

# WARHAMMER<sup>®</sup> ARMIES

# HIGH ELVES



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## HIGH ELVES



SILVER HELM CHAMPION



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STANDARD BEARER



TROOPER WITH WARHORN



CHAMPION WITH BOW



# WARHAMMER® ARMIES

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# HIGH ELVES

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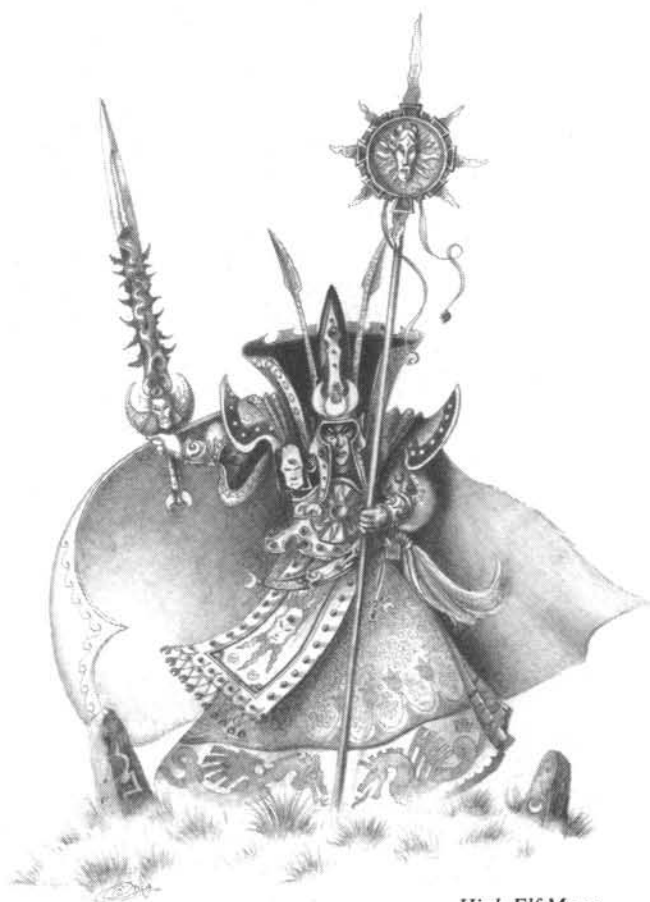
# THE HIGH ELVES

Elves are the oldest and most civilised race on the known world. The birth place of their race, the island realm of Ulthuan, has a recorded history going back over 8000 years. Their great ships dominate the sea-lanes from the Old World to Cathay and their armies command grudging respect from even their most bitter foes.

Elves are pale-skinned with fine, aesthetically beautiful features and hair fine as flax. They are tall and proud in their bearing and though they have a slim build they are surprisingly strong and agile for their size. Elves are long-lived, some say immortal, and less vulnerable to disease than humans. Their movements are graceful and controlled, their minds are quick and clever with an intensity and depth of insight which makes them seem fey and strange to other races. Indeed, more than once the Lords of Ulthuan have made war amongst themselves or upon other races for some real or imagined slight, for though they are a noble people the High Elves can be cold and haughty, quick to anger and slow to forgive.

Elves are taught the arts of war from an early age and swiftly master the sword, the bow and the spear. Those of noble birth learn to ride with exceptional skill, and are taught to bear the arms of the Silver Helms, the magnificent Elven knights who fight in the vanguard of the High Elf army.

All Elven weaponry and armour is finely crafted. Swords are often passed down from father to son, and may be



*High Elf Mage*

extremely ancient family heirlooms that have drawn blood in thousands of battles. Armour is beautifully made from a myriad of tiny metal scales making it lightweight and very flexible but stronger than steel. Their tall, shapely helmets are intricately carved and often encrusted in precious gems, for Elves love gemstones and use them to decorate their wargear.

The High Elves have developed sorcery far beyond the accomplishments of any other race. They were the first to study magic and remain the greatest masters of it in the known world. The forces of magic have been harnessed to protect the land of Ulthuan, for without the conjurations of the High Elves the entire island would sink beneath the waves forever. High Elf mages are mighty spell casters whose fiery blasts and awesome energies have won many a battle. It is the Elves who in years past taught magic to men, although the Elf Mages far surpass the human wizards of the Old World in their skill and knowledge.

## THE LAND OF ULTHUAN

The island continent of the Elves is situated in the Great Western Ocean between the Old and the New Worlds. It resembles a hollow ring of land surrounded by scattered archipelagos. The ring is broken only at its southernmost point by the Straits of Lothorn. These provide the only sea route between the island's Inner Sea and the ocean.



*High Elf Citizen Soldiers*

The Inner Kingdoms lie on the shores of the Inner Sea, and the Outer Kingdoms lie on the wild ocean shores and the island chains. Here lie the northern Kingdom of Cothique and the mountainous realm of Chrace. To the west and east lie the fertile but sparsely populated kingdoms of Tiranoc and Yvresse. In the south lies Eataine with its fortress city of Lothorn glittering like the gemstone in a giant ring. A range of titanic cloud-piercing peaks, known as the Annulii, separates the Inner and Outer Kingdoms. The highest valleys and plateaux of this region disappear into a strange, glittering mist of raw magic so strong it becomes visible even to those without the wizard sight.

Within this realm the stuff of dreams and nightmares can coalesce from the very air. The sun is never visible; it is eternal twilight. Time flows strangely and travellers become lost for years although they think they have been walking only hours. Even the use of magic becomes unpredictable in the mountains. This unstable region of Ulthuan has a strange other-worldly quality more akin to the realms of Chaos than to mortal lands.

The mountains are riven with magic because Ulthuan itself acts as focal point for the winds of magical energy which blow across the known world from the Northern Wastes. These drifting energies are drawn to Ulthuan, like water in a whirlpool, forming a vortex of magic. In this way Ulthuan drains magic out of the known world and prevents the tide of magic overwhelming everything and turning it into a seething realm of Chaos. The creation of this magical vortex was one the first and greatest acts of the High Elf mages of Ulthuan.

The Annulii is almost impossible to cross save by certain passes and tunnels guarded by massive fortified gates. Many wild and evil creatures are spawned in the mountains or drawn there on the winds of magic. For the most part they are confined there by the same spell which draws the magic to Ulthuan, but some things manage to find their way down to ravage the lands below. Griffons, chimera and other monsters find their way into the hinterlands of the Inner Kingdoms where they are hunted for sport or captured as war mounts by the High Elves.



So few passes breach the near impenetrable mountains that most communication between the inner and outer realms takes place by sea. Thus the Inner Kingdoms are unspoilt wildernesses for the most part, covered by huge, ancient forests or grassy, rolling plains, utterly free of the stamp of habitation.



*Dragon Prince of Caledor*

In contrast to the storm-lashed Outer Kingdoms and the twilit Annulii the Inner Kingdoms bask in eternal summer, filled with a dazzling selection of exotic plants and animals unknown in other lands. Even near the settlements of the Elves the land is unscarred by the mark of hoe or plough for Elf agriculture is magically efficient and their diet is supplemented by hunting and fishing. The High Elves possess a great respect for their land and build their cities in harmony with nature as much as possible. Using sorcerous building techniques they craft mighty cities of tall white towers that blend into the surrounding landscape like groves of great pale trees.

A network of great menhirs crosses the continent of Ulthuan from shore to shore and channels the magical energy of the vortex ever inward. Each standing stone collects the raw power and channels it to its inward neighbour. Many mages build their dwellings along these channels and many places of power occur where the lines intersect. The Elves have been known to bury their dead at these points in great high mounds or barrows. This pins the souls of the dead to these places, letting the ghosts guard the lands they love and saving their spirits from the terrible prospect of being devoured by the Gods of Chaos.

All magic is dangerous and the titanic forces drawn into the realm of Ulthuan are more dangerous than any other. Should the network of stones be damaged the fine balance of energies could collapse in upon itself and consume Ulthuan in a holocaust of raw power, turning it into another Realm of Chaos which the Dark Elves would return to claim for their Chaos Gods at last.

# THE KINGDOMS OF ULTHUAN

The kingdoms of Ulthuan are ruled by a collection of princes, princesses and mages, above all of whom preside the King and Queen. The relationship between these rulers and the princes of Ulthuan is not as simple as the titles would suggest. The kingship is not hereditary and the King and Queen maintain separate courts.

The Queen of Ulthuan is always the Queen of Avelorn. Her realm is the site of the principle shrine of the Earth Mother and she is regarded as the spiritual leader of the whole Elf realm. The position of Phoenix King is elective. He is chosen from among the Princes of Ulthuan on the death of the previous Phoenix King and crowned at the massive pyramid Shrine of Asuryan located on an island in the Sea of Dreams, outside the borders of any of the kingdoms.

Naturally, since having their ruler become the Phoenix King enhances the prestige of a kingdom, the selection of the new ruler of Ulthuan is a process fraught with diplomatic manoeuvring as the interests of various political factions have to be juggled.

Since the king controls the foreign policy of Ulthuan the character of the various Phoenix Kings defines periods of Elf history. An isolationist king means that the land of Ulthuan can turn in on itself for a thousand years or more. The current king, Finubar the Seafarer, is from the trading state of Eataine which accounts for Ulthuan's renewed and vigorous interest in distant lands. Since most foreigners know only of the Phoenix King and the pre-eminence of Eataine they tend to assume that Ulthuan is a far more homogeneous bloc than in fact it is.

## THE INNER KINGDOMS

The Elven Kingdoms can be divided into two groups: the Outer Kingdoms and the Inner Kingdoms. The Inner Kingdoms are set within the twilit ring of the Annulii, shielded from contact with the outer world by the mountains and buffer states of the Outer Kingdoms. The inhabitants of many of the inner lands tend to be introverted and dreamy. They are scholars, mystics and sorcerers without peer, but are affected by a languor that means they rarely bestir themselves except for the most pressing and dire of circumstances.

The Outer Kingdoms are more worldly as one would expect from nations that have to deal with marauding Norse and Dark Elf raiders. Pre-eminent among the outer Kingdoms is Eataine, within whose borders lies Lothorn, the greatest seaport in all the world. Eataine's control of the straits of Lothorn makes it unique in Ulthuan because it straddles both the Inner and Outer Kingdoms.

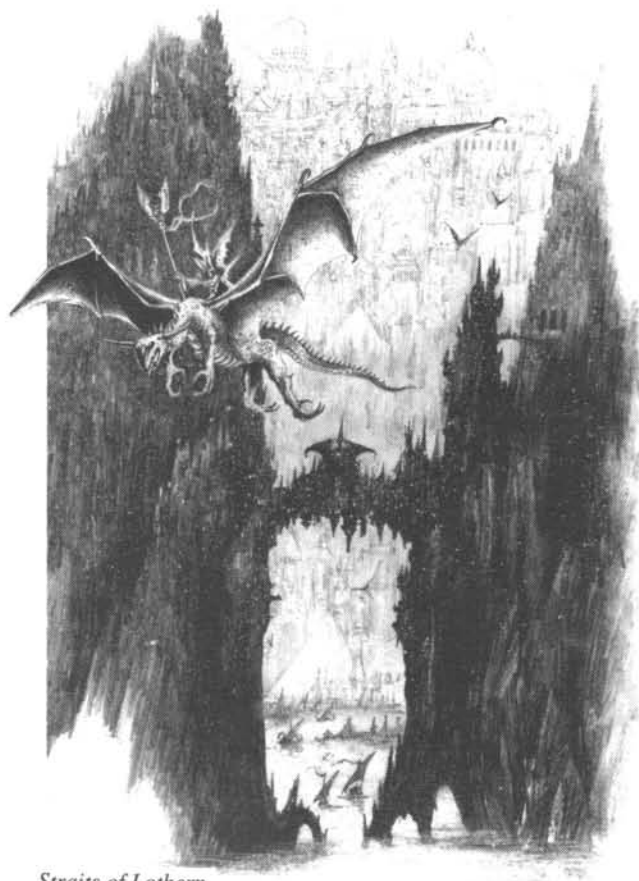
## EATAINE

As the realm from which the current Phoenix King comes Eataine (pronounced Ay-a-tain) is considered first among the Elf Kingdoms. However, Eataine is simply the hinterland of the vast city-state of Lothorn. Its lands are dotted with vineyards, villas and summer estates to which the noble families of the city retire. The city is the real centre of power and source of Eataine's prosperity. It is one of the wonders of the known world and no-one who has ever visited it can forget it.

Approaching Lothorn 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 waters of the Straits of Lothorn. This titanic fortress guards the approach to the Emerald Gate, the first sea-gate of Lothorn. Any attackers approaching the Emerald Gate can easily be caught in a crossfire between the great war-engines in the Glittering Tower and those on the Gate. The sight of these great bastions gives any would-be attacker just pause for thought.

Guided by an Elf pilot the ship then passes through the Emerald Gate, a great fortified arch filled with war machines and the cloaked spearmen and archers of the Lothorn Sea Guard. Two gigantic valves of carved bronze set with monstrous emeralds bar the way but as the ship approaches they smoothly swing back through the churning waters to reveal the Straits of Lothorn. The craft passes down a wide channel between sheer cliffs lined with castles, ramparts and defences, before passing through the second portal, a gate of shining silver set with sapphires the size of a man's head. Beyond the Sapphire Gate lies a huge lagoon ringed around with the shining towers of Lothorn.

The city fans upwards from the coast, its white towers climbing gracefully into the foothills of the distant mountains. Bobbing at anchor are thousands of vessels ranging from the trading ships of the merchant princes to the fanciful pleasure barges of the people of Lothorn and



*Straits of Lothorn*

the sleek, deadly warships of the High Elf fleet. The city of Lothorn is not simply built around the lagoon; at some points artificial islands have been built within its waters. On these rest great palaces, temples and storehouses forming an intricate network of canals. Towering two hundred foot-high statues of the Phoenix King and the Everqueen face each other across the mouth of the bay and around the harbour are other great statues of the Elf Gods: Asuryan, Lileath, Kurnous and Isha and many others.

This is as far as any non-Elf can go. He is free to sample the delights of the city but is forbidden to pass through the third gate of ruby and gold into the Inner Seas. The two most sacred shrines in all Ulthuan lie in the Inner Seas to the north of Lothorn, as well as the strange and terrible area known as the Isle of the Dead.

## THE INNER SEA

The area known as the Inner Sea is divided into the eastern Sea of Dreams and the western Sea of Dusk. The waters here are magically calm and peaceful. Trading ships from the Inner Kingdoms ply these placid waters bearing horses from Ellyrion and the magical wares of Saphery to Lothorn and returning laden with the wares of half the world. Many pilgrims take passage on these seas en route to the Shrine of Asuryan in the Sea of Dreams and the Earth Mother in the Sea of Dusk.

Once a year the sacred white barges of the Phoenix King and the Everqueen ply the waters to their respective shrines. These stately craft are an awe-inspiring sight, each carved from the bole of single great ironwood tree. 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 at last with the ancient rulers of Ulthuan. As the barges plough the blue 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. In times of great trouble, the ghostly outlines of the White Ships can be seen sailing the waters of the Inner Sea.

The shrine of Asuryan, the Phoenix King, is located on the Island of the Flame due north of Lothorn. Within this ancient pyramid the eternal fire of the phoenix burns. This pure white flame leaps from a great fountain of fire in the central chamber of the pyramid. The new king bathes in the fires when he is crowned, passing miraculously unscathed through the inferno before emerging to be clad in ceremonial white and gold coronation robes and to have the great feathered cloak of kingship draped around his shoulders. The shrine of Asuryan is guarded by the formidable warriors of the Phoenix Guard. During their term of service these warriors take a vow to speak no word. They fight in a silence that is terrifying to their foes. After their term they never speak of the mysteries they have witnessed.

To the north of the Shrine of Asuryan, at the centre of the Sea, indeed at the centre of Ulthuan, is the Island of the Dead. This is the secret heart of Ulthuan, the nexus of the great spells of the ancient High Elf sorcerers to which all the magical power drawn into the vortex eventually flows. The Isle of The Dead is so suffused with sorcerous power that time has been destroyed, and the island exists outside time, beyond the reach of the physical world. If Elves were to sail to the Isle today they would find the High Elf

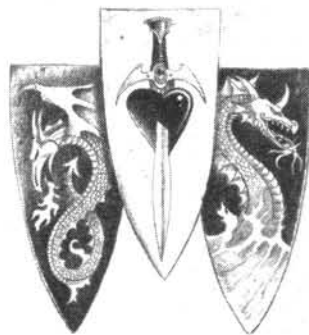
magies of old, caught like flies in amber, still chanting their ages-long spells to preserve the balance of the world.

North of the Isle of the Dead is the shrine of the Earth Mother. Here is located the great cavern-temple of the Mother Goddess within which dwells her oracular priestesses. The Temple is located in the Gaean Vale, a long and beautiful valley, lined with wild apple trees and nourished by waterfalls and clear springs. Within the underground complex many mysterious rites take place which it is forbidden for any male to witness. Every Elf woman is expected to make a pilgrimage here once in her life. It is here that the Everqueen is crowned in a week-long ceremony.

## CALEDOR

Caledor is a thinly populated, mountainous realm to the west of Eataine. In elder days several of the Phoenix Kings of Ulthuan came from here and the kingdom enjoyed a power far beyond its sparse population would suggest. The reason for this can be summed up in one word – dragons.

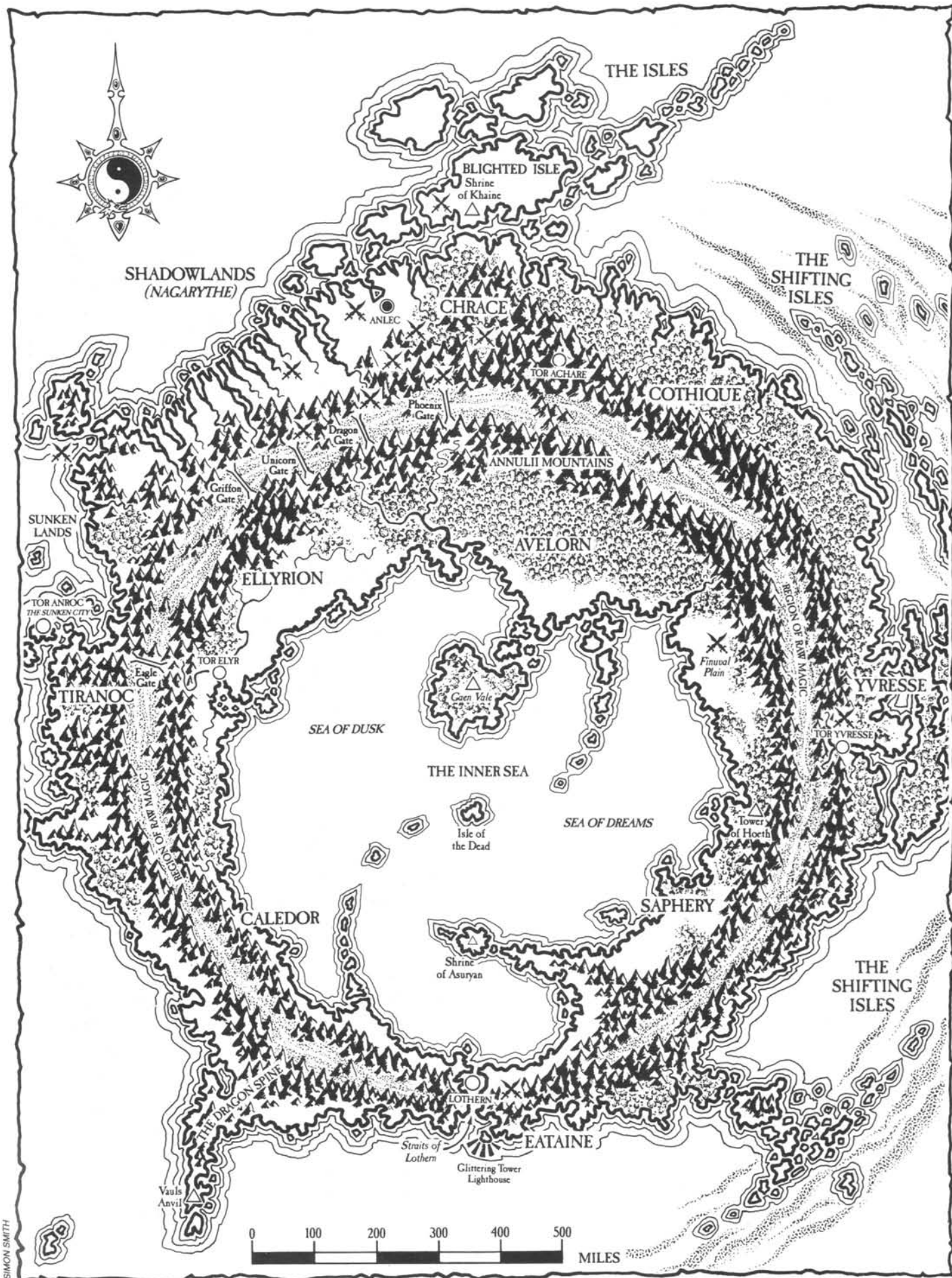
These mighty creatures made their lairs beneath the blazing peaks of the Dragon Spine Mountains. Nestled within these bleak volcanic highlands are fertile valleys filled with game plentiful enough to satisfy even the appetites of dragons. Here, long ago, came Caledor Dragontamer. This mighty High Mage 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.



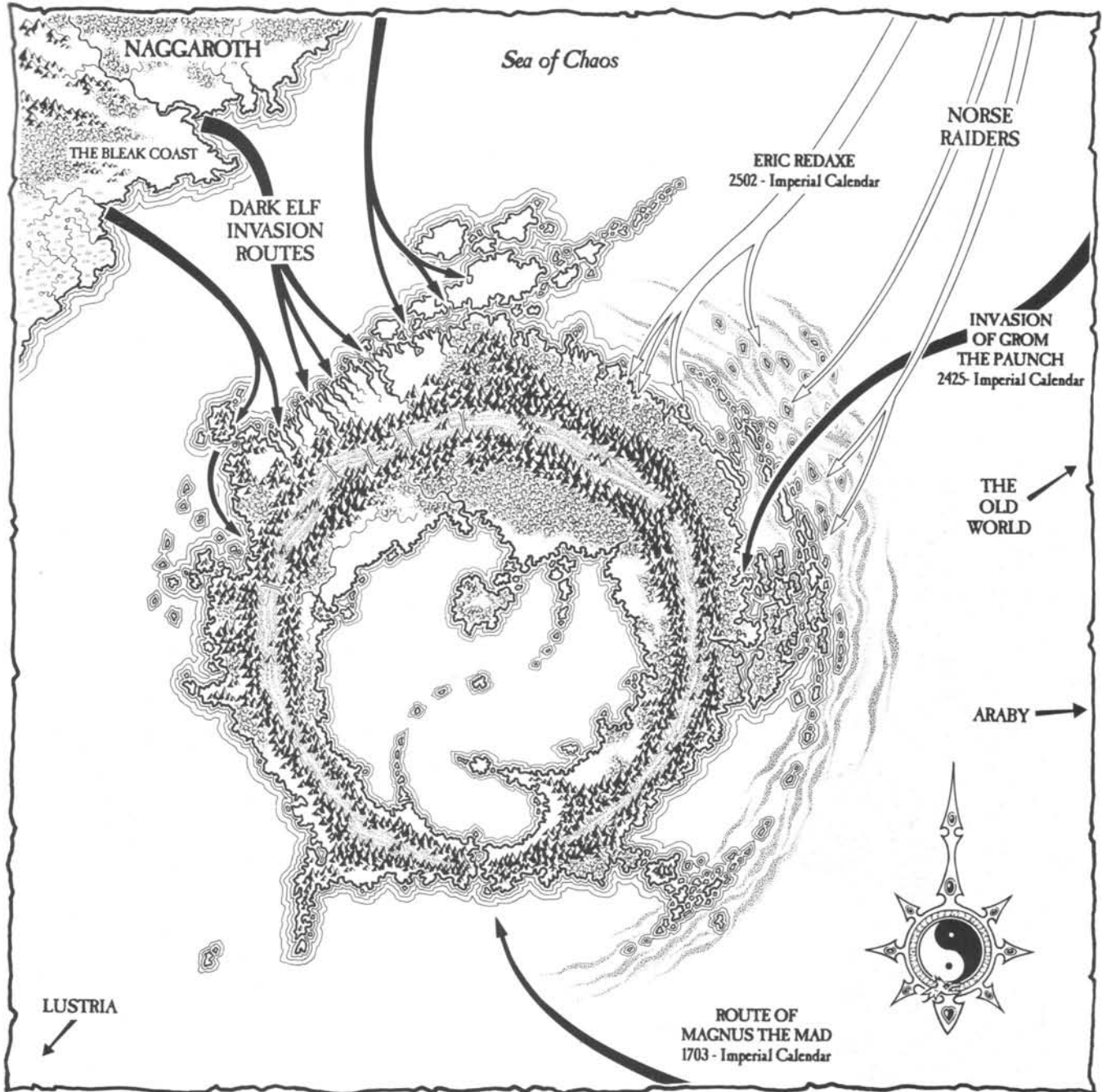
Great granite fortresses sprang up in the misty vales and from them Dragon Princes rode the thermals over sullen volcanoes. In battle none could stand against them, for the Dragon Princes of Caledor were fearsome mages as well as mighty warriors, and their steeds were terrible to behold. Though the Dragon Princes were few the destruction they could wreak was unmatched then as it is now and few dared the wrath of Caledor.

Eventually the mountains cooled, and the volcanoes erupted less. Even 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. Those that remained awake became sluggish and temperamental, and their riders became reluctant to use their mounts save in times of direst need. As the strength of the dragons waned so did the power of the Dragon Princes. The long reign of the Dragon Princes ended and their grip on the throne of the Phoenix King was lost. The old realm of Caledor was eclipsed by other realms including the fast-rising mercantile city-state of Lothorn.

# THE REALMS OF ULTHUAN



# ULTHUAN

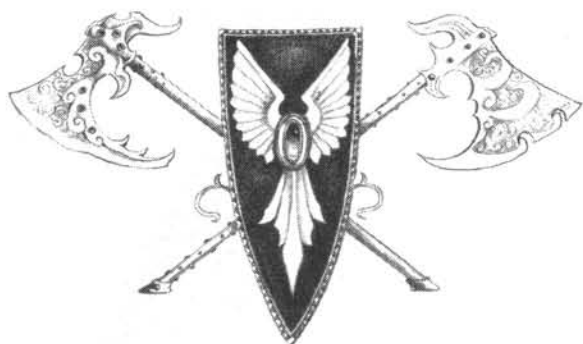


Even in their weakened state the Dragon Princes are still formidable. They are fierce and noble warriors and though the dragons are few they can still rouse some in times of great need. At other times the Dragon Princes ride to war on mighty Elven steeds fully armoured and caparisoned as dragons.

Caledor is also famous as the location of Vault's Anvil, fiercest of all volcanoes. On this blazing black island at the very tail of the Dragon Spine is the great shrine of Vault, god of smiths. His temple is to be found on 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 Blind Smiths of Vault forge weapons of power and devices of infinite cunning for use by the Elf Lords.

## ELLYRION

North of Caledor, bordering on the Inner Sea, is Ellyrion, the realm of the Horse-Lords. Tor Elyr is its single great city. Great herds of horses thunder across the sweeping plains of Ellyrion. It is a land of gentle summers and mild winters. Touched by beneficial magics and feeding on the long grasses of the steppe, the steeds of Ellyrion are the swiftest and most noble of four-legged beasts. Fast as the wind and loyal unto death, they are the perfect mount for Elf nobility.



The Horsemasters of Ellyrion live in harmony with their mounts. They prefer not to break the beast's spirit with harsh treatment. Rather they enchant them magically and the horses serve willingly. The Elves repay this loyalty with kindness. They hunt down any who harm their steeds and treat them with the utmost severity. "Better to harm the brother of an Ellyrian than his horse," is a well known saying in Ulthuan.

The Horsemasters are proud and haughty. They are a wild, free-spirited 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, and this is almost true. While still very young each Ellyrian child is bonded to a specially selected foal. When they are older this chosen steed will bear its rider into battle. The loyalty of these horses to their masters is legendary. They stand over their riders while they sleep and watch for any danger.

The Ellyrian cavalry is constantly called to battle, for Ellyrion is one of the main areas that the Dark Elves of Naggaroth raid if they can get across the mountains. The

Dark Elves often steal the black horses from the great herds to act as their steeds. As a consequence of this black horses have a bad reputation in Ellyrion. An Ellyrian mounted on a black horse can often find himself a prime target for Dark Elf attacks.

The Horsemasters maintain constant cavalry patrols across their lands to warn of any incursion. The Ellyrian Reaver Knights are a force famed throughout Ulthuan for their hardiness and prowess in battle. They are often expected to spend days on the march, even sleeping in the saddle, and then fight a pitched battle.

Tor Elyr is a beautiful city on the coast of the Sea of Dusk. It is 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. It is here that the dauntless cavalymen of Ellyrion rest when they return from their long sweeps through their embattled land.

## AVELORN

North east of Ellyrion, across the river Arduil, lies the great forest of Avelorn, most ancient of all the Elf realms. Upon its tangled groves ancient glimmers lie and under its eaves creatures of legend still walk. The largest population of treemen in the world tend their wild gardens of oak and suntree. Great eagles nest in the enchanted hills, and unicorns walk in its sun-dappled glades. The Elves that live here are a strange, fey breed with more kinship to the Wood Elves of Athel Lothorn in the Old World than many in Ulthuan.

Summer lies eternally on Avelorn's enchanted glades. Beneath the leafy bowers the golden subjects of the Everqueen dance and sing. The court of the Everqueen moves through Avelorn from place to place like a great carnival, pitching silken pavilions of myriad colours wherever it halts. By day, silver laughter rings through the forest as the Elves make sport. By night, faery lights flicker in the darkness, drifting behind the Everqueen's courtiers and illuminating the revels and feasting. With its perfect weather, bountiful forests and beautiful near-immortal inhabitants Avelorn seems the sort of rustic paradise of which mortal men can only dream.

Yet beneath this carefree surface bitter enmities stir. Factions at the Evercourt vie for the favour of the Queen. Old rivalries are barely submerged and every quip has a deadly double meaning. For prestige is treated as a matter of life and death in Avelorn. To be chosen as the Queen's handmaid is the highest honour for an Elf-maid or her family, just as to be chosen as her consort is the dream of every youth of Avelorn. All seek to enhance their status at the cost of their rivals.

The handmaids of the Everqueen are not mere courtiers; they are her warrior guard – a hundred beautiful Elf-maids schooled in the arts of war till they exceed or even surpass the greatest of Elf knights with sword, bow and lance. They guard the Everqueen as her court travels through Avelorn for the forest contains many dark and dangerous places where the hearts of the trees are rotten and great spiders lurk. The tainted places near the mountains are shunned by all but the boldest Elves for lurking evil can strike the unwary even here. At times Great Chaos beasts find a way down to Avelorn from the Annulii and ravage the land, but they are swiftly and ruthlessly hunted down by the Everqueen's would-be consorts in an effort to gain her favour.

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, occupant of one of the Twin Thrones of Ulthuan. The Queen of Avelorn is the firstborn daughter of the previous queen conceived after her year-long ritual marriage to the Phoenix-King. After this they go their separate ways. Both can take new consorts but only their daughter can be the new Everqueen. Hence the Queens of Avelorn have always been the Everqueens of Ulthuan, forming an unbroken chain from ages past.

Gifted by the goddess the current queen, Alarielle, is extraordinarily beautiful. She is an accomplished mage and oversees all the complex fertility rites of Avelorn and Ulthuan. As such she holds tremendous power and prestige in Ulthuan. Her only real rival in these stakes is the Phoenix King himself. Often there is rivalry between the two Thrones. The Everqueen's policies may be at odds with those of the Phoenix King. The Phoenix King's are often war-like and expansionist and the Everqueen's peaceful and introverted. But this balance of opposites is at the very heart of the High Elves' concepts of rulership – being ruled by a single all-powerful dictator would be unthinkable to them. One thing unites both factions: an abhorrence of the Dark Elves of Naggaroth and all they stand for. Between Ulthuan and Naggaroth there can exist only war unto the death.

## SAPHERY

South and east of Avelorn, on the shores of the Sea of Dreams, lies Saphery, the land of wizardry. The heart of Saphery is the Tower of Hoeth, the shrine of the 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 dedicate their lives to the accumulation of magical lore. The Tower of Hoeth rises high above the forest. This bone-white structure is almost half a mile high, a feat of engineering made possible only by magic. It was built over twenty centuries ago on the orders of the Phoenix King of the time, Bel-Korhadris, the Scholar King. The tower stands at the point of a great confluence of the coursing magical energies of the vortex, a fact that lends it a greater strength than any creation of mere bricks and mortar.

The tower is visible tens of miles away, a sharp white needle of stone thrusting into sky. Its approaches are guarded by rings of illusion and mazes of spells which means only those selected by the Loremasters of Hoeth ever find the true path to the tower. Those who seek wisdom at the shrine will find it. Those who seek power for power's sake are never seen again.

The Tower of Hoeth is also the home of the Sword Masters, warrior-ascetics who dedicate their lives to the pursuit of wisdom and learning carefully controlled violence. They study meditation and martial arts until they are capable of super-human feats of arms. They favour the Elven greatsword above all other blades; a wicked weapon a full five or six feet in length, double-edged and razor sharp.

The Sword Masters are so superlatively trained that they can wield these mighty swords as fast as an ordinary warrior can a normal sword. A Sword Master always seeks to master new killing blows and different individuals perfect their own personal sword strokes, giving them a

style of fighting as distinctive as a signature. The Sword Masters are the agents of the Loremasters and of the Phoenix King. They wander the land seeking news and reporting back to the tower. The Supreme Loremaster often dispatches them to deal with threats to the interests of the Tower and the Kingdom.

Beyond the spell-walls of the Tower of Hoeth are the domains of the nobles of Saphery. All of the Princes and Dukes of this realm are mages of awesome power. They are reclusive and idiosyncratic, dwelling in exquisite mansions far from each other with their families and a select band of retainers.

Each noble's home has its own character reflecting the interests and magical researches of its patrons. The palace of Anurion the Green, for example, is surrounded by terraced gardens containing many strange and exotic plants, some carnivorous, some sentient, some both. Many of his collection are not even of this world. The mansion of Hothar the Fey drifts gently across the sky of Saphery, landing at its owner's whim. The crypt of Mad Chasyrion is avoided by everyone since its owner is misanthropic and known to perform many strange and dangerous sorceries there.

Not all the inhabitants of this realm are solitary. Some are great warriors and statesmen. These mages of Saphery and their personal guards are often summoned by the Phoenix King to aid him in his wars. Many are dispatched on missions by the lord of the Phoenix Throne and can be found leading armies in strange and out of the way parts of the world.



*Sword Master of Hoeth*

## THE OUTER KINGDOMS

### TIRANOC

Tiranoc is the westernmost realm of Ulthuan. Once it was the fairest of the Elf lands. Majestic snow-capped peaks towered over sweeping flower-strewn plains. The people were great sailors who colonised much of the eastern New World. Wealth flowed from these colonies: gold to gild the city spires, silver to be wrought into the bodywork of their 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. Though close kin to those who would follow the dark paths the folk of Tiranoc remained loyal to their Elven heritage and paid a dreadful price. At the climax of the Wars of Sundering the Dark Elf mages unleashed such mighty magics and the High Elf mages responded with such mighty counter spells that the whole of northern Ulthuan was devastated.

The Shadowlands crumbled and disappeared below the hungry waves. The heartlands of Tiranoc were swamped by a succession of enormous tidal waves that drowned the plains and smashed the cities. Only the mountains were left above water, islands rising from the turbulent waves. A few small towns clung to the slopes of the lower peaks. To the east was a thin strip of coast, all that remained of the sweeping plains of Tiranoc.



When the colonists returned from the New World they found their homeland drowned and their kinsmen dead. What had once been the greatest and most prosperous of Elf realms had effectively ceased to be. Saddened, many of the colonists returned to the New World. Others, unable to bear the grief, swore to remain in their homeland and rebuild it to its former glory. Over the millennia they have slowly done so, and now there are

once more prosperous cities in the west, and although the folk are few in number, they are hardy. The new coast of the continent, although less fertile than the plains of old, has been planted and cultivated and once more chariots run along the coastal strip.

The folk of Tiranoc have grown as hard and bitter as their land. The long struggle to reclaim what was theirs has made them cold and deadly. The songs of ancient times remind them of what they lost and there is a savage hatred in their hearts towards the Dark Elves of Naggaroth. Many a Dark Elf army has been lost in Tiranoc while trying to make its way to the more populous lands of the south and east. In the north a constant war is waged against incursions from Naggaroth and the folk of Tiranoc and their kinsmen from the New World are always to the fore.

### THE ISLES

The Isles of the North suffered most during the Wars of the Sundering. Here cataclysmic forces were unleashed that drowned the land and shattered the northern part of the continent. The remaining islands are tortured and twisted places, blasted by fire and death, and near lifeless. Such life that does survive is warped from contact with the pools and flows of dark magical energy left over from the war. 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 Elves of Naggaroth and they still seek to reclaim it. The Elves of Ulthuan maintain fortresses and watchtowers in these desolate lands to warn them against invaders. Year by year war is waged here. Sometimes the Isles are in possession of the Dark Ones, sometimes in possession of the warriors of the Phoenix King. This is truly a sundered land.

Rising over the misty wilderness of the Blighted Isle, largest of the surviving islands, is the great shrine of Khaine the Elf war-god. This shrine has long been abandoned but it is still a place of great power and of deep significance to both the 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 a weapon of power. Everyone who looks upon it sees a different weapon. Some see a spear, others a sword, others an axe. All agree that the weapon drips blood. The altar sits on a vast plain over which many battles have been fought. The bodies of the dead are left unburied, so the plain is covered in the bones and skulls of Elf and beast. Spirits of the dead drift over the battlefield locked in eternal battle. The mist itself is red-tinted and smells of blood. On certain nights all the ghosts do battle and the distant echoes of their screams and war-cries are born on the wind.

The boundaries of the sacred battlefield are marked by a thousand great carved menhirs. These represent the various aspects of Khaine. Some have been toppled, and some are so eroded that they appear to be nothing more than wind-scoured boulders. Others carry the image of swooping hawk, the blood-maddened bull, the scorpion stinging, the wounded warrior. All these obelisks are dark and sinister, their hulking forms glowering over a carpet of white bones under leaden skies.

The Elves see Khaine as a god of unleashed violence. For them he is a dark god but a necessary one, for they live in a violent world and must be able to fight when called upon to do so. Khaine is part of every Elf soul, a part they would rather never have to confront, but a part that they need. His murder lust is there to be used when danger threatens but it must be controlled and used wisely. Elf rituals of Khaine worship stress this need for control.

The Dark Elves see Khaine in a different light. His Dark Elf followers have given themselves over entirely to his worship. They let their dark sides control their lives and actively seek opportunities to cause death and carnage. They revel in their bloodlust and gratify it at every opportunity.

In a way, the struggle for the Shrine Of Khaine is symbolic of the greater struggle in the soul of the Elf race, between those who follow the darkness and those who seek some measure of harmony. None know how the struggle will end.

## CHRACE AND COTHIQUE

These are the northernmost Elf realms and they share many characteristics. In the elder days they were relatively empty lands, occupied by those who sought to escape the more civilised realms and return to nature. Now they exist in a state of permanent war

Chrace is the main route through which the Dark Elves seek access to the Inner Lands. Elf troops constantly move through en route to war with the Dark Elves. As the war has gone on, the lands have become perilous. The isolated communities of the wooded highlands have been fortified. The locals are great hunters and scouts, adept at guerilla warfare and skilled with bow, sword and axe.

The mountains of Chrace are the home of the fearsome White Lion. This mighty beast ranges the wilderness in search of living prey. To be counted a real hunter, an Elf of Chrace must hunt and kill one of them single-handed. The beast also gives its name to one of the most legendary units in the service of the Kings of Ulthuan: the White Lions, a picked group of warriors who guard the person of the Phoenix King. The founding of the White Lions dates back to the time of the bitter civil war with the Dark Elves when Caledor the First was recalled from hunting in Chrace to become the new Phoenix King. He was attacked by Dark Elf assassins on the road to Avelorn and was only just saved by the timely intervention of a party of Chracian hunters. They then fought their way past the Dark Elf patrols and back to the Inner Sea. Since then a unit of tough Chracian warriors has traditionally guarded the Phoenix King, resplendent in their White Lion skins and armed with fearsome double-handed war axes

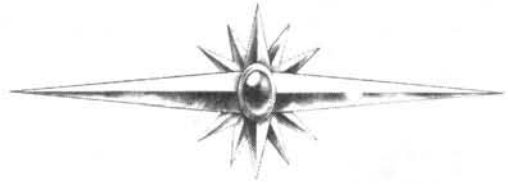
Cothique is a coastal kingdom, peopled by shrewd and hardy seafolk. Their graceful vessels plough the turbulent northern waters in search of food and trading with distant lands. This is a highly dangerous area to sail in because the seas contain many monstrous creatures which were stirred up by the collapse of northern Ulthuan centuries ago – Kraken, huge shark-like megalodons, Behemoths and even the dread Black Leviathan are all commonly seen in the waters north of Ulthuan. The sailors of Cothique actually seek out these monsters in great sea-hunts, matching their skills and the speed of their light craft against brute strength and animal cunning. The brunt of Norse raids from beyond the Old World also fall upon

Cothique and the Elves of Cothique have been toughened by centuries of warfare with these fierce human warriors. The small harbours that line the rocky coast of Cothique hold many craft which double as warships in times of need.

## YVRESSE

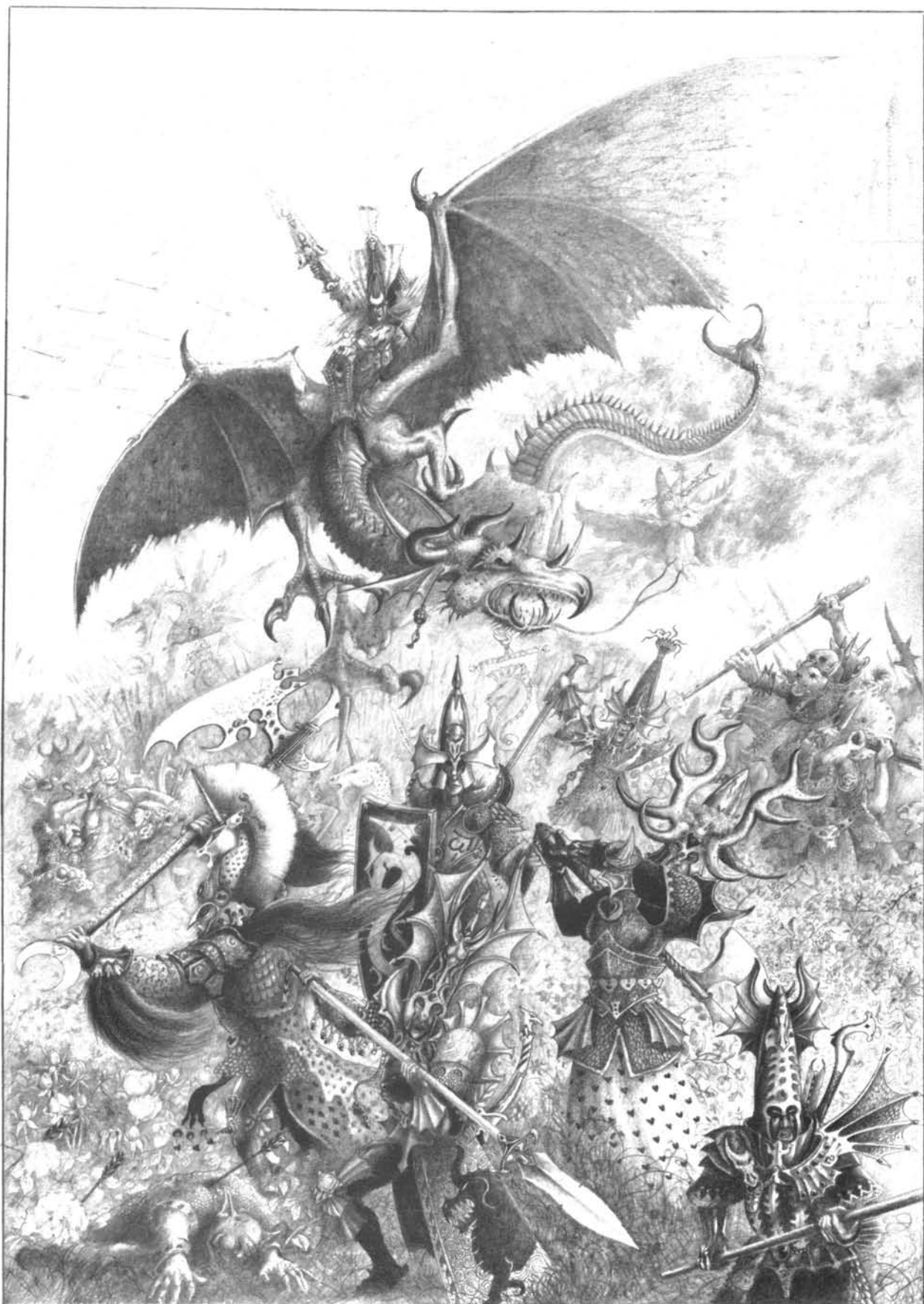
Yvresse is the land of mists. The mainland of Yvresse lies along the eastern coast of Ulthuan but the realm also encompasses the islands of the Eastern Ocean. The mainland is a wild coastline fringed by deep coniferous forests. Long fjords thrust inland from the coast. The forests tumble down the mist-shrouded valleys right to the water's edge. The foothills of the Annulii march off to the distant peaks that tower dramatically into the clouds. This is the wildest, bleakest and least densely populated area of Ulthuan.

To the east of the mainland are the Shifting Isles. This is an area shrouded in legend and dark rumour where ancient spells of illusion shield the eastern coast of Ulthuan from intruders. The whole area is wreathed in mists. 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. What is known is that some of the islands definitely do move and this is no mere illusion. This creates treacherous mazes of shoals and sandbars which can confuse even High Elf pilots.



Yvresse has only one major city: Tor Yvresse. The Warden of the City is the great Elven hero Eltharion. He dwells in a high tower looking down on the metropolis and can often be seen flying high above it on his War Griffon Stormwing. Tor Yvresse itself is one of the oldest and most beautiful of all Elf settlements but its time of glory is long past. Many of the old mansions are uninhabited and the great amphitheatres, once host to plays and masques, are silent and empty. Elves live long lives but their children are few and in recent centuries the birthrate has declined steeply. The population of Tor Yvresse is less than half what the city was built to accommodate and the wide boulevards seem empty even when the entire population takes to the streets during the great Festival of Masques. The mighty old walls are wide and deep but the city has barely enough warriors to protect them. Fortunately the city has long been protected by the sorcerous Shifting Isles but its ability to defend itself in the event of a serious invasion has long been in doubt.

Less than a century ago Yvresse was almost overrun by a Goblin horde led by the notorious Goblin Warlord Grom the Paunch. The almost innumerable Goblins ravaged a large tract of Yvresse and were barely turned back at Tor Yvresse by the heroic efforts of Eltharion. The old Warden of the city, a great High Elf mage, was slain in a magical duel with Grom's greatest shaman, and the people of Tor Yvresse beseeched Eltharion to become their new warden. Eltharion accepted and has busied himself strengthening the land of Yvresse ever since.



# THE CHRONICLE OF THE PHOENIX KINGS

## A NOTE ON CHRONOLOGY

Elves reckon time differently from Men, and their history is divided into reigns, not centuries. Each Phoenix King's reign is regarded as a separate historical epoch. In addition, Elves do not reckon in months as Men do. Their years are divided into four seasons: the season of Frost, the season of Rain, the season of Sun, and the season of Storm. These roughly correspond to winter, spring, summer and autumn. In Elf records the reign of the Phoenix King comes first, followed by the year, then the season, then the day. Thus *V) 114, 3, 90* means on the ninetieth day of the season of Sun in the one hundred and fourteenth year of the reign of Caradryel the Peacemaker. For the sake of consistency we have given the length of the Phoenix King's reign and the rough dates in the Sigmarite calendar of the Empire.

When looking at the calendar it's worth bearing in mind that there is usually a year's grace between the death of the previous Phoenix King and the coronation of his successor. Usually these years are counted as the last year of the dead king's reign.

Elves traditionally date their calendar from the day that Aenarion passed through the flame in the Shrine of Asuryan. Before that is the reign of the Single Throne when Ulthuan was ruled by the Everqueen of Avelorn. This is a period about which little is known for few records survive of those days.

## I) THE DEFENDER

**Aenarion, 1 - 80 (Imperial calendar -4500 to -4920)**

**I**t was a time of darkness. It was an age of strife. It was an era of terror and rage. The nightmare creations of Chaos swept across the land. The Old Slann had fallen, leaving their lost children to battle the daemons alone. The polar gates, once used by the star-walking Slann to step from world to world, had collapsed, and a tide of uncontrolled magical energy swamped the Known World. From the gates emerged the spawn of chaos: daemons, sorcerers, the lost and the damned. They marched forth to devour the world.

On Ulthuan, the island home of the Elves, the long golden age of peace came to an end. From the turbulent seas the Hosts of Chaos emerged to slaughter the defenceless Elves. They fell on the children of the Everqueen like wolves on newborn lambs. Unused to war, unschooled in conflict, the Elves could not stand against them. Black-armoured warriors burned the sacred groves. Hideous beastmen massacred entire villages and towns. Daemons howled and gibbered in the ruins of ancient settlements.

All the Elves could do was flee. Their bows and spears, used only for hunting and duels of honour, were useless

against the armour of the Chaos warriors and the brazen hides of daemons. The Elves hid themselves in caves, woods and mountainsides and prayed to their gods that they would not be found, and that a hero would emerge to deliver them from this evil.

From the red murk of this terrible age emerged Aenarion, greatest and most tragic of all Elf heroes: a doomed champion, a fallen god, mightiest warrior of an age of constant warfare; the first, the best-loved and the most accursed of the Phoenix Kings of Ulthuan. This flawed titan bestrides the history of his age like a colossus.

Little is known of Aenarion's early life. It is said that he was an adventurer, one of those restless souls who led a small band of followers from the eternal peace of Avelorn to seek his fate in distant lands. When Chaos came he fought as best he could but he saw that the pitiful weapons of the Elves and the peaceful sorceries of the Everqueen could not stand against the might of the dark. Sick of the slaughter of his folk he journeyed through the war-torn land to the Shrine of Asuryan, determined to invoke the aid of his god.

Even as the armies of Chaos laid siege to the shrine Aenarion stood before the ever-burning flame and begged Asuryan to aid his people. If the god heard, he gave no sign. Aenarion burned offerings, and the god did not respond. He sacrificed a white lamb. No aid came. Finally, in desperation, Aenarion offered himself, saying he would cast himself into the sacred fire if Asuryan would only save his people. As the god made no response Aenarion kept his promise and threw himself into the raging, white-hot inferno. Agony wracked his body. Pain seared his limbs. His hair caught fire. His heart stopped. Those who watched thought he was dead. Then a miracle occurred.

Aenarion refused to die. Slowly, painfully, he staggered through the fire. As he did so his burned skin healed and his scorched hair re-grew. He emerged from the flame unscathed, transformed by the cleansing fire. His skin was clear and translucent. The spirit of Asuryan had entered him. There was a light about him that all onlookers could see. All were aware that he had become the vessel of a transcendent power. When he spoke, Elves hastened to obey.

Aenarion emerged from the shrine to lead the Elves to war. Outside the walls he faced the howling Chaos horde. He picked up his hunting spear and cast it at Morkar, the Chaos general. The weapon tore through the Chaos Lord's body then through the chest of his standard bearer before coming to rest in the neck of a minotaur. Weaponless, Aenarion strode down the steps of the shrine towards the stunned enemy. He stooped and picked up Morkar's blade. Howling for vengeance, the followers of Chaos closed in. They might as well have assaulted a wall of blades with their bare hands. The power of Asuryan was strong in Aenarion. His blade was laden with death. Every

Chaos worshipper who came within his reach was cut down. Single-handedly Aenarion could have destroyed an army that day.

Seeing him wreak such havoc among a supposedly invincible foe, the Elves within the shrine were heartened. They seized up spears and charged forth to his aid.

Great was the slaying that day, and merry was the feasting afterwards. The Elves had won a tremendous victory. All those present swore allegiance to Aenarion. From the Shrine of Asuryan he took ship to Caledor, the only place in the lands of the Elves where a successful stand had been made against the powers of Chaos. There he met with the first Dragon Prince of Caledor, Caledor Dragontamer, greatest of the High Mages of old.

Caledor perceived Aenarion for what he truly was, a mortal god, and bent the knee immediately. Mounted on dragons, the two of them flew to the Fortress-Shrine of Vaul's Anvil. It was here that Aenarion's sacred armour was forged, along with enough swords and suits of armour to outfit an army.

For a brief time there was a respite from conflict. Aenarion took the time to raise his standard, and many Elves, survivors of the initial invasion, flocked to it. They were the perfect soldiers for Aenarion's holy war. Many had lost their families to the spawn of Chaos. They had true grievances to settle and were ready to lay down their lives for vengeance. Under the supervision of Aenarion and his advisor Caledor the Elves learned all the arts of battle. A mighty war host was assembled to protect the Elf homeland and not a moment too soon, for the armies of Chaos returned with redoubled strength.

Like a thunderbolt the Elves descended from the mountains of Caledor. Dragon-mounted knights smashed the armies of beastmen. Forces of heavily armed and armoured infantry drove the followers of the four Powers before them. In the campaign that followed Aenarion forged his army the way a smith would temper a sword. Mounted on Indraguir, eldest of dragons, he led the way into every battle. Great flights of fire-breathing beasts swooped on the armies of the night, and drove them back from the heart of Ulthuan to the shores of the island-continent.

At Korumel, in present day Ellyrion, Aenarion slew the Keeper of Secrets, N'kari, banishing the daemon from the mortal plane for centuries. In the foothills of southern Chrace he smashed the Khorne-worshipping army of Vorghan the Slayer. He cleared the boundaries of the sacred grove on the Island of Apples from the Skull Dancers of Slaanesh, and their mistress Aazella Silkenhighs. Dragonfire incinerated Hugin the Plaguelord, and the rotting legions of Nurgle. Then for a moment, the war seemed to end.

Brief peace settled over Ulthuan, like the shroud over a corpse. It was the peace of death and sorrow, in a land weary of war, and made listless by loss. It was a time of brief liaisons and temporary gladness. The northern gate continued to run out of control, gnawing into the heart of the world like a cancer.

The tide of magic continued to rise. Ulthuan, on a natural fault line in the fabric of reality, was saturated with the energy of magic. The Annulii mountains glittered with polychromatic light. Maids gave birth to monsters. The voice of Chaos thundered in the valleys. Terrible laughter filled the burning night.

Strange events and portents abounded. Oracles went mad with fear. The Keeper of the Shrine of Asuryan plucked out his eyes but even this did not stop the terrible visions. When questioned about the fate of the world he refused to speak.

During this time Aenarion came to the court of the Everqueen. He was a striking figure, a tired giant in golden armour. There he met and married the Everqueen, Astarielle. Little is known of their courtship but it is said that, for a brief time, they were happy. Their first born children were twins, a daughter, the future Everqueen Yvraine and a son, Morelion. Then the forces of Chaos returned once more, and the silver horns summoned Aenarion again to battle.

War surged over the length and breadth of Ulthuan. At first the Elves and their draconic allies had the mastery. But slowly and surely the followers of Chaos gained the upper hand. Their numbers were inexhaustible. More and more daemons and corrupt things emerged from the warp gates. More and more men were transformed by the mutating power of the great clouds of Chaos magic drifting from the poles. More and more monsters swarmed down from the glowing mountains. Every Elf warrior who fell was well nigh irreplaceable. For every Chaos worshipper who fell there were two more to take his place.

The war dragged on for decades. At times, by dint of heroic effort, the Elves achieved a breathing space and cleared their lands. Sometimes they even launched expeditions to other continents to aid the Dwarfs and humans. But it was obvious that the war was being lost. Any victory merely slowed inevitable defeat; any defeat accelerated the process immeasurably. In the end, all of the Elves, even Aenarion, grew tired of the unceasing conflict. The forces of Chaos fought on showing neither weakness nor mercy. They were relentless, insane and deadly.

Then came the two incidents that were to echo down the long ages of Elf history and set the stage for the great dramas that were to follow.

After nearly a century of fruitless experimentation Caledor managed to divine the cause of the Chaos Invasion and devise a desperate plan for containing it. He now knew that the old Slann gates had collapsed, sending surges of transmuting energy through the remnants of their old network of gates. It was these ancient devices that allowed the followers of darkness to move so swiftly about the world, and the cataclysmic release of their corrupting energies which was responsible for the spawning of so many beastmen and monsters.

Caledor devised a plan to gather these energies and return them to the Realm of Chaos, to create a cosmic vortex that would drain the magic from the world, and save its inhabitants from Chaos. 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 this, calling it the council of despair. Although in his heart he knew that the war was unwinnable, he determined that he would put off the end for as long as possible. In the camp of the Elf army Aenarion and Caledor were in the midst of their last great argument when fatal news was brought to Aenarion. An army of beastmen and Chaos warriors had descended on Avelorn. The Everqueen was dead, and the bodies of their

children had not been found. It was presumed they were dead or the playthings of the Dark Ones. Overcome with grief, Aenarion retired to his tent. When he emerged the next morning he had changed.

No-one who looked at him could meet his gaze. He was overcome with rage and bitterness and titanic fury. He swore that he would kill every Chaos worshipper on the face of the world. Few who heard him doubted his resolution or its madness. The dark powers were too strong to be overcome. Aenarion did not think so. He announced that he was going to the Blighted Isle. Dread filled those who heard his words. All of them knew that this could mean only one thing: Aenarion was going to draw the Sword of Khaine, take up the Widowmaker, to wield the ultimate and deadly weapon.

From the beginning of time it had waited, embedded in the great black Altar of Khaine on the Blighted Isle. The weapon was old as the world and deadly as poison, a shard of the fatal weapon forged by Vaul himself for the death god Khaela-Mensha-Khaine, a fragment of crystallised death capable of slaying daemons and gods alike. No mortal could wield it and live, but Aenarion had passed beyond hope and beyond despair. He lived to slay.

Caledor knew what would happen and tried to warn Aenarion. He told Aenarion that he would be accursed if he drew the weapon, that such power was too great for any mortal being, and it could only be bought at the price of Aenarion's immortal soul.

Seized for a moment by the power of prophesy, Caledor spoke words that would ring down the ages. He told Aenarion that if he sought such corrupt power he would bring eons of tragedy to the Elves, that he and his line would be accursed to the last generation, that the gods would turn their faces from him and that Aenarion himself would surely die. The first Phoenix King made no response, merely climbed onto the back of Indraguir and flew off into the dreadful night.

Little is known of Aenarion's quest to the Blighted Isle. What is certain is that he made his way there, ignoring all warning from mortal and immortal alike. As he flew portents abounded. Daemons tried to turn him from his path. The Elf gods whispered warnings in his ear. A great storm blew up as he approached the island, as if the elements themselves were trying to drive him from his chosen path.

Indraguir was mighty even as dragons measure strength but even he was weary by the time he bore Aenarion to his destination. Aenarion walked the last few leagues over the haunted plains on foot. There it is said the ghost of his departed wife pleaded with him to proceed no further. Hardening his heart, Aenarion ignored her entreaties and wrenched the great blood-dripping blade from the altar, sealing his fate and that of his people.

Aenarion returned to the fray and carried everything before him. The power of the sword was so great that nothing could stand against him. It filled his enemies with terror and his own troops with unshakeable faith and unquenchable blood lust. The followers of Aenarion became ever more brutal, cruel and merciless, lost in a dream of endless slaughter. With each victory they became ever more heedless of their fate, they fought with no thought for their own lives, possessed by a desire to spill the blood of their enemies. All the Elf warriors became heedless of danger and most heedless of them all was Aenarion.

Old longings, deeply buried in the Elf soul began to stir, and a darkness of spirit descended on their armies. There were those who fought for the joy of fighting and those who slew for the sake of slaying. Aenarion carved himself out a new kingdom in northern Ulthuan, in the bleak land of Nagarythe, a place that mirrored his own dismal mood. Many of the most savage Elf warriors were drawn here.

To everyone's surprise, Aenarion took another wife, the strange, mysterious and beautiful seeress Morathi whom he had rescued from a band of Slaanesh worshippers. To them was born another child, Malekith, who was to become the most hated of Elves. The court of Aenarion was a wild place, full of desperate gaiety and feverish mirth. Many cruel sports were practised, such as hunting captured prisoners. Dark rumours abounded.

Others, sensing the growing evil in the land, withdrew. Caledor led his Dragon-riders south to his own land. He was dismayed by the change in his old friend and could see the darkness in his soul warring with the light. Aenarion decried the departure of the Dragon-riders as a betrayal and swore he would be avenged on their prince. Before he could take action new Chaos forces arrived in the Elf heartland.

The war reached its final stage, an unequal contest of might between the Elves and the innumerable legions of the four Powers. Touched by Asuryan and marked by Khaine, Aenarion was an all but invincible warrior, a child of darkness and light. His blade lent him power beyond mortal reckoning; the eternal flame gave him the strength to use it. In battle, Aenarion slew foes beyond reckoning. His loyal mount Indraguir was a match for any daemon. And yet there was only one Aenarion, and the number of his followers was finite.

During the long years of war, their numbers slowly dwindled till only the most savage, cunning and ruthless survived to carry the war to Chaos. It became obvious to all but Aenarion and his followers that the war was lost and the world was doomed.

Caledor decided that there was only one thing left he could do. Up to then he had respected his old friend's command abjuring him from creating the vortex. But now there was nothing left to lose. He called a convocation of the greatest High Elf Mages and they assembled on the Isle of the Dead to begin the great ritual. Somehow the minions of Chaos received word of the ritual and determined to stop it. All the forces of Chaos were brought to bear, and the mightiest sorcerers of the Chaos army set to work to breach the spell-walls around the island.

Aenarion was left with no choice. He assembled his forces and moved to defend the Isle of the Dead. At the centre of Ulthuan the two forces met. Dragons so numerous that their wings darkened the sky descended on the Chaos Host. On land and sea total war was fought between Elf and daemonic minion. The death agonies of monsters filled the sea with foam. Dead dragons plummeted earthward, killed by fatal spells. As the creation of the vortex began, the seas churned and a terrible wind blew from the north. The skies darkened and lightning bolts split the sky.

In the centre of the field Aenarion faced four greater daemons: a Lord of Change, a Great Unclean One, a Keeper of Secrets and a Bloodthirster. He barred their way to the shores of the island. Blood dripped from his sword, smoking when it touched the scorched earth. His burnished armour glinted in the light of the setting sun.

Flame leaked from the nostrils of his proud old dragon. For long moments the combatants glared at each other, their gazes burning with unimaginable hatred. The daemons spoke, calling Aenarion brother. Then with a roar the combatants closed.

Aenarion lashed out with the Sword of Khaine. He tore a great gash across the brow of the Keeper of Secrets. Indraguir breathed a sheet of searing flame at the howling daemons. They shrieked and gibbered as blazing air surrounded them. The Lord of Change cast a bolt of magical power. Aenarion deflected the pulsing energy with his shield but the power of the daemon's attack cast him from the saddle. Aenarion rose and smote the daemon mightily, cleaving its head in two and shearing its arm from its body.

The Bloodthirster cast itself forward at Indraguir and slowly wrestled the dragon down. The Great Unclean One vomited forth a stream of corruption. The foul liquid overwhelmed Aenarion. His head whirled and he felt giddy, virtually unable to stand upright for the foul vapours about him.

The High Elf sorcerers chanted the spell that would create the vortex. Chain lightning flickered. The world shuddered. For a moment all was calm, all was silence. Then the mountains shivered. Terrible energies pulsed between earth and sky. From the mountain tops bolts of pure power leaped to converge over the Island of the Dead. The clouds swirled and rushed inward, vanishing in on themselves like waves in a whirlpool. The air grew thick and clotted with magical power. All present found it hard to breathe. Their lungs tingled with magical energy. The ground was split and vast chunks of rock were carried into the sky by the rising tide of magic.

Atop one such floating island Aenarion continued to fight. The Keeper of Secrets cut at him with its great claw. Its terrible grasp could not cut Aenarion's armour but the pressure was too much for any mortal to bear. Aenarion's ribs snapped like twigs under the awesome stress. The pain would have killed a lesser being but Aenarion had passed through the fire of Asuryan and agony could not slow him. He reversed his grip on the blade and drove it through the daemon's chest. With a terrible scream the thing faded and vanished.

In Aenarion's hand the Sword of Khaine dripped smouldering blood and the daemonic blade took on a life of its own. It whispered terrible threats and promises into his mind. Having drunk the daemon's soul it filled Aenarion with new strength. The Phoenix King staggered towards the towering form of the Great Unclean One. It loomed over him chuckling with preternatural malice.

On the Isle of the Dead the Elf sorcerers died, one by one. The least powerful fell first, their brains burned and their flesh stripped to the bones by the corrosive power they had unleashed. Still they kept chanting, knowing that if they stopped now the spell would run out of control and all their work would be undone.

Aenarion drew his blade across the Nurgle thing's gut, slicing through the fleshy sac and unleashing a seemingly unending tide of foulness. A wave of corruption, pus, bile and writhing white maggots threatened to fill Aenarion's lungs. The thing's entrails writhed around him like the tentacles of a daemonic octopus.

Slowly, Aenarion was drawn down into the daemon's innards. Even as he hacked his way free more tentacles

looped around him and dragged him into the filth. He called to Indraguir for help. The old dragon turned its head and sent another blast of cauterising flame towards the daemon, searing its flesh. Protected by his enchanted armour Aenarion stood unscathed at the centre of the firestorm. The Bloodthirster took advantage of Indraguir's distraction to strike a mortal wound. Its mighty talons sliced through the dragon's scaly hide. Indraguir howled and lashed out at the Bloodthirster with renewed fury, using the last of his fading strength to keep the Blood God's follower at bay.

Barely able to remain upright, Aenarion staggered into the fray. The Bloodthirster lashed out and struck him a terrible blow, breaking the bones of his left arm so that his shield hung useless at his side. Another blow fractured his skull and almost buffeted him into unconsciousness. The Phoenix King refused to fall. He called on all his strength and brought the Sword of Khaine round in an enormous arc of death. The blow could have split a mountain. It carved the daemon in two.

On the Isle of the Dead the last surviving mages completed their chant. For a moment all was quiet. The mortally wounded Aenarion clambered into the saddle of his dying dragon and they took to the air on their last flight.

Buffeted by the raging winds Indraguir carried the dying Phoenix King high above the battlefield. Looking down he saw the final fearful act of that day. With a terrible flash that all but blinded the onlookers the island vanished, around it the storm of magical energy.

The ritual had been partially successful. The vortex had been created. The tide of magic ebbed and the daemons were suddenly left stranded and dying, like fish caught out of water. But the price was terrible. The High Elf sorcerers had succeeded in opening the vortex but were trapped within it, eternally keeping it open, eternally trapped in the last moments of their battle with Chaos.

After the silence came the thunder. Tidal waves rippled across the Inner Sea, great walls of water that sank ships and brought the trees on distant shores toppling down. Those who could fled. Those who could not died. It seemed as if all the magical power in the world was being trapped in the centre of the storm that would last three days.

Indraguir bore the dying Aenarion outward to the Blighted Isle. The receding tide of magic had reduced his power. The touch of Asuryan was no longer so strong in his mind, and the Sword of Khaine no longer provided him with near limitless strength. The great days of High Magic were over. As the power withdrew the madness lifted from Aenarion's mind. The first Phoenix King had time to think of the daemons' taunts. His conscience warred with the whispered promises of the semi-sentient sword. He knew that whoever found it could rule the new world.

Indraguir's strength failed just as they reached the Blighted Isle. As they made landfall on the Plain of Bones the old dragon reared, gave one last bellow of defiance, and toppled to the earth, dead. With the last of his strength Aenarion crawled to the altar and drove the blade back into its resting place, embedding it so deep that none could ever draw it forth again. Then, it is said, Aenarion lay down beside his steed and passed from that age of the world.

## II) THE EXPLORER

**Bel-Shanaar, 1 - 1669**

**(Imperial calendar -4419 to -2750)**

**A**fter the disappearance of Aenarion the lands of Ulthuan were thrown into confusion. The Everqueen was dead, the Phoenix King was lost, and Dragon Prince Caledor was imprisoned forever on the Isle of the Dead with the greatest and wisest of the High Mages. With the loss of their own leaders the armies of Chaos were in retreat and the Elves swiftly hunted them down and destroyed them. The land was at peace but the golden age was lost forever. The coming of Chaos had taught the Elves many bitter lessons. They vowed that never again would they be surprised by any foe.

The land was ravaged but there were now many strong realms in Ulthuan. Cities sprung into being round the old fortresses. Most of the old great Elf towns date from this period and it goes some way towards accounting for their remoteness. The princes of the realms decided that they needed someone to rally round and lead them in the event that war should come again. The First Council was called at the Shrine of Asuryan, a year to the day after Aenarion disappeared.

There it was revealed that the first born children of Aenarion still lived. Sensing impending doom, their mother had sent them to be hidden in the Gaeon vale. Lost on their way, they had been rescued from a Chaos attack by the Treeman Oakheart and his people. The Treeman had kept them safe in the deepest wildwoods while war raged. Yvraine was ready to be crowned the new Everqueen. In her the spirit of Astarielle would live on.

The obvious choice for the next Phoenix King was Malekith, Aenarion's son by Morathi. He had grown to be a mighty warrior, a great sorcerer and an excellent general. He was fair and a persuasive speaker with a natural talent for diplomacy and leadership. But there were those who remembered the cruel days of Aenarion's court in Nagarythe and they doubted that any child who grew up there could be entirely wholesome.

There were also those who remembered Caledor's words concerning the curse on the line of Aenarion, who thought it wise to remind others. Still others desired a marriage between the two thrones to symbolise the renewal of the Elf Kings and the unity between the old rulers and the new. It was pointed out that Malekith was hardly suitable for this.

Ever fair-spoken, 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 it was of no matter. He would willingly do homage to whoever was selected. The princes thought this handsomely said and took him 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 he calmed her and agreed that the selection was a good one. He was the first to bend his knee to the future Phoenix King.

Elf astrologers and geomancers studied the portents to divine the best time for the new king to begin his reign, and calculated the best time for him to pass through the flame. On the day of his coronation the Priests of Asuryan chanted the warding spells that enabled Bel Shanaar to

pass unscathed through the flame. The Phoenix Guard, survivors of those warriors who had witnessed the Ascension of Aenarion, waited beyond the flame to drape the newly woven feathered cloak of kingship round his shoulders. Malekith's voice was the first to be raised in acclamation.

So began the great days of exploration and building. In the initial centuries of Bel Shanaar's long reign the Elves busied themselves rebuilding their land and exploring the surrounding world. Elf ships raced across the seas and charted the coasts of the continents. Colonies were planted in Lustria, the New World and the Old World. Contact was established with the Dwarfs and a great era of trade and friendship began.



*High Elf Ship*

The people began to recover from the horrors of the long war with Chaos and for a while the population grew. Bel Shanaar, a seaman of wondrous skill, personally visited all the new colonies and even ventured to Karaz-a-Karak in the World's Edge Mountains to swear the Oath of Friendship with the Dwarf kings. Malekith became his personal ambassador here and thus were sown the seeds of tragedy.

In this age the Elves spread and multiplied. Wealth flowed back to Ulthuan and great were its riches. The cities were beautiful and adorned with all the fine things of the globe. And though the folk did not realise, slowly, softly and insidiously Chaos returned. It came back in a form against which there could be no defence. No army could turn it back from the borders, no weapon could be wielded against it. It came back in the form of the Cult of Slaanesh. As new found wealth arrived, the Elves became ever more indolent and luxury loving. Yet for a long time the Cult of Pleasure was respectable and none connected it with the hidden worship of Chaos.

Meanwhile Malekith had begun his many journeys and won renown. In the colonies he led successful armies against the Orcs and the remnants of Chaos. He ventured to the Blighted Isle in search of his father's armour. It is said that he stood transfixed before the Altar of Khaine, and even laid his hand on the hilt of the great weapon. To him it appeared as a sceptre, not as a sword, and perhaps he took this as a sign. Of his father and Indraguir he

found no trace. His expedition took him ever onward to the cold colonies of the northern New World. Here in the rubble of an abandoned pre-human city he found the Circlet of Iron, a talisman of awesome sorcerous power.

On his return he found an island in the grip of suspicion. The Cult of Pleasure was strongest in Nagarythe, his homeland and the site of his father's court. His mother the Lady Morathi had long been a devotee of the cult. Indeed, legend has it that she was one of its founding members and was its High Priestess. The Phoenix King was growing worried about the Cult of Luxury. Its excesses had already degenerated into the sacrifice of living beings and its Chaotic nature was increasingly evident. The dark name of Slaanesh was increasingly associated with it.

Malekith was apparently horrified by what he found in Nagarythe. He denounced the entire coven of Slaanesh worshippers, including his mother, and handed them over to the Phoenix King. This was the last straw for the people of Nagarythe. They felt themselves the most slighted of the folk of Ulthuan. They had taken the brunt of battle during the war against Chaos and yet they were reviled by their fellows. The princes had obviously refused to select their prince as Phoenix King although he was obviously the rightful heir to Aenarion. Now their Cult of Pleasure was being persecuted by the agents of the distant Phoenix King. The realm became ever more rebellious and unco-operative with the Phoenix Throne, and became a haven for the persecuted followers of the Cult of Pleasure. There was talk of enforcing the Phoenix King's edict against the cult by military force. Ulthuan teetered on the brink of civil war.

Once again Malekith stepped in. His loyalty to the king and his hatred for the cult was indisputable. He personally took charge of the war against the cult. A shroud of fear descended once more over Ulthuan. No-one knew whether their neighbour was a member of the proscribed sect. The agents of the Phoenix King could appear at any time and drag away the most reputable people. It seemed that the servants of Slaanesh were everywhere. Malekith himself remarked that there was no telling how high the corruption might reach. Meanwhile, in Nagarythe, the worship of the Cult of Pleasure became ever more corrupt, frenzied and perverse. There was little the Phoenix King could do but finally declare war against one of his own realms.

He called together his generals and summoned a Council of War at the Shrine of Asuryan. On the eve of the council the worst of horrors was revealed. Malekith claimed that the Phoenix King himself was a secret worshipper of Slaanesh. Rather than face the shame of interrogation, the Phoenix King took poison. Malekith moved swiftly to restore order.

Now Malekith had gone too far. No-one could seriously believe that the king had been a worshipper of the cult. Certainly not the assembled princes who had all known Bel Shanaar too long and too well. At long last the light of suspicion fell on Malekith, but it was too late. Malekith and his followers already had the Shrine of Asuryan in their possession, and Malekith possessed the crown that he had taken from the dead Phoenix King. The truth about him was revealed.

Malekith was mad. He coveted the throne and had done so for a long time. He had been prepared to sacrifice anyone and anything to his ambition. Now it was within his grasp. The princes and their bodyguards were trapped

within his grasp. He had a secret treaty with his kin in Nagarythe. An army of Slaanesh worshippers would be available to impose his will on the leaderless Elves.

Believing that all he had to do was crown himself and slay the princes, 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. His screams were so terrible that none who ever heard them forgot them till their dying day. Malekith was caught within the flames, his body terribly scarred and burned. Unable to pass through the flame, he managed to cast himself back onto the side of the platform he had entered from. His body was seared and blackened. Where once he had been beautiful now he was hideous; where once he had been mighty, now he was maimed. Where once he had been fair-spoken now his voice was horrible, forced out by ravaged lungs through a ruined throat. Believing their leader on the verge of death and the vengeance of Asuryan about to descend upon them, his discouraged followers took up their leader's body and fled the shrine, leaving the best and the noblest of the Elf princes dead within.

An age of tragedy and conflict was about to begin.

### III) THE CONQUEROR

#### Caledor 1 - 550 (Imperial calendar -2749 to -2199)

Once more the Elf realms were plunged into chaos. Malekith and his followers fled north to Nagarythe. Leaderless, the Elves did not pursue. Frantic consultations were held between the few 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 was to be Imrik, who upon his succession took the name Caledor the First. He was the grandson of the famous mage of that name and brother to the murdered prince of the realm of Caledor.

Although he lacked his grandsire's gift for magic, Caledor was a great warrior and general. At the time of the murders in the Shrine of Asuryan he was hunting in Chrace with his old friend Koradrel of Chrace. Caledor was famously brusque and curt. When the messenger arrived in his camp bringing news of his call to the throne, all Imrik said was "Why?", and upon being told of the murders, he commented "Bad, very bad", which was considered quite long-winded for him. The messenger asked him what was going to happen, he simply replied "War".

War was indeed what happened. It was just after this moment that one of the most famous events in Elf history took place. Malekith despatched a band of assassins to slay the new Phoenix King. They arrived just after the messenger from the shrine and jumped on Caledor by surprise. There were dozens of them and they would have overpowered the future king had not a band of Chracian hunters seen what was happening and intervened. These powerful mountain-dwelling Elves leapt among the Naggarothi assassins and chopped them down with their great axes, saving Caledor's life.

Afterwards, when told he had best wait for his bodyguard, Caledor replied that he could expect no better bodyguards than these hunters, and asked them to accompany him on

his quest to the shrine. The hunters accepted, and thus were founded the famous White Lions of Chrace, so called because they were garbed in the furs of the white lion.

Swiftly Caledor took ship for the shrine. With full and proper ceremony he walked through the sacred fire and was accepted as pure by the god Asuryan. He had no time for the ritual marriage with the Everqueen since the legions of Nagarythe had swept down from their grim realm, bearing the banner of Malekith before them. Caledor raised his own standard and called for all true Elves to join him in defence of the realm.

Civil war raged throughout Ulthuan. It was a period of great confusion and conflicting rumour. Brother fought brother. In the far realms and colonies no-one knew who the true king was. Some spoke for Caledor, some spoke for Malekith. Devotees of the cult of Slaanesh spread confusion everywhere.

In strength the two sides were equally matched. The Elves of Nagarythe were numerous and well-versed in sorcery, being descendants of those grim Elves who had followed Aenarion after he took up the Sword of Khaine. There were no fiercer warriors among Elvenkind. Monsters were plentiful in the still magic-rich mountains of Nagarythe and these were captured and tamed by the Naggarothi. Their mountainous homeland with its fortress valleys was a near impregnable base from which to sally forth. At first they were as organised and disciplined as their enemies were confused. However, the new Phoenix King could call on the mighty Dragon-riders of Caledor and the legions of the Phoenix Guard.

Many Elf communities in Tiranoc and Ellyrion fell to the followers of Malekith aided by traitors within their own gates. In Saphery, even then a realm famed for its sorcerers, Wizard Prince fought Wizard Prince. For there were many in that land who had taken their magical researches too far and into whose souls darkness entered. Slowly, as the followers of the Phoenix King gained the upper hand, these mighty mages fled to Nagarythe and lent their strength to Malekith.

Malekith himself recovered his strength and called his armourers to him. With the aid of the Sapherian wizards and Hotek, a renegade Priest of Vaul, he forged a great suit of black armour which would lend strength to his withered and fire-blasted body. To the brow of its great horned helm was welded the Circlet of Iron. On the day of its creation he had his armourers fuse the suit directly to his body. After passing through the fires of Asuryan even the infernal heat of their forges could not hurt him.

After that day those who looked upon Malekith shuddered, for he was a figure of dread. The armour was covered in vile and evil runes which drew their power directly from the Realm of Chaos and hurt and baffled the eyes of all those who looked upon them. On his shield was the rune of Slaanesh whose patronage he claimed from his mother's side. On his sword was the rune of Khaine, a reference to the blade wielded by his mighty sire Aenarion. Mounted on a fell steed, a dragon warped by the power of Chaos, he was ready to lead his armies to war. Ever afterwards, Malekith was to be known as the Witch King.

Fell he was and many were his victories but to no avail. Slowly and surely the truth of what had happened came out, and slowly and surely the Elves rallied to the side of Caledor. Time and again the new Phoenix King proved his cunning as a general. He sprang traps and ambushes on

the Witch King's forces. He crushed them on the open field of battle. The White Lions protected him from many assassination attempts and his personal retinue of Sapherian wizards countered all death-spells.

Finally at the field of Maledor at the very entrance to the passes of Nagarythe Caledor faced the Witch King himself in battle and defeated the mightiest of his armies, driving them into the marshes of Maledor. Malekith himself was forced to flee in a great black chariot drawn by cold ones. His dragon had taken a mortal wound as he and Caledor clashed on the battlefield.

After this the folk of Nagarythe became ever more desperate, relying more and more on the blackest of sorceries for their defence. They called daemons and allied with Chaos and so their evil was plain for all to see. Thus they came to be known as Dark Elves. But not all their black arts could save them now that the full strength of Ulthuan was brought to bear.

The Witch King decided on a final gamble. He gathered all the renegade magicians together and revealed a plan as mad as it was bold. They were going to undo the spells that held together the vortex and bring back Chaos to the world. The daemonic legions would march once more to the aid of their new allies. The Witch King and his fellows would draw on the power of Chaos and become like unto gods. So far lost to sanity were many of the Dark Elves that they readily agreed. One though, Urathion of Ullar, saw it for the world-destroying madness that it was. In the middle of the night he slipped away from the Witch King's palace and brought word the Phoenix King. He was slain by a poisoned crossbow bolt fired by a Dark Elf assassin after bringing word to the Dark Elves' enemy.



*Dark Elf Warrior*

So began a last deadly conflict. The Witch King and his councillors began a terrible ritual that would unbind the vortex. The High Mages of the Elves attempted to stop them, but such was the power of the Witch King's magic that he slowly and inexorably gained the upper hand. The mountains shook and the earth trembled. Once more an eerie glitter sprang up over the mountains and clouds of magical energies surged from the erupting peaks into the sky. 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 as the sky shimmered with weird many-coloured lights, the Witch King and his followers began their final push. The daemons of Chaos came to their aid, and the last spells of the defenders went down. In the sky the triumphant laughter of dark gods was heard. Then, as the Witch King's dark magic touched the Island 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.

The colossal power of those energies lashed Nagarythe. Many of the Witch King's coven fell stone dead. The land bucked and heaved like a terrified horse and a storm of baleful magic raced over the land. Nothing could withstand the terrible forces unleashed. The earth itself buckled under the titanic stress, and across the island continent earthquakes cast down the cities and levelled the mountains.

A wall of water a thousand feet high smashed down on Nagarythe. The sea rushed in to cover all of Nagarythe and most of Tiranoc besides. Tens of thousands were slain, drowned by waves, buried by earthquakes, struck by magical lightning. The shock of the sinking was felt as far away as the World's Edge Mountains and is recorded in the chronicles of the Dwarf kings.

The power of the Witch King was reduced but not broken. In those last hours as the seas rushed in to devour the land the mightiest of the sorcerer lords of Nagarythe cast dark and terrible spells upon their keeps. As the waves crashed round the hilltops the wizards' palaces broke free and floated on the surface of the waves. Large as icebergs they drifted off to the north carrying the remaining followers of the Witch King. Thus were created the infamous Black Arks of Naggaroth.

The cataclysm destroyed much of what had been built up during the long reign of Bel-Shanaar and left the Elves temporarily too weak to pursue their dark kinsfolk. The Black Arks made landfall in the bleak north of the New World, near where Malekith had found the Circlet of Iron. Their towers became the cores of new cities. A few Black Arks were left to patrol the stormy northern seas. There they drew the sea monsters cast up from the ocean bottom by the sinking of the land into the service of their evil master. The Dark Elves named their new land Naggaroth after their old homeland.

After a century there began a long period of sea warfare and skirmishing over the north of Ulthuan. The Dark Elves sought to reclaim what was left of their old lands and the High Elves sought to prevent them. Neither side had the strength to gain the mastery and the Blighted Isle where the Sword of Khaine still rested changed hands several times. It was during this period that Caledor oversaw the

building of the fortresses at Griffon Gate, Phoenix Gate, Eagle Gate, Dragon Gate and Unicorn Gate. He 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 and for a moment the Blade called to him. He stood there for a time, head bowed and in the end, simply said no.

On the way home Caledor's ship was separated from the rest of the High Elf fleet by a freak storm. It was attacked by Dark Elf reavers, who set the ship alight. Rather than fall into the hands of the Witch King's servants he jumped into the sea in full armour. Thus passed Caledor the Conqueror. It was a bad end for a great king.

## IV) THE WARRIOR

**Caledor the second 1 - 598**  
(Imperial calendar -2198 to -1600)

**T**he loss of Caledor the first was a grievous blow to the Elves. The old warrior had steered the realm of Ulthuan through its greatest crisis and held the kingdom together when it could have easily splintered and been conquered. He had prosecuted a war against the Dark Elves. He had left the next Phoenix King with a strong army, a secure line of fortresses in the north and the most powerful navy in the world. Tragically, it was all for naught.

The Council of Princes met at the Shrine of Asuryan. Remembering the events of the fatal Second Council the strength of Phoenix Guard was doubled, and they were sworn to silence lest word of the princes' deliberations fall into the hands of spies. Seeking continuity, they chose Caledor's son, who was to become the Phoenix King Caledor the Second and taught the Elf princes the folly of hereditary kingship.

Where his father had been wise, Caledor was foolish. Where the father had been a great general, the son was rash and impetuous. Caledor II was vain, pompous, overweening and bombastic. He shared only one of his father's gifts: he was a mighty warrior. But to an Elf people desperate for stability, shocked to the very core by their sundering with their kin of Naggaroth, he promised a familiar hand at the tiller.

His reign began well. The Elf fleets cleared the northern seas of their Naggarothi kinsfolk. Trade routes lost during the Sundering were re-opened. The Elves once more made contact with the Dwarfs. Karaz Angkor was then at the zenith of its power. This was the great age of Dwarf civilisation. Their runesmiths had codified all the many magical runes. Their alchemists were experimenting with gunpowder, their engineers had grasped the basic principles of steam propulsion.

Dwarf-forged steel was the finest in the world, and their intricate clockwork toys were the delight of Elf children. Through the World's Edge Mountains great fortified underground roads linked their underground cities.

Rumours of the civil war had reached the Dwarfs but 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. Save for a few naval battles, the war had never reached the Old World. Secure in their mountain fortresses, the Dwarfs didn't give it a second thought. Such confidence was to be their undoing, and that of the Elves.

The Witch King of Naggaroth hatched a new plot. As the Elves returned to the Old World in strength, trade between the two realms grew once more. 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 Elf reavers, garbed as warriors of Ulthuan, fell upon the Dwarf caravans, seizing their goods. Naturally, suspicion fell upon the High Elves.

King Gotrek demanded recompense from the Elves. When word of this demand reached the Phoenix King his reply was immediate and undiplomatic. He sent a message saying that the Phoenix King did not answer demands but granted pleas. Dwarfs are a touchy, proud race and to suggest to a Dwarf King that he should beg for anything was almost as bad as suggesting he shave off his beard. King Gotrek sent a blunt reply to Caledor saying he made pleas to neither Elf nor god and demanded twice the recompense originally asked because of the implied insult. Caledor sent his ambassador back with his beard shaved off and said if Gotrek wanted compensation he should come to Ulthuan and collect it. While all this was going on agents of Naggaroth were abroad throughout the Old World stirring up trouble. Now it was a matter of honour. There could now be only one outcome: war.

Dwarf armies marched down on the trading city of Tor Alessi (present day L'Anguille in Bretonnia) and laid siege to it. Gotrek swore an oath that he would have his money or its wergeld price in Elf blood or he would shave his head. It was a mighty oath. His ambassador had already become a Trollslayer 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 Caledor was outraged. He instantly dispatched an expedition to relieve Tor Alessi. It was a mighty fleet and a great army. As they watched the towering ships sail forth his advisors were dismayed because they feared that the despatch of such a force would leave Ulthuan almost defenceless. Caledor flew into a towering rage and dismissed their fears as groundless.

In the Old World the war dragged on. Neither side was strong enough to overcome the other. The fortress cities of the Dwarfs were virtually impregnable. The dour, stalwart Dwarf troops were quite unlike any the Elves had faced before. They simply refused to give up or admit defeat, even when hopelessly outnumbered. This was not the berserker bravery of the Chaos Hordes; this incredible tenacity was allied to tactical cunning and consummate military skill. 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 mailed knights and disciplined infantry was not what they had expected. Still, in true Dwarf fashion, they were not about to admit to a mistake.

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 Dwarfs chopped down entire virgin forests to spite the Elves. 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 personally. It was his last great mistake. At the fourteenth siege of Tor Alessi he charged right into the heart of the Dwarf infantry and was cut down by King Gotrek who snatched the Phoenix crown from his corpse and took it in payment for the Elves' insolence.



*Dwarf Warrior*

The Dwarfs retreated from the field claiming that honour was satisfied and refused to answer any Elf petitions for the return of the crown. Gotrek claimed that if they wished they could come to Karaz-a-Karak with an army and plead for its return. The first Phoenix crown remains in the great vault of the Everpeak to the present day, a source of festering hatred and recrimination between the two peoples. The Dwarfs refer to the Elves as oathbreakers and beardclippers, while the Elves call the Dwarfs thieves. It was a petty, spiteful and pointless war and worse was yet 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 had come to fruition.

## V) THE PEACEMAKER

**Caradryel 1 - 603 (Imperial calendar -1599 to -997)**

Once again, the Elves found themselves in the middle of a war without a Phoenix King. The fleets of the Witch King seized the Blighted Isle and retook most of the Shadowlands. Several Black Arks 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.

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. He made the hard decision to abandon the Old World. 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. He abandoned pride, 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 replied that he would rather lose the crown than the realm and continued with his policy.

Additionally there were protests from the Elf colonies in the Old World who saw the departure of the armies as a betrayal. Those with kin in Ulthuan raised a great protest. Caradryel told them that if the Elves in the Old World required the protection of the armies of Ulthuan then they should return to the island continent. Many Elves did return but others, such as those in Athel Loren, refused to abandon their adopted homeland and stayed on in the Old World. There they took a different path from the High Elves and wandered far from the mainstream of Elf culture, declaring themselves independent of the Phoenix Throne.

Caradryel shrugged. He had more important things to do than start another civil war.

Recognising his own inadequacy as a general, he appointed a succession of brilliant field commanders to lead the High Elf armies. They scored many victories in the field. 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.

Caradryel continued to oversee the long retreat from the Old World. He strengthened the forces holding the gateway fortresses and 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. More and more Dark Elves flowed in from Naggaroth. These were met by the disciplined, well-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 achieved another distinction – he was the first Phoenix King to die peacefully in bed.

## VI) THE SLAYER

**Tethlis 1 - 304 (Imperial calendar -996 to -692)**

**T**he Fifth Council chose Tethlis of Caledor, the hero of Griffon Gate, to be the new Phoenix King. Tethlis was another warlike ruler. He 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 through this plan with single-minded ruthlessness and determination.

Tethlis's 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. The Dark Elves never had a more implacable enemy. He fought not for honour or glory but to put an end to the threat of Naggaroth for all time. If the Witch King had started this long war, Tethlis was determined to finish it, 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. Many 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 the raw power and savage strength of the great beasts.

The first years of Tethlis's 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 rased. 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. Thousands of ships bore tens of 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. Thousands of High Elves were cut down by crossbow fire as they waded ashore. Ship-mounted bolt throwers returned fire and sent clouds of arrows arcing into the assembled Naggarothi. The seas turned red with blood. Overcome with hatred, the Dark Elves charged into the water and a great melee broke out. Both sides fought with abandon, crimson water swirling round their knees. There was no place for skill. Warriors simply hacked at each other. The wounded were trampled and drowned in the shallow waves. Inch by bloody inch the High Elves fought their way onto the beach.

From the cliffs above the Dark Elves rained down a hail of fire. With his customary ruthlessness Tethlis had planned for this. While the Dark Elves fought on the beaches another force of High Elves had landed miles away. Silver Helm cavalry swiftly raced along the coast and came upon the Dark Elves on the cliffs. In the terrible battle that followed many Dark Elves were driven howling with hatred and fear off the cliff tops. Their bodies were broken on the rocks below.

The Elves now had a secure foothold to bring the rest of their army ashore. Swiftly they overran the island, driving their dark kinsfolk into the sea. The carnage was ghastly. Tens of thousands of Dark Elves were butchered until even the hardest Elf captains' stomachs were sickened. They feared that their troops might acquire a taste for such butchery and become no better than those they fought against.

Many of the captains spoke against continuing on to Naggaroth, saying that they had achieved their goal, and that the loss of life was too great to continue. Tethlis insisted that they push on but first, drawn by some

irresistible influence, he must make a pilgrimage to the Altar of Khaine.

On the Plain of Bones, the great skeleton-covered wasteland around the Altar of Khaine, Tethlis saw something glitter. Strangely drawn to the light he unearthed the dragon armour of Aenarion. Of the skeleton of Aenarion or Indraguir there was nothing 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 next. 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 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.

## VII) THE SCHOLAR-KING

**Bel-Korhadris 1 - 1189**  
(Imperial calendar -690 to +498)

**W**ith their people weary of war, the Elves of the Sixth Council selected Bel-Korhadris of Saphery to be the next Phoenix King. Bel-Korhadris had the second longest reign of any Phoenix King. He 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.

Thus began the great age of Elf scholarship. During his long reign the White Tower of Hoeth was constructed on a spot deemed auspicious by geomancers. For a thousand years the Elves raised this vast sky-reaching structure. Only the power of magic enabled the Elves to construct such a high tower. Craftsmen laboured for nearly a millennia on intricate carvings. Scholars gathered wisdom and knowledge from the four corners of the world. Mages inscribed grimoires of the most potent spells to be enshrined in its libraries. The tower was woven round with spells of illusion and warding to protect this treasured knowledge.

The Scholar-King founded the order of Loremasters at Hoeth. Every discipline from warfare to sorcery to alchemy and astromancy was studied here. It was during this time that the Sword Masters of Hoeth gathered to study the art of swordsmanship and protect the tower. From these studious soldiers emerged the continent-wandering order of master warriors who gather information and perform the errands of the Chief Loremaster.

Many famed scholars and sorcerers gathered at Hoeth and such an exchange of knowledge occurred as has not been seen before or since. In the shadow of the needle-pointed spire thousands of the wisest philosophers debated about 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.

This period was notable also for being a time of near unbroken peace. The Dark Elves of Naggaroth had been so weakened by Tethlis's onslaught that they were afraid to harry the realm. Bel-Korhadris ruled wisely and well and was loved by all. The Elves remember this as the start of a second golden age.

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 searching scholars.

## VIII) THE POET

**Aethis 1 - 622 (Imperial calendar 498 to 1120)**

**B**el-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 were content to be left alone. During the early centuries of Aethis's rule news of the founding of a new human empire reached Ulthuan but seemed no cause for concern. Nothing threatened the High Elves.

Aethis was a noted poet and singer. He gathered all the great artists of Ulthuan to his court in Saphery. Poets, dramatists, painters, sculptors, writers of histories and masques all found a place in his vast 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 sculptors' 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 Lothorn 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.

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. Factions sprang up at court and intrigue, always a dangerous pastime among the Elves, became a way of life for many. Strangely enough this was also the period when the 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.

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 Sword Masters of Hoeth began to investigate the cult and report their findings 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's heart, and so the eighth Phoenix King was slain by a trusted friend.

## IX) THE IMPETUOUS

### Morvael 1 - 381 (Imperial calendar 1121 to 1502)

**T**he 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 he had little real experience of statecraft of 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 back to 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 almost overhaul them in military might.

During the quiet years the servants of the Witch King had scoured the world in search of hardy and warlike slaves. Now they could draw on great levies of drug-enthralled human warriors and other even more sinister creatures.

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 drove south and were stopped only after desperate fighting round the Griffon Gate.

A new period of warfare erupted. Morvael, having learned some lessons from earlier defeats, appointed Mentheus of Caledor as field commander. Desperate for soldiers he 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. It was a system of recruitment that was to enable the depleted population of Ulthuan to field mighty armies of citizen-soldiers well beyond what the declining population would suggest was possible.

Morvael was a sensitive 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 mighty fleet capable of carrying the war to the northern seas and stopping the flow of reinforcements from Naggaroth. He was forced to use the Sword Masters of Hoeth and other agents to seek out the devotees of the Cult of Pleasure and it was his unpleasant task to sign many death warrants. Many long nights he would brood in his tower, and soon he was turned stoop-shouldered and prematurely old by his duties.

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 the Dawn was built to refit the fleets and protect the trade routes to Cathay. At the tip of Lustria the Citadel of the Sunset 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. Some say these 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 of the army's casualties.

On the final day when Anlec fell Mentheus was killed as he led the assault. His great dragon Nightfang went berserk and slaughtered many Dark Elves and their slave troops. Weary unto death, listless and depressed, Morvael abdicated by walking into the sacred flame of Asuryan. No mortal frame could endure this twice. Morvael died the very morning after his armies achieved victory.

## X) THE SAGE

### Bel Hathor 1 - 660 (Imperial calendar 1503 to 2162)

**A**fter the victory at Anlec the Elves were forced to choose a new King. Mentheus of Caledor, the obvious choice, was dead. At court, many factions manoeuvred to have their candidate chosen. Some wanted to press on with the war and argued for Mentheus's son, Altheus. Others felt that too many lives had already been lost and wanted a Phoenix King who was more peacefully inclined. They sought the selection of Kregan of Yvresse. The Ninth Council ended in deadlock so a compromise had to be reached. Eventually 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 and wise. He refused all attempts to force him to order an invasion of Naggaroth. He knew that although Ulthuan could probably win a war in the bleak northern lands, the cost would be so high that the Elf realms would never recover. The numbers of Elves had so declined in later years that many of the cities were half empty and many of the lands abandoned. He was not prepared to gamble with the future of the Elf race.

Soon his attention was focused elsewhere. In the old world the race of Man had risen from savagery to being the dominant civilisation in two short millennia. Two mighty realms dominated the northern portion of the Old World. The Empire, a loose alliance of city-states and provinces owing allegiance to its Emperor, and the kingdom of Bretonnia. Beyond the Old World was the northern realm of Norsca, home of the ferocious Norse raiders.

Norse longships had long troubled the coast of Ulthuan, slipping through the net of Elf warships. Bel-Hathor called a convocation of all the realm's 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, the great naval powers of the Old World, the Empire and Bretonnia also sent ships west over the ocean, seeking Ulthuan and the legendary golden cities of Lustria. The men of the Old World were 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 Ulthuan. He did however agree to let Finubar, Prince of Eataine return to the Old World with them to study the new rulers of the Old World.

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 Old World. He was at once impressed and appalled with what he saw. The human realms were vast, teeming and populous. Men showed vast ingenuity in works of engineering and scholarship. Finubar had expected mud huts and primitive savages. Instead he found mighty walled cities and disciplined armies, capable of subjugating 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 the elder races. In addition he was fascinated by their 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 at once 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 seemed rustic and backward and yet they were friendlier and easier for him to understand than the humans.

When Finubar returned to Ulthuan he was hailed as a great hero. He swiftly took his news to King Bel-Hathor. The Phoenix King listened to Finubar's conclusions and reversed his earlier edict. At Finubar's request the city of Lothorn was opened to human merchants and Elf pilots were provided to guide the trading fleets through the approaches to Ulthuan.

Thus began a second period of explosive growth in Lothorn. Prince 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. Bel-Hathor died peacefully. Finubar was his chosen successor.

## XI) THE SEAFARER

### Finubar (Imperial calendar 2163 to ?)

**F**inubar of Lothorn seemed the prince best suited to understanding this new age. By temperament and experience he was equipped to deal with the race of Men, and as a native of Lothorn he had grown up with an understanding of the worth of trade and a tolerant cosmopolitan outlook on the world. He inaugurated a new policy of trade and exploration. Elf clippers sailed as far as Nippon and Cathay in search of goods. Untold riches flowed through Lothorn.

Finubar's reign was marred only by the great Chaos Incursion when it looked as if the Dark Powers had returned once more to claim the world. A massive Dark Elf invasion swept out of Naggaroth and the Witch King himself returned to Ulthuan. For a time it seemed as if the Everqueen of Avelorn was lost and the realm with her. Then two mighty heroes, the twin brothers Tyrion and Teclis, arose to succour the realm and repel the invasion. Since then the world has grown darker. Norse raids have become ever more numerous. A horde of Goblins under Grom the Paunch pillaged eastern Ulthuan. Dark Elf raiders have committed 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 is a time that holds both the promise of renewal and the threat of destruction. Their old enemies have become stronger and they have become weaker. Although few humans would guess it, Ulthuan is a power in decline. It can still muster the mightiest fleet in the Known World and its armies are rightly feared by its foes and yet the realm is but a shadow of its former self. Many on Ulthuan feel the great days of the Elves are passed.

Yet every year bring new opportunities to win glory and fight against evil. There are still mighty Elf heroes. The dragons, though few, are turning restless in their long sleep. In the north the Witch King stirs once more and the Sword of Khaine haunts the dreams of warriors. The Elves still have a great part to play before the final act of their long drama is played out.

# THE BOOK OF DAYS

## (Abridged version)

### THE GOLDEN TIME

These years are not dealt with in the chronicle of the Phoenix Kings. During this time the Everqueen ruled Ulthuan from Avelorn and many realms were founded by adventurers departing from that primeval land. The time ends with the coming of Chaos and the time of violence that then ensued.

#### I. AENARION THE DEFENDER

(Imperial Calendar -4500 to -4920)

- 1 Aenarion passes through the sacred flame and then defends the Shrine of Asuryan against the Chaos Horde of Morkar.
- 2 Aenarion arrives in Caledor and is recognised as the chosen of Asuryan by Caledor Dragontamer. The great dragon Indraguir becomes Aenarion's steed. They fly to Vault's Anvil where the dragon armour of Aenarion is forged along with many weapons that will eventually become heirlooms of the great Elf noble families. Technically, the rank of Prince in present day Ulthuan belongs to anyone who can show possession of one of these ancient weapons.
- 3 The war against Chaos begins in earnest as the Elf Dragonriders descend from Caledor and take the fight to the enemy.
- 21 The forces of Chaos are driven back for a time and a fragile peace descends on Ulthuan. Aenarion marries the Everqueen Astarielle and two children, Yvraine and Morelion, are born to them.
- 30 The forces of Chaos attack Avelorn. The Everqueen is slain and her children believed lost. In fact they are in the care of the Treeman Oakheart. Wracked with grief, Aenarion flies to the Blighted Isle and draws the Sword of Khaine. Armed with this terrible weapon he is all but invincible for a time.
- 39 Aenarion rescues the witch Morathi from a Slaaneshi warband. They make court in Nagarythe.
- 40 Caledor Dragontamer concludes that the only way to stop Chaos is to drain the winds of magic from the world. He starts repairing and expanding the ancient network of standing stones which has stood upon Ulthuan since the dawn of time.
- 42 Morathi bears Aenarion a child, Malekith, the future Witch King of Naggaroth.
- 79 The Battle of the Isle of the Dead. At this epic battle Caledor Dragontamer creates the magical Vortex. Aenarion suffers a mortal wound and as his last act flies to the Blighted Isle and drives the Sword of Khaine back into the altar. Aenarion's body is never found.

### II. BEL SHANAAR THE NAVIGATOR

(Imperial Calendar -4419 to -2750)

- 1 The coronation of Bel Shanaar marks the end of the war with Chaos and the start of the great period of rebuilding that sees the rise of Tiranoc to pre-eminence among the Elf realms.
- 255 The foundation of the first colonies in the New World, on the east coast. Malekith defeats the Orc warlord Gritok Redfang and saves the city of Athel Toralien.
- 300 The Elves land in the Old World. Malekith befriends the Dwarf King Snorri Whitebeard and together the armies of Dwarfs and Elves begin to drive the remnants of Chaos from the lands. As the colonies prosper wealth begins to flow back to Ulthuan.
- 1000 The Cult of Pleasure begins its slow spread through Nagarythe and across all Ulthuan.
- 1580 Bel Shanaar himself visits the newly founded Dwarf city of Karaz-a-Karak and signs the pledge of eternal friendship between Dwarfs and the Elves. Malekith stays on as ambassador and remains on friendly terms with the Dwarf kings.
- 1630 Malekith begins his great period of wandering around the world in search of magical artefacts of elder times.
- 1644 In the northern wasteland Malekith finds the Circlet of Iron in the ancient ruined city of Vorshgar.
- 1645 Malekith returns to Ulthuan and denounces his own mother as a Slaanesh worshipper. The Cult of Pleasure is revealed as being secretly given over to the worship of Slaanesh.
- 1668 The massacre at the Shrine of Asuryan. Bel Shanaar assassinated. Malekith is burned by the sacred flame and horribly mutilated. Later that year his assassins try to kill the future Phoenix King Caledor I who is rescued by a band of Chracian hunters, the ancestors of the White Lions.

### III. CALEDOR THE CONQUEROR

(Imperial Calendar -2749 to -2199)

- 1 Coronation of Caledor. Malekith flees to Nagarythe. Civil war erupts across all Ulthuan. Brother turns against brother as the devotees of the Cult of Pleasure stir up trouble in every city and town.
- 10 The renegade wizard princes flee Saphery and join Malekith. Hotek, a heretic priest of Vault, steals the sacred hammer from Vault's Anvil and makes his way to Nagarythe.
- 13 Malekith is sealed within his great black armour and is hailed as the Witch King. The intensity of the war increases.

- 25 Caledor defeats the Witch King at the Battle of Maledor. The Witch King flees and decides to implement his master plan.
- 26 The Sundering. As a result of the Witch King's interference with the Vortex much of northern Ulthuan is sunk. The renegade wizards raise the Black Arks and depart to the cold north to found the Dark Elf kingdom of Naggaroth. There is little the High Elves can do to stop them at this point. Tiranoc is lost beneath the waves and the cataclysmic unleashing of energies devastates the land. The Elves begin to rebuild their shattered land. Contact is lost with the Old World colonies.
- 119 A Dark Elf expedition return to Ulthuan and hostilities resume. Caledor reorganises the High Elf army for defence and begins the building of the Gateway fortresses in the northern passes.
- 150 Griffon Gate, the Unconquered Fortress, is finally completed. It is the first of a series of massive strongholds that will eventually guard the approaches to the Inner Lands. The war rages on unabated as the Dark Elves seek to gain access to the Inner Lands and conquer the Holy Shrines. The High Elves resist them.
- 324 The dragon ship Indraguair, armed with the magically forged Starblade ram, sinks the Palace of Joyous Oblivion near the Blighted Isle. This is the first time a Black Ark has ever been sunk and marks the beginning of the High Elves' naval ascendancy over their dark kindred.
- 530 The Elves finally succeed in driving the last Dark Elves from northern Ulthuan and begin to sweep the northern seas clear of their ships.
- 532 Caledor orders the first of the ill-starred expeditions to the Blighted Isle.
- 549 The High Elves take the Blighted Isle. Caledor does not draw the Sword of Khaine even though it would give him the power to defeat the Witch King. On his way home a great tempest separates his flagship Indraguair from the rest of the fleet. Sails torn, driven to the very coast of Naggaroth, the ship is overwhelmed by Dark Elf reavers. Caledor throws himself into the sea rather than be captured.

#### IV. CALEDOR II

(Imperial Calendar -2198 to -1600)

- 1 An uneasy peace settles over Ulthuan. The survivors from Tiranoc and what was once Nagarythe start rebuilding their lands. The remaining Elves of Nagarythe, which has become known as the Shadowlands, take up a wandering, nomadic life shunning the trappings of civilisation.
- 10 Contact is re-established with Dwarfs. Trade begins again.
- 193 Dark Elf raids begin against Dwarf trading caravans.
- 198 Dwarf protests are ignored by Caledor II. Increasing acrimony enters relations between the two races.
- 201 The War of the Beard begins. This will eventually exhaust the strength of both empires and lead to ages of bitter feuding. There are many periods of peace where both sides claimed victory.

- 224 Caledor II personally kills Snorri Halfhand, King Gotrek's son, before returning to Ulthuan in time for the hunting season.
- 230 Morgrim, Snorri's cousin, kills Caledor's brother Imladrik.
- 250 The Dwarfs destroy the Elf colony of Athel Maraya.
- 596 Caledor II comes to the Old World to supervise the defeat of the Dwarf kings.
- 597 Caledor II killed by Gotrek Starbreaker. The Phoenix Crown is lost. Announcing their victory the Dwarfs retreat to the mountains and refuse to fight any more. As the Elf host is assembled for a suicidal attack on Karaz-a-Karak news reaches them that the Witch King has once again invaded Ulthuan.

#### V. CARADRYEL THE PEACEMAKER

(Imperial Calendar -1599 to -997)

- 1 The Black Arks Citadel of Ecstatic Damnation and Jade Palace of Pain are beached to become the core of the fortress of Anlec in the Shadowlands. This will provide the Dark Elves with a base from which to launch many massive attacks.
- 10 Caradryel orders the recall of the Elf armies from the Old World to combat this new threat. Demoralised by the long war against the Dwarfs, the Elves are in no position to deal with the resurgent Naggarothi.
- 98 The last Elf army departs from the Old World, leaving behind a few hardy colonists who refused to go. What will become the Wood Elf realm of Athel Loren is founded.
- 102 Caradryel introduces the system of rotating units to the Gateway fortresses so that the garrisons are always at full strength. Intermittent war rages across Ulthuan once more as the Dark Elves consolidate their hold on the northern lands.
- 602 Caradryel dies peacefully.

#### VI. TETHLIS THE SLAYER

(Imperial Calendar -996 to -692)

- 3 The first dragons begin their long sleep.
- 5 Formal military training for Elf regiments begins.
- 10 Tethlis launches the Scouring, a great drive north that will culminate in the slaying of every Dark Elf in Ulthuan.
- 50 Naggarothi counter-offensive reaches Griffon Gate and is caught in a carefully prepared trap.
- 74 The Battle of Grey Canyon. A massive army of Dark Elves is caught by surprise and destroyed while camped in a hidden valley in the Shadowlands.
- 264 In a last ditch attempt to win the war the Witch King launches a desperate winter offensive across the Shadowlands. Protected by spells against the cold his army advances. They take several Elf fortresses and precipitate the most bitter fighting ever seen between the Elves including the infamous Siege of Tor Lehan. After this battle there were no survivors on either side.

- 300 Anlec is destroyed. No stone is unscoured. The Altar of Khaine is toppled into the sea.
- 303 A great armada sails for the Blighted Isle and Naggaroth. The Battle of the Waves is fought on the Blighted Isle. Tethlis dies afterwards under mysterious circumstances. The armada turns back.

## VII. BEL-KORHADRI THE SCHOLAR KING

(Imperial Calendar -690 to +498)

- 11 The foundations of the White Tower of Hoeth are laid down and the longest period of continual peace in Elf history begins.
- 400 The first Loremasters assemble round the half-complete tower. An entire town of mages and scholars springs up within its walls.
- 1187 The White Tower is complete. The Order of Sword Masters is inception.

## VIII. AETHIS THE POET

(Imperial Calendar +498 to 1120)

- 107 The great statue at Griffon Gate is completed. Its fearsome appearance strikes terror into the hearts of the Elves' enemies, but it is also a memorial to the countless Elf warriors who have died defending it.
- 200 Representatives of the Phoenix King arrive in Cathay. They return laden with silk, jade and spices. Trade between east and west begins to flourish.
- 203 Explosive growth of the seaport of Lothorn begins. The Cult of Pleasure makes a secretive reappearance. The Sword Masters of Hoeth begin their long secret war against the Cult.
- 255 Dark Elf slave-ships begin roaming the globe and bring entire tribes to Naggaroth in chains.
- 621 Aethis is assassinated by his own chancellor, a secret follower of Slaanesh.

## IX. MORVAEL THE IMPETUOUS

(Imperial Calendar +1121 to 1502)

- 2 The High Elf punitive expedition to Naggaroth is massacred by the Dark Elves, aided by a screaming horde of drugged slave warriors.
- 10 The Dark Elves rebuild the citadel of Anlec in the Shadowlands.
- 12 The Griffon Gate is besieged. Morvael appoints Mentheus of Caledor as his general and introduces the levy system of mandatory universal military service that will eventually produce the great citizen-soldier armies of Ulthuan.
- 20 The siege of Griffon Gate drags on. The great keep is completely encircled by triple rings of ditches and war machines.
- 25 Siege of Griffon Gate finally lifted by Mentheus leading an army mainly composed of spearmen and archers from Cothique and Chrace.

- 82 The Fortress of the Dawn is built at the southern tip of the Dark continent.
- 97 The Citadel of Sunset is built at the southern tip of Lustria.
- 380 Mentheus is slain assaulting Anlec. His dragon, Nightfang, goes berserk and routs the Dark Elves. Wracked with grief Morvael re-enters the sacred flame, committing ritual suicide.

## X. BEL-HATHOR THE SAGE

(Imperial Calendar +1503 to 2162)

- 200 Norse raids begin. Magnus the Mad arrives to besiege Lothorn with 200 men. Confronted by the 10,000 strong Sea Guard of Lothorn he orders his men to charge...
- 400 Facing ever increasing numbers of Norse raids the Mages of Saphery draw a shroud of mists over the eastern sea approaches to Ulthuan. Bel-Hathor issues his interdict forbidding humans to set foot on Ulthuan.
- 498 Finubar departs for the Old World, landing at the Bretonnian port of L'Anguille. He travels extensively over the Old World, opening relations with the Empire, Bretonnia and even the Dwarfs.
- 530 Finubar reaches Athel Loren and rediscovers the Wood Elves.
- 548 Finubar returns to Lothorn and persuades Bel-Hathor to raise the Interdict. Trade starts to flow into Ulthuan as never before.

## XI. FINUBAR THE SEAFARER

(Imperial Calendar +2163 to present)

- 138 The Great Chaos Incurison. Dark Elves invade Ulthuan with many Chaos allies. The Everqueen is saved by Tyrion. Teclis forges his sword and departs the White Tower. The Witch King is defeated at the Battle of Finuval Plain. Teclis leaves with Finreir and Yrtle to join Magnus the Pious in the fight against Chaos in the Old World.
- 140 The Dark Elves are driven out of Ulthuan after two years of relentless warfare.
- 141 Teclis founds the Colleges of Magic in Altdorf.
- 163 Teclis returns to Ulthuan and takes up the position of High Loremaster in the Tower of Hoeth.
- 260 Eltharion, son of Moranion, leads a highly successful raid against Naggarond itself. It is the first time High Elves have entered Naggarond and returned alive.
- 262 Grom the Paunch, a notorious Goblin king, sails from the Old World at the head of a mighty Goblin war host. Landing in Yvresse, the horde ravage eastern Ulthuan before being defeated by an Elf army led by Eltharion at Tor Yvresse. Eltharion becomes the Warden of Tor Yvresse.
- 339 Erik Redaxe raids Cothique at the head of a great fleet of Norse reavers. An Elf war fleet led by Tyrion defeats the Norse in a huge sea battle and drives them away from the coast of Ulthuan.

# HIGH ELF TACTICS

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There is a paradox involved in fighting with a High Elf army. On one hand you have arguably the best defensive troops in the game – High Elf archers armed with long bows protected by the extremely formidable High Elf infantry. On the other hand you have some of the fastest moving and hardest-hitting warriors ever to grace the battlefields of the Known World: Silver Helms, Dragon Princes of Caledor and the Tiranoc Charioteers. These troops tend to pull High Elf strategy in two different directions. Balancing the two is the key to success on the Warhammer battlefield for any High Elf commander.

Before looking at this in detail it's worth briefly outlining what all High Elf forces and troop types have in common. The most important thing is that they are superb warriors. Even their most common troop types have better leadership scores than virtually any other race. Their movement rate is greater and their weapon and bow skills are a full point better than most humans. They are invariably well equipped. They are reliable, fast-moving and hard-hitting – a classic elite force. Unfortunately they suffer from the main drawback of such elite forces: such exceptional warriors are rare. The high point cost of an Elf army means that they will invariably be outnumbered by their enemies.

All this means that you can usually rely on a High Elf force to do what you want, when you want. In the Warhammer world there is no 100% guarantee of this but the tendency will be there. This is a good determinant for overall strategy. Knowing that you will invariably be outnumbered means that you should take pains to ensure that you do the best you can to cut down the number of your attackers.

For me this means making the incredibly potent High Elf archers the backbone of the army. You can rely on these keen-eyed bowmen to whittle down the enemy's numbers as they advance. There is another reason for taking archers in large numbers – the Elves don't have the same profusion of potent long range war engines that, for example, an Empire army or an Orc and Goblin army has. The bolt thrower, while an excellent weapon for picking on large tough monsters, lacks the massive numerical killpower of the Helblaster volley gun or even a decent shot from a cannon or stonethrower. This means the High Elves must rely on their bowmen and their magicians for long range mass slaughter. Fortunately for them they have the troops for the job.

The problem with archers is that they are extremely vulnerable when it comes to close combat. Man for man a unit of Elf longbowmen is more than a match for most opposing troop types. The problem is one of formation. The optimum formation for missile troops is a long thin line from which as many archers as possible can draw a bead on the foe. Indeed, absolutely the best place for missile troops is on a hill with two levels. From here they can be drawn up in two ranks, both of which can fire, and they can draw line of sight to almost any place on the field.

Unfortunately, in close combat, the rule is straightforward and brutal: the more ranks you have the better. Infantry tend to march in deep blocks with as many ranks as possible. This usually means that they can slaughter

archers who almost never have more than one extra rank. It's a lucky force of archers indeed that can stand up to a determined push by even indifferent infantry in a long melee.

Against fast moving shock troops such as armoured cavalry this is also true. While most cavalry lack the rank bonus, their ability to charge in and kill large numbers of enemies before that enemy even gets to strike back means that they are just as capable of inflicting catastrophic defeat.

However the answer is simple. Protect your archers with deep blocks of infantry of your own. You can intersperse them between units of archers. From here they can move forward to interpose themselves when the enemy is too close. Spearmen are particularly good in this role since they can bring an extra rank of spears to bear on any foes who charge them and this means that casualties suffered by the front ranks are less of a disaster. They are also comparatively cheap (for High Elves) so you can afford a fair number of them.

As mentioned above this would seem to determine a strategy of standing and waiting while your enemy advances towards you. This is good because it allows you to whittle down those superior numbers. However that other consideration now needs to be taken into account.

You will almost certainly have a large number of powerful shock troops such as Silver Helms, Dragon Princes and Tiranoc charioteers. These are incredibly hard-hitting and fast-moving. The problem is that they represent such a concentration of points that they are bound to attract fire, either from enemy archers or from those deadly war engines. If you intend to fight a missile duel, the chances are that most of your highly mobile force will attract a disproportionate amount of your enemy's firepower and will die the death. Since there will be a lot of points tied up in them, this could be a real disaster.

There are two answers here. The first is to concentrate your own fire on the enemy war engines and archers. This rather defeats the purpose of having lots of archers since you intended to use them to cut down the enemy as they advance. The second is really easy: use your cavalry and attack. This will get your cavalry into close combat and hopefully out of the hail of missiles fairly quickly. Elf cavalry are so fast that they can cross most battlefields and be in combat in two turns. This brings us to the horns of the Elf dilemma. Half your army wants to hang back and shoot, the other half wants to get stuck in as quickly as possible.

My answer is reasonably straightforward. I try to concentrate all my hard-hitting, fast moving units on one flank. This has two advantages. The first is that it preserves a clear field of fire for my missile troops. The second is that it allows you to make a fast flank attack on the end of the enemy's line with the possibility of rolling along it and taking lots of his troops in the flanks. If you're very lucky you might get a chance to attack advancing units in the flank as they move forward.

At the very least such a concentrated and potent force as High Elf cavalry should be able to punch a hole in any enemy line then turn around and attack from the rear. If

this happens the relatively fast marching High Elf infantry can be moved forward to attack from the front. While all this is going on the archers can pour a rain of arrows on the foe. Caught between the hammer and the anvil the enemy will hopefully be destroyed.

The High Elves also have some not-very-secret weapons. Their mighty heroes such as Tyrion and Eltharion are awesome warriors capable of slaughtering almost anything within their reach. Tyrion is even capable of slaying a greater daemon given a modicum of luck. Mounted on Malhandir, he also has a charge distance of 20". It's perfectly possible, if somewhat unwise, for him to charge clean across the battlefield and engage the enemy on turn one.

I don't recommend this as a tactic unless the rest of your cavalry is already engaged, or he could be surrounded and overwhelmed by a mass of lesser troops.

I think the best place for Tyrion is attached to a cavalry unit such as the Silver Helms or Dragon Princes. That way he cannot be targeted by missile fire or some spells and will be potentially protected from war engines. In the midst of hand to hand combat his high leadership can bolster the warriors' morale.

Eltharion is slightly more problematical – being mounted on a large terror-inspiring griffon makes him somewhat conspicuous. The best place for him is usually aloft, flying high, as soon as possible. Just be sure that your opponent does not trap him there with the Orb of Thunder, so keep that Dispel scroll handy. Once he's airborne bring him down into hand to hand combat once your cavalry have made contact. With any luck, if you choose an enemy that

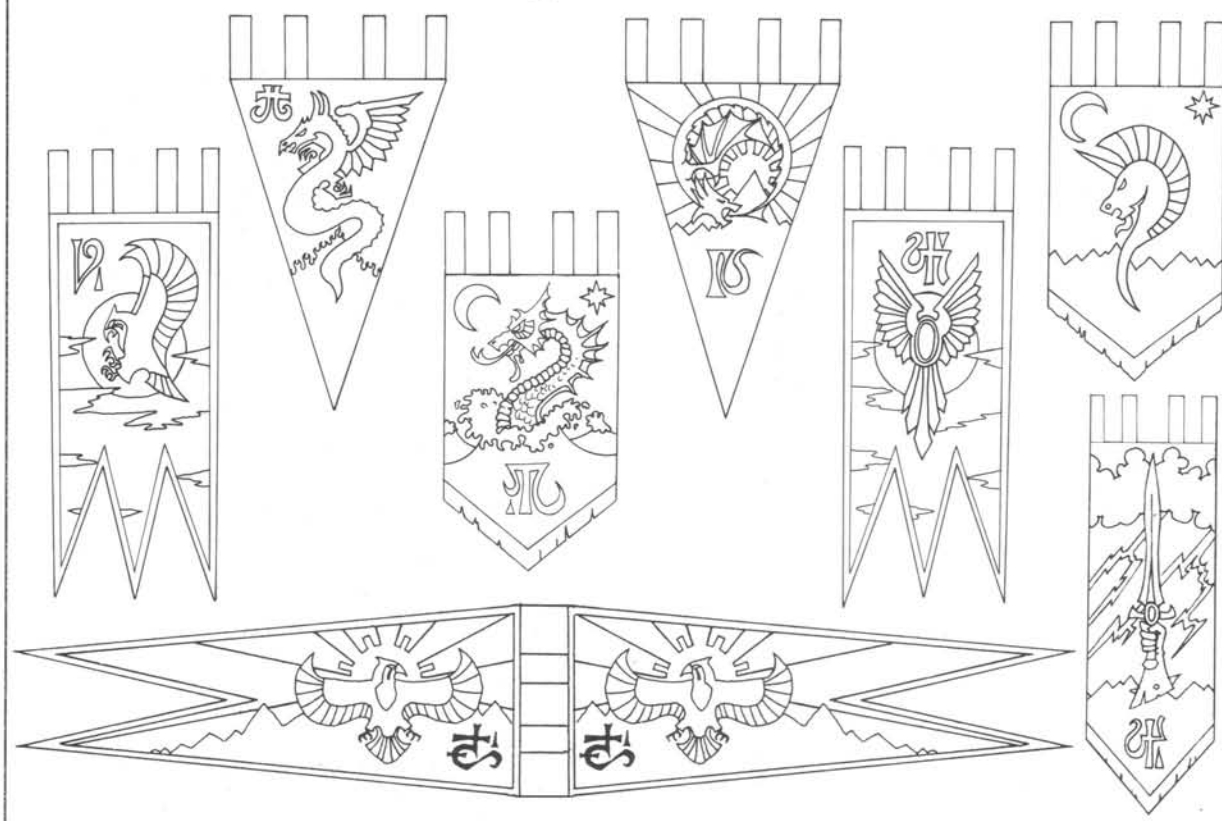
is already engaged, you will take them in the flank and cause an immediate panic test.

Magic is another area in which the High Elves excel. Teclis is a truly formidable mage; arguably the best in the world. If you have the points to spare choose him. High Mages are wonderful in defence and against daemons. If you suspect you will be facing a greater daemon spare no effort to acquire the Banishment spell. If you decide to take advantage of the the High Mage's ability to choose spells from any of the Colleges of Magic try and limit your choice to spells of one or two colleges. It's far more likely that you will get the spells you are looking for if you select them from say the Amethyst or the Jade college rather than choosing one from Jade, one from Bright, one from Amethyst etc.

The same rule applies to the High Elves when choosing magic items as to anyone else: try to pick the tools for the job, maximise your strengths and minimise your weaknesses. If you're likely to face daemons a daemon-slaying sword is essential (conveniently, Tyrion comes already equipped with such a mighty weapon.) If facing dragons then choose a dragon-slaying sword. It's usually worth protecting those high-cost cavalry units with a banner of Arcane Warding or Protection.

Finally, remember you have what is arguably the finest army in the Known World under your command. It is well equipped, and warrior for warrior better than almost any other. Use them well and your troops will not let you down. Victory will be determined by your skill as a general. The fate of Ulthuan and the entire Elf race rests in your hands. Don't let them down.

## High Elf Banners



# HIGH ELF WAR GRIFFON



WAR GRIFFON AND HIGH ELF LORD ELTHARION, WARDEN OF TOR YVRESSE



Eltharion and his great, tawny War Griffon Stormwing, are a common sight soaring high above the spires of Tor Yvresse. Eltharion is the Warden of Tor Yvresse, and as such he is responsible for its safety. Eltharion is an implacable guardian, called by many Eltharion the Grim. His entire family were slain during the invasion of the goblin Warlord Grom, during which large parts of Ulthuan were devastated. Though Eltharion himself saved Tor Yvresse from the goblin hordes, Grom escaped and Eltharion has sworn to find him and exact vengeance.



The rune depicted on Eltharion's pennant is *Thalui*, which signifies hatred or vengeance - a reminder of his grim past. The deep blue colour of the pennant is the colour of mourning or grief.

## HIGH ELVES



HIGH ELF TIRANOC CHARIOT



DETAILS OF THE TIRANOC CHARIOT



CHARIOTEER



## HIGH ELVES



ARCHER



WITH WARHORN



REGIMENTAL  
CHAMPION



REGIMENTAL  
STANDARD BEARER



ARCHER



ARCHER



ARCHER



ARCHER



WITH SPEAR



WITH SPEAR



WITH SPEAR



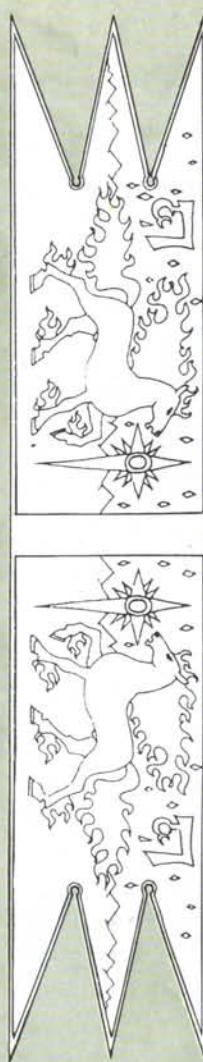
REGIMENTAL STANDARD BEARER

## HIGH ELF SILVER HELMS



SILVER HELM STANDARD BEARER

𐌹  
 𐌺  
 𐌸  
 𐌺



A SILVER HELM



A UNIT OF HIGH ELF SILVER HELMS IN FULL CHARGE

# HIGH ELVES



HIGH ELF SHADOW WARRIORS



HIGH ELF SWORD MASTERS OF HOETH



HIGH ELF PHOENIX GUARDS

## TYRION AND TECLIS

By Mike McVey



The two models featured in this article are the legendary Elf brothers, Tyron and Teclis. Prince Tyron is the champion of the Everqueen, a fearless general and one of the mightiest of all Elf warriors. Teclis is an Elf Mage, master of High Magic and the greatest sorcerer in the world. Both of these miniatures have been sculpted with

breathtaking clarity and detail by Jes Goodwin, and are a positive joy to paint. Miniatures like this are worth investing a lot of time and effort in. They are bound to form the centre piece of your Elf army and are certain to influence the outcome of any battle in which they take part.

### TYRION AND TECLIS

In all the time I've been painting miniatures, painting these two characters was a unique experience for me. For a start, I spent more time on them than I have on any other single miniature. Secondly, the crispness and degree of detail sculpted onto the models is above and beyond anything previously available and so it became a challenge to paint them up in a style befitting this. Don't let this daunt you, it's really up to you how you go about painting these models. You can either cover them with symbols and other painted on detail, or you can leave them fairly plain and let the sculpted detail speak for itself.

Whatever you decide, the first step is to clean them up and apply an initial undercoat. You'll need to remove any flash and other extra metal left over from the casting process, without damaging any of the fine detail. I find that the best way to do this is to carefully scrape most of the excess metal away with a good sharp craft knife. I then gently rub a piece of really fine abrasive paper over the area to achieve a smooth finish. To undercoat my models, I used a spray primer to give the paint a smooth, even surface to adhere to. When you use sprays, make sure that they have been thoroughly shaken up and that you hold them between eight and ten inches away from the miniature. Always use them in a well ventilated area and put down lots of newspaper to catch the overspray.

### TECLIS

I had a firm image in my mind of how I thought Teclis should look. His obvious magical prowess should be backed up with presence and power so I decided to paint the body in bright vibrant colours, surrounded by a deep rich blue cloak. The dark cloak provides a backdrop to the rest of the model, defining the shape and really making it come alive. I used gold and yellow to pick out much of the detail and edging on the miniature and this created a strong contrast with the blue giving the model a sumptuous look.

The normal method I use to paint miniatures is to lay down several large areas of colour, and then highlight these all together. With Teclis I used a totally different approach. I decided to concentrate on individual areas of the model and completely finish each area off before moving onto the next. For example, the first thing that I painted was the white robe. I gave this an initial coat of Elf Grey and then highlighted it up

to pure white. When it was dry I went on and added the detail and patterning before moving on to the next area. In this way I could totally concentrate on one particular part of the miniature without being distracted by another. The result was that each section was given roughly equal amounts of attention. Where one part of the model falls over another, such as the jewel mount over the robe, I painted it black before adding the detail. This gives it a strong outline and really picks out the shape.

There are three obviously dominant parts to this miniature: the Moon Staff of Lileath, the War Crown of Saphery and the Sword of Teclis. Each of these needed to be painted so as to pick it out from the rest of the model. I gave the whole Moon Staff a base coat of Glistening Gold mixed with Yellow Ink. This was applied slightly thinned down over the white undercoat. When it was dry, a mix of Brown and Yellow Ink was washed over the staff to pick out the detail and provide shading. All of the areas that were not going to remain gold were then re-undercoated white and painted in their relevant colours. The gold parts of the War Crown were treated in exactly the same way. The front piece was painted in Mithril Silver to stand out from the blue backing and the moon was carefully lined with black before being picked out in Bad Moon Yellow. The inside of the crown was painted black so the face would stand out and not be overwhelmed. The runes on the blade of the sword are sculpted in such fine detail that they present no problem to paint. First of all, I painted the whole area black and then picked out the runes in Skull White. The subtle fade of colour on the blade was achieved by about fifteen successively lighter highlights, each one applied a little further down the blade! A network of fine white lines was then added to give the effect of lightning bolts.

I decided to use a couple of decorative themes that are repeated on several parts of the model. The black and white bordering on the cloak and staff is one, and picking out areas of decoration in alternate bands of red and green is another. I've found that the best way to do this is to first paint the entire area black and then pick out each of the individual bands in white. These are then over-painted with Blood Red and Striking Scorpion Green and individually highlighted.

The interior of the cloak was given a base coat of Moody Blue and highlighted with Enchanted Blue and Skull White. The highlights were applied in the same way as the sword blade to create a subtle fade in colour. When it was dry, tiny dots of white were added to give the impression of stars in a night sky. A small white moon completes the effect and gives a strong magical feel to the miniature. The patterned border gives the cloak a strong edge instead of it just fading out.

### TYRION

Tyron required even more painting time than Teclis. This was mainly due to the fact that Tyron is mounted on Malhandir, his Elven steed, which took almost as long to paint as he did! I used the same technique of painting up small areas of the miniature completely rather than working on several at once. In this case the Dragon Armour of Aenarion was the first thing to be painted. I used the same method for painting this gold as explained earlier. The detail on the greaves and other areas



TYRION - HIGH ELF PRINCE

was first painted black before being picked out initially in white and then the finished colours. On the upper body these were red and green and on the lower body blue and yellow. As with Teclis, this sort of decoration has been repeated on several different parts of Tyrion and his steed.

The rest of the colour scheme is based around Tyrion's gold armour. When it was dry, a thin black line was painted all round the edge to ensure a strong contrast with other areas. The inside of the mail armour was painted white and decorated with a repeating heart design. These tiny hearts were easier to paint than you might think. Paint on a series of small, inverted triangles and then use white paint to round off the corners and take a small nick out of the top face. A tiny dot of white acts as a highlight and gives a more realistic effect. The interior of the cloak and the saddle were both painted a deep magenta to contrast well with the armour and the white areas. The rich brocade effect on the cloak wasn't too difficult to achieve. When the base colour was dry, a mid highlight was mixed and applied to the cloak in fine swirling lines. You don't have to be too accurate with these, it's the overall effect that matters. To give it a more three-dimensional effect, I mixed an even lighter highlighting colour and painted more swirling lines down the creases of the cloak, thus picking them out.

The dominant feature of both Tyrion and Malhandir are the feathered dragon headdresses. In fact, Tyrion's helm is so prominent that it, rather than his face, becomes the focal point of the miniature. Because of this I spent more time on this area than any other part of the model. I painted most of it in a warm orange, shaded with red and green as a contrasting colour on the dragon's plumes. I then painted the outer feathers white tipped with black to give them a harder edge. These colours were repeated on Malhandir's headdress to create a strong visual link between the horse and rider.

Both Tyrion and Teclis are covered in gemstones. Painted correctly, these really liven up a miniature and give it real sparkle and a highly realistic effect can be achieved with a



TECLIS - HIGH ELF MAGE

little practice. The gem mount should be painted first. I usually do this gold as it adds to the precious feel. When this is dry, I paint a fine line of thinned Chaos Black between the stone and the mount. A quick re-undercoat of Skull White ensures a clean base over which the gem can be painted. I find that red is the most effective colour with green the next best, but this really depends on the surrounding colour. If you look at a real gemstone or a piece of coloured glass, you'll see that it is highly translucent and the light shines through it producing an inner glow. This effect is simulated by highlighting the lower half of the gem, getting lighter towards the bottom. The upper half of the gem is shaded with carefully applied ink, getting darker towards the top. Finally a pure white highlight is applied to the very top of the jewel. This is where the light reflects directly off the surface. If painted correctly, the finished effect is exactly that of a real gem.

The Heart of Avelorn was painted in the same way, except that the top required some subtle highlights to bring out the heart shape. The heart has been used as a theme of decoration on both Tyrion and Malhandir with the same design being repeated on his cloak and on the base of the horse barding. The rest of Malhandir's barding was painted a delicate light blue to give it a clean, bright look that ties in with the rest of the troops in the Studio Elf army. Malhandir himself was painted light grey with subtle white dapples. The mane and flowing tail were then painted in a golden yellow to provide a contrast with the white and light blue. The designs on the barding were first carefully painted on as a black silhouette before the inside area was painted white and then in the appropriate colour. This is a tricky technique to master on complex shapes, but the new Elf transfers that are going to be available soon will make it considerably easier.

Was it worth spending so much time on these two miniatures? The answer is definitely yes. These are extraordinary models that deserve all of the skill that has been lavished on them. And at the end of the day the effort is paid back. I feel that these are amongst the very best miniatures that I have ever painted.

# WARHAMMER

## THE BATTLE OF RED AXE PASS

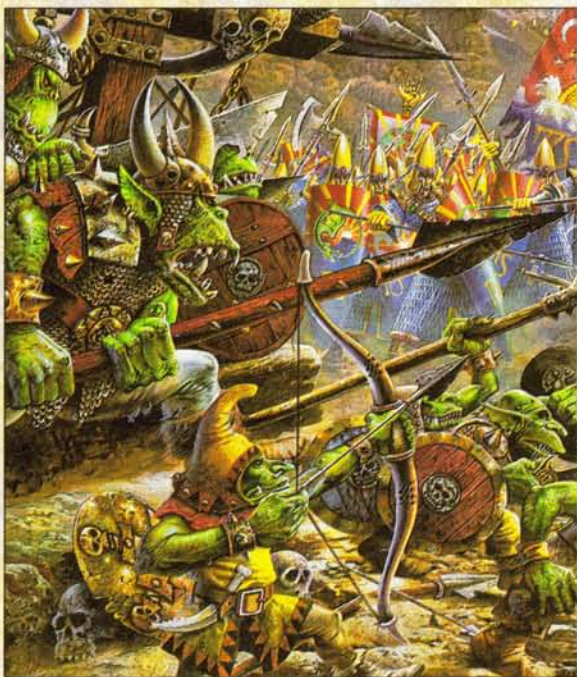
By Nigel Stillman

Over the last few months, we've published a number of Battle Reports in White Dwarf. These have proved to be extremely popular, with many of you writing in with ideas and suggestions for different scenarios and armies. In this report, a Goblin Warlord decides to ambush a force of High Elves who are crossing his territory...

**G**orrfang clutched the great horn angrily in his green fist. The sight of the weary Elf columns winding their way through the long, rocky valley below enraged him. Hate filled his rotten heart. He couldn't believe the cheek of those tree-hugging, pointy eared gits, riding across his land without so much as a by-your-leave. Not that he would have given his permission anyway – but that wasn't the point. It was an insult; to his tribe, to his people and most of all to him: Gorrfang Ratbreath, mightiest goblin chieftain in the world, master of all he surveyed, strongest, bravest, cunningest, fiercest and most perceptive of all Goblins.

"Wozza plan, boss?" asked Groggo. Gorrfang was so startled he almost jumped out of his leathery green skin; his chief henchman had snuck up amazingly quietly. Gorrfang hadn't even heard his approach.

Gorrfang cuffed Groggo on the mouth. He was angry at the Elves and now he was angry at Groggo. He didn't like sneaks. Groggo rubbed his lantern jaw. A look of fear entered his yellow, jaundiced eyes.



"Ow many times I gotta tell ya not to do that?" Gorrfang demanded.

"Sorry, boss. Won't do it again, boss. Promise, boss. Wozza plan, boss?" Groggo scratched idly at his neck, picked off a wart with one sharp claw, popped it into his mouth and began to chew noisily.

"Da plan is that we is gonna give those pointy-headed gits a good seeing to...."

"Great plan, boss." Gorrfang cuffed Groggo again. The wart was ejected from Groggo's mouth with tremendous force. It splattered moistly on the lichen-covered rock at Gorrfang's feet.

"I 'asn't finished yet. Don't interrupt me when I is talkin'..."

"No, boss. Sorry, boss. Won't do it again, boss." Seeing Gorrfang's hard stare, Groggo inspected his hob-nail booted feet. "I'll shut up now, boss. Don't hit me again, boss."

Gorrfang drew back his hand just to see Groggo cringe. "Right. Da plan is simple but brilliant. We is gonna ambush them. We waits till they is tryin' to cross the bridge, then, when 'alf of them is across, we'll jump out and shoot em and stick em. 'Alf da lads on one side of da valley, 'alf da lads on da uvver. One 'alf shoots, da uvver 'alf charges. Easy as chewin' day-old rats."

Gorrfang shut up and waited for the praise that was his due reward for coming up with such an amazingly brilliant scheme.

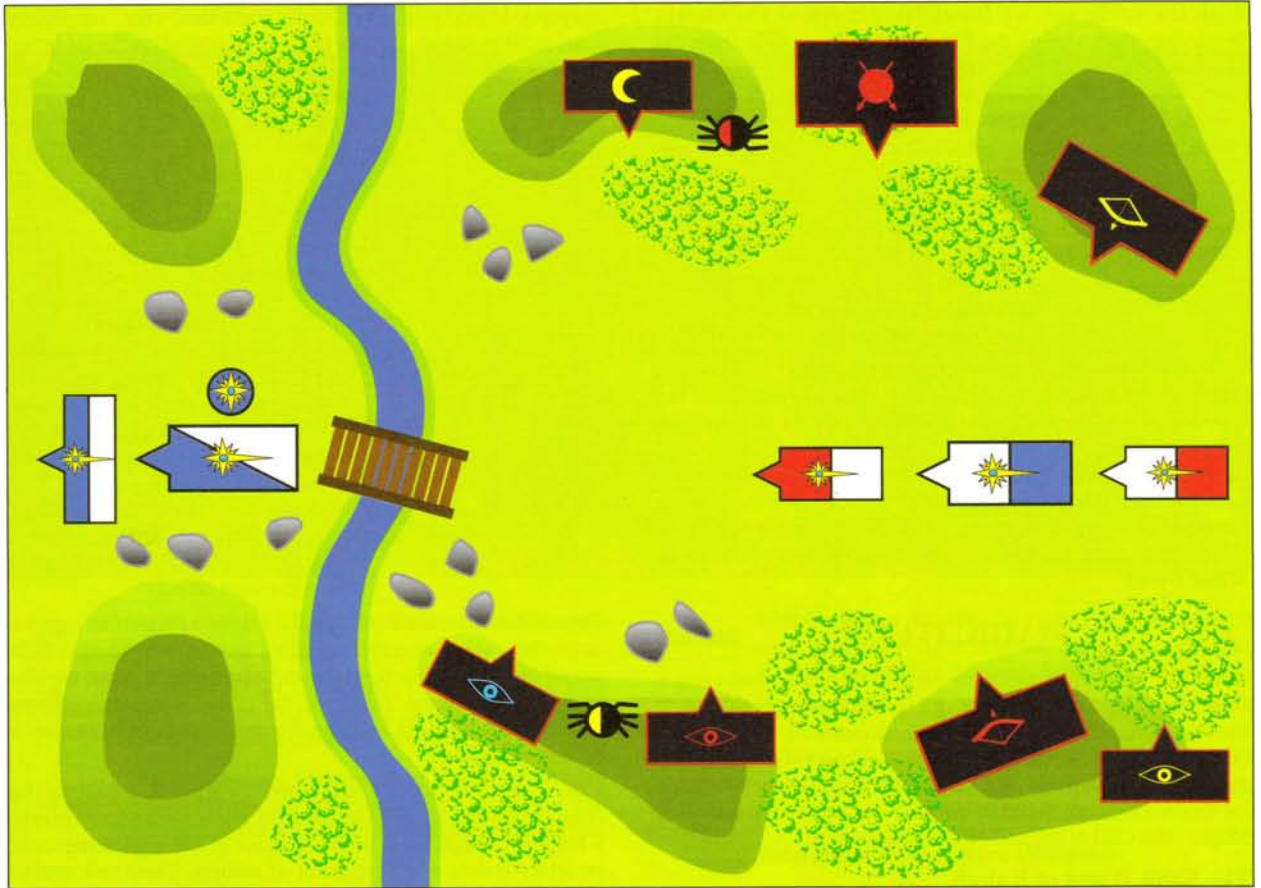
"Great plan, boss great plan. Dead sneaky and dead shooty, boss. Dead good, boss." Gorrfang watched Groggo perform some hasty arithmetic on his fingers. Slowly a wicked smile spread across his face. His yellow fangs glinted nastily in the dim sunlight. "An' boss, there's more of us than there is ov them."

Gorrfang gave him a taste of boot. Groggo doubled up in pain. "Ov course, there is. I already counted. Now go an' get da ladz ready. Tell them to get my spider ready to ride an' send da shaman to see me."

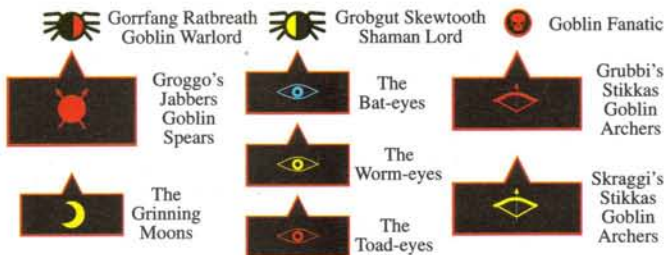
"Sure thing, boss," Bent double, Groggo shuffled off to obey his command. Gorrfang gave his attention back to the Elf riders.

Look at them – all those cavalry, high and mighty on their great long-legged chargers, wiv their flags blowin' in the wind. Gorrfang sneered at the disciplined ranks of spearmen and the proud bowmen and the poncy wizard sitting on the horse with the horn. Think you're great, don't you? Well I'll show you. Maybe add the horse's horn to my collection. Yes, maybe I'll do that.

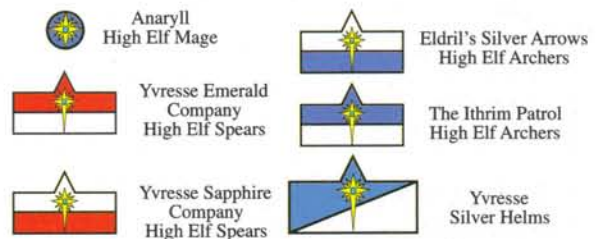
Unaware of the hostile eyes watching them, the Elves rode on.



### GORRFANG RATBREATH'S GOBLIN WARBAND



### ANARYLL'S HIGH ELF COMMAND



### GAME BACKGROUND

The Battle of Red Axe Pass took place towards the end of one of the numerous High Elf forays into the land of Naggaroth. A High Elf army had penetrated far inland in order to attack and destroy the Dark Elf strongholds in a wilderness region south-east of Naggarond. These attacks were intended to distract the Dark Elf Warlords from their perpetual raids on the north coast of Ulthuan and force them to divert their armies inland to protect their own hinterland.

The campaign had been highly successful, with many villages destroyed and a large part of the Dark Elf forces drawn inland to seek out and engage the High Elf army. However, in the course of one of the battles, the leader of the High Elf forces, Prince Tallanquine, had succumbed to a magical wound while engaged in combat with a Dark Elf lord.

Sensing that the Dark Elf forces were now closing in, the second in command, Anaryll – a High Elf Mage, decided to break off the raids and lead the remaining troops back to the coast and their rendezvous with an Elf fleet.

Informed by his scouts that Dark Elf forces were now hurrying inland from Naggarond in pursuit of the High Elves, Anaryll decided to lead his now depleted army across the Red Axe River in an attempt to evade the encircling enemy. He knew the passage would be hard and dangerous. The route lay through territory thick with Goblins, including cave dwelling Night Goblins whose warlords and shamans were rumoured to breed gigantic spiders and ride them into battle. He also knew that once across the river, they would have a clear route to the sea.

Realizing that the Dark Elves were closing fast, Anaryll decided that the Goblins were the lesser of two evils and set off on the long march through the bleak and rocky hills. However, before long, Goblin lookouts on the crags on either side of the valley spotted the Elf column and informed the local tribal warlord, Gorrfang Ratbreath. He mustered his forces and prepared an ambush. A vulnerable party of Elves in his territory was too good an opportunity to miss and he knew he could expect a rich reward from the lords of Naggarond for catching and destroying their enemies. As the Elves continued their march Gorrfang laid his plans and waited...

With the scene set, we fought this battle at the Games Workshop studio using the Elf and Goblin models from the Warhammer boxed set together with some of the new metal Night Goblins, Elf Cavalry and Marauder Miniatures Spider Riders. The game uses the new Warhammer rules and also includes a new magic item in the form of the *The Skull Wand of Kaloth*. Rules for including this in the game are given below. The Goblin forces were commanded by Nigel and the High Elves by Alan Perry. Although the points values of the armies weren't exactly equal, we wanted to use all of our newly painted models in the game. To compensate the Goblins for their lower points, we gave them the advantage of hidden placement, and they automatically had the first turn.

The battle requires a space of about 6' by 4' to play on, together with a selection of hills and woods to represent the wooded slopes to the pass. We used one of our special wargames tables, but an area of floor covered with a piece of carpet or green cloth will do just as well. The only other major terrain feature is a river with a bridge across it. All these items can be improvised with pieces of coloured paper or cloth, or scratchbuilt using the methods described in recent editions of White Dwarf.

## MAGIC ITEMS

A number of magic items were used in the battle, including a *Doomfire Ring* and *The Horn of Urgok*. The rules and cards for these are provided in the Warhammer box. In addition, Grobgut Skewtooth, the Goblin Shaman, carried a new magic item – *The Skull Wand of Kaloth*. The rules and points value for this weapon are given below, and we've printed a special Magic Item card at the end of this battle report.

### The Skull Wand of Kaloth

The wand is carved from the finbone of a Dragonfish and surmounted by the skull of a Dark Elf mage. A wizard may use the wand in close combat. It is wielded like a mace and the wizard only has to hit his opponent to inflict a magical blow. A successful roll to hit is sufficient, there is no need to roll to wound and there is no saving throw.

If a hit is scored, the Wand will attempt to suck out the victim's soul. The skull will animate, first with a brutal laugh, rising rapidly to a bitter cackle and culminating in piercing shriek. The victim must roll 2D6 against his leadership. If the score exceeds his leadership characteristic, his soul is not strong enough to resist and is sucked from his body. The victim is immediately slain.

If the victim passes his leadership test, then the Wand may still cause a normal wound. Work out damage in the usual way. All armour saves apply.

The Skull Wand of Kaloth may only be used by a wizard.

**Points Value: 40**

## SETTING UP THE GAME

Before we started, we worked out the points values for the troops and set up the tabletop with sufficient terrain to represent the wooded valley, the river and the bridge. As this was going to be an ambush game, the set up would be slightly different to a normal Warhammer battle. The High Elf commander was allowed to set up his forces in marching column anywhere along the centre line of the table. He placed his army first to represent the fact that the Goblin scouts were looking down from the mountain crags and spying on the Elves.

The Goblin player was allowed to deploy his troops up to 16" in from any table edge. This is slightly more than the 12" normally allowed and helps to give the Goblins the element of

surprise. In addition, any Goblin units that were completely concealed in woods did not have to be placed on the tabletop. Their positions were noted down on a sketchmap of the battlefield made before the game. Finally, the Goblins were given the first turn. This truly was going to be a surprise attack!

## THE HIGH ELF SET-UP AND BATTLE PLAN (Alan Perry)



My Elf army was marching in column along a ravine, with wooded slopes on either side. They were travelling along a track leading out of the hilly wooded region onto the plains of Naggaroth and the sea beyond. The track crossed the Red Axe River by a bridge at the end of the ravine. This was Goblin territory, and ambushes by Goblin warbands were a constant threat.

The ravine was narrow enough for it to be a dangerous area for ambushes, since enemy concealed among the wooded hills would be well within bowshot and could sweep down rapidly to attack the column. However, the ravine was not so narrow that there wouldn't be time for the column to take up a defensive stance.

I decided to break my army into two parts. Leading the column was the advance guard with my commander, Anaryll, a High Elf Mage. Also in the advance guard were a regiment of Silver Helms and a regiment of archers. Their task was to clear the way ahead of the remaining troops. The rearguard comprised the larger force, consisting of two regiments of High Elf spearmen and a large regiment of archers.

Splitting your army can be dangerous. Unless you are careful, it allows your opponent to concentrate all his attacks on just a section of your force. This is an almost certain recipe for disaster unless you have a sound plan. Because I had no idea where the Gobbos would be coming from, I decided to take the risk. If the advance guard ran into trouble, all they would have to do is fall back towards the rearguard. The combined army could then attempt to force a way through by weight of numbers. If the rearguard is ambushed, they'll signal to the advance guard with blasts on their warhorns and hold their ground until relieved.

## THE GOBLIN SET-UP AND BATTLE PLAN (Nigel Stillman)



Under the set up rules, Alan had to place his forces first so I was able to study his position before committing my own troops to battle. Even if he'd kept his army in one column, I would have still waited until part of the force was over the bridge before I attacked. As it happened, he split his force in two which suited me fine. My plan was to unleash the bulk of my ladz against the rear half of his column, while a few units would block the bridge to prevent the advance guard from returning to help. If they could achieve this, then I stood a good chance of destroying the greater part of the army and should be able to inflict a significant defeat on the Elves. That'll teach them to keep out of my territory!

## ANARYLL'S HIGH ELF COMMAND



**Anaryll, High Elf Mage riding Unicorn.** Hand weapon, Doomfire Ring.



**Yvresse Emerald Company.** 16 Elves armed with spears, shields, light armour, hand weapons. The regiment includes a Champion, Standard and Musician.



**Yvresse Sapphire Company.** 16 Elves armed with spears, shields, light armour, hand weapons. The regiment includes a Champion, Standard and Musician.



**Eldril's Silver Arrows.** 20 High Elf archers armed with longbows, light armour, hand weapons. The regiment includes a Champion, Standard and Musician.



**Ithrim Patrol.** 20 High Elf archers armed with longbows, light armour, hand weapons. The regiment includes a Champion, Standard and Musician.



**5 Silver Helms.** Hand weapons, lances, shields, light armour and barding, with Champion and Standard.

**Total points value of force 1880 points**

## GORRFANG'S GOBLIN WARBAND



**Gorrfang Ratbreath.** Goblin War Boss riding Gigantic Spider. Hand weapon, shield, light armour and Horn of Urgok.



**Grobgut Skewtooth.** Shaman Lord riding Gigantic Spider. Hand weapon and Skull Wand of Kaloth.



**Groggo's Jabbers.** 30 Goblins armed with spears, hand weapons and shields. The regiment includes a Champion, Standard and a Goblin fanatic.



**The Bat-eyes.** 16 Night Goblins armed with hand weapons, and shields. The regiment includes a Champion and Standard.



**The Worm-eyes.** 16 Night Goblins armed with hand weapons, and shields. The regiment includes a Champion, Standard and a Goblin fanatic.



**The Toad-eyes.** 16 Night Goblins armed with hand weapons, and shields. The regiment includes a Champion and Standard.



**The Grinning Moons.** 12 Goblins armed with spears hand weapons and shields. The regiment includes a Champion and a Goblin fanatic.



**Grubbi's Stikkas.** 20 Goblins armed with short bows.



**Skraggi's Stikkas.** 20 Goblins armed with short bows.

**Total points value of force 1315 points**

I decided to divide my force into two parts in order to attack the rearguard from both flanks. The Warlord Gorrfang, riding a gigantic spider, would take charge of one flank, consisting of Groggo's Jabbers, Skraggi's Stikkas and the Grinning Moon Boyz. On the other side of the ravine, my Shaman Lord commanded three units of Night Goblins and Grubbi's Stikkas. My archers were deployed equally on both sides of the ravine so that they could shoot at the column from either direction.

I also had three Goblin fanatics hidden amongst my units, who should provide the Elves with some nasty shocks. I deployed these so that they could be unleashed at either end of the rear column and against the reinforcements which would doubtless hurry back over the bridge. The situation was ideal for the effective use of fanatics.

Since the battle was set up as an ambush, my Goblins would naturally take the first turn of the game. This would give them the element of surprise and a chance to gain the initiative. The Elves therefore would be reacting to my surprise attack in their subsequent turns.

### RE-FIGHTING THE BATTLE

Because this scenario involves an ambush, the set up is slightly different to a normal Warhammer game. Before we started, we both agreed on the forces and set up the terrain according to the game background. If you play with a regular group of friends, this is usually easy to do. The aim is to have a fun, exciting battle. If one side completely wipes out the other then you can just go back, alter the sides or point values and have another go.

You do not have to divide up your forces in exactly the same way we did. How you organise your forces is entirely up to you and you may wish to try alternative strategies to those described here. You may wish to concentrate all the Goblins on one side of the ravine for example, or the Elves may decide not to divide their forces, or to put the cavalry in the rearguard.

If you and your gaming group have different armies then you can have a go at fighting this scenario with whatever troops you have. You could play the game with an army of Dwarfs being set upon by Skaven, or with Chaos and Empire forces. It just depends upon what models you have available. All you need to do is set up the tabletop with your own terrain and alter the background narrative to fit.

### TURN 1: THE TRAP SPRINGS

At the signal from Gorrfang the trap was sprung. On both sides of the pass, the Goblin archers advanced to the crest of the hills, from where the marching column of Elves was well within the range of their short bows. Silhouetted against the skyline, the Goblin Stikkas began to pour volleys of arrows down into the Elf column.

Further down the valley hordes of exultant Gobbos moved rapidly out of the woods and down the slopes on both sides of the ravine. Closer to the river, Goblins swept forward from both sides of the pass to cut off the Elf rearguard and block the bridge.

By the end of the turn the Elf rearguard was surrounded. However, the arrows of the Goblin archers had little effect



*The Silver Helms rush to the rescue, as the rearguard counter attacks the Goblin ambush.*



*GOBLIN TURN 1*

against the armoured Elves who steeled themselves to face the threat. The element of surprise had now gone and there were no casualties on either side.

The Elf rearguard immediately blew their horns as a signal to the head of the column that they were under attack. Ahead of them, Anaryll heard the call and immediately ordered his small force back across the river. The advance guard about turned and began crossing the bridge with the Yvresse Silver Helms leading the way. Meanwhile, the rearguard took decisive action. Grasping the danger of the situation and the risk of being surrounded, they decided to immediately counter attack the Goblins on the side of the ravine where they appeared to be least numerous. Yelling their battlecry, the Yvresse Emerald Company rushed across the valley and charged into Groggo's Jabbers who had just emerged from the trees.

As the Elves lowered their spears ready to impale the Gobbos, their enemy's ranks suddenly parted and a crazed ball and chain fanatic hurtled out from the Jabbers. In an instant, he ploughed straight into the oncoming Elves, scything through their number in a whirling frenzy of death. Shocked but resolute, the Elves drove home their attack and in a moment of bloody killing drove back the Gobbos and sent them running back into the woods. As the Gobbos took to their heels, the Elves gave a yell of victory and charged after their fleeing foes, but amidst the tangles and briars of the woods the

Goblins managed to outrun their pursuers.

Meanwhile, the frenzied fanatic had burst out from the Elf regiment and was now spinning out of control towards the Eldril's Silver Arrows, the next Elf unit in line.

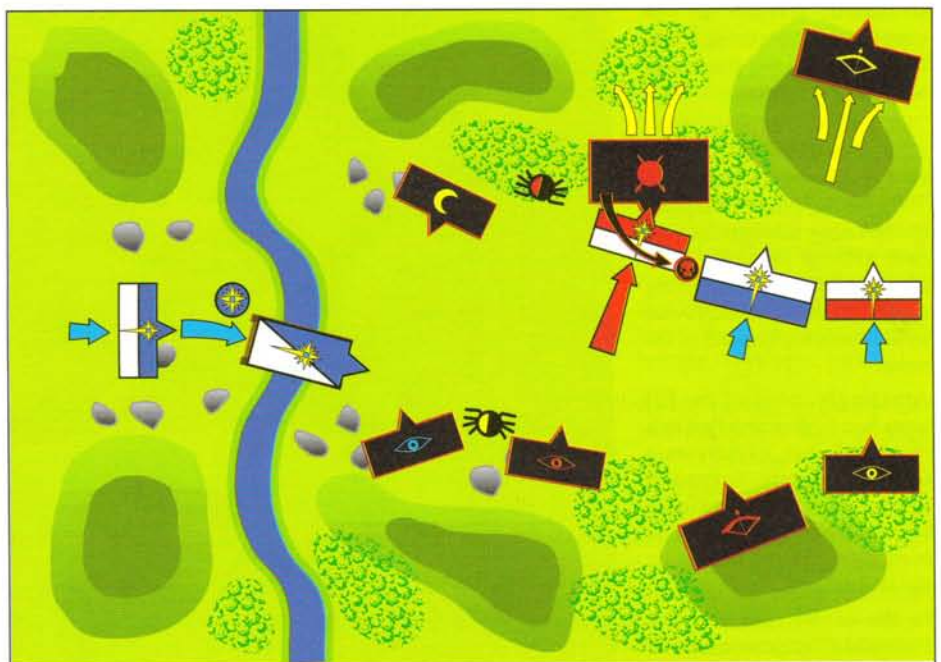
High above, on the crest of the hill, Skraggi's Stikkas observed the rout of Groggo's Jabbers and were thrown into panic. Convinced that the Elves were breaking out of the trap and the battle was lost, they immediately turned and fled away into the wilderness!

Warlord Gorrfang, observing Groggo's Jabbers fleeing into the woods, sounded the Horn of Urgok. As the magical note sounded across the battlefield and reached their

ears, the routing Goblin spearmen took heart. They turned to face their pursuers and bracing themselves behind a solid shieldwall, readied themselves once more for the fray.

## TURN 2: THE ELVES COUNTER ATTACK

While the Goblin spearmen rallied in the wood, their crazed fanatic hurtled directly into Eldril's Silver Arrows and in a blaze of whirling death despatched a whole rank of warriors. Utterly out of control, he emerged from this unit and to the horror of the Elf commander, plunged on towards the Yvresse Sapphire company. The Silver Arrows were shocked at the



### HIGH ELF TURN 1



## GOBLIN TURN 2

slaughter of their comrades but steeled themselves and held their ground. Along both sides of the pass, the Goblin forces continued to press down on the Elves, threatening to attack from all sides at once. Once more Grubbi's Stikkas let fly with their arrows, but were unable to penetrate the Elf armour.

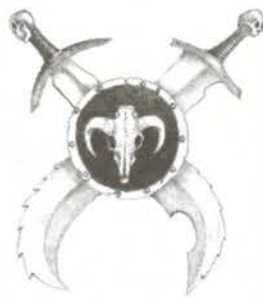
At the other end of the pass, the Grinning Moons advanced towards the river where the Silver Helms were jostling to get across the narrow bridge. As soon as they were within range, they unleashed their fanatic. With a yell, the crazed wretch crashed forward into the Silver Helms killing three of them. Shocked but unbowed, the Elf cavalry held their ground. Horrified by this attack and seeing the futher danger to his force, Anaryll directed a spell from his Doomfire Ring at the maniacal Goblin. A blast of roaring orange flames engulfed the fanatic who gave a strangled scream as he toppled off the bridge and disappeared into the water with a hiss of steam.

The fanatic running amok along the rearguard's line now careered through the Yvresse Sapphire Company bludgeoning through the unit and killing several more Elves before impacting against the slope of the ravine and embedding himself in the scree.

Amazingly, none of the Elf units had broken and fled as a result of this cataclysmic Goblin onslaught. Seventeen Elves had fallen to a single fanatic, while three more had been killed by the fanatic on the bridge.

In the centre, the Yvresse Emerald Company charged once again into the rallied

Groggo's Jabbers. With a bitter yell they drove home their attack but failed to break the Gobbos. Amidst the tangle of trees at the edge of the pass, the two sides stabbed and thrust at each other with their spears in vicious hand to hand fighting.



Over on the bridge, the remaining two Silver Helms charged directly into the

Grinning Moons. A battlecry of revenge for their fallen comrades flew from their lips as their charge crashed home. Shocked and fearful, the Gobbos were shattered by the charge, and mercilessly ridden down and wiped out. The Bat-Eyes who had advanced from the opposite side of the ravine saw the destruction wrought by the Silver Helms and panicked and fled.

In the wake of the Silver Helms, Anaryll galloped forward over the narrow bridge. Gazing across the valley, he caught sight of the Orc Warlord advancing towards the exposed flank of the Elf spearmen. In an instant, he raised his hand and blasted him with Doomfire. The flames roared and licked across the valley floor and Gorrfang and his gigantic spider were instantly incinerated.



## HIGH ELF TURN 2



The Silver Helms charge the Grinning Moons, while the Yvresse Emerald Company drive back Groggo's Jabbers.



GOBLIN TURN 3

### TURN 3

Unbowed by the loss of Gorrfang, the Goblins continued to advance across the pass towards their enemies. However, despite their heavy losses, it looked as if the Elves were succeeding in their attempt to break out of the trap. From the north side of the ravine, a triumphant Elf battlecry echoed across the valley as Gobbo's Jabbers were once again forced to rout. This time the Goblins were unable to escape their

pursuers and were hacked to the ground or skewered on the tips of Elven spears as they plunged into the forest. Battered but exultant, the Yvresse Emerald Company paused for breath before reforming once more to face the enemy.

In the midst of the valley, there was a lull in the fighting following the first brisk clash of combat, as both sides manoeuvred their forces in an attempt to gain the upper hand. Over by the bridge, the two remaining Silver Helms reined in their mounts and readied themselves for battle as another group of Goblins – the Worm-Eyes, began bearing down upon them.

At the far end of the ravine Eldril's Silver Arrows and the Yvresse Sapphire Company panted with

exertion as they reached the crest of the hill from which Skraggi's Stikkas had fled in panic. At last they were out of the trap and could make a stand on the high ground. As they looked out across the valley, they could see below them the Toad-Eyes advancing towards their position. Within their ranks, anxious Goblins could be seen desperately attempting to restrain the third and last of the fanatics whose jibbers and shrieks echoed down the valley like a chilling wind.



## ELVEN TURN 3

On the far side of the river, the Ithrim Patrol – part of the advance guard – hurriedly formed up below the bridge. Choosing not to cross the river, they intended to use the range and strength of their bows to support the Elf units engaged in battle and keep the Goblins at bay.

As both sides took stock, there was a lull in the exchange of magic. Grobgut's Skull Wand could only be used in close combat, while Anaryll held his last Doomfire spell in reserve. There was no telling what dangers they might yet face, or what the Goblin Shaman might do.

was chopped down and the banner wrenched from his hand. Arathalle was beaten back and his steed turned and bolted. As he galloped towards the safety of the woods, the gibbering Gobbos gave chase, but could not catch up with the fleeing Elf.

From the hilltop and riverbank, the Elf archers began to shoot volleys of arrows at the Goblin units exposed in the ravine. A few Gobbos fell, but the rest pressed on undeterred, heartened by the prospect of victory having seen the flower of Elven cavalry turn and flee.



Casting caution aside, the remaining Silver Helms – the standard bearer and a champion of Tol Yvresse called Arathalle – spurred their mounts and charged into the approaching Worm-Eyes. As the two Elves struck home, they were immediately overwhelmed by the furious attacks of the Night Gobbos, already enraged by the heat and light of the sun. In an instant, the standard bearer



*The Toad-Eyes surround Anaryll, while the Yvresse Sapphire Company charge downhill into the Worm-Eyes.*

With the threat of the Goblin fanatic gone, the Yvresse Sapphire Company charged downslope into the Toad-Eye Gobbos, edging forward at the foot of the hill. With a mighty shout, the warriors clashed in a murderous struggle

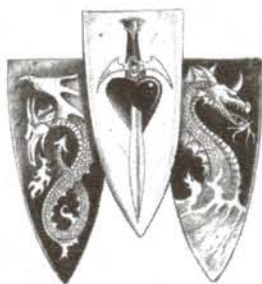

Up on the ridge, Eldril's Silver Arrows observed the rout of their comrades, but coolly drew their bows and sent a massed volley of arrows into the Goblin fanatic who was staggering around just below them. With a desperate shriek, he fell like a pathetic pincushion, tangled within his own chain.

Over in the centre, the Yvresse Emerald Company emerged from the woods and once more readied themselves for battle.

## TURN 4

On the right flank, the Toad-Eyes were closing in on the Elves holding the crest of the hill and could no longer restrain their gibbering fanatic. As the smell of blood and Elf filled his bubbling brain, charged with Mad Cap fungus, he careered sideways out of the unit spinning and whirling in an uncontrollable delirium. Oblivious to all around him, he missed the Elves altogether and headed off down the valley.

Having seen the Silver Helms destroyed before his very eyes, Anaryll realized that the outcome of the battle now lay in the balance and only decisive action could save the day. He cast his eyes about the ravine and immediately saw Grobgut the Ork Shaman creeping towards him. Raising his ring, he unleashed his last Doomfire spell. Even a Shaman Lord was powerless against such high enchantment and Grobgut was instantly consumed in a brilliant burst of flame.



Scenting victory, Anaryll now turned his attention to the nearby Worm-Eyes. He reared back on his Unicorn and charged directly at them. Maddened by battle, and inspired by the rout of the





The Sapphire Company flee from the battle as the Worm-Eyes charge the Elf archers, and Grubbi's Stikkas advance across the valley.



GOBLIN TURN 5

## TURN 5

Despite the loss of their leaders, the Goblins were holding their own. In a single turn they had effectively destroyed the Silver Helms and sent another unit of Elf spears running for cover. On the left side, the leader of the Bat-Eyes finally managed to restore some order to his unit just before they fled the battlefield and disappeared into the wilderness. No longer

in sight of any Elf forces, the panicked Gobbos finally rallied, as he raged and slapped his command into submission.

The Toad-Eye Ladz now wheeled and charged upslope into the High Elf archers who had just despatched their fanatic. A few Gobbos were struck down by well-aimed arrows as they scrambled up the hill, but they charged on undaunted. Once again a bloody combat erupted as Elves and Gobbos jabbed and cut at each other in a desperate hand to hand struggle.

Across the valley, Grubbi's Stikkas, frustrated at having nothing to shoot at, began to descend the scree slopes into the ravine, intent upon getting their bows within range of some Elves.

In the centre of the battlefield, Anaryll was still locked in combat with the Worm-Eyes. Almost surrounded, he cut and thrust at the hooded Gobbos as his wounded Unicorn reared and kicked in rage and pain.

The leader of the Silver Helms had meanwhile reached the safety of the wood, where amid the broken bodies of Groggo's Jabbers he managed to recover his nerve and rally.

**HIGH ELF TURN 5**

Emerging from the wood, the leader of the Yvresse Emerald Company saw his commander Anaryll virtually surrounded by a seething sea of demented Goblins and about to be overwhelmed. In an instant, he signalled the charge, and the Elf shieldwall surged out of the wood into the flank of the Worm-Eyes. Before the Gobbos realized what was happening,

pursued the fleeing Gobbos and butchered them all.

With victory in sight, the Yvresse Sapphire Company turned from flight and rallied on the crest of the hill and at the far end of the ravine, the Ithrim Patrol began crossing the bridge. As the day drew to a close, it looked as though victory had finally passed into the hands of the Elves.

the Elves were among them, thrusting and stabbing with their spears. In the face of this new threat, the Goblins broke and ran. In their blind panic, the Worm-Eyes actually outran the swiftly pursuing Elves, but Anaryll, mounted on his Unicorn, overran them. In an orgy of bloodletting, the triumphant Elf trampled the terrified Gobbos underfoot and cut them all down.



Across the valley, Eldril's Silver Arrows beat back the Toad-Eye Ladz and sent them hurtling down the slope. Once again, the Elves



*The Yvresse Emerald Company charge into the Toad-Eyes, who break and flee.*

MAGIC ITEM

125 POINTS

## THE WAR CROWN OF SAPHERY

The War Crown was forged by the awesome Mage Lords of Saphery in the time of the first incursions of Chaos. It empowers its wearer with all the knowledge of magic gleaned by the High Elves over their thousands of years of study, raising him beyond the power of any other mortal wizard.

The War Crown of Saphery adds one to the magic level of its wearer. For example it increases Teclis' magic level from four to five, enabling him to draw five spell cards and making him superior to almost any other wizard he is liable to encounter.

HIGH ELF MAGE ONLY

MAGIC ITEM



MAGIC ITEM

MAGIC ITEM

SPECIAL

## THE MOON STAFF OF LILEATH

The Moon Staff of Lileath is imbued with the power of the goddess. This power flows through Teclis, invigorating his feeble frame, but in times of great need he can call upon the goddess and summon the full power of the staff. This unleashes a fearsome storm of magic but leaves Teclis himself badly weakened.

Once per game in the magic phase Teclis can call upon the power of the goddess. This gives him an extra D6 magic cards in addition to those dealt to him from the Winds of Magic. From the beginning of the next turn after he has summoned the power of the staff Teclis's characteristics are all halved (round fractions up) for the rest of the battle. This will also happen if the staff is destroyed, even if Teclis has not summoned its power.

TECLIS ONLY



To assemble your new Magic Item cards, first carefully cut around each card. Spread a thin layer of glue onto the back of each one and fold along the dotted line. Finally, trim off any excess paper and your card is ready to use.

If you want to make your cards more durable, separate the two sides and glue them onto the front and back of a thin piece of cardboard (cereal packet card or a postcard are ideal). Once the glue is dry, trim your card and it will be ready to use.

MAGIC ITEM

100 POINTS

## THE SWORD OF TECLIS

The Sword of Teclis is charged with celestial power. Cracking energies play across its shining surface and when it strikes opponents they are blasted apart. Whenever the Sword's wielder hits in hand-to-hand combat don't roll to wound because all hits wound automatically! Armour saving throws are allowed as normal. Once per battle, during the hand-to-hand combat phase, the bearer can release the power of the sword causing a storm of magical lightning to play around him. This causes an extra D6 strength 6 hits on the enemy unit.

## High Elf Magic Item Cards

The following pages contain eleven Magic Item cards. Some of these items are restricted, so they may only be used by certain characters, for example Tyrion, Teclis or Eltharion. Others are limited to being used by High Elves or Wizards. In all these cases the restrictions are noted at the bottom of the cards. For further details on magic items see the Warhammer Magic rulebook.



GOBLIN TURN 6

## TURN 6

Faced with the destruction of their comrades, and only too aware that the Elves were now advancing across the valley towards them, the remaining Goblins lost heart and decided to save their skins. Grubbi's Stikkas quickly turned and scurried back up the slope of the ravine. As they scrambled up the scree, a few stragglers were picked off by Elf arrows, but the remainder were soon safely hidden among the trees and thickets.

Down in the valley, the victorious Elves began to tend the wounded, bury the dead, and organise themselves for the march. Exhausted but triumphant, the now depleted column crossed over the Red Axe River and headed for the sea.

## CONCLUSIONS

The ambush was beaten off and the Goblin force soundly defeated, but only with the loss of many Elf warriors. For a moment, it was touch and go as to whether the Elves would be able to hold their force together, but their superior fighting skill eventually took its toll.

The main error made by the Goblins was to place their archers on both sides of the pass and at the end of the line. The result was that regardless of which direction the Elves moved, the archers on the opposite side of the valley would rapidly come out of range. The Elf column was also bound to attempt to link up, moving towards the centre of the table, with the same effect.

This is precisely what happened in the game. As the Elves counter attacked on the north side of the valley they moved out of the effective range of Grubbi's Stikkas. Combined with the early rout of Skraggi's Stikkas, the result was that the Gobbos were left without any effective missile troops for the remainder of the battle – a grave loss in the face of Elves.

It would have been better to have hidden the archers in woods on one side of the valley, and then lured the Elves in that direction by placing a small unit of Gobbos out in the open. As it was, as soon as the trap was sprung, the Elf general assessed the situation and decided to counter attack the smaller of the

two Goblin forces, leaving their counterparts on the opposite side of the valley out of range or with a long march.

Ideally, the Gobbos should have engaged the enemy in the centre of the valley; and boosted their combat results with additional attacks in the side and rear of the Elf units. Alan clearly saw the danger of the situation, and hence his rapid counter attack to the north to break out of the trap.

The damage inflicted on the Elf units by the Goblin fanatics was truly horrendous! In the first two turns seventeen High Elves fell to these maniacal Gobbos including three out of five Silver Helms. Unfortunately, the Goblins lacked the strength to follow up these crippling attacks, which

might have resulted in the rout of the entire Elf force. Surrounded on all sides, the rest of the battle could well have been a mopping up exercise for the Gobbos.

Alert players will notice how the fanatics are placed within several different types of Goblin units in this game. In the new Warhammer rules, fanatics can now only be placed in Night Goblin regiments. This battle, and a number of others played at the Games Workshop studio demonstrated that this rule was indeed the best way to place some limit on the use of these deadly effective troops.

The Elf Mage made good use of his *Doomfire Ring* to destroy one fanatic and also to annihilate the Goblin Warboss and Shaman Lord. Both of these characters were left exposed and vulnerable to magical attack. Spiders can move through difficult ground or across obstacles without a movement penalty, and so both the Warboss and the Shaman Lord should have advanced through the wooded areas to strike at the Elf column from the flank or rear.

The Goblins were unlucky on a number of occasions. In the magic phase of the first turn, the Warboss blew the *Horn of Urgok* in order to rally Groggo's Jabbers. This magic item could have rallied Skraggi's Stikkas who were also fleeing in panic, but they were just outside the 24" range of effect. The presence of this archer regiment up on the hill could have made a significant difference to the battle.

In a straight fight, Elves will always have the advantage over Goblins. In order to counter this, Gobbos have to rely on weight of numbers and in particular charging first, to improve their combat resolution results. In different circumstances, the Grinning Moons might also have been able to stand up to the charge from the two Silver Helms and seal off the bridge.

The Night Gobbos gave a good account of themselves in a number of fights. The most notable occasion was when the Toad-Eyes routed the Silver Helms and then almost overwhelmed Anaryll. He was only saved by the Elf spearmen who arrived in the nick of time.

It was an exciting game. It had been a fine day for the Elves, but Gorrfang will be back and next time we'll even up those points and it will be a whole different story!

# MAGIC ITEM



# MAGIC ITEM

## MAGIC ITEM SPECIAL THE DRAGON ARMOUR OF AENARION

*This mighty armour was forged in Yaul's anvil long ago to protect Aenarion, the first Phoenix King of Ulthuan, in the great wars against Chaos.*

The Armour of Aenarion counts as heavy armour which gives a basic saving throw of 4 or more on a D6, so when mounted on Malhandir Tyron has an armour saving throw of 1 or more on a D6. When wearing this armour Tyron rolls to save as normal including all saving throw modifiers for strength etc. If he fails his normal armour save he can immediately roll again, this time saving on a 4 or more but ignoring saving roll modifiers for the strength of the attack. If this second roll fails, there are no further rolls and he is wounded. By its nature the armour is almost impervious to fire and flames, so ignore all saving throw modifiers for fire attacks such as dragon breath, Skaven firethrowers, fireballs and so on.

**TYRION ONLY**

# MAGIC ITEM



# MAGIC ITEM

## MAGIC ITEM SPECIAL THE HEART OF AVELORN

*The Heart of Avelorn is a gift from the Everqueen and is woven about with some of her protective power. Should Tyron ever be wounded near to death, the heart will break and return a portion of his strength, though at great cost to the Everqueen herself.*

The heart protects Tyron against hostile magic, giving him a saving throw of 4, 5 or 6 against spells which affect him. Note that this doesn't act as a Dispel, so any other models affected by the spell will still be affected even if Tyron makes his saving throw against its effects. If Tyron is reduced to 0 wounds the heart will break, and the release of its power will return Tyron to 1 wound. If this happens discard this card for the rest of the game.

**TYRION ONLY**

# MAGIC ITEM



# MAGIC ITEM

## MAGIC ITEM SPECIAL SUNFANG - THE RUNESWORD OF TYRION

*This sword blazes with the captured fires of the sun. The white hot runes smouldering along its length destine blazing ruin for its victims.*

When using this weapon in close combat Tyron rolls to hit as normal. He rolls to wound counting +3 to his strength. Each wounding hit inflicts D3 wounds. When used against Daemons Sunfang wounds automatically and inflicts D3 wounds per hit. Once per game in the shooting phase of the turn Tyron can summon forth the flaming energies of the sword and cast them forth as a mighty firebolt. Work out the damage from this by placing the Dragon's breath template so that its pointed end is touching Tyron's base with the rounded end over the target. Every model under the template is hit on a roll of 4, 5 or 6 on a D6 and suffers 1 S3 hit.

**TYRION ONLY**

# MAGIC ITEM



# MAGIC ITEM

## MAGIC ITEM 40 POINTS THE SKULL WAND OF KALOTH

A wizard may use the Skull Wand of Kaloth to attack a close combat opponent. The Wand is wielded like a mace, and the wizard rolls to hit as normal. If a hit is scored, the Wand will attempt to suck out the victim's soul. The victim must test against his Leadership on 2D6. If he fails, his soul is sucked from his body, and he is killed instantly. If he succeeds, he may still suffer a normal wound. Roll to wound in the normal way, all armour saves apply.

**WIZARDS ONLY**

MAGIC ITEM

85 POINTS

## THE TALISMAN OF HOETH

*Hoeth is the Elven god of knowledge and learning. The talisman of Hoeth was created by the old Warden of Tor Yvresse to pass on some of his knowledge and power to the uninitiated, helping them to call the winds of magic and weave spells.*

The Talisman of Hoeth gives its bearer the ability to cast spells and use magic cards just like a Wizard Champion, giving him the equivalent of magic level two. This means the character can draw two spell cards at the start of the game from any of the college spell decks. He may not choose spells from any other decks.

**HIGH ELF ONLY**



MAGIC ITEM

MAGIC ITEM

MAGIC ITEM

25 POINTS

## BANE SHIELD

*A bane shield is covered in runes which draw in magical energy and then discharge it as crackling bolts of lightning when the shield is struck.*

A Bane Shield gives a basic saving throw of 6 on a D6 and will add 1 to the armour save of a character wearing armour, just like an ordinary shield. Whenever a character carrying a Bane Shield makes a saving throw against a hit from an opponent in base to base contact, the shield discharges a bolt of energy and scores a S4 hit against the opponent that struck him.

**HIGH ELF ONLY**



MAGIC ITEM

MAGIC ITEM

MAGIC ITEM

50 POINTS

## THE FANGSWORD OF ELTHARION

*The Fangsword is a rune-encrusted longsword which has been passed down through Eltharions family for generations. Eltharion inherited the fangsword from his father after he died in defense of his home at Athel Tamarha.*

The fangsword bites deep and armour is little protection against it. Hits from the fangsword have a -3 saving throw modifier, in addition to Eltharions own -1 saving throw modifier for his strength, making a total -4 on saving throws against wounds inflicted with the fangsword. In addition, the enchantment of the blade automatically stops one opponent's attack hitting. One of Eltharions opponents will therefore have 1 less attack than normal. You may choose which foe will lose the attack.

**ELTHARION ONLY**



MAGIC ITEM

MAGIC ITEM

MAGIC ITEM

50 POINTS

## SHADOW ARMOUR

*Shadow armour is forged by Shadow Warrior mages in secret armouries high in the Analliti. The armour retains a strong charge of magic which shifts its wearer partially out of the real world and into the realm of magic.*

Shadow armour counts as heavy armour, so it gives its wearer a saving throw of 5 or 6 on its own, 4 or more combined with a shield and so on. In addition, a character wearing shadow armour can move through difficult ground and obstacles (but not friendly or enemy models) as if they weren't there. This power will extend to the character's steed if he has one but will not affect a monster which he is riding. In addition, a character wearing shadow armour subtracts -1 from the strength of attacks against him. However, hits from magic weapons and spells are resolved at full strength.

**HIGH ELF ONLY**



MAGIC ITEM

MAGIC ITEM

## HIGH ELVES



CHAMPION WITH SWORD



STANDARD BEARER



CHAMPION WITH SPEAR



ELF WITH WARHORN



White is a colour the Elves associate with purity but also with death. It is also used for war-gear and uniforms. This stark, basic scheme is enlivened by precious stones set into armour and sword hilts. Brightly coloured scarves are wound about helmets and weapons.

The banner shown above is from northern Saphery and depicts the horned moon of Saphery, crowning the winged serpent, a creature which signifies the hidden powers of magic. The rune shown is *Elui*, the rune of ending or denial. The deep blue of the hills in the background depicts the twilit hills of northern Saphery.



HIGH ELF WHITE LION OF CHRACE



HIGH ELF REPEATING BOLT THROWER



HIGH ELF WHITE LION OF CHRACE

# REPEATER BOLT THROWER

The High Elves of Ulthuan have never developed gunpowder technology as have the men of the Old World and Dwarfs – indeed they have never needed to do so as their marksmanship with the bow is superior to that of lesser races. Centuries ago they created torsion powered and counter-weighted devices which are their equivalent of cannons, perfecting them to such a degree that they are in many ways superior to crude gunpowder weapons.

## THE REPEATER BOLT THROWER

The High Elf repeater bolt thrower is a machine that shoots long, steel-tipped bolts or darts. The machine can shoot either a single dart or a whole volley. However, when a volley is fired, the energy of the weapon is divided and the bolts are less effective. The repeater bolt thrower is therefore ideally adapted to engage large, tough targets by means of a single shot, or multiple weaker targets with a volley of darts.

When it is your turn to shoot, declare whether you are firing a single shot or a volley. Single shots are worked out exactly as described in the Warhammer rulebook (see p79), but the rules are repeated below for your convenience.

A bolt thrower is a powerful weapon which can hurl its bolt through several ranks of troops, piercing each warrior in turn. If you hit then resolve damage against the target using the bolt thrower's full strength of 5. If the model is slain then the bolt hits the trooper in the second rank directly behind: resolve damage on the second model with a strength of 4. If the second rank trooper is slain then a model in the third rank is hit: resolve damage with a strength of 3. Continue to work out damage as the bolt pierces and slays a model in each rank, deducting -1 from the strength for each rank pierced.

A model damaged by a bolt thrower sustains not 1 but D4 wounds, which means that even large monsters can be hurt or even slain by a hit from a bolt thrower. Armour saves are not allowed for hits from a bolt thrower, because the missiles are so fast and deadly that any armour is pierced along with its wearer. Because saves are not taken a target with only 1 wound will be slain if it takes damage, there is therefore no need to roll the D4 to decide the number of wounds.

## VOLLEYS

A volley is worked out slightly differently to a normal bolt thrower shot. A volley consists of 4 separate bolts, but these are always fired towards the same target in the same way as a unit of archers or crossbowmen. Roll to hit for each bolt using the Ballistic Skill of the crewmen and the Missile Fire Chart as normal. As High Elves have a BS value of 4 this means a hit is scored on a 3 where no other modifiers apply. Because the Bolt Thrower's energy is divided between four individual bolts the strength of any hit is 4 as opposed to 5 for a single shot. Resolve damage as normal using the 'To Wound' chart. If successful 1 wound is inflicted. Note that this is less than the D4 wounds inflicted by a single shot due to the reduced effectiveness of a multiple shot. If the target is slain then

the bolt penetrates to the second rank and hits again in exactly the same way as a normal bolt thrower. Several ranks can be penetrated in this way, but the strength hit is reduced by -1 for each rank pierced. So, the first hit is resolved at strength 4, the second at strength 3, the third at strength 2 and the fourth at strength 1. As with single shots, no armour saving throws are allowed for hits from a bolt thrower.

**Example.** Shooting at a unit of men at long range with a multiple shot. Roll 4 dice to hit. You will require a 4+ with each shot as the target is at long range. The dice score 2, 3, 5 and 6 = 2 hits (an average score at this range). Men have toughness 3 and so you require 3+ to wound. Roll two dice scoring 3 and 5 = 2 wounds and two men slain (no saves allowed). Roll for the second rank at strength 3 so you require 4+ to wound. Roll two dice scoring 4 and 6 = a further 2 men slain. The next rank is at strength 2 so you require 5+ to wound. Re-roll the two dice again scoring 3 and 6 = 1 man slain. The next rank is at strength 1 so you require a 6 to wound. Re-roll the dice scoring 2 = no further damage. Total = 5 men slain.

	Range	Strength	Save	Wounds per hit
SINGLE SHOT	48"	5 -1 per rank	None	D4
MULTIPLE SHOT	48"	4 -1 per rank	None	1

The repeater bolt thrower is a solid device which has a toughness value and an equivalent to 3 wounds as shown below. The repeater bolt thrower can be moved by its crew. It cannot move and shoot in the same turn, except that it can be turned to face its intended target. If one of the crew members is killed, then its movement is reduced by half.

MOVE	TOUGHNESS	WOUNDS
As crew	7	3

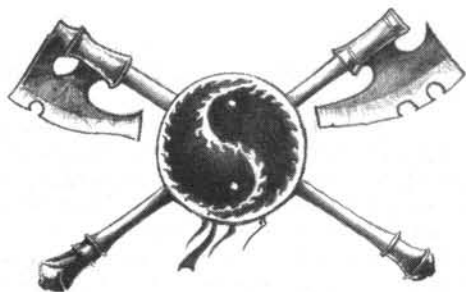
The repeater bolt thrower has a crew of two models and if one crewman is slain then the remaining crewman can continue to operate the machine without any reduction in performance. If both crew are slain the bolt thrower cannot shoot.

## SUMMARY

1. Align bolt thrower on target and declare single or multiple shot. Roll to hit for each shot.
2. Resolve damage at strength 5 for single shots, 4 for multiple shots. No save is permitted.
3. If the target is slain roll damage against the second rank at strength 4 for single shots, 3 for multiple shots.
4. Continue rolling for damage until you fail to slay the target or run out of ranks, deducting -1 from the strength for each rank already pierced.

# THE HIGH ELF ARMY

A High Elf army is normally a compact and hard hitting force, a select body of Elves brought together to defend some realm or oust an invader. Thousands of years of experience have honed the tactics and organisation of the army of Ulthuan to a keen edge, and there are few who would dispute the Elves' ability to muster an army and get it to the point of conflict by land or sea with what seems to be supernatural speed.



Over the last three centuries the High Elves have re-established contact with the Old World and have, on occasion, despatched armies to support their human allies. An army will normally comprise elite foot companies of White Lions, Phoenix Guard, Sword Masters and the like forming the core supported by squadrons of Elven cavalry and larger regiments of spearmen and archers drawn from the Elven citizens of Ulthuan.

## HIGH ELF SPEARMEN AND ARCHERS

Regiments of Elf spearmen and archers are made up of the citizen-soldiers of Ulthuan. Though they may be artists, craftsmen or poets in times of peace, every Elf is a trained and deadly fighter in times of war. Over a thousand years ago the Phoenix King Morvael introduced a system of training large bodies of troops to be called up from the populace. He had accurately predicted the necessity of a better organised army to defend Ulthuan against the increasing strength of the Dark Elves.

Each city and settlement trains and equips a body of spearmen and archers in proportion to their population, the retinues of the High Elf nobles also contribute to the levy. These many disparate units are then formed into larger regiments as needed. Many are sent north to guard the passes and the isles, while others remain in the cities and settlements as a standing force ready to meet any threat. Both spearmen and archers are garbed in robes of pure white, often with a border design which proclaims the wearer's home city or land. The colour white signifies purity and death amongst High Elves, so the robes are a symbol of their unity and determination to fight to the death if necessary.

The spearmen are well equipped with hauberks of fine scale armour, tall helms, shields and seven-foot Elf war-spears. The archers have a lighter corselets of scale mail and powerful bows constructed of alternating layers of wood to give them great power and range. Protected by regiments of spearmen, High Elf archers are amongst of

the most decisive troops in the army, unleashing deadly volleys of steel-fanged death upon their foes.

The Lothorn Sea Guard are part of the citizen soldiery of Eataine, and are responsible for manning the defences of Lothorn and guarding against sea-borne invaders. When the great ships of Ulthuan sail to war companies of the Sea Guard are carried with them as they are well-trained in boarding actions and fighting at sea.

The High Elves of the more remote parts of Ulthuan do not train together like the spearmen and archers of the cities. Instead, they hone their personal fighting skills and come in times of need to fight in small warrior bands. Unlike the more regimented units of spearmen and archers these warrior bands can be very diversely armed, often favouring more traditional weapon combinations such as sword and shield or two swords.

## THE DRAGON PRINCES OF CALEDOR

Caledor is a mountainous realm of volcanoes and rich valleys and beneath its fire-crowned peaks dwell nests of dragons. Once the Dragon Princes could command enough dragons to turn the skies black with wings, destroying entire armies with their flames and mighty claws. Now the dragons are few and those that are left slumber deeply. Occasionally in times of dire need they may rouse a dragon from its centuries of slumber, but only their greatest heroes can aspire to ride such ferocious steeds. The Dragon Princes have lost none of their own skills with sword and lance so they gallop into battle upon mighty Elven steeds caparisoned in burnished armour forged in the form of a dragon, an echo of a bygone age but no less terrible for it.

## SILVER HELM KNIGHTS

Silver Helm Knights are drawn from all the realms of Ulthuan and include many of its finest and most noble sons. Long ago, when men were still fighting with clubs and wicker shields, the High Elves had mastered the proud, powerful horses of Ulthuan and learned how to employ them as steeds. The Silver Helm Knights are the culmination of thousands of years of experience in mounted combat. Swift and deadly, they are armoured in shining silver and armed with white lances with diamond-hard tips which glitter like stars. Though less heavily armoured than the human knights they use their greater speed well and are every bit as deadly in combat, catching their foes off guard with quick flanking moves and pursuits. Their thunderous charges have broken the back of many an invading army.

## REAYER KNIGHTS

The Reaver Knights are a common sight throughout Ulthuan as they tirelessly patrol its most dangerous areas. They were formed over fifty centuries ago by the Phoenix King Caledor the first at the start of the schism between

was rent asunder with confusion and treachery, and any messenger or scout was liable to be set upon and slain by the many factions roaming the land.

Caledor called for brave young horsemen to bear his messages and ride the troubled land. Those who answered his call became known as the Reaver Knights because they were forced to live off the land as they galloped back and forth across Ulthuan. They served Caledor well and when the Dark Elves were driven from Ulthuan he foresaw the need for constant patrols to keep the island safe. Caledor gave this great honour to the Reaver Knights for their loyalty and to this day, over five thousand years later, the Reaver Knights still rigorously patrol Ulthuan and a place in their ranks is much sought after.

The Reaver Knights are commonly made up of the wildest and most headstrong sons of the noble houses. Many come from Ellyrion where Elves are trained in fighting on horseback from an early age.

## TIRANOC CHARIOTEERS

The peoples of the sundered realm of Tiranoc still keep alive the art of fighting from a fast-moving chariot. Each chariot is drawn by two fine Elven steeds and carries a single Tiranoc noble who controls the chariot with nothing more than a spoken word.

Charioteers traditionally carry the deadly Singing Blade, a glaive-like weapon cunningly carved and pierced so that it shrieks as it is swung. A single blow from a Singing Blade can cleave a fully armoured man in two if it is struck from a thundering chariot. The nobles are also experts in the use of bow and sword and often carry these weapons with them to war. Charging in, striking at the foe and wheeling away, driving back their enemies with their skill and power, the Charioteers of Tiranoc are a breathtaking sight that none in the outer lands can match for speed and grace.

## PHOENIX GUARDS

The Phoenix Guards protect the Shrine of Asuryan, a great pyramid on an isle in the Sea of Dreams. Inside the shrine it is said there lies the Chamber of Days, a place where the histories of the Phoenix Kings past, present and future are written in words of fire upon stone. Because they have seen the future they cannot or will not speak of what they know so the Phoenix Guard are a silent order, pledged not to allow a single word to pass their lips in all the time they spend as guardians of the shrine. This makes them terrible foes in battle as an uncanny silence reigns as they fight, no war cries or screams rend the air as they wield their halberds with deadly intensity.

In certain rites and ceremonies the Phoenix Guard attend the Phoenix King, most notably when he is chosen and enters the flame eternal in the shrine to mark his rebirth as the new king. They also carry away his body to the white ship at the time of his passing. Stories abound of the Phoenix Guard arriving at the very instant that the council decides upon a new king or at the moment that life leaves the old king, lending weight to the legends about the Chamber of Days. However the Phoenix Guard never divulge their secrets and no one has ever seen the Chamber of Days and lived.

## WHITE LIONS OF CHRACE

The White Lions take their names from the fierce predators which stalk the mountains of Chrace. They hold the passes in the broken northlands against the constant incursions of the Dark Elves. They are sworn to protect the lands about the Inner Sea to their dying breath and are renowned for their ferocity and prowess. Traditionally, a company of White Lions acts as the personal bodyguard of the Phoenix King in honour of the time they saved Caledor the first from Dark Elf assassins. The White Lions are powerfully built and stronger than most Elves, and in battle they wield fearsome double-handed war axes.

## SWORD-MASTERS OF HOETH

The Sword Masters are guardians of the Tower of Hoeth in the mysterious land of Saphery, warrior-ascetics who dedicate their lives to the pursuit of wisdom and learning carefully controlled violence. They study meditation and martial arts until they are capable of super-human feats of arms. They favour the Elven greatsword above all other blades; a wicked weapon a full five or six feet in length, double-edged and razor sharp. The Sword Masters are so superlatively trained that they can wield their mighty swords as fast as an ordinary warrior can use a normal sword.

## THE SHADOW WARRIORS

The Shadow Warriors are survivors of the ravages of the Dark Elves in the north of Ulthuan. When the Dark Elves first split from the rest of Ulthuan many from their own lands did not join them but were still caught in the terrible war that followed, culminating in the destruction of their land by the magics unleashed by the Dark Elf sorcerers. To this day they live on as a nomadic people wandering in the wildernesses of northern Ulthuan and ranging across Cothique, Tiranoc and Chrace in small, fierce bands. Sometimes they are joined by Elves who have lost their homes and families to the Dark Elves and now lust for vengeance with the cold fury that only Elves can feel.



Shadow Warriors are used to fighting in small units hunting and ambushing Dark Elf infiltrators. Often they will arrive unbidden at a mustering of High Elf forces and offer their expert services as scouts and skirmishers to the general of the army.

# HIGH ELF ARMY LIST

The High Elf Army list has been designed so that you can choose an army to a previously fixed points value. There is no upper limit to the size of an army, but one thousand points is about the smallest size that will allow you to field a battle-worthy force. Two thousand points is the usual size for battles that will last an entire evening, and three thousand points will give you enough troops for a battle that will take most of a day to fight. Most people prefer to collect their armies in blocks of a thousand or five hundred points, starting with say a thousand point 'core' force and adding five hundred points at a time. This allows you to conveniently plan your purchases and gives you time to paint the models and try them out on the tabletop before deciding what to add next.



It is usual for each side to begin with an equal points value of troops – say two thousand points a side. This means both players pick an army worth up to the agreed points value. The High Elf player uses the High Elf army list, whilst his opponent uses his own list. The total value of a player's army may be less than the agreed value, and will often be a few points short simply because there is nothing left to spend the few remaining points on.

The list that follows tells you what proportion of your points you may spend on character models, regiments, war machines and allies. This ensures that your army and that of your opponent are reasonably balanced, and don't consist entirely of cannons or Lord characters for example!

## CHARACTERS

The points value of characters includes the value of their armour and weapons, any magic items they have, and a steed if they are mounted. If a character rides a monster its points value counts towards the army's character point allowance and not the monster point allowance. The proportion of points permitted to your army for monsters is for monsters without riders. If a character rides in a chariot then its points value including any additional crew is also included in the character points value.

The points value of characters includes the points paid for champions of regiments. But you should remember that a regiment's champion is part of his unit and cannot leave it.

A character may be equipped with any of the weapons or armour available to the ordinary troops in the list. The points cost of weaponry and armour is the standard value and the complete list is repeated at the end of this section. Note that this doesn't mean that a character can carry a special weapon such as a bolt thrower.

A character can carry appropriate magic items chosen from the magic items cards in Warhammer or Warhammer Battle Magic. It is also our intention to add more magic items at a future date, possibly as part of scenario supplements and also in White Dwarf magazine. The points value of magic items is included on the cards themselves. Characters are permitted no more than the number of magic items shown on the chart below.

Character	Maximum Number of Magic Items
-----------	-------------------------------

### HEROES

Champion	1
Hero	2
Lord	3

### WIZARDS

Mage	1
Champion Mage	2
Master Mage	3
Mage Lord	4

Note that some magic items are restricted to certain races or types of characters. Scrolls can only be used by wizards, for example and only Heroes can wear magic armour.

## REGIMENTS

Models are organised into units which we call regiments. Regiments must be at least five models strong unless indicated otherwise in the army list. There is no upper limit to the size of a regiment. The minimum of five models includes its leader (which it must have), plus an optional regimental standard bearer, musician and champion if it has them.

All regiments are assumed to include a leader equipped in the same way as his men and with identical characteristics. He costs the same points as an ordinary trooper. All regiments may include a standard bearer and/or musician, and these cost double the points value of an ordinary trooper. Standard bearers and musicians are assumed to be equipped with the same weapons as the rest of the unit and fight just like ordinary troopers (see the rulebook for a full description).

Some regiments are permitted magic standards. These are covered by the Warhammer Battle Magic supplement and are included as magic item cards. Obviously, the regiment must include a standard bearer before it can be given a magic standard. If you include a magic standard then its points value is included with the points value of the regiment.

Units are permitted champions. Champions are always equipped in exactly the same way as the rest of the unit, except that they are permitted one magic item in addition. A champion may be the unit's leader, but does not have to be – you can have a separate leader and champion model if you wish. Champions always fight with their regiment and cannot leave it. The points value of a champion, and of any magic item he carries, comes from the proportion of points allocated to the army's characters and NOT the regiments.

## WAR MACHINES

The High Elves place little faith in war machines in open battle, though they do use repeater bolt throwers in reasonable numbers. Up to one quarter of the army's points may be spent on repeater bolt throwers.

## MONSTERS

Monsters are beasts brought along to fight beside the army. They include trained creatures hand-reared from birth and monsters which have been magically bound by spells of obedience. Monsters chosen as mounts for characters are NOT included in the points allocation for monsters; they are included in the points for characters instead.

## ALLIES

The High Elf army may include a proportion of allies, up to a quarter of its total points value. Allies are chosen from the Warhammer Armies book or books indicated. So, for example, your High Elf army could include up to a quarter of its points value as Wood Elves chosen from the Wood Elf list, or Dwarfs chosen from the Dwarfs list. There is nothing to prevent you choosing allies from several different lists if you wish. Including allies is a good way of expanding your collection, it also allows you to paint something different and still include it in your army.

## PRESENTATION OF PROFILES

Profiles are given in the standard format and include all the characteristic values. They do not take into account movement reductions due to armour, as this may vary depending on how you choose to equip your troops. Saving throws are not included on the profiles for the same reason, as they may vary depending on what armour you choose to buy.

Cavalry have two profiles, one for the rider and one for the mount.

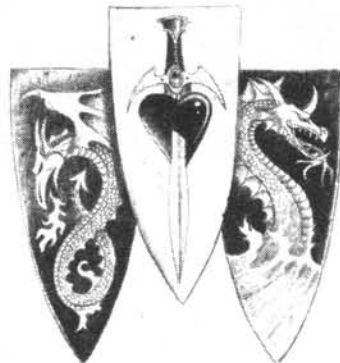
M = Movement	W = Wounds
WS = Weapon Skill	I = Initiative
BS = Ballistic Skill	A = Attacks
S = Strength	Ld = Leadership
T = Toughness	

## LIMITATIONS ON CERTAIN CHARACTERS/UNITS

The army lists presents the player with lists of troop types which can be included in the High Elf Army. In most cases there is no limit on the number of individual models, or the number of units, other than that imposed by the points values. However, some particular types of unit or character are limited. In some cases you can only include one character of a certain type in your army, or one of a specific unit. Any such limitations are clearly indicated in the lists. For example, you may only ever include one general model.

## SPECIAL CHARACTERS

The High Elves are an exceptional race and there are many exceptional Elven heroes and wizards. The army list has provision for a number of characters without specifying who they are or where they come from within Ulthuan – it is assumed that players will like to create their own names and background histories for their characters. A separate section describing some of the famous warriors of Ulthuan has been included at the end of the army list. These are ready-made characters with their own characteristics, history, magical artefacts and points values. You can include these characters in your army if you wish. The points cost of special characters comes out of your character points allowance in the normal way.



## ARMOUR

The saving throws for troops is not given on their profile because this is variable depending on the armour they wear. Saving throws are summarised below.

Armour	Save	Cavalry save
None	None	6+
Shield or light armour	6+	5+
Shield & light armour or heavy armour only	5+	4+
Shield and heavy armour	4+	3+
Cavalry with barding		adds further +1

For example, a Silver Helm Knight is a cavalryman wearing light armour, carrying a shield and riding a barded horse, his save is therefore 3+ (4+ with a further +1 on account of the barding).

## EQUIPMENT LIST

The following is a list of all the usual weapons in the Warhammer game. It has been included so that you can refer to it for comparative purposes, and so that you can choose equipment for character models without having to refer to the army list entries or the Warhammer rulebook.



A character model may be armed with any weapons available to the troops themselves, subject to the usual restriction regarding weapon use – eg a halberd requires two arms to use and so prevents its wielder using a shield as well. Remember that champions must be equipped in the same manner as the regiment they are part of. In all cases the models must actually carry the weapons ascribed to them.

Items marked with an asterisk (\*) are not used by High Elf troops and are not therefore available to High Elf characters. They have been included out of a sense of completeness.

## EQUIPMENT LIST

### HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT WEAPONS

A single sword, axe, mace or other hand weapon .....	Free
An additional sword, axe, etc .....	1
A double-handed weapon, including double-handed axe, sword, etc .....	2
Flail .....	1
Halberd .....	2
Spear .....	1
A lance for a mounted warrior .....	2

### MISSILE WEAPONS

Bow .....	2
Short Bow .....	1
Long Bow .....	3
Crossbow* .....	3
Repeating Crossbow* .....	4
Javelin .....	1
Sling .....	1
Hand Gun* .....	3
Pistol* .....	2

### ARMOUR

Shield .....	1
Light Armour .....	2
Heavy Armour .....	3
Barding for steed .....	4

## ARMY SELECTION

<b>Characters</b>	<b>0-50%</b>	Up to half the points value of the army may be spent on characters. This includes the cost of monsters ridden by a characters.
<b>Regiments</b>	<b>25%+</b>	At least a quarter of the total points value of the army must be spent on regiments. This does not include the cost of champions, who are paid for out of the character allowance.
<b>War Machines</b>	<b>0-25%</b>	Up to a quarter of the points value of the army may be spent on war machines.
<b>Monsters</b>	<b>0-25%</b>	Up to a quarter of the points value of the army may be spent on monsters. Note that this does not include monsters ridden by characters, which must be paid for from the character allowance.
<b>Allies</b>	<b>0-25%</b>	Up to a quarter of the points value of the army may be spent on allied troops chosen from any of the following list or lists: Bretonnia, Dwarfs, Empire and Wood Elves.

# CHARACTERS

Your High Elf army may include up to 50% of its points value as characters chosen from the list below. You must always include a General, but apart from this you are free to choose as many or as few characters as you wish.

## 1 HIGH ELF GENERAL ..... 160 points

The army must include a General to lead it. The General could be a High Elf Prince or perhaps even the Phoenix King himself.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lord	5	7	7	4	4	3	9	4	10
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

**EQUIPMENT:** Sword.

**WEAPONS/ARMOUR:** The General may be armed with any combination of weapons/armour allowed to any of the troop types in this list (see Equipment List for points values).

**MAY RIDE:** The General may ride an Elven Steed (+3 points), a Monster (see the separate Monster List for points), or he may ride in a two-horse chariot at a cost of +56 points.

**MAGIC ITEMS:** The General is a Lord character and is entitled to up to three magic items chosen from the appropriate cards.



*Battle Standard Bearer*



*High Elf General*

## 0-1 BATTLE STANDARD ..... 98 points

The army may include a Battle Standard together with its bearer if you wish.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Battle Standard Bearer	5	5	5	4	3	1	7	2	8

**EQUIPMENT:** Sword and Battle Standard.

**WEAPONS/ARMOUR:** The Battle Standard Bearer may be armed with any combination of weapons/armour allowed to any of the troop types in this list (see Equipment List for points values).

**MAY RIDE:** The Battle Standard Bearer may ride an Elven Steed (+3 points), a Monster (see the separate Monster List for points), or he may ride in a two-horse chariot at a cost of +56 points.

**MAGIC ITEMS:** The Battle Standard Bearer is a Champion character and is entitled to up to one magic item chosen from the appropriate cards. This may be a magic standard, effectively turning the army's banner into a magic standard.

**HEROES** ..... 104 points

The army may include as many Heroes as you wish within the normal limitations of the points available. Heroes represent individuals of exceptional prowess and courage. Many individuals of this sort are to be found amongst the nobility of Ulthuan. Not all Heroes are nobles by any means – some are ordinary folk whose outstanding abilities and deeds makes them the equal of any other hero on the battlefield.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hero	5	6	6	4	4	2	8	3	9

**EQUIPMENT:** Sword.

**WEAPONS/ARMOUR:** A Hero may be armed with any combination of weapons/armour allowed to any of the troop types in this list (see Equipment List for points values).



**MAY RIDE:** A Hero may ride an Elven Steed (+3 points), a Monster (see the separate Monster List for points), or he may ride in a two-horse chariot at a cost of +56 points.

**MAGIC ITEMS:** A Hero character is entitled to up to two magic items chosen from the appropriate cards.



*High Elf Hero*

**CHAMPIONS** ..... 48 points

Any regiment may include a Champion armed and equipped in the same way as the rest of the unit (see Equipment List for points values). Champions represent especially powerful or adept warriors.

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

**EQUIPMENT:** A Champion is always armed and equipped in the same way as the rank and file members of his regiment (see Equipment List for points values).

**MAY RIDE:** A Champion may ride an Elven Steed (+3 points). If the rest of his regiment is also mounted, he may ride in a two-horse chariot at a cost of +56 points if he is part of a unit of Tiranoc Charioteers.

**MAGIC ITEMS:** A Champion character is entitled to a single magic item chosen from the appropriate cards.

**WIZARDS**

The army may include as many High Elf Mages as you wish within the usual limitations of points cost. High Elf Mages are the greatest practitioners of magic in the world, born of a race who have studied the power of magic throughout their long lives. Their mighty spells and fiery blasts have won them many battles when sword and spear might not have prevailed. High Elf Mages may be selected from any of the four levels of power at the appropriate points cost as shown below.

Mage..... 59 points

Champion Mage..... 121 points

Master Mage ..... 219 points

Mage Lord ..... 328 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Mage	5	4	4	3	4	1	7	1	8
Champion Mage	5	4	4	4	4	2	7	1	8
Master Mage	5	4	4	4	4	3	8	2	8
Mage Lord	5	4	4	4	4	4	9	3	9
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

**EQUIPMENT:** Sword.

**WEAPONS/ARMOUR:** A High Elf Mage may be armed with any combination of weapons/armour allowed to any of the troop types in this list (see Equipment List for points values). However, wearing armour prevents a Mage casting spells, so they do not normally do so. Note that a Mage may ride a horse wearing barding, and this does not interfere with his ability to cast spells.

**MAY RIDE:** A High Elf Mage may ride an Elven Steed (+3 points), a Monster (see the separate Monster List for points), or he may ride in a two-horse chariot at a cost of +56 points.

**MAGIC ITEMS:** A High Elf Mage is entitled to magic items chosen from the appropriate cards. A Mage may have one magic item, a Champion Mage may have two magic items, a Master Mage may have three magic items, and a Mage Lord may have four magic items.

# REGIMENTS

The High Elf army comprises mainly of regiments of High Elf citizen-soldiers armed with spear and bow reinforced by companies of elite warriors from the different realms of Ulthuan. Your army must include at least 25% of its points value as regiments chosen from the following list, and it may include more if you wish. In some cases you may only choose a maximum of one unit of a specific type, for example you can only have one regiment of White Lions. There is no limitation on the size of a unit, other than units must consist of at least five models unless otherwise stated.

## SILVER

### HELM KNIGHTS ..... 31 points per model

Silver Helm Knights are drawn from all the realms of Ulthuan and include many of its finest and most noble sons. They are armoured in shining silver and armed with white lances with diamond-hard tips which glitter like stars. Their thunderous charges have broken the back of many an invading army.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Silver Helm	5	5	4	3	3	1	7	1	8
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

**EQUIPMENT:** The Silver Helms wear light armour. They are armed with a sword and lance.

**SAVE:** 5+.

**OPTIONS:** The Silver Helms may carry a magic standard. This may be chosen from the appropriate magic item cards and its cost is indicated on the card itself (see Warhammer Battle Magic).

Any regiment may be equipped with shields at cost of +2 points per model. Any unit may be equipped with barding for their steeds at a cost of +8 points per model. Hence a fully armoured Silver Helm Knight will cost 41 points (31+2+8) and have an armour saving throw of 3+.



*Silver Helm Knight*

### REAYER KNIGHTS ... 23 points per model

The Reaver Knights are a common sight throughout Ulthuan as they tirelessly patrol its most dangerous areas. The Reaver Knights are made up of the wildest and most headstrong sons of the noble houses. Many come from Ellyrion where Elves are born to the saddle and trained to fight from horseback from an early age.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Reaver Knight	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

**EQUIPMENT:** The Reaver Knights wear light armour and are armed with a sword.

**SAVE:** 5+.

**OPTIONS:** Any regiment may be equipped with bows at a cost of +4 points per model. Any regiment may be equipped with spears at a cost of +2 points per model. Any regiment may be equipped with shields at a cost of +2 points per model.



*Reaver Knight*

## 0-1 UNIT OF DRAGON PRINCES OF CALEDOR ..... 43 points per model

Though once the Dragon Princes could arouse enough Dragons to turn the skies black with wings now these creatures are few and those that are left slumber deeply. Now the Dragon Princes gallop into battle upon mighty Elven steeds caparisoned in burnished armour forged in the form of a Dragon, an echo of a bygone age but no less terrible for all that.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dragon Prince	5	5	4	3	3	1	7	1	8
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5



**EQUIPMENT:** The Dragon Princes wear heavy armour and carry a shield, and ride a barded Steed. They are armed with a sword and lance.

**SAVE:** 2+.

**OPTIONS:** The Dragon Princes may carry a magic standard. This may be chosen from the appropriate magic item cards and its cost is indicated on the card itself (see Warhammer Battle Magic).



*Dragon Prince of Caledor*

## TIRANOC CHARIOTEERS ..... 72 points per model

The scattered peoples of the sundered realm of Tiranoc still keep alive the art of fighting from a fast-moving chariot. Charging in, striking at the foe and wheeling away, driving back their enemies with their deadly skill, the Charioteers of Tiranoc are a breathtaking sight that none in the outer lands can match for speed and grace. Each chariot is drawn by two fine Elven Steeds and carries a single crewman.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Charioteer	5	5	4	3	3	1	7	1	8
Chariot	-	-	-	7	7	3	1	-	-
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

**EQUIPMENT:** The Charioteers wear light armour and are armed with a sword, bow and halberd.

**SAVE:** 6+.

**OPTIONS:** Any chariot may be equipped with scythed wheels at a cost of +20 point. Any Charioteer may be equipped with a shield at a cost of +1 point, javelins at a cost of +1 point, a spear at a cost of +1 point. Any Charioteer may swap his bow for a long bow at a cost of +1 point.



*Tiranoc Charioteer*

# 0-1 UNIT OF SWORD MASTERS OF HOETH ..... 16 points per model

The Sword Masters are guardians of the Tower of Hoeth in the mysterious land of Saphery. The Sword Masters are warrior-ascetics who dedicate their lives to the pursuit of wisdom and learning carefully controlled violence. They study meditation and martial arts until they are capable of super-human feats of arms. They favour the Elven greatsword above all other blades: a wicked weapon a full five or six feet in length, double-edged and razor sharp. The Sword Masters are so superlatively trained that they can wield these mighty swords as fast as an ordinary warrior can use a normal sword.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sword Master	5	5	4	3	3	1	7	1	8

**EQUIPMENT:** The Sword Masters wear light armour and are armed with a double-handed sword.

**SAVE:** 6+.

**OPTIONS:** The Sword Masters of Hoeth may carry a magic standard. This may be chosen from the appropriate magic item cards and its cost is indicated on the card (see Warhammer Battle Magic).

**SPECIAL RULE:** The Sword Masters of Hoeth fight with a fluid grace and poise impossible to equal. Hence they do not always strike last in hand-to-hand combat – the normal penalty for using two-handed weapons.



*Sword Master of Hoeth*



*Phoenix Guards*

# 0-1 UNIT OF PHOENIX GUARDS... 14 points per model

Your army may include one unit of Phoenix Guards. The Phoenix Guards protect the Shrine of Asuryan. They are a silent order, pledged not to allow a single word to pass their lips in the time they spend as guardians of the shrine. They are terrible foes in battle as an uncanny silence reigns as they fight, no war cries or screams rend the air as they wield their halberds with deadly intensity.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Phoenix Guard	5	5	4	3	3	1	7	1	8

**EQUIPMENT:** The Phoenix Guards wear light armour and are armed with halberds.

**SAVE:** 6+.

**OPTIONS:** The Phoenix Guard may carry a magic standard. This may be chosen from the appropriate magic item cards and its cost is indicated on the card itself (see Warhammer Battle Magic). The Phoenix Guard may increase their armour to heavy armour at a cost of +1 point per model.



White Lion of Chrace

## 0-1 UNIT OF WHITE LIONS OF CHRACE ..... 14 points per model

The White Lions hold the passes in the broken Northlands of Chrace against the constant incursions of the Dark Elves. They are sworn to protect the lands about the Inner Sea to their dying breath and are renowned for their ferocity and prowess. Traditionally, a company of White Lions acts as the personal bodyguard of the Phoenix King.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
White Lion	5	5	4	4	3	1	6	1	8

**EQUIPMENT:** The White Lions wear light armour and are armed with a double-handed axe.

**SAVE:** 6+.

**OPTIONS:** The White Lions may carry a magic standard. This may be chosen from the appropriate magic item cards and its cost is indicated on the card itself (see Warhammer Battle Magic).

## HIGH ELF SPEARMEN ..... 12 points per model

Your army may include any number of regiments of Elven Spearmen. Regiments of Elven Spearmen are made up of the citizen-soldiers of Ulthuan. Though they may be artists or craftsmen or poets in times of peace, every Elf is a deadly fighter in times of war.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
High Elf Spearman	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8

**EQUIPMENT:** Elven Spearmen carry a spear, a sword and a shield, they wear light armour.

**SAVE:** 5+.

## LOTHERN SEA GUARD ..... 12 points per model

The Lothorn Sea Guard are responsible for manning the defences of Lothorn and guarding against invaders from the sea. When the great ships of Ulthuan sail to war companies of the Sea Guard are carried with them as ship-borne troops as they are well-trained in fighting at sea.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sea Guard	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8

**EQUIPMENT:** The Sea Guards wear light armour and are armed with spears and shields.

**SAVE:** 5+.

**OPTIONS:** Any regiments of Sea Guard may be equipped with bows at an additional cost of +2 points per model. Any regiments may swap their spears for halberds at an additional cost of +1 point per model.

## ELF WARRIORS ..... 9 points per model

The High Elves of the more remote parts of Ulthuan do not train together like the spearmen and archers of the cities. Instead they hone their personal fighting skills and come in times of need to fight in small warrior bands.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
High Elf Warrior	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8

**EQUIPMENT:** Elven warriors carry a hand weapon (a sword, axe or mace) and a shield.

**SAVE:** 6+.

**OPTIONS:** Any regiment of Elf warriors may be equipped with light armour at an additional cost of +2 points per model. They may be armed with spears at an additional cost of +1 point per model. A regiment may swap their shields for additional hand weapons for no additional points cost.

## HIGH ELF ARCHERS ..... 10 points per model

Your army may include any number of regiments of archers. Protected by regiments of spearmen High Elf Archers are amongst of the most decisive troops in the army, unleashing deadly volleys of steel-fanged death upon their foes.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
High Elf Archer	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8

**EQUIPMENT:** Bow and hand weapon.

**SAVE:** None.

**OPTIONS:** Any regiment of archers may be equipped with light armour at an additional cost of +2 points per model. Any regiment may swap its bows for long bows at an additional cost of +1 point per model.

## 0-1 UNIT OF SHADOW

### WARRIORS ..... 11 points per model

The Shadow Warriors are survivors of the ravages of the Dark Elves in the north of Ulthuan. When the Dark Elves first split from the rest of Ulthuan many from their own lands did not join them but were still caught in the terrible war that followed, culminating in the destruction of their land by the magic unleashed by Dark Elf sorcerers. To this day they live on as a nomadic people wandering in the wildernesses of northern Ulthuan and ranging across Cothique, Tiranoc and Chrace in small, fierce bands.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Shadow Warrior	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8

**EQUIPMENT:** Bow, sword and shield.

**SAVE:** 6+.

**OPTIONS:** A regiment of Shadow Warriors may be equipped with light armour at an additional cost of +2 points per model. A regiment may swap their bows for long bows at an additional cost of +1 point per model.

**SPECIAL RULES:** The Shadow Warriors are used to fighting in small units hunting and ambushing Dark Elf infiltrators. This means they can be deployed as *skirmishers* and use the rules for skirmishers on page 90 of the Warhammer rulebook.

Because of their bitter, unrelenting struggle against the Dark Elves, the Shadow Warriors are subject to the rules for *hatred* when fighting Dark Elves



Shadow Warriors

## WAR MACHINES

The High Elf army places little emphasis on war machines, relying rather on the high quality of their bowmen and melee troops to fight a decisive battle. Your army may include up to 25% of its points value as War Machines. The only war machine the Elves use is the repeater bolt thrower.



Repeater Bolt Thrower

### REPEATER BOLT THROWERS ..... 50 points per model

Your army may include any number of repeater bolt throwers. Each bolt thrower has a crew of two to operate the weapon.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Repeater bolt thrower	-	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-
Crew	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8

	Range	Strength	Save	Wounds per hit
Single Shot	48"	5-1 per rank	None	D4
Multiple Shot	48"	4-1 per rank	None	1

**EQUIPMENT:** The crew are armed with hand weapons and wear light armour.

**SAVE:** 6+.

# MONSTERS LIST

## THE DRAGONS OF CALEDOR

Caledor is renowned throughout the Known World for its dragons. Long ago, these great creatures made their lairs under the smouldering peaks of the Dragon Spine mountains. In ages past Caledor Dragontamer bound the fearsome dragons to his will and his descendants still name their kingdom Caledor in his honour.

Once few dared the wrath of Caledor, for their Dragonriders could ravage a foe's armies and lands in hours, the great leathery wings of their mounts blotting out the sky with their numbers. But now most of the dragons slumber, dreaming the centuries away until the end of the world. Those that remain awake are sometimes sluggish and temperamental, so their riders are reluctant to use their mounts save in times of direst need. But the greatest Princes of Caledor still ride dragons into battle, and no foe of Ulthuan can deny their potency.

### Special Rules

**Dragonage.** The dragons of Caledor are fiercely loyal to their riders. They have developed a bond with the Dragon Princes down the centuries which is now bred into their very spirit. Hence if a High Elf dragon has its rider killed add +1 to the D6 roll on the Monster Reaction Table to see what it does next. This means that the dragon will remain with its fallen master or attack, and will not flee the battlefield as wilder dragons might.

Dragon .....	450 points
Great Dragon .....	600 points
Emperor Dragon .....	750 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Dragon	6	6	0	6	6	7	8	7	7
Great Dragon	6	7	0	7	7	8	7	8	8
Emperor Dragon	6	8	0	8	8	9	6	9	9

**GREAT EAGLE** ..... 75 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Eagle	2	7	0	5	4	3	5	2	8

**CHIMERA** ..... 250 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Chimera	6	4	0	7	6	6	4	6	8

**COCKATRICE** ..... 150 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Cockatrice	4	3	0	4	4	2	4	3	6

**GRIFFON** ..... 150 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Griffon	6	5	0	6	5	5	7	4	8

**HIPPOGRIFF** ..... 145 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Hippogriff	8	5	0	6	5	5	6	3	8

**MANTICORE** ..... 200 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Manticore	6	6	0	7	7	5	4	4	8

**PEGASUS** ..... 50 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Pegasus	8	3	0	4	4	3	4	2	5

**UNICORN** ..... 90 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Unicorn	9	5	0	4	4	3	4	2	9



# SPECIAL CHARACTERS

Tyrion – High Elf Prince, and his brother Teclis – High Elf Mage Lord, can be included in any Warhammer High Elf army by paying the appropriate points cost. This is deducted from the character allocation in the army list. Both characters are equipped with a number of special magic items. Cards for these are supplied elsewhere in this book. Several of these items are specific to Tyrion and Teclis but others can be bought for other High Elf characters by paying the appropriate points cost.

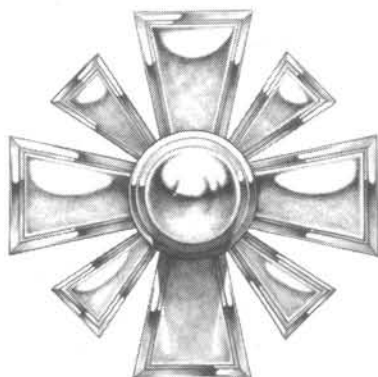
Only one character at a time may wield these magic items. So if Teclis himself is on the battlefield, no other character may be equipped with the Sword of Teclis.

## TYRION

### HIGH ELF PRINCE ..... 425 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tyrion	5	8	7	4	4	3	10	4	10
Malhandir High Elf Steed	12	4	0	4	3	1	5	2	7

**Magic Items:** Sunfang – the Runesword of Tyrion, the Dragon Armour of Aenarion and the Heart of Avelorn. (The cost of these magic items is included in Tyrion's total points value.)



## TECLIS

### HIGH ELF MAGE LORD ..... 575 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Teclis	5	4	4	4	4	4	9	3	10

Teclis has three magic items included in his points value. He can be given one more magic item from Warhammer or Warhammer Magic at the standard points cost.

**Magic Items:** The Sword of Teclis, the Moonstaff of Lileath and the War Crown of Saphery. (The cost of these magic items is included in Teclis's total points value.)



*Tyrion High Elf Prince*

## ELTHARION THE GRIM, WARDEN OF TOR YVRESSE ..... 165 points

**Stormwing +150 points**

**Fangsword +50 points**

**Talisman of Hoeth +85 points**

Eltharion the Grim can be included in any Warhammer High Elf army by paying the appropriate points cost. This is deducted from the character allocation in the army list. Eltharion can be equipped with up to three magic items. Cards for two special magic items normally carried by Eltharion, the Fangsword of Eltharion and the Talisman of Hoeth, are supplied in the colour section of this book. The Fangsword is specific to Eltharion and only he may carry it but the Talisman of Hoeth can be bought for other High Elf characters by paying the appropriate points cost.

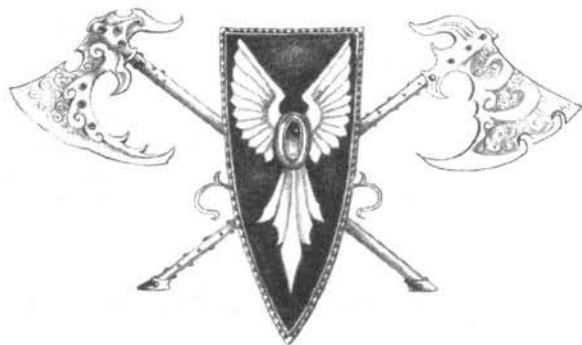
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Eltharion	5	7	7	4	4	3	9	4	10
Stormwing	6	5	0	6	5	5	7	4	8

## SPECIAL RULES

Eltharion lost nearly all of his family and saw his ancestral lands ravaged and burned in the cataclysmic Goblin invasion of Yvresse led by Grom the Paunch. To this day he holds a bitter hatred in his heart for all Goblins, so he is subject to the psychology rules for *hatred* when fighting Goblins. If he is in combat with Grom the fury of Eltharion's blows is such that he gains +1 on his rolls to hit and +1 on the strength of his hits.

# TYRION AND TECLIS

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



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

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

## THE DARK ELF WARS

When the great incursion of Chaos came, destiny touched the twins. From the north the Dark Elves swept through Ulthuan looting, burning and pillaging. Allied with the servants of the four powers of Chaos they seemed

unstoppable. The gigantic Black Arks of Naggaroth vomited forth a wave of corruption on the shores of the Elf lands. Ships of rune-woven red iron brought frenzied Chaos warriors to Ulthuan. The Witch King of Naggaroth once more set foot on the land from where he'd so long ago been driven. Everywhere the unprepared Elves suffered defeat after defeat at the hands of their Chaos-worshipping kin. In the lands of Men things went no better. The shattered Empire, long a cauldron of factional strife, could not stand against the tide of Chaos. It was a time of blood and darkness. The world was ending in death and despair.

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

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

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

The Dark Elves were filled with glee at the news of the loss of Alarielle, but the Witch King refused to believe the rumour of her death. He insisted that her body be found so he could display it crucified upon his standard. Four assassins stood before him and pledged to know no rest till they brought him Alarielle's corpse. The Dark Elves

sought the pair everywhere. Tyrion and the Everqueen often hid, blindly writhing through the loam to avoid the eyes of Dark Elf patrols. As the Witch Elf poison gripped him, Tyrion grew ever weaker and more feverish, but with her hand disrupted the young Everqueen could not find the power to save him.

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

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

## THE DARKEST HOUR

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

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

Lightning split the night and the daemon was knocked back. A frail-looking figure emerged from the forest. On his head was the horned-moon helm of Saphery and he swiftly took up position between the queen and the

Keeper of Secrets. With an angry bellow, the daemon rose to confront him. Teclis spoke words of thunder and a sphere of coruscating energy leapt forth, its touch instantly casting the daemon back into the Realm of Chaos. Swiftly Teclis went to his brother's aid. Using all the healing lore he had learned in the White Tower he managed to summon Tyrion's spirit back from the brink of the abyss. When the daemon's defeat was revealed in his black orb of seeing the Witch-King was enraged. He ordered one thousand enslaved Elf prisoners sacrificed to Slaanesh immediately. The war blazed on with renewed ferocity.

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

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

## THE BATTLE OF FINUVAL PLAIN

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

To Teclis, Alarielle gave the sacred staff of Lilaeth. It granted him strength and power so great that he wouldn't need his enabling potions. He refused the offer of any sword, preferring to use the blade he had forged with his own hands. He was now ready to stand beside his brother in the heat of battle.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

## THE DEFEAT OF THE WITCH KING

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

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

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

Malhandir brought Tyrion face to face with the Witch King's standard bearer. The High Elf cut down his foe with ease. Malhandir trampled the Witch King's banner into the mud. Seeing their Lord defeated and their standard smashed the Dark Elves fell into despair. Overhead a seemingly unstoppable magician rained magical doom down on them, before them an unstoppable warrior clove through their ranks like a ship through the waves. Almost to a man that vast army turned and fled. Almost to a man they were cut down. The High Elves had won their first major victory. The tide had turned.

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

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

## THE GIFT OF MAGIC

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

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

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

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

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

Magnus requested that Finreir and Teclis teach the full secrets of magic to humans. The new Emperor had seen how instrumental it had been in holding back the tide of Chaos and wanted to add yet another weapon to mankind's arsenal. At first Finreir resisted. Elves and Men had come to blows in the past and might do so again. Teclis took the long view. He argued that by helping Men protect themselves against Chaos they would create an invaluable bulwark against the forces of darkness. Eventually Teclis's view prevailed and the Colleges of



*Teclis High Elf Mage Lord*

Magic were established. Teclis himself taught the first human students and more than twenty years passed before he returned home. Through his work as a teacher, he became fond of the race of Men and saw in it the possibility and the threat that in time it might far exceed the declining race of Elves.

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

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

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

# ELTHARION

From out of the east, borne by storm, the Goblins came. They rode the waves in a vast fleet of crudely made ships, each crewed by hundreds of cruel green-skinned warriors. They arrived on the stony beach, their ships battered by the wind, their sails in tatters. Over half the teeming horde had been lost. They had perished at sea, wracked by scurvy, devoured by kraken, their vessels splintered against the sharp-fanged rocks and reefs of the Sea of Dread, their minds shattered by the illusions entwined around the Shifting Isles. Over half their number had been lost but they were undismayed. Twice ten thousand still lived and their eyes glittered with undimmed malice.

Grom was their leader; vast of belly, strong of sinew, cruel of heart and cunning of mind. Following him the horde had blazed a red trail of carnage from the flinty heart of the Worlds Edge Mountains through the marches of the Empire to the shores of the Sea of Claws. Following him they had stormed the castles of men and looted the tombs of Dwarf kings. They had routed armies and slaughtered untold thousands. Grom could have built an empire in the Old World. He could have toppled the kingdoms of men and raised a savage fiefdom in the ruins. He chose not to, for Grom had a vision. He knew his destiny lay in the west, over the sea. His gods had spoken and told him he was the bane of the Elves.

Grom was the voice of the Waaa. Touched by the gods, he was the living embodiment of his people's spirit of conquest. Standing on that cursed shore he had promised the horde new lands to conquer, new foes to slay, new treasures to loot. Grom had spoken and the horde believed him, for Grom spoke the thoughts their gods had placed in all their black hearts.

They had built huge floating hulks and had taken to the sea. Currents had carried them far out into the Western Ocean until the storm caught them in its iron grip. Like the hand of a malign god it threw them down on the coast of Ulthuan. The raging sea had driven even the world-girdling Elf ships into port, so the sea-wardens of Ulthuan knew nothing of the coming invasion. The howling winds parted the magical mists which had for so long guarded the Eastern Shores. It was as if dark Fate wished this scourge to descend upon the Elves.

The ships made landfall at Cairn Lotherl, in the kingdom the Elves call Yvresse. Grom bade his warriors disembark and then ordered all the ships burned. Forty days and nights at sea had sorely tried Grom's patience and he swore he would never again set foot on a boat of any sort.

To the beat of huge drums, the horde marched southwards, burning as they went. They swarmed over isolated Elf outposts like warriors ants on the march. In the village of Kaselorne a dying Elf revealed the existence of the city of Tor Yvresse, swearing that the Warden of the City would put an end to them all. Grom laughed in his face and told the Elf that he would feast on the Warden's heart. However, the Elf's tale of a mighty city filled with silver-mailed warriors stirred Grom's savage heart and he knew that this was the place that he must conquer. It would be the capital of his new realm.

Word of the horde reached the keep of Lord Moranion, the Lord of Athel Tamarha. The old Elf Lord was deeply

disturbed by the tidings. His eldest son and most of his troops were in the far Northlands fighting against Dark Elf invaders. His youngest son, Argalen, was in Tor Yvresse studying magic under the tutelage of the Warden. The old Elf's heart was already heavy as news had just reached him that his eldest, Eltharion, lay at death's door, a Witch Elf's poisoned blade near his heart. He despatched messenger birds with news of the oncoming horde to the Warden and then despatched his few remaining rangers to scout out the Goblins.

The rangers encountered the vanguard of Grom's army at Peledor Ford. They lay in wait and rained arrows down on the Goblins as they tried to cross. The Goblins took heavy casualties and the taunting cries of the Elves enraged them. However, wily old Grom, having taken stock of the situation, sent a group of warriors upriver with orders to swim the river and take the Elves in the flank, driving the Elves from the ford.

Remembering his oath not to set foot on a boat Grom did not cross the river on one of the hastily constructed rafts. Instead he sent his bodyguard to stand in the river with their shields held flat above their head, and walked across the Peledor on a bridge of shields. Only three of his bodyguard died from trying to support his enormous weight.

On the far side of the river the Goblins discovered a giant standing stone, one of the Elves' watchstones. Grom's Shaman, Black Tooth, probed the rune-encrusted menhir and saw it for what it was, a conduit of enormous power. The dark gods smiled and he managed to bind himself to it. Power flowed through him. He soared into the night sky, mounted on his wyvern, Doomserpent.

The next day the army arrived at the keep of Athel Tamarha. Seeing the huge fortress-palace Grom decided that this must be the city of Tor Yvresse. He stood for a moment entranced; its beauty touching him. Like many old Elf structures the keep looked as if it had grown from the living rock, stone towers rising like the boles of petrified trees from its stone base. Old half-eroded carvings were sculpted into its walls. Guardian statues looked out over its lake moat. Their sightless eyes gazed down on a causeway of basalt.

Moranion looked out from his tower on the sea of green faces and knew he was doomed. The scout's report had not prepared him for the sheer size of the advancing army. It covered all the nearby ridge and flowed like a green tide across the plain towards his ancestral home. At its fore he saw the massive form of Grom ensconced in his chariot. Overhead a mighty wyvern rode the thermals, a shaman mounted on its back. The spells of illusion surrounding Athel Tamarha had flickered and died the previous evening and looking at the Goblin shaman the old Elf-Lord knew why; a nimbus of power played around him, brighter than lightning, more terrible than an angry dragon.

He knows not what he does, thought Moranion, with a shudder. Such huge amounts of power would eventually consume the shaman like a flame withering a branch, but not before he wreaked terrible havoc. The shaman had bound himself to the channels of power the Elves used to

keep their lands above the sea. The watchstones were lynchpins for the spells that kept the power of Chaos from the world; spells so vast, intricate and complex that no single mage could hope to understand them or recreate them. Save in moments of great crisis no Elf Mage would dare interfere with them, for who knew what might happen if their balance was interfered with even slightly? Here was a threat to the whole of the land of Ulthuan, not just to Athel Tamarha.

With a mighty roar the Goblins surged forward towards the causeway. As they did so the wyvern swooped. From its rider's hand came a colossal thunderbolt. The smell of ozone filled the air. The gates of Tamarha Keep crashed into a thousand pieces. Moranion knew that he had no chance of survival. His household had few troops, mostly old men and untested boys. They could not hold the gate against the Goblins.

Grom steered his chariot across the causeway cutting down all who got in his path. He drove right through into a central courtyard where he was met by Moranion. The old Elf was clad in silvered mail and a cloak of white wolfskin. In his hand was his rune-inlaid blade, Fangsword. The old Elf shouted a challenge at him. Grom climbed down from the chariot and strode through the melee. Blocking a sweep of the Elf's sword with his axe, he dropped the old warrior with a blow from his mailed fist. Then he stood shouting encouragement to his ladz with the unconscious Elf Lord slung over his shoulder.

Soon the battle was over. Triumphant Goblin warriors strode through the hallways of the ancient palace, wrapping themselves in tapestries and capering through halls, defacing priceless pictures, and smashing the arms off exquisite statues. Idiot laughter echoed under vaulted ceilings. By fires made from piles of hand-illuminated parchment they swigged hallucinogenic wines from bottles older than many human kingdoms and wolfed down the fruits of the blazing orchards.

In his great hall Moranion returned to wakefulness and wished he had not. He was in terrible pain. On the Elf Lord's own throne sat Grom, around whose broad shoulders was draped Moranion's wolfskin cloak. He was flanked on his left by the evil old shaman and on his right by a hunchbacked Goblin jester. When the Elf tried to speak the jester slapped him with an inflated Orc's bladder. When he tried to move he discovered his foot had been nailed to a plank of wood. The Goblins thought this very funny.

In halting manspeech, Grom asked questions and boasted of his conquest of Tor Yvresse. Through bruised lips Moranion managed a laugh. He told Grom that this was not the city – it was a mere outpost. For a second there was silence then Grom too laughed. He was pleased – till now he had thought the Elves too puny to be worth bothering with.

Soon the horde was on the move again. Grom ordered Moranion strapped naked to the front of his chariot. As they left the Keep Moranion wept bitter tears; his ancestral home was afire. Even as he watched, the roof collapsed. A structure that had endured two millennia had been levelled in one day by a tribe of mindless barbarians with no understanding of what it was they destroyed.

All that long day they marched through a land that was empty and swiftly blighted. The horde's scouts slaughtered entire populations of deer, and chopped down trees that had stood for years. Fields of irreplaceable

medicinal herbs, the only examples of their type, were trampled by iron-shod feet. The Goblins plucked up the flowers and threw them about, laughing like cruel children. Under Black Tooth's instructions the watchstones they encountered were toppled. As darkness fell the ground shook with a small tremor. Only Moranion, out of all the thousands present, understood what it meant. He knew that soon the tide of terrible magic would rise again with catastrophic consequences for Ulthuan and the world. He shuddered when he heard Black Tooth's mad laughter ringing out. In the dark he could see the shaman's eyes glitter with newly absorbed power.

Under cover of the shadows the surviving Elf rangers crept into the camp amid the sleeping Goblins. They found Moranion still strapped to the front of the chariot in which Grom lay asleep. So stealthy were they that even the wolves did not awake. They might have freed Moranion too but Grom was old for a Goblin and did not sleep well. He sensed the vibration of his chariot as Moranion's weight was removed from its front and woke with a roar. Two Elf rangers rushed him. He snatched up his axe and chopped them down.



The Elves lifted their chieftain and ran through the stirring army. Grom called for archers. The Elves split up and ran in different directions. A group of them were swiftly surrounded and began a desperate last stand. The others almost made it to the edge of the wood. At the very edge they were mown down by arrow fire. Moranion himself fell with two arrows buried in his back. He tried to crawl on. As he did so another arrow thunked into his body and he was still.

At that moment, in the far north of Ulthuan, Moranion's son, Eltharion, lay close to death. His breathing was shallow, his heartbeat slow, his brow cold. Even so his eyes snapped open. He sensed a shadowy presence in the room and saw his father standing over him. The old Elf's face was bloodless and bruised, his eyes glittered cold blue, crudely made arrows protruded from his chest. The son shuddered, knowing his father was dead.

The ghost shimmered and spoke to him, telling him it was his duty to seek revenge and stop this scourge. To save the land he must kill whoever he found wearing his father's cloak. Eltharion reached out for his father but the ghost's hand vanished before he could clasp it. As Eltharion looked down he saw the Fangsword, ancient heirloom of his house, lying where his father's ghost had stood. He reached down and grasped the hilt, his knuckles white against its black binding.

When his warriors entered the silken pavilion they were surprised to see their leader on his feet. Eltharion looked like death. His eyes were chill, his cheeks sunken and when he spoke there was a bitter edge to his voice that had not been there before and which was never to leave it.

He mounted his war griffon, Stormwing, and ordered his warriors back aboard their ships. He told them they were returning home. None dared gainsay him. Aloft and out of



*Eltharion the Grim mounted on Stormwing*

sight of his troops, he cursed the gods. The rush of wind in his ears was the only answer.

As Grom's force proceeded south they began to meet more resistance. Parties of rangers from Tor Yvresse launched lightning raids on the columns' flanks. At night they saw strange lights flickering in the woods and when they woke in the morning sentries had vanished. The land itself sometimes quivered beneath their feet like a whipped beast. They took some losses but Grom's steady presence and stout leadership reassured them.

A change came over Black Tooth. He spent more and more time on his own. He stopped eating or drinking. At night his mad laughter rang out over the camp and those who heard it shuddered; cruel-hearted, hardened warriors though they were. Those who saw him in the depths of night saw a strange halo about him and noticed that he was becoming hollow-cheeked and gaunt as a hunting hound. His eyes pulsed with an internal light. His pronouncements, never easy to understand at the best of times, became ever more cryptic. Even Grom worried about his old drinking croney's state of mind. Black Tooth was like someone in the last stage of a terminal illness, growing ever more distant from his life and the world.

By the light of the full moon Black Tooth stared into a bowl of blood seeking to divine the nature of the future. While doing so he saw the great spired city of Tor Yvresse,

built on nine hills; the titanic towers of its palaces linked by bridges hundreds of feet above the ground. He saw the army being mustered to meet the Goblins and he knew that soon they would meet their first real challenge. He informed Grom of this. If he sensed the damage he was wreaking to the Elflands by his draining of its magic he did not share the knowledge.

The commander of the army of Tor Yvresse was Ferghal of the Iron Spear. He was an able warrior but no general. His selection for supreme command came about because of his family's influence in the mazy and convoluted politics of Tor Yvresse. His appointment reflected well on the name of his ancient and honourable house. It reflected the weaknesses of Elf society: their passion for intrigue, the division of their realm into factions whose interests were put before those of the kingdoms in general, their inability to take seriously creatures as short-lived and unsophisticated as the Goblins. They still saw the horde as mere barbarians to be swiftly routed by superior Elf tactics and weaponry.

Sending a leader like Ferghal to face a foe as cunning, savage and deadly as Grom was like sending a child to face a hungry wolf. The armies met on the plains ten leagues from the city. Had the Elves been less confident of their might they would have remained within their fortress towers and given reinforcements time to arrive.

The unstoppable Goblin army swept over the Elves. Grom led his horde into the charge. His axe parted Ferghal's head from his shoulders. His scythed wheels cut the Elves down like stalks of wheat. Warrior for

warrior the Elves were more than a match for Grom's lads. However they were heavily outnumbered and the momentum of the Goblin charge carried them deep into the Elf lines. As the melee swirled the greenskins swiftly swept round the edges of the Elf formation and Elf warriors found themselves attacked from several sides at once.

Spears jabbed forward. Shields turned the sweep of clubs. Scimitar clashed with bright longsword. Warcries and death screams rent the air. Wolves howled as they feasted on the dying. From overhead came the sound of leathery flapping wings. The scent of blood and ozone filled the air. All semblance of tactics and skill was lost as the fighting became close and deadly. Combatants stood breast to breast and wrestled, panting for breath as they sought advantage. It had to be brief. No warriors could stand long in such a howling gale of combat without giving.

In the middle of the madness Argalen, son of Moranion, confronted Grom. The young Elf was mad with grief and rage. The sight of his father's cloak, all splattered with blood, drove all thoughts of anything save revenge from his mind. Red rage drove all thought of using his magic from his mind. He hewed his way through the Goblins and vaulted onto the back of Grom's chariot. Grom deflected his first stroke with his axe. It bit into the bronze railing of the chariot. Then the Goblin chieftain unleashed

a furious rain of blows at Argalen. Driven by Grom's iron arm the axe drank deep of Elf blood. Argalen fell.

Grom raised his corpse high above his head and with a great cry threw it out into the midst of the Elf force. Seeing the brave youth fall so disheartened the Elves that they turned and fled. The battle turned into a rout. Fleeing Elves were cut down as they dropped their shields, turned their backs on the foe and ran. Less than half the proud Elf army that came to Yvraine Plain left alive. Those that did were harried by wolf riders to the very gates of the city. When they saw their beaten army return the Elf-women on the walls, who had expected to welcome them back in victory, let out a great keening wail, mourning their lost brothers and fathers.

So great was that cry that they say Eltharion heard it though he was hundreds of leagues out at sea. It is said that at the moment that his brother's lifeless corpse tumbled to the earth he let out a howl of pain and rage that caused all who heard it to shudder and fall silent. Little joy there was on the ships of the house of Moranion as they sailed home.

In Tor Yvresse that night there was much mourning. The population huddled in fear round the temple of Ladielle. Black storm clouds hovered over the city, dark with the threat of torrential rain. A great tremor made the city shudder and caused part of the sea wall to tumble into the waves. Palaces collapsed and old monuments fell. In the city's highest tower the Warden observed the stars and

drew his charts and consulted the runes then drew a conclusion that sent stark terror through him. He knew that the web of spells holding the Vortex together was starting to unravel. In their ignorance the invaders had tampered with forces that could destroy them all. If they were not stopped soon first Yvresse then all of the Elf-lands would slide beneath the sea and tides of evil magic would drown the world.

When he took his conclusion to the city council there was much debate. Some wanted to take to the ships and leave before the cataclysm came. Others refused to desert their ancestral home and swore that if their land was to perish they would perish with it. Still others refused to believe the Warden's conclusions and went off to make their own observations.

For three days thereafter there was a brief respite. Grom regrouped his army and ordered the preparation of more siege engines. The Goblins stripped the bodies of the fallen and burned the corpses on great funeral pyres. The foul ash from the burning drifted on the wind to Tor Yvresse and disheartened its depleted defenders even more. Black Tooth descended further into madness as the power flowing into him devoured his brain and consumed his soul. He sat by the great camp fires alternately ranting and shivering. His pronouncements of impending doom caused a strange mood to come over the horde.

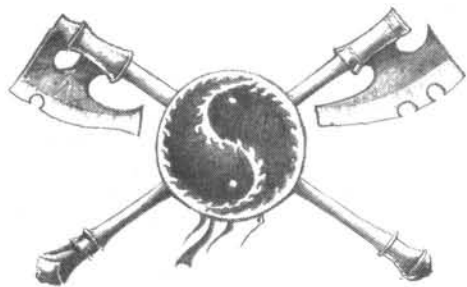
The Goblins did not like the dark haunted forests and the quivering of the earth. The eruption of the distant



*Orc Shaman Black Tooth mounted on War Wyvern Doom Serpent*

mountains made them nervous. They dimly sensed that great and terrible events were happening and they became infected by a mad belief in their ultimate victory. Yet they were unsure that victory would gain them anything. Black Tooth ranted that the sea would devour the land and the dead would outnumber the living. And still the great storm that gathered over Tor Yvresse did not break.

Only Grom seemed unperturbed, touring the tents and picket lines, a haunch of beef clasped in one hand, a flask of wine in the other, his great axe strapped to his back. He raised the spirits of his troops with his fearless appearance. But even he in his heart of hearts was perturbed. He gifted the shaman with Moranon's cloak as a sign that he still kept faith with his prophesies but Grom was starting to wonder.



When all the preparations had been made he ordered the army to advance on the distant city. Gangs of Goblins pulled the newly constructed siege engines with great ropes. Wolf rider scouts scoured the land before them. The horde marched to the beat of monster drums and the earth shook under their tread.

In Tor Yvresse the defenders mustered what forces they could. There were not many warriors left to man the great dart-throwers on the city walls. Never had the great metropolis seemed so empty. In later years Tor Yvresse had always been half-deserted. Foot steps echoed eerily down the empty hallways of the palaces within which the population lived and dreamed. The Elves' numbers had dwindled in recent millennia and their cities, built to house tens of thousands before the great sundering with the Dark Elves, had always seemed quiet. But this was something new, the shadow of death, permanent and terrible, hovered over the city and cast a deeper shadow than the clouded sky.

When the folk talked they talked quietly and the watchful silence swallowed their words. The thunderclap voices of the distant erupting mountains were the only loud noises in a city in mourning and expecting siege. Citizens crowded the walls waiting for the horde to arrive and each day that passed without attack increased rather than diminished their anxiety. Rumours of the Warden's dread findings floated round the city and increased the fear. The end of all things seemed near and the denizens of Tor Yvresse sensed it.

Then, four days after the Battle of the Plains, it happened. The citizens woke to find an army at their gates and the fire-scorched skulls of their kinsmen being lobbed over the walls by the great arms of Goblin stonechukkas. This ceased when Grom drove his chariot forward, halting just outside ballista range. In fractured manspeech he told the

Elves that they were all doomed unless they surrendered instantly and acknowledged him as their master. Those Elves who understood the speech of men called back taunts in the common tongue. Grom shrugged and ordered the siege to begin.

Huge towers rumbled forwards while stonechukkas and Goblin arrows raked the walls. The defenders sent back answering fire but they had not the numbers to silence their attackers. When the towers reached the walls the defenders poured cauldrons of magically heated lead on the Goblin attackers and poured arrows tipped with alchemical fire onto their attackers but they could not stop the onslaught. Black Tooth gestured and the storm broke. Rain fell in a drenching torrent and extinguished the fires. Lightning bolts danced along the battlements like flickering flames leaping up from hell. The defenders were swept from the battlements and the Goblins swept like a green tide over the walls and down into the city beyond.

The fighting was bitter and fought through the streets and palaces of the city. The Goblins had the advantage of numbers but the defenders knew every nook and cranny and hidden way of their city. Yellow-eyed Goblins hunted Elves in the stormy darkness and were hunted themselves in turn. Blood mingled with rain in the wet streets. The fitful illumination of the lightning lit scenes of terrible fury and carnage. Madness infected all the combatants as the thunder rumbled and earthquakes shook the buildings. Both sides fought with utter, primordial fury, neither asking or giving quarter. The forces on both sides were split in the maze of winding streets and the battle saw-sawed back and forth as one side or another temporarily gained a local advantage.

Things looked bleakest for the Elves around midnight. The Warden of Tor Yvresse and Black Tooth met. The shaman rode his wyvern to the Elf Mage's tower where the key watchstone of the city was kept. Doomserpent's night-black pinions shrouded the tower roof. The Warden emerged onto his balcony and he and Black Tooth duelled. Terrible magical energies were unleashed. Death spells hissed through the air and spluttered out as counterspells unmade them. Chained thunderbolts flickered out and glanced from shields of light. Two mortal gods fought at the highest point of the city and slowly the fighting in the streets stopped and all eyes, whether Goblin-yellow or Elf-blue, were turned on the tower.

The shaman gestured and flame engulfed the tower. The Warden extinguished it with a word. Black Tooth spoke and his word was thunder. The tower itself shook and threatened to topple. The Warden fell off balance and reached out to clutch the balcony. With his concentration momentarily broken he was easy prey for Black Tooth. The shaman's spell stripped the flesh from his bones and left a skeleton standing there momentarily. Then the pile of bones fell forward down into the street. Black Tooth entered the tower triumphantly. He had reached the centre of the web of power he had been gradually unravelling since he had first encountered the watchstones. Now he stood before the master watchstone for all of eastern Ulthuan. The power to wreak complete and utter destruction was now in his hands. Beneath him he could hear the doors break as Goblin warriors entered the tower below.

Suddenly, from out of the storm, the Elves came. Eltharion's fleet rode the turbulent sea into harbour. In a feat of insanely skilful seamanship they crashed through

the swells into the calm water near the docks. Hundreds of battle-hardened Elf veterans raced ashore. Eltharion himself took to the sky on the back of Stormwing, seeking the slayer of his father. The griffon's challenging shriek rang out over the city. The Elf army coming ashore smashed through the weary rain-soaked Goblin horde and made its way towards the great square in the centre of city. The Goblins fell back before them.

Through the wind and rain Eltharion rode. He sensed the presence of Black Tooth and, filled with horror, realised what the Goblin shaman was about to do. He felt the great tide of power flowing into the shaman and knew that if it was not stopped they were all dead. As if to emphasise the point the ground shook. Centuries' old palaces collapsed entombing Goblin and Elf alike.

Eltharion dropped from the sky in front of an elite group of his warriors. Swiftly he told them what they must do and then he rose back into the sky and flew off towards certain death. From his outstretched hand came a beam of pure power. It surged through the ranks of the Goblins around the Warden's tower, at once a weapon and a challenge.

Black Tooth sensed the new challenge and went out to meet it. As he did so the bulk of Grom's force encountered the soldiers in the city square and Eltharion's elite force stormed the Warden's tower. High above the city Eltharion and Black Tooth fought while in the square all was screaming madness. Elf and Goblin charged and counter-charged. By storm-light griffon and wyvern bit and clawed. Enchanted Elf-blade clashed with shaman's staff. Bolts of power flickered and flashed.

Drunk with power and mad with pain Black Tooth lashed out again and again with mighty spells, each more powerful than the last. Only Eltharion's iron will enabled him to deflect the bolts, only his driven determination to avenge his father's death enabled him to endure the agony. Slowly however Black Tooth's more-than-mortal power wore the Elf down. Beads of sweat mingled with rain on the Elf prince's face. His once-handsome features were frozen in a ghastly grimace of pain. One more blast was all it would take.

Then it happened. The Elf-warriors slew all the Goblins in the tower and carried out Eltharion's desperate plan. They made the Invocation of Ending in front of the master watchstone. All the power flowing through it was momentarily stopped. Black Tooth halted in mid-spell, momentarily stunned by the absence of magical energy. Knowing it was the only chance he was ever going to get, Eltharion put all his strength into one mighty blow. His enchanted blade lashed out, faster than the flicker of a serpent's tongue. Black Tooth's head flew from his shoulders. His body tumbled from the saddle.

In the streets below Grom fought, irresistible axe lashing to the left and to the right. Where it struck an Elf warrior fell. Around him his ladz fought bravely, heartened by the prowess of their leader, confident of victory. Slowly, the Elves were pushed back from the square. Then Black Tooth's headless body plummeted out of the sky and landed on the front of Grom's chariot. The Goblin chieftain halted, stunned by the death of his old friend. Seeing their leader dumbfounded and their invincible shaman dead, the Goblins halted.

The Elves were heartened by the arrival of Stormwing and Eltharion in their midst and they charged with renewed determination into the horde. The Goblins died in droves

and the few survivors were thrown back and, with their nerve broken, fled. Not even Grom's impassioned howling could halt them. Acknowledging defeat Grom shrugged and followed. The Elves were too weary to follow.

No-one knows what happened next. Eltharion entered the Warden's tower with four of the bravest warriors of the battle. It is said that he spent the whole night there wrestling with the power of the watchstone, seeking to stabilise the vortex. He emerged in the morning, his face more grim than ever. None of his companions were ever seen again. A terrible price had been paid for the salvation of Ulthuan.

He emerged into a brilliant dawn to acknowledge the adulation of the crowd. The sun was bright, the storm had broken. The light of the newborn day gave Eltharion no joy. Neither the admiration of the crowd nor the cheers of the warriors could bring a smile to his thin and bloodless lips. The horror he had endured was to blight the rest of his life. Till the end of his days he was known as Eltharion the Grim.

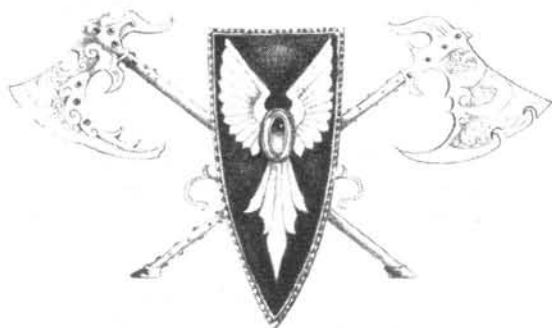
No-one knows what happened to Grom. Some say he died of wounds inflicted by Eltharion when they met in the centre of the battle's maelstrom. Others say he lived and made his way to the haunted, magic-tainted mountains. Tales are told that he flew all the way back to the Old World mounted on Doomserpent. No-one knows for sure. He was never heard of again. Eltharion was acknowledged as the new Warden of Tor Yresse, and he has ruled fairly and wisely for many years. Although on stormy nights he can often be seen on the balconies of the Warden's tower, brooding and shaking his fist at the uncaring sky.



*High Elf Citizen Soldiers*

**B**y the sun's wan light the Plain of Bones glittered. Preserved by strange magic the old bones glinted white. Armour old as the Elf realms seemed new-forged. Weapons clutched in skeletal fingers showed an edge as keen as a sharpened knife. The dead lay in endless ranks. Foe lay entwined with foe, ribcage inter-penetrating ribcage. White mounds of skulls rose in vast hills above the plain. It was as if all the dead warriors of all the world's battles lay here.

As the Elf army moved forwards they marched through the rubble of ancient buildings. Once a city as large as Lothorn must have been sited here. Now every building had been cast down. No stone had been left upon stone. The vitrified wood of fallen roof timbers lay within the scorched remnants of the tumbled down walls.



Bones crunched beneath the hooves of the Elf steeds as they advanced. Obscene dust drifted upward and clogged Tyrion's nostrils. To his left was the immense skeleton of a serpent a hundred yards long. To his right was a heaped pyramid of skulls, ten times the height of an Elf. Tyrion wondered how long they had been there. Perhaps they had been heaped up yesterday, perhaps five millennia ago. Time flowed strangely here, he knew.

Tyrion gazed into the blank staring eyes of a huge stone head. The statue it had once belonged to must have been enormous before it was cast down. Each eye was the size of Malhandir, and Tyrion's mount was the largest Elf steed that had ever lived.

In the distance Tyrion's keen eyes made out the enormous black Altar of Khaine. It was as large as the Pyramid of Asuryan and down its side flowed streams of blood. It was rimmed round by huge statues. At the peak something glowed malevolent black, charging the air with ominous power. Tyrion felt a strange excitement build in the pit of his stomach, a foretaste of the weird battlelust the sword's presence inspired.

The two armies met on the open plain before the Shrine of Khaine. Proud pennons fluttering, the High Elves moved into position. Tyrion thought the sight of his army was something to stir the heart. The expedition to re-take the Blighted Isle was one of the

mightiest forces assembled during this age of the world.

On the army's right flank Tyrion himself rode beside the massed ranks of the Silver Helms. Tyrion was proud to lead these armoured knights, each a scion of the noblest Elf families, mounted on the finest mounts the island-continent could provide. To his right were a body of heroic charioteers from Tiranoc, speaking soft words of instruction to the horses that drew their chariots.

Beside them rode Antheus of Caledor and his brother Dragon Princes, mounted on their huge armoured warhorses. Each horse was caparisoned with a headguard that echoed the winged helms of their riders. Antheus saluted Tyrion with his ancient rune-encrusted lance. Its tip glittered with the captured fire of a fallen star's heart.

To Tyrion's left, holding the centre, were the massed ranks of the Elf archers, long bows strung and ready for battle. To their left were the deep formations of spearmen. There were Sea Guards from Lothorn resplendent in their ornate helms and fish scale mail, citizen-soldiers from the valleys of Yvresse and the coasts of Cothique. Beside the Sea Guard two bolt throwers were wheeled hastily into place.

There was the elaborately garbed bodyguard of the Sapherian Mage Prince Irion. The High Mage himself stood proudly beside his soldiers, exchanging bantering words with Hallar, captain of the Sword Masters of Hoth. The mage and Ulthuan's most famous swordsman were old rivals. Tyrion smiled; he had studied under Hallar the Sword Master and had a certain fondness for his sardonic humour.

The awesome silent legionaries of the Phoenix Guard stood shoulder to shoulder with the mighty White Lions of Chrace, each resplendent in the pelt of the great carnivore from which they took their name. This was a force to inspire terror in all but the boldest of foes.

Across from the High Elf army were the massed ranks of their enemy. On the steps of the Shrine itself stood N'kari. The greater daemon was a horrific sight. Half again as tall as an Elf and at least ten times the weight, a great mass of solid muscle. From its huge shoulder protruded two might pincer-clawed arms. Beneath them two slightly more human arms petted a strange daemonic creature. N'kari threw back his huge horned bull-head and let out a strange ullulating cry which echoed out over the Dark Elf army and sent them into an ecstasy of terror and worship. At N'kari's feet lay a hideous daemonic fiend, part scorpion, part reptile, part beast. It licked the greater daemon's leg lasciviously. N'kari fondled its head with one huge human-like hand. He raised the other in a mocking wave to Tyrion.

In front of him stood rank upon rank of Dark Elf spearmen, their eyes glittering with undimmed hate. Between the great blocks of spearmen were units of crossbowmen. Tyrion had faced them before and knew how deadly they could be. All the Dark Elf infantry were driven by a festering hate that made them unwilling to give ground or concede defeat. The legions of the Witch King were among the High Elves' most terrible foes.

Beside the spearmen, opposite the Tiranoc charioteers, a crowd of Witch Elves stood howling and jeering murderously. Spittle frothed from the purple lips of the drugged women. They brandished blades that dripped poison and danced lasciviously for the pleasure of their lord.

Directly before the massed ranks of High Elf cavalry were several formations of Dark Elves mounted on green skinned slimy Cold Ones. Tyrion wondered whether the steeds of his troops would be able to bear charging the disgusting giant lizards. Well, he decided, it was too late to worry about that now. He would have to trust in the courage of the High Elf warriors and the loyalty of their mounts.

Malhandir whinnied and reared, desperate to get to grips with the enemy. Seeing no reason to hold back Tyrion gave the signal to advance. His plan was simple. The archers would keep up an unrelenting rain of death at the enemy as the knights and chariots closed with the foe. He himself would lead the charge.

After the doubts of the previous evening Tyrion was glad. He might die in this battle but at least he would die as he had wanted to. Warfare was something he understood, had been bred to understand, and now was his chance to put his skill into practice. He fixed his gaze on N'kari. Yes, the daemon was a terrifying sight. Yes, the daemon was a creature of awesome power. But Tyrion knew that he had been beaten before. Once by his distant ancestor Aenarion, once by Tyrion's own brother, the magelord Teclis. It was the daemon's doom to plague the line of Aenarion. It seemed the line of Aenarion's destiny to be N'kari's bane.

Tyrion was confident in the strength of his own sword arm. In his hand, the blade Sunfang pulsed with killing power. His body was sheathed by the dragon armour of Aenarion. From his neck the heart of Avelorn dangled from a lock of the Everqueen's own hair. It was woven round by protective spells of tremendous power. Tyrion knew that no warrior save Aenarion had ever gone to battle better equipped or protected. If any living creature had a fighting chance against a greater daemon it was he, and a fighting chance was all he had ever asked for.

He raised his gauntleted hand as the sign to attack. The silver notes of the Elf warhorns echoed over the field. In less than a heartbeat clouds of Elf arrows

arced towards the enemy. Malhandir needed no urging to advance. With effortless ease he accelerated. The wind whipped past Tyrion's cheeks as the great steed lengthened his stride. Bones crunched like brittle wood beneath his truesilver-shod hooves. In the distance a Cold One went down, pierced by a huge shaft from a bolt thrower. Tyrion saw its rider thrown from the saddle and crushed beneath the monster's falling bulk.

The hooves of the Elf cavalry shook the earth. Wheels thundered as the chariots slowly picked up speed. Tyrion saw one of the Tiranoc vehicles bounce on the uneven ground. The charioteers, intoxicated by speed, let out their terrifying warcries. The sound sent a shiver down Tyrion's spine. The call of the warriors of Tiranoc reverberated with ages of hatred and bitterness and loneliness. If he had been a Dark Elf hearing it, he would have been very afraid.

The Dark Elves held their ground despite the arrows scything through them. For all their evil, they were Elves and they had Elf discipline and courage. With a word Tyrion slowed Malhandir, letting the other cavalry catch up. He wanted to enter the battle with them. He would be the tip at the end of the spear of the Elf thrust.

Through the clouds of dust he could see the Dark Elves were closer now. They chanted frenzied cries in a bleak mockery of the tongue of Ulthuan. The words were similar enough to be understandable but the dialect of Naggaroth was a cold parody of the liquid Elf tongue, just as their bleak homeland was a grotesque echo of mystic Ulthuan.

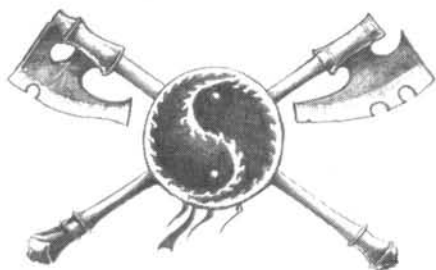
Tyrion felt a surge of heat against his breast as a bolt of evil power surged from N'kari's claws. The dark energies coiled around him but were dissipated by the golden light of the Everqueen's charm. Tyrion breathed a prayer of thanks to the Mother Goddess. From behind him a bolt of Eldritch energy hurtled toward the daemon, only to be deflected by a sweep of those mighty claws.

A sinister hissing filled the air as the Dark Elf crossbowmen opened fire at the oncoming Elf cavalry. A bold warrior on Tyrion's right fell, a black-fletched missile protruding from his eye. With a horrible shriek, he toppled backwards from his saddle. His foot caught in the stirrup and he was dragged along behind his steed like a hideous plough churning the field of bones. Tyrion instinctively ducked his head. Bolts clattered off his armour. The ancient mail flexed under the impact. Pain flared where he was hit. Tyrion knew he was going to have some nasty bruises after the battle, if he survived. Still, the bolts had not penetrated his armour, which was just as well, for dark rumour had it that the spawn of Naggaroth often poisoned the barbs of their missiles.

Tyrion risked a glance around. Not too many High Elves had fallen. The range was long and the crossbow bolts had lost much power by the time they reached the cavalry. He saw one chariot hit a small ridge and flip. Its driver taken through the heart by an unlucky shot. Whinnying with terror a horse tried to pull itself free from the wreckage.

Unable to contain themselves any longer the Witch Elves and the Naggarothi infantry advanced, cackling and gibbering. With great slow-seeming strides the Cold Ones loped along beside them. Hatred seared through Tyrion's veins. He was determined to bring death to his enemies. A small part of his mind felt the amplified battlulust and knew it was not simply his own. It came from the terrible weapon embedded in that ancient altar. He knew that the Sword of Khaine was feeding on all this death.

More spells leapt back and forth between the armies as mage and daemon duelled inconclusively. So far magic had had no great effect but Tyrion knew that soon one of the combatants would tire or exhaust his protective charms and then terrible things would begin to happen.



More and more Elf arrows rained down on the Dark Elf ranks. With their own cavalry so close to the foe, they concentrated their fire on the far end of the Naggarothi line, rather than risk hitting their own warriors. Hideous screams cut the air as the Dark Elves died. On the altar the black aura flickering round the dark sword grew ever stronger.

With a crash the two forces met. Led by Tyrion, the High Elf cavalry was a tidal wave of steel rushing over their foes. Tyrion cut to the left and right of him. Witch Elves fell headless. Malhandir reared, crushing their still-twitching corpses beneath his hooves. Faster than a serpent's tongue Tyrion's blade flickered out, killing everything within its reach. The Elf Prince felt familiar bloodlust flow through him, amplified by the evil influence of the sword. He wanted to howl aloud, so great was his joy and lust for battle. He felt bone jar beneath the blade and the sensuous release of power as Sunfang's searing energies were unleashed.

Howling, more and more Witch Elves launched themselves at him. With their glazed eyes and blood-

flecked lips they were no more crazed than Tyrion himself. He was a living engine of destruction, unstoppable by any mortal power. Hacking to the right and left he carved a bloody path through the Witch Elves and on into the Dark Elf infantry.

From the corner of his eye he caught sight of a poison-dripping blade. It flickered towards him. At the last moment he twisted in his saddle but too late. The blade caught him beneath the ribs and would have driven on up into his heart had it not been for the resistant nature of his ancient armour. Silver stars flickered before his eyes from the force of the impact. The Dark Elf assassin spat at him. On his cheek Tyrion could see a small tattoo bearing the mark of Khaine.

"Die, assassin," he roared and lashed out. His blade took the man's hand off at the wrist. The return swipe removed the assassin's head. In a frenzy of death-dealing Tyrion lashed out at all around him, transformed into a whirlwind of death. Soon no enemy lived within reach of his blade.

Tyrion had a moment's respite in which to study the battle. The High Elf cavalry had crashed into the main body of the Dark Elf force, inflicting terrible casualties. Tyrion would have thought that nothing that lived could have withstood that steel avalanche. Lances had pierced Dark Elf bodies. Scythe-wheeled chariots had mowed them down like stalks of wheat. Yet, improbably, driven by their ancient festering hatred, most of the Dark Elves had endured. They had managed to hold their line together and resist the sweep of the High Elf attack. They had not broken, despite the awful pressure put on them. Truly they were a most terrible foe.

Tyrion saw Antheus of Caledor, mounted on his horse, shouting instructions to his fellow Dragon Princes. They were surrounded by a knot of Dark Elf spearmen, trading hacks with their attackers. A single chariot had cut through the enemy line and was heading towards the Dark Elf rear. Near Tyrion the bulk of the Silver Helms were locked in frantic death struggles with their maniacal foes. Great white horses reared and plunged, crushing skulls with a flick of their hooves. Proud silver-mailed knights cut about them with great sweeps of their weapons.

Even as he watched one proud warrior was pulled from the saddle and gutted by Dark Elf spearmen. From this position it was hard to tell who had the advantage. Tyrion did not doubt that he would soon find out.

Spells seared the air. Near Tyrion a bolt of searing black power blasted through the Silver Helms reducing one of them to a shrivelled corpse and causing the others to stand stunned with fear. Seeing the look of horror on his followers' faces and watching them waver in the fight. Tyrion bellowed for them to fear not and stand firm. Such was the

authority in his voice that the High Elf knights held their ground. Tyrion looked for the source of the killing spell and saw it. N'kari had descended from the steps on the shrine and was making his way through the melee. Each great sweep of his claws left a bold Elf warrior lying a broken ruin on the ground at the daemon's feet.

From behind High Elf warhorns sounded once more, calling the infantry to advance and join the battle. Once again arrows flickered overhead and fell in a rain of death on the foe. Howling aloud his battle cry Tyrion urged Malhandir towards the greater daemon.

A strange stench filled the air near N'kari. The air smelled of sweet-scented and intoxicating incense. The daemon's overwhelming presence threatened the sanity of any who looked at him. There was something almost majestic in that hell-spawned form and something almost beautiful in the supernal power and grace of its movements. Tyrion saw one Silver Helm stand transfixed as the daemon ripped him asunder. Even Malhandir's charge faltered slightly, forcing Tyrion to apply a touch of the spurs.

Like a thunderbolt he raced towards the daemon. As he did so the runes on his blade glowed ever brighter. He brought Sunfang round in a great arc and cleaved into the daemon. Wielded by Tyrion's mighty arm, and powered by Malhandir's irresistible charge any other creature would have gone down upon receiving such a blow. N'kari just let out a bellow of pain that gladdened Tyrion's heart. At least the thing could be hurt.

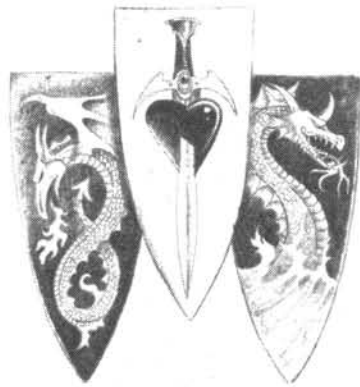
Tyrion lashed out again and again, unleashing a wave of mighty blows, driving N'kari back. Sweat poured down the hero's forehead and threatened to obscure his vision. His arm trembled from the shock of the impact of his sword on the daemon's iron-tough hide, yet he dared not stop. He feared that if he gave the thing one moment's respite then those mighty claws would tear him limb from limb. Molten ichor flowed from several long gashes and the daemon screamed with a strange mixture of agony and ecstasy.

The rest of the battle receded. There was only Tyrion and N'kari now. To both combatants nothing else was important. It seemed to them that they fought in a separate silent universe where only they and their hatred existed, and over all loomed the brooding presence of the Sword of Khaine.

Almost sobbing now Tyrion continued to hack. Suddenly the daemon brought up its hand. Its human fingers flickered through a gesture of invocation and a searing bolt of black power enveloped the High Elf hero. Tyrion screamed. Pain flared in every nerve ending of his body. He wanted to retch and vomit. He felt as if a lightning bolt were passing through him. The smell of bile and sulphur filled his lungs. For a moment he stood paralysed while the warmth

from the amulet and the dread power of the daemon's spell warred through his body.

Now it was N'kari's turn to unleash a torrent of blows. Through a haze of pain Tyrion defended himself as best he could. Malhandir backed away as the snarling laughing daemon came on. Tyrion frantically blocked one of the thing's blows and ducked the sweep of a mighty claw. Another blow caught him on the helm. His ears rang from the deafening clamour. His head swam from the force of the impact. Another blow from a great fist caught him under the heart, in the area already bruised by the assassin's blade. He fought to hold back a scream as ribs broke and agony lanced his chest. Another blow buffeted his shoulder and almost dislocated it.



Insane joy bubbled in the daemon's voice. "You are mine Prince Tyrion. My vengeance is about to begin."

Tyrion felt beaten. His body was broken and every cell of his being hurt. The daemon was too strong for any mortal to overcome, no matter how well armed or well trained. He had been deluded to think otherwise. He almost bowed his head to accept the inevitable. Then from somewhere new strength flowed. Perhaps it was from the amulet at his breast, perhaps it was from the terrible sword upon the altar. He did not know and he did not care. He only knew that he had to fight on, that to admit defeat was to be already beaten. That he would not do.

"No!" shrieked Tyrion. Though the sword felt heavy as a fallen tree he lifted it. Everything was happening with awful slowness, as in a nightmare. He saw the daemon look up, astonished. He brought the blade down with the awesome majestic power of a falling thunderbolt. The burning blade caught the daemon right in the centre of its forehead, directly upon the mark of Slaanesh. The daemon's head fell apart under the force of the impact. The thing sank to its knees, molten fire bubbling from a gash that ran all the way to its neck.

As the ichor bubbled free it steamed and transformed into multi-coloured vapour. As the vapour rose the

daemon dwindled, like a balloon with all the air let out. The smoke itself glowed ever brighter and vanished with a long protesting wail. Now Tyrion was truly alone in the centre of the battlefield. He felt like falling to his knees. He had used up all his strength. But once more he drew upon his inner reserves and forced himself to take Malhandir into the centre of the fray and fight on, to victory.

\* \* \* \*

**S**lowly, wearily, Tyrion limped up the long stairway. Blood covered every step of the approach to the Sword of Khaine's resting place. The cloying scent of it filled his nostrils. The soles of his boots felt sticky. The last dying light of the setting sun turned the fluid black. Power vibrated in the very air, threatening the corruption of his soul.

He mounted the last step at the top of the shrine and turned to survey the field of his triumph. From here, atop this black ziggurat, it all looked empty. A thousand warriors had died this day and they had barely added a tiny increment to the number of bodies heaped upon the plain. Seen from this ancient vantage point, the futility of it all was clear. How many had died here during the long millennia, he wondered? And for what?



He stood now where Aenarion had stood, in the days of wrath, when he lifted the blade to fight against Chaos and tried to save the world. He stood now where Malekith, the Witch King of Naggaroth, had stood before attempting to draw the weapon and use its ultimate power for his own cruel ends. He stood now where brave Caledor and driven Tethlis, doomed Phoenix Kings both, had contemplated their own destinies and departed to meet their fates. He stood where countless kings and sorcerers and daemons had stood seeking terrible power.

None save Aenarion had drawn forth the blade and he had driven the cursed weapon so deeply back into the stone that none had ever drawn it forth again.

Tyrion turned to face the blade. Even against the dark of the sky it was visible, a deeper blackness obscuring the fearful stars. It rose from a great cistern of bubbling blood, its hilt a black crucifix in the deepening gloom. Along the blade red runes glowed sensuously. Blood condensed from the air about them, dripping down the channel in the centre of the sword to fill the unemptying font.

Tyrion was surprised. It was a sword for him, as it had been for Aenarion. The weapon was supposed to look different to each viewer. It was said that for Malekith it had been a sceptre, for Caledor a lance. No-one knew what Tethlis had seen; he had not lived long enough to tell. The Sword of Khaine whispered to him, as he had feared it would. Its power called to him, almost overwhelming his senses.

*Draw me, it said. You can. You are worthy. You are my master. You are as great as Aenarion. Greater. You will succeed where he failed.* Tyrion shook his head weakly.

*The world is dark. For the Elves it is growing darker. Long night and final extinction approach. Together we can save them. Together we can reforge their broken empire and reclaim their lost lands. Nothing can stand against us. Not Men. Not Daemons. Not Dwarfs. Not your dark kindred. Naggaroth will fall. The Empire will fall. The kingdom of the Dwarfs will fall. The world will be ours. It is our destiny. You will be the last of the great Elf heroes and your name will live forever.*

The grip seemed moulded for his hand. The night was filled with forbidden promise. The truly terrible thing was that it was all true and it was all possible. Without the sword Ulthuan would eventually fall. With the sword he could rule the world. He need never fear any enemy. Daemons would tremble. He would be beyond the Witch King's vengeance. Almost he reached out for the forbidden thing.

Instead he touched the amulet at his breast. Its dimmed warmth tingled through his fingertips. He gripped it as if it were a rock and he was drowning, as if it could save his soul from peril.

He thought of the Plain of Bones, of the countless dead that fed the sword's power, of the countless deaths it would take to satisfy its eternal hunger. The blade knew no master. It had led Aenarion and his followers to their destruction. In the end Aenarion had lost everything. He had died alone in this dreadful place. Tyrion knew that if he took up the Sword of Khaine he would become like unto death, a destroyer of worlds, hollow, dark and mighty. Suddenly he knew that it was not what he wanted.

Slowly and with great reluctance, he turned and limped back down the stairs towards the other mortals. Behind him the sword kept up its perpetual siren call.

# HIGH ELVES

## HIGH ELF SILVER HELMS



**SILVER HELM  
LANCER 1**  
075637/1



**SILVER HELM  
LANCER 2**  
075637/2



**SILVER HELM  
CHAMPION**  
75638/1



**SILVER HELM  
STANDARD BEARER**  
075637/4



**SILVER HELM  
LANCER 3**  
075637/3



**SILVER HELM  
LEGS 1**  
075637/5

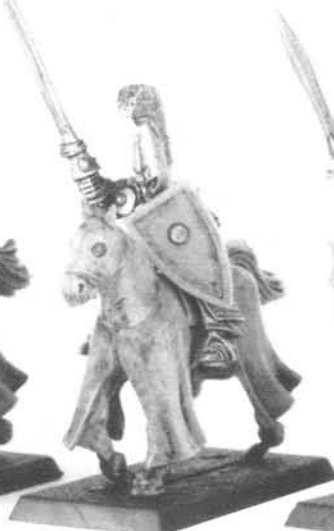


**SILVER HELM  
LEGS 2**  
075637/6



**SILVER HELM  
LEGS 3**  
075637/7

THESE MINIATURES ARE SUPPLIED WITH PLASTIC CAPARISON HORSES AND THE APPROPRIATE PLASTIC SHIELDS AS STANDARD



EXAMPLES OF COMPLETED HIGH ELF SILVER HELMS

Miniatures supplied unpainted. **WARNING.** This product contains lead which may be harmful if chewed or swallowed. Citadel Miniatures are not recommended for children under 14 years of age.  
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# HIGH ELVES

## TYRION HIGH ELF PRINCE MOUNTED ON MALHANDIR



**MALHANDIR  
ELVEN STEED**  
75664/2

THE COMPLETE HIGH ELF PRINCE  
CONSISTS OF:  
1 x PRINCE TYRION  
1 x ELVEN STEED HEAD  
1 x PLASTIC CAPARISON HORSE



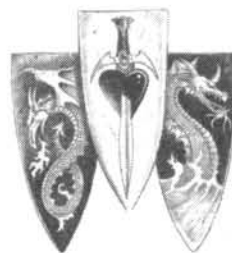
**TYRION  
HIGH ELF PRINCE**  
75664/1



## TECLIS HIGH ELF MAGE



**TECLIS HIGH ELF MAGE**  
75652/1



## PHOENIX GUARD



**HIGH ELF  
PHOENIX GUARD 1**  
075670/1



**HIGH ELF  
PHOENIX GUARD 2**  
075670/2



**HIGH ELF  
PHOENIX GUARD 3**  
075670/3



**HIGH ELF  
PHOENIX GUARD 4**  
075670/4

# HIGH ELVES

## HIGH ELF TIRANOC CHARIOT

### THE COMPLETE HIGH ELF BATTLE CHARIOT

#### CONSISTS OF;

- 1 x HIGH ELF CHARIOTEER
- 1 x CHARIOT BASE
- 1 x CHARIOT FRONT
- 1 x CHARIOT AXLE
- 1 x CHARIOT HAFT
- 1 x CHARIOT YOKE
- 1 x SWORD
- 1 x BOW
- 2 x PLASTIC UNARMoured HORSES
- 2 x PLASTIC WHEELS



THIS MINIATURE IS SUPPLIED WITH UNARMoured PLASTIC HORSES



HIGH ELF CHARIOTEER  
0825/1



CHARIOT HAFT  
0825/5



CHARIOT YOKE  
00825/6



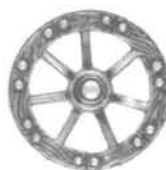
CHARIOT FRONT  
0825/3



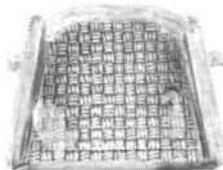
CHARIOT AXLE  
0825/4



SWORD  
0825/8



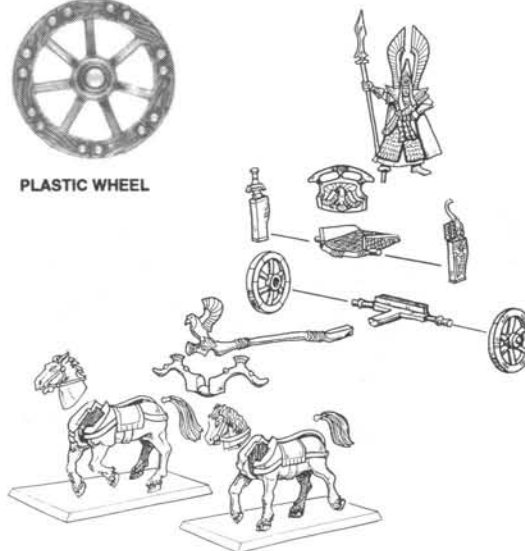
PLASTIC WHEEL



CHARIOT BASE  
0825/2



BOW  
0825/7



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Designed by Jes Goodwin and Norman Swayles

# HIGH ELVES

## HIGH ELF COMMAND GROUP



HIGH ELF HERO  
WITH SWORD AND BOW 1  
075613/4



HIGH ELF HERO  
WITH SWORD AND SHIELD 1  
075613/3



HIGH ELF  
STANDARD BEARER 1  
075613/1



HIGH ELF  
TRUMPETER 1  
075613/2



HIGH ELF  
ARCHER 1  
075625/1



HIGH ELF  
ARCHER 2  
075625/2



HIGH ELF  
ARCHER 3  
075625/3



HIGH ELF  
ARCHER 4  
075625/4



HIGH ELF  
SPEARMAN 1  
075600/1



HIGH ELF  
SPEARMAN 2  
075600/2



HIGH ELF  
SPEARMAN 3  
075600/3



HIGH ELF  
ARCHER 5  
075625/5

THESE MINIATURES ARE SUPPLIED WITH THE APPROPRIATE PLASTIC SHIELDS AS STANDARD

Designed by Jes Goodwin

# HIGH ELVES

## HIGH ELF COMMAND GROUP



**HIGH ELF HERO  
SWORD AND BOW 2**  
75613/8



**HIGH ELF  
TRUMPETER 2**  
75613/6



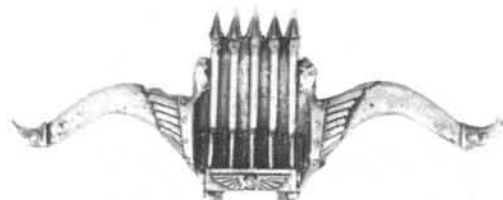
**HIGH ELF  
STANDARD BEARER 2**  
75613/5



**HIGH ELF HERO  
WITH SPEAR**  
75613/7

THESE MINIATURES ARE SUPPLIED WITH THE APPROPRIATE PLASTIC SHIELDS AS STANDARD

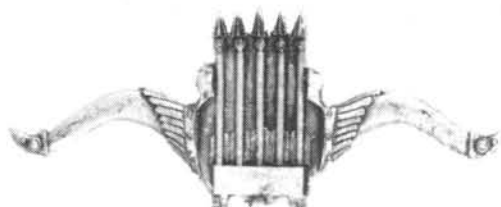
## HIGH ELF REPEATER BOLT THROWER



**BOLT THROWER  
UPPER BOW**  
075649/4



**BOLT THROWER  
LEVER**  
075649/6



**BOLT THROWER  
LOWER BOW**  
075649/3



**BOLT THROWER  
STAND**  
075649/5

### THE COMPLETE HIGH ELF BOLT THROWER

CONSISTS OF:  
1 X UPPER BOW  
1 X LOWER BOW  
2 X HIGH ELF CREWMAN  
1 X BOLT THROWER STAND  
1 X BOLT THROWER LEVER



THE ASSEMBLED BOLT THROWER MODEL



**HIGH ELF  
CREW 1**  
075649/1



**HIGH ELF  
CREW 2**  
075649/2

## HIGH ELF COMMAND GROUP



HIGH ELF  
CHAMPION WITH SPEAR 2  
088760/2



HIGH ELF  
TRUMPETER 3  
088760/1



HIGH ELF  
CHAMPION WITH SWORD 1  
088760/4



HIGH ELF  
STANDARD BEARER 3  
088760/3

## SWORDMASTERS OF HOETH



HIGH ELF  
SWORDMASTER OF HOETH 2  
088770/2



HIGH ELF  
SWORDMASTER OF HOETH 1  
088770/1



HIGH ELF  
SWORDMASTER OF HOETH 3  
088770/3



HIGH ELF  
SWORDMASTER OF HOETH 4  
088770/4

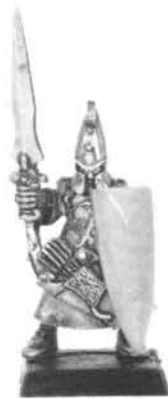
## SHADOW WARRIORS



HIGH ELF  
SHADOW WARRIOR 1  
088780/1



HIGH ELF  
SHADOW WARRIOR 3  
088780/3



HIGH ELF  
SHADOW WARRIOR 2  
088780/2



HIGH ELF  
SHADOW WARRIOR 4  
088780/4

## WHITE LION AXEMEN



HIGH ELF  
WHITE LION AXEMAN  
088750/1



HIGH ELF  
WHITE LION AXEMAN  
088750/2

## ELTHARION RIDING STORMWING

THE COMPLETE HIGH ELF WAR GRIFFON  
CONSISTS OF:

- 1 x HIGH ELF RIDER BODY
- 1 x HIGH ELF LEGS
- 1 x GRIFFON BODY (LEFT SIDE)
- 1 x GRIFFON BODY (RIGHT SIDE)
- 1 x LEFT CLAW
- 1 x RIGHT CLAW
- 1 x TAIL
- 1 x LEFT WING
- 1 x RIGHT WING



RIGHT WING  
MM15/8



LEFT WING  
MM15/7



GRIFFON BODY  
(LEFT SIDE)  
0822/4



GRIFFON BODY  
(RIGHT SIDE)  
0822/5



RIGHT CLAW  
0822/6



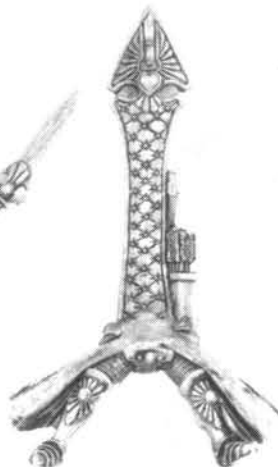
LEFT CLAW  
0822/7



TAIL  
0822/8



ELTHARION'S BODY  
0822/1

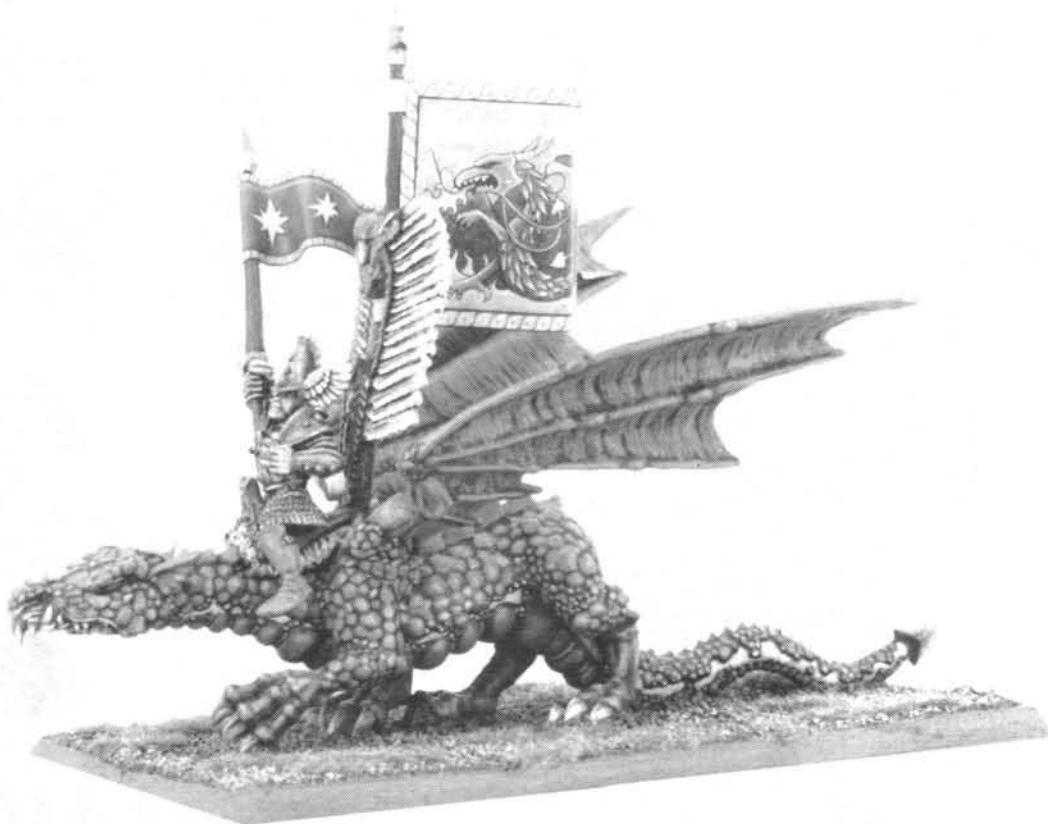


ELTHARION'S LEGS  
0822/2

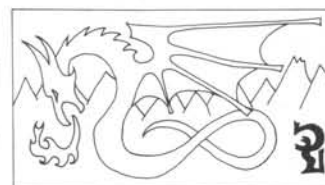
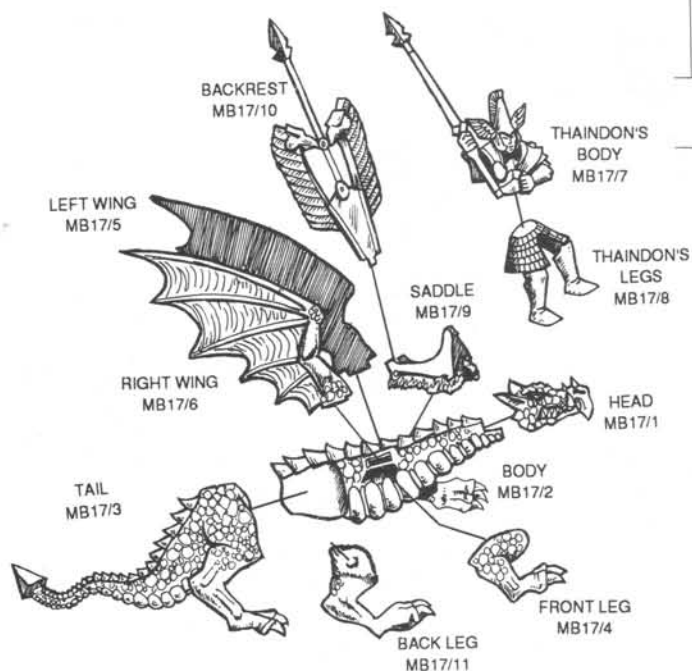


# MARAUDER MINIATURES® HIGH ELVES

THAINDOR ELF LORD OF CALEDOR RIDING KARGOS THE DESPOILER FIRE DRAKE OF THE RED DRAGONS



BASE AND BANNERS NOT INCLUDED



## THE COMPLETE HIGH ELF LORD ON DRAGON CONSISTS OF:

- 1 x HIGH ELF LORD BODY
- 1 x HIGH ELF LORD LEGS
- 1 x DRAGON BODY
- 1 x DRAGON HEAD
- 1 x DRAGON TAIL
- 1 x DRAGON FRONT LEG
- 1 x DRAGON BACK LEG
- 2 x DRAGON WING
- 1 x BACKREST
- 1 x SADDLE

## HIGH ELF SORCERESS RIDING A UNICORN

### THE COMPLETE HIGH ELF SORCERESS

#### CONSISTS OF:

- 1 x SORCERESS BODY
- 1 x SORCERESS LEGS
- 1 x UNICORN BODY LEFT SIDE
- 1 x UNICORN BODY RIGHT SIDE



HIGH ELF  
MAGE BODY  
MM83/3



UNICORN BODY  
LEFT SIDE  
MM83/2



HIGH ELF  
MAGE LEGS  
MM83/4



UNICORN BODY  
RIGHT SIDE  
MM83/1

Marauder Miniatures are supplied unpainted. Banners not included

Designed by Trish Morrison

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# PLASTIC HIGH ELVES

## PLASTIC HIGH ELF ARCHER AND SPEARMAN



THE HIGH ELF SPEARMAN AND ARCHER SPRUE  
IS SUPPLIED WITH ONE OF SIX SPECIALLY DESIGNED SHIELDS



HIGH ELF SPEARMAN



HIGH ELF ARCHER



HIGH ELF SHIELD SPRUE

Designed by Aly Morrison and Jes Goodwin

# HIGH ELVES

## HIGH ELVEN HEROES

THESE MODELS ARE SUPPLIED WITH AN ELF SHIELDS SPRUE AS STANDARD



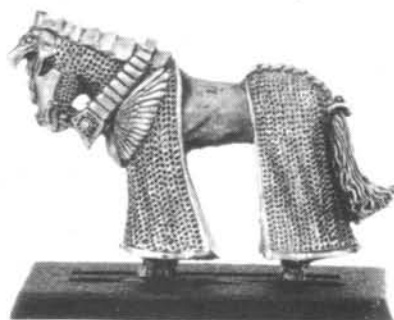
GENERAL WITH LANCE  
074249/6A



GENERAL WITH SWORD  
074249/6B



GENERAL WITH AXE  
074249/6C



GENERALS HORSE  
074249/5



WIZARD WITH STAFF 1  
074249/4A



WIZARD WITH STAFF 2  
074249/4B



WIZARD WITH WAND  
074249/4C



WIZARDS HORSE  
074249/3



CHAMPION WITH LANCE  
074249/8A



CHAMPION WITH SWORD  
074249/8B



CHAMPION WITH BOW  
074249/8C



CHAMPIONS HORSE  
074249/7

## EXTRAS



LANCE  
074249/1A



GRAIL STANDARD  
074249/1B



EAGLE STANDARD  
074249/1C



WING STANDARD  
074249/1D



SWORD  
074249/1E



CLOAK 1  
074249/2A



CLOAK 2  
074249/2B



HORN  
074249/2C



BOW  
074249/2D



HARP  
074249/1F



ORC HEADS  
074249/1G

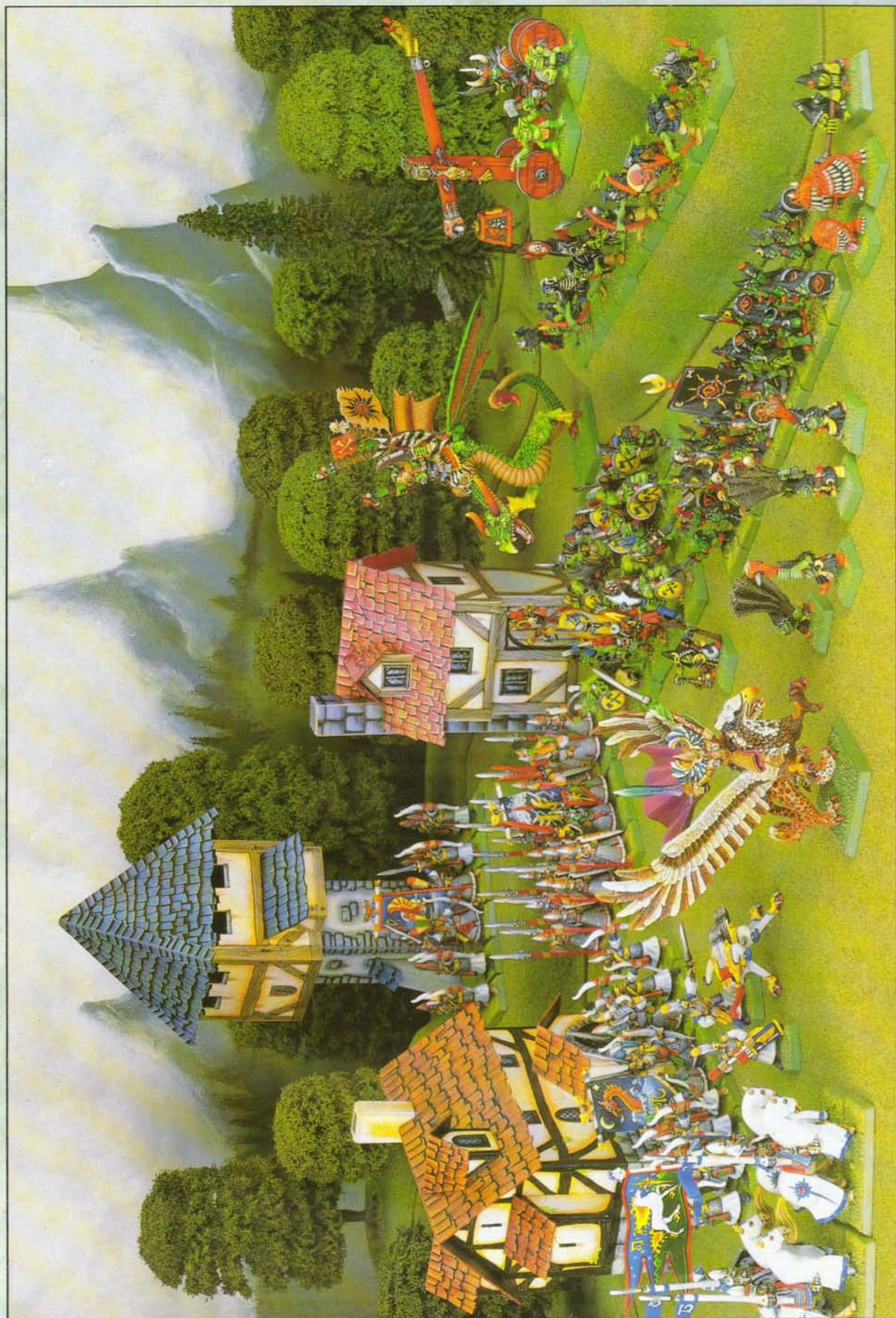


SCROLLS  
074249/2E

EACH COMPLETE ELVEN  
HERO CONSISTS OF:  
1 x RIDER  
1 x HORSE  
2 x EXTRAS



Designed by Jes Goodwin



A MIGHTY HIGH ELF ARMY CLASHES WITH AN ORC AND GOBLIN WARBAND ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A VILLAGE

# WARHAMMER® ARMIES

# HIGH ELVES

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