denying the Men of the Old World access to Ulthuan. At Finubar's request the city of Lothern was opened to human merchants, and Elf pilots were provided to guide the trading fleets through the veiled approaches. Those races of Men who were inclined towards seamanship wasted no time in travelling to the island-continent of Ulthuan to see its wonders for themselves.

Thus began a second period of explosive growth in Lothern. Finubar watched his home city become the largest trading port in the world and was happy. The humans were astounded by the grace and majesty of Elf civilisation and well-pleased with the commerce that went on there. The Elves were content to have powerful allies in the Old World. When Bel-Hathor died peacefully of old age, Finubar was his chosen successor.

### *THE FATE OF THE SPIRIT*

*To hungry gods, Elven spirit-stuff is the most delectable of all prizes. Slaanesh, the Dark Prince of Chaos, is rapacious in all his appetites, but thirsts for Elven souls beyond all others. Those few who escape his maw must then evade the grasp of Ereth Khial, the Pale Queen. Such fates are truly worse than death, ending either in total obliteration of the soul, or torment without end.*

*To guard against such fates, all High Elves are spiritually bound to the waystones of their ancestral lands. From the moment of binding onwards, each Elf feels a powerful connection to the land upon which his waystone rests, though he may spend a lifetime wandering other lands. Many High Elves carry wayshards, small gemstones attuned to the network of waystones that allow their bearers to 'feel' the position of individual stones, and thus navigate the world.*

*When an Elf dies, his soul is drawn to his bound waystone, and becomes part of the ritual that sustains the Great Vortex. In this way, the folk of Ulthuan continue to protect, in death, the world they defended in life. It is even said that, at midnight, the hills and fields about a waystone tremble to the gallop of invisible hooves and ring with the din of a battle that lies beyond mortal sight.*

*Thus is the loss of even a single waystone a terrible tragedy. Not only does its fall diminish the magics of the Great Vortex, but with its destruction, the spirits within lose their anchor, and are left defenceless before the gaze of predatory gods.*

# FINUBAR

*XI) The Seafarer, 1 - present (Imperial Calendar 2163 to present)*

With the invaluable experience gained during his sojourn to the Old World, Finubar of Lothern was the prince best suited to understanding this new age. By temperament and experience he was ready to deal with the race of Men, and as a native of Lothern, he had grown up with an understanding of the worth of trade and a tolerant, cosmopolitan outlook on the world. In accordance with Bel-Hathor's wishes, the ruling council elected Finubar. Thus, Finubar is the first Phoenix King to be chosen by his predecessor.

A few amongst the ruling council were displeased with this appointment: perhaps they thought such a succession a break with all tradition. More likely, their sentiments were born of jealousy. Finubar's actions did little to end such concerns. From the start, he was often content to leave the day to day affairs of his realm to the trusted members of his court. Indeed, in the early years of his reign, it seemed he was but an infrequent visitor to his own realm, for he spent much time travelling the world. Finubar's rivals spread rumour in his absence, their eyes ever on claiming the Phoenix Throne they were once denied. In the end, rebellious tongues were only stilled when the Everqueen, Alarielle, arrived unannounced at a meeting of the ruling council. Standing before the Phoenix Throne, she fixed her piercing gaze on each of the council in turn, and in icy tones reminded the princes where their loyalties truly lay. Thereafter, criticisms of Finubar's rule were decidedly muted.

As the years passed, Finubar's voyages became more sporadic, though none could say whether his wanderlust was finally leaving him, or he had simply found whatever it was he searched for. Increasingly, Finubar split his time between the business of rule and taking counsel with Belannaer, one of the oldest and wisest Loremasters of Hoeth.

In the one hundred and thirty eighth year of Finubar's reign, the Great Chaos Incursion began, and it looked as if the Dark Powers had returned once more to claim the world. The Witch King himself returned at the head of a mighty host, and swept the defenders of Ulthuan before him. War raged across all Ulthuan's kingdoms. Avelorn burned, and for a time, it seemed as if the Everqueen was lost amongst the carnage, and the realm with her. Then, two mighty heroes, the twin brothers Tyrion and Teclis, arose to secure the realm and repel the invasion.



By the efforts of the extraordinary twins, the Dark Elves were driven off and Ulthuan was rescued from the brink of destruction. Finubar was greatly pleased by the twins' deeds, and brought them ever closer into his councils – the Phoenix King deemed that the last war had been merely the opening skirmish in a new age of destruction, and was determined to command the loyalty of Ulthuan's mightiest heroes. In the years that followed, other heroes would join Tyrion and Teclis at Finubar's side, some of whom would go on to become as famous as any of the Phoenix Kings.



Since then, the world has grown darker. Despite the series of magical wards raised around the island in the reign of Bel-Korhadris, Norse raids on Ulthuan have become ever more numerous. A horde of Goblins led by Grom the Paunch of Misty Mountain even managed to pillage eastern Ulthuan. Dark Elf raiders have continued to commit innumerable acts of piracy. The promise of a new golden age of peace has faded, and the Elves and their new allies have looked once more to their weapons.

For the Elves, the present holds both the promise of renewal and the threat of destruction. Their old enemies have grown stronger, while they in turn have become weaker. Ulthuan can still muster the mightiest fleet in the known world and its armies are rightly feared by its foes, and yet the High Elves are a shadow of their former glory. Indeed, many on Ulthuan feel the greatest days of the Elves have passed.

Yet every year brings new opportunities to win glory and fight against evil. There are still mighty Elf heroes, courageous warriors and mages willing to stand against the Dark Powers, and the mighty Dragons, though few in number, are turning restless in their long sleep. In the north, the Witch King stirs once more and the Widowmaker haunts the dreams of warriors, singing songs of forbidden glory to their desperate souls. Though they have dwindled and are weary, the High Elves still have a great part to play in the world before the final act of their long drama is played out.

# THE REIGN OF FINUBAR

## XI, 10 The Siege of the Holy Flame

*The scrolls of Asuryan record that, in this year, the Keeper of Secrets N'kari ran amok across Ulthuan. Loremasters of the White Tower speculated that he was attempting to eliminate the lineage of Aenarion. N'kari was eventually slain at a great battle within the walls of the Shrine of Asuryan. In the aftermath of the battle, many survivors recounted the bravery of the very twins the Daemon had sought to slay.*

## XI, 78 The Battle of Shining Ridge

*The Dark Elf host of Makanarth Blightblade ravaged the seaward lands of Tiranoc, and then headed further inland, aiming to cross the Arcspan into northern Caledor. However, before the Dark Elves could make good their plans, Prince Galathor mustered the greatest army of chariots ever seen in Ulthuan.*

*Disdaining to wait for aid from the neighbouring realms, Galathor met the Dark Elves head on. Many hundreds of treacherous kin met their end upon Shining Ridge that day, trampled by ilthilmar-shod wheels and hooves, or else pierced by Tiranoc arrows and spears. Galathor's own spear – the very weapon with which his distant ancestor had fought at Aenarion's side – snatched Makanarth from the back of his Cold One Chariot and later tore the throat from his witch-consort Drathella.*

*As dusk fell, the Dark Elves fled into the crags and valleys where Galathor's chariots could not follow, but found their paths blocked by some of Tiranoc's finest spear and archer regiments. Bloodily repulsed, the Dark Elves retreated towards the lowlands, only to find the plains alive with Ellyrian Reavers. The bold knights of Ellyrion had driven their horses hard, but still had vigour enough to fight. Lowering their spears, the Reavers slammed full tilt into the retreating Dark Elves. By the time the sun had sunk beneath the sea, the battle was over.*

## XI, 90 Slaughter at Bleak Meadow

*When word reached Ulthuan that Athel Loren was beset by a Beastman warherd of unparalleled size and ferocity, the Phoenix King saw an opportunity to ease the troubled relationship between the two kingdoms. Swiftly, an army was assembled and took ship overseas, their aim to bring aid to their estranged kin. Thus were the Beastmen caught between the wrath of two Elf realms.*

*Little trust was there between the Elves of the forest and the warriors of the Phoenix King, but mutual loathing of the Beastmen soon overcame all reserve. Eternal Guard locked shields with the spearmen of Cothique, and Sapherian wizards blunted Chaos magics whilst Spellsingers roused the living forest. At the heart of the battle, Scarloc of Loren and Ystranna of Avelorn fought back-to-back, bowstrings blurring as their arrows scythed through ranks of Bestigors. Come the dawn, the warherd had been destroyed. The Elven armies went their separate ways, each having earned fresh respect from the other.*

## XI, 97 The Mists of Wailing Fen

*Through confluence of wind and ill fate, the enchanted mists about the Shrouded Shore billowed and thickened. As they grew ever more dense, their accumulated magics shone like a beacon within the Realm of Chaos. Thus did Daemons find purchase upon the lands of Yvresse.*

*The Elves met the daemonic host on the outward edge of Wailing Fen. Moranion of Athel Tamarha rode at their head. He was owed many favours by princes of other lands, and so the tall spearmen of his holdings were joined by warriors from Chrace, Eataine, and even further afield. Moranion would need all their skill and valour in the hours to come.*

*At the battle's height, a Bloodthirster descended from the skies, roaring and bellowing as it carved bloody ruin through a regiment of White Lions. The woodsmen of Chrace fought on, even though they knew that they were overmatched. Their fortitude was soon repaid with salvation: a Flamespyre Phoenix, fire streaming behind, dove out of the darkness to rake the Bloodthirster with its mighty talons. With a thunderous crack, the Daemon's whip lashed out, coiling around the firebird's neck. The Phoenix shrieked in fury as its mighty wings strove in vain to bear it aloft once more, but the Bloodthirster was too strong. Oblivious to the White Lions' axe-blows, the Daemon hauled the beast close and tore out its throat with savage fangs. Casting the Phoenix's corpse to the ground, the Bloodthirster roared in triumph.*

*Yet the fires of the fallen Phoenix did not extinguish with its death. They continued to blaze, growing ever hotter and more furious with each passing moment. The White Lions fell back as their cloaks caught light, but the Bloodthirster, maddened with gore-lust, came on through the flames. Three steps had the Daemon taken when there was a thunderous boom; the Phoenix's body exploded in a shower of smouldering plumage, and a column of fire spiralled into the sky. Caught at the conflagration's heart, the Bloodthirster's flesh blackened and cracked but, insensate to pain, it came on, hungry for blood. Indeed, so intent was it on claiming the skulls of the remaining White Lions, that it did not notice the flames draw together and coalesce into a new form - the Phoenix reborn.*

*It took but a moment for the Flamespyre Phoenix to sight its erstwhile slayer and, giving out a great shriek, it dove to the attack. On hearing the cry the Bloodthirster turned but, before the Daemon could bring its weapons to bear, the Phoenix was upon it once more. Talons sank deep into the Bloodthirster's shoulders and an iron-hard beak punched through the Daemon's armour to pierce the black heart within its chest. With one last bellow, the Daemon's mortal form perished, and its spirit was cast back into the Realm of Chaos. With this final blow, the battle was won. As the Bloodthirster fell, the magic sustaining his army began to unravel. The Daemon army faded back into the mists, and peace fell upon Yvresse for a time.*

## XI, 118 A Short-Lived Alliance

*In this year, Sea Lord Aislinn aided King Grundadrakk of Barak Varr in scouring the greenskins of Waaagh! Gutrippa from the shores of the Black Gulf. Aislinn's Lothern Sea Guard and the Dwarfs of Barak Varr formed a nigh-undefeatable force. Alas, too many unintended insults were exchanged for the alliance to be anything but brief. Ere long, the two armies separated, the Dwarfs nurturing fresh grudges and the Elves recounting anecdotes of appalling Dwarfish habits.*



## XI, 138 The Great Chaos Incursion

*The forces of Chaos united in the far north, and marched to assail the kingdoms of the Old World. A few Chaos fleets even made landfall on the shores of Ulthuan. They would have been swiftly dealt with, were it not for the fact that the Witch King of Naggaroth saw an opportunity amidst the madness of the times.*

*So it was that the Dark Elves invaded Ulthuan in great force, laying waste to the northern kingdoms. The forests of Avelorn and Chrace were set ablaze, and the Everqueen was lost amidst the carnage – only the valour of Prince Tyrion, descendant of Aenarion, saw her preserved from the blades of Dark Elf Assassins. Cut off from aid by marauding Dark Elves, Tyrion and Alarielle headed ever deeper into the heartlands of Avelorn, taking shelter wherever they could.*

*As Ulthuan fell into tumult, great heroes arose to defend the ancient land. Teclis, brother to Tyrion and foremost amongst the Loremasters of Hoeth, began a long and dangerous search for his lost brother, destroying with sorcery those that stood in his path. In Caledor, Prince Imrik, last of his noble line, led the knights of his household as they sought to protect the slumbering Dragons from the cruel blades of Dark Elves. In the east, Moranion, Lord of Athel Tamarha, harnessed the power of his land's waystones to summon magical storms that dashed the ships of Dark Elves and Northmen alike on the rocks of the Shifting Isles.*

*Yet the Dark Elves were many and driven by ancient hatred. One by one, the High Elf armies were defeated, and their heroes captured or slain. Finubar himself was trapped within Lothern, his citadel besieged by a black-cloaked army whose numbers defied counting. As the year ended, the High Elves were reduced to fighting a guerilla war in their own lands.*

## XI, 139 **The Battle of Finuval Plain**

*Wrathful at the failure of his Assassins, the Witch King loosed the Daemon N'kari to hunt the Everqueen. Tyrion held the Keeper of Secrets at bay, but the prince was overmatched and saved only when Teclis arrived and banished the Daemon to the Realm of Chaos. Cloaked by Teclis' magic, the trio reached the shores of the Inner Sea. There, a white ship crewed by the remaining Handmaidens of the Everqueen carried them to Finuval Plain, where the shattered remnants of the Elf armies were assembling to make a final desperate stand.*

*So began the Battle of Finuval Plain, where the fate of Ulthuan hung in the balance. The Dark Elf army was large beyond counting, bolstered both by fell allies from the Old World, and by the Witch King's terrible sorceries. Yet the High Elves possessed the courage of desperation – they knew that defeat here would doom not only their fair land, but also the entire world. As the battle raged, monstrous Cold Ones were hamstrung by nimble Shadow Warriors, and poisoned bolts ricochetted from the armour of Caledorian Dragon Princes. Khainite Assassins plied their bloody trade, striking down princes and mages wherever the High Elves gained advantage. Phoenixes swooped through ranks of Witch Elves, the roiling air of their wake setting hair and flesh ablaze. On the right flank, plate-clad Chaos Warriors exchanged blows with Swordmasters of Hoeth, and White Lions hacked at Slaughterbrutes and winged Chimerae. All about, spells crackled back and forth through the air, and blood mingled with the dust thrown up by battle. Thousands died, but neither side gave any ground. So great was the carnage that warriors fought over the bodies of the dead, and ravens feasted upon the wounded trapped within the mounds of corpses.*

*Tyrion fought in the very centre of the battle, striving with the fury of an enraged beast. His great burning blade cut down foes with every stroke, and where he rode, the High Elves took heart. Meanwhile, Teclis wrestled with the Witch King's dark sorcery, and for the first time, encountered a foe that was his match. Lightning streaked across the darkening sky. Terrible clouds of black sorcery, capable of stripping warriors to the bone, were turned aside by magical winds. Daemons tore their way through to the mortal world and brought fresh carnage to a battlefield already heavy with slaughter. This alone might have spelled doom for the Elves, had it not been for the actions of the Everqueen, who sent a wave of blazing light through the daemonic ranks, casting many thousands of them from the mortal world. Alas, this deed saw her already waning powers completely spent; moments after, her unconscious body was borne from the battlefield by her surviving Handmaidens.*

*It soon became clear that even the deeds of heroes could not overcome that dark host. Tyrion could not be everywhere at once, and Teclis could not halt every spell. Slowly, the weight of numbers turned against the High Elves. Teclis saw that the battle had turned, that the High Elves would be massacred if something desperate was not attempted. Gathering his strength, Teclis invoked the power of Lileath, his staff glowing with brilliant light as the goddess fed him energy. With one final effort, Teclis sculpted the power into one titanic burst, and unleashed it upon the Witch King. Frantically, the evil one tried to turn Teclis' assault aside, but he could not. The blast descended upon him, burning into Malekith's twisted soul. At the final moment, he was forced to hurl himself into the Realm of Chaos to avoid utter and final destruction.*

*Freed now from the burden of dealing with the Witch King, Teclis turned his sorceries upon the evil horde. Magical flame sprung up amongst the Dark Elf ranks and bolts of pure magic thundered from the heavens. Through the maelstrom of sorcery rode Tyrion, his sword-arm weary, but his wrath unabated. With a single mighty blow, the Elf prince cut down the Witch King's standard bearer, and his steed trampled the fallen banner into the mud. Seeing their dread lord defeated, the Dark Elves fell into despair and withdrew from the field.*

*In the wake of the battle, Tyrion led the army south. The vengeful High Elves fell upon the besiegers of Lothern, putting them to the sword even as the Phoenix King led a sally from within the walls. Caught between hammer and anvil, the invaders were utterly crushed. Two days later, the High Elves went on the offensive. Tyrion led an army to relieve the Tower of Hoeth, whilst the Phoenix King took another northward, to directly confront the main Dark Elf host. For his part, Teclis took ship overseas, bringing aid to the embattled Old World, for the Elves knew well that if the kingdoms of Men fell, then the hordes of Chaos would soon turn their attention again to Ulthuan's shores. Though the war was far from over, the tide had turned.*

## XI, 141 **Victory at Kislev's Gates**

*After a long and terrible battle, Magnus the Pious drove the Chaos horde from the walls of Kislev. Instrumental in the victory was Teclis, who not only brought his sorceries to bear against the forces of Chaos, but also undertook the tutelage of several human wizards who then fought at his side. The following year, Teclis founded the Empire's Colleges of Magic, creating a legacy of magic in the Old World that continues to the present day.*

## XI, 144 **The Lion's Wrath**

*In this year, the Khainite Assassin coterie of Gloreir Duskblade attempted to kill the Phoenix King. Finubar survived only through the selfless actions of his White Lion bodyguard, who formed a wall of bodies about their liege until the danger had passed. Cheated of their prey, the surviving Dark Elves soon fled, only to be hunted down and slain in a series of running battles across the rooftops of Lothern. Gloreir himself was beheaded by a single swing from Captain Korhil's axe, and his ravaged body set within a gibbet at the foot of the Glittering Tower.*

## XI, 163 **A Destiny Realised**

*After long years abroad in the world of Men, Teclis returned to Ulthuan and became High Loremaster of the White Tower of Hoeth.*

## XI, 170 **Battle of the Silent Fields**

*On the night of Twilight's Tide, Daemons streamed from the upper slopes of the Annulii Mountains. The horde ravaged much of eastern Saphery before an army led by the Everqueen blocked its path. So began the Battle of the Silent Fields – site of the largest concentration of waystones beyond the Isle of the Dead.*

*The Daemons were rapacious, eager to bring their madness to the mortal world. Yet the Elves, heartened by the Everqueen's presence and shielded by her sorceries, met their fury with resolve. Flesh Hounds hurled themselves forwards, only to perish on Elven spears. Furies swooped from the skies to tear at the crews of Eagle Claw bolt throwers, but were driven back by valiant Ellyrian Reavers. Daemonettes were felled by the arrows of Shadow Warriors, the volleys loosed quicker than the eye could follow.*

*As time wore on, and midnight approached, the Everqueen felt her magics ebb – Twilight's Tide had ever been a night of Chaos ascendant, and as the dark powers rose, hers diminished. Yet as the tainted moon loomed high over the battlefield, mist fell over the plain, and the waystones burned with white flame. For a moment, silence reigned.*

*In that moment, a change fell over the High Elf army. Wounded warriors felt hands at their side, helping them to their feet. Regiments that had suffered terrible losses found their ranks filled once more. A few Elves fancied they caught glimpses of comrades long lost, or heraldry long passed out of service. But such thoughts were as elusive as dreams in the noonday sun, and were lost as soon as they were formed.*

*Whatever occurred that night, it brought fresh determination to the High Elves. Down into the mists they went, weapons ready, and hearts set to a final victory – and a great victory there was. As spear and sword struck home, they blazed with the same white fire that played about the waystones. By the time the cursed moon had passed from the sky, and the white fire had faded from the waystones, the Daemon host had been utterly destroyed. Of their unlooked-for allies, the Elves found no sign. Even as they searched, the memories of that night faded with the mist, leaving only a sadness that none could fully explain.*



## XI, 176 The Battle of Tor Dranil

*Sailing under a pall of sorcerous night, the Dark Elves invaded the Shadowlands, capturing the Salvation Isles and the Sundered Strand. Riven by division within the Phoenix King's court, the High Elves were slow to respond at first. Only when Finubar turned matters over to his closest advisor was an army despatched, with command shared equally between the princes Eldyr and Tyrion.*

*So it was that the High Elves came to the Sundered Strand to find it fortified against them. The subsequent Battle of Tor Dranil seemed a certain and crushing defeat for the High Elves, rescued from disaster only when Eldyr and his overmatched bodyguard stubbornly held the line when almost all others had fled. Eldyr fell that day, his chariot broken to matchwood, his body sliced almost apart by the cruel draichs of Har Ganeth's Executioners. Tyrion – even then fighting for his life against a triad of Khainite Assassins – saw him fall and flew into a rage.*

*Letting out a mournful battle cry, Tyrion cast down his assailants and spurred his steed Malhandir to the site where Eldyr had fallen. Left and right he hacked until Sunfang was bloody to the hilt, driving Executioners from the fallen prince. As Tyrion forged on, a new resolve filled his army, a hope of victory born from the darkest of hours. Onwards came the hunters of Chrace, arrows spent but swords ready. Onwards came the Swordmasters of Hoeth, blades a blur in the wan sunlight as they severed limbs and cut crossbow bolts from the air. The ground thundered to galloping hooves as the lances of Silver Helms splintered shields to find their marks behind.*

*In a matter of moments, the tide of the battle had turned, yet one great deed remained before the fighting was done. Kolhir Bleakheart, counted amongst the deadliest of all Naggaroth's Assassins, had waited patiently as the battle unfolded. As Tyrion drew near, Bleakheart cast off his cloak and lunged forward, poisoned blades aimed for the prince's heart. So sudden and silent was Bleakheart's approach that Tyrion did not notice his peril until the moment before the daggers struck. Yet in that moment, a single bowstring sang, the beauty and power of the note a clarion above the din of battle. As Bleakheart's lifeless form flew back into the Dark Elf ranks, Tyrion traced the arrow's path, seeking to catch a glimpse of his saviour. There, on the cliffs above, he caught a brief sight of a lone and regal figure, a glimmer of silver visible beneath a grey hood. Then, the archer turned and was gone, leaving Tyrion to claim a great victory and mourn his fallen friend.*

## XI, 177 Prince Tyrion's Squire

*In this year, Princess Eldyra of Tiranoc, youngest daughter of the fallen hero Eldyr, took up her father's sword. Seeking to serve the Phoenix King in her father's stead, she presented herself before the Phoenix Court. Her reception was not a kind one. Finubar himself was deep in study, and would see no one. Worse, few amongst the court cared for another rival in their ranks. Aloof disinterest soon turned to something mocking and callous, and Eldyra fled, eyes wet with anger and shame.*



*Prince Tyrion later found her in the Shrine of Lileath. In those dark days, he cared little for the intricacies of court and had not been present to see Eldyra's humiliation. But word had reached him nonetheless and he, recalling his friendship with Eldyra's father, sought her out. Without hesitation, he swore to see her wishes fulfilled. The next day marked the first for some time when Tyrion made a special point of attending court, making sure to introduce his new squire. Eldyra's second introduction provoked no amusement.*



## XI, 181 **The Sack of Marienburg**

*Guided by luck more than judgement, Otto Steinroth – the infamous Red Pirate of Marienburg – led a mighty fleet through Ulthuan's mists. His wolf-prowed ships laid waste to the city of Sardenath and his crews plundered its treasures. Thus did Steinroth's ships depart for home far wealthier than they had arrived.*

*With these deeds did the Red Pirate bring woe upon the city of Marienburg, for he earned the wrath of Sea Lord Aislinn, whose fleet had come to Sardenath's aid too late. Aislinn's ships were swift, and could easily have overtaken the Red Pirate and destroyed him at sea, but the Sea Lord was determined to set an example not soon forgotten by the upstart race of Man. So it was that he shadowed Steinroth's ships across the stormy seas, using every ounce of nautical cunning at his command to remain undetected. Only when the Red Pirate's fleet was berthed once more alongside Marienburg's Guilderveld docks did Aislinn strike.*

*As the battle began, the gunners in Marienburg's coastal fortresses – long practiced though they were at repelling raids from Bretonnia and Norsca – found their aim cheated by an inexplicable mist that swept over the Reiksmouth the instant the first shot was fired. Under cover of the mist, the High Elf fleet took up blockade formation and began bombardment of the port. Aislinn's flagship,* Brinedragon, *its gunwales filled to bursting with the finest warriors of Lothern, sailed full into the harbour and disgorged its troops along the dockside. Had the Marienburgers known the reasons for Aislinn's attack, they might well have stood aside and allowed his vengeance to proceed unimpeded, the better to end the blockade of their city. As it was, they knew only that their home was afire, and that Elven warriors marched in their streets. Thus, Aislinn's warriors found their path to Steinroth's wolfprows blocked not only by the Red Pirate's rough curs, but some of Nordland's finest troops.*

*So began a confused battle along the dockside. The Elves had the better of it from the start, for the mist was of their making and thus little impediment to their eyes. It was soon too much for the Red Pirate's men, who had no taste for fighting on the losing side. When Steinroth himself was cut down by Aislinn's blade, the survivors threw down their blades and dove into the water to escape. Yet there was no escape there from Aislinn's keen-eyed archers. The will of the pirates might have been broken, but the soldiers of Marienburg fought with all the desperation of men defending their home. Handguns coughed and boomed as Nordland marksmen vainly searched for targets in the mist. The harbour rang with the clash of steel upon steel as halberdiers and swordsmen sought to drive the Elves from the quayside. Yet they fought in vain. Little by little, the High Elves scoured the docks about the wolfprows. As the Lothern Sea Guard formed spear-walls to secure the quayside, other Elves boarded the wolfprows and retrieved all that was truly valuable: books of ancient lore, sceptres and circlets of rule and the weapons of Sardenath's princes. Then, at Aislinn's command, the Elves retreated to the* Brinedragon, *taking with them not only their dead, but also a large number of (extremely vocal) Elven merchants whose stores of fine wine and eastern silks would now have to be abandoned – no Elf could hope to remain free in Marienburg after that day's deeds.*

*As Aislinn's flagship rejoined his fleet, he turned back towards Marienburg with narrowed eyes. He gave a sharp nod to the mages assembled upon the foredeck, and they called down a conflagration of living flame upon the dockside. The fires quickly spread from ship to jetty, and from jetty to warehouse, consuming all in their path. By the time the* Brinedragon *had reached open sea, all of Marienburg's merchant fleet – and much of the city's hoarded wealth – had been reduced to ashes upon the wind.*

*Aislinn returned to mixed a reception on Ulthuan. The kin of those slain at Sardenath hailed him as a hero, as did those princes who believed the power of the High Elves should be felt more keenly in other lands. Many others – especially those who had benefited greatly from trade with Marienburg – declaimed Aislinn's actions as unnecessarily ruthless and nothing short of declaration of war. In the months following the sack of Marienburg, the Sea Lord's standing at court diminished almost to nothing – a situation not helped by Aislinn prosecuting new campaigns of reciprocity against Norscan settlements. Ironically, the same actions that isolated the Sea Lord amongst the courts of Ulthuan soon drew him closer to the Phoenix King, for Finubar saw a ruthlessness in Aislinn that Ulthuan could ill afford to lose.*

## XI, 188 **Caledor Rises**

*As the fortunes of the world grew evermore dim, and Ulthuan came increasingly under assault, Prince Imrik of Caledor became concerned that the deeds of his kinsfolk no longer compared favourably to those of their ancestors, that the blood of Caledor had thinned as the centuries had passed. Calling together the Great Council of Caledor, Imrik commanded that the Dragon Princes be assembled, and the great Dragons of old be awoken. Imrik swore that Caledor would lead the way, as it had in ages past – even if it took the sacrifice of every one of its sons and daughters to do so.*

*In the weeks and months that followed, smoke belched from the forges of Vaul's Anvil, and the Dragon Spine rang once more as smiths plied their trade. Dragons were woken. Great hosts of spearmen and archers filed from the mountains. Some went to the great gates in the north, others to the Outer Kingdoms; yet more took ship to outposts along the southern ocean. Whatever betide in the years of growing darkness, Caledor was prepared, and would face it without fear.*

## XI, 192 **A Common Foe**

*A High Elf fleet, under the command of Ethelis the White, sank a Norscan fleet before it could blockade Marienburg. Soon thereafter, trade between Ulthuan and Marienburg resumed.*

## XI, 203 **Blackfang's Wrath**

*The ancient Chimera Blackfang awoke from his slumbers amidst the Annulii Mountains and rampaged through Avelorn. Hundreds of Harpies, Manticores and other beasts were drawn to the destruction. For every monster slain by the incandescent arrows of the Avelorn Rangers and the ithilmar spears of the Everqueen's Handmaidens, two more came snarling to the fray. The threat was only ended when the Everqueen herself confronted Blackfang, burning the creature to ash with a column of brilliant white flame.*

## XI, 211 **Sigvald's Folly**

*Having long felt aggrieved that the folk of Ulthuan were renowned for more fulsome and golden locks than he, Prince Sigvald, scion of Slaanesh, took ship to Ulthuan, his goal to scalp every Elf who crossed his path. With him travelled an army of blood-hungry Chaos Warriors, who cared not why Sigvald brought war to the Elven realm, so long as there was plunder to be taken and the glory of Dark Gods to be earned.*

*Princess Eldyra, by now a general in her own right, led the counterattack. Initially unsure of the Chaos horde's size, Eldyra elected to harry the force as it headed inland. Charioteers were tasked with hunting down and eliminating Sigvald's scouts, whilst Shadow Warriors launched daring night-time raids to destroy supplies, slay horses and assassinate the Chaos Lord's lieutenants. At Eldyra's direction, spells of concealment hid towns, waystones and mansions from the oncoming foe. Harried and blinded, Sigvald's army was soon lost in the Cothique highlands.*

*Division soon set in amongst the Chaos ranks, for there was little plunder, and no glory at all in enduring the lethal pinpricks of the Shadow Warriors' attacks. Sigvald had to best ever more frequent challenges to his leadership, yet pride would not allow him to turn back or compromise his goals. Soon, he had slain as many of his own lieutenants as had the Shadow Warriors who plagued his advance. It was in the midst of one such death-duel, begun by a hulking brute named Dranak Goredrinker, that Eldyra finally unleashed her attack.*

*Pennants streaming, great spear-formations of Silver Helms pierced the heart of the Chaos army, slaying a great many of the Northmen before they could even form up. Even then, the Chaos Warriors could have prevailed, had Sigvald found it within himself to set aside his enmity with Goredrinker for a few hours. As it was, Sigvald's vain refusal to halt the death-duel for such a trifling occurrence as an enemy attack cost his army dear. By the time night fell, the High Elves had won a crushing victory. Goredrinker had fallen to Sigvald's silver blade, and the what little remained of the Chaos army had scattered and fled. For his part, Sigvald simply wandered off in the final stages of the battle, hacking down any who tried to stop him. Goredrinker's spilt blood had reminded the prince of a particularly rancourous bottle of Bretonnian wine he had once sampled, and he was suddenly minded to wreak vengeance on its creators...*

## XI, 236 The Invasion of Eataine

*Having bypassed the sea-gates of Lothern by the simple expedient of sailing beneath them, a fleet of Skaven-wrought submersibles beached upon the shores of Eataine. Hordes of vicious ratmen scrambled from the corroded hulks, only to be met upon the bluffs by the unwavering spear-tips of the Lothern Sea Guard. The Elves were greatly outnumbered, yet they knew the Skaven had to be stopped there. Once the ratmen went inland, they would surely vanish into the caves and forests, and Ulthuan would not be free of their kind for many long decades to come.*

*Skavenslaves scrambled madly up the beach, but those that were not felled by arrows died against the bristling spear-walls. Warlord Skizratch of Clan Rictus had planned his assault well and, when the Skavenslaves of the sixth wave had been slain, he launched his main attack. Clan Moulder Beastmasters goaded scores of monstrous Rat Ogres up the beach, the cracking of their whips drowned by the beasts' roars. In their wake marched regiments of Stormvermin. The Sea Guard's archery was sporadic now, for most of their arrows were spent. All along the cliff, shields were locked and spears braced – a thin line of white and silver against the verminous horde.*

*Alas, this too had Skizratch prepared for. The ranks of the Stormvermin parted to reveal Warpfire Throwers, which now spewed their fury directly into the Elven ranks, the tainted flame immolating dozens. It was against these weakened sections of the spear-wall that the Rat Ogres attacked. They drove forward onto spear and sword, lashing out with claw and fang, caring naught for the wounds they took in return. Even before this fearsome assault, the Elves held firm, their blades flashing and darting in the dawn-light. One by one, the Rat Ogres fell, but they left behind a trail of battered and bloodied dead.*

*It was as the Stormvermin advanced that the Elves began to withdraw – they were now too few to hold the line, and knew that they must withdraw or else be overwhelmed. Yet not a single Elf broke step with his fellows. Even when Skizratch himself joined the fight, his black-bladed halberd cleaving the helm and skull of many an Elf, the Sea Guard held true. Only when Skizratch fell – one of the last precious arrows buried up to its flights in his right eye – did the Elves withdraw once more, taking advantage of the momentary panic that swept through the Skaven lines. For a moment, it seemed like the Warlord's death might end the battle, but a vengeful chittering broke out amongst the Skaven ranks, and the ratmen threw themselves forward once more.*

*Many leagues across the Sea of Dreams, standing atop the highest rampart of the Shrine of Asuryan, keen-eyed Caradryan of the Phoenix Guard had caught sight of the Sea Guard's plight. By silent command he mustered his warriors, and called the Flamespyre Phoenixes from their roosts – no ship could deliver salvation so swiftly as their wings.*

*One moment, the skies were clear; in the next they burned with the wrath of scores of angry Phoenixes. Each firebird bore a half-dozen Elves upon its back, yet the burden slowed them not at all. The Phoenixes swooped across the battlefield, their outstretched talons gouging bloody furrows through the tight-packed ranks of Stormvermin. As holes were torn in the Skaven lines, the firebirds skimmed low, landing just long enough to allow the Phoenix Guard to dismount. In grim silence, the chosen of Asuryan formed up shoulder to shoulder. As one, they raised their halberds high in salute, so that Asuryan might notice their deeds that day, and charged into the fray.*

*Now it was the Skaven's turn to know doom. Not one amongst them had ever encountered warriors so grim and deadly as the fell-handed Phoenix Guard, and those ratmen that did not fall beneath their keen-edged halberds shrank back in fear. As the weight of Skaven slackened from Lothern shields, fresh hope filled the bone-weary warriors. With a song upon their lips they went down into the battle once more, for they had many good friends to avenge that day. Yet, as the Elves surged forward, an unearthly roar shook the battlefield, and a Hell Pit Abomination surged through the ranks of Stormvermin, thick green smoke billowing from the warpstone braziers set within its flesh. Mad with torment, the beast tore through Skaven and Elves alike, hurling broken bodies from its path, or crushing them beneath its gruesome bulk.*

*It was then that Caradryan joined the fray, swooping from the skies on the back of the great Frostheart Phoenix, Ashtari. Chill air sparkled in the Phoenix's wake as it dove to the fray, and where its talons struck, the Abomination's skin blistered with cold. The mutant beast roared once more and attempted to swat the new attacker from the sky, but its limbs were numbed, and the frostbird spiralled safely out of reach. On its next pass, Ashtari swooped low, and Caradryan held his blade ready. As the halberd cut into the creature's tainted flesh, its enchanted blade burst into flame. A dozen strikes in all did Caradryan deal, each deadlier than the last, and soon the Hell Pit Abomination was naught but a blazing pillar of flesh.*

*This last was too much for the ratmen, who fled for the relative safety of their beached vessels. They were much too late. As Caradryan had led one group of Phoenixes to rescue the Sea Guard from their plight, he had sent another to attack the Skaven hulks. Now the ships blazed furiously on the shore, great gouts of green-black smoke belching from their innards, as the Phoenix-flame reduced the craft to smouldering ruins.*

*With their craft destroyed, the panicked Skaven scattered, but their desperation made them easy prey for High Elf blades. No more than a hundred made it off the beach, and those that did ran straight into reinforcements from Lothern who, sour-hearted at having come too late to the battle, determined to compensate by hunting down the survivors with stern vigour. So ended the ill-fated invasion of Eataine.*

## XI, 254 The Herald of Mathlann

*In this year, Sea Lord Aislinn was washed up on the shores of Eataine. Six months prior, he had been mortally wounded and left for dead by the Dark Elf reaver Lokhir Fellheart, but now bore not even a scar, and claimed no memory of the missing months. From that moment on, Aislinn was hailed as the Herald of Mathlann – for surely only the god of the seas could have delivered the admiral from his watery grave.*

## XI, 255 The Siege of Couronne

*When the Bretonnian city of Couronne came under siege by a great warherd of Beastmen, aid unlooked-for arrived in the form of a High Elf army under the command of Imrik of Caledor. In truth, the High Elves cared not for the fate of the Bretonnian city – their only concern was the sanctity of the waystones that now lay buried beneath Couronne's chief castle. So it was that Dragon Princes battled snarling Gors alongside Knights of the Realm; that the shieldwalls of stocky Men-at-arms were flanked by regiments of noble High Elf archers and stern Phoenix Guard.*

*In Bretonnia, bards tell that Prince Imrik and King Charlen fought like brothers that day, fighting as one against every foul Jabberslythe and Ghorgon to emerge from the Beastmen's ragged ranks. A few even claim that King Charlen saved Imrik's life, spearing the Cygor that had swept the Elf from his saddle before it could stomp him flat. For their part, the Elves remember the Bretonnians as crude but enthusiastic fighters, whose valour almost overshadowed their impertinence. Prince Imrik never forgave Charlen for stealing a good many of his kills.*



## XI, 260-262 Assault on Naggarond

*This year marked the first occasion on which the High Elves mounted a successful campaign against Naggarond. Eltharion of Yvresse led the army, his deeds earning great glory and renown across Ulthuan. Many garrisons were taken by surprise and razed to the ground. Thousands of Dark Elf warriors were cut down. Patrols of Ellyrian Reavers worked in concert with Shadow Warrior bands to ambush enemy messengers and sow terror deep into Naggaroth.*

*When at last Eltharion's army reached Naggarond, the boldest Elves clad themselves in captured garb and entered the city, opening the gates from within. The waiting High Elves poured into the city and ran riot, burning buildings and slaying all they found. Alas, in the hour of victory, disaster struck – Eltharion was wounded by a Witch Elf's poisoned blade. It seemed that Eltharion would pay the same price as all others who had chanced their arm against the Witch King's citadel – that his death would follow glory, rather than defeat, was little consolation.*

## XI, 262 **The Ruin of Yvresse**

*This year marked the greatest calamity to occur in Yvresse since the Sundering. Out of the east, borne by storm, sailed a great fleet of Goblin ships. At their head came Grom, a Goblin king of massive girth and grand ambition. He had left the cities of the Old World in ruins, and now brought his Waaagh! to a new land.*

*The Goblins made landfall at Cairn Lothel, and marched southwards, burning as they went. Thousands died as the Waaagh! drew further inland, but that was not the worst of it. As the Goblins advanced, their shaman, Black Tooth, ordered that the ancient waystones be toppled, that he might absorb their hidden magics. With each waystone that fell, magic that should have been siphoned into the Great Vortex ran wild across the hills of Yvresse. Forests blazed with green fire, the earth was wracked with tremors, Daemons burst from the mists and rivers choked with filth. Yet still the Goblins came on, Grom mad with conquest, Black Tooth drunk with power. Moranion of Yvresse attempted to halt the Goblin advance at the keep of Athel Tamarha, but his army was soon overwhelmed, and Moranion himself was slain.*

*At that moment, in the far north of Ulthuan, Moranion's son, Eltharion, lay close to death, fevered dreams haunting his slumbers. The poisoned wound he had received in Naggarond still gnawed at his spirit, for none amongst his host had the skill to counter the Dark Elf venom. With a start, Eltharion opened his eyes and beheld a pale apparition of his father. The shadowy figure was bloodied and mangled by blade-marks and arrows, and Eltharion knew his father was dead. The spirit spoke in hollow tones, telling him of Grom, and how the Goblin had destroyed Athel Tamarha and defiled its lands. The ghost told how the greenskins had defiled every waystone in their path, and how the magical energies they normally contained were wracking the land. If the watchstone of Tor Yvresse were to fall too, the spirit foretold, then the resulting devastation would be unimaginable.*

*Eltharion awoke with a start, miraculously cured of the Dark Elf poison. The ghost was gone, but looking down he saw the Fangsword, ancient heirloom of his family, resting where his father's spirit had been. At once, he knew his destiny was to avenge his father and his home. He arose from his bed and grasped the sword, feeling new strength flow into him as he lifted it. In the morning, the High Elf commanders found their Lord awake and alert, pale and wan, but strong. His countenance was dark as he bade them return to their ships and make all speed for Tor Yvresse.*

*Meanwhile, Grom's army had carved ruin through Yvresse. Upon Yvraine Plain, the High Elves made yet another stand. Warrior for warrior, the Elves were more than a match for Grom's gobbos, but the greenskins' sheer numbers carried them deep into the Elf lines. There, at the heart of the battle, Grom's axe hacked apart Argalen, Moranion's younger son. With a great bellow of victory, Grom lifted Argalen's corpse high above his head and hurled it into the defenders' ranks. So disheartened were they by their hero's fall that the Elves fled, and the battle turned into a rout. Fleeing Elves were cut down as they dropped their shields and ran for the safety of Tor Yvresse.*

*The greater part of Tor Yvresse's defenders had been slain in battle – and those that remained were sick with grief – yet still the city held for four days. Four days of bombardment by stone, skull and sorcery; four days without hope of survival. Even when the Goblin assault finally came, the Elves of Tor Yvresse did not falter, but gripped their spears tighter and made sure that every arrow counted. So it was that when Eltharion's army finally arrived, it found the great city in flames, its streets full of the slain. Here and there, outnumbered High Elves fought the greenskin horde with desperate fury. Yet no matter how bravely they fought, the Elves were losing, street by street – every Goblin that fell was but a drop of water in a vile sea. Above the blazing buildings, the shaman Black Tooth flew upon a great Wyvern, blasting the city with foul magic. Moments before, he had slain the Warden of Tor Yvresse, and now sought to take the power of the city's waystone for his own.*

*Before the first Eagleship had reached the docks, Eltharion took to the back of his mighty Griffon, Stormwing, and soared into the fray. Moments later, the first ramps crashed down onto blood-slick docks, and hundreds of Elf warriors rushed ashore to join the fight. As the battle for the ruined streets began to turn, Eltharion let cry a mighty challenge, and charged directly at the shaman. Stormwing raked and clawed at the Wyvern, opening great rents in its scaly flank. Black Tooth bludgeoned Eltharion with ethereal fists of green magic, leaving the Elf reeling in his saddle.*

*With a guttural snarl, the shaman prepared a final, deadly sorcery to end Eltharion – but the spell was never completed. Eltharion's warriors had seized the Warden's Tower and made the Invocation of Ending – temporarily becalming the Winds of Magic. Seizing his chance, Eltharion struck out and took off Black Tooth's head with a single blow. With that act, the greenskin attack faltered and Eltharion's vengeful troops swept the enemy from the city. Grom first tried to rally his fleeing army but, after a moment's thought, shrugged and joined the fleeing masses.*

*Eltharion did not stop to savour the victory but instead went with four of his bravest warriors to the Warden's Tower. There they wrestled with the power of the watchstone, seeking to stabilise the magics that were ravaging Yvresse. Nobody knows what took place within those walls, but in the morning, only Eltharion emerged alive, his face more stern than ever. The following morning not even the sunrise nor the cheering crowds of the victorious High Elves could force a smile from him. He was elected Warden of Tor Yvresse in recognition of his feats, but from then on the haunted hero was forever known as Eltharion the Grim.*

## XI, 359 **The Shadow of Nagashizzar**

*This was a year full of ill-omen. The Witch King brooded upon his iron throne, his legions poised to invade Ulthuan once more. Elsewhere, the followers of Chaos mustered under a single banner, eager to bring ruin to the Empire – a conflict the Phoenix King knew would soon call upon the blades of the Elves.*

*Yet it was late in the Season of Storm when the direst of tragedies struck. Aliathra, daughter of the Phoenix King and future Everqueen, had vanished whilst acting as emissary to the High King of the Dwarfs. Great was the uproar at court, with nobles of all ranks calling for war. Yet Finubar refused hasty action, and sought counsel with the Everqueen. Alarielle was certain that Aliathra lived, but was hidden against her will – the lineage of the Everqueen linked mother and daughter more tightly than bonds of blood, and was deceived less readily than mortal senses.*

*So occurred the greatest assemblage of Elven heroes in many hundreds of years. Prince Tyrion, the Everqueen's Champion, led an army of Ulthuan's finest warriors. With him went not only his brother Teclis, but also Eltharion of Tor Yvresse, Eldyra of Tiranoc, Ystranna of Avelorn and Belannaer of Hoeth. During the voyage, Teclis finally broke the spells of concealment that surrounded Aliathra – she was held in the labyrinthine chambers of Nagashizzar.*

*With Tyrion at their head, the Elves fought their way into the black heart of Nagash's lair. Of the Great Necromancer there was no sign, but thousands of his mouldering servants thronged the colossal halls. Against Eltharion's Fangsword and Ystranna's Moonspear, the Undead could not hope to stand. Vampires and Fell Bats swarmed about the Elves, only to be driven back by Teclis' magics. Hexwraiths emerged from the walls to slay valiant warriors of Lothern and Yvresse, but Tyrion unleashed the power of Sunfang and burnt them from the shadows.*

*Finally, much diminished in number, the Elves entered a dungeon deep within one of Nagashizzar's many accursed spires. There they found Aliathra, pale and in a deep, sorcerous sleep. Deeming there to be no time to waken the princess, Tyrion gathered her up in his arms, and bade Eltharion lead the remaining Elves forth. No resistance did they meet on the outward journey, for the tower's denizens were slain or fled deeper into Nagash's stronghold. Yet the Elves were not yet free of Nagashizzar. As they passed the gates and entered the desolation beyond, they beheld a great Undead host mustered in the ash-fields. Mannfred von Carstein had expended much effort in acquiring Aliathra for his dark designs. He did not intend to relinquish her without a fight...*









# THE GLITTERING HOST

*The armies of the High Elves have been at war for thousands of years. In that time, they have mastered every facet of battle; every stratagem, tactic and ploy. Though each of the ten kingdoms pursues its own chosen ways of war, from this diversity comes strength. Acting together, with all the forces at their command, the lords and princes of Ulthuan can achieve glorious victories they would otherwise be denied. The nobles may boast that battles are won by the glorious charge of Dragon Princes, the axes of the White Lions or the unsurpassed magics of mages, but the deeds of citizen spearmen and archers are no less vital. Every soldier must play his part if victory is to be won.*

*In this section you will find details for all the different troops, heroes, monsters and war machines used in the army of the High Elves. It provides the background, imagery, characteristic profiles and rules necessary to use all the elements of the army, from Core troops to special characters, and from the Lore of High Magic to the magic items used by their foremost heroes.*

# ARMY SPECIAL RULES

This section of the book describes all the different units used in a High Elf army, along with the rules necessary to use them in your games of Warhammer. Where a model has a special rule that is explained in the *Warhammer* rulebook, only the name of that rule is given. If a model has a unique special rule, that rule is detailed alongside its description. However, there are a number of commonly recurring 'army special rules' that apply to several High Elf units, and these are detailed here.

## MARTIAL PROWESS

High Elf models with this special rule can make supporting attacks with one extra rank than normal. This is cumulative with any other special rule that allows a unit to fight in extra ranks. In addition, when shooting, all High Elf models with this special rule fire in one more rank than normal (if the unit chooses to Volley Fire, this will normally mean that all the models in the front three ranks, and half the models in the fourth and any subsequent ranks, are allowed to shoot). This is cumulative with any other special rule that allows a unit to shoot in extra ranks.

## VALOUR OF AGES

If your opponent's army roster contains one or more models from *Warhammer: Dark Elves*, models with this special rule re-roll all failed Panic, Fear and Terror tests.

## LILEATH'S BLESSING

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

### *THE WARRIOR'S MARK*

*For the High Elves, long hair is a symbol of strength, power and nobility – the clearest token of a real warrior. Because of this, locks of hair are also important talismans for the Elves. This ancient custom stems from the greatest heroes of Elf legend, who have always been depicted with long flowing hair, and it is said that it is from here that their might springs. The White Lions of Chrace, who are renowned for their prodigious strength, take great pride in their hair, which grows golden or jet-black. They weave delicate iron cords into their long plaits so they will not be cut in the heat of the battle, as this would mean that the warrior so divested would become weakened in the midst of war.*

*All High Elves decorate their hair with combs made of silver or gold, and embellished with bright gems. Each jewel has a different meaning, and reflects the Elf's role in his family, his rank in battle, or can even be a token of favour granted by a betrothed. Woe betide a battlefield scavenger who takes one of these adornments from a fallen Elf; the High Elves consider this deed to be an insult almost beyond reckoning, and pursue it as such. The Bretonnian town of Brigadine's fire-blackened ruins stand as grim reminder that, no matter how pretty an Elf-wrought comb might look amidst the curls of a knight's chosen lady, the suitor would have done far better to trade in gold than pluck one from the battlefield dead.*

## FIREBORN

Models with this rule have a 2+ ward save against Wounds caused by attacks that have the Flaming Attacks special rule.

## ARROWS OF ISHA

Shooting attacks made by a model who is attacking with a weapon that has this special rule are magical attacks. Models from the Forces of Destruction suffer an additional -1 to their armour saves against Wounds caused by Arrows of Isha.



## ARMOURY OF ULTHUAN

### Ithilmar Barding

*This gleaming armour is as strong as tempered steel, yet weighs no more than silk.*

Ithilmar barding follows all the rules for barding (see the *Warhammer* rulebook) except that the mount suffers no penalty to its Movement characteristic.

### Dragon Armour

*Forged in the heart of a volcano, this fine armour is enchanted to ward off the blows of the enemy and is all but impervious to Dragon fire.*

Dragon armour provides the wearer with a 5+ armour save. Dragon armour also grants the wearer a 6+ ward save and the Fireborn special rule.

### Bow of Avelorn

*Warriors of Avelorn use these enchanted bows to slay their foes with volleys of flaming arrows.*

| Range | Strength | Special Rules |
|---|---|---|
| 24" | 4 | Arrows of Isha, Flaming Attacks, Volley Fire |

### Lion Cloak

*The fur of a slain war lion is worn both as a sign of status and for protection from enemy arrows.*

Models wearing a lion cloak add +2 to their armour save against non-magical shooting attacks.

# COMMANDERS OF ULTHUAN

The noble families of Ulthuan have led the High Elves through times of peace and conflict for thousands of years. They pride themselves on a deep sense of honour, as well as the mastery of both diplomacy and war as art forms. The High Elves believe an existence lived without precision to be hollow, and scarcely preferable to death. Any Elf prince is just at home fighting with sword in bloody melee as he is loosing deathly-accurate arrows from afar, or even dictating the strategy of a campaign from a greater distance still.

Though they are loyal to the Phoenix King even unto death, all High Elves of noble blood love intrigue and politics. Unfortunately, this sometimes means that armies are trusted to individuals based on political alignment, rather than on ability. Fortunately these instances are rare – when the safety of Ulthuan is at stake, few Phoenix Kings have suffered such idiocy for long. There is no shortage of brave and talented commanders among the Asur, and courtly intrigue seldom prevents such individuals from harnessing their skills.

Depending on their wealth and the kingdom of their birth, the princes of Ulthuan fight in many different ways. Those of Tiranoc typically do battle from the back of swift-wheeled chariots, while the lords of Lothern often stand, spear and bow in hand, amidst the ranks of the Sea Guard. Those with the greatest wealth might ride upon a Great Eagle or Griffon or, in the case of the mightiest princes of Caledor, upon a Dragon. Such steeds are invariably a symbol of status, as well as lending a brutal advantage in the midst of battle.

Wherever they hail from, High Elf commanders are incredibly dangerous, able to strike down their foes with unmatched swiftness. They are equally deadly with a lance, spear, halberd, or longbow, able to penetrate even the most resolute defence with a spear thrust or shoot a foe through the eye while riding at full gallop. Princes of the highest rank even wield weapons of legend, magical heirlooms fashioned upon Vaul's forge and held by their families for hundreds, if not thousands, of years. For many families, ownership of such an artefact constitutes their line's right to regal status. Any prince who bears one to battle will therefore fight all the harder, for he and his family can ill-afford for the blade to be lost to the foe, or be dishonoured by defeat or cowardice.

Yet, whilst a magical weapon might make a noble a prince, it does not make him a general. This comes from his keen mind, his courage and his sense of duty. Thus does Ulthuan forge the finest commanders in the world, leaders able to read the ebb and flow of unfolding battle, knowing when to commit forces, when to retreat and when Ulthuan must call for the ultimate sacrifice from her defenders.

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

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character).

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

### *KHAINE, THE BLOODY-HANDED GOD*

*Khaine is the Elf god of war, murder, hatred and destruction. He is the destroyer, who represents to the Elves the fact that in order for there to be life there must also be death; in order to have peace there must also be war; in order to have happiness there must be suffering; in order to have love there must be hatred and murder. Without Khaine, and his ruthless arts, life would be utterly without meaning, for no living being appreciates life's bounty without the prospect of it being torn asunder.*

*Khaine is the god of unleashed violence – the High Elves may use his murder-lust when danger threatens, but it must be controlled and used wisely. The nobility of Nagarythe in particular are wary of the lure of Khaine's glories, for they are born of a lineage that thirsts for vengeance and know the seductive call of the Bloody-Handed God better than any. For a warrior of Nagarythe, every day is lived in perfect balance, drawing upon Khaine when he is needed, but countering his baleful influence with that of more merciful gods, lest his influence overwhelm.*

*Once you have fallen into Khaine's shadow, the High Elves say, you will never rest easy in the light. The history of Ulthuan contains many stark reminders of this singular truth, but none carry more weight than the fate of Aenarion. Once the Phoenix King seized the Widowmaker, he invited Khaine into his heart, and thereafter knew peace only in death.*



# MAGES

By lineage and inclination, the High Elves are a magical race. They are fascinated by the secrets of sorcery, and their mages' nimble minds can embrace a deeper understanding of its subtleties and whims than other wizards. It is well that this is so, for without the magics of the High Elf mages, Ulthuan would have long since have slipped beneath the waves or been overwhelmed by the black sorceries of Naggarothi sorcerers. Indeed, not only Ulthuan, but the entire world owes much to the disciplined and selfless actions of High Elf mages. It is by their efforts that the Great Vortex and the network of waystones that feed it are maintained, and the dread power of Chaos thus kept in abeyance.

In Ulthuan, those who devote their lives to magic are treated with the highest respect and honour. Though each kingdom has its own magical traditions and methods of scholarship, Saphery is the realm most famed for its mages, and it is at the White Tower of Hoeth that Ulthuan's seat of magical learning can be found. There, the greatest collection of mages, Loremasters and scholars in the world endeavour to perfect their mastery of the sorcerous arts. It is a place of wonders unbounded, where mages strive to harness every aspect of the Winds of Magic.

An aspirant to the White Tower is expected to swiftly gain a proficiency in the eight Lores of Magic – only then can their true education begin. Through decades, and often centuries, of painstaking research and scrupulous study, they learn to master magic in its purest form, an art known simply as High Magic. Those who have mastered this most challenging of lores hold the entire spectrum of magic at their command. At a High Mage's word, shimmering fields of magical energy spring into being to protect his allies, and the fires of courage blaze anew within their hearts. The truly gifted can even becalm the Winds of Magic themselves, collapsing a raging tempest until naught but a gentle breeze remains. Yet it should not be thought that High Magic is reserved for defensive means alone. With but a wave of his hand, a High Mage can call down the wrath of the heavens, paralyse his foes, or immolate whole regiments with Asuryan's fire.

It is little wonder then, that in times of strife, the Phoenix King will beseech the Tower of Hoeth for aid. The Loremasters of Saphery never shirk from their duty, for they know that their gifts stand between Ulthuan and annihilation. Traditionally, mages fulfil an advisory capacity in addition to their battlefield roles, lending an insight that transcends mortal comprehension. Such knowledge has even led to mages being given command of whole armies, a state of affairs that is especially common when Ulthuan is beset by supernatural threats from the Realm of Chaos.

| | 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 |



**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character).

**MAGIC:** Mages are Wizards who use spells from the Lore of High Magic (see page 62) or one of the eight Lores of Battle Magic in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Lileath's Blessing, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

### *LILEATH, THE MAIDEN*

*Lileath is the goddess of the moon, a radiant vision of purity. She is the goddess of dreams and fortune, and commonly revered by the seers, Loremasters and mages of Ulthuan. Indeed, no High Elf can truly master the arts of magic without receiving Lileath's blessing. Indeed, it is even said that this divine favour – as much as scholarly discipline – is what grants the mages of Ulthuan their incomparable aptitude for abjuration and counterspell.*

*Lileath is also the Elven goddess associated with innocence and forgiveness. It is claimed that she reads the intent written upon the heart of an Elf and thus judges his actions not by what he does, but by what he seeks to do.*

*What is less well known is the special relationship that the Shadow Warriors share with Lileath. She alone is their hope for salvation. If the ill-fated warriors of Nagarythe can finally defeat Malekith's followers and fulfil the oath sworn by their ancestors centuries ago, they believe that the Maiden will forgive them the grievous wrongs they have committed while carrying out their grisly shadow war.*

# DRAGONS

Dragons are amongst the oldest of all living creatures. They antedate the rise of Chaos, and rode the thermals of ancient volcanoes long before warm-blooded creatures ruled the world. They are wise and aloof, viewing those around them with a perspective that only the eldest creatures can share.

Every land has its legends and folk tales concerning Dragons: legends of fanged mouths that belch scorching flame, and of taloned claws sharp enough to slice through stone. In such tales, Dragons are cruel and whimsical tyrants, given to the slaughter of peoples and the ruination of cities. Certainly, Dragons are capable of such things, for their raw power exceeds that of any other living creature, and their minds are every bit as wise and cunning as the Elves'.

On Ulthuan, Dragons are the subjects of legends quite different to the terrifying folk tales of other lands. Without the Dragons of Ulthuan, the High Elves would have been annihilated thousands of years ago, for the Dragons are the Elves' oldest and greatest allies. Within Ulthuan, the realm of Caledor is the home of the Dragons, and in ancient days, those noble beasts seemed almost without number. However, times have changed. Now, in colossal caverns found deep within the Dragon Spine Mountains, the Dragons sleep away the centuries. A mysterious languor that began in the earliest years of Tethlis' reign has caused more and more Dragons to enter a slumber from which only ancient Caledorian songs can rouse them.



The songs of Dragon-waking are an ancient and closely-guarded trust. Any who learn their secrets are then bound by a dolorous enchantment that will bring about their doom should ever the covenant be betrayed. Secrecy is essential for the survival of Ulthuan's Dragons, for the Dark Elves both covet and hate the mighty creatures. Though there are few Dreadlords that do not desire to command such a beast, most would as soon butcher every last one, just to deny them to the High Elves. Whilst the Dark Elves have some few Dragons of their own, they are black-hearted monsters twisted by hate – a poor comparison to the noble beasts of Caledor.

Few young Dragons are hatched now on Ulthuan. The youngest Dragons are referred to by the Elves as Sun Dragons, in reference to their hot tempers and the rich, warm hue of their scales. Those Dragons that surpass the Sun Dragons in might and enlightenment are known as Moon Dragons. The oldest and most powerful of Ulthuan's Dragons are referred to as Star Dragons, for they are truly as ancient as the very stars of the firmament. While any Dragon can savage an entire regiment of warriors, tear a Manticore apart or rip the head off of a Wyvern, a Star Dragon is so physically powerful that it can battle against even the Greater Daemons of Chaos and prevail.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sun Dragon | 6 | 5 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 7 |
| Moon Dragon | 6 | 6 | 0 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 3 | 5 | 8 |
| Star Dragon | 6 | 7 | 0 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 2 | 6 | 9 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Monster.

**SPECIAL RULES: Fly, Large Target, Scaly Skin (3+), Terror.**

**Dragon Fire:** A Dragon has a Strength 4 Breath Weapon with the Flaming Attacks special rule.

### *VAUL, THE MAKER*

*Vaul is armourer to the hosts of heaven and patron to blacksmiths and artisans. He is both crippled and blind, wounded in the ancient wars of the gods when he challenged Khaine. Enslaved to Khaine's will, Vaul is forced to make weapons of extraordinary power for the War God's eternal battle against the great enemy. Vaul has thus laboured for time untold, but his hatred for Khaine has never slackened. Even so, the Maker nurtures no seed of rebellion, but bears his shame in silence; he knows that the Elves will need Khaine's fire and fury if they are to survive the great darkness that is coming, and even a god's pride is a little thing when set against the extinction of an entire race. So does Vaul's desire for revenge go unfulfilled – just one more burden for his twisted body to bear.*

*Mightiest of the blades forged at Vaul's hand was the Widowmaker, and it was Draugnir, father of Dragons, who provided the fire that tempered that steel. Alas, the weapon thirsted, even then, and stole from Draugnir more than he sought to give. Thereafter, the fate of Draugnir's line was eternally bound to that of the Elves.*

# ULTHUAN MILITIA

Long ago, in a time of desperate need, the Phoenix King Morvael introduced a levy system so that all Elves could be called upon to fight for the defence of their homeland. These levies were organised into companies based within their cities, towns and villages. Morvael accurately predicted the need for a well-organised but flexible army to defend Ulthuan in the troubled times ahead. This system has stood the test of time and remains the cornerstone of most Elven armies to this day. Every Elf, though he may be a craftsman, tradesman or artist in peacetime, must become a resolute fighter in time of war.

When a High Elf begins his martial training, he first learns the arts of swordsmanship and archery. Only when he has mastered both blade and bow is he inducted into the white-garbed ranks of an archer regiment. For the High Elves, white is the colour of purity and of death, and their robes symbolise their determination to fight to the end, no matter what horrors await them on the battlefield.

Once trained, an archer serves in his regiment for a decade or more, forsaking all previous allegiances. There, he will learn how to send volleys of arrows high into the air, so that they scythe into the enemy ranks from above, and when to hold fire against a charging foe, so that every shot cripples or kills. Most of all, he learns to focus his pride into a courage that will allow him to stand his ground. Ulthuan is forever beset by grave perils, and even the finest weapons are worth naught without valorous hands to wield them.

After a decade or so, if the Elf has proven his worth as an archer, he is called to fight as part of a spear regiment. Such formations are the living ramparts that preserve Ulthuan's heartlands. Once a phalanx of spears takes position on the field, it can hold the line against anything from a Goblin horde to a raging Manticore. The Elves of the formation play their parts as if every movement was part of a carefully choreographed plan, overlapping one another and providing protection at one moment, then flowing freely to exploit a gap in the enemy lines the next. Unlike the spear phalanxes of lesser races, this is all achieved without a word of command, or even a gesture. Each warrior instinctively knows the mind of his comrades to either side and acts without hesitation.

So deadly are Ulthuan's militia regiments that countless battles have been won by longbow and spear alone. Few foes can brave the storm of arrows long enough to breach the grim lines of glittering spears. Thus have the invaders of Ulthuan met their doom for centuries. Thus will they meet their doom for long years to come.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Spearman | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Sentinel | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 |
| Archer | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Hawkeye | 5 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry.

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**



## *MORAI-HEG, THE CRONE*

*Morai-Heg is an ancient and withered creature, the Keeper of the Souls and the Weaver of Prophecy. She, and she alone, knows the future and reads the patterns of time. She sets the stars of the heavens, and thus the future can be read from the night sky. The High Elves believe that Morai-Heg knows the fate of all, and that every death – no matter how trivial – is foretold by the Crone.*

*Morai-Heg is a verysome and shifting being, and commonly stands apart from the quarrels of the other gods. Hers is not the distant aloofness practiced by Asuryan, however, but a scheming neutrality that exploits any heavenly discord to her own advantage. Thus, there is not a god of the Elves who does not owe Morai-Heg thanks and retribution in equal measure.*

*Ravens are said to be Morai-Heg's messengers. They soar across Ulthuan and the barbaric lands of the younger races, bearing snippets of the Crone Goddess' wisdom to those that have the wit to interpret the signs. Thus, Ulthuan's archer regiments hark at every coarse raven song, and mourn the passing of each member of the chorus. Such actions are thought to be the obsessions of simple minds by some of the nobility, but the archers care not. It does not do to mock Morai-Heg, they say. She knows whether the arrows they loose will find their mark or not, and such knowledge grants a power that should not be offended.*

# WARDENS OF SAPHERY

## SWORDMASTERS OF HOETH

Swordmasters are exemplars of the martial arts. Each has studied warfare and personal combat for decades, or even centuries. It is even said that the highest masters of the order can slay a foe with but a touch, or kill with a single precisely-pitched whistle. When Ulthuan marches to war, none go more eagerly than the Swordmasters of Hoeth, for only in war can they truly unleash the full extent of their deadly art. As the Swordmasters advance, their blades blur and weave, knocking aside arrows in mid-flight and leaving trails of bloody spray wherever Hoeth-forged steel tastes flesh. The Swordmasters' greatswords are forged beneath the Tower of Hoeth, by smiths whose secrets are the envy of even the priests of Vaul. Each elegant blade is as long as an Elf is tall, yet is balanced so perfectly that, to a warrior skilled in its use, it seems as light as a feather. So keen is the greatsword's edge, and so enduring are the enchantments woven into its blade, that its sharpness is never dulled, no matter how many helms or skulls are cloven by its strikes.

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

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry.

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

**Deflect Shots:** Models with this special rule have a 6+ ward save against non-magical shooting attacks that do not use templates.

## LOREMASTERS OF HOETH

The path of the Swordmaster is not the only one taught within the Tower of Hoeth. Here can be found many disciplines of art, magic and war. Most scholars confine themselves to studying but a single path, honing their skills until perfection is achieved. Even amongst the rarified ranks of Elfkind, it is unusual to find an intellect capable of mastering an entire path, let alone show accomplishment in several – but it is not impossible. Such is the achievement that marks out a Loremaster from a mere scholar.

Loremasters are invariably gifted warriors, for their intellects find even the exacting disciplines of the Swordmasters almost childishly easy to master. Similarly, each Loremaster has a faultless grasp of the principles of magical lore. However, he seldom wastes time in committing more than a sliver of battle magic to memory: he is concerned with weightier and more elusive spells that are little suited to the battlefield. Beyond this, it is rare to encounter two Loremasters who have trodden the same path to illumination. Even to an Elven mind, the realm of knowledge is a labyrinth, and none can explore all of its many chambers. Indeed, centuries of scholarship have left more than a few Loremasters with a touch of eccentricity. Nevertheless, no commander will spurn a Loremaster's services if they are offered, for their synthesis of magical fury and swordsmanship is truly formidable.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Loremaster of Hoeth | 5 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 7 | 3 | 9 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character).

**MAGIC:** Loremasters of Hoeth are Level 2 Wizards. They do not generate spells following the normal rules, but instead always know the eight signature spells from the Lores of Battle Magic in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Deflect Shots** (see above)**, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

### *HOETH, LORD OF WISDOM*

*Hoeth is the embodiment of erudition, and patron of all who search for greater understanding; the Elves believe it was he who gifted their race with much of the knowledge they now take for granted. Opinion is divided on precisely why Hoeth did so. Most Elves believe Hoeth's actions were founded in generosity, but some mutter darkly of how knowledge leads to progress, and progress inevitably leads to the ruin of tradition. Whatever the motivation, legend tells that when Asuryan learned of Hoeth's actions, he rebuked the Lord of Wisdom and, in punishment, set much of Hoeth's great library ablaze.*



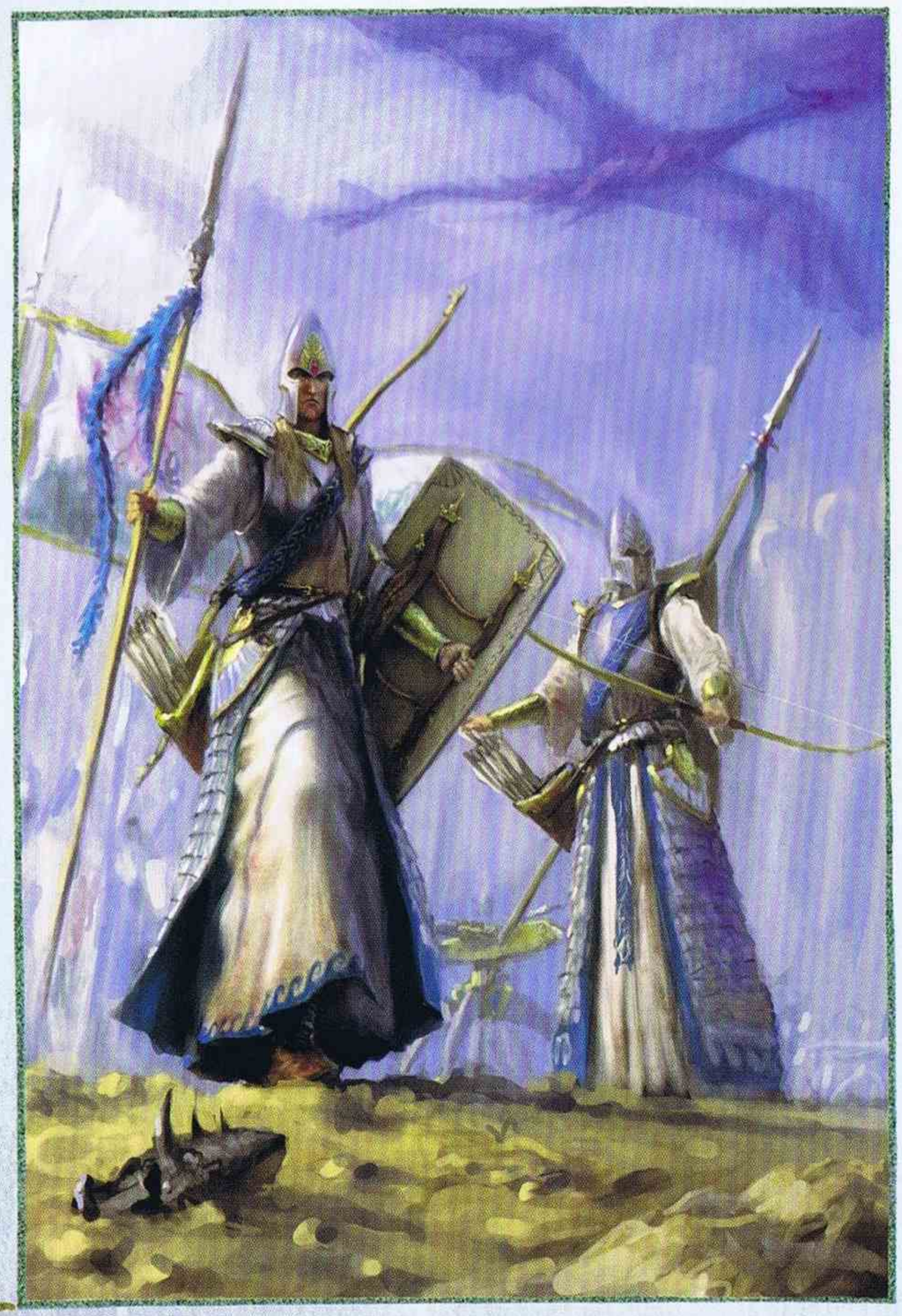
# DEFENDERS OF LOTHERN

Lothern is the capital of Eataine, and the greatest city in Ulthuan. Uniquely amongst the Elven cities, Lothern does not raise spear and archer regiments – its defence is given over to the Sea Guard that form the fighting crews of its mighty fleets.

## LOTHERN SEA GUARD

The Lothern Sea Guard can fight as effectively on land as at sea, and are equally resolute when defending the walls and fields of Lothern as they are when battling on the deck of a ship. These dangerous duties require the Sea Guard to maintain a flexible armoury. The vast majority are well-trained in the use of spear, shield and bow – the better to combine the finest aspects of the spear and archer regiments of other cities and realms. Indeed, it is a point of pride in Lothern that the discipline of their warriors far surpasses that of any found elsewhere in Ulthuan.

When the armies of Ulthuan go to war, the Sea Guard play a crucial part, crewing the many warships and acting as the vanguard for the oncoming host. As their vessels hove to land, the Sea Guard disembark to secure the beachheads that enable the rest of the army to come ashore. Scarce has the first keel brushed against the shore when the first Elves have debarked, ranks swiftly thickening as more warriors arrive. Shields braced, the Sea Guard advance in tight formation through the churning foam, spears lowered and bows ready.



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

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry.

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

## EAGLE CLAW BOLT THROWERS

The Lothern Sea Guard are masters of the Eagle Claw Bolt Throwers that not only play pivotal roles upon the battlefield, but also bristle from the sides of Ulthuan's warships and the battlements of her fortresses. Eagle Claws can be found not only in Lothern, but throughout the ten kingdoms. The bolt thrower's canny design allows its crews to alternate fire modes at need: it can loose single shots capable of disembowelling a rampaging Giant, or clutches of six lesser bolts to mow down massed infantry before they reach the High Elf lines. Such is the skill of its Sea Guard crew, and the speed with which they reload, that only seconds separate one deadly volley from the next.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Eagle Claw Bolt Thrower | - | - | - | - | 7 | 2 | - | - | - |
| Sea Guard Crew | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |

**TROOP TYPE:** War Machine.

**SPECIAL RULES** (Sea Guard Crew):
**Always Strikes First, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

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

| Range | Strength | Special Rules |
|---|---|---|
| 48" | 4 | Armour Piercing |

### *MATHLANN, LORD OF THE DEEPS*

*Mathlann is a fickle god, distrusted by many of Ulthuan's folk. He is the King of Storm and Sea, ruler of all those creatures who dwell below the waves, and has little love for any of dry land's creatures. Only the mariners of Cothique and Lothern have any love for the Lord of the Deeps, and they embrace him as patriarch far more willingly than they do Kurnous or Asuryan. Such behaviour is disapproved of in other corners of Ulthuan, where tradition portrays Mathlann as a destructive deity, but such scorn has little impact on those Elves whose lives and livelihoods rely on safe passage of the open seas.*

## LOTHERN SEA HELMS

Sea Helms are the greatest heroes of Lothern, an order founded in the time of Bel Shanaar. With both spear and bow they have perfected the quicksilver strike that cheats shields and parries to pierce throats, hearts or skulls.

Sea Helms often take their place amongst the ranks of Lothern Sea Guard, so that their presence might inspire others to greatness. The Sea Helm's finely-honed instincts combine with the Sea Guard's discipline to create a force that can swiftly adapt to changing fortunes. However, most Sea Helms choose to fight from the back of a swift Lothern Skycutter, the better to dart through volleys of arrow and bolt, swoop into the heart of the foe and fell an enemy hero with a single strike. Such an attack takes great steadiness of nerve and spear-arm, but the Sea Helms have both aplenty.

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

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character).

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

**Naval Discipline:** If a unit containing at least one Sea Helm is successfully charged during the Movement phase, it can attempt to change formation immediately after your opponent has moved all of his charging units. To do so, the unit must take a Leadership test. If the test is passed, the Sea Helm's unit can immediately make a combat reform as described on page 55 of the *Warhammer* rulebook. If the test is failed, the unit cannot make a combat reform.

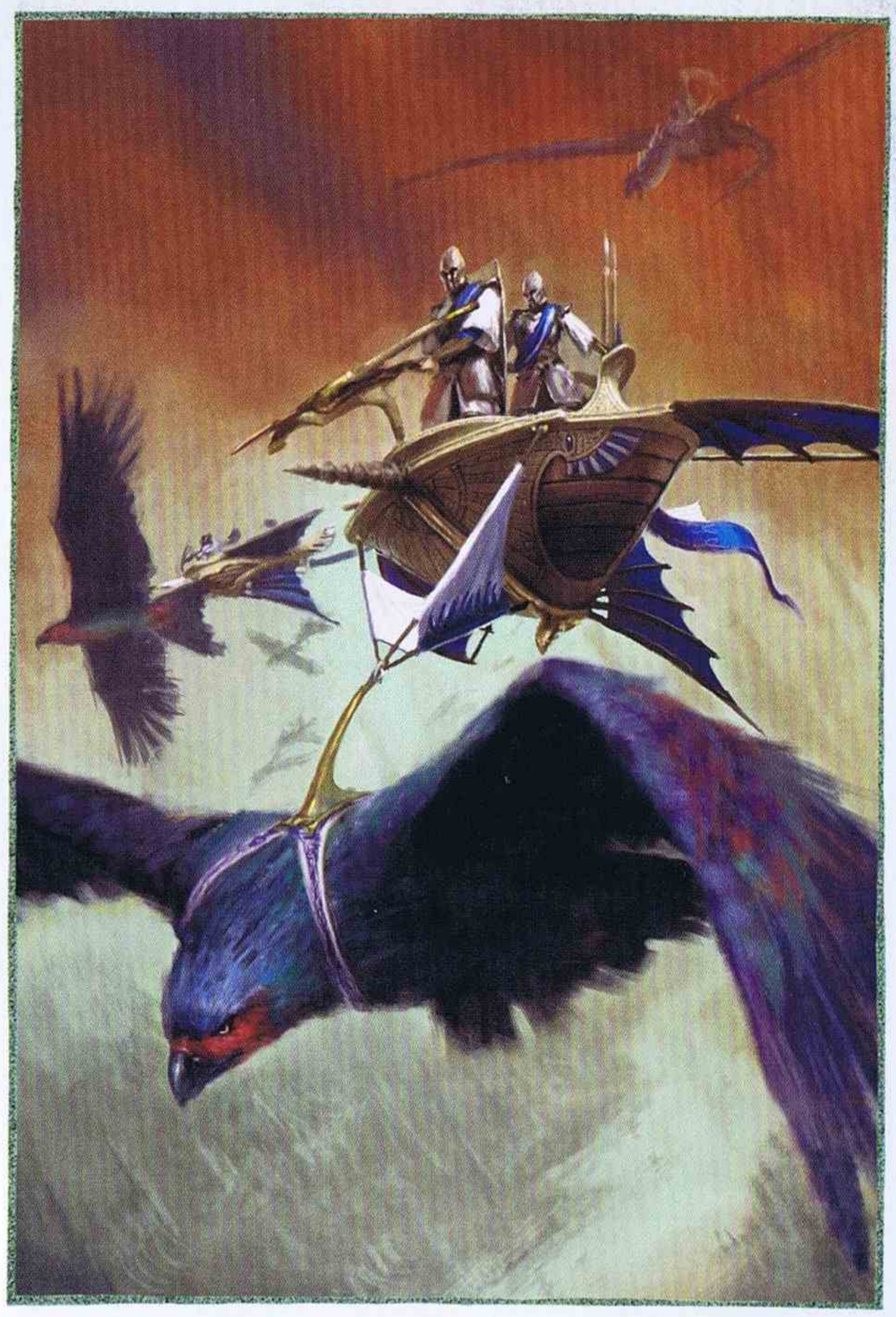
A unit cannot use the Naval Discipline rule if it made a Flee! or Stand and Shoot charge reaction that turn.

**Windrider:** A Sea Helm mounted on a Lothern Skycutter (and his Lothern Skycutter) has a 4+ ward save against shooting attacks. Furthermore, when mounted on a Lothern Skycutter, a Sea Helm re-rolls failed Dangerous Terrain tests.

## LOTHERN SKYCUTTERS

When the swift Hawkships of Lothern slip their moorings, they are accompanied to the open sea by Skycutters – sleek, airborne chariots that rest upon a cushion of magic and are drawn into battle by the Swiftfeather Rocs that nest along the Glittering Coast. These serve as the eyes and ears of Lothern's fleets, allowing them to plan engagements long before the enemy is even aware of their presence.

Skycutters also serve as the outriders of Lothern's armies, for they can go where their grounded kin cannot. Should a Skycutter's crew encounter a foe, their goal is to clear the skies, ensuring that Lothern will dominate the heavens in the battle to come. The bows of the Sea Guard crew can harry lesser troops, but larger foes ignore their arrows. Thus do the crew favour the compact Eagle Eye Bolt Throwers whose steel shots can deal a ruinous blow to even the mightiest of beasts. These prized weapons are mounted upon the Skycutter's prow, allowing the Sea Guard crew to maintain a constant barrage of fire even as they dive into the fray.



| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lothern Skycutter | - | - | - | 5 | 4 | 4 | - | - | - |
| Sea Guard Crew | - | 4 | 4 | 3 | - | - | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Swiftfeather Roc | 2 | 5 | - | 4 | - | - | 4 | 2 | - |

**TROOP TYPE:** Chariot (Armour Save 4+).

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First** (Crew only), **Fly, Valour of Ages** (Crew only).

### UPGRADES:

**Eagle Eye Bolt Thrower:** *These war machines are compact, but still capable of punching through Dragon scale.*

The Eagle Eye Bolt Thrower is a bolt thrower with the following profile, and can be fired by one of the Skycutter's crew in place of his bow, even if the Skycutter moves.

| Range | Strength | Special Rules |
|---|---|---|
| 24" | 5 | Multiple Wounds (D3) |

Armour saves are not permitted against Wounds caused by an Eagle Eye Bolt Thrower.

# KNIGHTS OF ULTHUAN

Elves are horsemasters without peer, and their knightly hosts can be accounted amongst the most glorious in the known world. Such is the duty and right of Ulthuan's nobility – to ride to war in the raiment and splendour of the heroes of old, to fight at the forefront of battle and to repeat the glories first won by the knights of Aenarion's court. Yet all the courage and skill of Ulthuan's knights would be as nothing without their swift Elven steeds, whose intelligence and faithfullness far outstrips the horses of other lands.

## SILVER HELMS

Of all the High Elf knights, it is the Silver Helms who are seen as the perfect exemplars of martial grace and valour to which young Elves should aspire. Dragon Princes are too distant and aloof, Ellyrian Reavers perhaps a touch too wild and uncivilised; Silver Helms are proud without being haughty, and brave without being undisciplined. Thus, Ulthuan's legends more often centre around the deeds of its Silver Helms than any other warriors within the ten realms.

Where the ranks of archer and spear regiments are drawn from the citizenry of Ulthuan, the Silver Helms are recruited purely from families of noble blood. Whilst such a calling is not compulsory, few amongst the nobility are prepared to invite dishonour by not fulfilling their duty. Furthermore, service as a Silver Helm is often considered the finest way for a noble to prove himself as warrior and leader both.



A Silver Helm's first lessons drive out his desire for individual glory and personal renown, replacing it with a pride that stems from his regiment's deeds. As his training progresses, he learns to more fully master his steed. A Silver Helm must ride unflinchingly into the din of battle, and his horse must bear him thence without hesitation or spoken command, trampling foes that block the path. There are few more glorious sights in all of Ulthuan than when a regiment of Silver Helms dips its lances and charges into the fray.

The Silver Helms are willing to throw themselves into the most dangerous of battles. They do so in the understanding that glory awaits those who prevail, and they are arrogant enough to believe they can succeed, no matter the odds. For these young nobles, there can be no hesitation in facing any foe – it is those victories that are hardest won which bring about the sweetest glories and earn the grandest renown.

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

**TROOP TYPE:** Cavalry.

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First** (Riders only), **Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

## ELLYRIAN REAVERS

In the time of Caledor, all Ulthuan was in turmoil and the armies of Malekith roamed freely, destroying and slaying at will. With his armies already stretched to the limit, the Phoenix King called for brave young horsemen to ride the troubled land. Many youths answered his call, eager to prove their worth, but the greatest in number by far came from Ellyrion, a land renowned for its fine horses and skilled riders. Throughout the long and bitter war and into the dark days of the Sundering, these valiant riders served Caledor well. In small groups, they travelled quickly and secretly across the land, taking messages and soliciting support from amongst the Elven realms, ambushing patrols and intercepting raiders. Caledor named the swift Elven horsemen his Reaver Knights, and they have been known by that title ever since.

These Ellyrian Reavers were skilled at living deep inside enemy territory, finding their sustenance in the wilds and launching ambush after ambush upon the foe. Their tactics were aggressive to the point of recklessness, striking hard and fast against the more ponderous enemy formations before vanishing into the wilderness. Soon, Malekith's dread armies became wary of leaving their fortified encampments, except in large numbers. Yet the Reavers' worth lay not only in direct battle. When not fighting, they spread the word of Caledor's struggle, helped loyal Elves to escape the Witch King's clutches and fostered rebellion within his ranks. At that time, not all who followed Malekith were fully committed to his tainted cause, and some could be drawn back to the light with a well-spoken word or deed.

To this day, the Ellyrian Reavers still form a deadly part of Ulthuan's armies. They rove the wild lands of Ellyrion, slaying the monstrous beasts that leave the borders of the Annulii and seek to rampage through the Inner Kingdoms. Many a Cockatrice or Chimera has been laid low by the well-placed arrows or spear thrusts of the noble youths, and many more Dark Elves have had their cruel raids cut short. Indeed, such pride do the Ellyrian Reavers take in their kills that many of the young nobles keep a tally of slain foes. When the sun sets and the fighting ceases, he whose spear has felled the greatest number of enemies is granted the honour of carrying the regiment's standard into the next battle. However, he who slays the mightiest opponent receives Kurnous' favour; when next he rides to war he will do so as one of Kurnous' Harbingers, blessed with peerless aim by the wild god of the hunt.



| | 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 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Cavalry.

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First** (Riders only)**, Fast Cavalry, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

## TIRANOC CHARIOTS

The High Elves of Tiranoc are an adventurous people, proud of their fighting traditions, and deeply embittered by the wars that have ravaged their realm. When the Phoenix King calls his subjects to war, the fiery knights of Tiranoc are always among the first to answer, riding to battle at the head of a mighty chariot host. Spear-points and helms gleam in the light of the rising sun, and the ground trembles beneath thundering hooves. Banners of white, gold and blue stream in the wind. As one, the charioteers give voice to the battle hymn of Tiranoc, a rousing and beautiful anthem, sung at the mustering of the host since ancient times.

In battle, the Tiranoc charioteers fight with incredible skill, deft reactions complementing the speed of their straining Elven steeds. Thus do they find passage where lesser mortals could not hope to do so: they weave between enemy units at full speed, raining arrows onto unprotected flanks and raking enemy lines with steel-tipped spears. Only when the enemy is sufficiently weakened do the Tiranoc charioteers crash into the press of melee in a glorious massed charge, the steeds biting and kicking, the riders thrusting their spears into the black hearts of their foes.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tiranoc Chariot | - | - | - | 5 | 4 | 4 | - | - | - |
| Tiranoc Charioteer | - | 4 | 4 | 3 | - | - | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | - | 3 | - | - | 4 | 1 | - |

**TROOP TYPE:** Chariot (Armour Save 5+).

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First** (Tiranoc Charioteers only)**, Valour of Ages.**

### *ERETH KHIAL, THE PALE QUEEN*

*Ereth Khial is the supreme goddess of the Underworld. Long ago, she attempted to seduce Asuryan and, when he resisted her, she grew enraged, stole the souls of the dead and hid them in the black pit, Mirai. The Pale Queen has never forgotten Asuryan's slight. Whilst he lies beyond her power, the Elves do not, so it is they who suffer Ereth Khial's wrath. Should a waystone be destroyed, Ereth Khial sends the wraith-like rephallim to seize what souls they may, and bear them away to dwell in Mirai in eternal torment. Such thievery must be quick, for Slaanesh, the Dark Prince of Chaos, suffers no one – not even the Pale Queen – to take even the meanest of scraps from his table.*

*Ereth Khial's deeds may have made her outcast from Asuryan's court, but many of the Elves' darker deities acknowledge her as their mistress. Even so, she is seldom worshipped in Ulthuan. Most folk do not entreat Ereth Khial's blessings, but hope to avoid her attention altogether, wearing sprigs of wyrdroot or blackhame to avert her vengeful gaze. Some Elves, however, think it better for their spirits to endure eternity in torment, rather than meet oblivion through Slaanesh's hunger, and thus secretly court the Pale Queen's fickle favour.*

*Such observances must perforce be kept secret, for the worship of Ereth Khial is widely considered the sign of a diseased or ill-adjusted mind. Those marked by the Pale Queen's touch are inevitably exiled or imprisoned should their terrible secrets be laid bare, yet her priests and celebrants have never been entirely eradicated from Ulthuan's shores.*

# CHRACIAN HUNTERS

## WHITE LIONS OF CHRACE

The White Lions have served as the personal guard of the Phoenix King since the time of Caledor the First. Whilst hunting in Chrace, Caledor received the news that he was to be the next Phoenix King. He immediately took the road to the Shrine of Asuryan, but was intercepted by Dark Elf Assassins. He would surely have died, but for the intervention of a party of Chracian woodsmen who swept out of the forest to defend him. The Chracians slew the Dark Elves and, thereafter, saw Caledor safely to the Phoenix Shrine, employing every iota of their woodcraft to avoid further Dark Elf ambushes that lay in their path. Caledor's first act, once crowned as Phoenix King, was to form the Chracians into an official bodyguard based in Lothern.

A warrior can only join the ranks of the White Lions after displaying considerable valour and skill upon the battlefield. He must then also complete the traditional rite of a Chracian warrior – to hunt and kill a white lion. These great cats are amongst Chrace's fiercest creatures; they stand as tall at the shoulder as a horse, and a swipe of their claws is enough to shatter a spine. There are accounts of prides of white lions ravaging convoys, and even attacking isolated villages, should they become hungry enough. To slay such a beast is therefore an exceptionally difficult task but, if the warrior succeeds, he is entitled to wear the lion's pelt as a mark of courage. The thick pelt has another use too – worn over armour, it offers excellent protection against arrows and shot.



Although every Phoenix King since Caledor the Conqueror has offered his bodyguard their choice of replacement weaponry, the White Lions continue to proudly bear the traditional woodsman's axe into battle. Many of the axes are ancient heirlooms, handed down from father to son across centuries untold, yet they never lose their keen edge, and can fell a tree or cleave a man in half with but a single blow.

White Lion regiments are often despatched to join the armies of Ulthuan during times of particular danger, tasked with protecting High Elf generals and mages, or bolstering the overall strength of the army. White Lions are renowned for their unflinching courage in the face of overwhelming odds and terrible horrors, protecting their charge whatever the foe and regardless of the danger to themselves.

| | 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 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry.

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Forest Strider, Martial Prowess, Stubborn, Valour of Ages.**

## LION CHARIOTS OF CHRACE

Not all white lions are killed out of hand. The High Elves take no joy in needless slaughter, and often stay their blades should cubs be discovered. These infants would doubtless become savage and deadly beasts if they were left in the wild, but with expert care, the young white lions are raised to become as loyal as Griffons. These 'tame' white lions swiftly form a bond with the Chracian hunters that foster them and later serve the armies of Ulthuan as War Lions.

So do many of the Phoenix King's bodyguard ride to battle in Lion Chariots. Each of these white-timbered constructions is drawn by a pair of snarling War Lions whose savage power is belied by their feline grace and elegantly plaited manes. Whilst a Tiranoc chariot might sweep across the battlefield carefully picking at the foe, a Lion Chariot of Chrace charges headlong into the fray. As the War Lions tear into the foe with fang and claw, the crew fight from the chariot platform, cleaving heads from shoulders with every axe-blow. Such daring charges have become the hallmark of the Lion Chariots, earning them a well-deserved reputation as the bane of even the most determined shieldwall.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lion Chariot | - | - | - | 5 | 4 | 4 | - | - | - |
| Lion Charioteer | - | 5 | 4 | 4 | - | - | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| War Lion | 8 | 5 | - | 5 | - | - | 4 | 2 | - |

**TROOP TYPE:** Chariot (Armour Save 4+).

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First** (Lion Charioteers only)**, Fear, Stubborn, Valour of Ages.**

# SONS OF CALEDOR

## DRAGON PRINCES OF CALEDOR

Long ago, Ulthuan was dominated by the valorous deeds and wise rule of Caledor's Dragon Princes. Now, the royal bloodline has faded, and the power of the Dragons has diminished, but Caledor's pride still shines bright.

The princes of Caledor once rode Dragons, but today they ride to war upon swift horses. Both mount and rider wear crested ithilmar armour whose style echoes that of the Dragon riders of old. This Dragon armour is forged in the heart of Vaul's Anvil, where ancient enchantments are bound into the cooling ithilmar, ensuring that no lesser flame than the fires of Vaul can offer harm to the armour or its wearer.

Dragon Princes consider themselves so superior to Ulthuan's other soldiers as to have nothing remarkable in common with them at all. Worse, they pay little heed to orders – though they may consent to consider suggestions. In many warriors, this arrogance would be dangerous, yet in the Dragon Princes, this pride springs from an utter surety of deed and a martial judgement that borders on the supernatural.

When the Dragon Princes enter the fray, they undertake only the most dangerous of tasks. They crash into the enemy with arrogant disdain, slaughtering the foe with masterful strikes from both lance and sword. Indeed, it is said that the knights of Caledor can reduce an enemy warband to ruin more swiftly and mercilessly than any of Ulthuan's other warriors.



Only in the thick of battle does a Dragon Prince's true character emerge. Hauteur gives way to determination; arrogance to courage. Gone is the aloof noble who disdains the company of all save his own kin. In his place rides a warrior who would die without hesitation if his sacrifice would save but one of Ulthuan's people. Only when the battle-light fades from the Dragon Prince's eyes does the aspect of the Caledorian noble slide back into place. Callous pride returns, leaving those who saw the selfless hero behind the mask to question if he ever truly existed at all.

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

**TROOP TYPE:** Cavalry.

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First** (Riders only)**, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

## DRAGON MAGES OF CALEDOR

Into every generation of the Caledorian nobility, a handful of Dragon Mages are born, Elves who have a sensitivity not only to magic, but also to the minds of slumbering Dragons. Many nascent Dragon Mages only recognise their destiny when their sleep becomes haunted by dreams of fire and blood, in which they ride Dragons the colour of the setting sun. Such dreams mark the dying days of a mage's tutelage, for they herald an impetuousness that is ill-suited to the study of anything other than Fire Magic.

When able, the Dragon Mage journeys to the sulphur-clogged caverns below the mountains of Caledor, there to awaken a slumbering Sun Dragon to serve as his steed. This is a process that normally takes months, or even years, yet a Dragon Mage can fully awaken a Dragon with but a whisper of its name. Thus begins a bond that lasts until either mount or rider is slain in Ulthuan's defence.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dragon Mage | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 6 | 2 | 8 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character).

**MAGIC:** Dragon Mages are Wizards who use spells from the Lore of Fire.

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

**Reckless:** A Dragon Mage has a +2 bonus to cast spells from the Lore of Fire (cumulative with other bonuses) but never receives bonuses (of any kind) to dispel attempts.

**Warrior Mage:** The first spell generated by a Dragon Mage is always *Flaming Sword of Rhuin*, regardless of the dice roll.

# SHADOW WARRIORS

The opening battles of the Elven civil war were fought in the cities of Nagarythe. Fire and madness flowed through once peaceful streets. Brother fought against brother, and mothers screamed for the blood of their children. When the fighting was done, many proud cities had been destroyed forever, and the stain of kin-slaying tainted the stones long after the blood had washed away. Scattered and desperately outnumbered, the loyalists fled into the darkness. They swore before all the gods of heaven that they and their descendants would continue the fight against Malekith and his treacherous forces – throughout eternity, if such was the need. Thus did these ill-fated Elves became the Shadow Warriors – the darkest, most sinister and most brutal of all the High Elves.

From carefully concealed hiding places deep within the Shadowlands, these loyal sons and daughters of Nagarythe fought a blood-soaked war against Malekith's traitors. Ambush and deception were their tools, for they lacked the numbers for more conventional war. In the weeks and months that followed, many of the Witch King's patrols perished in lonely places, throats slit or pierced by arrows.

To this day, the descendants of the Shadow Warriors continue their grim battle against the Dark Elves – whether on the shores of Ulthuan or the lands beyond. Tactics and skills that began out of desperation have now been honed to a fine and sinister art, passed down with family names and the last precious traditions of an older, more civilised Nagarythe.

Even at times when the populace of Ulthuan does not consider itself at war, there is no respite for the Shadow Warriors – only a ceaseless vigil against the approach of those traitors who sank their homeland beneath the waves. The hatred that the Shadow Warriors reserve for the Dark Elves is boundless, for the Sundering cost them not just their lands and loved ones, but also forever stained their reputation with suspicion and dread. Any Dark Elf captured by the Shadow Warriors can expect a long and painful death.

The Shadow Warriors' relationship with the rest of Ulthuan is a troubled one. Many High Elves mistrust them, ill at ease with their stony hearts and ruthless ways. Indeed, while they would only speak of it with caution, there are those who whisper that the shadow war has left the Shadow Warriors more like their enemies than they would dare to admit.

For their part, the warriors of Nagarythe deem their distant kin to be soft and naive. Silently, however, they remain secretly grateful that the burden of the Shadow Warriors has not yet fallen upon their whole race. Whilst the Shadow Warriors never directly respond to a cry for aid, many a battle has been swung by an unlooked-for volley of black-fletched arrows, or the silent slaughter of an enemy sorcerer thought invulnerable behind his own lines. Though they are shunned and distrusted by their own folk, the bleak wardens of Nagarythe know full well where their loyalties lie.



| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Shadow Warrior | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Shadow-walker | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry.

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Hatred (Dark Elves), Martial Prowess, Scouts, Skirmishers, Valour of Ages.**

### *LOEC, THE SHADOW DANCER*

*Loec, the Shadow Dancer, is the Elf god of laughter. He is the trickster, patron of dances, songs and plays. The Elf legends tell that he often saves the souls of the dead from Slaanesh by tricking the Dark Prince out of his prize. And such is true, though no rescue is guaranteed, and even successes cost the Shadow Dancer more of his strength than he would care to admit.*

*Loec appears to the Elves as a lithe youth who dances across the void, and his laughter stirs the souls and spirits that dwell there. Without him, it is said, the heavens would grow dull and cold, for the stars of the night sky would no longer have reason to remain wakeful. The Chaos Gods hunt Loec as he dances, but the Shadow Dancer is tireless and cunning, and can never be caught.*

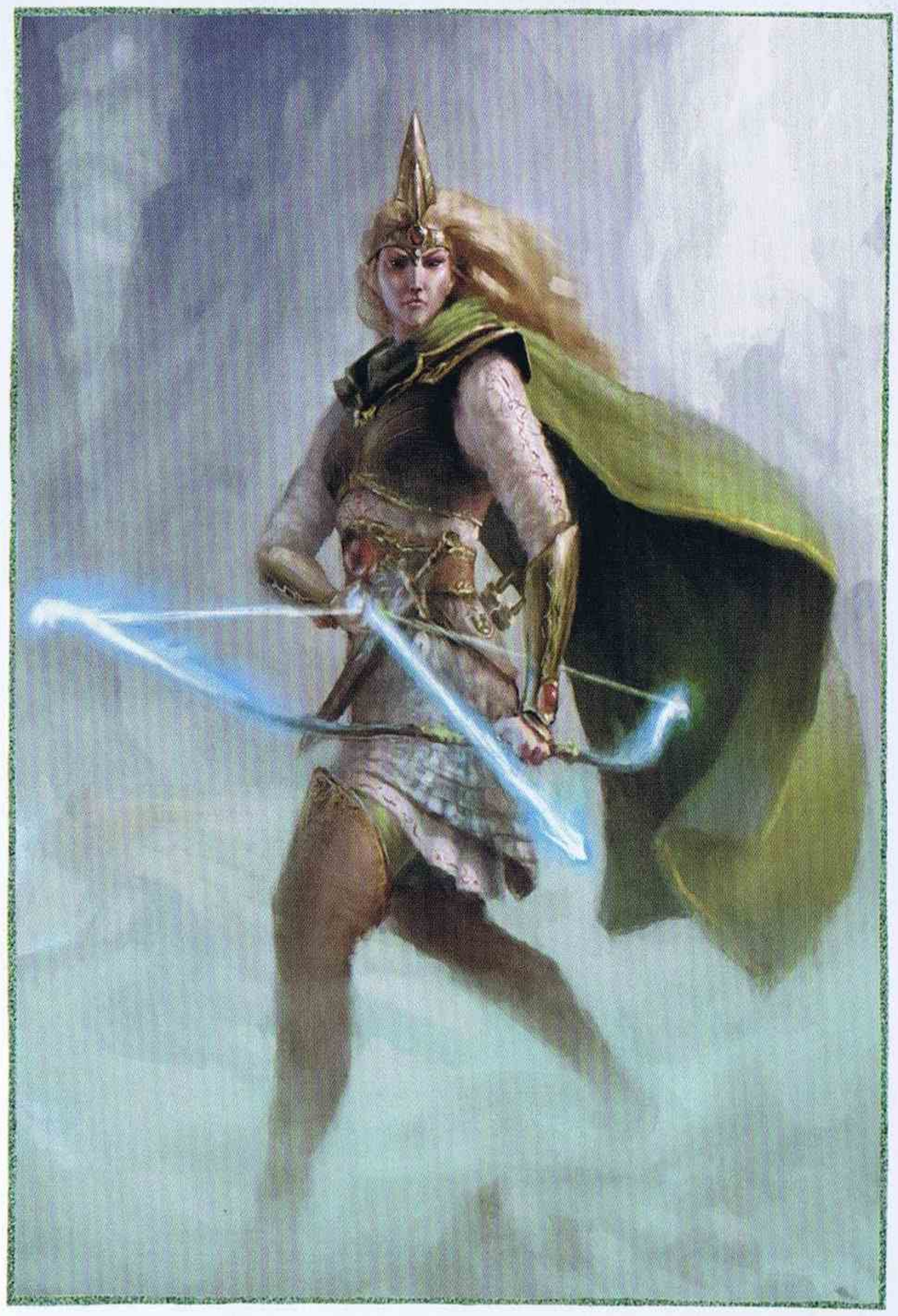
*There is a darker side to Loec as well. He is the god of shadows, malicious trickery, vengeance and dark deeds. The Elves of lost Nagarythe worship him, for they use stealth and darkness to enact their revenge.*

# MAIDEN GUARD OF AVELORN

## SISTERS OF AVELORN

There are regions of Avelorn that the citizen levies are forbidden to enter. Some are sacred places of power, intrinsically linked with the rites of renewal by which the Everqueen helps sustain Ulthuan and its people. Others are dark and dangerous, places from which the touch of Chaos never truly faded. It is the duty of the Sisters of Avelorn to watch over such places; to ensure that the sacred lands remain sacrosanct, and that the beasts who dwell in the tainted reaches stray not – or are swiftly slain if they do. Sisters of Avelorn are keen-eyed archers, Elf-maids chosen from the ranks of the citizen levy by the Everqueen's personal decree. By tradition, only the most gifted are welcomed into the Sisters of Avelorn for, just as the Everqueen embodies all that is ideal and unblemished in the Elven race, so too must her chosen guardians aspire to perfection; not only in mind and body, but also in pursuit of the spiritual. Such serves to raise the warriors of this maiden guard above the petty iniquities that so often pervade the Everqueen's court, ensuring that they remain incorruptible.

The Sisters of Avelorn prefer to fight their battles at range, as their weapons do not fire ordinary arrows, but mystical bolts of white-blue flame that set tainted flesh afire. Yet the Sisters shirk not from close quarters battle, for no battlefield peril can overcome one who walks the dark paths of Avelorn. Against charging knights, rampaging Daemons, or an entire coterie of Khainite Assassins with cruel murder in their hearts, the warrior-maids stand their ground. With precise aim and steady hearts, they loose arrows until the foe is full upon them, then draw their swords and step into the fray.



| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sister of Avelorn | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| High Sister | 5 | 5 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry.

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

## HANDMAIDENS OF THE EVERQUEEN

Highest ranking of all the Sisters of Avelorn are the Handmaidens of the Everqueen. Not the mere courtiers that their name might suggest, but a warrior guard sworn to live and die in the service of their mistress. They are paragons of Elvenkind, as peerless in artistic pursuits as they are in the bloody business of battle.

To serve as a Handmaiden is a great honour. It is most commonly bestowed only upon those Sisters of Avelorn who have many times proven their swiftness with blade, their precision with bow and, above all, an unswerving loyalty to the Everqueen. On rare occasion, however, the Everqueen will elevate a member of her court directly into the ranks of the Handmaidens. Such appointments are seldom explained, but require the aspirant to foreswear allegiance to all others for a period of seven years – at the conclusion of which, she is free to remain a Handmaiden or return to her former life.

Tradition dictates that the Handmaidens always number one hundred warrior-maids, but seldom are more than a handful seen at any one time. They normally serve as heralds and messengers for the Everqueen, acting as her eyes and ears outside Avelorn. Should a Handmaiden grace a battlefield with her presence, she is treated with reverence by the High Elves who fight at her side. Even the haughtiest of princes rejoices to have such a warrior fighting in his cause, for the presence of a Handmaiden is a clear sign of the Everqueen's favour, and moreover a portent of ultimate victory. Should the prince find his forces buttressed by the full complement of one hundred Handmaidens, he will know that the Everqueen herself has joined the fight, and there can be no surer sign that dire times are close at hand.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Handmaiden of the Everqueen | 5 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 2 | 9 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character).

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

**Quicksilver Shot:** This model's shooting attacks have the Quick to Fire special rule, as do those of all Sisters of Avelorn and High Sisters in the same unit.

# CHOSEN OF ASURYAN

## PHOENIX GUARD

The Phoenix Guards are the guardians of the Shrine of Asuryan, the great pyramid temple in the Sea of Dreams. Deep within lies the Chamber of Days. On its ancient walls, it is said, are the histories of past, present and future, etched in words of fire. Legend tells that any who behold that wall shall forever be cursed with knowledge of their own death.

The Phoenix Guards do not utter a word. It is forbidden for those who have seen the secrets of time to speak of them, and all who do so take a magical vow of silence from which they can never be released. Viewed by many as a curse, this vow is but part of a broader dedication that each Phoenix Guard makes to Asuryan; a covenant that fills the Creator God's chosen warriors with a portion of his almighty power. Thus do the Phoenix Guards benefit from divine protection that no sorcery or blade can easily breach, and know a sense of purpose that transcends their mortal origins.

As the sworn warriors of Asuryan, the Phoenix Guard lie beyond the rule of nobles and princes. Only the Phoenix King, the vessel of Asuryan's will, can command them. Indeed, they often act as the king's personal emissaries upon the battlefield, taken by many Elves as a sign that, even though the Phoenix King himself cannot be present at the battle, it is never far from his thoughts. When their lord orders them to war, the Phoenix Guard are grim and resolute, clad in ornate armour, and armed with tall ceremonial halberds that can cleave a foe from top to tail in a single well-aimed blow. While their stony quiet is unnerving, the aura of godly might that surrounds them is far more horrifying. Their eyes blaze with a fiery intensity borne of unshakeable faith in the Creator God of the Elves, and the air around a regiment of Phoenix Guard literally throbs with the raw power of Asuryan. Any who would stand in their way are assailed by an ovewhelming sense of dread.

Regiments of Phoenix Guard are always found where the fighting is fiercest and victory hardest won, for their gift allows them to see confluences and crux points upon battlefield that lie hidden to mortal eyes. Each warrior knows his appointed hour of death, but none seek to delay that fatal moment. Whether battle brings victory or defeat, life or death, the Phoenix Guard fight on without fear.



| | 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 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry.

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Fear, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

**Witness to Destiny:** A model with this special rule has a 4+ ward save.

## ANOINTED OF ASURYAN

In both matters martial and spiritual, the Phoenix Guard take their lead from the Anointed of Asuryan. These learned sages were once Phoenix Guards themselves, but over the centuries have chosen to immerse themselves in Asuryan's teachings. Much of their existence is spent within the Chamber of Days, learning the lessons of past and future. Only when destiny stands upon a tipping point will an Anointed of Asuryan leave the shrine, sent thither to bear witness on the Creator God's behalf, and bring hope to his mortal children. Where the Anointed tread, the doubts and fears of their allies vanish like mist on the wind. Blows that should prove fatal are turned aside at the last moment, enemy axes shatter on contact with shields and dark sorceries collapse inward at the moment of casting.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Anointed of Asuryan | 5 | 7 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 8 | 3 | 9 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character).

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Fear, Magic Resistance (2), Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages, Witness to Destiny** (see above)**.**

**Blessings of Asuryan:** All models in a unit that contains an Anointed of Asuryan have a 6+ ward save and the Immune to Psychology special rule.

# GRIFFONS & GREAT EAGLES

## GRIFFONS

The wild Griffons of the Annulii Mountains are creatures of noble bearing and keen intelligence. Such is the Griffon's wild appearance, that a stranger to Ulthuan might deem it merely another savage beast of the mountains. Yet all Elves know that Griffons are seldom given to cruelty – at least, so long as you do not offer harm to those they think of as kin.

For an Elf to have any hope of mastering a Griffon, the beast must be captured and trained while still young, forging a bond that only death can shatter. Griffons are particularly favoured by those who fight in the thick of the fray. Indeed, many a battle has been won at the moment a shrieking Griffon descends into the heart of the enemy army, leaving a trail of dismembered and disembowelled bodies in its wake.

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

**TROOP TYPE:** Monster.

**SPECIAL RULES: Fly, Large Target, Terror.**

## GREAT EAGLES

The Great Eagles of Ulthuan have always been firm allies to the Elves. The histories tell that the two races have fought in one another's cause since the time of the Daemon invasion, but legend carries the friendship deeper into the past. Indeed, in some tales, it was Talyn, King of the Eagles, who bore Ereth Khial away to the Underworld at Asuryan's command.

Like the High Elves, Great Eagles are haughty creatures who long remember insults, and do not suffer foolish company gladly. When High Elf armies assemble, the noble Eagles too join the battle. They swoop down upon the crew of enemy war machines, tearing them apart with powerful talons before using mighty wings to glide swiftly away.

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

**TROOP TYPE:** Monstrous Beast.

**SPECIAL RULES: Fly.**

### UPGRADES:

**Swiftsense:** A model with this upgrade has the Always Strikes First special rule.

**Swooping Strike:** A model with this upgrade has the Devastating Charge special rule and +1 Strength on a turn in which it charges.

**Shredding Talons:** A model with the Shredding Talons upgrade has the Armour Piercing special rule.

### *KURNOUS, THE HUNTER*

*Kurnous the Hunter is the lord of both forest and beasts; the spirit of the untouched forests, wild animals and trackless wilderness. He is the husband of Isha, and all Elves are his children. Wherever Kurnous travels, he is followed by a pack of baying hounds, and when he sounds his horn the Wild Hunt follows him, their hearts filled with unrestrained joy.*

*All hunters venerate Kurnous, for he watches over them in the wilds. He requires that a hunter never kills animals for sport, but slays only dangerous beasts, and hunts only enough game to eat. To offend Kurnous is to invite disaster, for his vengeance is swift and brutal. Those that transgress his laws are well served not to enter those places where the natural world is at its wildest; few that do so emerge from the untamed lands, and those that do escape are invariably ashen-faced, scarred and silent for the remainder of their lives.*

*Ellyrion is considered by many to be Kurnous' chosen kingdom in Ulthuan, for its wide plains and dense forests are home to many wild beasts against which a hunter can test his skill. Many a hollow conceals an altar of horn, bone and briar where Kurnous' adherents make their observances away from the prying eyes of more civilised Elves. Sometimes, the wind on plains carries the echo of the Hunter God's horn. If heard at dawn, it is considered to be a good omen for that day's hunt. If heard at dusk, it is Kurnous' warning that evil stalks the land, and that all hunters must ready their bows for two-legged prey.*



# PHOENIXES

## FLAMESPYRE PHOENIXES

The Phoenixes of Ulthuan dwell amongst the Flamespyres – great alabaster pillars of rock that stand sentinel about the Shrine of Asuryan. These constantly burn with magical flame, for Aqshy – the Wind of Fire – gusts about these rocks as it is drawn inexorably towards the Isle of the Dead. Yet Aqshy has left its mark on more than the silent stones. Over generations, the Phoenixes of the Flamespyres have become attuned to fire magic, harnessing it at whim.

When a Flamespyre Phoenix is enraged, its plumage explodes into a magical flame, causing the creature to leave a trail of angry fire in its wake. Should a Flamespyre Phoenix be slain, it explodes, leaving naught behind but a shower of flaming cinders. If the Winds of Magic are at ebb, the creature perishes, as all living beings eventually must. Yet if the air is sufficiently suffused with magic, the fiery fragments swiftly recoalesce; with a booming inrush of air and a flash of searing light, the Phoenix is reborn to fight anew.

Flamespyre Phoenixes lack the gift of a civilised tongue. However they understand Elvenspeak well enough and, if treated with proper respect, can be bargained with. Indeed, an accord exists between them and the Phoenix Guard, with the latter often calling upon the birds to serve as war-mounts. This is a truly fearsome combination, the clear-headed judgement of the Phoenix knight directing the Flamespyre's fires to where they can cause the most damage.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Flamespyre Phoenix | 2 | 5 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 8 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Monster.

**SPECIAL RULES: Fireborn, Flaming Attacks, Fly, Large Target, Terror.**

**Attuned to Magic:** A model with this special rule has a 5+ ward save and its close combat attacks are magical attacks.

In addition, when rolling to determine the strength of the Winds of Magic in the controlling player's Magic phase, compare the highest D6 rolled with the table below to determine what effects the Phoenix will have (the effect rolled will last until the start of the controlling player's next Magic phase):

| D6 | Result |
|---|---|
| 1 | **Magical Dearth:** The Phoenix's ward save is reduced to 6+. |
| 2 | **Ebbing Zephyr:** The Phoenix has -1 Strength. |
| 3 | **Magical Draught:** The Phoenix has +1 Initiative. |
| 4 | **Energising Breeze:** The Phoenix has +1 Attack. |
| 5 | **Invigorating Winds:** The Phoenix has +1 Strength. |
| 6 | **Howling Gale:** The Phoenix's ward save is increased to 4+. |



**Phoenix Reborn:** As soon as a Flamespyre Phoenix loses its last Wound (including unsaved Wounds that killed the monster as a result of the Heroic Killing Blow or Multiple Wounds special rules), remove the model and place a Phoenix Reborn counter (a small coin will do) to mark the centre of the death spot. If your army contains several Flamespyre Phoenixes, you will need to place a Phoenix Reborn counter for each one that is slain (and a way of telling the counters apart).

At the end of the turn roll a D6 for each Phoenix Reborn counter and consult the table below:

| D6 | Result |
|---|---|
| 1-2 | **Dead Embers:** The Flamespyre Phoenix is dead, never to return – remove the Phoenix Reborn counter from play. |
| 3-5 | **Flame Kindled:** Centre the large round template over the centre of the Phoenix Reborn counter. All models (friend or foe) hit by the template suffer a Strength 4 hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule. The Phoenix Reborn counter remains in play – roll again at the end of the next turn (yours or your opponent's). |
| 6+ | **Rise from the Ashes:** Place the Flamespyre Phoenix anywhere that is within 6" of the centre of the Phoenix Reborn counter and at least 1" away from any unit, and then remove the marker from play. If it is not possible to place the Phoenix due to the aforementioned restrictions, treat this result as a Flame Kindled result instead. Reborn Flamespyre Phoenixes return with D3+2 Wounds. The reborn model suffers no bonuses or penalties incurred from its former existence – i.e. if the model was fleeing or affected by an augment or hex spell at the time of its death, the reborn model will not be. |

If a Flamespyre Phoenix has a rider when it loses its last Wound, both monster and rider are removed and replaced with a Phoenix Reborn counter as described above. However, add +1 when rolling on the Phoenix Reborn table for a Flamespyre Phoenix that had a rider when it was removed.

If the result is Dead Embers, both monster and rider are slain, never to return. However, if the result is Rise From the Ashes, the character returns to life with its starting number of Wounds, riding atop the reborn Flamespyre Phoenix. Note that if the rider was slain before the Flamespyre Phoenix, a Rise From the Ashes result will not resurrect the character.

At the end of the game, remove all Phoenix Reborn counters from the board – these Flamespyre Phoenixes and any riders they had count as casualties.



**Wake of Fire:** If a Flamespyre Phoenix moves over one or more unengaged enemy units in the Remaining Moves sub-phase, choose one of those units – that unit suffers D6 Strength 4 hits, plus an additional D3 hits per rank after the first. These hits have the Flaming Attacks special rule.

## FROSTHEART PHOENIXES

As a Flamespyre Phoenix ages, its body cools, and even begins to sap heat from its surroundings. Finally the plumage that once blazed with fire grows heavy with frost and ice. Once this occurs, the Phoenix must leave the Flamespyres, for the chill that surrounds it causes agony in its brightly burning kin. Most such Frostheart Phoenixes dwell in lonely exile on crags about the Eataine coast, until their bodies finally freeze solid, to leave curious frozen statues along the crags and cliff tops. Others return to the Shrine of Asuryan, to offer their final days in service as war-steeds.

Whilst a Frostheart Phoenix may not possess the vigour and fire it commanded in its youth, it is a much hardier mount. The ice that sheathes its form is as hard as glass, and enemies – not having the benefit of the rider's enchanted armour – find their own strength and resolve eaten away by its chill presence. Knowing they can no longer resurrect themselves in magical fire, the Frostheart Phoenixes fight even harder in the defence of their homeland, determined to end their existence striking a final blow against the enemies of Ulthuan.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Frostheart Phoenix | 2 | 6 | 0 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 9 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Monster.

**SPECIAL RULES: Attuned to Magic** (see above)**, Fly, Large Target, Terror.**

**Blizzard Aura:** Any enemy unit in base contact with a Frostheart Phoenix has the Always Strikes Last special rule and suffers -1 to its Strength (to a minimum of 1).

**Natural Armour (5+):** A Frostheart Phoenix is protected by a thick coating of ice, granting it an armour save of 5+.

### *ASURYAN, THE CREATOR*

*The symbol of Asuryan is the Phoenix, the firebird of legend. He is the Emperor of the Heavens; the oldest and greatest of all the gods. He is the Creator, and the Flame Eternal – the giver of life – rests in his hand. The High Elves believe that it is Asuryan's purpose and plan that they follow in mortal life and beyond. Whether this is true or not is impossible to say, for Asuryan speaks seldom to his fellow gods, and hardly ever to the Elves.*

*Asuryan dwells alone in a great pyramid atop the heavens, and observes the world from his diamond throne. No mortal has ever seen his face, and thus the statues of him always bear a mask. The mask is divided in two halves, one white and the other black, symbolising Asuryan's role as the Keeper of Balance.*

*Asuryan is the judge between the disputes of the gods and rarely meddles in the affairs of the Elves – indeed, few mortal deeds or plights are significant enough to attract his attention. However, legend tells that it is Asuryan who touches the mind of each new Phoenix King of Ulthuan when he passes through the Flames of Asuryan, in order to better judge their worthiness for the task ahead.*

# TYRION & TECLIS

## The Defenders of Ulthuan

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. Born into one of the oldest families of Ulthuan, the brothers can trace their line back to the doomed Aenarion, first and mightiest of the Phoenix Kings of Ulthuan. It is their destiny to perform mighty deeds and shape the fate of kingdoms.

Prince Tyrion is the High Elves' greatest living warrior. So valiant and skilled is he that the bards of Ulthuan sing that he is nothing less then Aenarion reborn – a tale that is given credence far beyond Ulthuan's shores. Since Tyrion's meteoric rise to fame, many have whispered of his destiny to lead the High Elves towards a glorious future, and perhaps one day to take the Phoenix Crown. If Tyrion hears such gossip, he pays it no heed, for he is unswervingly loyal to Finubar. Thus does Tyrion concern himself only with the twin duties of protecting Ulthuan and its Everqueen. However, the latter is seen less as a duty than it is a calling of the heart – it is common knowledge that Tyrion is Alarielle's consort, and has been for many years.

Though Tyrion is a great warrior, he is no politician, and he is much given to speaking his mind or openly seeking truth where others would prefer only silence. But for his lineage and battle record, he would long ago have been ostracised by those nobles who hold themselves to be cleverer and subtler than he. As it is, none wish to directly challenge he who banished the Daemon N'kari at the Phoenix Shrine, slew Urian Poisonblade upon the Finuval Plain and set the verminous horde of Kritsqueel to flight with the aid of none save his noble steed Malhandir. Moreover, Tyrion enjoys not only royal patronage, he also counts many of Ulthuan's greatest heroes amongst his closest friends and allies. Indeed, some Elves even whisper that Finubar has bidden Tyrion form a warriors' council – a body answerable to none save the Phoenix King himself.



Alas, Tyrion's future may yet come to naught. Across the long millennia, all who have sprung from the line of Morelion, son of Aenarion, have been beset by a terrible curse. It has taken many forms as it has passed through the generations, ranging from madness of spirit and weakness of body to other, more insidious, taints. Thus far, Tyrion appears unafflicted, though some whisper his black moods and short temper are but early signs that all should heed. It may yet be that the High Elves' most stalwart defender might one day fade into tragedy, or madness. Until that day, those who would threaten Ulthuan must first defeat Tyrion, heir of Aenarion.

Teclis is Tyrion's twin brother, but two more different siblings would be hard to find. Where the curse of Aenarion has yet to leave an obvious mark upon Tyrion, it has made his brother frail and caustic. Indeed, so feeble is Teclis that his body can only be sustained by the consumption of magical potions. Yet no-one, least of all Tyrion, sees Teclis as the weaker twin – his destiny merely lies along another path. Teclis has been blessed with a talent for magic that makes him preeminent, not only amongst the mages of Ulthuan, but in the whole world. Though it is little acknowledged in Naggaroth, the Witch King accedes that Teclis is his superior and, since the Battle of Finuval Plain, has taken care not to come into direct conflict with his younger cousin. It is even claimed that Teclis' power approaches that of the great Necromancer Nagash, so it is fortunate that he has devoted his life to thwarting the powers of Chaos and death.

The twins also differ greatly in their strategic outlook. Where Tyrion sees the protection of Ulthuan as his chief duty, Teclis seeks to safeguard the whole world. Such is the ideology that led him to aid Magnus the Pious during the Great War Against Chaos, and thereafter found the Colleges of Magic in the Empire. Since then, Teclis has walked abroad in many other lands, sharing his wisdom with those who have need of it, and wielding his magics to keep the dark forces of Chaos at bay. Thus will Teclis' legend endure long after heroes of the sword have been forgotten, for his actions shape not a battle, nor even a campaign, but the future of the world itself.

Ulthuan is descending to a new age of darkness, and it may yet be that it does not survive the battles to come. If the realm does endure the woes that betide, it will be through the sword of Tyrion and the sorceries of Teclis. Unless, of course, the curse of Aenarion claims them first…

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tyrion | 5 | 9 | 7 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 10 | 4 | 10 |
| Malhandhir (Elven Steed) | 10 | 4 | 0 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 7 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Cavalry (Special Character).

**SPECIAL RULES** (Tyrion only): **Always Strikes First, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

**The Defender of Ulthuan:** If Tyrion is your army's General, his Inspiring Presence has a range of 18".

MAGIC ITEMS:

**Sunfang:** *This ancient sword, forged to slay Daemons in the earliest days of Aenarion's rule, burns with the captured fire of the sun.*

Magic Weapon. Hits from Sunfang are resolved at +3 Strength and have the Flaming Attacks special rule. In addition, Sunfang's bearer can make a Strength 4 Breath Weapon attack once per game. Hits from this attack are magical, and have the Flaming Attacks special rule.

**Dragon Armour of Aenarion:** *This mighty armour was forged on Vaul's Anvil long ago to protect Aenarion. Upon his death, the armour was thought lost for thousands of years, until it was recovered by Tethlis the Slayer. Since then, it has been borne only by the very greatest of Ulthuan's gloried heroes.*

Magic Armour. The Dragon Armour of Aenarion grants Tyrion a 1+ armour save that cannot be improved by any means. In addition, it grants Tyrion a 4+ ward save and the Fireborn special rule.

**Heart of Avelorn:** *This blood-red ruby was a gift from the Everqueen to Tyrion, and protects the bearer from death itself. It is said that if Tyrion were to fall, the Heart of Avelorn would break and restore him to life. Such renewal would not be without price, however. Should the Heart of Avelorn shatter, then whatever bond lies between Alarielle and Tyrion would also be sundered, never to be healed in all the ages of the world.*

Enchanted Item. The Heart of Avelorn gives Tyrion the Magic Resistance (2) special rule. In addition, if Tyrion suffers an unsaved Wound that would kill him (including unsaved Wounds that killed him as a result of the Killing Blow, Heroic Killing Blow or Multiple Wounds special rules), roll a D6 before removing him as a casualty; on a 2+ Tyrion negates the Wound and the Heart of Avelorn is destroyed. Otherwise, Tyrion is removed as a casualty as normal.

### *LADRIELLE, LADY OF MISTS*

*Ladrielle is the protectress of all things that are hidden or lost, and patron of travellers in the wilderness. By tradition, she is the only goddess to any longer walk the mortal world, and there are tales of her coming to the aid of those lost amidst the mists of Yvresse or upon the trackless ocean. Her worship is therefore chiefly observed in those cities, such as Lothern and Tor Yvresse, where Elven wanderlust has never faded. Ladrielle's face is always hidden by a veil, but many Elves assume she is the most beautiful of goddesses. Others, however, suspect she is merely a guise adopted by another deity, one whose true aspect is concealed behind the ashen silk.*

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Teclis | 5 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 1 | 10 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Special Character).

**MAGIC:** Teclis is a Level 4 Wizard. He does not generate spells following the normal rules, but instead can choose either to know all of the spells in the Lore of High Magic (see page 62), or choose one spell from each of the eight Lores of Battle Magic in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Lileath's Blessing, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

MAGIC ITEMS:

**Sword of Teclis:** *This sword was forged by Teclis, a powerful weapon to protect himself as he began the perilous quest to rescue his brother Tyrion and the Everqueen. It is charged with crackling energy that rends apart those struck by its shining blade.*

Magic Weapon. All hits from the Sword of Teclis wound on a 2+. Armour saves are not permitted against Wounds caused by the Sword of Teclis.

**Moon Staff of Lileath:** *The Moon Staff is imbued with the immortal power of the goddess Lileath, eternally youthful daughter of Isha, which flows through Teclis and invigorates his feeble frame. In times of great need, Teclis can call upon the full power of the staff. Doing so allows him to unleash a fearsome barrage of magical power, or else dissipate dangerous sorcerous energies before they spiral out of control, but also leaves Teclis himself badly weakened.*

Arcane Item. One use only. The Moon Staff of Lileath can either be used at the start of any of Teclis' Magic phases, in which case a bonus power dice is added to every casting attempt Teclis makes that phase (you still need to use at least one dice from the power pool for each casting attempt), or if Teclis suffers a miscast (declare you are using the Moon Staff of Lileath before rolling on the Miscast table), in which case the result of the miscast is ignored. In either case, Teclis' Strength and Toughness are both immediately reduced to 1 for the rest of the game.

**Scroll of Hoeth:** *Though seemingly fragile, this well-worn heirloom has seen a thousand battles and will see many more.*

Arcane Item. One use only. When an enemy spell has been cast, provided it was not cast with irresistible force, Teclis can read the Scroll of Hoeth instead of attempting to dispel the spell by using dispel dice. This automatically dispels the spell; no dice roll is required. In addition, immediately after the dispel has been resolved, both Teclis and the caster must roll a D6; if Teclis scores higher, the caster immediately forgets the spell; otherwise, nothing else happens.

**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 except 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.*

Arcane Item. Whilst Teclis has the War Crown of Saphery his Wizard level is increased by one.

# ELTHARION THE GRIM

## Warden of Tor Yvresse

Eltharion the Grim is one of the greatest of all Elven lords. Many times has he achieved what would have been thought impossible. It was Eltharion who was the first of Ulthuan's generals to dare an assault on Naggarond itself and live to speak of it, and he who finally brought about the defeat of Waaagh! Grom. For his valour in that battle, Eltharion was elected Warden of Tor Yvresse and, though he is a dour ruler, the people of that fair city love him dearly.

Eltharion's early rule was split equally between scouring greenskins from the land, and overseeing repairs to Yvresse's network of waystones. In the first task, Eltharion was aided by the nobles of his realm, who rallied to his banner with an enthusiasm not seen for many long generations. In the second, he sought the assistance of the Loremaster Belannaer. Though Eltharion had successfully stabilised the waystone of Tor Yvresse, he felt that luck had guided his hand rather more than judgement in that task, and he did not wish to see ill-fortune or rashness on his part destroy Ulthuan.

With his realm thus secured, Eltharion took his blade overseas; not to the chill shores of Naggaroth in the west, but east to the lands of the Old World and beyond. Yvresse had but barely endured the onset of one Waaagh!, and Eltharion swore that no other would reach Ulthuan's shores.

Atop his Griffon, Stormwing, Eltharion swept through the Badlands like a wind of blades. He slaughtered Warbosses and ran their armies to ruin. He toppled Orc fortresses that had survived earthquakes, Bretonnian crusades and the vengeance of the Dwarfs. Yet, miraculously, there always seemed more greenskins for him to fight. Finally, Eltharion learned the truth. His reputation had spread so far and wide that Warbosses were actually seeking his army, knowing that the "Pointy-'ead" would "give 'em a proper fight."

This revelation ended Eltharion's battles in the Badlands. He now knew that to continue would not abate the greenskin threat. Returning to Yvresse, Eltharion began to train its armies and fortify its cities as never before. The next time a Waaagh! made landfall on the shores of Ulthuan, the folk of Yvresse – and their grim Warden – would be ready for them.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Eltharion | 5 | 8 | 7 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 8 | 4 | 10 |
| Stormwing (Griffon) | 6 | 6 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 8 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Special Character).
Eltharion the Grim may be carried into battle by his Griffon **Stormwing** (Monster).



SPECIAL RULES (Eltharion): **Always Strikes First, Hatred (Orcs & Goblins), Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

**Blood Oath:** In close combat against Grom the Paunch of Misty Mountain, Eltharion gains +1 To Hit.

SPECIAL RULES (Stormwing): **Always Strikes First, Fly, Large Target, Terror.**

MAGIC ITEMS:
**Fangsword of Eltharion:** *This rune-encrusted longsword has been passed down through Eltharion's family for generations.*

Magic Weapon. Attacks made with the Fangsword are resolved at +2 Strength. Armour saves cannot be taken against Wounds caused by the Fangsword of Eltharion.

**Helm of Yvresse:** *The Helm of Yvresse is the ceremonial crown of the Warden of that proud city.*

Magic Armour. The Helm of Yvresse adds +1 to Eltharion the Grim's armour save and grants him and his mount (if any) a 5+ ward save.

**Talisman of Hoeth:** *This finely wrought medallion allows its wearer a measure of the original Warden's magical knowledge.*

Talisman. This item grants Eltharion the Magic Resistance (1) special rule. The Talisman of Hoeth also makes Eltharion a Level 2 Wizard, who uses spells from one of the eight Lores of Battle Magic found in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

# ALITH ANAR

## The Shadow King

Tradition maintains that the Nagarythe chose Alith Anar as ruler after Malekith fled into the west. The lord was the last heir of a great line, his forebears having been slain by the Witch King's minions. In those days there were many Dark Elves still hiding in Ulthuan, and Alith Anar took to their eradication with a vengeance. Those of his foes who were not killed in battle were crucified upon the trees, where those who passed could witness their grisly fate, and as he attacked and burned each enemy encampment, his fame grew. After the Battle of Griffon Pass, Alith Anar captured seven hundred Dark Elves and had them nailed high upon the white cliffs overlooking the narrow valley, where they hung until they died. The corpses were suspended for years afterwards until their flesh rotted and their bones tumbled into piles beside the road. Such is the power of the place that these bones can be seen to this day, together with the red marks left by Alith Anar's iron nails upon the cliffs.

Years later, Alith Anar led his warriors out of Nagarythe, and against the newly raised fortresses of Naggaroth. The Shadow Warriors soon became a thorn in the Witch King's side, harassing his ships, ambushing his warriors, and plundering his convoys. There was nothing the Shadow Warriors would not dare. It was said that a disguised Alith Anar danced with Morathi at the court of the Witch King, before stealing the Stone of Midnight from her treasury. Mortified, Morathi sent Witch Elves to hunt him down, but he tricked them into drinking poison mixed with blood, and so escaped to Ulthuan where his warriors hailed him as the Shadow King.

None know Alith Anar's final fate. The Shadow Warriors believe he still walks the world, a restless spirit of vengeance. They tell that on the darkest night of the Season of Frost, a grey-garbed figure can be seen kneeling before Eothlir's tomb, head bowed in silent contemplation of the bloody deeds the coming year will bring. Other High Elves scoff at such tales, but few amongst them would not wish to be proven wrong. For his part, the Witch King has passed beyond the veil of mortal concerns, but if Malekith any longer fears anything, he fears the vengeance of Alith Anar.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alith Anar | 5 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 9 | 4 | 10 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Special Character).

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Hatred (Dark Elves), Martial Prowess, Scout, Valour of Ages.**

**MAGIC ITEMS:**

**Stone of Midnight:** *This jewel was originally gifted to Morathi by Aenarion, and cloaks the wearer in shadow.*

Talisman. The Stone of Midnight grants Alith Anar a 4+ ward save. In addition, enemies suffer a -1 penalty To Hit when shooting against Alith Anar or a unit he has joined.



**The Shadow Crown:** *The Shadow Crown is the symbol of the rightful rulers of Nargarythe, a simple silver circlet set with a single diamond. By speaking the name of his kingdom, and defiantly claiming his rulership, Alith Anar can freeze time for the blink of an eye, giving himself a brief instant to slip away from harm.*

Enchanted Item. Alith Anar and his unit have the Swiftstride special rule.

**The Moonbow:** *An exquisite weapon forged from a pale metal that glitters in the moonlight, the Moonbow was handed to Alith Anar by the goddess Lileath herself. The merest whisper of its arrows strikes fear into the hearts of the treacherous Naggarothi.*

Magic Weapon. The Moonbow is a bolt thrower with the profile given below. Alith Anar can shoot the Moonbow even if he moves (but not if he marches).

| Range | Strength | Special Rules |
|---|---|---|
| 36" | 7 | Multiple Wounds (D3), Quick to Fire |

Armour saves are not permitted against Wounds caused by the Moonbow. Any unit of Dark Elves that suffers one or more casualties from the Moonbow also suffers a -1 penalty to their Leadership until the end of the phase.

# ALARIELLE THE RADIANT

## Everqueen of Ulthuan

Since the Golden Age, the Everqueen has served as Isha's chosen priestess in the mortal world. Whilst the tradition of the Phoenix King is relatively new – a mere six and a half thousand years in age – there has always been an Everqueen.

Alarielle is the eleventh Everqueen to rule since the time of Aenarion. Her flowing hair is like a golden cloud, and it is said that so great and timeless is her beauty that it can move even the immortal gods to tears. The Everqueen's power is that of nature itself. Where Allarielle walks, the fields start to blossom and flowers spring forth from the ground. When she is joyful, the skies clear and the land for leagues around blooms with life and light. When she mourns, the skies weep with her, and when her eyes darken with rage, thunder roars across the hills.

As a servant of light and nature, the Everqueen is opposed to corruption in all its forms. Thus does she remain above the petty intrigues of her own court – not even the most devious heart can conceal an untruth from her pure, unflinching, gaze. More importantly, her presence is anathema to tainted creatures of all kinds. She can banish Daemons with a single touch, and unravel the dark bindings of the Undead with but a gesture. All the benevolent gifts of Isha are hers to wield; no wound is beyond her skill to mend, and there is no shadow upon the heart that she cannot banish. Alas, Alarielle's powers recede as the dark tide of Chaos grows stronger and the mortal world cries out in torment. When the power of Chaos is at its peak, even her mortal form grows weak; the brilliant gold of her hair fading almost to pure white, her limbs growing enervated and brittle. At such times the Elven race stands upon the brink of extinction – should the Everqueen perish, her people would surely pass into darkness soon after.



The Everqueen does not fight in a conventional manner, and eschews weapons of all kinds, but she is no less dangerous for it. Her touch, so soothing to the pure-hearted, is anathema to those with even a taint of corruption in their hearts. The victim might not feel anything at first, but as the magic of her touch travels through his body, it grows more powerful, feeding off every black desire and cruel purpose. Moments later, the foe is naught but a cleansed and withered corpse, his evil forever purged by Isha's light. Moreover, Alarielle wields the Winds of Life and Light with all the skill of Saphery's most learned High Mages, and can call forth great storms of cleansing energy to sweep the agents of darkness from her hallowed presence.

Whilst most of her predecessors deliberately stayed as distant from war as circumstances would allow, Alarielle has made a point of leading armies in Ulthuan's defence. At the start of her reign, she had little choice, for Avelorn was overrun by Dark Elves and worshippers of Chaos. With her nation overwhelmed and the Phoenix King under siege in Lothern, if fell to Alarielle to rally the High Elves to Ulthuan's defence upon the Finuval Plain. Since then, Alarielle has commanded many armies in the Phoenix King's stead, whilst Finubar remains ensconced in the highest tower of Lothern, pursuing an agenda hidden from all but his closest allies. Not whilst she still draws breath will Alarielle allow Avelorn's beauty to be despoiled by war – a determination that many beings of tainted heart have encountered to their ruin.

So it is that a High Elf army might find glorious aid in its darkest hour. As dawn breaks, one of the Everqueen's Handmaidens sounds the Horn of Isha, so that the goddess might notice her high priestess upon the field of battle. Then the Banner of Avelorn is raised high, its living threads shimmering in the sunshine. As word spreads of Alarielle's arrival, despair vanishes like shadows in daylight and a newfound resolve arises to take its place. Then the Horn of Isha sounds once more, spurring the assembled Elves onward into deeds of legend.

Despite Alarielle's many victories in the years since the Battle of Finuval Plain, many Elves are secretly appalled by her actions. Tradition dictates that the Everqueen sees to the spiritual defence and well-being of the Elves, leaving the Phoenix King to prosecute wars of blood and fire; and the High Elves value tradition above almost all. Others see this as a sign that Isha herself has become more warlike in these desperate times; that the misery and destruction of the mortal world has roused even the gods to battle.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alarielle the Radiant | 5 | 6 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 6 | 1 | 10 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Special Character).

**MAGIC:** Alarielle the Radiant is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Life, the Lore of Light and the Lore of High Magic (see page 62). She can generate all of her spells from the same lore, or from two or more of the above lores in any combination. Declare how many spells she will use from each lore before spells are generated.

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Lileath's Blessing, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

**Boon of Isha:** All attacks made by models in the Everqueen's unit are magical attacks. In addition, all models in her unit are immune to Fear and Terror.

**Chaos Bane:** At the start of each of Alarielle's Magic phases, before rolling for the Winds of Magic, every unit with the Daemonic special rule within 12" of Alarielle the Radiant suffers D6 Strength 4 hits, distributed as for shooting attacks. However, Alarielle suffers a -D3 penalty to her casting attempts if there is one or more models with the Daemonic special rule within 12".

**Touch of the Everqueen:** Alarielle's close combat attacks have the Heroic Killing Blow special rule if directed against models from the Forces of Destruction.

## MAGIC ITEMS:

**The Shieldstone of Isha:** *The Shieldstone is as old as Ulthuan itself, and pulses with inner energies. Only the Everqueen can release the power it contains to ward away harm from the pure-hearted, deflecting mortal blows and dashing arrows to the floor.*

Talisman. The Shieldstone of Isha grants Alarielle the Radiant and her unit a 5+ ward save against any non-magical attacks.

**Star of Avelorn:** *About her noble brow the Everqueen wears a diadem of ithilmar in which is set a single radiant gem, given by Aenarion in tryst to Astarielle. This is no ordinary gem, but is said to be a star taken from the heavens by Isha and bound within a magic crystal, and holds the power to heal mortal wounds.*

Enchanted Item. At the start of your Movement phase, nominate a single friendly character within 12" – that model immediately regains a single Wound lost earlier in the battle. Alarielle can only restore her own Wounds if there is no other viable target within range.

**Stave of Avelorn:** *The Stave of Avelorn is the symbol of Alarielle's rule over the land of Avelorn. It is an ancient heirloom which is passed from one Everqueen to the next, as it has been since before the time of the Phoenix Kings, and enables Alarielle to gather the magic that flows through that land and direct it as she wishes.*

Arcane Item. One use only. The Stave of Avelorn is used in the Magic phase. When used, it allows Alarielle to immediately attempt to cast a spell she has already cast that phase, even if the casting attempt failed, or was miscast. The spell is otherwise cast according to the normal rules.

## HEIRLOOM MAGIC ITEMS:

An army that includes Alarielle the Radiant can also include the following magic items, as described in the army list (see pages 90 and 91).

**Horn of Isha:** *The Horn of Isha is fashioned from a single pearl-white seashell. Its creation remains a mystery to all the scholars and mages of Ulthuan, but it is known that the Horn of Isha has existed for as long as there have been Everqueens. When it is winded, the call or this beautiful instrument can split the veil between the mortal and immortal realms, rousing the mother goddess to grant a blessing upon her favoured children.*

Enchanted Item. One use only. The Horn of Isha can be used at the start of one of your Movement phases. For the remainder of the turn, all models in the bearer's unit receive a +1 To Hit bonus on all shooting and close combat attacks.



**Banner of Avelorn:** *Woven from living leaves and the hair of the Everqueen's Handmaidens, the Banner of Avelorn is an artefact of unsurpassed purity. It is crafted anew when an Everqueen ascends to the throne, and will one day serve as her funeral shroud. Whilst the Everqueen lives, the Banner of Avelorn is a beacon of light and life. Should she perish, the magic fades from the mortal world, spiralling into the realm beyond to shield the Everqueen from the thirsting attentions of Slaanesh.*

Magic Standard. Spells from the Lore of Light and the Lore of Life cast by a friendly Wizard that target a unit containing the Banner of Avelorn receive a +4 bonus to cast. If Alarielle the Radiant is slain, this ability is immediately lost.

### *ISHA, THE MOTHER*

*Isha is the goddess of nature. It was she who first taught the Elves how to care for the land and gain a plentiful harvest. She is depicted as an Elf woman full of life and beauty and is considered to be the mother of the whole Elven race. It is Isha who blesses the Everqueen with wisdom, beauty and power, and she also who preserves the eternal glades of Avelorn from the blemish of winter.*

*The symbol of Isha is the All Seeing Eye, shedding a single tear for her mortal children, the Elves. At the dawn of time Asuryan decided that while the Elves would be prodigiously long-lived, they would still grow weary of the world and die. Isha, who loved her children the Elves above all her creations, despaired and cried in anguish, her tears falling like rain onto the mortal world below, providing the waters of life that transformed Ulthuan into such a rich and bountiful land.*

*Thereafter, Isha has ever watched her mortal children keenly, ever alert to ways in which she might aid them. Whilst direct contact has long been forbidden by Asuryan, Isha sometimes pleads with Lileath to send tidings through dreams and nightmares, so that the Elves might not confront the perils of the world without some measure of warning and guidance. Only when the Creator's attention is elsewhere does Isha dare intervene personally, spreading her magics across Ulthuan to shrivel the Daemons and evildoers that threaten her children.*

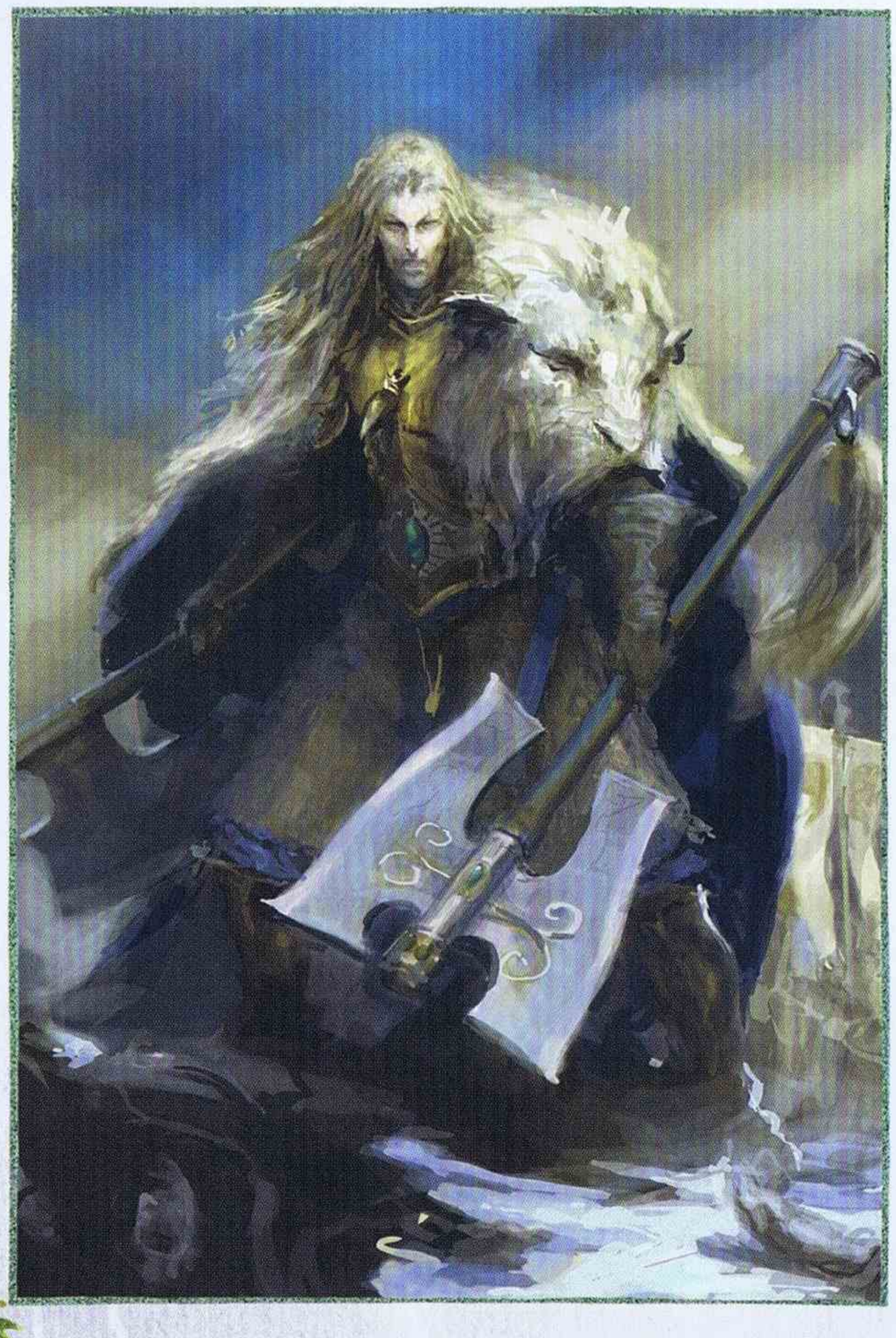
# KORHIL

## Captain of the White Lions

When the Captain of the White Lions met his death at the hands of the Dark Elf Assassin Urian Poisonblade, the bodyguard of the Phoenix King gathered to select a new leader from amongst their ranks. Their choice, approved and blessed by the Phoenix King, was the warrior Korhil.

Korhil was a famous warrior even before his rise to captain. Years before, it had been he who had hunted and slain the great lion Charandis. This was a particularly ferocious creature, mutated by the warping power of Chaos to an armour-hided brute that was mighty even by the standards of other white lions. Dozens of Chracian hunters had tried to bring Charandis down, but the beast had slain them all.

The young Korhil, however, was not to be deterred, and he headed into the Chracian uplands in search of his prey. Charandis' trail was not hard to follow, for it was marked with the bloody bodies of those who had attempted to end his rampage. When Korhil finally encountered Charandis, the lion was near mad with bloodlust, and savage beyond belief. Yet Kurnous was with the young hunter that day. Soon realising his axe-blows had no effect on Charandis' magical hide, Korhil shifted tactics. In a feat of physical strength unheard of for an Elf, he wrestled the raging beast to the ground and throttled the life from its thrashing body.



Korhil's success earned him an instant invitation to join the Phoenix King's White Lion bodyguard. Only twice before had such an offer been made to so young a warrior, and Korhil was swift to accept. In the decades that followed, the young hunter grew into a grizzled White Lion veteran, proving his worth time and again against Dark Elf Assassins and the dread beasts of the Annulii.

Thus has Korhil served Finubar the Seafarer with unfailing loyalty for many years, and has stood steadfastly beside him at many battles. Indeed, Korhil's gemstone-set belt was a gift from Finubar following the Battle of Tor Achare, where Korhil hurled himself in the path of Morech the Black's Manticore. Korhil was badly mauled, but gave far better than he got, disembowelling the beast with a single swing of his axe before unconsciousness took him.

The White Lions claim Korhil to be the mightiest Elf in all of Ulthuan, and certainly his strength and stature is legendary. Yet Korhil is no lumbering giant, for he wields his long axe with a dexterity and grace that makes even his fellow White Lions appear cumbersome. His honest demeanour and noble bearing have won him many friends amongst the Lords of Ulthuan, and the heroes of other races besides. Korhil has ever repaid this friendship with the same loyalty he offers his liege, and gladly marches to his allies' aid should the Phoenix King consent to sparing his services. Thus has Korhil's axe spilt blood in many lands, and in the cause of many peoples not his own.

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

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Special Character).

**SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Forest Strider, Martial Prowess, Stubborn, Valour of Ages.**

**MAGIC ITEMS:**

**Chayal:** *The Captain of the White Lions has carried this keen-edged and finely balanced axe since the regiment's founding. Korhil is but the most recent of a long and honoured line.*

Magic Weapon. Close combat attacks made with Chayal are resolved at +2 Strength and have the Killing Blow special rule. Furthermore, Chayal and Korhil's hand weapon count as Paired weapons.

**Pelt of Charandis:** *In return for Korhil's loyal service, Finubar directed that the pelt of the Great Lion of Chrace be fashioned into a magnificent, enchanted cloak.*

Talisman. Korhil counts his armour save as being one point higher against close combat attacks and two points higher against non-magical shooting attacks. In addition, Poisoned Attacks cannot wound the wearer of the Pelt of Charandis automatically – they must always roll To Wound.

# CARADRYAN

## Captain of the Phoenix Guard

Caradryan was an arrogant lordling in his youth. Handsome, rich, powerful and conceited, he was the very archetype of the jaded High Elf aristocrat. There was no rumour he would not foster, no intrigue to which he would not stoop. By all accounts, his petty nature was such that even his family would have long ago cast him out, were it not for the fact that such an act would have been a break with all tradition.

Caradryan's life changed when he made a pilgrimage to the Shrine of Asuryan, a journey which all High Elf nobles are expected to undertake at least once. There, in perhaps the worst display of arrogance in his life, Caradryan stole into the holy Chamber of Days. What he witnessed there, no-one knows, but when he emerged he was a changed man. On his forehead was the glowing rune of Asuryan, marking him as the servant of the Creator God. On that day, Caradryan gave up all his worldly possessions and took the vows of the Phoenix Guard. He has not uttered a word ever since.

Caradryan spends long days in secluded meditation, reading the fiery letters that tell of the past, the present and the future. At other times, he stands atop the walls of the Shrine, his keen gaze scouring the lands of Ulthuan. Indeed, it is said that no event is so small as to evade Caradryan's gaze, and no sound small enough to escape his hearing. Some have accused him of harnessing the prophecies of Asuryan in order to influence the future – a transgression against the Creator God ranked amongst the highest of blasphemies. However, the truth of the matter is that Caradryan simply notices things that others do not, and has no prattling tongue to distract him from matters of greater import.

Over his long years of study and contemplation, Caradryan has become ever closer to the thoughts of Asuryan, until finally the hand of the Creator marked him as the Captain of the Phoenix Guard. Now he leads the devoted guardians of Asuryan during times of peace and war. There is divine strength in his hand, and the wisdom of Asuryan sits upon his noble brow.

Caradryan normally fights at the head of the Phoenix Guard, as befits his rank, but sometimes conducts the battle from the back of Ashtari, oldest and wisest of the Phoenixes of the Flamespyre. Theirs is a bond that goes back centuries, to Caradryan's earliest days of service. At the battle of Finuval Plain, Ashtari picked an unequal fight with the Black Dragon Korzarandar, and it was only Caradryan's intervention that rescued the Phoenix from a grisly fate. Since those days, both Ashtari's flames and impetuousness have faded to naught, but his loyalty to Caradryan burns as brightly as ever.



| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Caradryan | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 |
| Ashtari | 2 | 6 | 0 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 3 | 5 | 9 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Special Character).
Caradryan may be carried into battle on his Frostheart Phoenix **Ashtari** (Monster).

**SPECIAL RULES** (Caradryan): **Always Strikes First, Fear, Magic Resistance (1), Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages, Witness to Destiny** (see page 50).

**Mark of Asuryan:** If Caradryan is slain in close combat, the unit that killed him immediately suffers D3 Wounds with no armour saves allowed. These Wounds are distributed as for shooting attacks. Any Wounds inflicted count towards combat results. If Caradryan is killed in a challenge, then only his opponent takes these Wounds – any excess Wounds caused by the Mark of Asuryan count towards overkill.

**SPECIAL RULES** (Ashtari): **Attuned to Magic** (see page 52), **Blizzard Aura** (see page 53), **Fly, Large Target, Natural Armour (5+)** (see page 53), **Terror.**

**MAGIC ITEMS:**
**The Phoenix Blade:** *This ancient, flame-wreathed blade was enchanted for Kor-Baelon, the first Captain of the Phoenix Guard.*

Magic Weapon. Close combat attacks made with the Phoenix Blade are resolved at +1 Strength and have the Flaming Attacks and Multiple Wounds (D3) special rules.

# THE LORE OF HIGH MAGIC

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

### DRAIN MAGIC (Signature Spell) — Cast on 7+

*The wizard conjures a vortex of anti-magic to calm the battlefield.*

*Drain Magic* can be cast on any unit (friend or foe) and has a range of 18". If the target is a friendly unit, *Drain Magic* is an **augment** spell. If the target is an enemy unit, *Drain Magic* is a **hex** spell. In either case, all Remains in Play spells affecting the target unit are immediately dispelled, and the effects of all other spells on the target unit immediately come to an end. The Wizard can choose to have this spell target all units (friend and foe) within 18". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 14+.

### SOUL QUENCH (Signature Spell) — Cast on 8+

*White light bursts forth, banishing the spirits of those it touches.*

*Soul Quench* is a **magic missile** with a range of 18" that causes 2D6 Strength 4 hits. The caster can choose for this spell to instead inflict 4D6 Strength 4 hits. If he does so, the casting value is increased to 16+.

### 1. APOTHEOSIS — Cast on 5+

*Waves of pure magic infuse the wizard's ally.*

*Apotheosis* is an **augment** spell that targets a single model within 18". The target immediately regains a single lost Wound. The Wizard can choose to cast a more powerful version of *Apotheosis*. If he does so, the target instead immediately regains D3 lost Wounds, in which case the casting value is increased to 10+. Regardless of how many lost Wounds (if any) are recovered, the target also gains the Fear special rule until the start of the caster's next Magic phase.

### 2. HAND OF GLORY — Cast on 5+

*With a simple sign, the wizard grants his allies the might of old.*

*Hand of Glory* is an **augment** spell with a range of 18". The target unit's Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill, Initiative or Movement (you choose which) is increased by D3 until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to cast a more powerful version of this spell that instead increases all four characteristics (don't roll a separate D3 for each – make one roll and apply it to all four characteristics). If he does so, the casting value is increased to 10+.

### SHIELD OF SAPHERY — (Lore Attribute)

Each time a spell from this lore is successfully cast, the caster and his unit immediately gain +1 to their ward save (to a maximum ward save of 3+) until the beginning of the caster's next Magic phase. Models that do not already have a ward save instead gain a 6+ ward save (which can then be increased by further castings thanks to this lore attribute) until the beginning of the caster's next Magic phase.

### 3. WALK BETWEEN WORLDS — Cast on 8+

*For a moment, the wizard's allies tread immortal pathways.*

*Walk Between Worlds* is an **augment** spell that targets a single unengaged unit within 24". The target gains the Ethereal special rule until the end of the phase and can immediately move up to 10" as if it were the Remaining Moves sub-phase. The Wizard can choose to cast a more powerful version of this spell, in which case the target instead gains the Ethereal special rule until the end of the phase and can immediately move up to 20" as if it were the Remaining Moves sub-phase. If he chooses to do so, the casting value is increased to 16+.

### 4. TEMPEST — Cast on 12+

*Without warning, an eight-winded storm breaks about the foe.*

*Tempest* is a **direct damage** spell. Place the large round template anywhere within 30" of the Wizard – it then scatters D6". All models hit by the template suffer a Strength 3 hit (models with the Fly special rule suffer a Strength 4 hit instead). If a unit suffers any unsaved Wounds from this spell, it suffers a -1 modifier to all To Hit rolls (both shooting and close combat) until the start of the caster's next Magic phase (shooting attacks that do not use Ballistic Skill must roll 4+ on a D6 before firing, or the shot(s) are lost).

### 5. ARCANE UNFORGING — Cast on 13+

*The magic of unmaking flies true from outstretched hands.*

*Arcane Unforging* is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 24" that targets a single enemy model (even a character in a unit). The target suffers a single Wound on a dice roll greater than or equal to the model's unmodified armour save (models without an armour save cannot be wounded). No armour saves are permitted against a Wound caused by this spell. The owning player must then reveal to the caster all the magic items possessed by the target (if any). If the target has one or more magic items, randomly select one of them – that item is immediately destroyed on the roll of 2+ and cannot be used for the rest of the game. Note that this spell has no effect on magic items that are mounts, magic items that contain bound spells that have miscast during the game, and any magic items labelled as 'one use only' that have already been used during the game – do not include these when randomly selecting a magic item.

### 6. FIERY CONVOCATION — Cast on 19+

*With a single secret word, fire rages and flesh burns.*

Remains in play. *Fiery Convocation* is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 24". Every model in the target unit takes a Strength 4 hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule. At the end of every subsequent Magic phase, every model in the target unit suffers a Strength 4 hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule.

# VAUL'S FORGE

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

## THE BLADE OF LEAPING GOLD — 70 points
**Magic Weapon**

*With this sword, Alcandor of Cothique singlehandedly held the gates of Tor Estara for seven days. Mentheus, right hand of Morvael the Impetuous, wielded it until his death upon the walls of Anlec, having spilled more Dark Elf blood than any other since the time of Tethlis the Slayer. An ordinary blade would be dulled by such a roster of endless war, but this sword has never lost its edge. To the valiant, it lends supernatural speed and vigour; to the craven and corrupt, it brings only swift death.*

The Blade of Leaping Gold grants the wielder +3 Attacks. In addition, any roll of 6 To Wound made with the Blade of Leaping Gold ignores armour saves.

## STAR LANCE — 30 points
**Magic Weapon**

*The Star Lance was created at the command of Aenarion the Defender and gifted to the nobles of Caledor for their unfailing courage. Forged from the metal of a fallen star, this weapon's graceful lines belie the formidable power it grants its wielder. Since the days of its making, the Star Lance has seen battle in the service of every Phoenix King, carried to war each time by a trueblood hero of Caledorian descent. Legend has it that the Star Lance strikes with the wrath of a mighty Star Dragon, and cannot be unmade whilst the fires of Vaul's Anvil still smoulder.*

Mounted character only. The Star Lance can only be used in a turn in which the bearer makes a successful charge. Attacks with the Star Lance are resolved at +3 Strength, and armour saves cannot be taken against Wounds caused by the Star Lance. If the bearer did not make a successful charge this turn, or if his mount has been slain, he must instead fight using another weapon.

## THE REAVER BOW — 25 points
**Magic Weapon**

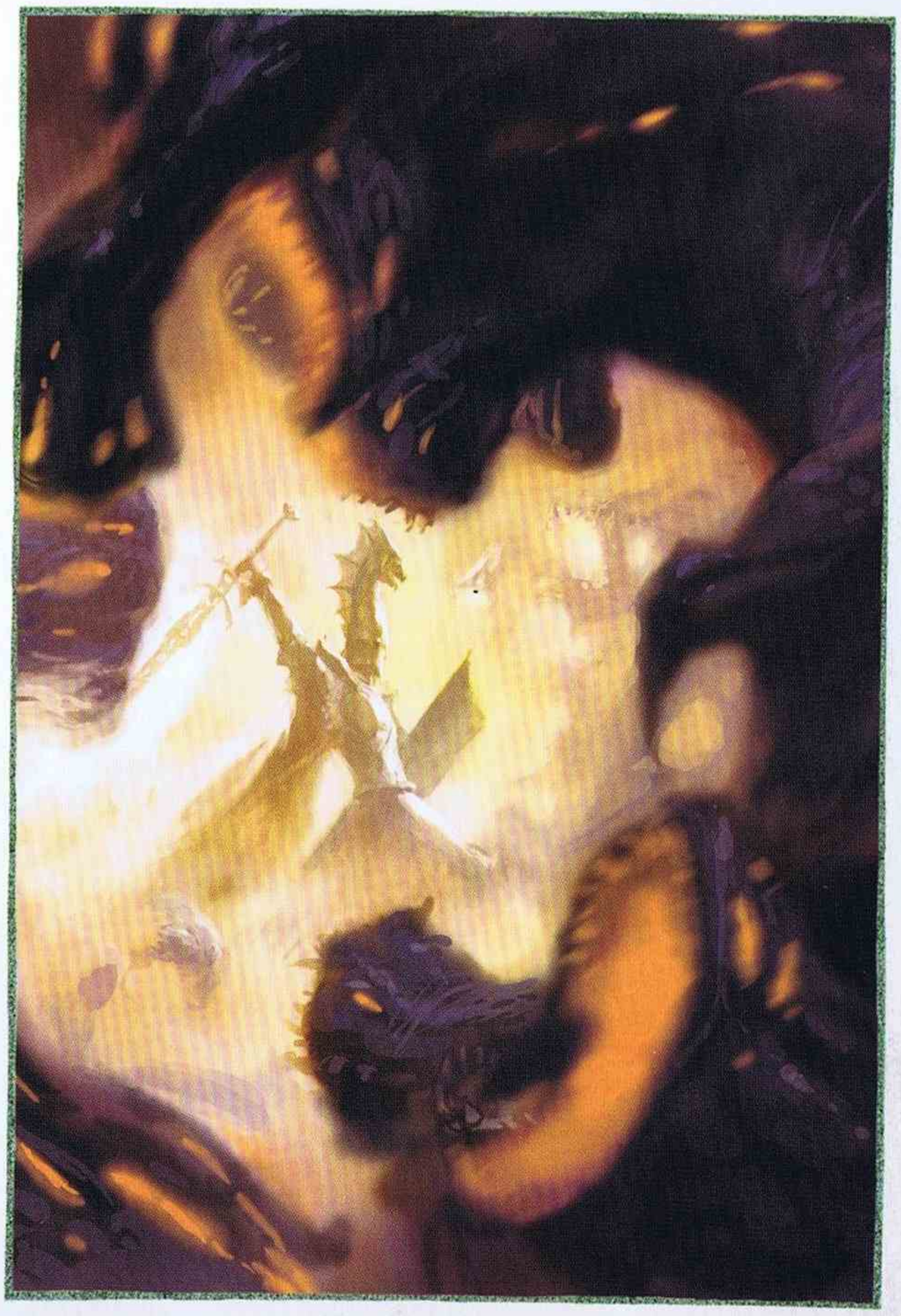
*Imollar was a noble of Ellyrion, and a marksman of considerable note. It was said that his arrows could fly true through stormy winds and still find their mark, even if he took but a moment to aim. Upon hearing this, Prince Arathion, himself a skilled archer – and one burdened by a surfeit of pride – challenged Imollar to an archery contest, staking as prize a most fabulous weapon from his own collection – the Reaver Bow. So it was nobles from across Ulthuan bore witness to a contest of skill not to be seen again for generations. As the final arrow found its mark, Imollar was crowned as the greatest archer of all, and Arathion discovered humility – along with the folly of staking his family's treasured heirlooms as wagers in a contest of pride.*

| Range | Strength | Special Rules |
|---|---|---|
| 30" | +1 | Volley Fire, Multiple Shots (3) |

## ARMOUR OF CALEDOR — 50 points
**Magic Armour**

*The Armour of Caledor is not a single suit. Rather, it is an amalgam of components gathered across the millennia. Every piece of the Armour of Caledor has been taken from the recovered fragments of now-lost armour that was once worn by a mighty Caledorian hero. The gorget, for example, was worn by Caledor the Conqueror during the War of Blood Gorge, whilst the the left vambrace belonged to Maldrik Firesworn, Saviour of the Silver Isles. The chestplate still bears the scars earned when it preserved Alkar Dragonhelm from the poisoned daggers of the Khainite Assassin Master, Halkir Venomheart. There are many more such tales, for every scale and plate has earned its place in Elven history many times over. When a noble of Caledor dons this armour, his resolve and fortune are redoubled. Some say this is merely a noble heart rising to the challenge of his forebears, but others claim it is nothing less than the power of the ancestors themselves flowing through him.*

The Armour of Caledor grants the wearer a 2+ armour save that cannot be improved by any means. In addition, the Armour of Caledor grants the bearer a 6+ ward save and the Fireborn special rule.



## SHADOW ARMOUR — 25 points
**Magic Armour**

*The Shadow Armour was crafted with skills now lost to the High Elves. Some believe it was forged in the hidden camps of Shadow Warriors, whilst others hint it is not of Elf make at all, but a gift from Loec, the trickster god. The shimmering armour weighs almost nothing and exists somewhere between the real world and that of magic, allowing its wearer to pass all but unseen by mortal eyes. The first to don it was Prince Temakador, one of the handful of nobles who saw Aethis' reign for the folly it was and fought a bitter campaign of ambush and sabotage against the Dark Elves as the Phoenix Court descended into complacency. Many times did Aethis' agents seek Temakador's arrest, but each time he was thought cornered, he melded into the darkness and slipped away.*

Model on foot only. The wearer of the Shadow Armour has a 5+ armour save. In addition, the wearer has both the Scouts and Strider special rules.

## SHIELD OF THE MERWYRM — 15 points
**Magic Armour**

*In the murky deeps far below Lothern's Emerald Gate slumbers Amanar, ancient protector of the city. Only in hours of greatest need does the merwyrm rouse and rise to the surface to consume those who would bring about Lothern's ruin. The records kept in the Glittering Tower tell that Amanar has manifested but three times in recorded history. The first was during the Daemon invasion, where he swallowed whole a legion that laid siege to the city. The second came during the Sundering, where his broad back held Lothern high above the tidal waves that swamped Ulthuan. The third, and to date final, appearance of Amanar came during the Great Incursion. With a great sweep of his tail, he scattered much of the Dark Elf army; then, ignoring the pinpricks of their blades, he turned and bore the Black Ark* Intolerable Delight *beneath the waves, never to be seen again. No sight has there been of Amanar since that day, but a single great scale was recovered after the battle was done, which now forms the unbreakable heart of this shield.*

Shield. Unless he is fighting with a weapon that has the Requires Two Hands special rule, the bearer of the Shield of the Merwyrm has a parry save of 4+ (even if he's fighting with a magic weapon).

## GOLDEN CROWN OF ATRAZAR — 10 points
**Talisman**

*No mere gemstones are set about this circlet, but brilliantly polished shards taken from waystones all across Ulthuan. Thus can the bearer of the Golden Crown draw upon the magics of the Great Vortex to guard himself from harm. Few wear the Golden Crown for long, however, for the spirits of the dead hang heavy about its brow, and their whispered praises and encouragements would inflate the wearer's pride to epic proportions, driving even the noblest mortal into a dangerous, self-obsessing madness.*

One use only. The Golden Crown of Atrazar bestows a 2+ ward save against the first wounding hit suffered by the wearer (which cancels out not only the Wound, but also any Killing Blow or Multiple Wounds special rules the attack has) after which its power fades and it cannot be used again during the game.

## MORANION'S WAYSHARD — 50 points
**Enchanted Item**

*In the days of his youth, Moranion – of Athel Tamarha – wandered the realm of Yvresse as one of its Mistwalkers. Few could tread the fog-wreathed paths so surely as he, for he bore a wayshard attuned to the great watchstone at the realm's heart. Thus did Moranion walk the Daemon-haunted mists as easily as he would have done under clear skies, leading ambushes of spear and bow to destroy the invaders. Though Moranion now sleeps eternally, his wayshard still glimmers with power. Those who can unlock its secrets will never again find themselves lost, no matter how far they might stray.*

Model on foot only. The bearer of Moranion's Wayshard has the Ambushers special rule. He can also give the Ambushers special rule to a friendly Archers or Spearmen unit, up to 30 models in size and chosen from *Warhammer: High Elves*, immediately before deployment. If he does so, he immediately joins the unit and cannot leave it until the turn after the one in which the combined unit has deployed.



## KHAINE'S RING OF FURY — 25 points
**Enchanted Item**

*Khaine once had eight rings, or so the legends tell. Hekarti, Goddess of Magic, designed each of them to embody a single Wind of Magic. Vaul, the Godsmith, wrought them with all his cunning, binding to each a glittering gemstone that shone with the power of the winds. Khaine was much pleased with these gifts, for they gave him a mastery of magic which he had never before known. Yet the Lord of Murder was not to keep his prizes for long. Neither Hekarti nor Vaul had any love for Khaine, and had fashioned the rings out of fear of reprisal, rather than for filial duty; moreover they worried for how the godly balance of power would be altered by what they had done.*

*Thus did Hekarti and Vaul, whose love for each other could have filled only the very meanest of vessels, then conspire together to see Khaine divested. So did they tell Atharti, the Lady of Desire and most covetous of all the divine host, of Khaine's new treasures, hoping that she would distract the Lord of Murder long enough for the rings to be reclaimed. Atharti immediately resolved to take the rings for her own, but Khaine would not part with them, no matter what seductive wiles she brought to bear. Eventually, they came to blows and, in the process, the rings were lost. To the great dismay of all who sought them, the rings had fallen into the mortal world, where Asuryan's law forbade the gods from treading. Over the centuries that followed, only one ring has been found, the black iron Ring of Fury. It has been brought to the battlefield only at times of greatest need, for no one wields the power of the gods lightly. Fewer still find it wise to so openly taunt the Lord of Murder with his loss.*

Bound spell (power level 3). Khaine's Ring of Fury contains the *Soul Quench* spell (see the Lore of High Magic).

## GEM OF SUNFIRE
**Enchanted Item** — 20 points

*Bound within this brilliant jewel is the angry essence of Angranir, greatest of the Flamespyre Phoenixes. During the civil war, Angranir was struck down by sorceries meant for Caledor, and neither priestess of Isha nor learned physician could heal him. So it was that Aeldamar, High Mage of Tiranoc, was instructed to save the Phoenix's spirit, so that the noble bird's light could bring hope to Ulthuan for long years to come. Alas, by then, all that remained of Angranir was a burning brand of magic which, while formidable of temperament, now lacked any of the firebird's intelligence or majesty. Nonetheless, Aeldamar did as he was bid, and preserved the enchanted flame within a many-faceted topaz. Mindless still, Angranir's fire lends its heat to the fires wielded by the bearer.*

One use only. During the turn in which the Gem of Sunfire is used, all of the bearer's spells, shooting attacks and close combat attacks (and his mount's, if he has one) have a +1 bonus To Wound (rolls of 1 still fail) provided that they also have the Flaming Attacks special rule.

## CLOAK OF BEARDS
**Enchanted Item** — 10 points

*To many High Elves, the Cloak of Beards is a relic of an unhappy hour. But, for a few, notably those whose ancestors fought in Caledor's final battle against Gotrek Starbreaker, it is a valued reminder of the perfidiousness of Dwarfs. This latter group ensure that the Cloak of Beards is never lost: indeed, with every generation, it grows longer and more fulsome, as more beards are seized and woven into its folds. Now, its power is such that its mere presence subverts prideful Dwarfen works.*

The wearer of the Cloak of Beards causes Fear. Against models chosen from *Warhammer: Dwarfs*, the wearer causes Terror instead. However, all models from *Warhammer: Dwarfs* gain the Hatred special rule while attacking the wearer. In addition, at the start of each Close Combat phase, roll a D6 for each magic item carried by each model from *Warhammer: Dwarfs* that is in base contact with the bearer. On a roll of 4+, that magic item is destroyed and cannot be used for the rest of the battle. Note that this has no effect on magic items that are mounts, magic items that contain bound spells that have already miscast during the game, and any magic items labelled as 'one use only' that have already been used during the game – do not roll to see if these magic items are destroyed.

## BOOK OF HOETH
**Arcane Item** — 55 points

*The Book of Hoeth is one of Saphery's most treasured artefacts. The very first pages are laid down in the hand of Bel-Korhadris himself, and every subsequent entry bears the seal of the greatest Loremaster of his time. Yet a great many of the Book of Hoeth's pages remain blank: the scholars of the White Tower are aware that even their knowledge has limits, boundaries that must be driven back if a complete mastery of magic is to be achieved.*

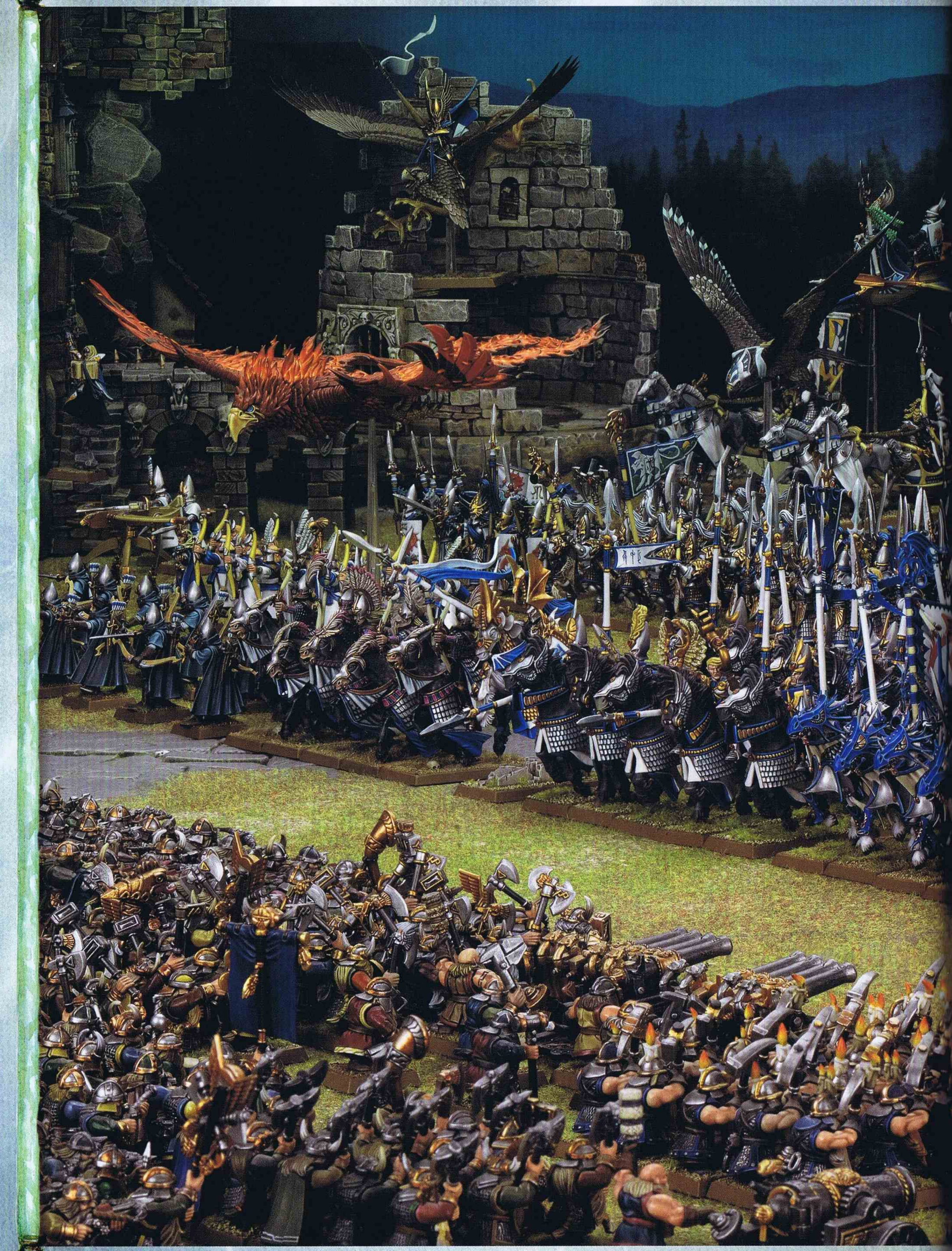
The Book of Hoeth allows the bearer to re-roll a single dice from each of his casting or dispel attempts. Results of 6 cannot be re-rolled.



## BANNER OF THE WORLD DRAGON
**Magic Standard** — 50 points

*Elven legends tell that Draugnir, Father of Dragons, was welcomed in Asuryan's court as an equal, for mortal Elves and gods alike were awestruck by his might and nobility. Alas, not all the Elven pantheon were so enamoured. Anath Raema, sister to Khaine and goddess of the savage hunt, saw him as nothing more than an upstart beast to be harried and hunted as any other. Taking up her spear, she pursued the Dragon through the heavens. The contest that followed shook the world to its core, rousing even wise Asuryan from contemplation. The Creator halted the battle, but came too late to save Draugnir, whose wounds were beyond healing. With a single word, Asuryan banished Anath Raema to the Mirai forevermore. From the corpse of his fallen friend, he worked to create a new land where Elves and Dragons could live in peace, beyond the jealousies of the gods. From Draugnir's bones, he forged Ulthuan's mountains, and from the Dragon's flesh he created its broad plains. Draugnir's glittering scales Asuryan gave into the keeping of Isha. She, in turn, passed them to her mortal children, the Elves, who wrought many fabulous works with them, chief amongst them a mighty standard, woven with silver and hung with gems of all shapes and hues. This Banner of the World Dragon endures to this day, a reminder not only of the bond between the Elves and Dragons, but also of that which binds both races to their ancestral home.*

All models in a unit that carries the Banner of the World Dragon have a 2+ ward save against all Wounds caused by spells, magic weapons and magical attacks. Furthermore, all Dragons (friend or foe) within 12" of the Banner of the World Dragon have the Stubborn special rule.







# THE GLORY OF THE ELVES

*The High Elf army is one of the most diverse in the Warhammer game. As its commander, you can assail the foe with hawkeyed archers and stalwart spearmen, proud knights and mighty Dragons. Your heroes rank amongst the game's most skilled fighters, and your mages surrender primacy to none in their mastery of the mystic arts.*

*This section presents a showcase of Citadel miniatures available in the High Elves range. Within these pages, you'll find plenty of inspiration for mustering your own glorious host of Ulthuan.*



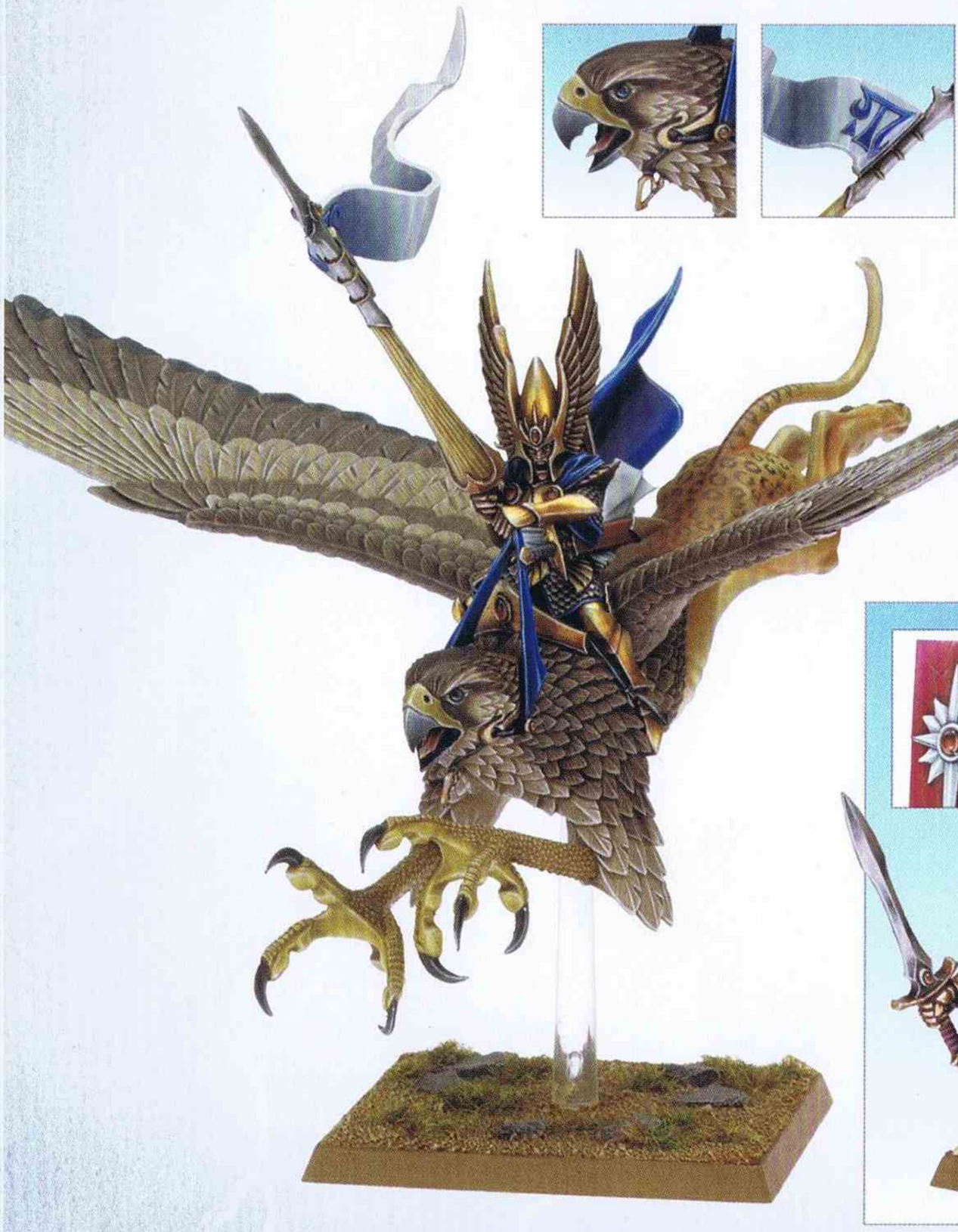
*Prince Tyrion, Defender of Ulthuan*







*Eltharion, Warden of Tor Yvresse*



*Prince on Griffon*







*Prince*



*Battle Standard Bearer*



*Teclis, High Loremaster of Hoeth*



*Prince of Eataine*



*Prince of Lothern*



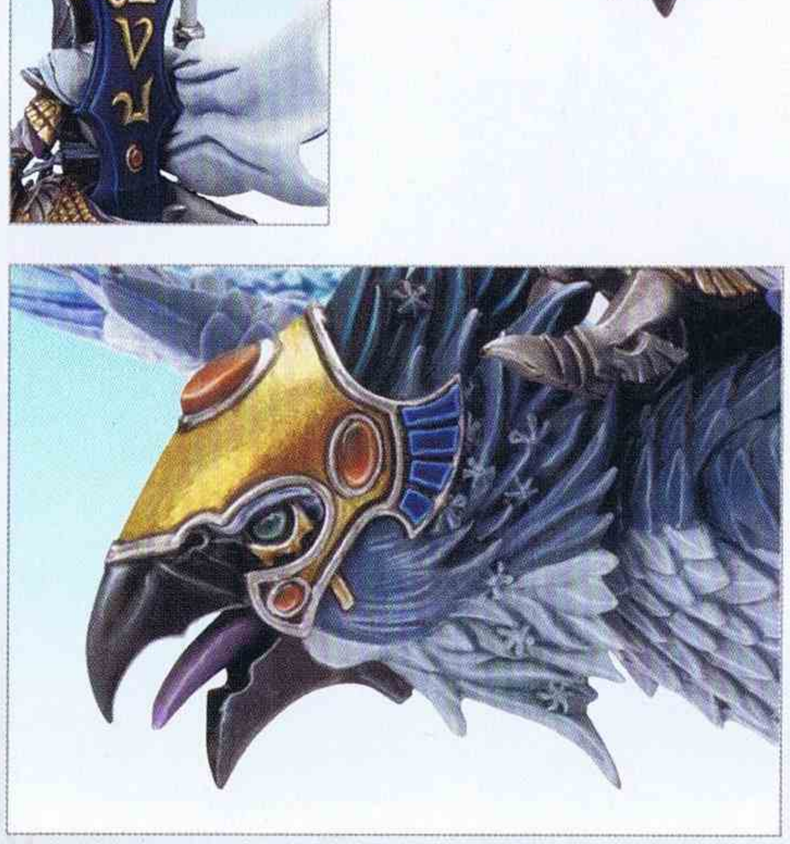
*Caradryan, Captain of the Phoenix Guard*

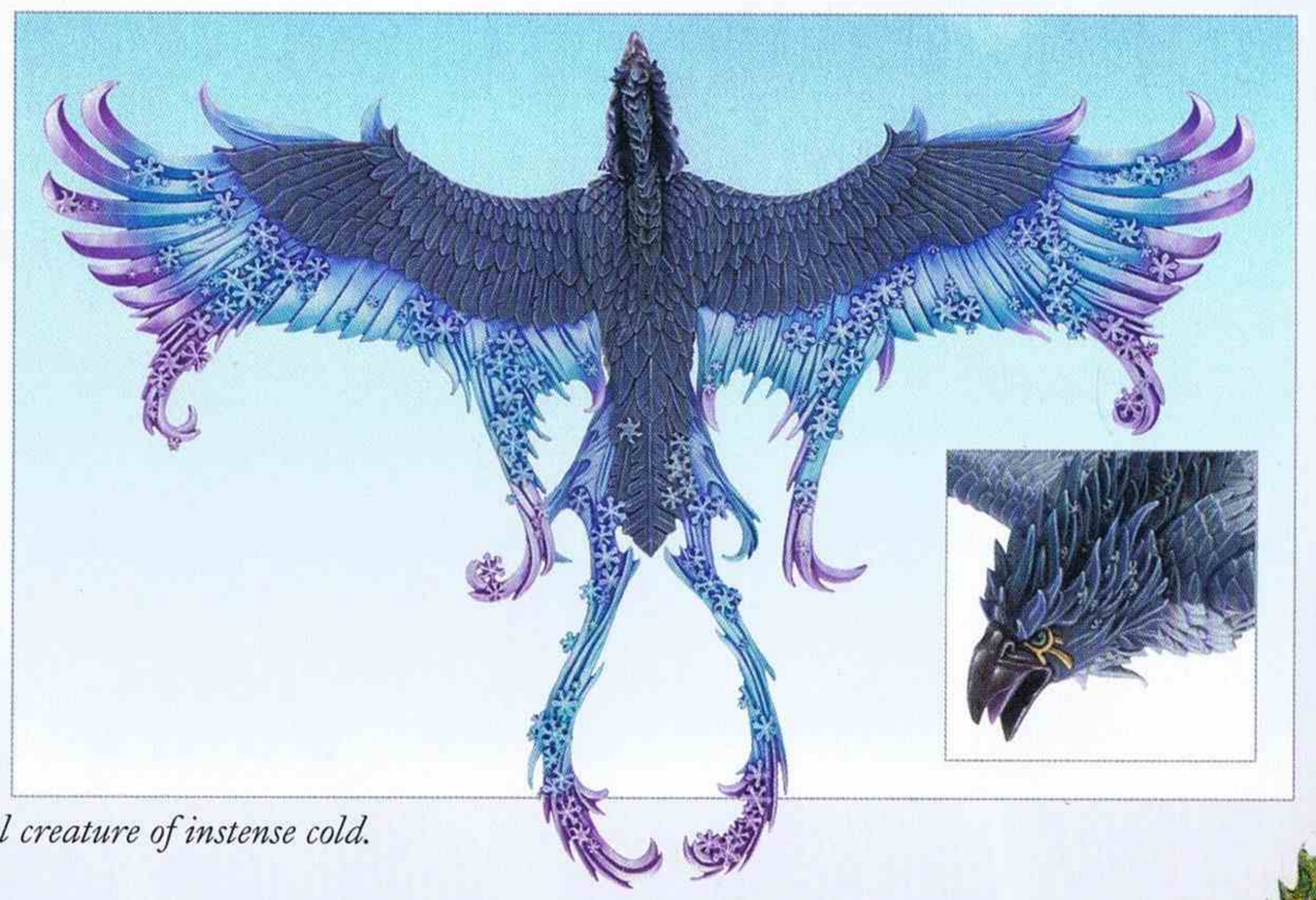




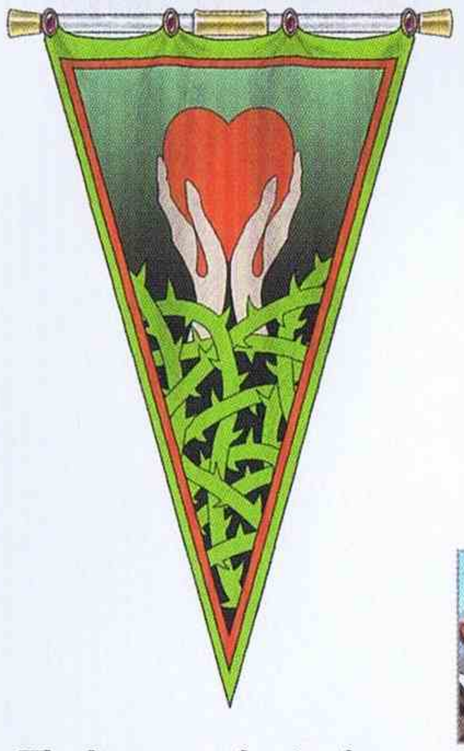
*Caradryan on Ashtari*







*Ashtari is a Frostheart Phoenix – a magical creature of instense cold.*



*The banners of units from Avelorn often feature images of entwined thorns.*



*Alarielle the Radiant, Everqueen of Ulthuan*



*Handmaiden of the Everqueen*



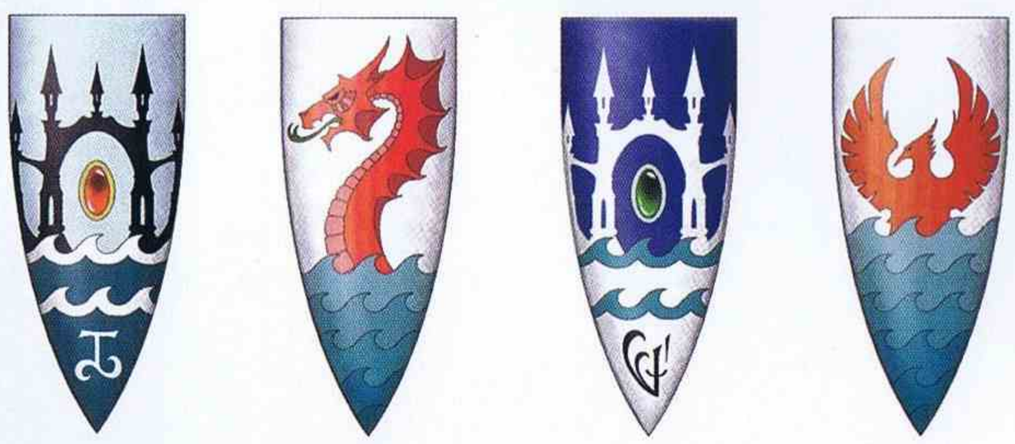
*High Sister*

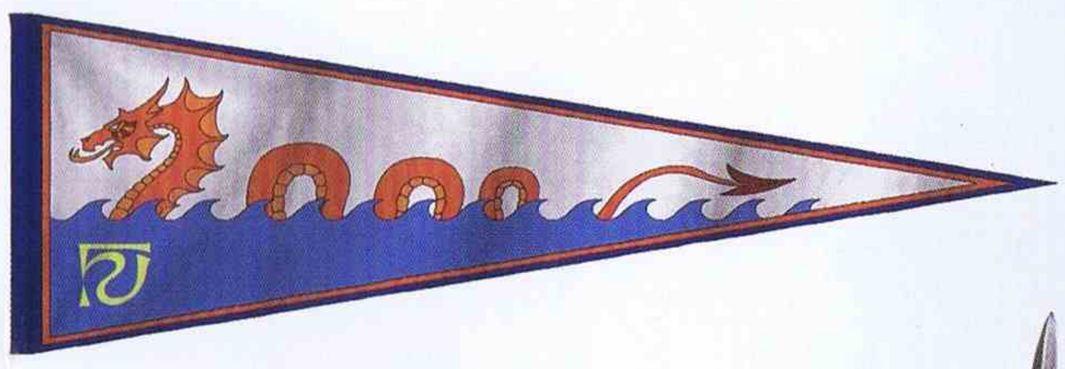


*Sisters of Avelorn protect the ancient shrines of their realm.*



*Bows of Avelorn fire enchanted arrows.*



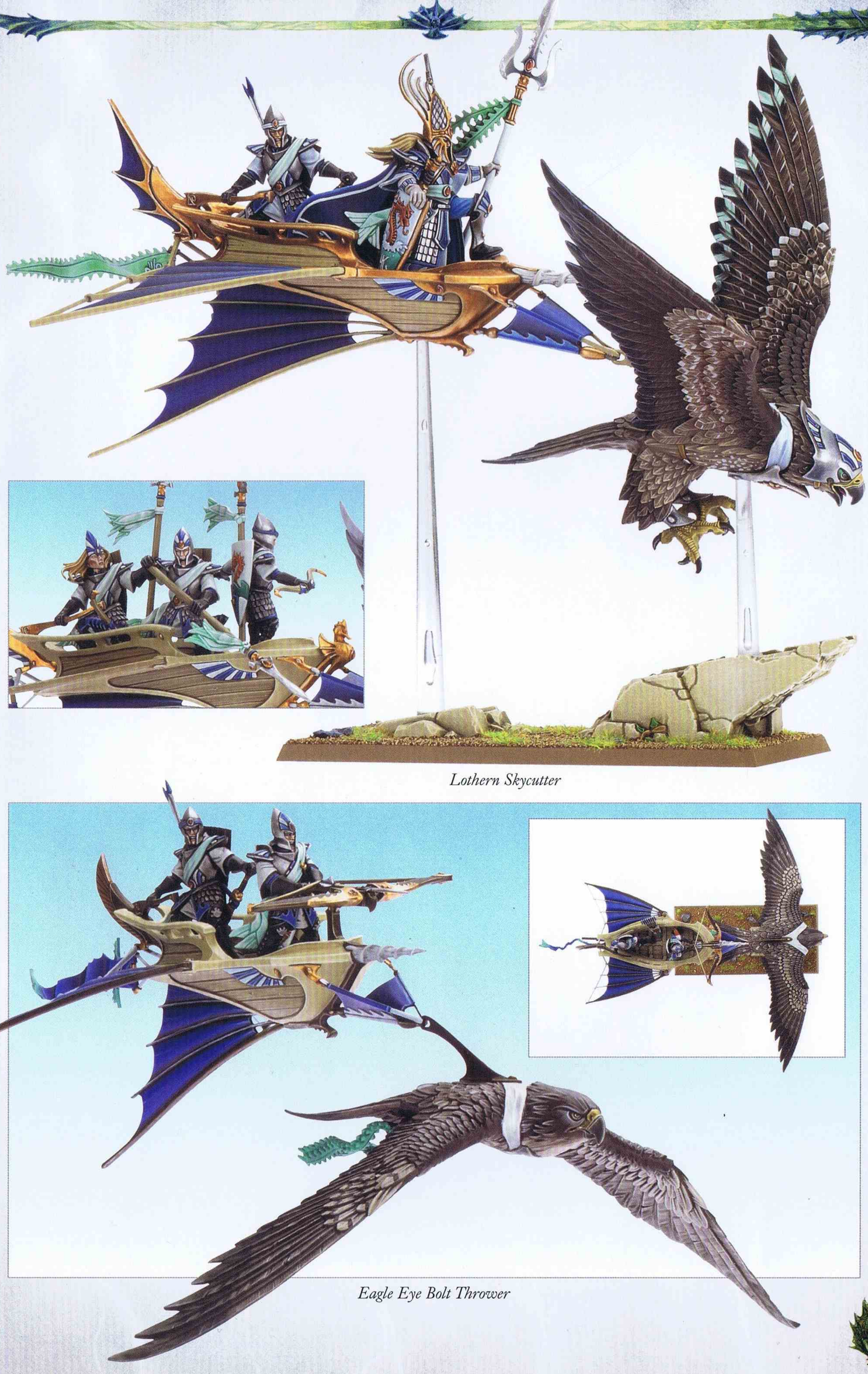




*Lothern Sea Guard*



*Lothern Sea Helm*

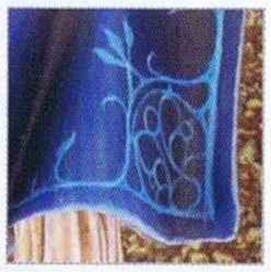


*Lothern Skycutter*

*Eagle Eye Bolt Thrower*



*An Archmage rides to battle upon the back of a mighty Moon Dragon.*





*Mage of Ellyrion on Elven steed*







*Mages of Saphery*







*Loremaster of Hoeth*



*Warriors of Saphery bear the crescent moon of Lileath upon their banners and shields.*



*Swordmasters of Hoeth prepare to prove their unparalleled bladesmanship.*



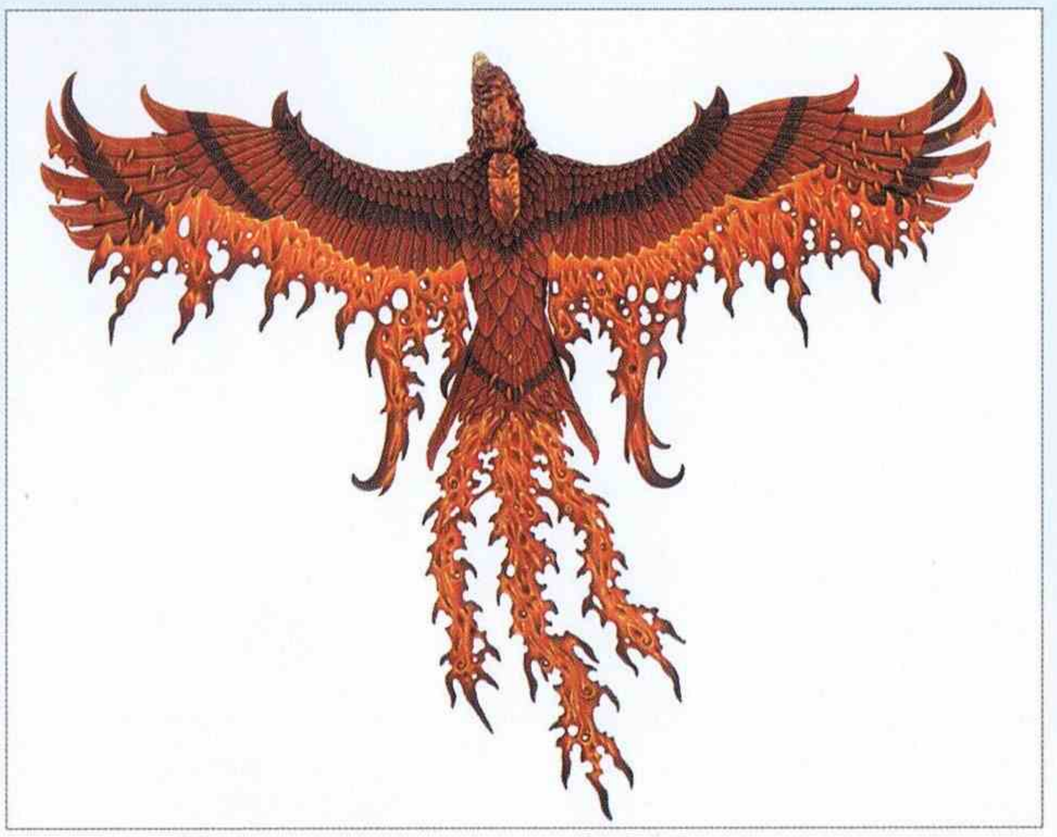
*Eataine is the kingdom of the Phoenix – nowhere is this mighty bird more venerated.*















*Anointed of Asuryan on a Flamespyre Phoenix*



*The Phoenix Guard are the defenders of Asuryan's holy temple.*



*Anointed of Asuryan*



*Keeper of the Flame*



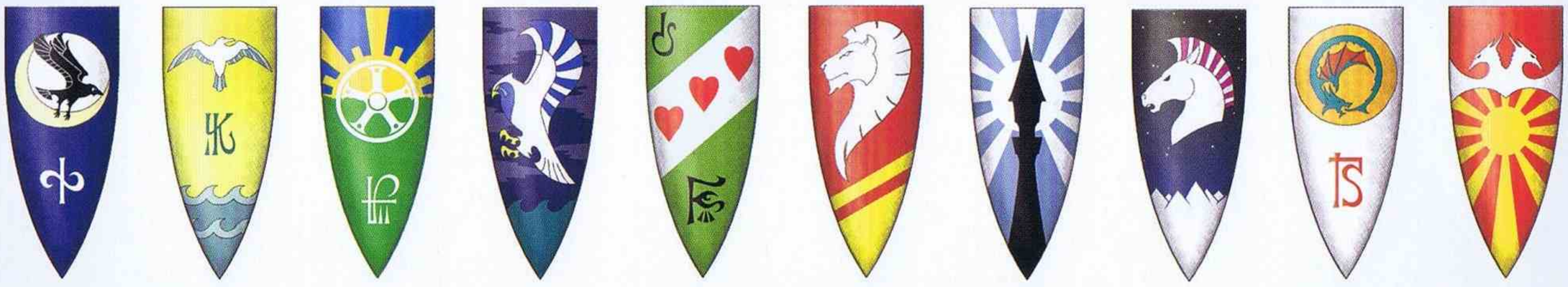
*Phoenix Guard cloaks showing the flames of Asuryan*



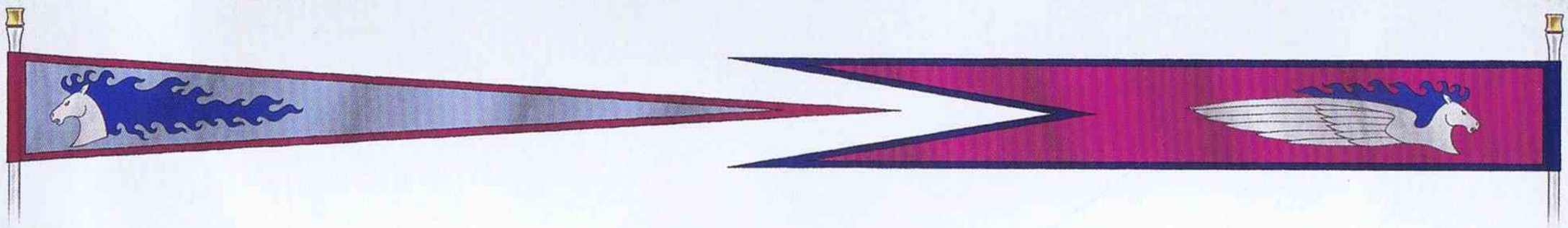
*Bolstered by the presence of the Phoenix Guard, the High Elves march to war.*



*Regiment of High Elf spearmen*



*Shields bearing the heraldry of the Ten Kingdoms. From left to right: Nagarythe, Cothique, Tiranoc, Yvresse, Avelorn, Chrace, Saphery, Ellyrion, Caledor and Eataine.*





*Elves of Ellyrion favour speed above all other attributes, and venerate the Elven steed and the Pegasus.*





*White Lions of Chrace, bearing the livery of Phoenix King Finubar.*



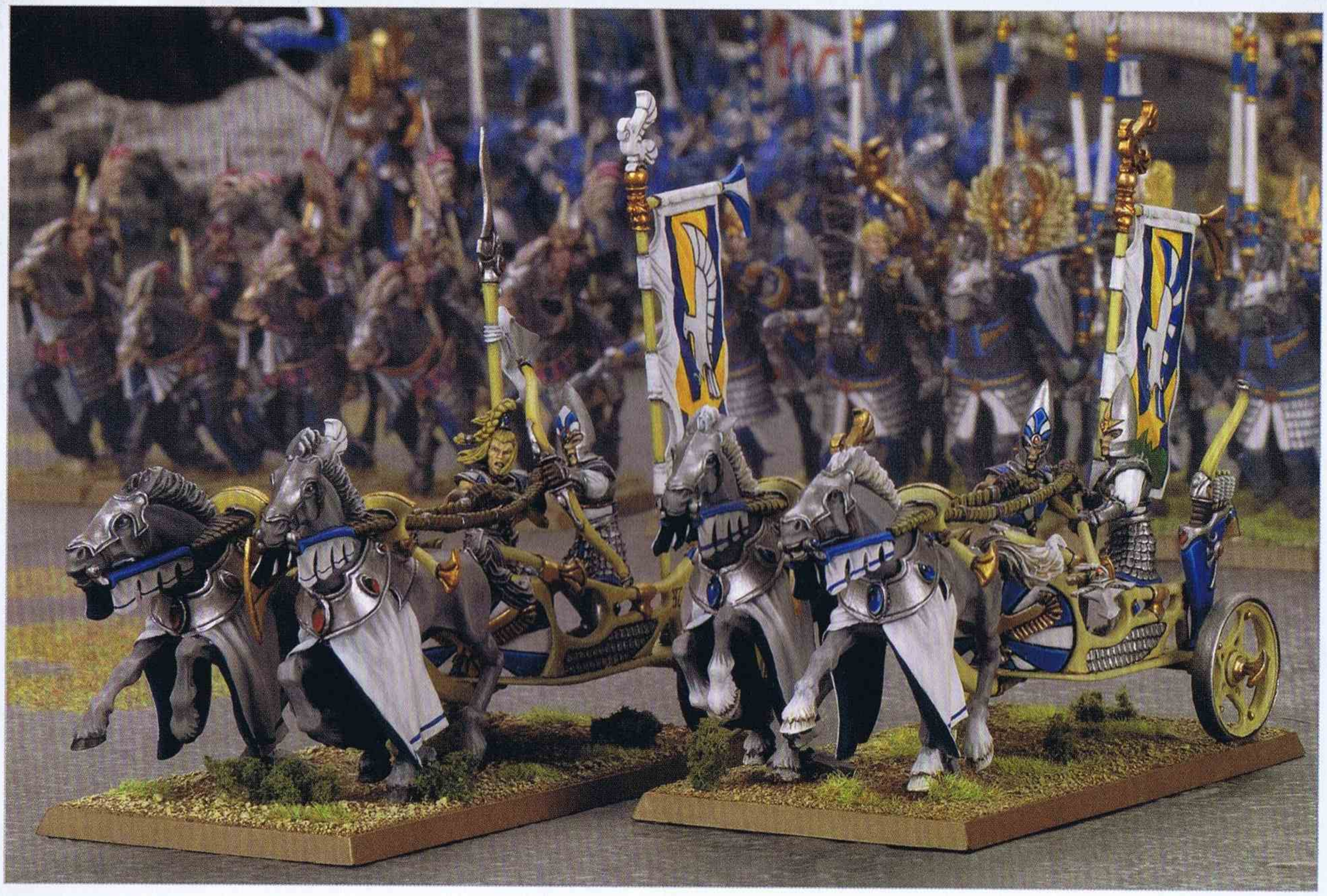
*Korhil, Captain of the White Lions*



*Warriors of Chrace bear the image of the white lion.*



*White Lions of Chrace spearhead the High Elf advance.*



*Tiranoc Chariots thunder into battle.*



*Alith Anar, the Shadow King*



*Shadow-walker*



*Shadow Warrior*



*A banner of Nagarythe*





*Shadow Warriors yearn to carry their blades against the Dark Elves.*





*Many Shadow Warriors bear red heraldry that symbolises the spilt blood of their kin.*



*Dragon Princes of Caledor*







*Drakemaster*



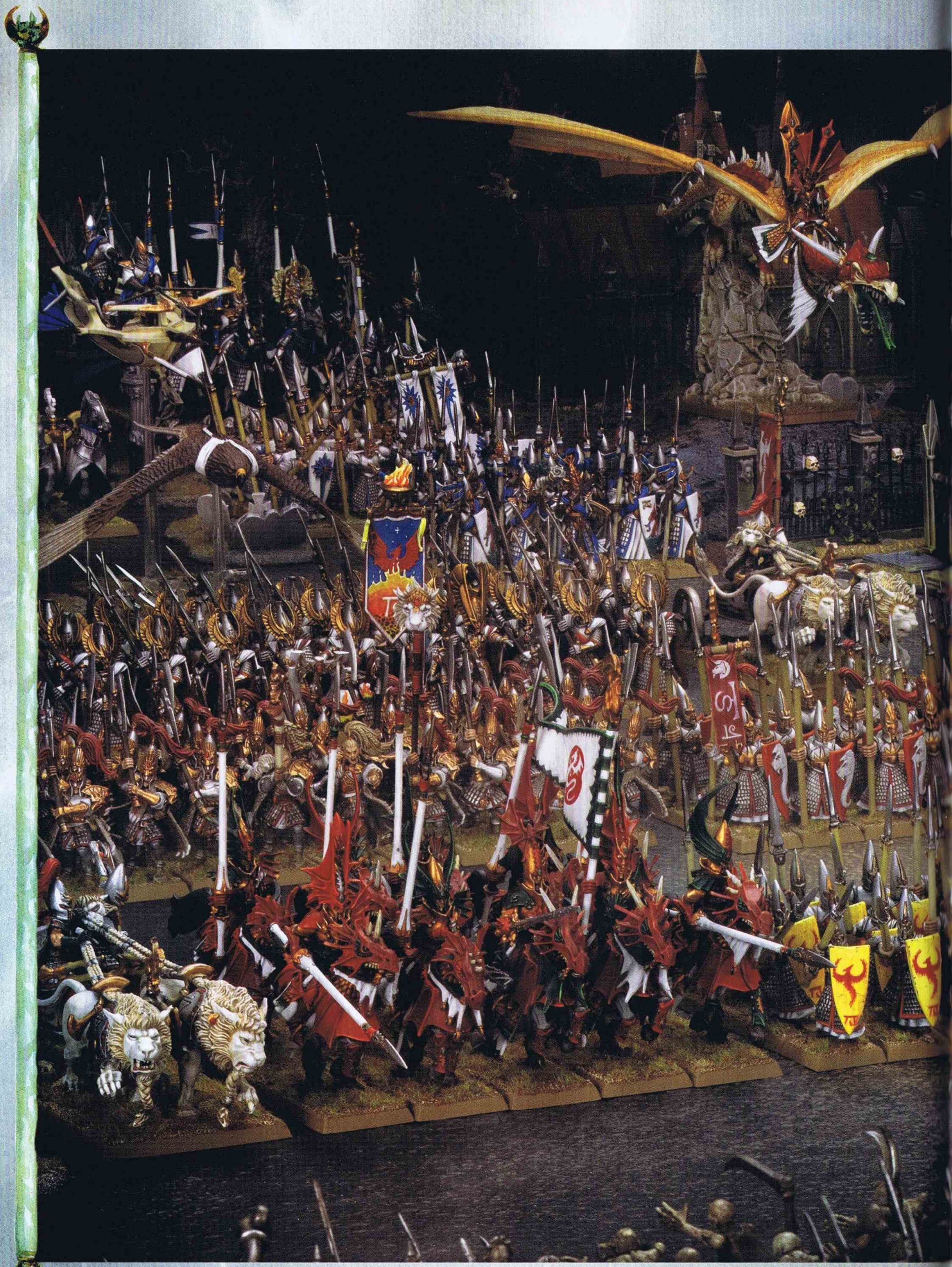
*The noble houses of Caledor bear the colours of the Dragons allied to their line.*



*Prince on a mighty Dragon of Caledor*



*Lances held high, the Dragon Princes of Caledor lead the charge.*







# HIGH ELVES ARMY LIST

*A High Elf army is a precise tool of war, replete with specialised troops capable of handling any foe. As its commander, it is your task to muster the correct balance of troops to ensure more glorious victories for the Phoenix King.*

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

## USING THE ARMY LIST

The army list is used alongside the 'Choosing Your Army' section of the *Warhammer* rulebook to pick a force ready for battle. Over the following pages you will find an entry for each of the models in your army. These entries give you all of the gaming information that you need to shape your collection of models into the units that will form your army. Amongst other things, they will tell you what your models are equipped with, what options are available to them, and their points costs.

## UNIT CATEGORIES

As described in the *Warhammer* rulebook, the units in the army list are organised into five categories: Lords, Heroes, Core, Special and Rare units.

## ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Each army list entry contains all the information you need to choose and field that unit at a glance, using the following format:

### LOTHERN SEA GUARD (1) (3) 11 points per model (4)

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sea Guard (2) | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | Infantry |
| Sea Master (2) | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 | Infantry |

**Unit Size:** 10+ (5)

**Equipment:** (6)
- Spear
- Bow
- Light armour

**Special Rules:** (7)
- Always Strikes First
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

**Options:** (8)
- May upgrade one Sea Guard to a Sea Master. . . . . *10 points*
- May upgrade one Sea Guard to a musician. . . . . *10 points*
- May upgrade one Sea Guard to a standard bearer . . . . . *10 points*
- The entire unit may take shields . . . . . *1 point per model*

(1) **Name.** *The name by which the unit or character is identified.*

(2) **Profiles.** *The characteristic profiles for the model(s) in each unit are provided as a reminder. Where several profiles are required, these are also given, even if they are optional (such as unit champions, for example).*

(3) **Troop Type.** *Each entry specifies the unit type of its models (e.g. 'infantry', 'cavalry' and so on).*

(4) **Points value.** *Every miniature in the Warhammer range costs an amount of points that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield.*

(5) **Unit Size.** *This specifies the minimum size for each unit, which is the smallest number of models needed to form that unit. In some cases units also have a maximum size.*

(6) **Equipment.** *This is a list of the standard weapons and armour for that unit. The cost of these items is included in the basic points value.*

(7) **Special Rules.** *Many troops have special rules that are fully described earlier in this book or in the* Warhammer *rulebook. The names of these rules are listed here as a reminder.*

(8) **Options.** *A list of optional weapons and armour, mounts, magic items and other upgrades for units or characters, including the points cost for each particular option. Many unit entries include the option to upgrade a unit member to a champion, standard bearer or musician. Some units may carry a magic standard or take magic items at a further points cost.*



*The Lothern Sea Guard on the left is equipped with a spear, bow and shield. As you can see from the profile above, he will cost 12 points to include in your army. A unit of 10 Lothern Sea Guard equipped like this will therefore cost 120 points.*

*The Lothern Sea Guard on the right is a Sea Master. To upgrade a Lothern Sea Guard unit to include this champion will cost you an additional 10 points.*



# LORDS

## TYRION — 410 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tyrion | 5 | 9 | 7 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 10 | 4 | 10 | Cavalry (Special Character) |
| Malhandhir (Elven Steed) | 10 | 4 | 0 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 7 | - |

**Magic Items:**
- Sunfang
- Dragon Armour of Aenarion
- Heart of Avelorn

**Mount:**
- Malhandir (Elven Steed)

**Special Rules (Tyrion only):**
- Always Strikes First
- The Defender of Ulthuan
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

## TECLIS — 450 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Teclis | 5 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 1 | 10 | Infantry (Special Character) |

**Magic Items:**
- Sword of Teclis
- Moon Staff of Lileath
- Scroll of Hoeth
- War Crown of Saphery

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First
- Lileath's Blessing
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

**Magic:**
Teclis is a Level 4 Wizard. He does not generate spells following the normal rules, but instead either knows all the spells from the Lore of High Magic or can choose one spell from each of the eight Lores of Battle Magic in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

## ELTHARION THE GRIM — 295 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Eltharion | 5 | 8 | 7 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 8 | 4 | 10 | Infantry (Special Character) |
| Stormwing (Griffon) | 6 | 6 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 8 | Monster |

**Equipment:**
- Longbow
- Heavy armour

**Magic Items:**
- Fangsword of Eltharion
- Helm of Yvresse
- Talisman of Hoeth

**Special Rules (Eltharion):**
- Always Strikes First
- Blood Oath
- Hatred (Orcs & Goblins)
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

**Special Rules (Stormwing):**
- Always Strikes First
- Fly
- Large Target
- Terror

**Options:**
- May be mounted on Stormwing (Griffon) and take a lance . . . . . *195 points*

## ALITH ANAR — 250 points

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

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

**Magic Items:**
- The Moonbow
- The Shadow Crown
- Stone of Midnight

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First
- Hatred (Dark Elves)
- Martial Prowess
- Scout
- Valour of Ages

## ALARIELLE THE RADIANT — 350 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alarielle the Radiant | 5 | 6 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 6 | 1 | 10 | Infantry (Special Character) |

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon

**Magic Items:**
- The Shieldstone of Isha
- Star of Avelorn
- Stave of Avelorn

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First
- Boon of Isha
- Chaos Bane
- Lileath's Blessing
- Martial Prowess
- Touch of the Everqueen
- Valour of Ages

**Magic:**
Alarielle the Radiant is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Light, the Lore of Life and the Lore of High Magic.

# LORDS

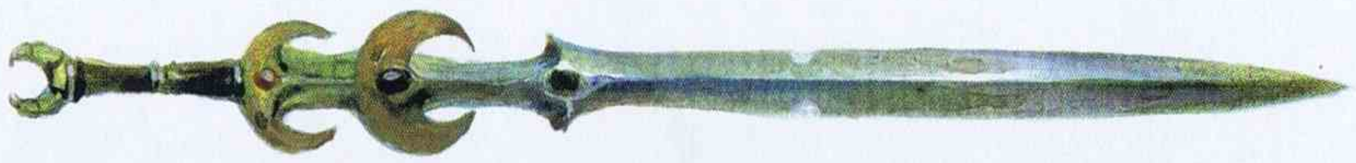
## PRINCE — 140 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Prince | 5 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 8 | 4 | 10 | Infantry (Character) |

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

**Options:**
- May be armed with one of the following:
  - Additional hand weapon (unless mounted) ..... *3 points*
  - Halberd ..... *3 points*
  - Lance (mounted only) ..... *7 points*
  - Spear ..... *3 points*
  - Great weapon ..... *6 points*
- May take a longbow ..... *5 points*
- May replace light armour with one of the following:
  - Heavy armour ..... *6 points*
  - Dragon armour (unless the model has a lion cloak) ..... *20 points*
- May take a shield ..... *3 points*
- May take a lion cloak (unless the model has Dragon armour) ..... *6 points*
- May be mounted on one of the following:
  - Elven Steed ..... *20 points*
    - May be upgraded to have ithilmar barding ..... *7 points*
  - Great Eagle ..... *50 points*
    - May be upgraded to have Swiftsense ..... *10 points*
    - May be upgraded to have Shredding Talons ..... *5 points*
  - Griffon ..... *150 points*
    - May be upgraded to have Swooping Strike ..... *25 points*
    - May be upgraded to have Swiftsense ..... *20 points*
  - Tiranoc Chariot (see page 94 for profile. Count the cost against your allowance for Lords. The Prince replaces one of the chariot's crew) ..... *70 points*
  - Sun Dragon ..... *235 points*
  - Moon Dragon ..... *300 points*
  - Star Dragon ..... *390 points*
- May take magic items up to a total of ..... *100 points*



## ARCHMAGE — 185 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Archmage | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 5 | 1 | 9 | Infantry (Character) |

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First
- Lileath's Blessing
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

**Magic:**
An Archmage is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of High Magic or one of the eight Lores of Battle Magic in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

**Options:**
- May be upgraded to a Level 4 Wizard ..... *35 points*
- May be mounted on one of the following:
  - Elven Steed ..... *20 points*
    - May be upgraded to have ithilmar barding ..... *7 points*
  - Great Eagle ..... *50 points*
    - May be upgraded to have Swiftsense ..... *10 points*
    - May be upgraded to have Shredding Talons ..... *5 points*
  - Tiranoc Chariot (see page 94 for profile. Count the cost against your allowance for Lords. The Archmage replaces one of the chariot's crew) ..... *70 points*
  - Sun Dragon ..... *235 points*
  - Moon Dragon ..... *300 points*
  - Star Dragon ..... *390 points*
- May take magic items up to a total of ..... *100 points*

# LORDS

## ANOINTED OF ASURYAN — 210 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Anointed of Asuryan | 5 | 7 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 8 | 3 | 9 | Infantry (Character) |

**Equipment:**
- Halberd
- Heavy armour

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First
- Blessings of Asuryan
- Fear
- Magic Resistance (2)
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages
- Witness to Destiny

**Options:**
- May be mounted on one of the following:
  - Flamespyre Phoenix (see page 95 for profile) ..... *225 points*
  - Frostheart Phoenix (see page 95 for profile) ..... *240 points*
- May take magic items up to a total of ..... *100 points*

## LOREMASTER OF HOETH — 230 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Loremaster of Hoeth | 5 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 7 | 3 | 9 | Infantry (Character) |

**Equipment:**
- Great weapon
- Heavy armour

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First
- Deflect Shots
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

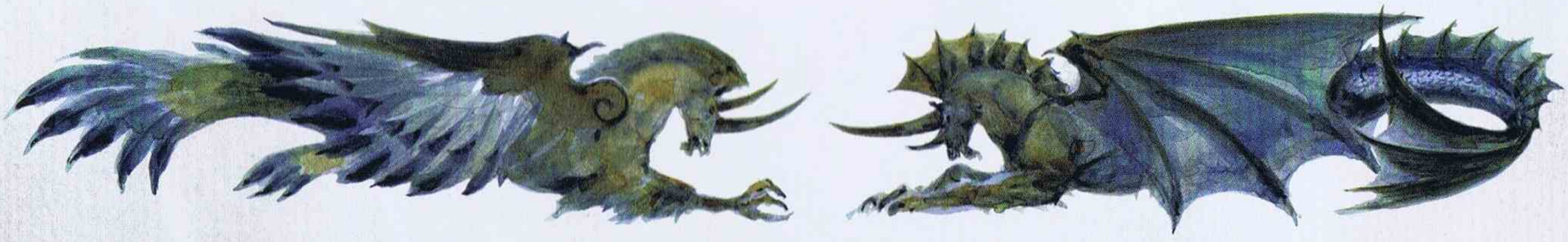
**Magic:**
A Loremaster of Hoeth is a Level 2 Wizard. He does not generate spells following the normal rules, but instead always knows the eight signature spells from the Lores of Battle Magic in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

**Options:**
- May take magic items up to a total of ..... *100 points*

## MOUNTS

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 | War Beast |
| Great Eagle | 2 | 5 | 0 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 8 | Monstrous Beast |
| Griffon | 6 | 5 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 7 | Monster |
| Sun Dragon | 6 | 5 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 7 | Monster |
| Moon Dragon | 6 | 6 | 0 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 3 | 5 | 8 | Monster |
| Star Dragon | 6 | 7 | 0 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 2 | 6 | 9 | Monster |

**Special Rules:**
- *Great Eagle:* Fly
- *Griffon:* Fly, Large Target, Terror
- *Sun Dragon:* Dragon Fire, Large Target, Fly, Scaly Skin (3+), Terror
- *Moon Dragon:* Dragon Fire, Large Target, Fly, Scaly Skin (3+), Terror
- *Star Dragon:* Dragon Fire, Large Target, Fly, Scaly Skin (3+), Terror



# HEROES

## KORHIL — 150 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Korhil | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 | Infantry (Special Character) |

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour

**Magic Items:**
- Chayal
- Pelt of Charandis

**Special Rules**
- Always Strikes First
- Forest Strider
- Martial Prowess
- Stubborn
- Valour of Ages

**Options:**
- May be mounted on a Lion Chariot (see page 93 for profile. Count the cost against your allowance for Heroes. Korhil replaces one of the chariot's crew) ..... *125 points*

## CARADRYAN — 170 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Caradryan | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 | Infantry (Special Character) |
| Ashtari (Frostheart Phoenix) | 2 | 6 | 0 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 3 | 5 | 9 | Monster |

**Equipment:**
- Heavy armour

**Magic Items:**
- The Phoenix Blade

**Special Rules (Caradryan):**
- Always Strikes First
- Fear
- Magic Resistance (1)
- Mark of Asuryan
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages
- Witness to Destiny

**Special Rules (Ashtari):**
- Attuned to Magic
- Blizzard Aura
- Fly
- Large Target
- Natural Armour (5+)
- Terror

**Options:**
- May be mounted on Ashtari (Frostheart Phoenix) ..... *250 points*

## NOBLE — 70 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Noble | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 | Infantry (Character) |

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

### BATTLE STANDARD BEARER

One Noble or Lothern Sea Helm may carry the battle standard for +25 points. The Battle Standard Bearer may carry a magic standard (with no points limit). If the army includes Alarielle the Radiant, the Battle Standard Bearer can instead carry the Banner of Avelorn (see page 59) for +40 points. A model that carries a magic standard cannot have any other magic items.



**Options:**
- May be armed with one of the following:
  - Additional hand weapon (unless mounted) ..... *2 points*
  - Halberd ..... *2 points*
  - Spear ..... *2 points*
  - Great weapon ..... *4 points*
  - Lance (mounted only) ..... *6 points*
- May take a longbow ..... *5 points*
- May replace light armour with one of the following:
  - Heavy armour ..... *4 points*
  - Dragon armour (unless the model has a lion cloak) ..... *10 points*
- May take a shield ..... *2 points*
- May take a lion cloak (unless the model has Dragon armour) ..... *4 points*
- May be mounted on one of the following:
  - Elven Steed ..... *10 points*
    - May be upgraded to have ithilmar barding ..... *5 points*
  - Great Eagle ..... *50 points*
    - May be upgraded to have Swiftsense ..... *10 points*
    - May be upgraded to have Shredding Talons ..... *5 points*
  - Griffon ..... *150 points*
    - May be upgraded to have Swooping Strike ..... *25 points*
    - May be upgraded to have Swiftsense ..... *20 points*
  - Tiranoc Chariot (see page 94 for profile. Count the cost against your allowance for Heroes. The Noble replaces one of the chariot's crew) ..... *70 points*
- May take magic items up to a total of ..... *50 points*

# HEROES

## MAGE — 85 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mage | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 8 | Infantry (Character) |

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First
- Lileath's Blessing
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

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

**Options:**
- May be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard ..... *35 points*
- May be mounted on one of the following:
  - Elven Steed ..... *10 points*
    - May be upgraded to have ithilmar barding ..... *5 points*
  - Tiranoc Chariot (see page 94 for profile. Count the cost against your allowance for Heroes. The Mage replaces one of the chariot's crew) ..... *70 points*
- May take magic items up to a total of ..... *50 points*

## DRAGON MAGE OF CALEDOR — 350 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dragon Mage | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 6 | 2 | 8 | Infantry (Character) |
| Sun Dragon | 6 | 5 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 7 | Monster |

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon

**Mount:**
- Sun Dragon

**Special Rules (Dragon Mage):**
- Always Strikes First
- Martial Prowess
- Reckless
- Valour of Ages
- Warrior Mage

**Special Rules (Sun Dragon):**
- Dragon Fire
- Fly
- Large Target
- Scaly Skin (3+)
- Terror

**Magic:**
A Dragon Mage is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Fire.

**Options:**
- May be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard ... *35 points*
- May take Dragon armour ..... *10 points*
- May take magic items up to a total of .... *50 points*

## LOTHERN SEA HELM — 100 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lothern Sea Helm | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 2 | 9 | Infantry (Character) |

**Equipment:**
- Spear
- Light armour
- Shield

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First
- Martial Prowess
- Naval Discipline
- Valour of Ages
- Windrider

**Options:**
- May take a bow ..... *4 points*
- May be mounted on a Lothern Skycutter (see page 94 for profile – the Skycutter cannot have additional upgrades. Count the cost against your allowance for Heroes. The Lothern Sea Helm replaces two of the Sea Guard crew) ..... *95 points*
- May take magic items up to a total of ..... *50 points*

## HANDMAIDEN OF THE EVERQUEEN — 95 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Handmaiden of the Everqueen | 5 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 2 | 9 | Infantry (Character) |

**Equipment:**
- Spear
- Bow of Avelorn
- Light armour

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First
- Martial Prowess
- Quicksilver Shot
- Valour of Ages

**Options:**
- May take magic items up to a total of ..... *50 points*
- If the army includes Alarielle the Radiant, may take the Horn of Isha (see page 59), but cannot take other magic items if she does so ..... *50 points*

# CORE UNITS

## SPEARMEN

9 points per model

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Spearman | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | Infantry |
| Sentinel | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 | Infantry |

**Unit Size:** 10+

**Equipment:**
- Spear
- Light armour
- Shield

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

**Options:**
- May upgrade one Spearman to a Sentinel ..... *10 points*
- May upgrade one Spearman to a musician ..... *10 points*
- May upgrade one Spearman to a standard bearer ..... *10 points*
  - One Spearmen unit with a standard bearer may take a magic standard worth up to ..... *25 points*

## ARCHERS

10 points per model

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Archer | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | Infantry |
| Hawkeye | 5 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | Infantry |

**Unit Size:** 10+

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Longbow

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

**Options:**
- May upgrade one Archer to a Hawkeye ..... *10 points*
- May upgrade one Archer to a musician ..... *10 points*
- May upgrade one Archer to a standard bearer ..... *10 points*
- The entire unit may take light armour ..... *1 point per model*

## LOTHERN SEA GUARD

11 points per model

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sea Guard | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | Infantry |
| Sea Master | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 | Infantry |

**Unit Size:** 10+

**Equipment:**
- Spear
- Bow
- Light armour

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

**Options:**
- May upgrade one Sea Guard to a Sea Master ..... *10 points*
- May upgrade one Sea Guard to a musician ..... *10 points*
- May upgrade one Sea Guard to a standard bearer ..... *10 points*
- The entire unit may take shields ..... *1 point per model*

## SILVER HELMS

21 points per model

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Silver Helm | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | Cavalry |
| High Helm | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 | Cavalry |
| Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 | - |

**Unit Size:** 5+

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Lance
- Heavy armour
- Ithilmar barding

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First (Riders only)
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

**Options:**
- May upgrade one Silver Helm to a High Helm ..... *10 points*
- May upgrade one Silver Helm to a musician ..... *10 points*
- May upgrade one Silver Helm to a standard bearer ..... *10 points*
- The entire unit may take shields ..... *2 points per model*

## ELLYRIAN REAVERS

16 points per model

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ellyrian Reaver | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | Cavalry |
| Harbinger | 5 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | Cavalry |
| Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 | - |

**Unit Size:** 5+

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Spear
- Light armour

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First (Riders only)
- Fast Cavalry
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

**Options:**
- May upgrade one Ellyrian Reaver to a Harbinger ..... *10 points*
- May upgrade one Ellyrian Reaver to a musician ..... *10 points*
- May upgrade one Ellyrian Reaver to a standard bearer ..... *10 points*
- The entire unit may choose one of the following options:
  - Take bows ..... *3 points per model*
  - Replace spears with bows ..... *1 point per model*

# SPECIAL UNITS

## LION CHARIOT OF CHRACE — 120 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lion Chariot | - | - | - | 5 | 4 | 4 | - | - | - | Chariot (Armour Save 4+) |
| Lion Charioteer | - | 5 | 4 | 4 | - | - | 5 | 1 | 8 | - |
| War Lion | 8 | 5 | - | 5 | - | - | 4 | 2 | - | - |

**Unit Size:** 1

**Crew:** 2 Lion Charioteers

**Drawn by:** 2 War Lions

**Equipment (Crew):**
- Great weapon

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First (Lion Charioteers only)
- Fear
- Stubborn
- Valour of Ages

## WHITE LIONS OF CHRACE — 13 points per model

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| White Lion | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | Infantry |
| Guardian | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 | Infantry |

**Unit Size:** 10+

**Equipment:**
- Great weapon
- Heavy armour
- Lion cloak

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First
- Forest Strider
- Martial Prowess
- Stubborn
- Valour of Ages

**Options:**
- May upgrade one White Lion to a Guardian ..... *10 points*
  - Guardian may take a magic weapon worth up to ..... *25 points*
- May upgrade one White Lion to a musician ..... *10 points*
- May upgrade one White Lion to a standard bearer ..... *10 points*
  - May take a magic standard worth up to ..... *50 points*

## SWORDMASTERS OF HOETH — 13 points per model

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Swordmaster | 5 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 | Infantry |
| Bladelord | 5 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 3 | 8 | Infantry |

**Unit Size:** 5+

**Equipment:**
- Great weapon
- Heavy armour

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First
- Deflect Shots
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

**Options:**
- May upgrade one Swordmaster to a Bladelord ..... *10 points*
  - Bladelord may take a magic weapon worth up to ..... *25 points*
- May upgrade one Swordmaster to a musician ..... *10 points*
- May upgrade one Swordmaster to a standard bearer ..... *10 points*
  - May take a magic standard worth up to ..... *50 points*

## SHADOW WARRIORS — 14 points per model

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Shadow Warrior | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | Infantry |
| Shadow-walker | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 | Infantry |

**Unit Size:** 5+

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Longbow
- Light armour

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First
- Hatred (Dark Elves)
- Martial Prowess
- Scouts
- Skirmishers
- Valour of Ages

**Options:**
- May upgrade one Shadow Warrior to a Shadow-walker ..... *10 points*
  - Shadow-walker may take a magic weapon worth up to ..... *25 points*

# SPECIAL UNITS

## PHOENIX GUARD

15 points per model

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Phoenix Guard | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 9 | Infantry |
| Keeper of the Flame | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 2 | 9 | Infantry |

**Unit Size:** 10+

**Equipment:**
- Halberd
- Heavy armour

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First
- Fear
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages
- Witness to Destiny

**Options:**
- May upgrade one Phoenix Guard to a Keeper of the Flame. . . . . *10 points*
  - Keeper of the Flame may take a magic weapon worth up to . . . . . *25 points*
- May upgrade one Phoenix Guard to a musician. . . . . *10 points*
- May upgrade one Phoenix Guard to a standard bearer . . . . . *10 points*
  - May take a magic standard worth up to . . . . . *50 points*

## DRAGON PRINCES OF CALEDOR

29 points per model

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dragon Prince | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 2 | 9 | Cavalry |
| Drakemaster | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 3 | 9 | Cavalry |
| Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 | - |

**Unit Size:** 5+

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Lance
- Dragon armour
- Shield
- Ithilmar barding

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First (Riders only)
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

**Options:**
- May upgrade one Dragon Prince to a Drakemaster . . . . . *10 points*
  - Drakemaster may take a magic weapon and/or magic armour worth up to a total of. . . . . *50 points*
- May upgrade one Dragon Prince to a musician . . . . . *10 points*
- May upgrade one Dragon Prince to a standard bearer . . . . . *10 points*
  - May take a magic standard worth up to . . . . . *75 points*

## LOTHERN SKYCUTTER

95 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lothern Skycutter | - | - | - | 5 | 4 | 4 | - | - | - | Chariot (Armour Save 4+) |
| Sea Guard Crew | - | 4 | 4 | 3 | - | - | 5 | 1 | 8 | - |
| Swiftfeather Roc | 2 | 5 | - | 4 | - | - | 4 | 2 | - | - |

**Unit Size:** 1

**Crew:** 3 Sea Guard Crew

**Drawn by:** 1 Swiftfeather Roc

**Equipment (Crew):**
- Hand weapon
- Spear
- Bow

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First (Sea Guard Crew only)
- Fly
- Valour of Ages

**Options:**
- May exchange one Sea Guard Crew for an Eagle Eye Bolt Thrower . . . . . *25 points*

## TIRANOC CHARIOT

70 points per model

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tiranoc Chariot | - | - | - | 5 | 4 | 4 | - | - | - | Chariot (Armour Save 5+) |
| Tiranoc Charioteer | - | 4 | 4 | 3 | - | - | 5 | 1 | 8 | - |
| Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | - | 3 | - | - | 4 | 1 | - | - |

**Unit Size:** 1-3

**Crew:** 2 Tiranoc Charioteers

**Drawn by:** 2 Elven Steeds

**Equipment (Crew):**
- Hand weapon
- Spear
- Longbow

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First (Tiranoc Charioteers only)
- Valour of Ages



# RARE UNITS

## EAGLE CLAW BOLT THROWER — 70 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Eagle Claw Bolt Thrower | - | - | - | - | 7 | 2 | - | - | - | War Machine (Bolt Thrower) |
| Sea Guard Crew | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | - |

**Unit Size:** 1

**Crew:**
2 Sea Guard Crew

**Equipment (Crew):**
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

**Special Rules (Crew):**
- Always Strikes First
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

**Special Rules (Eagle Claw Bolt Thrower):**
- Repeater Bolt Thrower

A High Elf army may include up to 4 Eagle Claw Bolt Throwers, and up to 8 in a Grand Army.

## GREAT EAGLES — 50 points per model

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Great Eagle | 2 | 5 | 0 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 8 | Monstrous Beast |

**Unit Size:** 1+

**Special Rules:**
- Fly

**Options:**
- The entire unit may be upgraded to have Swiftsense. . . . . *10 points per model*
- The entire unit may be upgraded to have Shredding Talons. . . . *5 points per model*

## FLAMESPYRE PHOENIX — 225 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Flamespyre Phoenix | 2 | 5 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 8 | Monster |

**Unit Size:** 1

**Special Rules:**
- Attuned to Magic
- Fireborn
- Flaming Attacks
- Fly
- Large Target
- Phoenix Reborn
- Terror
- Wake of Fire

## FROSTHEART PHOENIX — 240 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Frostheart Phoenix | 2 | 6 | 0 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 9 | Monster |

**Unit Size:** 1

**Special Rules:**
- Attuned to Magic
- Blizzard Aura
- Fly
- Large Target
- Natural Armour (5+)
- Terror

## SISTERS OF AVELORN — 14 points per model

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sister of Avelorn | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | Infantry |
| High Sister | 5 | 5 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | Infantry |

**Unit Size:** 5+

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Bow of Avelorn
- Light armour

**Special Rules:**
- Always Strikes First
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

**Options:**
- May upgrade one Sister of Avelorn to a High Sister. . . . . *10 points*
  - High Sister may take a magic weapon worth up to . . . . . *25 points*

# SUMMARY

| LORDS | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Type | Page |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alarielle the Radiant | 5 | 6 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 6 | 1 | 10 | In(SC) | 58 |
| Alith Anar | 5 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 9 | 4 | 10 | In(SC) | 57 |
| Anointed of Asuryan | 5 | 7 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 8 | 3 | 9 | In | 50 |
| Archmage | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 5 | 1 | 9 | In | 38 |
| Eltharion | 5 | 8 | 7 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 8 | 4 | 10 | In(SC) | 56 |
| - Stormwing | 6 | 6 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 8 | Mo | |
| Loremaster of Hoeth | 5 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 7 | 3 | 9 | In | 41 |
| Prince | 5 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 8 | 4 | 10 | In | 37 |
| Teclis | 5 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 1 | 10 | In(SC) | 55 |
| Tyrion | 5 | 9 | 7 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 10 | 4 | 10 | Ca(SC) | 55 |
| - Malhandhir | 10 | 4 | 0 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 7 | - | |

| HEROES | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Type | Page |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Caradryan | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 | In(SC) | 61 |
| - Ashtari | 2 | 6 | 0 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 3 | 5 | 9 | Mo | |
| Dragon Mage | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 6 | 2 | 8 | In | 47 |
| - Sun Dragon | 6 | 5 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 7 | Mo | |
| Handmaiden of the Everqueen | 5 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 2 | 9 | In | 49 |
| Korhil | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 | In(SC) | 60 |
| Lothern Sea Helm | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 2 | 9 | In | 43 |
| Mage | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 8 | In | 38 |
| Noble | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 | In | 37 |

| CORE UNITS | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Type | Page |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Archer | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | In | 40 |
| - Hawkeye | 5 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | In | |
| Ellyrian Reaver | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | Ca | 45 |
| - Harbinger | 5 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | Ca | |
| - Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 | - | |
| Sea Guard | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | In | 42 |
| - Sea Master | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 | In | |
| Silver Helm | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | Ca | 44 |
| - High Helm | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 | Ca | |
| - Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 | - | |
| Spearman | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | In | 40 |
| - Sentinel | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 | In | |

| SPECIAL UNITS | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Type | Page |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dragon Prince | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 2 | 9 | Ca | 47 |
| - Drakemaster | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 3 | 9 | Ca | |
| - Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 | - | |
| Lion Chariot | - | - | - | 5 | 4 | 4 | - | - | - | Ch | 46 |
| - Lion Charioteer | - | 5 | 4 | 4 | - | - | 5 | 1 | 8 | - | |
| - War Lion | 8 | 5 | - | 5 | - | - | 4 | 2 | - | - | |
| Lothern Skycutter | - | - | - | 5 | 4 | 4 | - | - | - | Ch | 43 |
| - Sea Guard Crew | - | 4 | 4 | 3 | - | - | 5 | 1 | 8 | - | |
| - Swiftfeather Roc | 2 | 5 | - | 4 | - | - | 4 | 2 | - | - | |
| Phoenix Guard | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 9 | In | 50 |
| - Keeper of the Flame | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 2 | 9 | In | |
| Shadow Warrior | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | In | 48 |
| - Shadow-walker | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 | In | |
| Swordmaster | 5 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 | In | 41 |
| - Bladelord | 5 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 3 | 8 | In | |
| Tiranoc Chariot | - | - | - | 5 | 4 | 4 | - | - | - | Ch | 45 |
| - Tiranoc Charioteer | - | 4 | 4 | 3 | - | - | 5 | 1 | 8 | - | |
| - Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | - | 3 | - | - | 4 | 1 | - | - | |
| White Lion | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | In | 46 |
| - Guardian | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 | In | |

| RARE UNITS | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Type | Page |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Eagle Claw Bolt Thrower | - | - | - | - | 7 | 2 | - | - | - | WM | 42 |
| - Sea Guard Crew | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | - | |
| Flamespyre Phoenix | 2 | 5 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 8 | Mo | 52 |
| Frostheart Phoenix | 2 | 6 | 0 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 9 | Mo | 53 |
| Great Eagle | 2 | 5 | 0 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 8 | MB | 51 |
| Sister of Avelorn | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | In | 49 |
| - High Sister | 5 | 5 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | In | |

| MOUNTS | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Type | Page |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 | WB | 89 |
| Flamespyre Phoenix | 2 | 5 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 8 | Mo | 52 |
| Frostheart Phoenix | 2 | 6 | 0 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 9 | Mo | 53 |
| Great Eagle | 2 | 5 | 0 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 8 | MB | 51 |
| Griffon | 6 | 5 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 7 | Mo | 51 |
| Moon Dragon | 6 | 6 | 0 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 3 | 5 | 8 | Mo | 39 |
| Star Dragon | 6 | 7 | 0 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 2 | 6 | 9 | Mo | 39 |
| Sun Dragon | 6 | 5 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 7 | Mo | 39 |

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



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