

WARHAMMER[®] ARMIES

WOOD ELVES



WARHAMMER
SUPPLEMENT

GAMES
WORKSHOP[®]



DURTHU THE TREEMAN RAMPAGES THROUGH A SKAVEN WAR PARTY



WOOD ELVES AND DWARFS RENEW THEIR ANCIENT ENMITY

WARHAMMER[®] ARMIES

WOOD ELVES

BY NIGEL STILLMAN

Cover art by David Gallagher

Black & white art by John Blanche, Wayne England, Mark Gibbons & Des Hanley

Stories by Jonathan Green



PRODUCED BY GAMES WORKSHOP

Games Workshop and the Games Workshop logo, Citadel and the Citadel castle, Slottabase, Warhammer and White Dwarf are all registered trademarks of Games Workshop Ltd. Glade Guard, Glade Rider, Wardancer and Waywatcher are trademarks of Games Workshop Ltd.

'Scatter' dice are UK registered design no. 2017484

All artwork in all Games Workshop products and the images contained therein have been produced either in-house or as work for hire. The exclusive copyright on the artwork and the images it depicts is the property of Games Workshop Ltd.

© Copyright Games Workshop Ltd, 1996. All rights reserved.

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

GAMES WORKSHOP LTD.
CHEWTON STREET
HILTOP, EASTWOOD
NOTTINGHAM NG16 3HY
UK

GAMES WORKSHOP INC.
3431-C BENSON AVENUE
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
21227 - 1072
US

GAMES WORKSHOP
UNIT 7/7-9 KENT ROAD,
(CNR CHURCH)
MASCOT NSW 2020
AUSTRALIA

GAMES WORKSHOP
1645 BONHILL RD.
UNITS 9-11, MISSISSAUGA,
ONTARIO L5T 1R3
CANADA

A

GAMES WORKSHOP[®]

PRODUCT

PRODUCT CODE: 0138

ISBN: 1 872372 45 7

CONTENTS

THE WOOD ELVES 4

 ORIGINS OF THE WOOD ELVES 4

 WOOD ELVES 4

 WOOD ELF SOCIETY 5

 KURNOUS AND ISHA 5

 ARIEL AND ORION 6

 THE WINTER OF WOE 6

 THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE WOOD 7

THE REALM OF ATHEL LOREN 8

 THE GLADES 8

 THE WILD HEATHS 10

HISTORY OF ATHEL LOREN 11

CHRONICLES OF THE WOOD ELVES 39



WOOD ELF BESTIARY 42

 WOOD ELVES 42

 Wood Elf Archery 43

 WARHAWKS 43

 GLADE RIDERS 44

 WARDANCERS 45

 ELVEN STEEDS 46

 SCOUTS 47

 GREAT EAGLES 47

 WAYWATCHERS 48

 TREEMEN 50

 DRYADS 52

 UNICORNS 53

 FOREST DRAGON 54

WOOD ELF BATTLEFIELDS 55

WOOD ELF TACTICS 57

WOOD ELF ARMY LIST 60

 CHARACTERS 60

 REGIMENTS 61

 MONSTERS 61

 ALLIES 61

 SPECIAL CHARACTERS 61

 LIMITATIONS ON CERTAIN CHARACTERS/UNITS 61

 PRESENTATION OF PROFILES 62

 ARMOUR 62

 EQUIPMENT LIST 62

 ARMY SELECTION 62

CHARACTERS 64

 WOOD ELF GENERAL 64

 BATTLE STANDARD 64

 HEROES 65

 CHAMPIONS 65

 MAGES 65

REGIMENTS 66

 CHARIOTS 66

 GLADE RIDERS 66

 WARHAWK RIDERS 67

 WARDANCERS 67

 ARCHERS 67

 GLADE GUARDS 67

 WAYWATCHERS 68

 SCOUTS 68

 TREEMEN 68

 DRYADS 69

MONSTERS 69

SPECIAL CHARACTERS 70

 ORION KING IN THE WOOD 70

 ARIEL MAGE QUEEN OF LOREN 71

 NAIETH THE PROPHETESS 74

 THALANDOR 75

 LOTHLANN THE BRAVE 76

 DURTHU THE TREEMAN 76

 SCARLOC 77

 WYCHWETHYL THE WILD 77

 SCEOLAN 78

 THE DRYAD DRYCHA 78

BEASTMASTERS

 SKAW THE FALCONER 79

 GUARTH THE BEASTMASTER 80



REFERENCE 81

SAMPLE ARMY:

MORR'S WILD HUNT 82



THE WOOD ELVES



ORIGINS OF THE WOOD ELVES

The Wood Elf realm of Athel Loren lies hidden in the midst of the vast Forest of Loren in Bretonnia. This mysterious woodland realm is all that remains of the Elven colonies that once existed in the Old World. Over four thousand years ago the land west of the Grey Mountains which is now the Kingdom of Bretonnia was once settled by High Elves from Ulthuan. Here they traded with Dwarfs from the Dwarf empire far to the east and built splendid cities on the coastal plains as ports for their merchant ships sailing to Ulthuan. These colonies were distant outposts of Elven civilisation in the savage wilderness that was then the Old World.

After the long war between the Elves and the Dwarfs these colonies were abandoned and fell into ruin. Many, like Tol Alessi, where the Bretonnian port of L'Anguille now stands, were besieged by the Dwarfs during the so called 'War of the Beard'.

When both sides were worn out by the struggle, the Elven homeland of Ulthuan was suddenly attacked by the Dark Elves of Naggaroth. All Elf warriors in the Old World were recalled to defend their homeland. Rather than be left defenceless, most of the Elves in the

colonies decided to return to Ulthuan, but some refused to leave. They abandoned the coastal cities but instead of sailing away into the west they retreated into the depths of the vast and trackless forest further inland.

This vast tract of tree-covered land would later become known as the Forest of Loren. Bordered to the south and east by high mountains, it was primeval virgin forest which had never been invaded by Orcs or other foul creatures. Here the last Elves of the Old World felt safe and secure, and their descendants, the Wood Elves, remain in the forest of Loren to this day.

THE WOOD ELVES

The Wood Elves are physically very similar to the High Elves from whom they are descended and related by kinship. Wood Elves are tall and lithe. They are elegant and graceful in their movements, but can be agile and quick when the need arises.

The Elves soon adapted to a life in the forest, living and roaming among the trees, hunting game and gathering the fruits of the wood. They relinquished all ties with the High Elves of Ulthuan and declared themselves independent of the Phoenix King and began to evolve a new society of their own, but nevertheless derived in part from the age-old Elven traditions that they remembered. Isolated from the wealth and resources of Ulthuan and from the wisdom and learning of High Elven sages, their art and magic developed quite differently. Because of this change of direction they unknowingly avoided the temptations of wealth and luxury which beset their distant kindred and in many ways became a hardier and simpler folk.

Among the Wood Elves intuition rather than learning became the main source of wisdom. They have an innate understanding of the ways and currents of nature and feel kinship with trees and animals. Intrigue and ambition are virtually unknown and many other destructive passions of the Elven psyche are dormant.

Wood Elves have acquired an instinctive cunning and stealth, and have developed a healthy suspicion of strangers and a distrust of anything unnatural. They shun contact with other races and show no mercy to those who invade their realm with malicious intent or who do damage through sheer ignorance or foolishness. They have become the guardians of the forest.

Wood Elves are hardly ever encountered or even seen by anyone unless they want to be. If anyone invading their realm does catch a glimpse of one, it may well be the last thing he ever sees! The Wood Elves are so difficult to find that the Bretonnian king has to send his best Questing Knights into the wood as his envoys.



On rare occasions an army of Wood Elves may emerge from the forest realm to do battle beyond its borders perhaps to help their allies the Bretonnians against a common enemy. Such events soon pass into legend.

The Wood Elves can distort the forest and time itself with their strange enchantments. Their settlements and places remain secret and hidden from view while travellers wander aimlessly through the forest for ages, never being allowed to find their way into the inner realm until the Waywatchers have observed them and divined their motives.

WOOD ELF SOCIETY

A few Elves among the ancient colonists of the Old World had already begun to dwell in the Forest of Loren even before the Phoenix King recalled his people to Ulthuan, their ancestral homeland. During the long War of the Beard between the Elves and the Dwarfs, Dwarf armies had marched across the western lands from the mountains to besiege the coastal ports. To fuel their war machines and build their siege devices, but also to spite the Elves, these Dwarfs had felled the trees of the forest with their axes.

The Elves were shocked and angered by this wanton destruction of living trees by a harsh race who loved only fire, metal and hard stone. Some took it upon themselves to live in the wilderness and defend it from the ravages of the Dwarfs, taking every opportunity to ambush any Dwarfs entering the forests. As the war raged on and on for two centuries, these guardians of the wild wood became permanent forest dwellers and earned the trust and friendship of the Treemen and Dryads.

The Dwarfs were indeed deterred from penetrating too far into the forests and the Forest of Loren in particular was saved from their axes. When the decision to abandon the colonies for ever was made, those who could not bear to go resolved to join their kindred hiding in the forest rather than linger amid the empty courts and pillared halls of the cities which would be sure to attract foes bent on pillage.

Thus the last remaining Elves in the Old World steadily drifted in small kinbands into the vast Forest of Loren and were received by the guardians there as welcome reinforcements. Each kindred who found their way into the forest settled in a glade or grove which appealed to them in some way. Some were attracted to settle where the forest was made up of a particular species of tree or where they found springs of fresh water or in places which their mages divined as fortunate for settlement.

The number of kindreds which settled in the forest was only seven in all, so few were the Elves who refused to return to Ulthuan. Gradually the seven kindreds made themselves known to each other. Among the seven were the original guardians of the forest who formed a kindred of their own. The kindreds began to meet in a regular council which gathered in the most hidden and secret glade in the depths of the forest. This was surrounded by a grove of exceptionally great and ancient oak trees. This grove was to become the ritual

and political centre of the realm of Athel Loren.

The Wood Elves had dwelt in the forest in their separate kindreds for many years before the first council met. In this time they had warily contacted each other only occasionally. Already most of them had begun to adapt their way of life to the forest and allowed many of their old ways to lapse. None felt any allegiance to Ulthuan or the Phoenix King. Most were free from ties and obligations to the Elf lords who had sailed away to the west with the departing armies.

Marriages occurred between kinbands and new bonds were made among themselves. Those who had gone into the forest long before became guides and mentors to the newcomers. Craftsmen and mages adapted their skills to the forest seeking new ways to shape living trees instead of metal or stone as before.



The mages began to find new sources of magical energy welling up through the earth and within living things. They became aware of seasons which did not occur in Ulthuan and eagerly gathered a new lore of the forest. Subtle changes were even to be heard in the Elven tongue as spoken in the forest and the art of writing or the need to read began to lapse. Indeed it took on an arcane and ritual significance. The arts of speaking and story telling, dance and ritual became far more important to the Wood Elves as a means of remembering their past and worshipping their gods.

KURNOUS AND ISHA

The longer they dwelt in the forest, the greater became the Wood Elves' awareness of their oldest ancestral gods. These were Kurnous and Isha, the wild hunter and the earth mother. The spirit of Kurnous is manifest in the beasts of the forest and the untamed savagery of nature while the spirit of Isha pervades the vegetation and the springs of water welling up from the earth. In Ulthuan, their worship had become somewhat eclipsed by the newer cults of civilisation, wealth and decadence. In the wild wood however, these old powers felt near at hand.

Kurnous and Isha were already being invoked by the first Elf guardians of the forest to help them in their struggle against the Dwarfs. They discovered sacred places throughout the forest where magical energy flowed close to the surface. These places were nearly always recognised by the grove of immensely ancient or exceptionally beautiful trees which grew there. Sometimes the Elves set huge stones into the ground to direct the flow of these magical currents to certain glades to concentrate the magic. These places became shrines to the gods Kurnous and Isha.

All the kindreds who later found their way into Loren embraced the worship of Kurnous and Isha. Their elaborate rituals and dances performed at the equinox seemed to awaken something in the forest, as if the primeval spirits of the gods themselves were being called forth from the earth and the trees.

ARIEL AND ORION

In the first council it was decided that no kindred should rule over any other. This could only lead to ambition and jealousy and ultimately kinstrike.

This was no ordinary council with wise men sitting in debate. The ways of the wood had already taken hold over the Elven folk bringing forth strange and wild aspects of the Elven psyche. Kurnous and Isha were invoked. Chosen youths from each kindred performed ritual dances. The elders expressed their views in mysterious dramas and the Mages revealed new wonders which they had found within the wood. Even Treemen and Dryads were present and there were already Wood Elves skilled enough to merge minds with these creatures as well as with many kinds of beasts and birds.

While all this was going on two of the Elves wandered off from the council glade – Orion, a handsome youth, and Ariel, the most beautiful of the Elf maidens. Making their way through the grove of massive and ancient oaks they came upon a tree of truly enormous size, a tree that had been growing since the beginning of the world. Its roots had cracked the rock and its branches created a shadow world beneath them penetrated by narrow shafts of sunlight.

They walked around the great girth of the trunk feeling the gnarled bark with their Elven fingers. It took an age to walk only half way around. Suddenly they came to a crack in the trunk like a narrow door into the tree itself. Their curiosity led them to step inside the tree.

It was some time before Orion and Ariel were missed. When they did not appear their kin began searching for them around the grove, but found no trace. They became anxious that some wild beast or worse, some foe or monster had taken them. Scouts took up their bows and searched a wider arc, on the lookout for invaders in the forest. Mages took up their divining wands and tried to follow their trail. It was all to no avail.

Days passed and Orion and Ariel were not found. The searchers could not even find the slightest trace of them. They found the awesome Oak of Ages, and rendered due and proper reverence to it as a sacred tree. They saw the great clefts in its gnarled trunk, but the crack through which Orion and Ariel had entered was now mysteriously closed.

THE WINTER OF WOE

The council dispersed. All the kindreds returned to their home glades. There was much sorrow for Ariel and Orion. They had still not been found with the onset of winter and were given up as lost forever. The winter was unusually harsh that year, and in the depths of midwinter, as the sun hung low on the pale horizon, the Orcs came.

Driven out of the mountains by hunger they descended into the forest. Their raucous and uncouth cries echoed through the bare trees. They hunted the wild beasts and burned the trees in great bonfires. Every day the Elf

scouts kept watch as the Orcs penetrated deeper into the Forest of Loren, and skirmishes broke out between Orc bands and Scouts. Many Orcs were shot with arrows by unseen hands. Nevertheless the Orcs remained undeterred. All the magic of the mages seemed impotent to ward them off. Steadily they approached the sacred groves and the home glades of the kindreds.

It was decided to fight the Orcs in pitched battle. All the warriors were mustered. The Wood Elves attacked but the Orcs could not be defeated. Many brave Elves were slain and still the horde continued deeper into their realm. Some kindreds abandoned their home glades and hid in caves; others vowed to die were they had lived, should the Orcs come.

The Winter of Woe dragged on. Frost made the ground as hard as iron. Howling winds drove snow across the heathlands and through the trees. The forest was transformed into an endless vista of white and grey. Wolves prowled the forest. Food was scarce. The Orc horde was encamped dangerously close to the Council Glade. Elf mages struggled day and night to draw them away with enchantments and false trails.

By night, the Orc campfires could be seen flickering in a clearing around a vast old blasted oak. A place which was regarded as strange and eerie even by the Elves themselves.

One bright dawn, Scouts began to notice the first signs of spring. They also noticed strange disturbances among the birds and whispering in the branches. As mages began considering these portents a mighty horn was heard sounding out of the depths of the forest. The Orcs heard it too. They froze awestruck and rooted to the spot as they roasted squirrels and weasels over the embers of their campfires.

Then came the baying of hounds and flocks of birds rose in great dark masses from their roosts. The eerie sound of a great stag, bellowing a challenge was heard and then the sound of a huge beast crashing through the dead bracken. The scouts saw him first. A mighty hunter, Kurnous, his very self! He bounded between the trees with the speed and agility of an antelope. From his head sprouted a vast span of antlers. Around his face hung masses of ivy and moss. His flesh was green like the spring leaves, his eyes glowed amber like a feral beast. He was twice the height of an Elf and carried an enormous spear in his hand.

Kurnous crashed through the undergrowth into the Orc camp slaying as he went. He bellowed and charged the Warlord Grotfang, impaling him with his spear and tossing him over his head with his antlers. The rest of the Orcs shrank back in abject terror. The black ravens were already swooping down on the doomed Orc horde. The Orcs stumbled over each other in their haste to get away, but now they found no easy way through the forest. Treemen and Dryads barred their way, awakened by the horn of Kurnous and his bellowing challenge.

Kurnous chased after his fleeing prey wielding his mighty spear. Behind Kurnous came a wave of Elves, rallied and rushing to join the wild hunt. Their arrows slew Orcs in a withering hail. Wardancers leapt forward

as if in the ritual dance of Kurnous, slaying the clumsy Orcs not quick enough to get out of the way.

As the sun rose above the trees, the weak amber rays lit a scene of slaughter. A glade strewn with slain Orcs and black with ravens and crows. Buzzards circled overhead and the wolves came for their share. None of the Orcs escaped the forest. Their white bones were destined to become entangled in the gnarled roots of the Glade of Woe.

THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE WOOD

When it was certain that the last of the Orcs were slain, the Scouts and the other warriors followed after Kurnous as best they could. His distant bellowing could still be heard and his huge shadow could be glimpsed running fast between the trees. Orcs transfixed by his deadly spear marked his route. They tracked him through a wide arc back towards the Council Glade and right up to the Oak of Ages itself.

Here they stopped. Kurnous had disappeared. Mages were brought up. They worked with their diving rods and invoked Kurnous, uttering incantations of praise and gratitude for their deliverance from the foe. As they called upon Kurnous the tree creaked and groaned and a deep sonorous and resonant voice spoke as if from within its very trunk: "Who summons Kurnous?"

Then the assembled Elves saw the yawning cleft in the gnarled oak's trunk; this was where the voice had emanated from. A few of the braver Scouts and mages squeezed into the crack. Stealthily creeping along a narrow void within the living wood they heard mysterious and magical laughter and strange music. A dim glow indicated the end of the tunnel. When they reached this they peered into a great hollow space in the depths of the tree.

There they saw two figures sat as though enthroned, two of the most beautiful and awesome beings that they had ever set eyes on. They looked for all the world like the living embodiments of the gods Kurnous and Isha, yet with a hint of the features of the long lost Orion and Ariel! All around them were Dryads and other strange woodland spirits paying homage as if to a king and queen.

Then high mage Athelor stepped forward and asked them if they were indeed Orion and Ariel. Orion replied that they were, but changed. Then Ariel spoke, revealing that they had both merged with the gods Kurnous and Isha and taken on their aspects. The gods had been called forth from the forest and wished to assume Elven form. They had been attracted by the exceptional beauty of Orion and Ariel, finest of Elves and filled them with but a small part of their divine spirits. This was enough to endow Orion and Ariel with the ability to shift shape into Kurnous and Isha for a brief time. Long enough to seal the fate of any invaders of Athel Loren.

Ariel had spoken with the deep wisdom of a goddess and the Elves were truly awestruck by what they saw. Athelor the high mage understood and proclaimed to the others, 'Behold, our King and Queen in the Wood!'

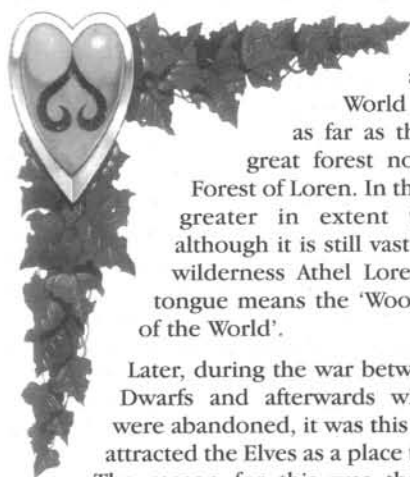


Orion and Ariel emerged from the Oak of Ages and held court in the Council Glade, henceforth to become the King's Glade. All the kindreds paid homage to them as king and queen. The mages recognised them as now possessing magical powers deriving directly from the gods Kurnous and Isha. Orion was able to shift shape into Kurnous the Wild Hunter, chasing invaders from his domain. Ariel could shift shape into Isha wielding magic untaught and quite naturally as an aspect of her very being. She had the power to weave enchantments around the realm of Athel Loren to protect her folk and deter their foes.

Elves can live for many centuries, but Orion and Ariel had become ageless and immortal by virtue of their divine aspects. They were perpetually renewed just as nature pervaded by the spirits of Kurnous and Isha is renewed. They would preside over their Wood Elf folk deepening in wisdom and protecting the forest for all time.

In Orion and Ariel immortality took a strange form. In the darkest moment of mid winter they would appear to die. Then the Elves would entomb them within the great Oak of Ages. With the first signs of spring, the great oak would be re-opened, revealing Orion and Ariel regenerated in all their glory. Just as the power of Kurnous and Isha waxed and waned with the seasons, so it was with Orion and Ariel. Midwinter was thus to be the most dangerous time for the folk of Athel Loren, a time when their enchantments protecting the forest waned, a time for extra vigilance!

THE REALM OF ATHEL LOREN



The first Elf colonists to arrive in the Old World penetrated inland as far as the margins of the great forest now known as the Forest of Loren. In those days it was far greater in extent than it is now, although it is still vast. They named this wilderness Athel Loren, which in their tongue means the 'Wood of the Dawning of the World'.

Later, during the war between the Elves and Dwarfs and afterwards when the colonies were abandoned, it was this forest which most attracted the Elves as a place to hide and live in. The reason for this was that the forest had remained almost untouched since the beginning of the world. Orcs and Goblins had never found their way into the wood and monsters were only encountered in its margins and the wooded foothills of the Grey Mountains. Beastmen had never profaned its glades with their uncouth rituals. Dwarf prospectors had passed it by and later were warded off by Elves who took it upon themselves to guard the wood.

The forest had thus remained a place where Treemen and Dryads could dwell undisturbed. Benign currents of magic seemed to pervade the forest causing it to flourish.

After the Wood Elves settled within the forest and appeased the woodland spirits to be welcomed by them as friends and guardians, they protected the forest through the ages when wandering tribes of Men and Orcs were migrating over the entire Old World. These tribes were deterred from entering the forest and considered it to be an eerie and dangerous place to be avoided. Elsewhere Men cleared forests with their axes to cultivate the land and build their settlements. Orcs hewed down trees to build their strongholds and burn on their feasting fires. Although vast tracts of wilderness persist throughout the Old World, some of this has regenerated where fields and villages were devastated by wars while the remnants of virgin forest are penetrated by the tracks of merchants and traders. Of all the great forests of the Old World, the Forest of Loren is the most wild and virgin.

THE GLADES

Within the Forest of Loren the wooded landscape varies greatly. The forest runs from the plains of Bretonnia up into the foothills of the Grey Mountains. It extends along the banks of two of the great rivers of the Old World for many hundreds of miles. Over this vast expanse, the nature of the vegetation changes from one part of the forest to another. In some places the ground is high and rocky with crags and pinnacles of rock and boulders strewn among the trees. In other places the ground is boggy, with lakes within the forest itself. There

are even huge clearings which are like meadowlands where the long grass predominates over the trees. Some areas are characterised by an abundance of a particular species of tree.

Most of the forest is a strange almost twilight world bathed only in the muted sunlight or moonlight able to penetrate the canopy of leaves. Dotted around the forest there are natural clearings where one can look up and actually glimpse the blue sky or the stars at night. The Wood Elves call these clearings 'glades'. As well as being areas open to the sun, they are often places where magical currents flow close to the surface.

Each of the kindreds of Elves that first wandered into the forest settled in a different part. Some kindreds felt an attraction for one area rather than another. Once a kindred had chosen a glade as the focus of its settlement, the Elves belonging to it began to adapt their way of life to their immediate surroundings. Each glade had a subtle influence on the kindred who settled there. Some kindreds did not settle for long in one place but roamed in a nomadic way of life through the vastness of the forest. Wherever they settled for a short while they chose the same kind of glade among the same kind of trees.

The lore of the Wood Elves tells of several glades within the Forest of Loren, each with its own distinctive character and settled by a particular kindred. Some glades are shared by all the kindreds, some others are shunned. The glades can be quite large areas, and each one is better described as a group of interconnected glades scattered over a wide area. Over time, the focus of settlement of a kindred may shift from one to another, but usually remains within the same area of the forest, except in the case of the nomadic kindreds. But these always search for the same kind of glades wherever they go within the wood.

THE KING'S GLADE

This vast and awesome glade is surrounded with great oak trees of immense girth and antiquity. When the Elves first penetrated into the depths of the forest they came upon this glade and decided to hold their councils and rituals here. It was undoubtedly a sacred place pervaded by magic. Not far from the glade itself is the vast Oak of Ages in which Orion and Ariel were found transformed into the King and Queen in the Wood. Thus the glade became known as the King's Glade.



Here the semi divine king and queen preside over the realm of Athel Loren and hold court. They are revered as incarnations of the gods Kurnous and Isha. The King and Queen in the Wood are immortal, but each year towards midwinter they appear to die as does the vegetation of the forest. Then they are entombed within

the Oak of Ages and brought out again regenerated at the first signs of spring. Thus they endure from age to age, deep in wisdom and magical power.

Over the centuries Elven mages skilled in the arts of 'tree singing' have created a city among the trees in the King's Glade. Tree singing is an art by which means the growth of trees is accelerated and trained in particular ways. The branches of the great oaks were induced to entwine into walkways and canopies, galleries and vaults. These buildings and chambers are made entirely of living trees, branches and foliage. Beneath the earth, the same methods have been used to create great hollow chambers walled by the interwoven roots of the trees. Access to these vaults is made through the hollow trunks of living trees.



Although vast in its extent, this city is virtually invisible to the untrained eye. It merges into the forest and is easily missed by the idle traveller and foe alike. Much of it is either above his head or beneath his feet. Furthermore it is disguised by magic. An unwary traveller in the forest can thus walk through the King's Glade hardly aware of what is all around him or that he is being watched by Elven eyes. This is assuming he ever finds it at all. Most strangers will have been distracted away by magic. Others wander aimlessly for miles until they mysteriously emerge out of the forest again.

THE ASH GROVES

The Ash Groves are to be found along the banks of the great river that flows through the eastern part of Athel Loren. Here the ash trees grow very thick and are almost impenetrable. Groves of dense ash have been 'sung' into particularly labyrinthine dwellings and galleries by the Elves that live here.

The kindred that settled here learned to cut the long and straight ash staves to make spears which they use for hunting and fighting.

THE MEADOW GLADES

These glades are located in the southern part of Athel Loren, between the river and the mountains. Here the trees are often sparse, opening out into broad clearings of meadow grass. It is a place where wild horses roam and rare Unicorns may be seen.

The Kindred of Equos, who were master horsemen and horse breeders, settled here when they migrated from the coastal colonies. They brought with them their Elven steeds and mares and let them loose in the meadow glades. They could not bear to take ship to Ulthuan with the last remaining warriors because it meant leaving behind so many fine horses. Instead they led their herds eastward into the wilderness. These were the ancestors of the Elven steeds which the Wood Elves now ride. The Kindred of Equos provide all the charioteers and horsemen of Athel Loren.

THE GLADE OF WOE

The Glade of Woe is dominated by a single huge blasted oak. This hulk of a tree stands blackened and scorched. Its gnarled branches claw the sky like hands raised in anguish and outrage. The trunk is hollow and the void extends deep into the earth. For the Elves this is an awesome place of dark ritual.

Here mages gather for their secret councils. It is a place towards which the vilest of invaders are lured to be ambushed and slaughtered by the Elves. Their bones are entwined in the roots of the tangled thorn bushes. Despite all this, the glade is not such a grim place as one might think. The trees and bushes around about are laden with purple and blood-red berries which the Elves gather to make drinks and potions and the ground is carpeted with earth-hugging forest plants and flowers. It is an area rich in fungi, lichens and mosses of all kinds, indeed all the ingredients needed by the mages for their magical potions.

THE GLADE OF PINES

The Glade of Pines is to be found on the slopes of the Grey Mountains where the forest envelops the foothills. The crisp cold air favours pine trees rather than any other species. There are many different types and some individual trees are extremely old and gnarled. These entwine their roots around the high pinnacles and crags of weathered rock. The cliffs have caves and crevices which provide lairs for many kinds of wild beasts. The



Elves have 'sung' both trees and rocks into fine dwellings where both tree trunks and stalagmites act as pillars of the many halls and galleries.

The kindred who settled here learned to use the pine resin for many things including wine and magical potions. The region is abundant in wild animals such as bears, wildcats and birds of prey. The Elves dwelling here developed a strange affinity with the beasts and birds. The Kindred of the Pines includes warriors who have learned to ride on the backs of giant Warhawks.

THE YEW GROVES

There are many dark and eerie groves of old yew trees scattered throughout the forest. Yew wood is excellent for making bows and magic wands or staffs. The yew groves were therefore sought out by kindreds seeking to make new bows and also by mages. The vast age of many yew trees means they have absorbed enormous amounts of magical energy drawn up through their roots and stored in the heartwood. The Kindred of the Yew includes many nomadic clans and wandering mages who move from one yew glade to another, dwelling for a time in each.

THE BEECH GLADES

The Beech Glades cover the gently sloping hills that rise in the very midst of the forest of Loren. Because the land rises between the two rivers that encompass the forest of Loren it can be seen from a long way away across the heathlands. These hills are wooded with huge beech trees of immense age. The branches of these trees have been sung by the Elves into intertwining vaults which support their galleries and chambers. The trunks of the trees are thus like a vast pillared hall through which a traveller could wander without ever knowing that Elven folk were close. The only thing he would be aware of would be the strange and enchanting sound of Elven singing and laughter apparently coming from all around him and yet from nowhere in particular.

THE WILD HEATHS

The Forest of Loren is surrounded by vast tracts of open heath and scrub. Here the stunted trees and occasional groves mingle with open stretches of bracken and heather. Rocky crags and boulders emerge from the tangled brambles. Here and there are standing stones, ancient burial cairns made of huge boulders and stone circles. Some of these may have been built by savage tribes of men in remote antiquity, the origins of others are a mystery. Hidden within them are unknown treasures and perils.

This landscape forms the borderlands of Athel Loren. Looking across the heaths, the vast green forest can be seen. Anyone who dares venture towards the forest risks being ridden down by the Kindred of Equos in their war chariots or being chased by Glade Riders with their lances and bows. These warriors tirelessly ride across the heaths searching and tracking intruders. Sometimes rival champions will race chariots or steeds between great standing stones. By night they camp in the groves of stunted oaks or return to the forest itself, to be relieved by another troop riding out from the meadow glades.

At one time this land was disputed between the Wood Elves and Bretonnian barons. There were many brisk and bloody encounters. The Wood Elves would often feign flight into the forest pursued by reckless knights who never returned. Eventually the barons learned to respect the power of Athel Loren and the Bretonnian king himself recognised the dominion of the King and Queen in the Wood over this disputed land.

Some of the tallest of the great standing stones were chosen to mark the boundaries of the realm, beyond which no man may pass without leave of the King and Queen in the Wood. These are marked with carvings and painted designs of the Wood Elves. These are charms to ward off enemies by magic and encircle the realm with protective enchantments. To go beyond the stones is to bring doom down upon oneself!

Tafellu stood motionless on the hill, his hands resting lightly on the top of the stone. His eyes were half closed, and he was breathing slowly and deeply, yet he was fully alert. On such a morning as this, with the land swathed in mist, and the ground hard with hoar frost, his keen ears and sense of smell were more use than his sight. Down the slope he could hear his horse cropping the frozen gorse tips, and smell the warmth of its breath. On the other side of the hill, where the heath joined the edge of the forest, he could detect the characteristic rustle of wood quail hunting for seeds in the frozen bracken.

To the north, the ground rose slightly and ended at the base of a long, low cliff, while to the south and the west it levelled out into undulating plains dotted with the occasional clump of birch trees.

Despite the freezing air, Tafellu was not cold. The hill where he stood was marked a sacred place, a confluence of two lines of power, and the faint tingle of magical energy that thrummed through the stone kept him warm.

A sudden flick of static energy made Tafellu jerk his hands away from the stone; at the same time a flock of birds flew up from the cliff top. An animal might have frightened the birds, but the reaction of the stone could only mean that something evil had entered the forest. The screeching cry of a hawk cut through the cold winter air; it was Glouwyn, calling a warning message from his lookout post in the pine trees at the top of the cliff. A large band of Orcs had crossed the border and were heading east, towards the forest itself. Pass the warning and summon the kindred!

A string of lookouts guarded the borders of Athel Loren, all close enough to each other so the Glade Riders could relay messages up and down the line. Tafellu turned to the south and passed the message on – his calling sign was the cry of a rook – then vaulted lightly onto his steed and rode off at a gallop towards the forest. He leant low over his horse's neck, urging it on as it bounded sure-footed over the frozen ground to meet with the other Glade Riders and join them in the defence of their forest home.

THE HISTORY OF ATHEL LOREN

THE FOREST IS FOUND

When the Elves of Ulthuan first set foot upon the Old World they discovered a wilderness in its natural state. Colonies were built on the coast and the surrounding lands were cultivated. A few Elf explorers ventured inland into the forested interior. Some went far up the great rivers in sleek Elven boats. Others reached the foothills of the Grey Mountains. Merchants followed in their wake and brought back strange and wonderful things to the coastal colonies where they were transported to far Ulthuan as exotic luxuries.



It was at this time that Elves discovered the great Forest of Loren, which in those days was far greater in extent than it is today. However, the landscape was so vast and wild and the Elves were so few that they left little trace of their activities except along the coast. Here they built cities of stone as in Ulthuan and the ruins of these remain to this day.

From the east came Dwarf explorers and merchants. They arrived in the Grey Mountains around the same time as the Elves, if not earlier, and began prospecting for precious metals. They had little reason to descend into the dense forests between the mountains and the sea. However, they did encounter Elves from the west and began exchanging artifacts and trading. Eventually Dwarfs did journey to the Elf colonies to expand their trade and this ultimately led from easy going friendship, to competition and then to quarrels and finally war.

THE GUARDIANS OF THE FOREST

The great War of the Beard would ultimately put an end to Elf colonisation of the Old World and Dwarf ambitions of an empire stretching to the western sea. Both races would exhaust themselves in bitter warfare and suffer strife in their own homelands. While the war raged, Dwarf armies marched down from the mountains to besiege Elven colonies on the coast. This meant that Dwarf warriors had to march through dense forests. As they did so they put their axes to good use felling timber for fires, strongholds, bridges, and fuel for steam engines and furnaces. When they discovered that this outraged the Elves, they did it all the more.

Many Elves took upon themselves the task of guarding the forests and ambushing the Dwarf armies as they struggled through the wooded landscape. Dwarfs were deterred from marching through vast tracts of wilderness by the threat of sudden surprise attack. The Elves proved to be especially adept at fighting in dense forest because their archers could shoot without being seen and also because they were so naturally swift and agile. The Forest of Loren was perhaps the best guarded of all the forests.

THE EXODUS OF THE KINDREDS

When the Phoenix King recalled the Elven armies from the Old World and left the colonies unguarded, the Elves there were left with two choices: they could sail away to Ulthuan or stay where they were. If they stayed in the Old World they would be at the mercy of three foes – the Dwarfs, the Orcs and the Dark Elves of Naggaroth.

The Dwarfs, it is true, were in retreat themselves, but the tales of abandoned Elf colonies full of wealth were a temptation to many freebooters with bands of warriors. They were also a temptation to roving bands of Orcs and Goblins who had migrated into the wilderness from the distant east. Worse still, the seas were unsafe. The evil rebellious kindred of Naggaroth were raiding the seaways plundering ships returning from the colonies and threatening the undefended coastal cities.



It was therefore not safe for Elves who remained in the Old World to stay in the colonies. Within a generation all the kindreds that refused to return to Ulthuan made the great trek inland. They retreated into the wild forest where they felt safe. Their kin were already there as guardians and knew the secret ways and the safest places for settlement.

EVIL ELVES

The Kindred of Equos, who were breeders of Elven steeds, were the last to leave the coastal plains. They were reluctant to move their horses away from the coastal meadows and determined never to abandon their herds. Events persuaded them to follow the trail into the forests. A great black Ark – a sea vessel of the Dark Elves – was seen on the ocean horizon. Watchers

on the clifftops saw its huge dark silhouette against the sunset. All along the coast for hundreds of miles its progress was observed with feelings of horror and apprehension. Few knew the exact nature of the strife in the Elven homelands but there had been rumours of the evil Elves of Naggaroth. Now it seemed that they had come to plunder the abandoned colonies or perhaps to enslave the kindreds who had stayed behind.

The Kindred of Equos hurriedly began rounding up their scattered herds and leading them far to the east. Fortunately they had almost all gone inland before the Dark Riders came ashore. Smoke was seen rising above the abandoned colony of Tol Ibrion upon the ruins of which place Brionne now stands.

The Dark Riders followed the tracks of the horse herds of the Kindred of Equos far inland. Eventually the Dark Elves came upon an open heathland which stretched eastwards towards the Forest of Loren. Here the Kindred of Equos had gathered to defy them. Row upon row of chariots and horsemen stood upon the hillsides, ready to charge. Their chief was Equoth the Fearless who had been elected to lead them in battle.

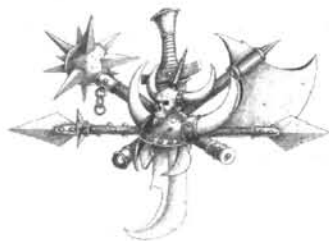
The Dark Riders had marched by night and so the Kindred of Equos planned their attack for the dawn, as the rays of the rising sun appeared over the trees of Loren and shone into the eyes of the Naggarothi. The ensuing battle was a slaughter. Many of the Kindred of Equos fell, but the dazzling sun spoilt the aim of the Dark Elves and many of their wicked darts failed to hit their mark. The Dark Elves were surrounded,



overwhelmed and wiped out. Their remains now lie beneath one of the many stone cairns to be seen in the region. As for the rest of the Naggarothi aboard the Black Ark, having lost their advance party, they ransacked the coastal colonies and sailed home with the spoils.

ORC AND GOBLIN INVADERS

The Old World gradually became infested with nomadic tribes of Orcs and Goblins migrating from the east. No doubt they were driven onward by tribal feuds among themselves. There were now no Elven troops or Dwarf warriors in the region to keep them out. Few of these newcomers ever knew that the Forest of Loren was inhabited by Elves. The Orcs grubbed about in the ruins of the old Elf colonies and caused most of the destruction to the fine buildings and masonry in their desperation to find any riches that might be hidden there.



One of these marauding hordes of Orcs and Goblins invaded the Forest of Loren during a harsh winter known in Wood Elf lore as the Winter of Woe. The events of that time have already been recounted because they led directly to the foundation of the Realm of Athel Loren and the reign of the King and Queen in the Wood. The Orcs were defeated at a place called the Glade of Woe. In their moment of dire peril, the Elves were saved and led to victory by Orion and Ariel, who had taken on the aspects of the gods Kurnous and Isha and who thenceforth became the immortal King and Queen of Athel Loren.

ENCOUNTERS WITH BARBARIANS

For generations following the Battle of the Glades of Woe, the Kindred of Equos kept watch over the heaths surrounding Athel Loren. The Glade Riders scoured the bracken covered slopes and camped in the thickets of stunted oaks on the lookout for marauding Orcs and Goblins. There were countless skirmishes. No sooner were the enemy spotted loping across the heaths towards the forest than a rider would be sent to Orion and Ariel to raise the alarm. Quickly the Wood Elf kindreds would muster their warriors and prepare an ambush. Often the enemy would be repelled or slaughtered before they had even transgressed the edge of the forest itself. Then a great mound would be raised over their bones and a victory stone carved with the symbols of Kurnous and Isha erected upon it as a warning.

Then there came one occasion when the Glade riders observed a different band of strangers on the move. A migrating horde with wagons, or riding stocky shaggy ponies. It was guarded by armed men with metal weapons. Cattle and families trudged behind the warriors. These were not Orcs or Goblins: the Elves had caught their first sight of Human beings. These were savage tribesmen, ancestors of the Bretonnians, searching for new lands to settle.



Word was sent to Orion and Ariel as usual. The council was called and it was decided to wait rather than attack. These newcomers were fair featured and bore some distant kinship to Elvenkind if only in appearance. They might prove to be friends and allies. The Glade Riders were ordered to keep watch from a safe distance.

The watchers soon saw two things which endeared the strangers to the Wood Elves. Firstly, the barbarian warriors advancing ahead of the migrating column discovered and approached the boundary monoliths marking the outer limit of the realm of Athel Loren. They puzzled over the carvings on the stones and brought up one of their shamans to look at them. Eventually the strangers placed offerings at the foot of the stones and turned away, leading their people in another direction and refusing to pass the stones. Whether this was due to their respect or superstition it nonetheless impressed the Wood Elves and marked the newcomers to be entirely different from the Orcs and Goblins.

The other thing that impressed the Elves was the battle that they observed in which the barbarians were attacked by Orc raiders and Goblin wolf riders. The barbarians stoutly defended their wagons and people. The Glade Riders watching from the hills above were so moved by their courage that they descended at the gallop and attacked the Orcs with daring and fury, despite being outnumbered several to one. Between them, the barbarians and the Elves beat off the Orcs, and the Glade Riders pursued the fleeing foe to destruction. They did not even wait for the barbarians to thank them.

Some time later it was discovered by the Scouts ranging in the landscape beyond Athel Loren that the barbarians had made a settlement and were farming the land beside a river. It was clear that they intended no threat to the Forest of Loren and indeed, were driving the Orcs away by constant fighting. When the time came to harvest their crops, they heaped great offerings beside the monoliths in gratitude to the Elves.

Among the barbarians, the shamans had come to a conclusion about the Elves. They told their people that they were none other than 'the fairy folk', magical beings who lived in the wood and who would help them in times of trouble as long as they were shown the proper respect. This belief persisted among the barbarians for centuries and prevented them from invading the Forest of Loren.

THE LOST KINDRED

There was a kindred of Wood Elves who once dwelt among the glades of Wythel trees in the Forest of Loren. These trees were conifers of exceptional girth and age and incomparable beauty. The needles were as a green as the purest jade and the pine-cones were huge. The pine nuts could be eaten and were considered a delicacy throughout Athel Loren. The resin of the trees could be distilled into the finest forest wine. It is even said that the wood of the Wythel tree made the best longbows.

In time the way of life of the kindred became dependent on the Wythel trees. They did not learn how to use many different types of tree as did the other kindreds. This did not matter as long as the Wythel trees flourished.

As the centuries passed, the Wythel trees which were already rare and the last of their kind in the forest, became harder to find. The mages of the kindred were at a loss as to why this might be. One by one the oldest trees died and fell to the ground. Fewer new saplings sprouted to take their place and the Elves, for all their skill, could not make the pine nuts germinate. Eventually the mages agreed that the trees were sickening due to changes in the flow of magical energy deep below the earth.

No attempts to restore the magical energies were effective in saving the trees. Huge monoliths, ritual dances, tree singing by perpetual choirs of Elven maidens every day year after year made no difference. In desperation the kindred despatched mages skilled in divination and Warhawk Riders to seek for the Wythel trees wherever they might be. After many years of searching one of the mages returned. He brought with him twigs and cones of a healthy and flourishing Wythel tree. Then he told the assembled elders of the kindred where a grove of Wythel trees was still to be found.

Though they rejoiced that the Wythel trees were not lost from the world, the kindred were dismayed at the vast distance they would need to travel to find them. Reluctantly the kindred decided to leave Athel Loren forever in order to find their beloved Wythel trees and protect them. The King and Queen in the Wood understood their desire and let them depart with their blessing as well as much help and magical items.

The entire kindred set off on a long trek over the Grey Mountains and beyond into the uttermost east. Here they wandered through a forested wilderness barely inhabited by tribes of men, yet already infested with Orcs. Though Warhawk Riders and Scouts tried to follow to keep in contact, they finally lost track of them as the winter snows covered the forests. The Kindred of the Wythel trees were never seen again.

Since that time rumours of an enclave of Wood Elves hidden deep in the forests east of the Grey Mountains have reached Athel Loren. Attempts have been made to contact them and a few Scouts claim to have met fellow scouts of the Lost Kindred. There seems no reason to doubt their word, but nevertheless almost everything about the Lost Kindred remains a mystery in Athel Loren though their survival seems certain.

THE GREED OF THE DWARFS

Thorkund Axe-Crazy was one of the first Dwarf adventurers to make his way into the west after the great war between the Elves and the Dwarfs. He did not return.

What happened to Thorkund is known to the Wood Elves but not to his own kin. If they ever find out it will be yet another Dwarf grudge for which the realm of Athel Loren will be called to account!

Centuries after the end of the war between the Dwarfs and the Elves, rumours that the Elves had abandoned their colonies and sailed away were heard in the great halls of the Dwarfs. Many Dwarfs began to speculate about the treasures that may have been left behind in the ruins of the Elven colonies. Dwarf prospectors began to wonder what mineral riches might be discovered in these lands once barred to Dwarf exploration. For a long time the Dwarfs had been too preoccupied with troubles at home to investigate the possibilities that had opened up.

Thorkund Axe-Crazy was one of the first adventurers to journey into the west in search of treasure. He took with him only a handful of Dwarfs as rash as himself. Greed drew them ever onward across the mountains and vast forests that would later become the Empire. They crossed the Grey Mountains and looked down upon the lands later to become Bretonnia. One more vast forest lay between them and the Elven ruins on the western coast of the Old World – the Forest of Loren.

Thorkund and his band descended the mountains and went into the forest. Somehow they managed to find their way deeper and deeper into the wood. Suddenly one day, they were ambushed by unseen enemies lurking among the trees. Arrows stuck into the oaken shields of the Dwarfs and some of Thorkund's companions were slain. Thorkund and the rest charged with their axes. Soon they found themselves surrounded by the bodies of slain Elves and no others seemed to have escaped their axes.

To the amazement of the Dwarfs they now stepped into a sacred shrine glade of the Elves. The warriors they had just slain were its guardians. They saw huge gnarled trees and strange carved stones painted with arcane symbols. Quickly they began to heave over the stones to reveal any treasures hidden beneath. They were indeed experienced adventurers and knew how to ransack a sacred place.

The Dwarfs discovered treasures that even the Elves had forgotten were there and quickly bundled them up in their bags. Strangely wrought of silver, gold and copper, they were images in the shape of a creature that appeared to be half tree half she-Elf. Beautiful they were, but strangely disturbing even to the mind of the greedy Dwarfs. Thorkund would not rest easy until they were safely melted down and their magic was broken by the Runesmiths at home! No longer bothered about the ruins on the distant coast any more, Thorkund and his followers began to make their way eastwards out of the forest before any more Elves turned up.

No sooner had they left the glade than they heard eerie wailing coming from the trees themselves and thought

they saw a strange shadowy shape stalking them amid the trees.

They did not stop to make camp but trekked onwards seeking the daylight and the high mountains, eager to put the dark woods behind them.

Eventually they reached the foothills of the Grey Mountains and made their way along the ravines and passes to the east. Still however they thought they heard the strange wailing in the distance behind them. They had now trekked for two days without sleep and fatigue was overcoming even their Dwarf endurance. They stopped by a grove of gnarled pine trees amid the rocks and soon fell asleep.

They awoke startled by a strange noise all around them. It was the weird wailing they had heard ever since the sacred glade. Now it was in the trees around their camp. Grabbing their axes they attacked the trees in a frenzy to stop the noise assaulting their ears and driving them mad. It was to no avail: as soon as an axe bit deep into a tree, a strange creature with wild hair and thorn-like claws flitted out of it and ran into another, wailing and taunting them. The creature, which was the Dryad Wythru who guarded the sacred grove and who had followed them intent on vengeance, appeared to be wailing at the moon as if calling something or someone.

Suddenly a great shadow fell over the Dwarfs. A huge bird of prey ridden by a cloaked figure descended upon them with terrifying speed. Soon all the Dwarfs except Thorkund lay dead with arrows penetrating their chainmail. Thorkund, wielding his axe, stepped back under a gnarled old tree to get a good swing at the hawk swooping down on him. At that very moment two clawed hands gripped him from behind and he was dragged to his doom down into the cracks and clefts of the mountainside. His bones remain there to this day, entangled in the roots of the ancient pine tree. The hawk rider, Thryngol the Mage, returned to Athel Loren and hid the stolen treasures in the sacred grove where they belonged.

THE FATE OF THE BARON

For many centuries the people of the Bretonni tribe settled the lands north and west of Athel Loren. During this time they seldom penetrated into the vast Forest of Loren. No doubt the rumours and myths about the mysterious dwellers in the wood deterred them from venturing far into it to hunt. Occasionally warbands attempted to cross the heathlands surrounding the forest but as soon as they passed beyond the boundary stones they would be challenged by the chariots and riders of the Kindred of Equos. Ancient legends of those times still sung in Bretonnia tell of impetuous warlords who fell, Elf-shot, upon those heaths having transgressed the borders of the Elven realm. Thus the legend grew of the forbidden realm and the secretive Elven folk.

The Bretonni settlements surrounding the Wood Elf realm soon began to regard their mysterious neighbours as friends, especially when marauding bands of Orcs or other enemies rampaging across the land, violated the forbidden realm and either fled headlong or were never

heard of again. Sometimes bands of Elves would be seen, stealthily making their way by starlight to intercept invaders, just as much to the advantage of the local Bretonnians as to the Elves. In gratitude the Bretonnians would leave offerings of armour and weapons or flagons of wine beside the boundary stones. These always mysteriously disappeared, being taken by the Elves as welcome luxuries from the world beyond.

In the last centuries before the Bretonnians became unified into a single kingdom under a single king, the settlements around Athel Loren had grown into powerful feudal domains ruled over by barons and their retinues of knights. Some of these barons were greedy for more land and looking for more wilderness to conquer. Hemmed in by the domains of their neighbours, they cast their eyes on the last remaining wilderness, the Forest of Loren. They were arrogant men who paid scant regard to age old folklore and believed themselves to be invincible.

It was baron Fulk de Berg who first led a retinue of knights into the heathlands. They passed the boundary stones casting contemptuous eyes on the carvings upon them intended to ward off invaders and merely laughed. Riding onward they were met and challenged by Eldryn, a mighty chief of the Kindred of Equos and his followers. In the battle that ensued, the Elves were defeated by the knights. None of the Elves fled the field, but were cut down upon the heath within sight of their stronghold. The baron then despatched his men at arms to attack the stronghold. Although many fell to the longbows of the Elves, including many she-Elves enraged by the slaying of their kin, the baron's men could not be stopped. The remaining Elves retreated into the forest, abandoning the stronghold to the baron.

In the days that followed, Elven Scouts and Glade Riders watched the baron's army from the cover of the trees, while the King and Queen in the Wood took council with the kindreds. They observed the baron's men constructing a castle on the hilltop where the Elven stronghold had been. The great trees had been felled and ox teams were dragging huge monoliths, which were the uprooted boundary stones themselves, up the hill to be built into the castle walls. The Elves grew angry.

Worse was to come. The knights were growing restless and eager for adventure as work on the castle progressed. Some of them penetrated into the forest and began hunting the wild beasts. When some of the Scouts ambushed the knights, the arrows penetrated their armour without slaying any of them and the enraged knights began hunting the Elves for sport as well. They succeeded in riding down and slaying several Scouts before the arrows finally began to make their mark and some of the knights fell with shafts piercing their visors.

This encounter deterred the knights from going far into the forest for a while. Nevertheless, the baron had brought peasants from his domains and these began cutting down the trees at the edge of the forest and ploughing up the land that they had cleared. It was obvious that the baron intended to keep what he had captured. Soon other barons would follow his example



and the realm of Athel Loren would be invaded from all sides.

The King and Queen in the Wood held counsel with the mages and chiefs of the kindreds as to how to combat the invaders. Orion became enraged at the news brought back by the Scouts and the pitiful sight of the Elves who fled from the stronghold which the baron's men had captured. It was only the wise words of Ariel which calmed his rage and prevented him unleashing the Wild Hunt upon the arrogant invaders.

Ariel knew these foes for what they were. Her insight was inspired. She counselled that the enemy were exceptional warriors, knights who loved war and considered it beneath their honour to retreat. They were determined and contemptuous of death. They could not be defeated as easily as Orcs and Goblins. Even if the Elves slew them all, it would just be a challenge to Bretonnian knighthood itself which would attract yet more knights eager to prove their worth. Ariel counselled against outright war on the baron.

What then, did the Queen propose, asked the counsel and Orion, barely able to contain his wrath desired to shed blood immediately. The baron's men have one weakness, announced Ariel, and this was their superstition. The way to defeat them was to show them powers beyond their comprehension. This would not only cause the present invaders to go away, but would ward off others of their kind in the future. They must be shown that the threat of the stones was real, and that violating the forbidden realm unleashed magical

Grey Seer Skreek scoured the twisted trees surrounding the glade in which the Skaven tunnel had emerged. He could see nothing untoward, but felt uneasy. The monolith that had halted their progress with its guard spell of sickly purity stood as a marker for their tunnel's exit. As the sun sank below the tree tops the glow of guttering warpstone torches cast eerie, flickering shadows along the trees.

This close to the heart of Athel Loren the Council of Thirteen's favoured agent was aware of the vibrant life-force of the ancient Oak of Ages pulsing through the roots of every plant around him. The Skaven could not be far from the King's Glade. The fruition of his plan was near. With its very heart torn out, the realm of Athel Loren would fall, be the Horned Rat willing.

In the distance, a ululating cry like the challenge of a rutting stag echoed through the woods. The Skaven shifted nervously as the roar was joined by a soulful, doom-laden howling. A deep rumble of thunder rolled above them, and bolts of white-hot lightning streaked down from the clear sky. In the space of a few seconds, the evening sky had darkened to the colour of a raven's wing. Skreek began to doubt the wisdom of his plan and frantically started to think of someone to blame if things went wrong.

Leaping over rocky outcrops, oblivious to the lacerating thorns of brambles, Orion put his mighty horn to his lips and blew. The mighty horn-blast reverberated through the heartwoods calling all Elven folk that heard it to the Hunt.

Terrifying in his aspect as Kurnous, the wild god of nature, Orion raced through the ancient woodland, the dogs of war galloping at his heels. As the chase gained momentum the hunter and his hounds were joined by other forest dwellers. Entranced Wood Elves, resplendent in their fearsome war paint, plunged headlong through the bracken. Shape-shifting Dryads sprang over tall bushes in a single bound while forest beasts stampeded after them in their wake.

Hearing the horn, Skreek peered into the depths of the sylvan domain, his nose twitching anxiously. The crashing of bushes and snapping of branches could clearly be heard. Whatever was coming was making no attempt to conceal its approach. The Grey Seer could sense the build-up of tension in the forest. The loathsome sensation made his coarse silvery fur stand on end and set his teeth on edge.

With a fatal whoosh the great hunting spear of Kurnous flew out of the darkness, its thick shaft skewering three struggling ratmen on its golden point.

Like a sudden storm the Wild Hunt burst into the clearing and the Skaven were hit by the full force of the fury of the forest. The first line of Skavenslaves fell immediately before the whirlwind of death and destruction that tore across the glade, unable to stand against the strength of the manifestation of the forest's primaevial avenging spirit. Phantasmal apparitions streaked past the confused and startled ratmen. Soon Clanrats and even the elite Stormvermin were suffering heavy casualties before the enraged Wood Elves.

A flock of crows swept down on the vermin in a blizzard of rending black beaks and talons. The Grey Seer squeaked shrilly in defiance as his rat-warriors were felled by the scything blades of Wardancers or cut down by the claws of wild dogs. Less distinct Elven forms appeared to fly along among their flesh and blood brothers bringing an unnerving, ethereal dimension to the hunt. The ranks of

Skaven were thrown into panic by the defenders' onslaught and for a moment the mass of fleeing furry bodies parted before Skreek.

Standing on a rocky outcrop was the King in the Wood himself. Skreek took in every detail of the formidable figure from the cloven hooves and elongated legs, up past the muscular, green-fleshed torso to the terrifying antlered head. A magic cloak of leaves flapped about his shoulders, shimmering with protective power.

Orion bestrode the rock like a colossus. The majestic features of the Elf Lord showed him to be a king, while the curving horns, powerful limbs and terrible, burning gaze marked him out as the forest's vindicating avenger.

Like some feral beast the King in the Wood charged the broken verminous horde, catching the ratmen on his antlers and tossing their limp bodies over his head to be torn apart by the ravaging pack behind him. Others suffered the wrath of Orion impaled on the bloody tip of his magic spear.

The Wild Hunter caught sight of Skreek and his eyes blazed. Here was the one responsible for the withering of Loren. All of nature was outraged – the foul mutants carried sickness and death everywhere they went. Orion shared the forest's disgust and repulsion. The sacred realm's anger was his anger: its vengeance his vengeance.

Utterly possessed by the vibrant, living spirit of the forest, Orion threw back his head. The muscles in his neck pulled taut and his massive antlers framed the rising moon in their jagged silhouette. From where he stood, Skreek heard the rush of wind as the King in the Wood inhaled. There was a pause, the Skaven squealing as the tension of the moment mounted, and then the Wild Hunter exhaled.

The mighty bellow that issued from his throat shook all where they stood. The ratmen writhed in agony, the pressure in their sensitive ears driving them to the brink of insanity. Some sought refuge behind the standing stone but nothing afforded any protection against the strident sound. Paws pressed against the sides of his head the Grey Seer staggered back towards the tunnel entrance. Unable to cast his spells, his only desire was to escape the deafening roar. The tension suddenly broke as with a crack like a thunderclap the monolith shattered under the intense sonic vibrations, sending a thousand shards flying into the verminous mass.

Blood gushing from his ears and nose, Skreek fled from the field of carnage, his body lacerated by hundreds of cuts. Above the furious pumping of his heart he could hear the pounding of hooves behind him. The musky odour of Orion's heaving flanks assailed his nostrils, filling him with nauseous fear, and as he felt the hunter's hot rancid breath on his back, the Grey Seer understood the true nature of the Wild Hunt. It was more than just a Wood Elf war charge: it was the embodiment of the primaevial and savage entity that was the Forest of Loren itself.

Dawn came. The morning ground mist clung to the corpses of Skaven that littered the glade, their throats and intestines ripped out. Mounds of eviscerated furred bodies sparkled in the first weak rays of the sun. At the centre of the carnage the Grey Seer's head had been impaled atop a broken sapling. Of the entrance to the Skaven tunnel nothing could be seen.

A croaking cry broke the silence and a raven alighted on Skreek's head. Ruffling its feathers in the chilly air, it cocked its head on one side and pecked out an eye. Soon it was joined by others of its kind and the raven feast began.

FOREST DRAGON



The Chasm Glades of Loren are home to the rare Forest Dragons which have dwelt there since the dawn of time. Occasionally a Mage or Lord may succeed in tempting a young Forest Dragon to leave the chasm or a thousand-year old egg will be found and warmed up until it hatches. The hatchling will be nurtured for centuries until it has grown into a worthy mount reserved only for the greatest of Mages or Lords.



WARRIORS OF THE GLADES



These photographs show some typical Wood Elf colour schemes.



BATTLE STANDARD OF ATHEL LOREN



This battle standard was the one used at the Battle of Creaking Yew. It was borne by Athryn the Strong who was on foot when he was surrounded and cut down by Skaven. Lothlann the Brave rode headlong into the foe and snatched the standard. Seeing the standard rise again the Wood Elves renewed the attack and won the day. The standard depicts the sacred Oak of Ages, the most ancient tree in Loren, the very heart of the forest. It is the custom for Elf maidens, sorrowing for fallen warriors, to sacrifice their tresses to be woven into the standard.



This simple conversion was made possible by removing the sword from this plastic Wood Elf from our Warhammer Quest range and replacing it with a wire standard. The standard top was carefully removed from one of the standard bearers of a Wood Elf Archer regiment and stuck on top of the new standard.





WOOD ELF SHIELD AND PENNANT DESIGNS



Many Wood Elf kindreds decorate their shields with depictions of the sacred Oak of Ages, which is where the spirit of the forest dwells. Others choose various signs and symbols such as the Eyes of Isha and the sacred spirals, seen as the markings on the wings of Ariel in her Sylph aspect. Another potent symbol depicts the antlers of Kurnous of the wild hunt. Other favoured motifs are the watchful eyes of the owl, a leaf rune of the sacred tree of the glade in which the kindred dwells and the various triple and double spirals representing the sacred dances of the equinox.



Pennants, which serve the kindreds as standards, depict similar motifs to the shields. Sometimes Mages will divine arrangements of signs which endow the standard with magical properties. Certain symbols can attract magical energy from the forest. There are legends of wounded Elven warriors being wrapped in a standard after a battle and making a miraculous recovery!



ARCHERS

The core of the Wood Elf army are the many warriors armed with the deadly elven longbows. The Wood Elves are master craftsmen when it comes to making the best bows known in the Old World. The bow-staves are shaped over many years while still growing on the tree and the bow strings are woven from the long hair of Elf maidens. With these bows the archers are deadly accurate and their keen eyes can pick out a distant target in the shaded glades of the forest.

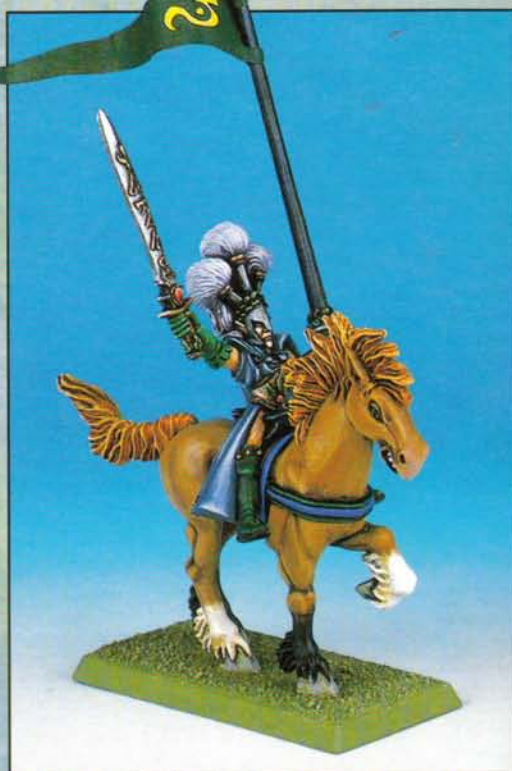




WOOD ELF GENERAL



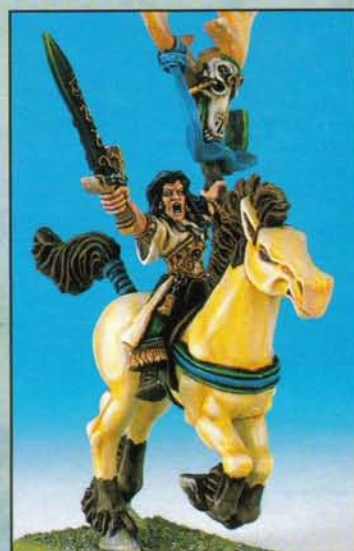
The General of a Wood Elf army will also be the Lord of one of the Kindreds of Loren. He will often ride into battle upon an Elven Steed, especially if he is a Lord of the Kindred of Equos who watch over the herds of Elven Steeds in the Meadow Glades.



WOOD ELF MAGE

Wood Elf Mages are experts in divination and are able to communicate with trees simply by touching them. They can rouse dormant Treemen, invoke Dryads and cause trees to grow rapidly in any shape they desire by chanting their strange and arcane songs.

Of all the Wood Elves, the Mages are the most attuned to the forest and the wild magic that flows through its rich, verdant glades.



WARDANCERS

Amongst the Wood Elves, the Wardancers are the most feared warriors of all. Ordained at birth they spend their lives practising their spectacular battle skills that are famed and feared throughout the world. At the Spring Equinox it is the Wardancers who perform the strange and ancient ritual dances that arouse the immortal Orion and Ariel from their winter slumber. Graceful in battle, they use their amazing skills to the full, leaping over enemies, darting away from deadly blows with lightning speed and striking with their weapons before the foe has time to react.



TALISMANIC WAR PAINT

Wardancers decorate their bodies with talismanic signs and symbols. These are not just to overawe the foe but also ward off hostile magic. Spirals and magical designs such as the sacred 'Eyes of Isha' are especially favoured and potent as magical protection. The designs are painted with dye made from berries and forest plants and shades of blue are the most often used.

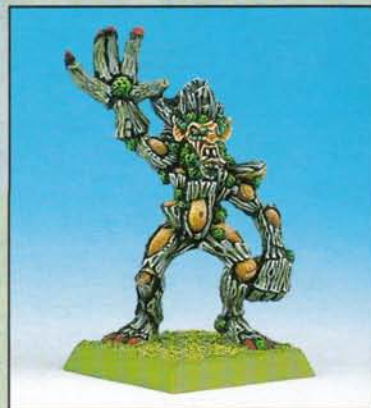
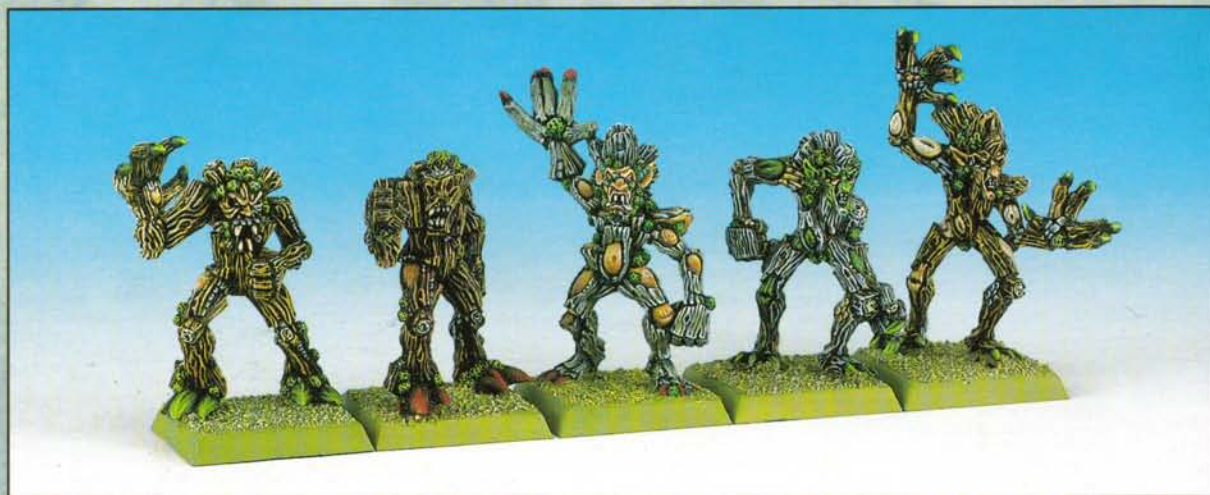






DRYADS

Magical spirits of the forest, Dryads are capable of assuming the aspects of a particular tree or even shape-shifting into the form of a tree at will. They speak with strange, eerie voices able to charm or scare the unwary. Dryads can be extremely spiteful, and exact vengeance on any who threaten or harm the trees they inhabit. They attack with their long fingers which usually sprout sharp thorns or whip-like twigs.



GLADE GUARDS

The Glade Guards are chosen from among the tallest and sturdiest Wood Elves and entrusted with the task of guarding the kindred's sacred glades. Bravest of all are those who guard the Oak of Ages in the heart of the forest. Glade Guards fight with stout thrusting spears shaped from the tall straight staves of the ash tree, which are strong enough to unhorse a Bretonnian knight at full gallop!



THE OLD WORLD



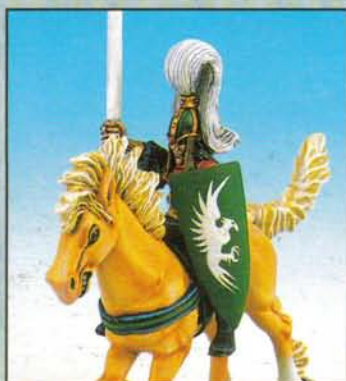
REALM OF ATHEL LOREN

This map shows the Forest of Loren, located to the south-east of Bretonnia, flanked by high mountain peaks. This huge forest is the realm of the Wood Elves. The map shows the hidden glades of the forest which are settled by various Wood Elf kindreds.



GLADE RIDERS

The Wood Elf Glade Riders belong to the Kindred of Equos. They patrol the Wild Heaths that surround the Forest of Loren, ready to chase away intruders. They ride Elven Steeds and keep herds of these swift and highly spirited horses in the secret Meadow Glades within the forest. Not only are the Glade Riders expert shots with the bow, but they are equally skilled at riding fast through thick scrub and between the trees of the forest.



TREEMEN

With their massive trunk-like legs and thick branching arms, Treemen look like great trees with their clawed feet spreading like roots into the ground. In battle, Treemen use their immense bulk and powerful limbs to smash anything that stands in their path.



THE FALLEN TREEMAN TEMPLATE

When a Treeman is slain in battle he may topple over onto any troops around him. The rules for fallen Treemen are described in the Bestiary. This is the Fallen Treeman template which you can cut out or copy for use in the game. Place the template next to the Treeman model in the direction he topples over. Any models covered by the template risk being crushed horribly unless they succeed in getting out of the way!

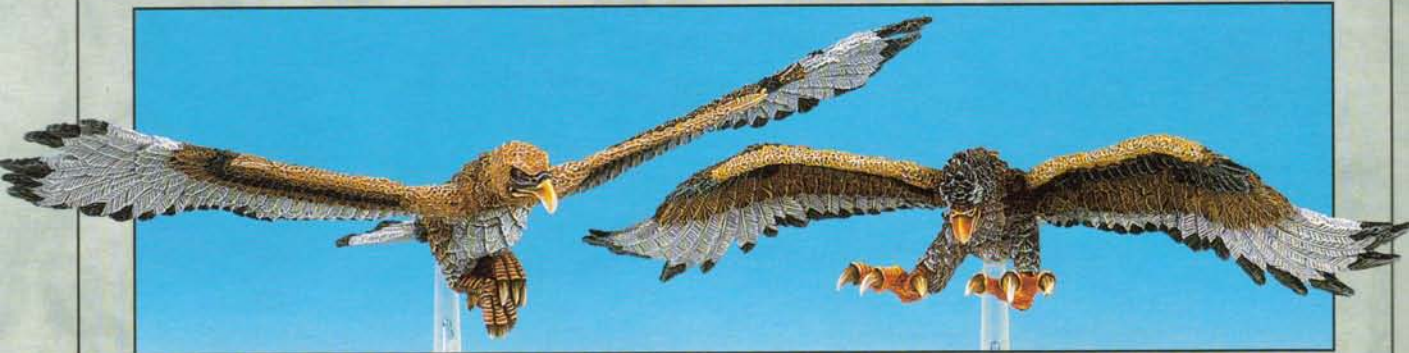


DURTHU THE TREEMAN

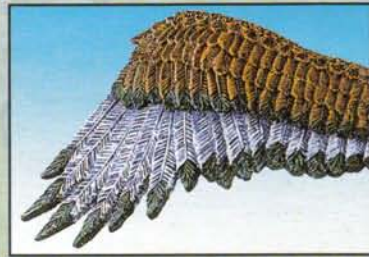
Durthu resembles a wizened and gnarled old oak tree. He is immensely old and has endured in the depths of the forest for untold ages. If the Forest of Loren is invaded, Durthu will become disturbed by the sounds of battle and destruction. Enraged, he will lurch through the forest seeking out the intruders and attack them with a savage fury that defies description.

EAGLES

The ancient and proud race of Great Eagles has lived among the peaks and crags of the Grey Mountains on the edge of the Forest of Loren since the dawn of time. Here they are befriended by the most adventurous and exceptional of the Wood Elves. Any who succeed in winning the trust of a Great Eagle gains a true friend as well as an awesome beast to ride into battle. From their high eyries the Eagles watch for enemies entering the forest and will fly off to warn the Wood Elves of impending danger.



These detail shots depict the variety of different colour schemes the Great Eagles can be painted in.



GREAT EAGLES SWOOP DOWN ON AN EMBATTLED DARK ELF BEASTLORD

retribution. They must be made to believe that Athel Loren was an otherworldly place which could not be conquered like any other land.

The counsel was swayed. The young warriors were restrained and Orion calmed his anger and set down his hunting spear without it having tasted blood. The remaining chiefs of the Kindred of Equos banned their warriors from challenging the baron's army. Vengeance was prepared according to the plan of Ariel.

A few days later the baron and his men awoke in the early morning within the partly built castle walls. They found themselves surrounded by an eerie dank mist. As the mist began to rise the retinue was horrified to see massive trees all around them. It was as though a huge forest had grown up overnight. The baron suspected Elven sorcery and summoned the peasants with their axes to demonstrate to his men that even these magical trees could soon be dealt with. Unfortunately the peasants had already fled, being more superstitious than the soldiers, and taken their axes and oxen with them.

Then the new foundations of the castle began to crack and crumble. The knights were thrown into panic as huge stones tumbled on their heads. Their armour was of no avail, nor was their honour or their courage. The trees, which were none other than Treemen summoned by Ariel herself, savagely demolished the half-built keep and entombed the baron alive beneath the rubble. Barely a handful of his retainers survived and fled spreading rumours of sorcery far and wide throughout Bretonnia.

Since that time, no other baron has dared to transgress the boundary of Athel Loren. According to Bretonnian beliefs, no castle walls can be built upon this enchanted land. A great heap of tumbled and overgrown stones remains to this day as a reminder of Baron Fulk's folly and his fate.

ALLIANCE WITH BRETONNIA

When Louis the Rash was crowned as the first king of Bretonnia he inherited a realm which had been united by Gilles le Breton. The only region which was not subject to his rule was the Forest of Loren. Gilles had been careful to avoid transgressing the boundaries of the Wood Elf realm and so had really recognised its independence and separateness from Bretonnia. Even Louis was not so rash as to send his knights to conquer the forest from its age-old inhabitants. The fate of Baron Fulk was still remembered. Instead Louis realised the value of a strong realm guarding his vulnerable south-eastern border. He knew that as long as Athel Loren remained it would be difficult or impossible for enemies to invade Bretonnia from this direction. Furthermore, the Elves defended themselves and, unlike barons, looked for no favours from the king in return.

Louis therefore chose one of his most esteemed Questing Knights and despatched him into the Forest of Loren to meet with the King and Queen in the Wood. Only a Questing Knight would be reckless and brave enough to attempt this task alone. Only a lone knight would have a chance of passing through the borderlands as a messenger. If a party of knights were sent the Elves

would definitely attack them, believing them to be a baron's retinue intent on invasion.

The chosen knight was Gaston de Galliard. He rode boldly into Athel Loren observed by the watchers in the wood. None of the Elves impeded his progress and he was able to approach almost to the Council Glade itself where Orion and the mages and chiefs of the kindreds awaited him. Meanwhile Ariel assuming her Sylph form decided to put the knight to the test. She used enchantments, invoked Dryads and brought Treemen to scare Gaston as he rode through the forest. Despite every strange and disturbing ploy she used against him, he remained calm and determined and his sword rested by his side. Ariel thus knew that Gaston was on an errand of peace and was also an honourable knight whom her folk could trust. She finally appeared to him in her true form and led him into the Council Glade.

Gaston delivered the message of the King of Bretonnia offering eternal friendship and alliance with Athel Loren. No barons would be permitted by the king to transgress the ancient boundaries of the Wood Elf realm if in return, the Wood Elves would ally with the Bretonnians against their common enemies. The King and Queen in the Wood accepted Louis' offer of friendship and Gaston returned with their message and various strange and magical gifts for his king. Since that time the realm of Athel Loren has been respected by all Bretonnians and Bretonnian knights and Wood Elf archers have joined forces to fight their foes on many great battlefields.

THE BATTLE OF PINE CRAGS

The Dwarfs have always tended to venture westwards rather than eastwards, perhaps because they remember the fate of the Chaos Dwarfs who went into the east. The Dwarfs have also been attracted by the stories of lost treasures which are to be found in the west. Some of these were lost at the time of the wars between the Elves and Dwarfs.

Dwarf expeditions going into the west usually follow a route along the mountain chains where their progress goes unnoticed, rather than trekking across the Empire or through Tilea. When they reach the Grey Mountains however, they must descend into the lowlands in order to find the ruins and burial mounds containing the treasure they seek. This means invading Bretonnia and provoking a fight with the local barons.

Alternatively, the Dwarf expedition can choose to enter the Forest of Loren, where no knights will attempt to stop them. However, the forest has its own perils for Dwarfs, older and more implacable enemies, the Wood Elves. Unfortunately for the Dwarfs, their sagas seldom mention these secret dwellers of the forest. This is because the sagas were often written down before the Elf colonies were abandoned and thus before the Elves who stayed in the Old World migrated into the forest. Few if any Dwarfs who have encountered the Wood Elves have returned to tell the tale. So it is often the case that the Dwarfs do not know that the Wood Elves are there and march confidently through the Forest of Loren and into an ambush! The expedition of Grugni Goldfinder did exactly this.



Grugni, a notorious treasure hunter, equipped a big expeditionary force that included a large contingent of Trollslayers (which says a lot about what the other Dwarfs thought about the probable fate of the expedition!). Grugni, however, was more confident of returning, especially since he was taking a cannon with him.

The Dwarfs did not find dragging a cannon through the mountains to be an easy task, especially when the ale ran out. A mutiny was only avoided when Grugni reluctantly agreed to abandon the cannon. The brass was melted down to make more armour and weapons. Then the expedition prepared for the final descent into the wild forest which could be seen from the mountain tops.

This involved trekking along a wooded ravine known to the Elves as Pine Crag. The sides of the chasm were thickly wooded with gnarled pine trees. In the tallest branches and on the pinnacles of rock were the eyries of Great Eagles and also the dwelling places of the Elven Warhawk riders. At the entrance to the ravine the Dwarfs passed an ancient tree with sacred symbols carved into its living trunk. Heedlessly Grugni's Dwarfs passed by this boundary marker and entered the forbidden realm.

As the Dwarf expedition progressed along the chasm, the Warhawk riders flew high above towards the forest to warn the other Elves about the approach of the foe. Dwarfs were the old enemy against whom the first guardians of the forest had fought and it was known that they only ever came to steal treasures, not to trade

peacefully. The kindreds therefore prepared to fight and gathered at the far end of the ravine to ambush the Dwarf column.

Grugni, always wary of Orcs and Goblins in rocky terrain, took precautions. He divided the Trollslayers and marched with a contingent of these as the vanguard and the rearguard of his column. He was after all an experienced adventurer and knew the risk of ambush. The Trollslayers could be trusted to fight their way through at the front and hold their ground at the rear.

What Grugni did not expect were unseen Elves with longbows and the strange Dryads and Treemen unknown in his homelands.

The Elves were led by Findol, chief of the Kindred of the Pine Glades, into whose dwelling place the Dwarfs had blundered. He was not prepared to allow his sacred shrine glades to be pillaged or his beloved pines to be felled for firewood. His first plot was to tempt the foe onwards with his Scouts. They shot arrows from among the trees and felled a few Trollslayers. Enraged, the Trollslayers recklessly pursued the Scouts into the trees where they were shot down by more Elves hidden among the rocks and pines.

Meanwhile, several Treemen resembling gnarled old pine trees had been passed unseen by the Dwarfs, and these now came down from the crags and closed in behind the column. The Trollslayers at the rear of the column eventually noticed that the way they had come was blocked by trees which hadn't been there before. They frantically attacked these with their axes. The Treemen retaliated with equal ferocity and soon all the remaining Trollslayers were slain.

The rest of Grugni's force had no option but to form a solid shieldwall around him since they were hemmed in to front and rear by foes and to each side by the steep slopes of the gorge. The nimble Elves worked their way along the upper slopes raining arrows down upon the Dwarfs weakening the shieldwall with every volley. Soon there were so few Dwarfs left that the Elves attacked them hand to hand with swords and daggers. Although the Dwarfs fought bravely, not one escaped the wrath of the Elves. The Great Eagles and Warhawks would ultimately use their bleached bones to build their nests.

IMPERIAL AMBITIONS

The border between the Empire and Bretonnia runs for a great distance along the Grey Mountains. Over the centuries there have been countless battles and skirmishes on this disputed frontier, usually between the forces of rival counts and barons trying to wrest lands from each other in the name of the Emperor or the king of Bretonnia.

The Forest of Loren, nestling as it does in the wedge of territory between the eastern and southern borders of Bretonnia, has sometimes become the scene of fighting spilling over from the adjacent frontiers. The Bretonnians are always careful to avoid entering the realm of Athel Loren, but their enemies are not so fussy. This is when the alliance between Bretonnia and the Wood Elves works greatly to the benefit of Bretonnia, because no invading army can ever successfully outflank

Brettonnia by marching through the Forest of Loren, though many have tried!

One such attempt was made by Count Ulrich von Schloss of Reikland, a henchman of the Emperor and notorious menace to civilisation. Ulrich hired many mercenaries, preferring the worst and cheapest. This led him to strike a deal with Duke Bastinardo of Tilea to supply him with crossbowmen in return for cannons from the Empire. Bastinardo had not been told that the cannons were defective...

Having clinched the deal, Ulrich then led his motley army over the Grey Mountains via a route revealed to him by Bastinardo's men. This would take the count's army into Brettonnia from the south, through the Forest of Loren and enable him to attack his old rival the Duke of Quenelles from an unexpected direction.

If Ulrich had ever heard of Wood Elves he must have dismissed them as myth and heresy and recklessly proceeded with his doomed plan. Ulrich was however sensible enough to keep out of the deepest part of the forest. Instead he followed the headwaters of the river Brienne which he knew would ultimately lead him to Quenelles on the far side of the forested wilderness. This meant that his army would traverse the region known to the Wood Elves as the Meadow Glades, where the trees thinned out to meadows beside the meandering river. It was here that the best herds of the Kindred of Equos grazed in secret and safety.

Ulrich had brought with him a contingent of Kislevite nomads, cut-throats and horse-thieves to a man. Their job was to scout ahead of the army. They were so drunk on vodka that they failed to catch sight of the Elf Scouts watching in the groves of trees. What they did see were the herds of beautiful white Elven steeds grazing among the sunlit glades. The Kislevites could not resist the temptation to try and capture some of these fine horses and rode about wildly with lassos. It was then that the Wood Elves shot them with their arrows.

The surviving Kislevites fled back to the count's advancing army spreading panic and dismay. Hastily the count deployed his Tilean crossbowmen but they could not see the stealthy advance of the Elven Scouts from grove to grove. Meanwhile word of the invaders was sent to the King and Queen in the Wood. Soon the forest reverberated to the awesome sound of the Horn of the Wild Hunt. Orion was approaching! With him came the cohorts of the Elven kindreds.

Even the Tileans with their crossbows were no match for the archers of Loren shooting from among the trees and after getting the worst of the volleys, they broke and fled. The count and his armoured men stood their ground until Orion himself charged like a mighty stag among their ranks. This was too much for the count's thugs who scattered in all directions. The routers were pursued and finished off by bands of Glade Riders.

As for the count, he fled alone towards Tilea and through extreme cowardice somehow managed to escape the vengeance of the Elves. He found his way through the mountains and arrived at the castle of Duke Bastinardo of Tilea, hoping to benefit from his hospitality. Unfortunately, Bastinardo had already tried

out the cannons! Count Ulrich was treated to the hospitality of Bastinardo's famous dungeons.

THE SKAVEN MENACE

In the Imperial year 1813, while the plague known as the Red Pox was raging in Brettonnia, two Skaven armies suddenly emerged north of the River Brienne. The Skaven had been able to infiltrate into Brettonnia by means of their subterranean tunnels. They had no doubt unleashed the Red Pox in order to weaken Brettonnia before their onslaught. Fortunately the realm of Athel Loren was too isolated and hidden for the plague to spread there and protected from such evils by the enchantments of Ariel. Indeed Elves are far less susceptible to plagues than men.

The mages of Athel Loren had been aware of Skaven activity deep beneath their own forest realm for some time. Using their divining rods they had tried to follow the progress of Skaven tunnels far below the ground. Occasionally when a strong presence was detected, indicating that a tunnel had come near to the surface, an attempt was made to break into it to stop the Skaven in their evil work. The Wood Elves were well aware who the Skaven were and knew about their foul plans. Scouts ranging far and wide beyond Athel Loren brought back news of their activities. They were determined to prevent these vile ratmen from ever defiling their beloved forest. If a tree showed signs of withering it was sometimes a sign that Skaven were at work deep below. Fortunately there were very few tunnels beneath the Forest of Loren, but this made them all the more difficult to find.

On rare occasions when a tunnel was found, the mages would gather to seal it by means of rituals and magic. A huge monolith would be erected above the line of the tunnel detected by the divination of the mages. The stone would be carved with arcane symbols which directed the flow of magical energy through the earth into the tunnel, creating a powerful spell to deter the Skaven.

The Bretonnians, however, were taken completely by surprise by the Skaven infiltrators. Without warning two huge hordes of Skaven disgorged between the cities of Brienne and Quenelles and began devastating the countryside. Soon both these cities were besieged. Messengers had managed to get through to the Duke of Parravon who hurriedly marched south at the head of an army of knights.

Although the Bretonnians did not ask for help from the King and Queen in the Wood it came anyway. Wood Elf Scouts had reported the invasion of the Skaven. Orion and Ariel appointed the chief of the Kindred of Equos, Caradrel the Wrathful, to lead the Wood Elf army. The Glade Riders of his kin would make up the larger part of the force and they knew he would welcome the opportunity to unleash his renowned and terrible wrath upon the Skaven!

The Wood Elf army rode out to join forces with the Bretonnian knights as they approached Quenelles. Countless Elven archers had run at breathless pace beside the Glade Riders to fight beside them in battle.



ORION, KING IN THE WOOD

They were a most welcome addition to the allied army since the Bretonnians had left their infantry at home to guard the walls of Parravon and because the peasantry had suffered so badly from the plague that few bowmen could be mustered.

The Elf archers shot volleys of deadly arrows into the Skaven horde that came to meet them outside Quenelles. When the ranks of the ratmen had been thinned, the knights and Glade Riders charged to complete the victory. The Glade Riders, unencumbered by heavy armour like the knights were able to pursue the fleeing Skaven ensuring that few survived to fight again.

Barely delaying long enough to rest or bandage wounds, the combined army set off to relieve Brionne. Here the Skaven horde was defeated by the same tactics, though the battle was even longer and more savage.

Of the Elves that set out with Caradrel, barely half returned to Athel Loren.

NO REFUGE FOR THE ORCS

While the Errantry Wars raged throughout Bretonnia, Athel Loren remained virtually untouched by the conflict in the surrounding countryside. Most of the fighting occurred in the great forests in the north and centre of Bretonnia. No Orcs had ever been able to settle and build strongholds in the Forest of Loren.

One of the last Orc Warlords to be hunted down by the Bretonnian armies was Gorskar, leader of a small but unutterably savage warband. For many years they had been hiding in the mountains of central Bretonnia among the most inaccessible crags and ravines. Here they had fought off every Bretonnian army which had ventured into the mountains to do battle with them. Eventually it was a defeat at the hands of the Skaven from the secret Skaven lair of Black Chasm which forced them to migrate. The Skaven attack had taken the Orcs by surprise. Even the Bretonnians scarcely knew where Black Chasm was or even if it really existed.

As soon as Gorskar's warband went on the move, his presence was betrayed to the Bretonnians. An army of knights was hastily mustered at Parravon and marched out to intercept the Orcs. There was a pitched battle, with both sides claiming victory, but which cost both sides much blood. While the knights bandaged their wounds, Gorskar and the rest of his warband made a forced march by night and reached the borders of Athel Loren.

Gorskar's faithful shaman, Oddbone, examined the strange carvings on the boundary monoliths. He advised his overlord to enter the forbidden realm, rightly concluding that the knights would not dare to follow. As for any other enemies they might encounter beyond the stone, the Orcs were in no mood to be deterred. Oddbone speculated that they were Elves and therefore weak and easily defeated.

Gorskar was not deterred even when his warband was attacked by the Glade Riders and chariots of the Kindred of Equos. The Elves and Orcs fought a series of running battles as Gorskar relentlessly led his troops across the heathlands and into the forest.

As the Orcs hacked their way along the forest paths they stumbled into the concealed pits and other dire traps prepared for them by the Waywatchers. As Gorskar's horde fell into confusion and disorder struggling among the brambles and thickets to avoid the pitfalls, the Elf archers poured arrows onto them from three sides.

Within moments Gorskar's warriors were running for the open land. Here the Glade Riders had re-grouped and were waiting on the ridge tops. They galloped down and mopped up the fleeing Orcs. Gorskar himself fell to the hero Elgerth riding his chariot. The shaman Oddbone called upon the Orc gods for help but to no avail. He was cornered among the fallen stones of a huge cairn by the Elf mage Anghifyl and disappeared in a cataclysmic contest of magic between the two wizards. Some say he escaped down a cleft between the boulders and found his way to the Grey Mountains. Others remark that one of the stones bears a strange resemblance to an Orc! Even so it was a great victory for the Elves of Athel Loren.

THE BATTLE OF THE CAIRNS

There are many cairns, monoliths and burial mounds scattered throughout the wild heaths surrounding the Forest of Loren. Some of these were created by the Wood Elves as boundary stones, waymarkers or as the tombs of fallen chiefs of the Elven kindreds. Some mark the burial places of barbarian chieftains, ancestors of the Bretonnians while others hide the mortal remains and treasures of Dwarf adventurers. The huge cairns of stones often cover the heaped up bones of invading hordes: Skaven, Dark Elves, Men, Beastmen, Chaos Warriors, Dwarfs and Orcs beyond counting, slaughtered in battle by the Wood Elves.

These colossal piles of rough hewn stone, covered in heather and gnarled trees, are like magnets for Necromancers and the like. The Glade Riders who watch over this region are always on the lookout for lone tramps, skulking under dark cloaks and always travelling by moonlight. Then there are the tell-tale signs of bones scattered around the monoliths, holes grubbed out in burial mounds, ash from ritual fires and arcane sigils daubed on the blocking stones and reeking with the stench of dragon's blood.

Needless to say, the Glade Riders seek to hunt down these evil sorcerers before they succeed in awakening anything to serve their vile plans.

It was in the years following the great defeat of the Undead won by the Bretonnians led by the Duke of Parravon, that the Lichemaster Kemmler was seen in the heathlands of Athel Loren. He was glimpsed on several occasions, always around the largest of the cairns. No sooner was he spotted than he disappeared, displaying an uncanny awareness of being watched. Although the Glade Riders scoured the heaths, the wily Lichemaster managed to evade their arrows.

Another portent of evil came in the form of a flock of Carrion. These foul creatures perched on the burial cairns and began clawing at the stones, eventually succeeding in scratching out old bones to gnaw. The Glade Riders sent messengers to the far side of Loren to



summon help from the Warhawk Riders of the Kindred of the Pines. These flew swiftly led by Ythil the Hawk-Eyed and descended on the Carrion by surprise, slaying all but a few who fled back to their foul lairs.

The stirrings of the Undead were certain to cause great concern in Athel Loren. All the more so since midwinter was approaching and it was time for Orion and Ariel to be entombed within the Oak of Ages so that they might be reborn with the spring. Already their powers had begun to wane with the moons and the falling of the leaves.

Meanwhile Kemmler was hiding in the dank chamber of a burial mound. His whereabouts was completely unknown to the Elves, though they rode past the mound every day. In the darkness, Kemmler kept a tally of the days, marking them on an old Orc bone. Soon he knew it was time to strike. His plan was as always, to invade Bretonnia. This time he would raise his army from the cairns of Athel Loren and attack Bretonnia from a direction which they would certainly not expect. This also meant destroying Athel Loren, turning the fair forest into a wasteland; a new realm of the Undead!

As the sun waned the Elf mages gathered to the King's Glade for the rituals of renewal. Orion and Ariel were swathed in their magical robes of woven leaves and taken on palanquins to the Oak of Ages. Wardancers performed the ritual dances of the gods as the procession made its way to the sacred place. Within the tree they sat upon their carved thrones as the crack on the great tree trunk was sealed with wattle and daub and painted with arcane symbols. Glade Guards took up positions to watch over the tree throughout the winter. Orion and Ariel would remain here until the winter

equinox was passed and the sun grew strong again. As it did so they would renew their waning powers from the earth magic as they had done for so many centuries before.

This was the moment Kemmler had been waiting for. As he tallied the days to the winter equinox he knew that the Wood Elves were now without their mighty semi-divine king and queen to lead them in battle. While the Elves were distracted with their rituals deep in the forest, Kemmler conducted his own dark rites upon the great cairns of the heathlands. Soon he had gathered a horde of foul skeleton warriors with wights to lead them.

Some Glade Riders noticed Kemmler's fires and tried to stop his ritual, but they were set upon and slain by the first of Kemmler's followers to break their way out of the cairn. Kemmler immediately set out for the forest with his horde under cover of darkness. The Elven realm was invaded without warning.

The Elves may have been taken by surprise, but other eyes watched Kemmler. Beings which not even Kemmler for all his foul wisdom could imagine were watching his every move. As the Skeleton horde advanced towards the homelands, the forest was filled with a strange eerie rustling which filled even Kemmler with unease.

Suddenly green hands with long twig-like fingers were grabbing at the Skeleton warriors, wrenching bone from bone and destroying them utterly. Dryads shape-shifting into weird and wonderful forms emerged from among the trees shrieking war cries which made even the Wraiths shudder. The forces of green and vibrant life, of nature and sunlight attacked the unnatural forces of undeath as the weakly winter sun shone through the glades!



Kemmler's army was already dwindling before the onslaught as Wood Elves, roused by the screeching Dryads, appeared on the scene. Kemmler retreated along the tracks he had come, with Elf arrows thudding into the ground and the trees around him. The trees themselves began to move as though trying to bar his escape.

By the time Kemmler reached the open heathland he was virtually alone. Glade Riders galloped over the ridge and began cutting down the last of the Skeletons. Kemmler thought his doom had finally come and let out a loud cry of anger and despair. This was the saving of him, for a Carrion beast flying high above the scene, swooped low and gripped its lord in its talons flapping off towards the distant Grey Mountains.

Despite pursuit by the Warhawk Riders who spotted the lone Carrion flying above the Glade of Pines, Kemmler escaped. His whereabouts remains unknown, but the Elves are vigilant. Meanwhile the cairns of the heathlands were resealed both with stones and magic. Orion and Ariel emerged once more from the Oak of Ages to find their realm safe and secure.

CHRONICLES OF THE WOOD ELVES

IC Events

- 1997** War breaks out between the High Elves and the Dwarfs and rages for two centuries. The Elf colonies in the Old World bear the brunt of the hostilities and both empires become worn out and weakened by the conflict. Tor Alessi (now the Bretonnian port of L'Anguille) is besieged many times. Dwarfs chop down entire virgin forests to spite the Elves. Elves guard the forest of Loren.
- 1589** Caradryel the Phoenix King of Ulthuan recalls the High Elf armies from the Old World to combat the menace of the Dark Elves threatening Ulthuan. Elf colonies in the Old World see the departure of the armies as a betrayal. Caradryel tells them that if they want the protection of the Elf armies then they should also return to Ulthuan. Many colonists reluctantly abandon the Old World but others decide to stay.
- 1501** The last High Elf army departs from the Old World, leaving behind a few hardy colonists who refuse to go. These include the dwellers in the forest of Athel Loren who are joined by others who abandon the coastal colonies. They declare themselves independent of the Phoenix Throne. From this time they adopt a different path from their kindred across the sea and become known as Wood Elves.
- 1500-1000** The declining Dwarf empire is destroyed by earthquakes. From this time Orc and Goblin tribes pour over the lands pillaging the abandoned Elf cities and ruined Dwarf holds. Wood Elves guard the forest of Loren from intruders.
- 1125** Battle of the Glade of Woe. A huge Orc and Goblin army is wiped out in Loren. Orion and Ariel become King and Queen in the Wood.
- 1000** The lands surrounding Athel Loren are settled by people of the primitive and warlike Bretonni tribe. They trade with the Wood Elves and learn many things but are too afraid to penetrate far into the forest of Loren.
- 700** The kindred of the Wythel Glades leave the forest of Loren and migrate over the Grey Mountains into the vast forests beyond, never to be seen again. They pass into legend as the Lost Kindred.

IC Events

- 250** Dwarf traders, prospectors and treasure hunters begin penetrating into the western Old World once again. Some enter the forest of Loren and encounter the Wood Elves. Old grudges dating back to the War of the Beard are revived leading to bitter battles. Some Dwarf expeditions are never seen again.
- 15** Sigmar unites the tribes east of the Grey Mountains and forges the Empire.
- 700-900** Bretonnian warlords invade the forest of Loren intending to carve out domains. Some disappear with their entire retinues without trace, others flee the forest in terror. Henceforth no Bretonnians dare enter the forest with hostile intent.
- 977** Gilles le Breton begins to unite the Bretonnians into a single nation.
- 1005** Louis the Rash, first king of Bretonnia, sends envoys to the King and Queen in the Wood and recognises Athel Loren as an independent realm. In return Orion and Ariel offer eternal friendship with Bretonnia.
- 1350** Battle of the Pine Crag. A Dwarf army seeking treasure in Loren meets its doom among the forested crags and ravines.
- 1670** Battle of the Meadow Glades. An Imperial army invading the forest of Loren is ambushed and routed.
- 1813** The Elves of Athel Loren come to the aid of the Bretonnians besieged in Brionne and Quenelles by the Skaven hordes. The Elf army joins up with the army of the Duke of Parravon and together they inflict a crushing defeat on the Skaven.
- 2202** Orcs chased out of Bretonnia during the Errantry Wars attempt to escape by hiding in the Forest of Loren where they are ambushed and overwhelmed by Wood Elves.
- 2495** Undead forces stirred up by Lichemaster Kemmler attack the realm of Loren in an attempt to invade Bretonnia, but are destroyed by the Wood Elves. Kemmler escapes.

THE TREASURE OF DEILIN CÂN

With a strangled roar, the huge bear keeled over and remained motionless, the Dwarf Champion's battle-axe sunk up to its hilt between the animal's shoulder blades. Thorgar Bonebreaker stood with his hands on his hips, a satisfied grin spread across his grizzled face.

'Well done, Thorgar!' Norri Copperbeard exclaimed, giving his companion a hefty wallop on the back. 'You always could handle that axe of yours.'

'Yes, that's something else they'll be able to add to the saga of the Search for the Treasure of Deilin Cân,' said Drongol Stonehammer. 'By the time we're through it'll be as famous as the Dirge of Ungrun Runeaxe.'

'Though not for the same reason, I hope,' added Norri.

'I could have killed that bear with one hand behind my back.'

Tugging Skullbiter from the bear's corpse Thorgar spun round to face the Long Beard, testing the weight of the great axe as he did so. 'Why didn't you then?' he growled.

'Now don't go getting all grudgesome on me. I'm just saying that in my day we used to kill bears just to polish our axes.' Wulf Wulfensson teased a burr out of his luxurious snowy beard. 'Anyway, you wouldn't have had to fight it if Ordo hadn't fallen into this trap.'

'How was he supposed to know it was there?' Norri spoke up defensively.

'Well I did warn you that these Elves are crafty fellows,' Wulf said, knowingly. 'It's as obvious as a seam of gold in a coal face,' he muttered under his beard.

'Is anyone actually going to get me out of this hole?' came a gruff voice from inside the pit, 'or am I going to have to spend the rest of my days down here?'

Without further prompting the Dwarfs proceeded to rescue their companion from the staked pit. Ordo had been fortunate: thanks to his reduced stature only two of the wooden stakes had done any damage, the first grazing his thigh and the second puncturing his chainmail to inflict a minor flesh wound to his side.

Wulf sat down on a tree stump and took out a small keg from his pack. The cork came free with a pop and the aged Dwarf began to gulp down its contents noisily. Thorgar turned to Skaz Drego. 'How far is it now?' he asked.

Laying down his trusty pick, Skaz took the crumpled parchment from inside his jerkin and unfolded it, spreading the map out on a tree trunk for the others to see. 'Through this gully here,' he said, tracing the route with a stubby finger, 'over this ridge and we should be there.'

Drongol had now finished cleaning and bandaging the elder Dwarf's wound, and Ordo was as eager as any of them to be on their way.

'Right, then I think it's time to' - Thorgar was interrupted by a loud belch from Wulf - 'get moving again.'

Burping loudly for a second time, the old Dwarf stowed the small keg safely back in his pack before picking up his notched sword. Tightening his belt he finally joined the others in line. The party of bold adventurers set off again at a march, Norri whistling to himself as he went.

As they marched on through the forest, Thorgar's mind wandered. Karak Norn seemed a world away. For a race used to the bleak, craggy peaks of the Grey Mountains and a life underground, the endless expanse of greenery was an alien habitat. Being out in the open for so long wasn't natural but

Thorgar knew that ultimately the sacrifice would be worth it. Somewhere amidst these hills and hollows the treasure of Deilin Cân was hidden.

The Dwarf Champion had first heard of the 'treasure behind the water' two months ago, in the snow-swept peaks of his homeland. Trudging through the drifts on his way back to Karak Norn he had come across the human sorcerer, half-buried by the snow. His body had been lacerated, as if by the talons of a huge bird, and he was on the verge of death due to loss of blood and the numbing cold. However, before he died, the wizard passed on the secret of the treasure and the map that went with it.

Mustering together a band of hardy Dwarfs willing to risk all for the greatest reward, Thorgar Bonebreaker had set out into the forest over the mountain, mystical realm of the Wood Elves.

With his dying breath, the wizard had whispered that the treasure was more valuable than gold or silver. Images of diamonds as big as anvils and priceless magic artefacts from the time of the Ancestor Gods had immediately filled Thorgar's mind, and it was all he could do not to foam at the mouth so great was the gold-lust whipped up inside him. Such a prize would swell the ailing treasure vaults of his family, and restore their pride and honour. Furthermore, it would make him very, very rich.

The party had already braved rapids, a swamp and the constant attentions of the forest's bestial denizens. They had also seen signs of the Wood Elves' presence in the woods. The most obvious and inconvenient example had been when Norri, Skaz and Drongol had suddenly found themselves yanked up into the air and left dangling, trussed up in a net, from a towering conifer. Thorgar wondered what other surprises the forest had in store for them.

'Shhh-thunk!' An arrow thudded into the bark of a beech tree inches from Thorgar's nose, rousing him from his reverie as another flighted shaft was deflected by his rune-guarded armour.

'Ambush!' Norri yelled.

Thorgar keenly scanned both sides of the gully but could see no sign of their attackers. There was a cry from another member of the party and this time the Dwarf leader saw a flicker of movement in the undergrowth at the top of a bank.

'Take cover!' Thorgar shouted and in a mad scramble the Dwarfs ducked under the overhanging sides of the gully. Looking round, he saw Drongol standing over the prone form of Wulf Wulfensson, holding the Long Beard's head in his callused hands.

'They got Wulf,' Drongol said flatly. Thorgar could see the arrow protruding from the old Dwarf's chest, his laboured breathing testifying to the fact that a lung had been punctured.

Gasping for breath the Long Beard half-opened his eyes. 'My beer,' he spluttered, tears beginning to stream down his face. 'They got my beer...' Drongol saw the shaft of an arrow sticking out of the splintered remains of Wulf's favourite keg. He was suddenly aware of the fact that the old Dwarf had stopped breathing. For Wulf the adventure was over.

'Quickly!' Thorgar called to his fellow warriors. 'If we hurry we can make it over the ridge and then have our revenge on these cowardly Elves by stealing their treasure! That'll show them, by Grimmir!'

Shouting the battle-cry of Karak Norn, the Dwarfs broke from cover and pounded along the gully. Seeing a movement in the bushes above him, Ordo pulled the trigger on his crossbow, firing his bolt into the undergrowth and hoping that it would find its mark. Hearing the twang of Elven bow-strings and the hiss of arrows the Dwarf quickened his steps.

Norri Copperbeard was the first to reach the wooded ridge Skaz had pointed out on the map. Whooping with delighted satisfaction he leapt forward through the brushwood. With a whooshing sound another trap was sprung. Norri was thrown violently backwards, over the heads of the rest of the party, as if he had been clubbed by a giant.

Thorgar was the second to arrive at the crest of the ridge and approached the spot where Norri had met with his accident. Once the impaler had been triggered a thick, yet supple, branch had whipped back into its natural position with deadly force. Thorgar did not need to look at Norri's body to know whether the Dwarf had survived the impact of the trap, the yard-long bloodied stake protruding from the branch told him everything he needed to know.

In a clatter of loose stones the four remaining adventurers slipped and tumbled their way down the slope to the edge of the hidden glade. Drongol and Skaz were both nursing arrow-wounds but were not hindered too greatly by their injuries.

When Thorgar entered the grove he was stunned by the wonder of the place. Even by the dour standards of a Dwarf the place had a matchless beauty. On the far side of the glade a sparkling waterfall splashed down into a pool at the bottom of a fern-thronged cliff. Mossy rocks lapped by the clear waters almost shone with vibrant green life while vast swathes of wild flowers filled the rarefied air with their heady aroma. For a moment's respite the Dwarf was joined by his companions in awe-struck silence.

Shrieking like banshees, the Wardancers leapt into the glade from their sylvan hiding-places. The agile fighters landed deftly in front of the doughty Dwarfs who readied their weapons to taste Elven blood. In a blur of frantic, whirling forms the Wardancers commenced battle.

To the Dwarfs, used to the tried and trusted fighting methods of hack and slash, it was like fighting the wind. Before they could land a blow on an opponent, with almost balletic movements the Wardancers lithely slipped past the falling axes and swords only to deliver swift, stinging strokes from their own weapons.

Their combat skills honed through constant practice in their ritual dances, the Wardancers were a formidable foe indeed. In their trance-like state the Elves were not distracted by anything, their subconscious minds guiding their strokes with deadly accuracy. Compared to the Wardancers the Dwarfs appeared clumsy and ungainly: and to make matters worse, Thorgar's party was outnumbered by almost two to one.

Bellying in anger and frustration Thorgar lunged at the nearest of the Elves, the forest-dweller's naked, taut-muscled torso painted with swirling spirals of woad. Steel rang on steel as Skullbiter was parried by the Wardancer's elegant blade. Pivoting on its toetips the Elf brought down the sword in its other hand and struck Thorgar across the back. The chain links of his mailed vest crackled as the Rune of Stone enscribed upon the armour protected the Champion from harm once again.

Out of the corner of his eye, amid the weaving twists and turns of the enemy, Thorgar saw Ordo crumple and fall, then he was swinging his battle-axe against a new attacker.

His ears ringing from the blow struck against his helmet, Skaz ducked the flashing, spinning blades and swung his weapon with all the force he could manage. At the last second the Elf's body twisted out of the way and the Clansman's pick buried

itself deep in the stony ground. Pulling desperately on its handle Skaz could feel the pick scraping free. With one final tug the weapon slid from the ground as the Dwarf saw the curved blade arcing towards his neck.

As Skullbiter missed its mark again, Thorgar looked up in startled surprise as his opponent leapt clean over his head and out of the way. Before he could turn round to face the Wardancer he felt a shocking stab of agonising pain as the Elf's blade was thrust into his side. The blow was landed with such force that even the Bonebreaker's magical armour could not guard against it, blue-white sparks spitting from the chainmail as it was sliced through by the keenly-sharp metal of the Wardancer's sword.

Thorgar dropped to his knees, an expression of stunned disbelief on his craggy features. The Wardancers had ceased their whirling movement. Drongol Stonehammer lay dead at the edge of the pool, dark blood pouring from beneath his helmet into his thick, black beard, his skull fractured. And the Champion was dying too. The Elf blade had found its mark and even now his life-blood was pumping away with every heartbeat.

The leader of the Wardancer troupe stood over Thorgar, his shock of spiky hair making him look more animal than Elven. He stared down at the Dwarf impassively.

'The treasure – the treasure behind the water,' gasped Thorgar. 'Let me at least see it before I die.' His mind giddy with pain and visions of gold and jewels, he started to crawl painfully towards the waterfall.

The Wardancer smiled enigmatically, and walked beside the dying Dwarf as he pulled himself slowly across the ground. Pausing for breath, Thorgar looked up to see one of the other Wardancers emerge from behind the curtain of water, an ornate wooden box in his long hands. He carried the box round the edge of the pool, and placed it reverentially on the ground just in front of the Dwarf.

Thorgar's pain was forgotten as he stared avariciously at the box. What could be inside? Not gold or silver, the box was too small and light. A magic amulet maybe, a huge gem, perhaps an ancient crown. He reached a trembling hand out to the box.

In a movement faster than sight could follow, the Wardancer bent down and clasped the Dwarf's wrist in a steely grip.

'You may not defile the treasure with your touch, Dwarf,' he said. 'But it is only right that you see what you and all your companions died for.' He nodded to the other Elf, who opened the intricate clasp and raised the box's lid.

Thorgar strained forward to look. The box was full of ancient brown oak leaves. Each leaf was covered with lines of tiny script, flowing Elf runes, perfectly executed and beautiful to behold.

Thorgar was stupefied by surprise and incomprehension. 'What the...?' was all he could gabble.

'This is the treasure of Deilín Càn: herbal lore recorded centuries ago by one of Loren's greatest mages on leaves fallen from the Oak of Ages itself,' explained the Wood Elf. 'It's value is beyond price... to us. Low races cannot possibly appreciate their value. For us, knowledge is worth far more than base metal.'

Disappointment beyond reckoning flooded into Thorgar's consciousness. He and his brave band had risked their lives for a bunch of smelly old leaves, and they had paid the highest price. And with that one thought on his mind, the dejected and disgraced Thorgar Bonebreaker, Champion of Karak Norn, joined his ancestors at Grimmir's golden feast-table.

WOOD ELF BESTIARY

WOOD ELVES



Wood Elves are almost identical in physical appearance to their kindred the High Elves. They are tall, agile, lithe and graceful in their movements. They are intelligent, intuitive and quick witted as well as quick on their feet.

Wood Elves have strangely beautiful or handsome faces with bright, often violet coloured eyes. Their hair is very fine and will grow very long. Many Elves have blond or silvery grey hair which shimmers like silver or gold thread. Others have raven black hair with an intense bluish sheen. Other colours are rare but not unknown. Wood Elves have a very pale complexion even for Elves, perhaps because they spend most of their time in the shadows of the trees and the muted sunlight of the woodland glades.

Elven voices are shrill and almost musical to hear, and it is said that their singing can lure a human to his doom, charm a wild beast, induce a tree to grow faster or shape a rock if the singing goes on long enough!

Elves live for a very long time, usually several Human life times, and once they reach maturity, show very little outward appearance of ageing.

In temperament, Wood Elves are similar to High Elves but lack the taste for luxury that leads to decadence or the haughty manner that leads to kinstrife. Instead, they have cultivated the Elven intuition and reverence for nature. They are very perceptive of the subtle currents pervading the natural world, including magic. Like High Elves they are obstinate and determined, especially when defending their homes and way of life. It takes a long time to earn their trust or respect and any betrayal will provoke certain vengeance.

Like High Elves, Wood Elves are extremely skilled as craftsmen, but unlike their distant kindred in Ulthuan, they do not have access to all the wealth of the world by sea trade. Instead the Wood Elves must rely on what they can find within their own forest realm, supplemented with a few rare things traded with outsiders or brought in by those willing to venture outside.

Wood is therefore used for a great many things: goblets, jars, jewels, weapons and even some armour are intricately carved out of this material. Sometimes the branches of trees will be trained for years to grow in a suitable shape. Stone is also used for a vast number of things. Metals are hard to come by in the forest and most of the metal artifacts of the Wood Elves are either very ancient heirlooms dating back to the days of the Elven colonies or made from ores found on the surface of the ground in the foothills of the mountains. Elf prospectors looking for ores often encounter Dwarf prospectors, leading to brisk battles among the crags.

The Wood Elves do very little smelting or metalworking since this involves burning wood, which they are loath to do. The metals they prefer are copper and gold, which can be easily beaten into shape without need of fire. They use very little iron which would require blazing furnaces belching out smoke. This is one reason for their lack of armour, although the main reason is that armour would encumber the warriors far too much in the woodland terrain. Fine clothing is woven from thread spun from various plants. Coarse clothing such as capes and tunics is made from the hides of wild beasts or even leaves sewn together.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Wood Elf | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |
| Champion | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 2 | 8 |
| Hero | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 8 | 3 | 9 |
| Lord | 5 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 9 | 4 | 10 |

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Wood Elf Mage | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 7 | 1 | 8 |
| Mage Champion | 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 |

SPECIAL RULES

All Wood Elves are able to move easily through dense forest. They are born in the forest and live all their lives among the trees. The woodlands are their natural habitat and they have learned the ways of moving quickly and stealthily among the trees even when in regiments. The Elven steeds can also instinctively pick their way through the forest. Wood Elves therefore suffer no movement penalty for moving through woods, so woods do not count as difficult terrain for Wood Elves.

WOOD ELF ARCHERY



The core of the Wood Elf army has always been its archers. Most of the warriors of the various Wood Elf kindreds fight with the longbow as their principle weapon. Indeed, few warriors have swords, shields or armour since the Wood Elves do very little metal working and must trade with outsiders for metal. The Wood Elves are loath to fell trees to fuel furnaces and hate the foul fumes. They dislike the dull colour of iron and try to have as few dealings with Dwarfs as possible!

All this means that metal has always been rare in Athel Loren. Instead of forging metal weapons of war, the Wood Elves made elegant and powerful longbows. They carefully selected the best trees from which to cut their bowstaves and arrow shafts and soon became expert bowmakers and archers. Soon they surpassed the skills of the High Elves of Ulthuan in the practice of archery and were certainly masters above any other race.

The Wood Elves know many secrets of how to make powerful bows from laminated strips of rare trees. The bowstrings themselves are said to be woven from the hair of Elf maidens. The flights of the arrows are chosen from the feathers of particular birds to ensure accurate flight. The arrows are tipped with copper or delicately shaped arrowheads of flint or obsidian.

As well as these skills, the archers practise their archery by hunting beasts in the forests. In the dimly lit glades they hone their keen eyesight and acquire an amazing sureness of shot.

Special Rules

The superior power of the Wood Elf longbow and the exceptional skill and keen eyesight of the Wood Elf archers enable them to shoot further than troops armed with ordinary longbows. Wood Elf archers can therefore shoot 36" instead of just 30". This increased range applies to any Wood Elves using longbows, and so also applies to Scouts and Waywatchers. In addition, the weapon is treated as having a save modifier of -1.

WARHAWKS



to be far larger than similar species found elsewhere in the Old World. Some are so big and have such a broad wingspan that they can carry a rider on their back. Some Wood Elves live among the crags inhabited by the great hawks and befriend them. One way they do this is by rescuing hatchlings or even hatching them from abandoned eggs found in nests among the pinnacles or in the highest branches of pine trees.

A fledgling raised by an Elf develops a strong bond with its master and eventually the Elf will be able to ride the fully grown hawk. The hawk will be trained to fight with its beak and talons. Since the Elves themselves live high up among the treetops in platforms of woven branches, it is a very useful skill to be able to fly above the trees. The Warhawk riders can spot any intruders and swoop down to attack them.

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

SPECIAL RULES

Fly

Warhawk riders can *fly* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Skirmish

Warhawk riders always operate in skirmish formation.

Many large birds of prey live in the forest, especially where it covers the foothills, ravines and crags of the Grey Mountains. These hawks and buzzards often grow

GLADE RIDERS

The Forest of Loren is surrounded by open heath and downland with the occasional rocky crag, grove of stunted trees and plenty of scrub, bracken and heather. This belt of wild open land forms the outer border of the Wood Elf realm and is constantly guarded by the Glade Riders and charioteers of the Kindred of Equos.

When the Kindred of Equos migrated here from the coastal colonies they brought with them their herds of Elven steeds. They were the only one of the kindreds who stayed in the Old World who kept and bred horses. The other kindreds ventured deep into the woods but the Kindred of Equos made their home in the meadow glades and open heaths on the margins of the great forest, where their herds could graze and roam freely. In the scattered clumps of trees covering the hilltops they made their strongholds, hidden from view but dominating the approaches into the forest.

Thus the Kindred of Equos assumed the role of guardians of the borderlands. The lords of the kindred ride out in chariots to challenge all comers. Their warriors are renowned as the Glade Riders, who ride down and harass any foes who dare to cross the heath and approach the Forest of Loren.

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

SPECIAL RULES

Move Through Woods

Glade Riders, like other Wood Elves, suffer no penalties for moving through woods.

Skirmish

Glade Riders may *skirmish* if you wish, as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Feigned Flight

Glade Riders may use a special tactic known as 'Feigned Flight'. This means that they pretend to flee when in hand-to-hand combat allowing them to escape destruction by a more powerful enemy or even to lure the enemy pursuing them into a trap.



At the start of the hand-to-hand combat phase and before either side attacks, declare whether the riders are going to feign flight. They then test against their Leadership. If they fail they stay and fight another round of hand-to-hand combat as usual. If they pass the test they may attempt to flee out of combat.

Roll 3 dice to see how far they go. They get away the combined score in inches. Their hand-to-hand opponents think that they have broken and pursue as they would normally pursue fleeing enemy. If they catch the riders in the rear, they strike at them without the riders striking back, which means that the riders will probably lose the combat and the feigned flight will turn into a real flight. If the pursuers do not catch up with the riders, the riders may be turned to face the enemy and are ready to move again in their next turn.

Feigned flight cannot be used by riders who are trapped by a spell or fighting enemy to their flank or rear.



WARDANCERS

The shrine glades of Athel Loren are where the Wood Elves perform their arcane rituals. The heritage of the Wood Elves is recorded as much in ritual dances as in Elven runes or epic sagas. Every kindred has a band of ritual dancers who perform in the shrine glades, enacting the tales of Wood Elf lore and invoking the gods Kurnous and Isha. As well as ritual dances, there are deadly war dances that can be used in battle. The dancers who perform these dances also fight in battle as Wardancers. They are a select caste, including both male and female Elves, ordained at birth and raised to the spectacular skills that are famed and feared throughout the world.

Wardancers are exceptionally agile and swift, even for a race whose grace and speed is legendary. The frantic dances of the Elves are physically demanding beyond Human endurance, often lasting for many days and nights. In battle the Wardancers use their amazing skills to the full, leaping over the enemy, darting away from deadly blows with lightning speed and striking with their weapons before the foe has time to react.

Wardancers decorate their bodies for the ritual dances that they perform and do the same to go into battle, when the body painting and hairstyles become even more savage and ferocious to scare the enemy. Spiral patterns in natural plant dyes are daubed all over the body which may be whitened with lime or chalk to make the patterns show up better. The designs include ritual symbols such as the Spiral of Life, Horns of Kurnous and Eyes of Isha, and many others.



The Wardancers' long hair can be made to stand up in a crest or spikes using lime or tree resins, and is often dyed in outlandish colours. The wild whoops and blood-curdling shrieks of the Wardancers, not to mention the weird piping of any musicians that may accompany them, just add to their terrifying appearance.

A troupe of Wardancers, hand picked by Orion and Ariel themselves, have the sacred task of guarding the Oak of Ages. They must guard the oak through the deep midwinter while the King and Queen in the Wood lie entombed within, awaiting rebirth in the spring.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-----------------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Wardancer | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |
| Wardancer Champion | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 2 | 8 |



SPECIAL RULES

Immune to Psychology

Wardancers go into battle almost in a ritual trance and are immune to psychology as described in the Warhammer rulebook. Note that they can be broken in hand-to-hand combat.

Armour

Wardancers wear little or even no armour. The entire unit counts as unarmoured even if odd individuals are wearing small items of armour. However, they more than make up for their lack of armour with their speed and agility. Since they are dancing into battle the whole time, they are difficult to hit, even with missile weapons. To represent this, Wardancers always benefit from an unmodified basic save of 6 against any weapon including war machines and breath attacks, which of course they are uniquely able to dodge! If armed with a shield the Wardancers will save on a score of 5+ against hand-to-hand combat wounds, if they choose to fight with only one hand weapon.

Talismanic War Paint

Wardancers use war paint to mark their unprotected bodies with sacred spirals and other potent magical symbols. This is not only intended to overawe the foe but also to ward off hostile magic. These designs give the Wardancer unit a natural dispel of 4, 5 or 6 on a D6 against a spell cast upon the unit. If successful the spell is dispelled and has no effect.

Movement

Like all Wood Elves, Wardancers are able to move through woods with ease and suffer no movement penalty.

FIGHTING FORMATION

Wardancers fight as a loose group, leaping and bounding over the ground as they dance forward into combat. To represent this they do not have to adopt a battle formation like other troops, but can move or fight with models up to 2" apart. Wardancers do not suffer any penalties for turning, moving over difficult terrain or obstacles. Wardancers are not skirmishers and their fighting formation is not a skirmish formation, so they do not suffer any penalties for skirmishing.



Moving Through

Wardancers can move straight through friendly units, leaping and bounding over the top of their own troops. This does not restrict the movement of either the Wardancers or any units moved over. Wardancers cannot move through a unit if they do not have enough movement to clear the unit.

Move Over Enemy

Wardancers can also move straight over enemy units by leaping over the heads of the enemy troops. No blows are struck by either side when the Wardancers do this, as the Elves are too busy jumping and the enemy are too surprised!

The Elves must clear the unit when they leap over enemy troops. They cannot leap into the middle of an enemy formation as this would undoubtedly lead to combat. Wardancers can leap over an enemy unit to charge another enemy unit from the flank or behind, thus avoiding skirmishing troops or a blocking unit to reach their preferred target. The Wardancers must be able to see the enemy they intend to charge in this way in order to be able to judge the distance to leap.

WAR DANCES

When fighting in close combat the Wardancer unit may use one of the following war dances. All Wardancers in the unit perform the same war dance in any round, which is chosen by their leader who chants the rhythm.

Declare which war dance the unit is going to perform at the start of the combat phase before either side attacks. The Wardancers may not use the same dance two turns in succession. They always change the dance each turn.

Whirling Death

By means of a whirling dance of death each Wardancer strikes twice, increasing his attacks from 1 to 2. A Champion therefore increases his attacks from 2 to 3.

Woven Mist

With sinuous dancing movements the Wardancers distract and entrance their enemy. Before combat begins the enemy unit tests against its Leadership. If successful the enemy unit is unaffected. If the enemy fail the test they will require a 6 to hit when they attack that turn.

The Shadows Coil

With astounding grace and skill the Wardancers avoid the stabbing swords and clumsy blows of their enemies, darting aside, leaping in the air, ducking to the ground and making it impossible to hit them. Neither side may strike any bows this turn. The combat is automatically drawn with neither side winning. This is a good dance for holding up powerful opponents.

Note that if the Wardancers and other friendly units are in combat with an enemy unit, only the Wardancers and the models they are fighting count as having caused no wounds on each other. Other models engaged in the same combat will not be affected.

Storm of Blades

The Wardancers leap from side to side, but as they pass a particular enemy they each strike at him, concentrating their blows against one target. All the Wardancers may strike all of their attacks against any single enemy model which is facing any one of the Wardancers. Other enemy in contact with Wardancers are ignored. This does not prevent other enemy models in contact with Wardancers fighting back, but it does enable the Wardancers to deal effectively with a powerful enemy character.

ELVEN STEED

The horses of the Elves are renowned for their beauty and speed. The Elf colonists brought Elf steeds to the Old World, and when the Elves abandoned their colonies, some Elf steeds were left behind and mingled with the rough wild horses leading to the breeds of horses now ridden by men. The last pure herd of Elven steeds in the Old World are to be found in the Forest of

Loren. One of the kindreds who refused to return to Ulthuan were horse breeders who took their herds into the forest rather than abandon them. All the Elven steeds ridden by the Wood Elves are descended from this herd.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 |

SCOUTS

Wood Elf Scouts roam the entire realm of Athel Loren, living under the trees, or in them, and watching for intruders. They are explorers as well as guardians and belong to the kindred descended from the very first Elves to go and live in the forest as guardians during the war between the Elves and the Dwarfs. They are the most accomplished archers in the entire realm and incredibly skilled in ambushing and skirmishing among the trees. In stealth and cunning they are second to none, able to advance towards the enemy behind cover, approaching close without being seen, ready to spring out and attack by surprise.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|--------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Scouts | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |

SPECIAL RULES

Movement

Like all Wood Elves, Scouts are able to move easily through the forest and suffer no movement penalties in woods.

Special Deployment

Wood Elf Scouts may be positioned on the table once both sides have completed their deployment. You can place the Scouts anywhere within their side's deployment zone or anywhere else on the table

providing that it is out of sight of the enemy and not within the enemy deployment zone.

Skirmish

Wood Elf Scouts can *skirmish* if you wish, as described in the Warhammer rulebook.



GREAT EAGLES

The legends of the Wood Elves relate in detail how the world was born, and where the great beasts came from.

Before time began, all was chaos. On the other side of the sky the gods, imprisoned in eternity, fought and jostled with each other. Their terrible anger, the thrusting of their spears and the hacking of their swords, eventually weakened the sky, and caused it to split open.

The void below the sky, which was nothing, eagerly sucked at the rent between the worlds. First came the air, filling the void with swirling wind. Then came water, and the void swelled with clouds and humid mists. The weight of water was so great that it caused the rent in the sky to tear open even further, pulling rocks, earth, trees and plants from above, and so was formed the world. Many strange and terrible beasts were sucked down to the new world too, and these were the ancestors of all creatures that live on the world today.

As the land buckled and tilted beneath the gods' feet, they ceased their fighting and worked to repair the rent. It was a dangerous task, and many toppled into the new world below, which still sucked greedily at the source of its life. The gods mended the rent with a huge needle made from a lightning bolt, and thread made from pain, but they were warriors, and didn't pull the thread tight enough, so that it still leaked.

The fallen gods, trapped in the world below, scattered and set about recreating the form of their home: raising tall mountains, clothing the rocks with fertile earth, swaddling the land in warm seas. When they had finished, the world had been made, and, with a tremble, the heartbeat of time began.

The ancient and proud race of Great Eagles has lived among the peaks of the World's Edge Mountains since the dawn of time. They also live in the Grey Mountains on the edges of the Forest of Loren, where the gnarled pines mingle with the crags and pinnacles of rock.

These wise and intelligent creatures live for many centuries. From the vantage point of their high eyries, the eagles watch the movements of ground dwelling creatures. They particularly revile evil creatures like Goblins who seek out their nests and plunder the eggs.

Although Great Eagles are the rarest and most intelligent of the giant birds of prey to be found around the Forest of Loren, they are sometimes befriended by the most adventurous and exceptional Wood Elves. If an Elf can succeed in winning the trust of a Great Eagle he has gained a truly awesome beast to ride into battle.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Great Eagle | 2 | 7 | 0 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 2 | 8 |

SPECIAL RULES

Great Eagles can *fly* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

WAYWATCHERS



Waywatchers are selected from among the Elven Scouts to guard the ways leading into the depths of the forest. They operate in small bands so that they can hide more easily among the woods. They may even hide in the trees, living for long periods on wicker platforms woven among the branches. From up here they can observe

everyone and everything which enters the forest. If the Waywatchers spy enemies they sound the alarm or despatch a fast runner through the forest to alert the kindreds and inform the King and Queen in the Wood. Meanwhile the Waywatchers will prepare concealed traps to delay and deter the invaders while the rest of the Wood Elf army gathers for battle.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Waywatchers | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |

SPECIAL RULES

Skirmish

Waywatchers always operate in skirmish formation. They may only adopt closer formation when fighting hand-to-hand.

Special Deployment

Like Scouts, Waywatchers may be positioned on the table once both sides have completed their deployment. You can place the Waywatchers anywhere within their side's deployment zone or anywhere else on the table providing that it is out of sight of the enemy and not within the enemy deployment zone.

HIDE IN WOODS

Waywatchers are masters of camouflage. They wear cloaks of green or brown which are made from leaves sewn together or which incorporate foliage. They paint their bodies with green paint and entwine foliage into their hair. These ploys make them extremely difficult to see and enable them to hide in woods as described below.

The five soldiers pulled their sweating horses to a halt on the crest of the hill. Below, the land fell away into a bowl-shaped valley. The sides of the valley were lightly wooded with clumps of larch and young oak trees, and the valley bottom was hidden by tall, dark pines.

"The duke wants the hooded man dead. If we don't bring back his body, there'll be trouble." The accent of the sergeant marked him out as a Bretonnian. He was a tall, thin man, his gaunt face twisted by an ugly scar that ran from his left eye down to his chin. "Those who hunt King Louis' deer pay the price for their thievery... There he is!"

Standing up in his stirrups, he pointed into the valley. A slender figure, dressed in a short, brown cloak was running down a narrow sandy path that headed straight into the trees. "Merde! The cowardly cur runs like a deer. Catch him, before he reaches the trees!"

The soldiers spurred their horses down the slope at breakneck speed, skidding on the loose surface of the path. The horses were galloping, but still their prey gained ground, running swiftly and surely over the stony ground.

One of the horses slipped and fell, snapping its foreleg with a crack. Horse and rider tumbled down the side of the

valley and disappeared into the bushes with a crashing of branches. The other soldiers started to pull back and go after their comrade but the sergeant shouted at them to keep going.

When the hooded man reached the treeline he paused, turned briefly to face his pursuers and made a strange gesture before vanishing into the bushes. Seconds later, the Bretonnians slewed to a stop at the edge of the woods. It was impossible for them to go any further. What had looked like ordinary light woodland from a distance was now an impenetrable jungle. The path disappeared under a dense thicket of black thorns which defied all attempts to cut through it. The trunks of the trees were so massive, and so close growing, that the horses could not fit between them. When the soldiers dismounted and tried to force their way through the wood on foot they were beaten back by waving branches, whipping twigs and stinging nettles.

Enfuriated, the sergeant shouted terrible curses at the trees. He was answered by a flock of arrows. All three of his men fell to the ground dead, the green shafts of Wood Elf arrows sticking from their chests and necks. Unable to retaliate, or enter the wood, the sergeant had no option but to ride back to face the wrath of his master, the Duke Lazard.

If Waywatchers occupy a wood they can hide in the branches of the trees. The Waywatcher unit is declared to be hiding at the start of the movement phase and may not move that turn.



The unit continues to be hidden until it moves, either in a subsequent turn or because it is obliged to move due to panic, fleeing, or such like.

Whilst hidden, Waywatchers can shoot as normal, but they cannot declare a charge unless it is to attack an enemy within the wood itself. This represents them dropping out of trees unexpectedly! When they do this

they receive a special +1 bonus on their to hit rolls that turn, representing the surprise caused by their ambush.

A unit of hidden Waywatchers cannot be charged by enemy whilst it remains hidden unless the charging unit first rolls a score of 4 or more on a D6 to 'spot' the Elves. If the enemy fails to spot the Elves then models may move through or past their formation but simply will not see them.

Remember the Elves are actually above ground level, in the canopy of the wood itself. If you find it physically difficult to move models within the wood through lack of space, then you can temporarily remove the Wood Elves and replace them once the enemy has moved.

A unit of hidden Waywatchers cannot be shot at or targeted by a magic spell unless the enemy first rolls a score of 4 or more on a D6 to 'spot' the Elves. If the enemy fails to spot the Elves they must choose another target instead.

TRAPS

Waywatchers are masters of woodcraft and ambush. They are especially adept at setting woodland traps for unwary invaders. To represent this, a Waywatcher unit which is within a wood is automatically assumed to set traps around its positions. Any enemy charging the unit through the woods will activate the traps.

If enemy charge a Waywatcher unit which is within a wood then the Waywatchers' traps are activated as soon as the enemy unit touches the wood.

If the chargers are already inside the wood when the charge is declared the traps are activated as soon as the charge is declared. Casualties inflicted by traps are therefore suffered before the attackers reach their enemy in the same way as wounds from 'stand and shoot'. If the attackers suffer 25% casualties as a result of traps a Panic test must be taken immediately.

Roll a dice to determine the type and effect of the trap.

WAYWATCHER TRAPS

1-2 Spikes

The Wayfarers have scattered pieces of long thorn on the forest floor, and have half buried short spikes in the ground around their position. These inflict D6 Strength 4 hits on the enemy unit as it charges over them.

3 Snares

The attackers are caught by snares as they charge, preventing them reaching their target. The charge fails automatically, just as if the Elves had fled out of reach. There is no further effect as any models caught are assumed to free themselves that turn.

4 Nets

As the enemy charges nets fall on top of them from the trees above. The chargers must roll less than their Strength (S) in order to break free of the nets and fight that turn. Roll for each model individually; scores of 6 always fail regardless of the model's Strength. Models unable to fight make no attacks in hand-to-hand combat that turn, but are assumed to free themselves to fight normally thereafter.

5 Camouflaged Pit

As the enemy advances they find themselves falling into concealed pits lined with sharp stakes. The enemy unit takes 2D6 Strength 5 hits.

6 Impaler

A huge concealed spike suddenly springs out and impales a single model. Randomly determine which model is hit from amongst the models in the front rank. If this turns out to be a character model then he cannot avoid the Impaler by means of the usual 'Look Out, Sir!' rule by which another model is hit instead. If hit by the Impaler the character will suffer the consequences! The model hit suffers a single Strength 7 hit which inflicts D6 wounds. No armour saves are allowed for hits against the Impaler, not even magical armour saves.

TREEMEN

The Forest of Loren is inhabited by many strange and ancient creatures, some as old as the forest itself. When the first Elves wandered into the forest they soon noticed that they were not alone in the woodlands. As intelligent and inquisitive as the Elves were they never came face to face with the gigantic, shadowy creatures they saw at the edges of the glades and groves. It was only after the Wood Elves had been dwelling peacefully in the forest for several generations that the Treemen of Loren befriended them.

The Treemen had been watching and studying the Elves for a long time, deciding whether they were good or evil and seeing whether they harmed the forest. It was well for the Wood Elves that the Treemen began to trust them, as Treemen are powerful enemies and completely intolerant of creatures who threaten their forest home.

Treemen are extremely large, at least two or three times the height of an Elf, with massive trunk-like legs and thick branching arms. When they stand still they can easily be mistaken for old gnarled trees with their clawed feet spreading into the ground like roots. Their flesh is tough and woody and their thick gnarled hide has the texture of dry cracked bark. Instead of blood they have sap and foliage or moss instead of hair. Their mouths, nostrils and eyes appear as deep cracks and knots in the bark-like exterior. Their branch-like arms end in horny talons resembling sharpened twigs.

The Wood Elves believe that Treemen can communicate with trees, picking up messages through the whispering of the leaves or even the eerie creaking of branches.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Treeman | 6 | 8 | 3 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 2 | 4 | 9 |

SPECIAL RULES

FEAR

Treemen are huge and frightening monsters. They cause *fear* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

MOVE

Treemen may move in woods without penalty. They do not count woods as difficult terrain.

WOODY SKIN

Treemen have thick bark which gives an unmodified special save of 5+ against each wound suffered.

FIRE

Treemen burn easily because of their dry, woody skin. A Treeman hit by a flaming weapon or a fiery magic spell will take double wounds, so for every wound suffered the Treeman sustains 2 wounds.

HATE ORCS AND GOBLINS

Treemen *bate* Orcs and Goblins because these creatures are destructive to the forest, burning trees and chopping them down to build war machines. The rules for hatred apply as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

FELLED TREEMAN

When a Treeman is slain he may topple over onto any enemy or friends next to him. Roll a dice when the Treeman's Wounds characteristic is reduced to zero. On a score of 6 the Treeman does not topple over, but just lurches on the spot, his root feet too embedded in the ground for him to fall over. On any other score, the Treeman is felled with a mighty crash. Roll the Scatter dice to see in which direction the Treeman falls.

Place the Fallen Treeman template next to the Treeman in the direction he has toppled over. Any models under the template must roll equal to or under their Initiative on a D6 to get out of the way (a score of 1 always fails). Any models which manage to do this are moved slightly to one side of the template. Any models which fail to get out of the way are crushed by the massive trunk and removed as casualties. There is no save.

TREE WHACK

The Treeman can use his immense bulk and robust limbs to smash things that would resist any other weapons. It is said that Treemen can even shatter stone. Any Treeman in hand-to-hand combat with a war machine, wagon, chariot, howdah or similar device can choose to whack the structure itself instead of making his usual attacks. The Treeman forgoes his normal attacks and instead makes a single Strength 10 whack at the structure; a successful hit inflicts D6 wounds on the structure with absolutely no save possible! These wounds only apply to the structure, not to the crew, escorts or creatures pulling it. The structure may be smashed by a single powerful blow of the Treeman's branch-like arms.

ROOTED TO THE SPOT

Treemen are obstinate creatures who are not easily shifted by hordes of smaller enemies swarming around them. It takes a lot of pushing to shift a Treeman who is determined to stay rooted to the spot in hand-to-hand combat and massed ranks alone are not enough! Enemies really have to wound the Treeman to convince him that he's beaten. A Treeman does not have to make a Break test if beaten in hand-to-hand combat if he didn't suffer any wounds. Similarly, a unit of Treemen does not have to make a Break test if beaten in hand-to-hand combat unless one or more of the models in the unit was wounded or slain.

FALLEN TREEMAN TEMPLATE

A template for a fallen Treeman can be found in the colour 'Eavy Metal pages. Photocopy the template and stick it onto card, then cut it out with scissors or a craft knife.



Shafts of muted, golden sunlight, shot through with sparkling motes of breeze-born pollen, pierced the thick canopy of leaves, bringing an almost magical luminescence to the all-pervading green twilight of the forest. Between the endless legions of trees one huge and ancient oak stood in a small clearing on its own, surrounded by a ring of younger trees. The gnarled and cracked surface of the wizened tree was covered with rashes of lichen and fungi. Tendrils of ivy and woody vines hung down from the crooks of great branches before these in turn became lost in the dense leafy canopy.

Apart from the occasional rustle of leaves as birds moved within the branches, or noises in the undergrowth made by small woodland creatures scampering around the boles and exposed roots of the oak, this stretch of forest was still.

Above the chittering of the birds and the rustle of ferns brushed by grazing deer, another altogether more out of place sound disturbed the tranquil heartwoods: the sound of battle. The harsh, guttural cries of foul greenskins rang through the trees, answered by the shrill voices of Wood Elves and the whinnying of the Glade Riders' steeds.

There was a sudden movement in the thick undergrowth at the edge of the ring of oaks. Sensing danger, squirrels and wood mice scurried away to their holes and burrows under the roots of the trees, while birds ceased their singing. It was then that the Dryad entered the grove.

Despite being twice as tall as an Elf, the forest spirit moved swiftly and gracefully across the clearing. In its lithe and alluring female form, its pale green flesh glowed radiantly with the inner light of magical energy. The Dryad reached the ancient oak and ran a long-fingered hand over its rough, knobbly bark. With a darting gaze the peculiar creature took in the whole of the grove's perimeter, the green orbs of its eyes apparently focusing on knots in the trees and twisted shapes within the thickets around it.

As the spirit continued to caress the wizened tree, others like it began to emerge from the shadows at the edge of the clearing. In the strange emerald half-light it almost seemed that some of the Dryads actually emerged from the trees themselves, their sylph-like bodies melting out of the trunks as if they were woody cocoons. They too began to stroke the huge oak until it was surrounded by a harem of affectionate females with bare flesh the hue of virgin sapwood. However, between the tender caresses, as if agitated, the sylvan women constantly glanced over their shoulders in the direction of the armed conflict.

All at once, without warning, the Dryads' attitude towards the ancient oak changed. Rather than caressing the woody exterior, they began to strike at it with unbridled savagery. And as their attitude

changed, so did their bodies, as the Dryads started to shape-shift. In their sudden fury the tree spirits began to magically assume the aspects of birch and willow, slender fingers transforming into rending talon-like thorns or extending, with a perceptible stretching sound, into long, lashing twigs.

A whisper passed through the leaves of the old oak as if they had been caught by the breeze or some small animal, disturbed by the Dryads' attack, had decided to look for a safer refuge. Relentlessly the tree spirits kept up their onslaught, hands like masses of sharpened twigs cutting into the woody skin of the trunk. With creaking groans the branches of the tree began to sway as if they were caught in a howling gale, although the oaks encircling it suffered from no such disturbance.

With a furious buzzing sound, a swarm of tiny winged humanoids poured out of the mass of ivy and from cracks in the oak's thick bark. At the same instant as the sprites appeared to deal with the tree's assailants, with a great heaving rumble the trunk of the ancient oak rose upwards from the forest floor.

Slowly, dim awareness spread through the sleeping Treeman's vegetable consciousness like persistent autumn rain until, irritated by the bee-sting attacks of the Dryads, Durthu awoke from his sleep of years. Sap-blood coursing through his fibrous veins, woody limbs stretched and flexed, showering the Dryads with acorns. The Treeman's tough hide rippled as muscles moved beneath the gnarled exterior. A deep crack in the bark near the top of the trunk split open even further as Durthu yawned and the sprite swarm, seeing their master roused, returned to the sanctuary of his ivy beard.

It was then that he heard the desperate shouts of the Wood Elves and the bestial roars of the Orcish defilers. He could also hear the cries from his tree-brothers as axe and fire took their toll. Centuries-old memories and emotions rose to the surface of his mind like bubbles rising to the surface of a pool. Rage built within him in an unstoppable tide, and, with slow, ponderous movements, Durthu lifted first one great, trunk-like leg from the nutrient-rich earth and then the other.

The Dryads, having ceased their activity as Durthu stirred, stood by waiting for their lord to lead them into battle. Splayed root-like feet dripping soil, the gigantic plant-humanoid took a huge step forward over moss-covered rocks and knotted tree boles, moving half-way across the grove in one long stride. With the faster Dryads racing wildly between his massive lumbering steps, Durthu the Treeman strode off through the trees ready to protect his beloved forest from the Orcs who would otherwise profane the sacred realm. No desecrating greenskin would escape from the Forest of Loren that day.



Dryads are tree spirits – magical beings who dwell in trees and are capable of assuming the aspects of a particular tree or even shape-shifting into the form of a tree at will. The Forest of Loren is one of the last refuges of these strange beings. Dryads do have a solid form, with flesh like the pliable, green sapwood of a young tree. Their hair is like the foliage of a tree or may resemble moss and lichen. Dryads are not small creatures, they tend to be up to about twice the height of an Elf.

When they appear to Elves or Men in a friendly or alluring aspect, Dryads take on the semblance of a beautiful, lithe young woman with treelike characteristics. In place of hair, a cascade of green or autumn-coloured leafy foliage flows from their head, and their complexion is green, brown or even silvery-white. Dryads speak with strange, eerie sonorous voices able to charm or scare the unwary. Their long fingers are usually also dangerous weapons sprouting thorns or whip-like twigs. They are extremely spiteful and vengeful if offended or if the trees they inhabit are threatened or harmed.

Wood Elves are careful to placate these spirits and often ask them for help. Dryads trust and favour Wood Elves and will help them in many ways, even by assuming awesome and savage aspects to fight alongside the Elves in battle.

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

SPECIAL RULES

Move

Dryads are woodland spirits and suffer no penalty for moving in woods. Dryads do not count woods as difficult terrain.

DRYADS

Save

Dryads are magical beings akin to elementals. They do not wear armour but have a natural magical aura which protects them against harm. Dryads have a save of 5+ against weapons, missiles, spells and magical weapons. This includes fiery spells and weapons since, unlike Treemen, Dryads do not have dry woody flesh. The Dryads' flesh is much more like the moist, green, pliable sapwood of a young tree.

Note that the magical save is not a dispel and does not stop a spell being cast against the Dryads. Roll to save for each Dryad affected by a spell which is successfully cast on the unit and when the unit is covered by a spell template.

SHAPE SHIFTING

Dryads are able to dwell inside trees or assume the form of trees by magical shape-shifting. In battle a unit of Dryads can assume a tree aspect when they attack. Declare which tree aspect the unit will assume at the start of the combat phase before the Dryads attack. All Dryads in the unit assume the same aspect. In the next combat phase the Dryads change aspect. They cannot use the same aspect twice in succession.

Dryads only assume tree aspects when fighting in hand-to-hand combat. They shape-shift only for the duration of the combat phase and constantly change aspect. At other times their normal profile applies. Dryads do not assume Oak aspect if they are shot, for example.

Birch Aspect

Dryads which shift shape into their Birch aspect take on a silvery-white appearance like birch trees, with a mass of delicate yellow green or tawny yellow foliage for hair. They are extremely vicious and spiteful and lash the foe with their long fingers which cut into the flesh. The Dryads therefore gain 1 extra attack while wearing their Birch aspect.

Oak Aspect

When Dryads shift shape into their Oak aspect, they become more robust and resilient to wounds. They assume a green or brown skin and their limbs thicken. Their hair becomes a mass of oak leaves and acorns. They gain +1 Strength and +1 Toughness while wearing this aspect.

Willow Aspect

In their Willow aspect, Dryads change into creatures with green skin and extremely long yellowish green hair which hangs down around them like the leaves of the weeping willow tree. Their fingers extend into incredibly long, whip-like willow twigs. In hand-to-hand combat they entwine their fingers around the foe and grip his weapon making it difficult for him to wield it at all. Any opponent of a Willow Dryad therefore forfeits his first attack in any round of hand-to-hand combat. Enemy with a single attack cannot attack at all if the Dryads assume their Willow aspect.

UNICORN

The Unicorn is a powerful creature resembling a very large horse with a single horn on its forehead, hooves as hard as iron and snorting breath like steam. It is a rare beast and difficult to master because it is more intelligent than other monsters. Unicorns have an aversion to evil creatures and will not allow themselves to be tamed or ridden by them.

Unicorns run wild in the Forest of Loren, one of the few places where they still can be found. A Unicorn may eventually be mastered by a man or Elf through perseverance and trust. Unicorns are favoured as mounts by Wood Elf mages. For some strange reason female mages tend to find it easier to win the trust of a Unicorn and ride one than anyone else.

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

SPECIAL RULES

HORN ATTACK

When a Unicorn charges it uses its horn like a lance to pierce the enemy. This confers the same +2 Strength bonus as a charging lance, so the Unicorn has a Strength of 6 when it charges into combat.

MAGICAL PROTECTION

A Unicorn radiates an aura of magic power that can nullify the effect of other magic.

If a spell is cast against the Unicorn rider, or a unit it is with, then it is automatically dispelled on the D6 roll of a 4, 5 or 6. A dispelled spell has no effect.

DAEMON AURA

A Unicorn's magic power extends to its attacks, shrouding it in magic. This disrupts the daemonic aura of a Chaos Daemon and cancels out its daemonic saving throw in the same way as a magic weapon.

It had never stopped raining since the Bretonnian knight and his party had started their quest. Sir Paravaunt rode resolutely forward through the trees, his warhorse picking its way slowly and patiently down the narrow, muddy path. The rain poured down through the leaves and branches and streamed off his armour. Six rangy hounds loped after the knight and his horse, and behind them trailed four miserable retainers, lugging their lord's baggage and equipment. They were soaked to the skin, and covered with mud. Wet, tired and miserable, they just wanted to turn round and go home.

Sir Paravaunt gazed sternly ahead through the visor of his helmet, and ignored or pretended not to hear the moans of his servants. A strange fervour warmed his spirit and glazed his eyes – he was in love...

The object of the knight's devotion was the lady Ariane, eldest daughter of the Duke Boniface. She was tall, pale and proud, and he was a slave to her piercing green eyes. I will be yours, she had said, as they dallied in the rose garden, if you fetch me the horn of a unicorn. Do this small thing for me, prove your love and your courage, and I will be yours forever...

That very afternoon, passion burning through his veins, he had ridden east into the wild wood on a quest to find a unicorn and steal its horn.

The forbidden forest was a dark, fey place, and time seemed to flow strangely there. How long had they been travelling – days, weeks, months? In moments of weakness Sir Paravaunt feared he might be losing his mind. After their overnight stay in the Shimmering Tower, everything seemed rather vague and muddled. Hadn't he started his quest with seven retainers and three hounds? And his horse – was it just the twilight gloom of the forest that made the stallion look black rather than grey?

The constant rain eventually sapped the party's spirits, only the hounds and the knight's horse seemed unaffected. Even the knight's two retainers ceased their mutterings, and plodded along in surly silence.

The pervasive damp made Sir Paravaunt's joints ache, and his breath was becoming wheezy. They had nearly run out of food, and he was constantly hungry. He felt weak, and his plate armour hung loose about his body.

It was impossible to tell what direction they were going in. The narrow path they were following wound on and on round the massive tree trunks. Faint, musical laughter filtered down from the branches above his head.

When his horse stopped suddenly, Sir Paravaunt nearly fell off. They were standing at the edge of a bright clearing. Sunlight cascaded down from above, and in the warm light spring flowers grew and butterflies fluttered. In the middle of the clearing stood a beautiful young girl, feeding handfuls of grass to a horned white horse. With some difficulty, the knight clambered down from his horse, which refused to enter the clearing. He drew his sword and advanced towards the girl and the unicorn.

"My gallant knight – do you not recognise me?" asked the girl, in a lilting, playful voice. "You enjoyed my company in the Shimmering Tower. What a brave quest, and for such a noble purpose. But you are not so handsome now as you were then. Do you feel old, sir knight? Your face is lined and grizzled, your beard is long and grey. Your joints ache and your bones are crabbed. Why, you look like a man of sixty summers. Come, sir knight – take your prize if you can!"

As she spoke, the girl took hold of the unicorn's neck and held its head down, offering him its horn. The knight walked feebly forward, barely able to move for the weight of his armour. As he raised his rusty sword to cut off the beast's horn, the unicorn raised its head and stared straight into the knight's eyes. The force of its ancient gaze sapped all the power from his limbs, and he toppled forward onto the grass with a crash, all the life drained from his body.

"How soon mortal beauty fades. Yesterday he was so pretty!" laughed the girl. Petting the ten happy hounds that gambolled about her legs, she ran lightly off into the trees, which burst into blossom as she passed.

FOREST DRAGON

Although the Forest of Loren is free from many of the hideous, savage and terrible creatures which roam at large throughout the forests of the Old World, there are still hidden places where such awesome beasts lurk. Such a place is the great Chasm Glade of Loren. This remote region is almost inaccessible even to the Wood Elf Scouts. It lies in the east of the realm where the forest creeps into the crags and pinnacles of the Grey Mountains.

The best way into the Chasm Glades, should you be reckless enough to go there, is to fly in upon the back of a great bird of prey. No doubt the first dragons to make their nests here also fly in from above. These dragons have been dwelling here since the dawn of time. They have now become a distinct and exceptionally rare race of dragons known as Forest dragons. Long ago they lost the battle for supremacy of the peaks to the savage and more agile dragons of the bare mountains.

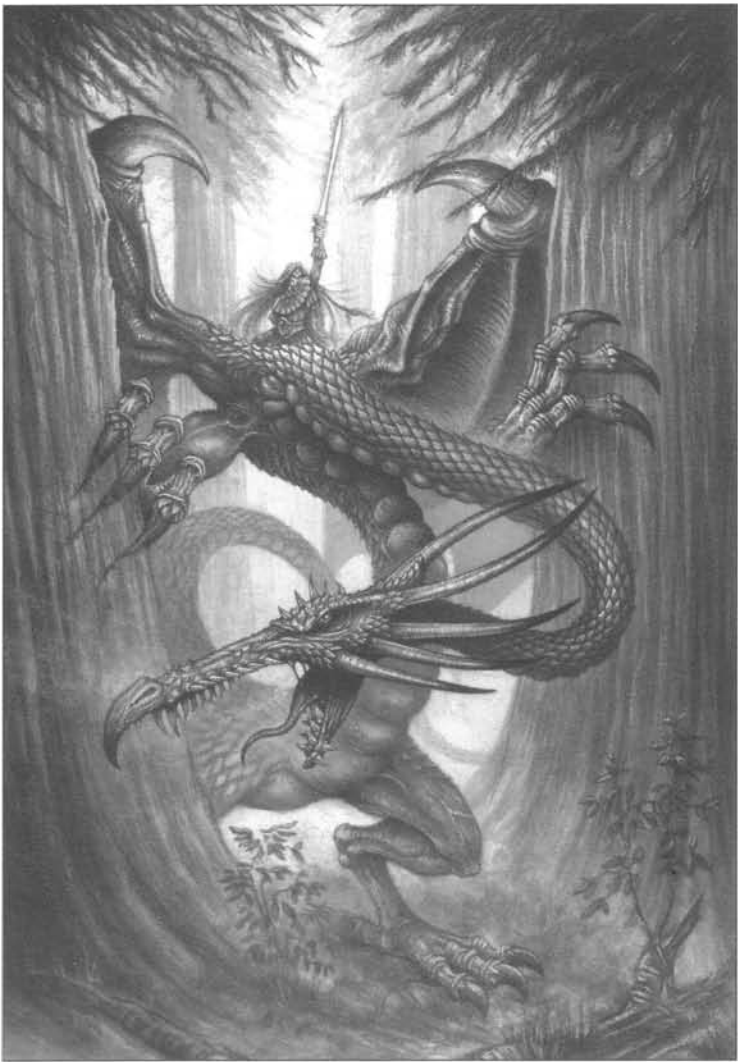
Instead the Forest dragons adapted to a life among the trees in the densely forested Chasm Glades. With sheer rock face on all sides, the dragons' nests were safe and secure from any predatory dragons flying above or any

other creatures or dragon hunters. No questing knights or Elf hunters could find them, nor could Dwarf Dragonslayers find a way into the chasm. Thus the Forest dragons thrived and survived while elsewhere other dragons were slain and driven into the mountains.

Over centuries of isolation the Forest dragons have evolved their own curious and distinct characteristics. Most amazingly, they no longer eat meat, but instead use their great saw-like fangs to chop and grind the roots and branches of gigantic trees. They are coloured in various shades of mottled green.

A few Wood Elves, especially mages, have been able to find and communicate with these dragons. They have discovered that far from being a menace to the Elven folk, the dragons are themselves protectors of the forest on which they depend and therefore natural allies of the Wood Elves. Occasionally a mage will succeed in tempting a Forest dragon to leave the chasm and join with the Wood Elf army to fight off invaders of the forest.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Forest Dragon | 6 | 6 | 0 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 7 |



SPECIAL RULES

Green Fuming Breath

Forest dragons are a kind of Green dragon as described in the Warhammer Battle Book. They belch corrosive green fumes. Any model hit suffers a Strength 3 hit with no saving throw for armour. In addition, a unit attacked by these fumes may be forced to give ground before the choking clouds. The unit takes a Leadership test. If the unit passes the test it holds its ground. If not it is moved D6 inches directly away from the attack. This does not affect its move next turn.

Fly

Forest dragons nest in huge trees and use their wings to glide between the treetops and the ground. They can *fly* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

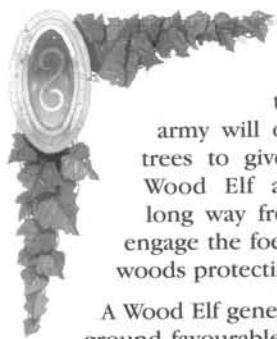
Scaly Skin

Forest dragons have hard scaly skin which acts like armour, giving them an armour save of 5+.

Terror

Forest dragons are huge frightening monsters capable of uprooting gigantic trees and tossing them in the air when annoyed! Forest dragons therefore cause *terror* as described in the Warhammer rulebook. Note that creatures that cause *terror* also cause *fear*.

WOOD ELF BATTLEFIELDS



Wood Elves fight most of their battles against invaders in or around their forest realm. The Wood Elf army will often benefit from clumps of trees to give them cover. Even when a Wood Elf army finds itself fighting a long way from home, they always try to engage the foe on a battlefield with trees or woods protecting their flanks.

A Wood Elf general will always seek to fight on ground favourable to his army. Not only will he want to create opportunities for his Scouts and Waywatchers to hide and ambush, but he will know that woods may be the dwelling place of friendly Treemen and Dryads. The mages in his army may also be seeking woods so that their spells will be most effective. This is not as difficult as it might seem. Indeed the Known World is still a wild place where nature rules untamed. Wherever the Wood Elves go in the Known World, with the possible exceptions of Araby, the Dark Lands and the Chaos Wastes, they will always find woods.

The Wood Elf general will always choose a line of march that takes his army near to any woods that there may be. He will not march across open ground unless he wants to. This means that wherever and whenever the Wood

Elves encounter the enemy, there is likely to be a wood on the battlefield unless the Wood Elf general has deliberately chosen to cross open land or the Elves are unlucky enough to meet the foe while crossing a hundred miles of plain (which they would do at the double and at night!).

SPECIAL RULES

To represent the Wood Elves' tactical ploy to always endeavour to fight near woods, the Wood Elf player may use the following special rules when setting up the battlefield. These special rules do not apply if the Wood Elves are fighting as allies in another army; they only apply if the Wood Elf general is in charge of the entire force.

When setting up terrain as described in the Warhammer rulebook, the Wood Elf player can interpret any double dice score that he rolls as a wood instead of the terrain piece indicated on the chart.

When the opposing player declares that he is going to stop placing scenery, the Wood Elf player has the option of generating and placing one more piece if he wishes. The Wood Elf player can then choose a wood instead of generating a random piece of terrain from the chart.

From his high vantage point, Fynyr had a clear view of the battle. He was looking down onto a wooded river valley. To the east rose the jagged grey shapes of the Grey Mountains; to the west the valley flattened out as the river continued its course to the plains of Bretonnia and beyond.

The Skaven force had been detected in the dead of night, when a lone Warhawk rider had seen an explosion of purple green fire by the ruined tower of Inis Kilyn. When he flew closer to investigate he saw an endless procession of shadowy black shapes scuttling out from a gaping hole in the earth. A Skaven invasion force had blasted its way into Athel Loren from one of their ancient tunnels that criss-crossed the Old World. As the Warhawk rider circled the tower, trying to see more, the Skaven spotted him and drove him away with their foul magics.

By the first light of morning, the Skaven army had marched nearly twenty miles north-east, into sight of the foothills of the Grey Mountains. Here their progress across the valley was interrupted by a shallow river, along the north bank of which was arrayed a small force of Wood Elves, banners fluttering in the breeze.

There were three times as many Skaven as Wood Elves. The bulk of their army was in Bretonnia, fighting Orcs and Goblins with their human allies, so this small force was the best the Wood Elves could assemble in a hurry.

For the Skaven, the only way forward was through. The Skaven commander, Warlord Ricket Stench, ordered his ratmen to charge the Elves. Emboldened by numbers, the

Skaven raced forward, chittering with fury, bloodlust glinting in their beady red eyes.

Showers of arrows flew across the river from the archers on the other side. The front line of Skaven tumbled and fell, but those behind jumped over the bodies of the fallen and carried on, forced along by the pressure of those behind them as much as the fanatical exhortations of their leader. The warlord squealed encouragement as his ratmen rushed down the slope to the river. He knew that if his troops could just hold their nerve till they got into hand-to-hand combat, the battle would be theirs.

Despite losing over a third of their number to Wood Elf bowfire, the battle-crazed ratmen raced down to the river and started to splash across it. The Wood Elf commander rode his steed forward into the water to meet them. Drawing their swords, the other Elves joined the fray.

The fight quickly turned in favour of the Skaven. The Wood Elves were outnumbered by over two to one, and the Skaven were soon able to encircle their enemy.

Fynyr could see that the Wood Elves were doomed unless he acted now. He had been ordered not to rouse the Treemen except in the most dire circumstances, the ancient magic of the woods was not to be treated lightly. As he started to intone the invocation of wakening, a twig brushed gently across his face, and a deep, creaking voice spoke to him. "We see, tree friend. We are already awake." The branches heaved beneath him as the Treeman tore its rooty feet from the ground and lumbered down towards the river to help the beleaguered Elves.

The sickly pale crescent of the moon hung low in the night sky, casting its weak light over the cairns and jagged standing stones in the forest glade below.

Atop a small hill, the Necromancer scowled as the powders in the crucible failed to ignite again. Uttering a curse to his blasphemous gods the sorcerer struck the flints together one more time. A single orange spark leapt from the stones into the metal dish and the powders burst into flame. In the blinding flash that followed, for a second the Necromancer's skull-like visage was revealed in all its grotesque detail; this time a cruel smile curled the thin lips.

Thick smoke rose in great billows from the crucible and Lascar Noircouer inhaled deeply, his sunken eyes closing in darkest ecstasy. He could feel the forbidden power welling up within him, coursing through his veins, and setting every nerve-ending tingling as if pricked by white-hot needles. Enveloped in the smoke, the Necromancer began to cast his spell.

He could feel the cold touch of Dark Magic swirling in eddies over the ancient, crumbling tombs and as he spoke the first forbidden words of the incantation he sensed the vortices dance and spin faster. Letting the winds of magic take control of him, Lascar drew even more of the dark power from the graves all around him and the spell, like some evil embryo, began to take on a life of its own. His mouth and tongue now formed the dread syllables not at his bidding but at that of the rolling mass of dark energy.

'Master,' came a small, strangled voice at the Necromancer's waist, 'we are discovered.'

The ceremony interrupted, Lascar opened his pit-black eyes. There, between the trees at the edge of the clearing, stood the proud frame of a Unicorn, its breath steaming in the cold night air. The shroud of magic protecting it was visible to Lascar's magically-sensitive vision as a coruscating nimbus of light. Seated on the creature's back, the leaf-clad Wood Elf watched the Necromancer with steely violet eyes. Lascar paused in his spell-casting while the shrunken head hanging from his belt continued to gibber in fear at the sight of the sylvan guardian.

'So, Lascar,' the mage addressed the Necromancer across the glade, her voice strong and unwavering, 'you would defile the burial cairns of Loren once again. I thought you would have learnt since the last time.'

'Overconfident words I feel, witch. If I recollect rightly, at our last encounter I gave you a token to remember me by,' hissed Lascar.

Only half-consciously, Medb put a hand to the scar that marred her Elven beauty and recalled her last meeting with the evil wizard. 'I won't make the mistake of letting you live this time,' she said coldly.

'Neither will I.'

Staring directly at her, Lascar transfixed Medb with an inscrutable gaze. At once bolts of pure Dark Magic leapt from the Necromancer's eyes at the Wood Elf Mage and her steed. Lascar froze in surprise as on reaching the barrier of magical protection radiating from the Unicorn, the deadly bolts fizzled out of existence. Encouraged by such an early success, the She-Elf urged her loyal steed forwards.

In an explosion of stones and loose soil the hill erupted beneath Lascar's feet. Silvery moonlight caught the gleam of thrusting bone as half-animated, calcified remains started to claw their way out of the burial mound. Suddenly finding herself surrounded by clutching skeletal

hands Medb leapt from the back of her steed, executing a perfect backward somersault before landing in a crouch, not a feather in her head-dress out of place.

Free from the grasp of the dead Medb began to weave her own enchantment as the Unicorn trampled brittle bones underhoof. Spreading her palms over the spongy turf of the glade she felt the quickening of the magic of the heartwoods. Focusing on the amber energy that ran wild with the beasts and lurked in the untamed places of Athel Loren she let her mind commune with that of the forest, intuition shaping the spell instead of reason.

The amber energy flowed away from the mage through the earth, coalescing as it did so into probing roots and tendrils. Thick-stemmed brambles burst from the ground in the midst of the Skeleton horde and grew at an accelerated rate. Entwining with bones and twisting through ribcages the thorns wrenched the undead abominations apart or trapped them where they were.

Anger swelling within him Lascar drew himself up to his full height and let the Dark Magic take hold of him once more. A miasma of darkness played about his body. As he intoned his most potent spell, spasms of pain wracked his frame. The smoke rising from the crucible as a thin wisp became a swollen cloud, oozing out across the cairn glade towards the mage as if with an evil sentience of its own. Writhing, worm-like tentacles emerged from the dark mists, reaching for any living thing while its progress across the glade was marked by a blackening and withering of the grass behind it.

Medb could feel the marrow-numbing chill emanating from the cloud as it approached. The putrid stench that accompanied it made her gag and the presence of such concentrated evil so close by made her weak with dread. Yet despite the crippling fear, thanks to years of training and hours spent in meditation, she was able to put all anxieties aside and empty her mind. With all distracting thoughts displaced, her consciousness slipped smoothly into the streams of jade energy flowing beneath the ground, and the mage imagined herself to be elsewhere.

Before the inexorable path of the horrifying cloud, the Wood Elf's physical form melted in the moonlight, becoming as water which seeped away into the loam. The Necromancer stared in fury at the spot where only moments before his foe had stood. Where had the witch gone? Wildly he looked about him.

And then he saw it, sparkling like a fountain in the wan light of the moon. Flowing upwards out of the mound at the base of the largest of the standing stones, the water took on the form of the Wood Elf Mage. However, Medb's face appeared to remain liquid, her eyes swimming together into a pulsing emerald orb.

Without warning, a beam of searing green energy burst from the orb at the Necromancer. At the conjunction of the standing stone the spiralling streams of magic were channelled through the mage into a devastating shaft of pure jade energy. Boosted at the intersection of the magical wind currents the Wood Elf's spell ripped through the black cloud and segmented tentacles, straight into Lascar. An explosion of verdant light bathed the Necromancer's body, turning his robes to ashes and charring his putrefying flesh from his bones.

In seconds all that remained of the foul sorcerer and his last attempt to threaten the forest realm of Athel Loren were a few smoking remains and a soot-blackened skull.

WOOD ELF TACTICS

The Wood Elf army is similar to other Elf armies in that the troops have a good Leadership rating, but are not very tough. They are warriors of quality and as such they are not cheap, but unlike other Elf warriors, they are not well armoured and so are quite vulnerable. The Wood Elf army more than compensates for these weaknesses with its excellent archery and choice of weird and wonderful troop types. Most of these are either savage attacking troops or pose tricky and dangerous threats to your opponent.

The Wood Elf army can do well for a cunning and thoughtful commander. The army will usually not be large or numerous and will seldom make a solid battle line. Nevertheless, it will often prove far more dangerous than it looks.

EXPLOIT THE LIE OF THE LAND

The Wood Elves have a unique advantage in wooded terrain in that most of their troops can move through woods without penalty. Woods will therefore cramp your opponent's style, but not yours. You can hide troops in the woods and conceal them from enemy war machines and other threats. Your opponent will be used to thinking of woods as difficult terrain and may be taken by surprise by a massed attack suddenly launched through a wood. If things are going badly, your troops may succeed in escaping from the enemy by heading into the woods.

Remember that all the greatest threats to your army – units in massed ranks, heavily armoured mounted troops and war machines – are confounded by having to manoeuvre around woods and will suffer blocked lines of sight. There is no need for the battlefield to be covered in woods however, just one wood cleverly used as part of your plan will often do the trick. Keep in mind that your archers have excellent range and need clear lines of sight themselves, so too much cover may screen the enemy and work to your disadvantage.

If there are no woods on the battlefield, or even if it is an open plain, it does not mean that the Elves are doomed. The archers can menace vast tracts of open land and flying troops can seize the high ground or outflank the enemy. Scouts and Wardancers are not delayed by other kinds of rough terrain apart from woods, and may be able to take advantage of it. The Wood Elves can also field a strong force of good quality cavalry to sweep across the plains.

DEPLOY WITH CUNNING

The Wood Elf army includes some troops which are best held back, a long way from the enemy, like the archers. Other troops are best sent forward to attack as quickly as possible, such as Warhawks, Glade Riders, Wardancers and Treemen.

A rigid battle line is therefore not the best way to deploy a Wood Elf army. Think instead about organising 'battle groups' of units which can mutually support each other

in attack or defence. Archers should form the core of the defensive battle group, while the attack group might include Treemen, Dryads, Wardancers, cavalry or fierce special characters such as Orion. You can use these battle groups to attack on the flanks while holding back the centre or to attack in the centre while holding back on either flank.



Although massed archers do well holding hills in your deployment zone, fast riders and Wardancers should not be kept waiting in the rear, nor should Treemen be left at the back to be picked off by cannons! You will need to unleash your savage and feral troops without delay if you want to secure a decisive victory.

I organise my army into three 'battle groups': a 'flying circus' which includes Warhawk riders and Great Eagles led by a mage riding a Great Eagle; a 'wild hunt' led by Orion himself including Wardancers, Dryads and Treemen; and a 'bastion' consisting of numerous archers led by a mage.

KNOW YOUR ENEMY

A bold adversary will not be put off either by woods or arrows. He will bravely strike for the heart of your army. He may try to smash through your weakest troops, or resolve to tackle your best troops in the hope of defeating them decisively and mopping up the rest later.

If the enemy are using well armoured troops or massed ranks, you cannot rely on your arrows to stop them. Such troops can only be decisively beaten in hand-to-hand combat. They should therefore be countered by Treemen, Dryads, well armed Glade Riders, Wardancers and any other attacking troops you may have. These should make a co-ordinated onslaught to be most effective.

Your opponent will often be fooled into thinking that some of your troops are more dangerous than they are and will be just as often surprised by troops which turn out to be far more of a menace than he expected. Wardancers and Dryads with their changing wardances and tree aspects are just such troops.



OUT-SHOOT THE ENEMY

Anyone collecting a Wood Elf army is likely to start with a numerous throng of archers. This is entirely correct since archers are the core of the Wood Elf army. The Wood Elves can probably outshoot anybody!

Archers are best organised into one, two or three units roughly 10 to 20 models strong. The units should not be too small, because massed arrows are more effective and the unit should have a chance of holding its ground in close combat. Nor should the units be so big that you have to put too many archers in rear ranks where they cannot shoot. Every archer in the army must be able to contribute to the hail of arrows in each and every volley! A unit of 10 archers is about the most useful size.

Avoid moving your archer units about much during the battle because this reduces their chances of hitting. Deploy the archer units carefully so as to dominate most of the battlefield. If you can arrange a crossfire over the centre of the battlefield all the better because then you can choose to concentrate your shooting on a single enemy unit with the chance of damaging, routing or destroying it in a single turn!

Wood Elf archers can achieve a range of 36" with their longbows. This means that they can outshoot enemy massed archers and crossbowmen by shooting from just outside their range. This in turn will tempt them to move forward to shoot back and their shooting will be less effective if they are forced to move. Such tactics are particularly useful against Dark Elves with their serried ranks of warriors with repeater crossbows (see the grins wiped off their faces!) and against the crews of war engines which always tend to be located far back on hills.

However, if enough enemy missile troops do manage to get within range, they may do serious damage to your unarmoured units of archers (Dark Elf Dark Riders with repeater crossbows are particularly dangerous). You should prevent the enemy doing this by striking quickly with your fast moving attacking troops.

Your archers can be deployed on high ground well back within your deployment zone and still menace the enemy. The main ploys that the enemy will use against Wood Elves will be fast armoured cavalry with good saves; cheap troops in massed ranks which you can never count on stopping with archery; war machines; spells with template effects and high flying creatures swooping down into combat. These threats will have to be dealt with by other troops in your army. Meanwhile, concentrate your shooting on the main threat.

DOMINATE THE SKIES

One way in which the enemy may try to get at your archers will be with flying troops and characters riding flying monsters. The Wood Elf army can be well prepared to counter this threat and achieve dominion of the sky above the battlefield. Remember, only troops already flying high can charge other troops already flying high, so whoever gets his flyers off the ground first will have a potential advantage.

Warhawks are vulnerable light troops, but they are also fast and able to get right behind the enemy battle line or around the enemy flanks. They are best sent flying high or despatched to charge enemy light troops and war machine crews as quickly as possible. Against an enemy lacking missile troops or flyers they can be a real menace, turning up behind the flanks or rear of the enemy army, seeking out those enemy units hiding from the massed archers behind hills or buildings!

Beware of enemy Harpies or Carrion who can take on and beat Warhawk riders, usually by force of numbers. These foes benefit from having 2 Wounds, but the Warhawk riders on the other hand have 2 Attacks. To tip the balance in favour of your flyers think about supporting them with Great Eagles or characters riding Great Eagles. Gang up on enemy flyers and attack them on all sides.

OUT-SCOUT THE ENEMY

The Scouts can be deployed last after other troops have deployed. They can be placed anywhere out of sight of the enemy. They can therefore be used to occupy woods beyond the Wood Elf deployment area from where they can menace enemy war machine crews and make surprise attacks on enemy flanks. Scouts are best used in small, handy units. Large units are awkward to manoeuvre, cannot be easily concealed and end up getting ridden down in the open.

The advantages of your Scouts may be cancelled out by an enemy army which can also use Scouts of some kind – you could even find your Scouts fighting enemy Scouts for possession of a wood! Other threats to Scouts are enemy flying troops and fast cavalry, especially if they manage to catch your Scouts in the open.

Scouts are useful for delaying and distracting greater numbers of powerful enemy. Waywatchers, Warhawk riders and lightly armed Glade Riders can also be used in this way, providing the Wood Elves with a powerful force of Scouts and skirmishers. Acting together these units may be able to attack and beat off enemy Scouts and light troops.

ATTACK WITH TREEMEN AND DRYADS

Treemen are excellent attacking troops for the Wood Elf army, but they are not invincible. They can be stopped by massed ranks of enemy troops and you can count on your opponent directing every war machine in his force to bear on your Treemen, not to mention various nasty spells!

Treemen do well when supported by Dryads. The two troop types work well together as a powerful attacking force. Dryads can shapechange into various tree aspects in close combat. As with Wardancers, the trick is to choose the right attack mode at the right time. Treemen and Dryads are good troops with which to lead the attack, especially since they are more resistant to enemy missiles than your other troops.

ATTACK WITH WARDANCERS

Wardancers are best used in small units. These troops need to advance fast and get into combat quickly. If the unit is too large it will be difficult to manoeuvre and risks being taken on by more than one enemy unit or being pinned by a flank or oblique attack. Wardancers need to be able to use their special modes of attack to greatest effect. The secret of success with Wardancers is to choose the right wardance, depending on whether the Wardancers charge, or the enemy charge them.

Woven Mist and *Shadows Coil* can rob opponents of their advantage. *Whirling Death* is good if the Wardancers charge, or in a round of combat following the enemy charge. Use *Storm of Blades* if an enemy character is lurking in the opposing unit. Wardancers are good troops to use as a second wave in the attack, not only because they need to be screened from enemy missiles, but because they can suddenly surge forward and take the lead in the attack or leap ahead to exploit a breakthrough in the enemy battle lines.

STRIKE WITH GLADE RIDERS

Glade Riders provide the cavalry element of the Wood Elf army. They can be equipped as well armed shock troops, or fast light skirmishers, or something in between. They are quite useful as a reserve, especially since they can ride quickly straight through woods to counter the enemy threat.

Glade Riders can also be used to lead the attack by moving fast across the battlefield, through woods if necessary to engage and pin down enemy attacking troops. They may not be numerically strong enough or well armed enough to beat the enemy shock cavalry head on, but they could deliver a flank or oblique attack,

perhaps co-ordinated with supporting Wardancers or Warhawks. Glade Riders, along with Wardancers and Warhawks, are most likely to attract enemy shooting, since they will often be moving across open ground towards the enemy. They should therefore move fast and approach in such a way that they are screened from enemy missile troops by terrain, or manage to infiltrate between restricted shooting arcs.

POUNCE ON ENEMY WAR MACHINES

The Wood Elf army: plenty of stealthy, cunning troops who are good shots! This makes the battlefield very dangerous for enemy characters, war machine crews and isolated units or models caught in the open. Use massed archery, the marksmanship of the Scouts, Skaw's falcons and magic bows or arrows to deal with these targets. You may find that opponents deploy war machines in the hope of destroying your Treemen. Deal with the war machines and don't worry about the Treemen. After a while expect your regular opponents to leave their war machines at home and start investing their points in ranks and armour when fighting your Wood Elves!

SUMMON AWESOME CHARACTERS

Wood Elves have a good Leadership characteristic which means that there is no desperate need to provide every unit with a Champion or character to lead it. This frees you to spend points on powerful, weird and wonderful characters such as high level mages. The Wood Elf army also has an awesome array of special characters to choose from.

Wood Elf mages specialise in Amber and Jade magic as is appropriate to their woodland culture. Jade magic tends to be protective and provides a mage with uncanny mobility, whereas Amber magic is more destructive. If using the Advanced Battle Magic I try to stick to these two colours and learn how to use them. In this way I get to know the properties of each spell thoroughly so as to make the most of my mages in any situation. The most irritating thing about opponents is the way their wizards carry bundles of Dispel scrolls about with them! I try to tempt them into using them up as quickly as possible before the decisive point in the battle. Wood Elf mages should avoid close combat so that they can freely move around the battlefield using their magic to best effect.

There is a vast and bewildering choice of magic items with which you can equip characters. Every player has his own favourite items. I tend to pick things which I think the Wood Elves might possess, such as magic horns and pipes and of course, magic missiles and bows. These work well with the tactics I use with Wood Elves. Protective items are useful because Wood Elves are lacking in armoured troops. Amulets, magic war paint and magic shields can take the place of conventional armour for characters. Those which rebound or negate wounds are especially useful as are items which confer a benefit on the unit accompanying a character.

THE WOOD ELF ARMY LIST

The Wood Elf army list, like the other Warhammer army lists, is designed so that players can choose an army to a pre-set points value. There is no upper limit to the size of an army, but 1,000 points is about the smallest size that will allow you to field a battleworthy force. Battles of 2,000 points a side

will usually last an entire evening, while 3,000 points will give you enough troops for a battle lasting most of the day.

Most people prefer to collect their armies in blocks of 1,000 or 500 points, starting with a 'core' force of 1,000 points and adding 500 points at a time. This allows you to conveniently plan your purchases and gives you time to paint your models and try out your army on the tabletop before deciding what to add next.

In most battles, both players begin the game with the same points value of troops – 2,000 points a side for example. Before the game each player picks an army worth up to the agreed points value. The Wood Elf

player uses the Wood Elf list while his opponent uses the list for his own army. The total value for the army may be less than the total agreed value, and will often be 1 or 2 points short simply because there is nothing left to spend the last odd points on.

The following army list tells you what proportion of your army's points you may spend on character models, regiments, monsters and allies. All armies are subject to similar restrictions, and they are imposed to ensure that armies are reasonably well balanced and don't consist entirely of characters, monsters or powerful war machines!

CHARACTERS

The points allowance that you may spend on 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 is included



in the allowance for characters instead of for monsters. The allowance of points for monsters is for monsters without riders. The points value which you may spend on characters includes the points paid for champions of regiments.

A character may be equipped with any of the weapons or armour available to the ordinary troops in the list. The points cost for weaponry and armour is the standard value and the complete list is repeated at the end of this section.

A character can carry appropriate magic items chosen from the Magic Item cards in Warhammer or Warhammer Magic or the special Wood Elf magic items in this book. The points value 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 |
|---------------|-------------------------------|
| Champion | 1 |
| Hero | 2 |
| Lord | 3 |
| Mage | 1 |
| Mage Champion | 2 |
| Master Mage | 3 |
| Mage Lord | 4 |

REGIMENTS

Models are organised into units called *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, standard bearer, musician and champion if it has them.

All regiments are assumed to include a leader equipped in the same way as the other troopers in the unit 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 and armour as the rest of the unit and fight just like ordinary troopers.

Some regiments are allowed magic standards. These are magic items and are described on Magic Item cards. If you take a magic standard then its points value is included with the points value of the regiment.

Regiments are permitted *Champions*. These are always equipped exactly like the rest of the unit, except that they are allowed 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 the Champion and any magic item he carries comes from the Characters points allowance, not from the points allowed for regiments.

MONSTERS

Monsters are beasts brought along to fight beside the army. They include trained creatures, captive monsters goaded into fighting and monsters magically bound with 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 Wood Elf army may include a proportion of allies up to a quarter of its total points value. Allies are chosen from the Warhammer Armies books indicated. You may choose allies from several different lists if you wish. Including allies is a good way of expanding your collection of miniatures, and allows you to paint something different and still include it in your army.



SPECIAL CHARACTERS

The army list has provision for a number of characters without specifying who they are or where they come from. 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 most famous Wood Elf characters is 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 these special characters comes out of your Characters points allowance in the normal way.

LIMITATIONS ON CERTAIN CHARACTERS/UNITS

The army list presents the player with various troop types which can be included in the Wood Elf army. In most cases there is no limit to the number of individual models or 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 regiment of a specific troop type. Any such restrictions are clearly indicated in the lists. For example, you may only ever include one general model.

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, nor do they include armour saving throws as these may vary depending on how you choose to equip your troops. Cavalry have two profiles, one for the rider and one for the mount.

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

ARMOUR

Armour saving throws are not included in profiles since they may vary according to how you choose to equip the models. The saving throws for various combinations of armour are given below.

| Armour | Save | Cavalry Save |
|-------------------------|------|-------------------|
| None | None | 6+ |
| Shield or light armour | 6+ | 5+ |
| Shield and light armour | 5+ | 4+ |
| Cavalry with barding | | Adds further+1 |

EQUIPMENT LIST

The following is a list of all the usual weapons in the Warhammer game that are used by the Wood Elf army. It has been included so that you can choose weapons for characters without referring to the army list entries or the rulebook. A character model may be armed with any weapons available to the troops themselves. Champions are equipped in the same way as the other troops in their regiment. In all cases the models must actually carry the weapons ascribed to them.



EQUIPMENT LIST

WEAPONS

- A single sword, mace, axe,
or other hand weapon Free
- A lance for a mounted warrior 2
- Longbow 3
- Spear 1
- Javelins 1

ARMOUR

- Shield 1
- Light armour 2
- Barding for Steed 4

ARMY SELECTION

- Characters

0-50%

Up to half of the points value of the army may be spent on characters. This includes the cost of monsters ridden by characters.
- Regiments

25%+

At least a quarter of the 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 Characters allowance.
- Monsters

0-25%

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 Characters allowance.
- Allies

0-25%

Up to a quarter of the points value of the army may be spent allied troops chosen from any one or more of the following lists: Bretonnia, Empire, Dwarfs and High Elves.



CHARACTERS

Your army may include up to 50% of its points value as characters chosen from the list below, or from the Special Characters section that follows the army list. You must always include one general, but apart from this you are free to choose as many or as few characters as you wish.

1 WOOD ELF GENERAL 160 points

The army must include a General to lead it. Wood Elf armies are often led by one of the Lords of the Seven Kindreds of Athel Loren.

| | 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 |
| Warhawk | 2 | 4 | - | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 7 |

Equipment: Sword.

Weapons/Armour: The General of a Wood Elf army may be armed with any combination of weapons/armour allowed by the Equipment List. See the separate Equipment List for summary and points values.

May Ride: The General may ride an Elven Steed (+3 points), a Warhawk (+20 points) or a monster (see separate Monster List for points values) or he may ride in a chariot as a third crew member (+76 points).

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



0-1 BATTLE STANDARD OF ATHEL LOREN 98 points

The army may include a battle standard together with its bearer. The Battle Standard Bearer is an independent character and may join a unit if you wish.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|------------------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Battle Standard Bearer | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 2 | 8 |
| Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 |
| Warhawk | 2 | 4 | - | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 7 |

Equipment: Sword and Battle Standard.

Weapons/Armour: The Battle Standard Bearer of a Wood Elf army may be armed with any combination of weapons/armour allowed by the Equipment List. See the separate Equipment List for summary and points values.

May Ride: The Battle Standard Bearer may ride an Elven Steed (+3 points); a Warhawk (+20 points) or a monster (see separate Monster List for points values) or he may ride in a chariot as a third crew member (+76 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 thereby 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 warriors of exceptional prowess and courage.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Hero | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 8 | 3 | 9 |
| Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 |
| Warhawk | 2 | 4 | - | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 7 |

Equipment: Sword.

Weapons/Armour: A Wood Elf Hero may be armed with any combination of weapons/armour allowed by the Equipment List. See the separate Equipment List for summary and points values.

May Ride: A Hero may ride an Elven Steed (+3 points), a Warhawk (+20 points) or a monster (see separate Monster List for points values) or he may ride in a chariot as a third crew member (+76 points).

Magic Items: A Hero is entitled to up to two magic items chosen from the appropriate cards.

CHAMPIONS

Champion: 48 points

Wardancer Champion: 60 points

Any regiment may include a Champion armed and equipped like the rest of the unit (see Equipment List for points values). Champions represent especially powerful or adept warriors. A regiment always has a Champion of the same type as the rest of the unit, so a regiment of Wardancers will have a Wardancer Champion and so on.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|--------------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Champion | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 2 | 8 |
| Wardancer Champion | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 2 | 8 |
| Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 |
| Warhawk | 2 | 4 | - | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 7 |



Equipment: A Champion is always armed and equipped in the same way as the rank and file members of his unit (see Equipment List for points values). A Champion of a unit of Warhawk Riders will ride a Warhawk (+20 points), and a Champion of a unit of chariots will ride in a chariot as a third crew member (+76 points).

Magic Items: A Champion character is entitled to up to one magic item chosen from the appropriate cards.

MAGES

The army may include as many Mages as you wish within the normal limitations of the points available.

Mages, Mage Champions and Master Mages may have Battle Magic spells.

Mage Lords may have Battle Magic or High Magic spells.

See Warhammer Magic for more details. Mages may be selected from any of the four levels of Mage at the appropriate points cost shown below.

| | |
|---------------|------------|
| Mage | 59 points |
| Mage Champion | 121 points |
| Master Mage | 219 points |
| Mage Lord | 328 points |



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

Equipment: Sword.

Weapons/Armour: A Mage may be armed with any combination of weapons/armour allowed by the Equipment List. See the separate Equipment List for summary and points values. If Mages wear armour they are unable to cast spells so they do not normally do so. Note that if the Mage is riding a barded steed this has no effect on his ability to cast spells.

May Ride: A Mage may ride an Elven Steed (+3 points), a Warhawk (+20 points) or a monster (see separate Monster List for points values) or he may ride in a chariot as a third crew member (+76 points).

Magic Items: A Mage character is entitled to magic items chosen from the appropriate cards. The number of magic items the Mage may have depends on his level and is indicated below.

| | |
|---------------|---------------|
| Mage | 1 magic item |
| Mage Champion | 2 magic items |
| Master Mage | 3 magic items |
| Mage Lord | 4 magic items |

REGIMENTS

The core of any Wood Elf army is the regiments of Wood Elf warriors of various kinds. Your army must include at least 25% of its points value as regiments chosen from the following section of the list. It may include more if you wish. Each regiment must consist of at least five models in total including any standard bearer, musician or champion where present. Chariots may be taken in units of one or more models. Note that the points spent on Treemen also come from this section of the list and not that for monsters.

CHARIOTS 76 points

Your Wood Elf army may include any number of chariots. Chariots may be in units of one or more models.

Chariots are sometimes ridden by Wood Elf characters and used in battle by the Kindreds of the Meadow Glades and the Kindreds living in the edges of the Forest of Loren. These warriors gallop across the open heaths surrounding the forest, chasing and riding down any foes who transgress the borders of Athel Loren before they even enter the forest itself.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Crew | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |
| Chariot | - | - | - | - | 7 | 3 | - | - | - |
| Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 |



Weapons/Armour: The chariot is drawn by two Elven Steeds. The two Wood Elf crew are armed with a hand weapon and wear light armour.

Options: Crew models may have shields (+1 point per model), longbow (+3 points per model), javelin (+1 point per model) or a spear (+1 point per model). The chariot may have scythed wheels (+20 points), and two extra Elven Steeds (+6 points for 2 Steeds) and may have barding for all the Steeds (+4 points per Steed).

Any chariot may have one extra crewman armed with hand weapon and light armour (+13 points) unless the chariot is being used as a mount for a character, in which case the character takes the place of the third crew member.

One chariot may have a magic standard.

Save: Chariot crew have a save of 6+.

CHARIOTS AS MOUNTS FOR CHARACTERS

A character may ride in a chariot as the third crew member in addition to the driver and warrior. A chariot as a mount for a character will thus cost 76 points.

SPECIAL RULES

Unlike other elements of the Wood Elf army, chariots are not able to move through woods without penalty because the axles of the vehicles are often wider than the gaps between trees! The realm of Athel Loren includes open heaths and meadow glades as well as thick forest and chariots are ridden only by the Kindred of horse breeders who live in these regions.

GLADE RIDERS 27 points

Your Wood Elf army may include any number of Glade Riders.

These warriors belong to the kindred who keep the rare herds of Elven steeds in the realm of Loren. They ride the open heaths around the great forest keeping away all intruders.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|--------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Glade Riders | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 1 | 8 |
| Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 |

Weapons/Armour: Glade Riders are armed with a hand weapon and carry a shield.

Save: 5+

Options: Glade Riders may have light armour (+4 points per model), spears (+2 points), lances (+4 points), longbows (+6 points). Steeds may have barding (+8 points per model). One unit may have a magic standard.

SPECIAL RULES

Skirmish: Glade Riders armed with bows may *skirmish* as described in the Warhammer rulebook



Move in Woods: Glade Riders in skirmish formation may move through woods without penalty. If not skirmishing they suffer the normal penalty for difficult ground.

Feigned Flight: Glade Riders may use a special tactic known as the 'Feigned Flight'. See the Bestiary section for details of this tactic.

WARHAWK RIDERS 30 points

Your Wood Elf army may include any number of units of regiments of Warhawk Riders.

Warhawk Riders belong to the kindreds who live among the tall pine trees of eastern Loren and go into battle riding giant birds of prey.

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

Weapons/Armour: Warhawk Riders are armed with a hand weapon.

Save: 6+

Options: Warhawk Riders may have shields (+2 points per model), light armour (+4 points), spears (+2 points) or longbows (+6 points).

SPECIAL RULES

Fly: Warhawks are big birds of prey and can *fly* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Skirmish: Warhawk Riders are skirmishers. They always *skirmish* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

WARDANCERS 20 points

Your Wood Elf army may include any number of regiments of Wardancers.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Wardancers | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |

Weapons/Armour: Wardancers are armed with two hand weapons.

Options: Wardancers may have shields (+1 point per model).

SPECIAL RULES

Immune to Psychology: Wardancers are immune to psychology, as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Armour: Wardancers have an unmodified basic save of 6 against any attacks. If armed with a shield, the Wardancers will save on a 5+ against hand-to-hand combat wounds, if they choose to fight with only one hand weapon.

Talismanic War Paint: A spell cast upon the unit may be dispelled on the D6 roll of a 4+.

Fighting Formation: Wardancers have special rules for their movement and fighting formation. See the Bestiary for details.

Wardances: When fighting in close combat, the Wardancers may use a special wardance. See the Bestiary for descriptions of the wardances.

**ARCHERS** 11 points

Your army may include any number of regiments of Wood Elf Archers.

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

Weapons/Armour: Armed with hand weapons and longbows.

Save: None.

Options: Any unit of Archers may have a magic standard.

GLADE GUARDS 9 points

Your army may include any number of regiments of Glade Guards. These warriors are armed with spears and guard the home glades of the various Wood Elf kindreds.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Glade Guard | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |

Weapons/Armour: Armed with hand weapons and spears.

Save: None.

Options: Glade Guards may have light armour (+2 points per model) and shields (+1 point). Any unit may have a magic standard.

0-1 UNITS OF
WAYWATCHERS 18 points

Your army may include one unit of Waywatchers. These are a special band of Scouts who guard the paths leading into the depths of the forest. They usually operate in a small band so that they can hide more easily.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Waywatchers | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |

Weapons/Armour: Waywatchers are armed with hand weapons and longbows.

Save: None.

SPECIAL RULES

Skirmish: Waywatchers may *skirmish* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Hide in Woods: Waywatchers may use special tactics if they occupy a wood. See the Bestiary for more details.

Special Deployment: Waywatchers may be positioned after both sides have completed deployment. They may be placed anywhere as long as it is outside the enemy deployment zone and out of sight of the enemy.

Traps: Waywatchers can set traps as explained in the Bestiary section of this volume.



SCOUTS 16 points

Your army may include any number of regiments of Scouts.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|--------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Scouts | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |

Weapons/Armour: Scouts are armed with hand weapons and longbows.

Save: None.

SPECIAL RULES

Skirmish: Wood Elf Scouts may *skirmish*.

Special Deployment: Scouts may be positioned on the table after both sides have completed deployment. They may be placed anywhere out of sight of the enemy and outside the enemy deployment zone.

TREEMEN 280 points

Your army may include one Treeman for every 1,000 points in the total points value of the army. A 3,000 point army may have three Treemen and a 5,000 point army may have up to five Treemen, for example. Treemen do not have to form units and can fight as individual models.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Treeman | 6 | 8 | 3 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 2 | 4 | 9 |

Save: Unmodified save of 5+.

SPECIAL RULES

Fear: Treemen are huge and frightening creatures that cause *fear* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Move: Treemen can move in woods without penalty. Woods do not count as difficult terrain to Treemen.

Woody Skin: Treemen have a thick hide which gives them an unmodified save of 5+.

Fire: Any Treeman hit by a flaming weapon or a fiery magic spell suffers double wounds, so for every wound scored the Treeman takes 2 wounds.

Hate Orcs and Goblins: Treemen *bate* Orcs and Goblins. The rules for *batred* apply as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Felled Treeman: When a Treeman is slain, he may topple over onto other models. See the Bestiary for more details.

Tree Whack: Treemen are so strong and tough that they can attack buildings and war machines. See the Bestiary for full rules.

Rooted to the Spot: A Treeman does not have to take a Break test if beaten in hand-to-hand combat unless he suffers any wounds. See the Bestiary for full rules.

DRYADS 35 points

Your army may include any number of Dryads. Dryads are tree spirits which can shift shape to assume the aspects of various kinds of tree.

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

**SPECIAL RULES**

Move: Dryads suffer no penalty for moving through woods.

Save: Dryads have a save of 5+ against weapons, missiles, spells and magical weapons including fiery spells and weapons.

Shapeshifting: All the Dryads in a unit may assume the aspect of a tree at the start of their combat phase. See the Bestiary for the effects of each tree aspect.

MONSTERS LIST

Your Wood Elf army may include up to 25% of its points value as monsters chosen from the list below. Note that this allowance is for independent monsters which are assumed to be magically bound, trained or otherwise loyal to your cause; it does not include monsters chosen as mounts for characters. Mounts for characters are chosen from this list, but the points value is added to that of the character himself. Note that Warhawks are mounts and so are not listed here.

FOREST DRAGON 450 points

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Forest Dragon | 6 | 6 | 0 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 7 |

DRAGONS

Dragon 450 points

Great Dragon 600 points

Emperor dragon 750 points

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|----------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| 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

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Great Eagle | 2 | 7 | 0 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 2 | 8 |

GRIFFON 150 points

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Griffon | 6 | 5 | 0 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 8 |

HIPPOGRIFF 145 points

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Hippogriff | 8 | 5 | 0 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 3 | 8 |

PEGASUS 50 points

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

SWARMS 100 points

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-----------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Rats | 6 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 5 | 10 |
| Frogs | 4 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 5 | 10 |
| Lizards | 4 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 5 | 10 |
| Bats | 8 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 5 | 10 |
| Serpents | 3 | 3 | 0 | 4 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 5 | 10 |
| Insects/Spiders | 4 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 5 | 10 |
| Scorpions | 4 | 3 | 0 | 4 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 5 | 10 |

UNICORN 90 points

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

SPECIAL CHARACTERS

ORION, KING IN THE WOODS 300 points

- +50 points *Spear of Kurnous*
- +50 points *Horn of the Wild Hunt*
- +50 points *Cloak of Isha*
- + *Pack of Baying Hounds at 5 points a Hound*

Your army may be led by Orion, the King in the Wood. If you decide to do this he replaces the general in the main army list.

Orion is the king of Athel Loren and presides over the realm together with Ariel, his queen. Through the strange magic of the Oak of Ages Orion acquired the aspects of Kurnous, the old Elven god of nature, the wild hunter of the forests who embodies the untamed savagery of the primaeval Elven spirit!

Orion's immortality is part of the natural cycle of the seasons. Although he dies each midwinter, he is reborn anew in the spring. If their king is slain in battle, the Elves will bear him away from the battlefield and seal him within the Oak of Ages to be reborn again in the spring.

When his realm is threatened, Orion assumes the awesome aspect of Kurnous, summons the Wild Hunt, and goes forth to hunt the foe. All Athel Loren trembles as the Hunt stampedes through the forest and races

across the moors. The dogs of war crawl from their hiding places and gallop at Orion's heels, howling with savage anticipation. Spears of lightning crack down from the sky, and thunder rolls across the treetops. The sound of Orion's mighty bellowing echoes through the woods, causing saplings to topple and stones to crack open. The ravens and crows fly up from their roosts on the Tree of Woe to glut themselves on the bodies of the enemy.

As Kurnous, Orion leads his army through the forest like an enraged spirit of the wood, felling foes with his magic spear as he chases them headlong through the trees. He grows to twice his normal size and sprouts great antlers like a mighty stag. His hair is a mass of entangled ivy and his flesh becomes green.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Orion | 5 | 8 | 7 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 9 | 5 | 10 |

Weapons/Armour: Orion is armed with a hand weapon and the *Spear of Kurnous*.

Magic Items: Orion is a Wood Elf Lord and may have up to three magic items. These are always the *Spear of Kurnous*, the *Horn of the Wild Hunt* and the *Cloak of Isha*.

SPECIAL RULES

Kurnous' Aspect: When Orion goes forth to battle he takes on the awesome aspect of Kurnous the god of the forest. While the battle rages, Orion becomes the wild hunter himself, sprouting antlers from his head and bellowing like a mighty stag. The Kurnous aspect of Orion gives him the following effects:

Causes Fear: Orion in the form of the stag-antlered wild hunter god Kurnous becomes twice the height of a man and more ferocious than a wild beast. He inspires *fear* in the foe as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Wild Charge: Orion in the form of Kurnous runs faster than a wild stag and may add +D6 to any charge move that he makes during the battle.

Feral Savagery: When Orion becomes the wild hunter Kurnous he is utterly possessed by the wild spirit of the forest and becomes immune to psychology.

Divine Aura: When Orion assumes the aspect of Kurnous he becomes a magical being like the god Kurnous himself and gains a divine aura of protection against hostile magic. This gives Orion a magical save of 4+ against the effects of any spell cast upon him.

The Spear of Kurnous

When Orion takes on the aspect of Kurnous and goes forth to battle he takes up the great hunting spear of Kurnous from his secret shrine. This spear is so huge that no ordinary Elf could wield it. Only Orion with the strength and stature of Kurnous can use it.

The hunting spear can be thrown like a missile weapon and always returns to Orion's hand, enabling him to use



it again next turn or wield it in hand-to-hand combat. When thrown it has a range of 8". There is no penalty for throwing at targets over half range.

Roll to hit as normal using Orion's BS. If the spear hits an independent model roll a number of dice equal to the original Wounds characteristic of the target (so if the model has 4 wounds roll 4 dice). Each dice that scores 4+ causes a wound, thus the spear may actually impale a mighty creature and slay it outright.

If the spear hits a unit, roll a dice for each rank of models in the unit (regardless of their Wounds characteristic). Each score of 4+ causes a wound on the unit, thus the spear may impale several models as it passes through the ranks.

In hand-to-hand combat roll to hit and to wound as usual. Only magic armour can save against wounds inflicted by the Spear of Kurnous.

Orion cannot throw the spear when he fights in hand-to-hand combat. Instead he stabs with it like a normal spear. Roll to hit and wound as normal using Orion's WS.

Only magic armour can save against wounds inflicted by the Spear of Kurnous, whether it is thrown or used in hand-to-hand combat.

The Horn of the Wild Hunt

Orion carries an enormous hunting horn crafted from the horn of a mighty aurochs, the gigantic wild ox of the forest.

Orion may blow the horn in the magic phase. The sound echoes through the forest and over the battlefield signalling that the Wild Hunt is on. When the horn is sounded, the nearest enemy unit within 12" becomes filled with impending doom and must take a Panic test. Orion may not sound the horn if he is in hand-to-hand combat. The blast from the horn is a magic spell and so can be dispelled.

The Cloak of Isha

The Cloak of Isha was woven from the leaves of the sacred rowan trees of the Grove of Isha by Queen Ariel herself. When Orion goes forth into battle he wears the Cloak of Isha as his only protection. The Cloak acts as both shield and armour for Orion and gives him a special save of 4+ against every kind of attack. This is *not* an armour save and so saves against even war machines, breath attacks and magic weapons that normally allow no save.

Pack of Baying Hounds

When Orion takes to the battlefield as the wild hunter of the forest he is accompanied by a pack of savage baying hounds. The sound of Orion's horn and the smell of the prey summons huge wild dogs from their earthen lairs beneath the gnarled roots of trees to join in the Wild Hunt.

Orion can be followed by a pack of baying hounds. You can have as many hounds as you wish in the pack at a cost of 5 points per hound.

While Orion is accompanied by a pack of hounds, they operate together as a single unit and he cannot join another unit. If Orion is not accompanied by the hounds, or all the hounds are slain, he can join another unit if you wish.

The pack accompanies Orion as he moves and when he enters hand-to-hand combat. The baying hounds keep pace with Orion when he moves and charges and benefit from Orion's 'Feral Savagery' charge distance increase.

If Orion is slain or flees the pack immediately flees and cannot be rallied unless Orion himself is rallied. The hounds always test for psychology against Orion's Leadership.

When shooting at Orion and the baying hounds, roll to see whether Orion or the hounds are hit. A score of 1, 2 or 3 indicates a hit on a hound. A score of 4, 5 or 6 is a hit on Orion.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|--------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Baying Hound | 5 | 4 | - | 4 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 3 |

ARIEL, MAGE QUEEN OF LOREN 366 points

- +50 points *Wand of Wych Elm*
- +25 points *Acorns of the Oak of Ages*
- +25 points *Dart of Doom*
- +25 points *Berry Wine*

Your army may include Ariel as an independent character.

Ariel is the queen of Athel Loren and presides over the realm together with Orion. Ariel acquired the aspects of Isha, the ancient Elven goddess of nature, through the strange magic of the Oak of Ages at the same time as Orion gained the aspects of Kurnous. Thus the magical force of nature flows through Ariel as if she were Isha herself.

Ariel wields immense natural forces and weaves them according to her will, commanding the trees of the forest to grow and vegetation to spring forth from the ground. She it is who weaves enchantments around the Forest of Loren to delay and mislead intruders, or lure them onwards to their doom! Like Orion, Ariel's immortality is linked to the seasons and though she dies each midwinter, she is reborn the following year. If Ariel perishes in battle, the Elves will carry her away and seal her within the Oak of Ages to be reborn again in the spring.

When enemies enter the Forest of Loren, Ariel shifts shape into her sylph-like war aspect. She grows almost twice the height of an ordinary Elf and unfolds huge wings like those of a gigantic moth, covered in tiny scales of shimmering iridescent colours. Upon her wings strange markings known as the Eyes of Isha and the Spirals of Isha can be seen. Sometimes Ariel's wings display the markings of the death's-head moth indicating that she is enraged and in a vengeful mood.

Moth-like antenna emerge from Ariel's head, but her face remains that of a beautiful she-Elf with piercing eyes. The upper part of her body is clad in shimmering scales of incandescent green while the lower part trails away into infinity like an ethereal or elemental being. She appears to glow with an inner light like the moon and trails raw magic in a shower of glittering stardust. In this form Ariel can fly around the battlefield wielding her magic. The wafting of her huge wings over the heads of the enemy fills them with dread and awe.

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

Weapons/Armour: Ariel is armed with a hand weapon.

Spells: Ariel is equivalent to a Mage Lord and may use High Magic or Battle Magic spells.

Magic Items: Ariel is equivalent to a Mage Lord and may have up to four magic items. The first of these is always the Wand of Wych Elm. The remaining three items are the Acorns of the Oak of Ages, the Dart of Doom and the Berry Wine.

SPECIAL RULES

Fly: Ariel in her Sylph aspect has wings and can fly as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Divine Aura: When Ariel assumes her Sylph shape she becomes a magical being like the goddess Isha herself and gains a divine aura of protection against hostile magic. This gives Ariel a magical save of 4+ against the effects of any spell cast upon her.



Attacks: Ariel in her Sylph form does not use a weapon but attacks with her voice! In hand-to-hand combat she utters a shrill piercing screech in the face of the foe which can wound, stun or even kill. Roll to hit and to wound using Ariel's Weapon Skill and Strength as normal. There can be no armour save against the screech, not even for magic armour.

Dodge: Ariel does not carry a shield or wear armour. Instead she relies on her amazing ability to flit out of the way of missiles and weapon blows, darting aside as instantly and deftly as a dragonfly.

Ariel can dodge hand-to-hand combat blows and missiles, but not spells, on a roll of 4, 5 or 6. This roll to dodge is never modified by saving throw modifiers and also applies to war engine attacks or indeed any attack that uses a template as long as it is not a spell. In this case, if Ariel dodges successfully, move her to the edge of the template.

The Wand of Wych Elm

This is a long twisted and gnarled staff cut from the rare and magical Wych Elm tree. This tree draws magical power out of the ground as it grows and stores it in its

wood. Any wand cut from such a tree may have centuries of stored magical power locked within it.

The only way to tap the power locked in the wood is to cut a wand from the tree and inscribe a spell on it. The spell can then be cast using the power of the wand instead of the winds of magic.

Only a demi-god or wizard of exceptional skill can unlock and use such power. When Ariel takes on the divine aspect of the goddess Isha she gains the ability to use the power stored in the Wych Elm.

The Wand allows Ariel to cast a spell without expending any Power cards. Before the battle you must declare which of your spells is the one inscribed on the wand. This spell can only be cast using the wand, but will not require Power cards. You may inscribe a spell of any power on the wand.

The wand is never drained of power during the battle. Indeed, it will not be drained for perhaps a thousand years!

The Acorns of the Oak of Ages

These are shed by the tree each autumn and collected by Ariel because of their magical properties. When the acorns are scattered on the ground they instantly sprout into oak saplings which grow at a phenomenal rate to become mighty trees in a moment. This creates a wood 12" in diameter on the battlefield with Ariel at its centre. The acorns can only be used once and the acorns will only sprout on flat open ground.

The wood can only be dispelled by the Drain Magic card and will remain on the battlefield until the Drain Magic card is played, which will deprive the trees of magical energy causing them to instantly wither away.

The Dart of Doom

This dart was carved from a twig broken from the Tree of Woe. The tip of the dart is a thorn and the shaft is engraved with magical spiral designs.

The dart can be thrown once in the battle, and has a range of 12". Roll to hit using Ariel's BS. If the dart hits a model it causes 1 automatic wound which can only be saved by magical armour. If the wound is not saved the dart sucks energy out of the victim, draining their Strength characteristic by D6 to a minimum of 1.

The Berry Wine

This is a magical and intoxicating brew made from the berries of magical trees. It is so potent that more than enough can be held in an acorn cup.

The wine can be given to any one character in contact with Ariel in the magic phase, or she can drink it herself. It can only be used once since the cup will be drained with a single sip. Any character who has suffered wounds who drinks the wine will be instantly invigorated and will regenerate D6 wounds. This cannot bring the drinker's Wounds characteristic above its original level nor can it revive slain models. The wine can only heal wounds that have already been suffered.



NAIETH THE PROPHETESS . . . 59 points

- +15 points *Othu the Owl*
- +30 points *Rod of Divination*

Your army may include Naieth the Prophetess as an independent character. Naieth is a Mage.

Naieth the Prophetess is skilled in the arcane art of divination. Only a select band of mages knows this secret lore. By means of divining rods cut from magical trees they are able to 'feel' the flow of magic deep within the ground. When they find a point at which the magic rises towards the surface they instruct their kindred to set a great stone in that place, carved with arcane spirals to direct the flow of magic.

In this way the Wood Elf mages have created a web of magical protection around the Forest of Loren. Changes in the flow of magic can be detected using the divining rods and used to predict impending danger or the presence of intruders in the forest. Naieth has become so adept at interpreting these signs that she is known throughout Loren as The Prophetess.

Whereas other mages study the ways of the elements, trees and beasts, Naieth has devoted herself to the arts of divination. Although there are mightier mages with greater power upon the battlefield, Naieth will sometimes accompany the Wood Elf host to battle to use her unique and subtle skills to help her kindred.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|----------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Naieth | | | | | | | | | |
| the Prophetess | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 7 | 1 | 8 |

Weapons/Armour: Naieth is armed with a hand weapon

Spells: Naieth is a Wood Elf Mage and may have Battle Magic spells as described in Warhammer Magic.

Magic Items: Naieth is a Mage and so may have up to one magic item which is always the Rod of Divination.



SPECIAL RULES

The Rod of Divination

Naieth carries a long rod which is made of the willow twigs of many magical trees woven and entwined tightly together. Wherever this rod is thrust into the ground it has the power to tap the flow of magic and draw it to the surface. Naieth can use this power herself or direct it towards any other Wood Elf mage so that they can use it. This enables the Wood Elf player to draw one extra magic card per turn while Naieth remains in play.

Othu the Owl

Naieth is always accompanied by her faithful companion Othu the Owl. When not flying around the battlefield Othu rests on Naieth's wrist. Naieth is able to understand the owl's twitterings and knows how to interpret his strange wisdom. It is said that many of her inspired prophecies indeed come from the owl, for Othu is all-seeing and all-wise. In battle Naieth sends Othu to swoop low over the battlefield where he will see where the fighting is fiercest and the danger is greatest.

Sometimes Othu will perch upon the standard of a regiment or the shoulder of its leader. This is seen as an omen of good luck by the Wood Elves. A unit of Wood Elves favoured by the owl seems to gain from the bird's uncanny sureness of sight and are more likely to shoot straight!

To represent this, the Wood Elf player can declare that Othu has settled on a specific unit of Wood Elves at the start of the shooting phase. The unit may then re-roll any failed dice rolls to hit when shooting with longbows in that turn. The second roll always counts. The owl never settles on the same unit twice in succession, nor can he bring luck to characters armed with magic bows or missiles, who therefore will not get to re-roll even if they accompany a unit that does. Othu is not vulnerable to weapons, missiles or magic, but if Naieth is removed from play Othu flies away.



THALANDOR 240 points+5 points *Magic War Paint*+15 points *Talisman of Qwarr*+25 points *Spear of Daith*+95 points *Gwador the Great Eagle*

Your army may include Thalandor as an independent character or as the army's general. If Thalandor is the general, he replaces the general in the main army list. Thalandor is a Master Mage.

Thalandor was known as 'Doom Star' because he would swoop over the dark forest by night hunting for Goblins trying to creep into Athel Loren under cover of darkness. If he spied any from on high, he would swoop down between the pines and attack without mercy, riding upon the back of Gwador, his faithful Great Eagle.

Gwador the Black is perhaps the most famous of the Great Eagles. This mighty bird carried Thalandor into battle against the undead hordes of the Vampire Count of Sylvania, and it was the bravery and power of Gwador that saved Thalandor's life on that grim day.

A Wood Elf contingent which had marched to help the Empire by scouring the grim pine forests of Sylvania for signs of the Count's army, was overwhelmed by Skeleton hordes. The location of the enemy was revealed, but almost at the cost of the entire Elf contingent. With their general slain, the Elves fought a rearguard action and many escaped. Thalandor heroically held back the

hordes with his magic until he was beset by Carrion and badly wounded. The Elves escaped, thinking Thalandor had fallen. Meanwhile, Gwador fought ferociously to rescue his master and carried the wounded Thalandor speedily back to the safety of Loren where he was healed by the magic of Ariel.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Thalandor | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 9 | 3 | 10 |
| Gwador | 2 | 7 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 6 | 2 | 8 |

Weapons/Armour: Thalandor is armed with a sword and a spear.

Rides: Thalandor rides Gwador the Black, a Great Eagle.

Spells: Thalandor is a Master Mage. He may use Battle Magic spells as described in Warhammer Magic.

Magic Items: Thalandor is a Master Mage and may have up to three magic items. These are always Magic War Paint, the Spear of Daith and the Talisman of Qwarr.

SPECIAL RULES

Magic War Paint: Thalandor paints himself with magical designs before going into battle. These can magically deflect blows from weapons and missiles and give him an armour save of 3+ against missiles and 5+ against hand-to-hand combat attacks.

Talisman of Qwarr

Qwarr was the mightiest of all the Great Eagles who ever lived and an ancestor of Gwador himself. It was Qwarr who slew the ravenous dragon Grathgol when he came to steal eggs from his eyrie. Although the dragon plummeted to his doom, torn by Qwarr's talons, Qwarr himself also perished in the fight. Elves saw this terrible conflict in the air and preserved the mighty talons and beak of Qwarr as a powerful talisman.

If the talisman is hung around the neck of a Great Eagle he is protected by the spirit of Qwarr, magically deflecting enemy blows and endowing the eagle with the equivalent of an armour save of 4+ against any ordinary weapon or missile. Thalandor has given this talisman to Gwador who thus gains a save as well as his master.

Spear of Daith

This spear was made by Daith, legendary master craftsman of Loren. He carved upon its shaft mystical spirals which give the weapon a will of its own. Upon the hardened copper spearhead are engraved eyes that allow the spear to see the blows of the enemy and intercept them with its unbreakable hardwood shaft.

In addition to the usual bonus for using a spear, the Spear of Daith can parry any opponent's hand-to-hand combat strikes on a dice score of 4+. The opponent rolls to hit as normal, then the spear-holder rolls to parry. If the spear fails to parry the blow roll to wound and save as usual.

The legends of the Wood Elves relate that when time began, this was very painful for the gods trapped on earth, for they had never felt its touch before. Some sought refuge in the mountains, some went crazy and hurled themselves at the sky, trying to break out of their mortal prison. The beasts too were affected by time, which accentuated their bestial nature, and drove them half mad with pain and terror, so that they lost contact with their immortal reason and forgot how to speak.

The oldest and wisest beasts retained some of their intelligence, but they were so ashamed by their plight that they ran to the wildest places of the world to hide. Many became consumed with hatred and in their depravity wanted only to destroy.

The gods saw the beasts' pain, and wept for them. Where their tears fell to earth, springs formed and fountains gushed. The beasts that drank from these divine waters were salved, and became noble. These were the unicorn, the eagle and the dragon. Dragons have their own story, and their own dark destiny, but the unicorn and the eagle have always stayed true. Blessed by the favour of the gods, the purity of their souls resists mortal corruption. Unicorns are doubly sacred to the Elves, for from the horn of the Unicorn sprang the Elf steed, and from these are descended all the horse race.

In their immortal realm, the gods had no knowledge of death, for death is a manifestation of time, and time does not exist in the world of the gods. When the first beast died, a mighty serpent called Crallaghan, all the gods and the beasts cried out in despair, and the sound was so terrible that the world was plunged into darkness. Thus day and night were created from the despair of the gods.

LOTHLANN THE BRAVE,
BATTLE STANDARD BEARER . 101 points

- +50 points the Standard of Athel Loren
- +7 points barded Elven Steed

Your army may include Lothlann the Brave as the army's Battle Standard Bearer. If you do decide to take Lothlann, he replaces the Battle Standard Bearer in the main list.



Lothlann earned his nickname 'the Brave' at the Battle of the Creaking Yew. Here he took up the battle banner from the hand of the slain Athryn the Strong when the Elves were in desperate battle against the Skaven. When the Elves saw the banner rise again with Lothlann bravely galloping among the foe hewing to left and right, they surged forward like an irresistible tide. Thus they utterly defeated the ratmen, scattering them in headlong rout through the forest to become the prey of wild beasts during the hungry winter of that year. Since then Lothlann has had the honour of bearing the sacred battle banner of Athel Loren.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|--------------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Lothlann the Brave | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 2 | 8 |
| Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 |

- Weapons/Armour:** Lothlann is armed with a sword, light armour and shield.
- Rides:** Lothlann rides a barded Elven Steed.
- Magic Items:** Lothlann may have one magic item which is always the Battle Standard of Athel Loren.

SPECIAL RULES

The Battle Standard of Athel Loren

The Battle Standard of Athel Loren is woven from the hair of countless Elven maidens who sacrifice some of their golden, silver or russet tresses as strands to be woven into the banner. With each generation more strands are woven into the banner making it more magnificent and more enchanted than before.

The banner is surrounded by a magical aura of protection extending 12" in all directions outwards from the banner. Any spell directed at a target or approaching a target within this aura will fizzle out on a dice roll of 5 or 6. Roll for each spell directed at a target within the aura and roll for each spell template entering the aura. Thus approaching spells, spell templates etc can be dispelled on meeting the aura of the banner at a distance of 12" from it.

DURTHU THE TREEMAN 360 points

Your army may include Durthu as an independent character. You may include Durthu in addition to one Treeman per 1,000 points chosen from the regiments section. An army of 3,000 points could therefore include up to three Treemen plus Durthu.

Durthu resembles a wizened and gnarled old oak tree. He is immensely old and has endured in the depths of the forest for untold ages. On rare occasions he is glimpsed among the shadowy glades or even found by wandering mages. If the Forest of Loren is invaded, Durthu will become disturbed by the shouts and wanton destruction of the invaders. Enraged, he will lurch through the forest seeking out the intruders and attack them with a savage fury that defies description.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|--------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Durthu | 6 | 8 | 3 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 3 | 5 | 9 |

SPECIAL RULES

- Swarm of Sprites:** Durthu is so old and huge that he has become infested by a swarm of Sprites, rare woodland creatures which are about the size of small birds. They have an almost Elf-like appearance and can fly. They carry tiny dart like spears with which they jab or sting their victims inflicting numerous nasty wounds. Durthu regards them as helpful friends.
- The swarm can fly out from Durthu's beard of ivy and cracks in his bark-like skin to attack the nearest enemy within 12". The swarm acts like a missile weapon but always hits, inflicting D6 Strength 3 hits on the target. The swarm attacks in the shooting phase then returns immediately to Durthu. If Durthu is in hand-to-hand combat the swarm will attack the enemy who are in combat with Durthu in the same way. The swarm itself cannot be slain or destroyed, but will disappear if Durthu himself is slain.

- Fear:** Like all Treemen, Durthu causes *fear* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.
- Woody Skin:** Durthu's skin is even thicker than that of ordinary Treemen. This increases his ordinary Treeman save from 5+ to 4+ against each wound suffered.

- Fire:** Like all Treemen, if Durthu is hit by a flaming weapon or a fiery magic spell he will take double wounds.
- Hate Orcs, Goblins and Dwarfs:** Like all Treemen, Durthu *bates* Orcs and Goblins because they are destructive to the forest. Durthu also has an intense personal hatred of Dwarfs because they carry axes and chop down trees for their furnaces and pit props in their mines! He is so ancient that he can remember the damage caused by the Dwarfs many centuries ago.
- Move:** Durthu may move in woods without penalty.
- Felled Treeman:** When a Treeman is slain he may topple over unto any enemy or friends next to him. See the Bestiary section of this book for what happens.

Tree Whack: Like all Treemen, Durthu can use his immense bulk and robust limbs to smash things which would resist any other weapons. See the Bestiary in this book for the effects of this attack.

SCARLOC 54 points

+ 25 points the Hail of Doom Arrow

Your army may include Scarloc as a Champion of a unit of Wood Elf Scouts.

Scarloc is known both within and beyond the Forest of Loren. Leading a band of Scouts he often ventures far into the lands surrounding the Wood Elf realm to gain advance warning of impending threats.

Scarloc is skilled in the interpretations of tracks and portents and will sometimes even warn the Bretonnians if he finds signs of their common enemies. Thus he has become a trusted friend of many Bretonnian barons and is welcomed at their castles, especially when he brings the excellent venison of Loren! It is usually Scarloc who acts as the emissary of the King and Queen in the Wood and he it is who is sent to escort friends through the forest to the King's Glade.

Scarloc not only knows the Forest of Loren, but also has intimate knowledge of other great forests in the Old world acquired during his scouting expeditions. It is even said that there are small bands of his kin secretly dwelling in many forests utterly unbeknown to the rulers and peoples of these lands. They are undoubtedly there not only as Waywatchers but to befriend and protect any Treemen or Dryads who may still dwell there. Scarloc's men have been known to turn up unexpectedly on many a far flung battlefield, screaming out of the trees to aid those ambushed or surrounded in the woods by Orcs or other vile foes.

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

Weapons/Armour: Scarloc is armed with a hand weapon, light armour, shield and longbow.

Save: 5+

Magic Items: Scarloc is a Champion and may have one magic item. This is always the Hail of Doom Arrow. The Hail of Doom Arrow is one of the Warhammer Magic Item cards.

SPECIAL RULES

The Hail of Doom Arrow

This arrow is created by magically twisting together a number of enchanted shafts so that they split apart into a cloud of whistling death in flight. When the Hail of Doom Arrow is shot it splits into 3D6 arrows in flight. Roll for each arrow to hit as normal using Scarloc's BS. The arrows themselves count as magical and have a Strength of 4. The Hail of Doom Arrow can only be used once.



WYCHWETHYL THE WILD, WARDANCER CHAMPION 75 points

+ 25 points the Drum of Orcskin

Your army may include Wychwethyl the Wild as a champion of a unit of Wardancers. Wychwethyl is a Wardancer of exceptional skill and agility. It is he who performs the ritual dance at the beginning of spring which awakens the King and Queen in the Wood after their long sleep in the Oak of Ages. In battle he is unsurpassed in his reckless savagery.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Wychwethyl | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 2 | 8 |

Weapons/Armour: Wychwethyl is armed with two hand weapons.

Magic Items: Wychwethyl is a Champion and may have a magic item. This is always the Drum of Orcskin.

SPECIAL RULES

Choose Opponent: Wychwethyl is an expert dancer who can pick out his favoured opponent in the confusion of battle and bound into combat with him. In hand-to-hand combat, Wychwethyl can therefore choose to attack any enemy model in the enemy unit, not just the model in base contact with him.

Dance of Doom: Wychwethyl knows an ancient and secret war dance which he can use once per battle. He can use this dance while the rest of the unit use one of the normal wardances listed in the Bestiary.

Instead of attacking as usual, Wychwethyl may make one attack against each enemy model in the front rank of one enemy unit in combat with the Wardancers. The other Wardancers use one of their usual wardances. This represents the Champion whirling and cartwheeling along the front rank of the enemy unit, jabbing at each enemy in turn as he does so.

Immune to Psychology: Like all Wardancers, Wychwethyl goes into battle in a ritual trance and is therefore immune to psychology as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Dodge: Like other Wardancers, Wychwethyl makes up for his lack of armour with speed and agility, making him difficult to hit, even with missile weapons. He can therefore dodge any attack on a dice roll of 5 or 6, including war machines and breath attacks.

The Drum of Orcskin

Wychwethyl carries the Drum of Orcskin which is made from the stretched skin of an Orc warlord slain at the battle of the Glade of Woe and beaten with a drumstick made from his rib-bone.

Wychwethyl may beat the drum when the Wardancer unit charges. Declare that he is beating the drum at the start of the turn before declaring charges. When he beats the drum it quickens the pace of the Wardancers with its unearthly rhythm. The Wardancers move so fast and wildly that they may add D6 inches to their charge move.

SCEOLAN 106 points

- +10 points *Buckler of Bronze*
- +50 points *Bow of Loren*

Your army may include Sceolan as an independent character. Sceolan is the oldest and most cunning of the Wood Elf warriors. He fights on foot and will usually lead warriors from his own kindred of the Oak Glades. Not only does he use the longbow, but he is an expert hand-to-hand fighter and adept at organising ambushes in the depths of the forest.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Wood Elf Hero | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 8 | 3 | 9 |

Weapons/Armour: Sceolan is armed with a sword, longbow, light armour and shield.

Magic Items: Sceolan is a Hero character and may have two magic items. These are always the Buckler of Bronze and the Bow of Loren.

SPECIAL RULES

The Buckler of Bronze

Sceolan carries a buckler instead of an ordinary shield. This is a small shield with a spiked bronze boss and many bronze studs arranged in arcane patterns. Not only does this buckler parry the blows of the enemy but it can be used to strike back at any opponent whose blow is parried. If Sceolan's hand-to-hand opponent scores a 1 to hit, Sceolan immediately strikes back with

the buckler using his own WS and Strength. This is in addition to Sceolan's normal attacks.

The Bow of Loren

The Bow of Loren is strung with the hair of Elf maids and enchanted with potent charms. The Bow has a 36" range and may be shot in the shooting phase. It shoots a number of shots equal to Sceolan's Attacks, so it shoots 3 shots when used by him.

Shots from the bow hit with the unmodified Strength of the bearer, so they hit with Sceolan's Strength of 4. All shots are always aimed at the same target (whether a unit of troops, monster or whatever). Hits from the bow are magical in the same way as a hit from a magic weapon.

THE DRYAD DRYCHA 60 points

Your army may include the Dryad Drycha as a Champion of a unit of Dryads.

Drycha has dwelt in the Forest of Loren at least as long as the Wood Elves and she was one of the first Dryads to befriend them. Since then she has appeared many times leading other Dryads to help the Elves in their battles against invaders of the forest.

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

SPECIAL RULES

Dirge of the Dryad: Drycha can sing an eerie tree song which can fill the enemy with dread and foreboding. She may sing this song in the magic phase of any turn. It will affect the nearest enemy unit within 12" of her. The enemy must test against their Leadership and if they fail the test, they are unable to move or shoot in the following turn. They are utterly awestruck by the weird piercing dirge of the Dryad. This does not prevent them defending themselves if in hand-to-hand combat, but they will strike after their opponents regardless of initiative.

Move: Dryads are woodland spirits and suffer no penalty for moving in woods.

Save: Like all Dryads, Drycha is a magical being akin to an elemental and has a natural magical aura which protects against harm. Her aura is more powerful than that of ordinary Dryads and gives her a save of 4+ against weapons, missiles, spells and magical weapons. This includes fiery spells and weapons since, unlike Treemen, Dryads do not have dry woody flesh.

Psychology: Dryads are magical beings and are immune to psychology.

Shape Shifting: Like all Dryads, Drycha is able to shift shape to assume a tree aspect. She always assumes the same aspect as the rest of the unit. See the Bestiary in this book for the effects of the different tree aspects.

BEASTMASTERS

Beastmasters are independent characters like Heroes although they have their own special profiles.



SKAW

THE FALCONER 51 points

+ 15 points *three fighting falcons*

+25 points *the Flail of Claws*

Your army may include Skaw the Falconer as a Champion of a unit of Warriors or Scouts or as an independent character.

It is said that the Falconer dwells in an eyrie in the topmost branches of an old pine tree in the company of his falcons. Here he speaks with eagles and other birds of prey. He shuns the company of other Elves, but will fight beside them if the forest is in danger from enemies. Then the Scouts and the kindreds will go to the greatest trouble to seek him out to join them in battle. He commands his falcons as they fly, directing them with birdcalls as deadly weapons, swooping out of the sky into the attack. These keen-eyed living missiles are more deadly than arrows and always return to their master dripping blood from their wicked hooked beaks and sharp talons.

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

Weapons/Armour: Hand weapon and three falcons.

Magic Items: Skaw has one magic item which is always the Flail of Claws.

SPECIAL RULES

Falcons: Skaw has three falcons which he uses as missile weapons and as weapons in hand-to-hand combat as well. The range of the falcons is 24". Roll to hit against the Skaw's Bow Skill. This represents his skill in directing the falcons to their target in flight. In hand-to-hand combat, use his Weapon Skill. He can stand and 'shoot' using the falcons if charged.



The falcons can pick out characters as targets despite the usual rules preventing this. The falcons ignore the penalties for targets in cover or skirmishing since unlike other missiles they can see where they are going and pick out their target.



Each falcon inflicts a Strength 3 hit. The enemy may make an armour save as usual. After the falcons attack they fly straight back to Skaw. The falcons cannot be attacked or slain, but if Skaw is slain, the falcons are lost with him just like any other weapon.

Save: Skaw does not wear armour or carry a shield. Instead he wears a cape of feathers not only as protection but to show kinship with his birds of prey. The cape can be spread out resembling the wings of a great bird. The feather cape is extremely thick and made of several layers of interwoven feathers, so it gives Skaw a save of 5+ against missiles and hand-to-hand weapons.

The Flail of Claws

The Flail of Claws is a flail with three thongs each tipped with the talons of gigantic extinct birds of prey. Unlike an ordinary flail made of heavy chains and spiky balls, this flail is light to wield in combat and tears into the flesh of the foe. The flail does not confer a +2 Strength modifier like an ordinary flail, but it always strikes first in hand-to-hand combat regardless of Initiative or who charged. In addition, if the victim is hit by the flail but not wounded, he is temporarily ensnared by the flail and loses 1 Attack when he strikes back.

GRUARTH
THE BEASTMASTER 90 points

- + 66 points two Sabre-toothed Tigers
- +10 points Binding Bolas.

Your army may include Gruarth the Beastmaster as an independent character model.

It is said that his name was originally Gruarth, but to most Elves he is known only as 'The Beastmaster'. He has forgotten his name and even the words of Elven tongue if he ever knew it. Now he speaks only to the beasts of the forest with their own calls and gestures. He dwells on the margins of society, but in the depths of the forest. He shares the lairs of wild beasts by night. By day he hunts with his feral brethren and feasts on the same prey.



The Beastmaster has two companions: Fang and Claw, two ferocious sabre-toothed tigers. Fang and Claw are a pair, male and female, the last of their kind in the forest. When the forest is threatened by enemies, the Beastmaster is summoned and comes forth with his tigers to do battle beside his Elven kindred. He fights alone, controlling his pack as they stalk the battlefield for prey with their long, dagger-like fangs. After the battle, glutton with flesh, Elf and beasts disappear back into the trees.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Beastmaster | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 7 | 2 | 8 |

Weapons/Armour: Hand weapon.

Save: The Beastmaster does not wear armour or carry a shield. Instead he wears a cape of animal hide not only as protection but as a mark of kinship with wild beasts. The cape has an animal head with horns attached to it. The beast cape is extremely thick and made of several layers of hide, so it gives the Beastmaster an armour save of 5+ against missiles and hand-to-hand weapons.

BEASTS

The Beastmaster controls a pair of sabre-toothed tigers called Fang and Claw. He doesn't feed them for two or three days before he expects to go into battle!

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Sabre-toothed Tiger | 7 | 4 | 0 | 5 | 4 | 2 | 6 | 3 | 4 |

Magic Items: The Beastmaster is a character equivalent to a Champion and so is entitled to one magic item. This is always the Binding Bolas.

SPECIAL RULES

Movement: The Beastmaster can either move with the tigers or direct their movements with animal calls. He must always keep within 12" of the tigers to do this. If the tigers become separated from him by more than 12" they will roam randomly in the direction of the scatter dice, charging the nearest enemy in reach (they have been trained not to eat Wood Elves!). They defend themselves if attacked and they will stand and fight if charged.

Hand-to-Hand Fighting: The Beastmaster can unleash his tigers or call them to charge the enemy. You can therefore charge with the pack in the same way as any other unit in the army. The Beastmaster can join in the charge as well if you wish and if he can reach, but he does not have to charge with his pack. The pack can only charge enemy visible to both the Beastmaster and the pack.

Psychology: The tigers always test against Gruarth's Leadership if he is within 12" of them. The Beastmaster and his pack are immune to panic but are subject to all other psychology in the usual way. The tigers will fear Large Monsters, for example!

Note that Gruarth and the tigers can be broken in hand-to-hand combat. It is possible for the pack to flee, but not the Beastmaster himself if he was not in the combat. When this happens, the tigers can be rallied in the usual way, which represents the Beastmaster calling his pack.

If both tigers are slain, Gruarth becomes subject to *hatred* of the enemy. If the Beastmaster is slain the pack behaves in exactly the same way as if they were beyond 12" of their master and so will roam randomly using the scatter dice, charging the nearest enemy in reach. The tigers will defend themselves if attacked and will stand and fight if charged.

Shooting: When the enemy shoots missiles at the Beastmaster and his pack when they are together, randomise any hits scored between them. Roll a dice. A score of 5 or 6 is a hit on the Beastmaster, any other score is a hit on the tigers.

The Binding Bolas

The Beastmaster is armed with a bolas – a special hunting weapon. The bolas is made of three leather thongs which are joined together at one end. The free ends of the thongs have heavy stone weights attached to them. The bolas is hurled by being swung around the user's head and released in the direction of the intended target. The thongs entangle themselves around the victim's legs and trip him over. The stone balls can also inflict a stunning wound.

The bolas is hurled as a missile weapon using the Beastmaster's Bow Skill. The Bolas can only be used once and has a range of 12". The Beastmaster can pick out characters as targets despite the usual rules preventing this. The bolas has a Strength of 4 and inflicts a -1 save modifier. If the victim is wounded but makes a successful armour save, then he is temporarily entangled and cannot move in his next turn. Remember units move at the speed of the slowest model in the unit.

WOOD ELVES REFERENCE



WOOD ELVES

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Wood Elf | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |
| Champion | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 2 | 8 |
| Hero | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 8 | 3 | 9 |
| Lord | 5 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 9 | 4 | 10 |

WOOD ELF MAGES

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

Mage Lords may use High Magic or Battle Magic; other wizards may use Battle Magic only.

CHARIOTS

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Crew | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |
| Chariot | - | - | - | - | 7 | 3 | - | - | - |
| Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 |

May not move through woods without penalty. Can shoot 36" with longbow.

GLADE RIDERS

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|--------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Glade Riders | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 1 | 8 |
| Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 |

May Skirmish. May move through woods without penalty. May use 'feigned flight' tactic. Can shoot 36" with longbow.

WARHAWK RIDERS

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

May fly. May skirmish. Can shoot 36" with longbow.

WAYWATCHERS

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Waywatchers | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |

May move through woods without penalty. Can shoot 36" with longbow. May skirmish. Special deployment rules. Camouflage. May hide in trees. May set traps.

WARDANCERS

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Wardancers | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |
| Wardancer | | | | | | | | | |
| Champion | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 2 | 8 |

May move through woods without penalty. May use skirmish formation. May move over enemy and through friends. Immune to psychology. Basic save of 6 against any weapon (dodge). Dispel of 4+ against spells. Choose wardance at start of combat phase. May not use same wardance two turns in succession.

GLADE GUARDS

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Glade Guard | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |

May move through woods without penalty.

ARCHERS

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

May move through woods without penalty. Can shoot 36" with longbow.

SCOUTS

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|--------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Scouts | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |

May move through woods without penalty. Can shoot 36" with longbow. May skirmish. Special deployment rules.

TREEMEN

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Treeman | 6 | 8 | 3 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 2 | 4 | 9 |

Cause *fear*. May move through woods without penalty. Suffer double wounds from fire. *Hate* Orcs and Goblins.

DRYADS

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

May move through woods without penalty. Choose tree aspect at start of combat phase. May not use same aspect two turns in succession.

Sample Army: MÓRR'S WILD HUNT

The hidden glades of the Wood Elves' forest realm are defended by the kindreds who live there. As soon as the Scouts catch sight of intruders they warn the warriors of the kindred who immediately rush to the defence of the glade. Fast messengers are despatched to the other kindreds to bring reinforcements. Soon a Wood Elf army is gathered ready to attack.

Morr's Wild Hunt is a typical example of a 2,000 point Wood Elf army. You can use it exactly as it appears below, or as a basis for designing your own force.

Mórr 'the Slayer' – Wood Elf General

Morr 'the Slayer' leads the unit of Glade Riders.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| General | 5 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 9 | 4 | 10 |
| Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 |

Weapons/Armour: Morr is armed with a hand weapon, light armour and shield. He rides to battle on an Elven steed.

Magic Items: Morr has the *Sword of Might* and *Potion of Strength*.

Save: 4+

166 points + Sword of Might (20 points) + Potion of Strength (10 points).

Total Points: 196



Glade Riders – Kindred of Equos

The unit of Glade riders consists of five Glade riders including a standard bearer all mounted on Elven steeds. The unit is led by Morr.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|--------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Glade Riders | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 1 | 8 |
| Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 |

Weapons/Armour: The Glade riders are armed with hand weapons, lances, light armour and shields.

Save: 4+

Total Points: 210

Cruath – Wood Elf Mage Champion

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Mage Champion | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 7 | 1 | 8 |
| Great Eagle | 2 | 7 | 0 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 2 | 8 |

Weapons/Armour: Cruath is armed with a hand weapon.

Save: Cruath wears magic war paint and so has a save of 3+ against missiles and 5+ in hand-to-hand combat.

Magic Items: Cruath carries a *Dispel scroll*.

121 points + Great Eagle (75 points) + magic war paint (5 points) + Dispel scroll (25 points).

Total Points: 226

Wychwethyl the Wild – Wardancer Champion

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Wychwethyl | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 2 | 8 |

Weapons/Armour: Wychwethyl is armed with two hand weapons.

Save: 5+

Magic Items: Wychwethyl beats the Drum of Orcskin.

75 points + Drum of Orcskin (25 points).

Total Points: 100

Wardancers – Sacred Glade Troupe

The Wardancer unit consists of nine Wardancers led by Wychwethyl the Wild.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Wardancers | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |

Weapons/Armour: The Wardancers are armed with two hand weapons.

Save: 5+

Total Points: 180



Warhawk Riders – Pine Crags Kindred

The Warhawk rider unit consists of five Warhawk riders all mounted on Warhawks.

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

Weapons/Armour: The Warhawk riders are armed with hand weapons, longbows and shields.

Save: 5+

Total Points: 190

Scarloc – Wood Elf Scout Champion

Scarloc leads the Scouts.

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

Weapons/Armour: Hand weapon and longbow.

Magic Items: *Hail of Doom Arrow*

Save: 5+

54 points + Hail of Doom arrow (+25 points)

Total Points: 79

Scouts - Pine Glades Kindred

The Scout unit consists of nine Scouts led by Scarloc.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|--------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Scouts | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |

Weapons/Armour: The Scouts are armed with hand weapons and longbows.

Save: None

Total Points: 144

Archers - Pine Glades Kindred

The Archer unit consists of ten archers.

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

Weapons/Armour: The archers are armed with hand weapons and longbows.

Save: None.

Total Points: 110

Archers – Pine Crags Kindred

The Archer unit consists of ten archers.

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

Weapons/Armour: The archers are armed with hand weapons and longbows.

Save: None

Total Points: 110

Treeman - Groth 'the Gnarled'

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Treeman | 6 | 8 | 3 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 2 | 4 | 9 |

Save: 5+

Total Points: 280

Dryads – 'The Wizenened Ones'

The Dryad unit consists of five Dryads.

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

Save: 5+.

Total Points: 175

**Total army points value
2,000 points**

Guiding his great white charger onwards through the trees, the horse stepping carefully over exposed roots and mossy hummocks, the questing knight advanced further into the woods. His quest was of the utmost importance and it was imperative that he succeed: none had done so before him and his honour was at stake.

It had been just after dawn five days ago when Gaston de Galliard had reached the edge of the forest. Having passed beyond the age-worn boundary stones and crossed the tract of open heathland that made up the borderlands of Athel Loren the knight had already completed a long and arduous trek and yet the most perilous part of his journey was still to come.

During those five days the wooded landscape had varied dramatically. One day his horse was climbing over high boulder-strewn crags, the vast panorama of the forest canopy laid out below him like a sea of rippling green; the next he was riding along the banks of a mist-shrouded lake, strange croakings echoing through the fog.

As well as being a shadowy world of dark mysteries the enchanted forest was also a place of spectacular beauty. Gurgling streams splashed between mossy banks and at times Gaston found himself in groves with lush, flower-strewn lawns. In such areas he was careful that his horse did not crush too many of the delicate blooms under its hooves.

But the knight did not let the wonder of it all overwhelm him. Instead he concentrated on watching for any signs that he was about to be challenged by the guardians of the forest. So far no Wood Elves had attempted to impede his progress but the deeper he intruded into their realm the more likely he felt it was that he would be called to account.

Passing an elm, split down its middle in times past by lightning, Gaston rode on, listening out for any sound that might belie the presence of camouflaged archers. An hour later he passed the same tree again. Another ten steady steps forwards and suddenly Gaston found himself in an entirely different part of the woods, yews and pines proliferating where before there had been sturdy ash and elm trees. It was as if the forest were distorting itself around the trespasser and time no longer had any meaning. Perhaps this disturbing effect had begun as soon as Gaston left the wild heaths for the country beneath the leafy bowers and he had been riding for ten days rather than five. Or possibly, perceived from the real world outside, he had only entered the forest a few hours ago. Whatever the truth, the questing knight would not let this strangeness prevent him from delivering his message.

Dusk fell in the twilight realm and Gaston considered making camp for the night. And then he saw the flickering lights visible in the distance. Sure that he must at last be nearing his goal Gaston urged his steed on, putting aside all thoughts of rest. However, as he approached the lights he saw them dance away towards more densely-thicketed regions. The ground was becoming softer beneath his charger's hooves which sank a few inches more with every step.

Gaston had heard rumours of the will-o'-the-wisps that could lure travellers away from the safe paths to perish in bottomless marshes or lead them to their doom in the lairs of mighty forest beasts. Turning his horse around, the knight rode back to firmer ground.

The trees gave way to a grassy glade and something large flew overhead, slow silent wing beats sending buffeting

gusts against the knight. Glancing upwards Gaston glimpsed for a moment a silhouette against the shining white face of the moon, like a moth against a candle flame - then it was gone.

A high-pitched, musical laugh echoed between the trees. Scanning the glade, the knight could see nothing. Then, like a chuckling brook, the laughter came to Gaston's ears again and this time he caught sight of a slender creature skipping through the waist-high grass. Clad only in a shimmering, gown the maiden was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. Her waist-length hair shone like silver in the moonlight and as she turned to face him, a seductive smile playing on her lips, he saw her violet eyes sparkle.

As he watched, other Elf-women emerged from the forest into the glade. Gaston was bewitched by their unearthly beauty: their fine features, their ivory skin and their slender, alluring bodies. He started to forget who he was and where he was going.

In a sudden moment of lucid clarity Gaston realised what was happening. Forcing himself to remember the purpose of his mission the knight set his mind once more towards reaching the court of the Wood Elves. Resisting the charms of the forest maidens by sheer strength of will, King Louis' messenger pressed on, no longer distracted by the otherworldly temptresses, not even when they brushed softly past him and he felt their fragrant kisses blowing on his cheek. Gaston guided his horse through the glade back into the all-enveloping woods and the maidens vanished like dreams with the coming of dawn.

Gaston slowly became aware of a far off crashing, like the snapping of thick branches and the sound of trees being uprooted. He reacted instantly by reaching for his sword, his hand hovering over it, fingertips touching the hilt, but stopped himself. He could not act in a hostile manner, he was supposed to be bringing a message of peace to the forest. Gripping the reins even tighter and keeping his head facing only forwards, the knight did his best to pay no heed to the sounds of monstrous things bearing down on him.

Suddenly Gaston found himself assailed from all directions by shrieking sylvan spirits. Whip-like lashing limbs cracked the air in front and behind, whirling tangles of thorn swept close to his horse's flanks and gnarled, wooden fingers, each as long as a man's arm, grabbed for him, watched by eyes staring out from knots in the bark of mighty oaks.

Gaston dug his spurred heels into the charger's sides. With a whinny the horse broke into a gallop, jumping fallen logs and crashing through the bracken ground cover in its flight. His heart beating at the same steady rate, the knight remained calm, determined not to be discouraged from his quest by the supernatural guardians of the haunted forest.

The knight's horse, however, did not share its master's resolve. A great tree trunk leg was suddenly planted directly in the path of the charger as a lumbering oak stomped towards the intruders. Gaston's mount shied and reared before bolting away from the Treeman. Hanging half out of the saddle, the knight clung on to the charger's mane for dear life.

A screen of leafy boughs parted and the Mage Queen of Loren glided silently into the arbour of the Council Glade. Her vast moth wings glittered in a myriad of colours as the shafts of sunlight caught every gleaming scale. Even in her

terrifying war aspect Ariel was possessed of an otherworldly beauty.

She was followed by a dishevelled-looking character who staggered into the clearing, blinking in the trailing stardust shower that fell from her scintillating iridescent body. The man was obviously a human knight although his armour was tarnished with swamp slime and his once fine cloak was muddled and torn. His helmet was missing and his hair was a tousled mess. The knight also came on foot, humbled by the loss of his steed.

Ariel descended gently to the glade floor. As she did so she visibly diminished in height, becoming as tall as any other She-Elf. Her wings folded, shrinking as they did so, seeming to become part of her regal robes. Transformed back from her sylph-form as Isha, Ariel became again the Queen in the Wood, the most stunning of Elven women.

In the shady cool Gaston took in the breath-taking scene, his mouth agape in wonder. The Council Glade itself was formed by a circle of massive, ancient oaks but they were not like any trees the Bretonnian had ever seen. It was as if the trunks and branches had twined together as they grew, forming a maze of galleries and pathways through the treetops in which the Wood Elves now dwelt. Every tree was festooned with dangling creepers, verdant foliage and wild white roses.

A feather-robed figure, who Gaston took to be a mage, stood before a young oak, singing an eerie, lilting chant, never seeming to pause for breath. It was as if he were singing directly to the tree. And as the bewildered knight watched, the oak's supple branches gently twisted and bent in response to the mage's weird melody, new green buds thrusting from the hardening, brown skin with every cadence.

Other mages and Elven nobility thronged the glade, richly-dressed in incredible costumes fashioned from nothing but plant-spun threads and what Athel Loren provided in the way of leaves and soft ferns. The chieftains, as well as being adorned with jewellery of polished walnut and mahogany beads, wore badges or heirlooms marking out their status and the kindred to which they belonged.

In one corner of the great glade a band of Elven youths performed elaborate dances of the utmost physical complexity, relating the renowned fables of their culture through their dramatic movements. Not far from them a feral-looking Elf lavished care and attention on a dozing, sabre-toothed tiger.

It was apparent to the knight that the Elven folk of Athel Loren lived in complete harmony with the trees, plants and animals of the forest, totally in tune with their environment. He was truly awe-struck by the Wood Elves' affinity with nature. And then his gaze fell upon the lord of this magical, unspoiled domain.

Orion, King in the Wood, sat upon a throne at the edge of the glade. The living wood had been carved with depictions of Wood Elves feasting, dancing and fighting. He was incredibly handsome, his noble features belying a wisdom acquired over generations beyond measure. Ariel took her place on the ornate throne next to her husband's. The sight of these two wondrous and awesome beings only made the knight all the more of his own failings and insignificance. Before the immaculate Wood Elves, Gaston was also reminded of his own bedraggled appearance.

The Queen turned her piercing eyes on Gaston. 'My lord,' she said sweetly, addressing Orion, 'the human has been tested and found to be noble of heart and true of purpose.

Even when beset by our plant-brethren he resisted the urge to draw his weapon. He requests to speak with the King in the Wood on behalf of his liege, a king among men.'

Overcoming his exhaustion, Gaston prepared to address the sovereign lord of the Wood Elves. He bowed low before the King and Queen, enthroned in all their mystic glory.

'Your majesty, let me first offer my most sincere apologies for entering your presence in such a sorry condition,' Gaston began, surreptitiously brushing the moss from his clothes.

A wry smile had appeared on Orion's face. 'Arise, sir knight, and be welcome here,' he said, his voice a rich baritone in contrast to the other Elves. 'Perhaps it is I who should be apologising to you.'

'Surely not, my liege,' Gaston interjected.

Orion threw back his head and laughed, shaking his mane of hair. 'You have been watched since you entered our realm. As you rode over the heathland, riders mounted on great birds of prey circled high in the sky above you. In the woods, Scouts concealed themselves in the bushes to watch you, and in the forest spied on you from the trees.'

Orion's voice, deep and booming, had a certain quality about it that made Gaston think of a lion roaring. 'I know that to your kind our behaviour is not easy to comprehend but to us the ways of man seem disturbing and cruel. Man destroys where we create and nurture. You try to dominate the land, to bind it with roads and weigh it down with buildings, while we wish only to live in harmony with nature, and share its beauty and munificence. This land is our home, and we shall let none despoil it.'

'But come tell us, why did you brave such perils to gain an audience with the King and Queen in the Wood?' Ariel enquired.

'I, Gaston de Galliard, come bearing salutations from Louis, King of all Bretonnia. And as well as greetings I bring the offer of eternal friendship from my people and am charged to entreat your most royal highnesses to join in an alliance with the kingdom of Bretonnia.'

Orion and Ariel listened attentively as the king's messenger outlined the proposals for the peace treaty. His speech over, the knight bowed again.

'Thank you, Sir Gaston,' Orion rumbled. 'We shall retire to consider your proposals. While you await our decision, you may care to enjoy our hospitality. We have prepared a feast in your honour, and my people will no doubt be entertained by tales from the land of men.'

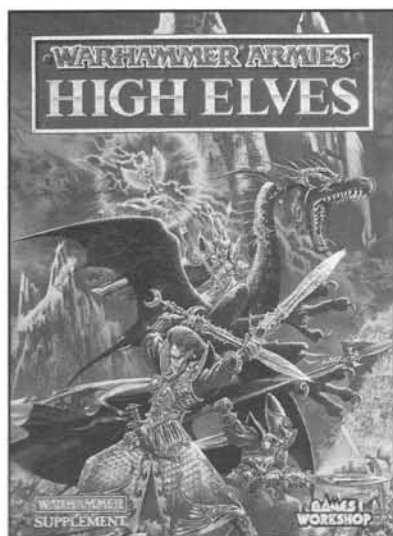
Rising from her throne Ariel took Gaston by the arm and led him out of the glade, darting a savage smile at her husband. 'When you have eaten and rested we will talk further, for it is obvious that we have much to discuss.'

As the exhausted knight allowed himself to be led away, he couldn't help wondering what had happened to all the other knights who had ventured into the Forest of Loren on the same quest as himself, never to be seen again. He was sure the Wood Elves knew, but realised it would be impolitic to ask. By some combination of fate and circumstance, he, Gaston, had succeeded where so many others had failed, and his name would be immortalised in the history of his people for ever more.

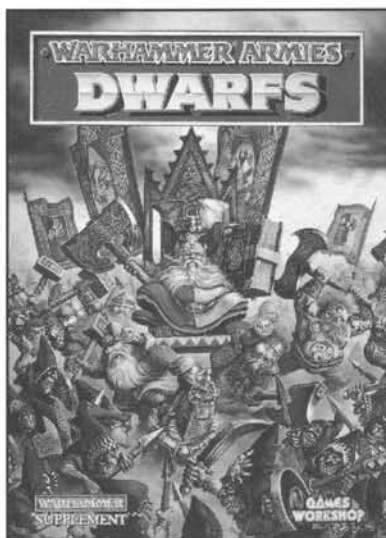
WARHAMMER®



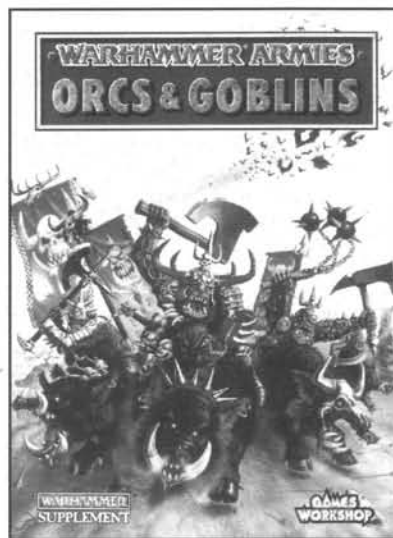
In Warhammer - the game of fantasy battles - mighty armies clash in mortal combat. This boxed set contains all you need to get started in the Warhammer hobby, including rulebook, Battle book (detailing the myriad fantastic races and creatures which populate the Warhammer world), card templates, quick reference cards, dice and two superb sets of finely crafted plastic Citadel miniatures.



High Elves are the most powerful sorcerers and warriors in the Warhammer world. This indispensable Warhammer supplement describes the land of Ulthuan and the armies of the High Elves in detail.



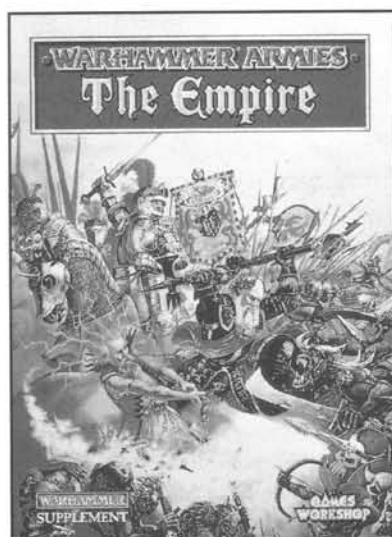
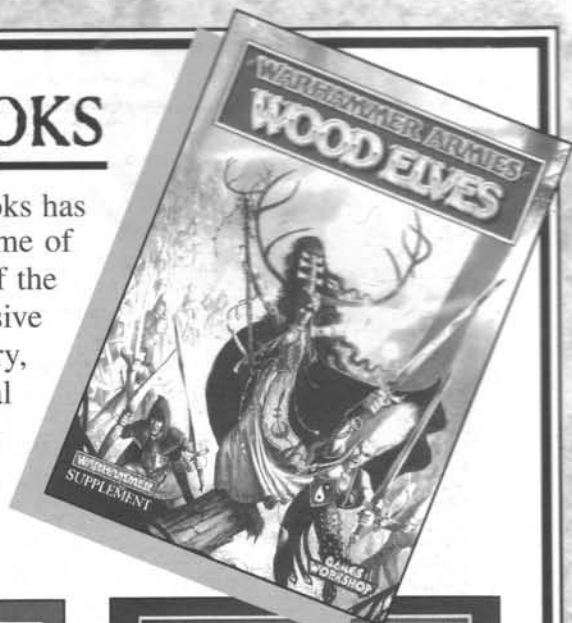
Dwarfs are skilful and determined warriors. This Warhammer Armies book describes the armies and war machines of the Dwarfs and includes a detailed history of this hardy and unforgiving race.



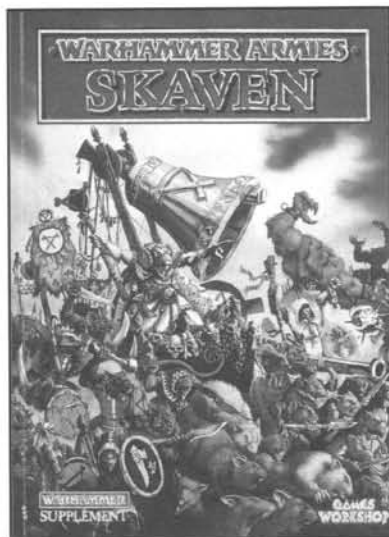
Orcs and Goblins wreak havoc amongst the realms of men. This invaluable companion to the Warhammer game of fantasy battles describes the armies of Orcs and Goblins in complete and colourful detail.

WARHAMMER® ARMIES BOOKS

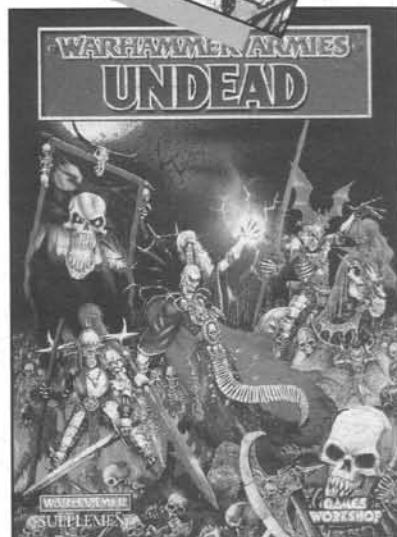
The ever-expanding series of Warhammer Armies books has been designed to complement Warhammer - the game of fantasy battles. Each book deals exclusively with one of the major races of the Old World, and contains extensive background and history information, maps, bestiary, special rules, war machines and colour 'Eavy Metal pages. At the heart of each book is a complete army list, including a selection of special characters, which enables you to select your forces and assemble your army ready to take on your enemies.



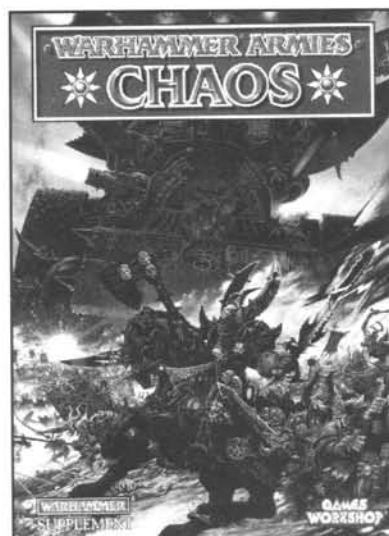
The Empire is the largest realm in the Old World. This volume describes the lands and history of the Empire, and details its troops and mighty war machines.



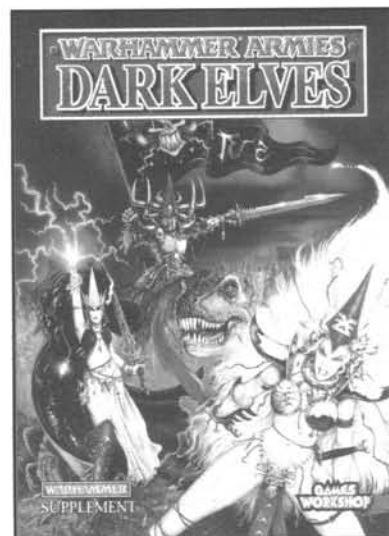
The vile and malevolent Skaven spread decay from their sprawling capital of Skavenblight. This armies book describes the history and armies of the evil Skaven.



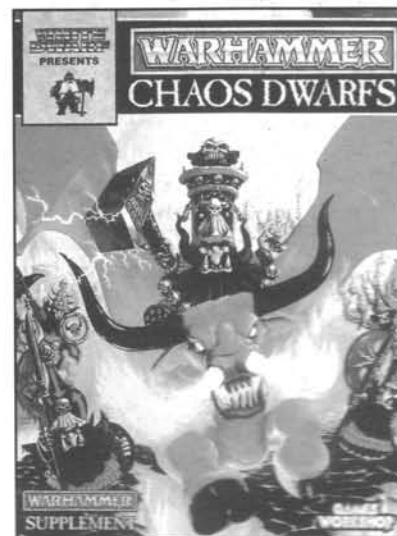
The Undead hate all living creatures, and are terrible and tireless foes. This volume describes the armies and heroes of the dead, including the great Necromancer Nagash.



Warhammer Armies Chaos is a boxed set containing a complete 88 page rulebook in addition to over a hundred cards detailing spells, chaos gifts and rewards.



In the far north, Malekith the Witch King gathers his forces and plots his invasion of the Old World. This book describes the history and troops of the Dark Elves.



Chaos Dwarfs are the foul inhabitants of the Dark Lands. This book is a compilation of Chaos Dwarf articles from White Dwarf magazine, including a full army list.



COLLECTING YOUR WOOD ELF ARMY



After you have read through the Wood Elf book you are bound to be eager to collect your Wood Elf army. A good start is to collect a few core units first. Core units are the very backbone of your army, the basic blocks of troops which you can then expand upon to create an even larger force.

Generally it is a good idea to collect your army in small manageable steps. An army of around 1,000 points is an ideal starting point, since it is small enough to assemble and paint quickly and still gives you a battle-worthy force.

On the page overleaf we've worked out a 1,000 point army that would provide the core units around which to build a larger army. The only model you must include in your army is the General, and so he is often the first model to be bought. Army Generals are normally mounted and make fine centrepieces for your army whichever model you choose. With your General firmly in command, you can now move on to your core units. These are the essential troops of your army. Wood Elf armies excel at archery and units of archers are always high on the

recruiting list for any prospective Wood Elf commander. Another ideal choice of core unit are Glade Guards. These Elven spearmen are an essential part of the army capable of holding the line against almost any foe.



Once you have your core units in place, you can begin to look at some of the more exotic regiments which characterise the Wood Elf army. In some cases, you may feel that you wish to expand the basic core units you already have, twice the number of archers for example.

However, to gain more variety in our force we have used some of the special aspects available to the Wood Elf army. We have included a unit of Glade Riders for their speed and mobility, and a unit of the deadly Wardancers, along with a unit of Dryads to lend a savage and feral aspect to the army.



A 1,000 point Wood Elf army ready for painting

WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET

| Models/Unit | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Save | Notes | Point Value |
|--|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|------|-------------------------------------|-------------|
| CEDYEUS — General of the Glades Wood Elf General, light armour, lance | 5 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 9 | 4 | 10 | 5+ | +2 S on charge | 167 |
| Elven steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 | | | |
| 5 Glade Riders Elven steed shield, light armour and spear led by Cedyeus | 5 9 | 4 3 | 4 0 | 3 3 | 3 3 | 1 1 | 7 4 | 1 1 | 8 5 | 4+ | +1 S on charge | 165 |
| 8 Wardancers two hand weapons | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 | 6+ | 5+ save against hand-to-hand wounds | 160 |
| 10 Archers including Horn Blower and Standard Bearer, led by Cthclain Longbow | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 | none | | 132 |
| CTHCLAIN Champion Longbow | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 2 | 8 | none | | 51 |
| 10 Glade Guards including Horn Blower, Standard bearer and Leader, light armour, shields, spears, | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 | 5+ | | 132 |
| 5 Dryads | 5 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 8 | 5+ | None | 175 |

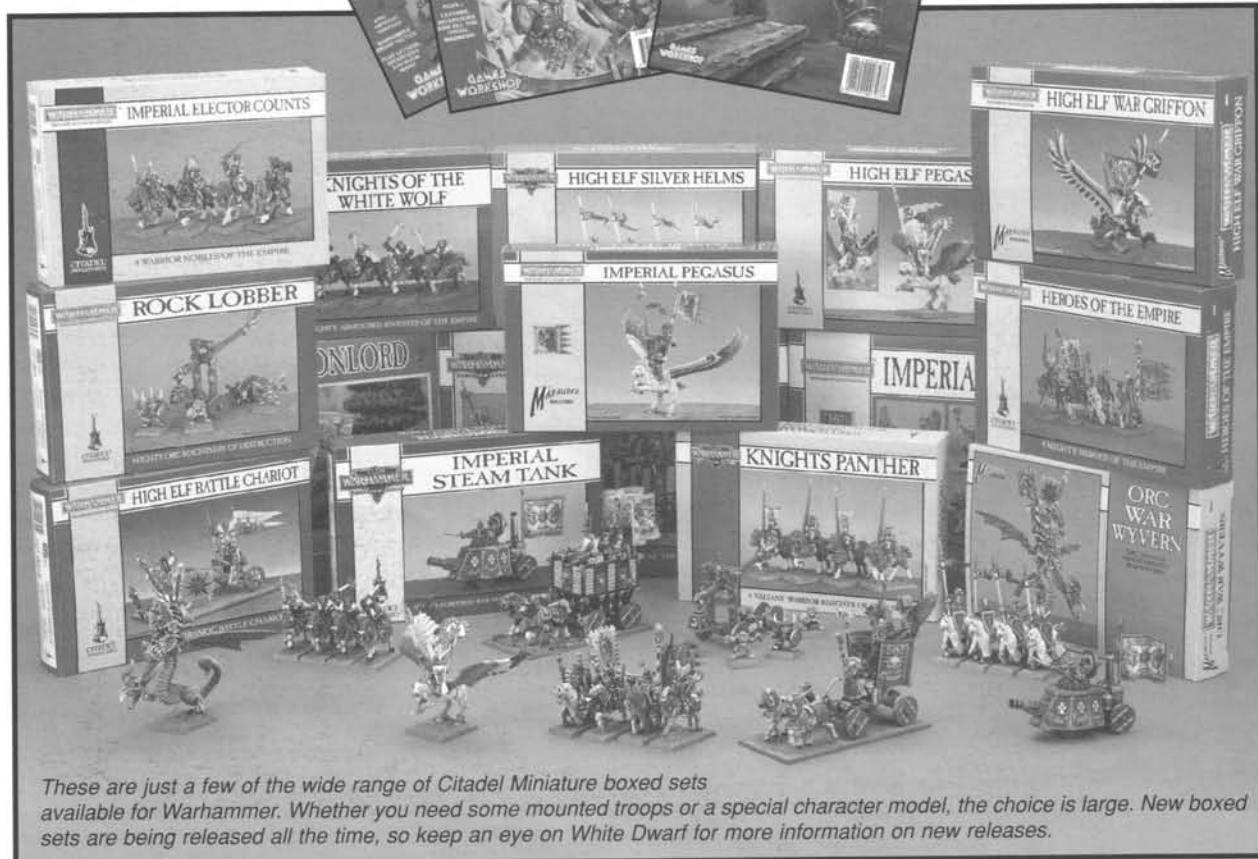


CITADEL® MINIATURES

WARHAMMER FANTASY RANGE

There is a huge range of Citadel Miniatures available for your Warhammer games. Each army is fully represented with all the troop types you could need. This massive range is available in boxed sets and blister packs which is an easy way to build up your

own army. Many people start off with a small force adding more models as they go along. The range of Citadel Miniatures available are shown in the current catalogue called the Citadel annual. Details of all new releases can be found in White Dwarf, the monthly Games Workshop magazine.



These are just a few of the wide range of Citadel Miniature boxed sets available for Warhammer. Whether you need some mounted troops or a special character model, the choice is large. New boxed sets are being released all the time, so keep an eye on White Dwarf for more information on new releases.

Collecting your own army is easy. Games Workshop products are available all over the world. You can find them in our own stores and through specialist hobby stores who stock Games Workshop games and miniatures.

If you have any difficulty in finding exactly what you want, you can contact us at these addresses where we'll be more than happy to help.

Games Workshop
Chewton Street, Hilltop,
Eastwood, Nottingham
NG16 3HY.
Tel: 01773 713213

Games Workshop Inc
3431 - C Benson Avenue,
Baltimore, Maryland
21227-1072. U.S.A.
Tel: 001 410 644 1400

Games Workshop
Unit 7, 7-9 Kent Road,
(Cnr Church), Mascot,
NSW 2020, Australia.
Tel: 006 123 172 755

Games Workshop
1645 Bonhill Road, Units 9 - 11,
Mississauga, Ontario,
Canada, L5T 1R3.
Tel: 001 905 795 2962

GLADE RIDERS



WOOD ELF GLADE RIDER

We've chosen to include a starting unit of just five Glade Riders, the minimum size unit allowed in the army list. When selecting a Glade Rider unit there is a great deal of choice that can be made. Our unit of five armoured Glade Riders are armed with spears, ideal for running down enemy regiments.



Finally we've added our Wood Elf General to this unit to make it an even more potent force on the battlefield.



WOOD ELF ARMY GENERAL

| PROFILE | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | LD |
|--------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| General | 5 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 9 | 4 | 10 |
| Glade Riders | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 1 | 8 |
| Elven Steed | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 |

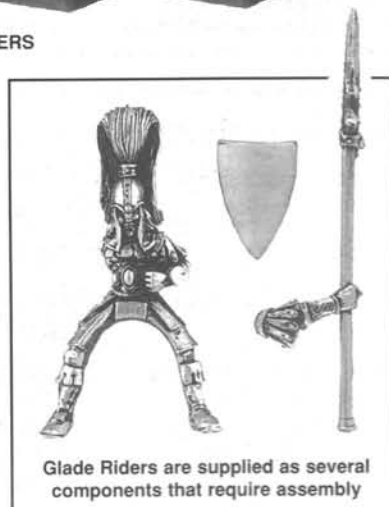


THE ARMY GENERAL LEADING A UNIT OF GLADE RIDERS

Giving mounted warriors armour and shields increases their ability to survive attack, while their spears give them an added strength bonus when they charge. A great addition to this unit would be to give the Elven Steeds barding to increase their survivability even more.

An alternative to this armoured unit would be to just arm a unit of Glade Riders with longbows. Mounted archers that can also skirmish are ideal for harassing enemy units. Later on when you come to expand a unit like this it would be great to include a

musician and a standard bearer, and your points may even stretch to include a magic standard for the unit, or magic weapon for your General.



Glade Riders are supplied as several components that require assembly

WOOD ELF ARCHERS



WOOD ELF ARCHERS

Wood Elf archers form the backbone of the army, and are renowned for their deadly accuracy. Wood Elf archers may shoot up to 36" with their longbows, enabling them to cover large areas of the battlefield with lethal volleys of arrows. Archers are best deployed in long lines that allow the maximum number to fire at the enemy. A standard bearer is useful in case the archers are forced into hand-to-hand combat, since their

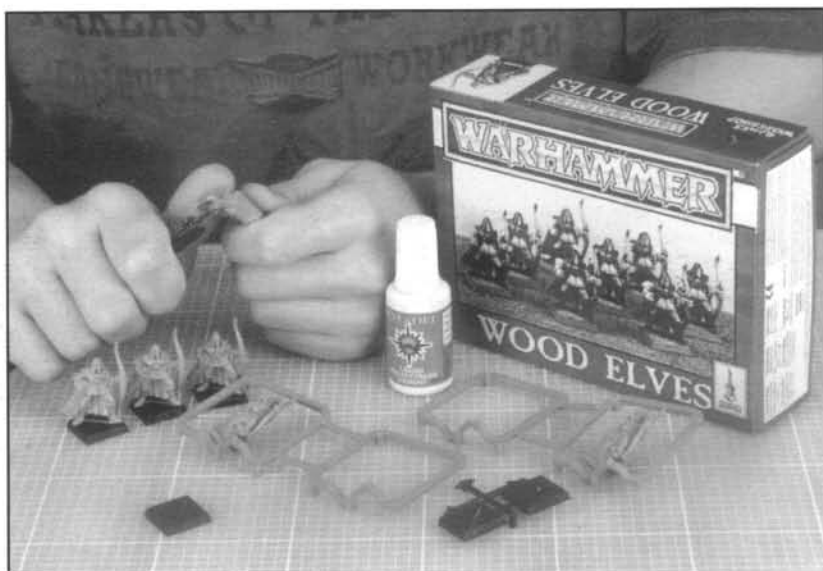
tendency to adapt a wide formation compromises any rank bonus they may have. The Champion model is a useful addition to the unit, great for his fighting abilities and able to use magic items if there are sufficient points available.



For our Archer unit we decided to take eight archers and a Command Group.

A unit this size is one of the easiest to collect, as it is simply a boxed set of plastic Wood Elf archers combined with a Command Group blister pack.

It would be a simple matter to expand the unit later on by buying another boxed set of archers, or with blister packs of metal archers. Once you have bought your miniatures, you will need to remove the plastic archers from their sprues and glue them to their bases. It's always a good idea to undercoat your miniatures with white paint before painting them, as this makes the paint easier to apply. Your local Games Workshop stockist will have everything you require.



ASSEMBLING A BOXED SET OF PLASTIC WOOD ELF ARCHERS



| PROFILE | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | LD |
|----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Archer | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |
| Champion | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 2 | 8 |



A UNIT OF WOOD ELF ARCHERS INCLUDING A CHAMPION, STANDARD BEARER AND HORN BLOWER

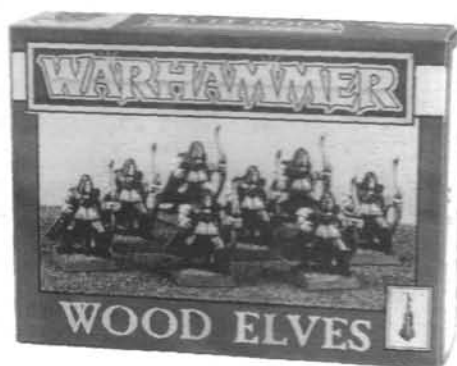
WOOD ELVES



WOOD ELF COMMAND BLISTER PACK

We are constantly adding new metal and plastic models to the Citadel miniature range. Models can be purchased in either blister packs or boxed sets from your local Games Workshop stockist.

To give you some idea of the models available we've illustrated below a selection from our metal Wood Elf Command and Archer range.



WOOD ELF PLASTIC ARCHER BOXED SET



WOOD ELF ARCHER



WOOD ELF ARCHER



WOOD ELF STANDARD BEARER



WOOD ELF ARCHER



WOOD ELF ARCHER



WOOD ELF CHAMPION



WOOD ELF STANDARD BEARER



WOOD ELF HORN BLOWER



WOOD ELF ARCHER

WOOD ELF SHIELD DESIGNS

There are a wide variety of Wood Elf transfer sheets available. Each one includes many designs in different colours and sizes for you to decorate your models with.



GLADE GUARDS

Glade Guards are a core unit of the Wood Elf army able to hold and defend key positions on the battlefield. Their armament allows the



entire first two ranks of the unit to fight in hand-to-hand combat provided the unit does not charge that turn. You can boost your unit's morale with a standard, musician or a character if your points can stretch that far.

Larger units benefit from the rank bonus. A unit of twenty formed into four ranks of five will give you a +3 combat bonus in hand-to-hand combat, so it's well worth building up your unit once you have enough points. A unit armed with shields, light armour and spears can provide one of the heaviest units available to the Wood Elf army.



WOOD ELF GLADE GUARD

| PROFILE | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | LD |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Glade Guard | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |



A UNIT OF GLADE GUARDS
INCLUDING A STANDARD BEARER AND HORN BLOWER

Banners and shield designs provide a great opportunity to give each unit its own colourful identity. Wood Elf transfers and banners are available from your local Games Workshop stockist, although you could have a go at painting your own using the ones shown in this book as a guideline.

WOLF BLOOD

AN EXAMPLE OF A TYPICAL WOOD ELF BANNER

We've started off with a unit of ten Glade Guards since this is an easy number to collect and paint. Starting off with a smaller unit means you can have it ready for the battlefield even quicker and gives you the freedom to expand the unit later.

This unit can be collected from just three blister packs: two Glade Guards and one Wood Elf Command Group. For the time being we've chosen to miss out the Champion from the Command Group blister pack. He can be added later on if you want to enlarge the unit. You might decide to include the leader model as a Champion for your unit or as an independent hero. In our example unit we have used a normal Glade Guard as the leader.

We chose to collect Glade Guards wearing cloaks to give this unit a unified appearance. Giving your units a consistent look helps you to identify them on the battlefield and looks great. As an alternative to cloaks you may want to choose Glade Guards that all wear hoods or helmets or even model extra bits on to your miniatures. After you have chosen your models you can decide on the colour scheme for the unit. The colour pages in this book illustrate some of the colour schemes used by the Wood Elves. Once the first 1,000 points have been collected it would be great to expand this unit to a more menacing size of twenty or thirty spearmen, include a Champion or add a magic standard.

WARDANCERS



WOOD ELF WARDANCER

Wardancers are one of the most deadly units available to a Wood Elf commander.

Infamous throughout the Old World for the ferocity and speed of their attacks, Wardancers are rightly feared by all the enemies of the Wood Elves. The unique abilities of the Wardancers allow them to move through friendly units or over enemy units, making them ideal for launching savage surprise attacks.



WOOD ELF WARDANCER BLISTER PACK

| PROFILE | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | LD |
|-----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Wardancer | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |



A UNIT OF WOOD ELF WARDANCERS

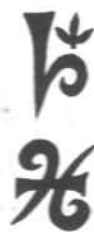
Once you have collected a few core units for your army it's a good idea to add a unit of Wardancers. A unit of eight of these deadly Elven warriors is an excellent start for your army. We've collected this unit from just two blister packs. Later on when you expand your army you might like



to add more Wardancers to your unit and include a Champion. A Wardancer Champion can utilise all of the special attacks and movement rules that normal Wardancers can, and can be made even more formidable with a magic item. A deadly opponent indeed!

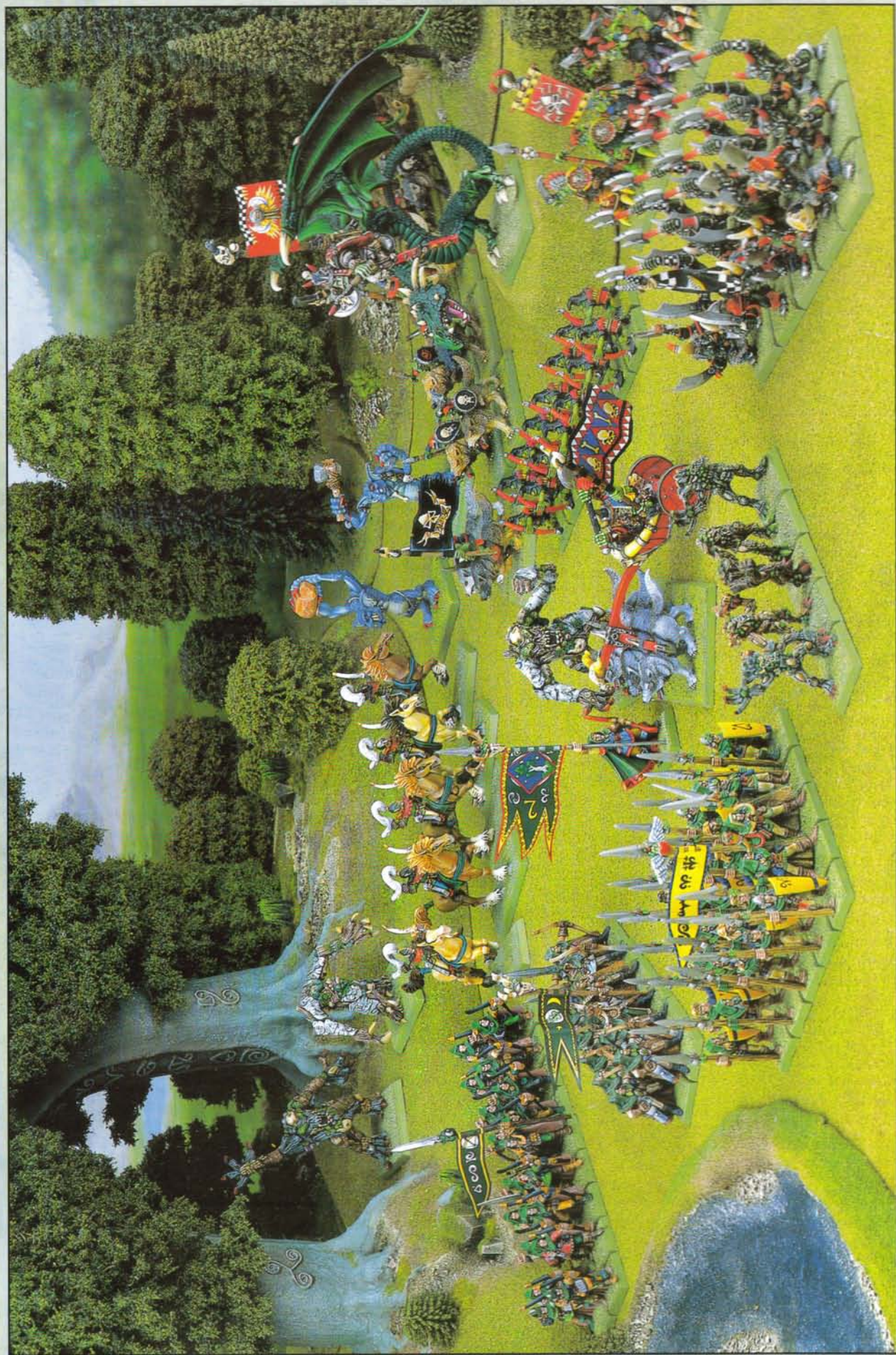
WOOD ELF TALISMANIC WAR PAINT

The colourful markings and colour schemes of the Wardancers make them an interesting unit to paint. It is common practice amongst the Wood Elves of Loren to mark their bodies with talismanic war paint before battle. Shown below are just a few examples of the magical symbols, runes and sacred spirals used.



WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET

[illegible]



A CUNNING WOOD ELF AMBUSH REPELS THE INVADING ORC HORDE.

WARHAMMER[®] ARMIES

WOOD ELVES

The Wood Elves are among the most ancient inhabitants of the Old World. Their secret realm deep in the Forest of Loren has remained hidden and free for centuries. Tirelessly the Scouts and Way Watchers guard the forest and no enemies have ever been able to conquer their land. The Wood Elves have tamed the savage beasts and giant birds of prey and befriended the strange Treemen and Dryads who dwell in the forest. Their rulers are able to shape-shift into demi-gods to strike dread into the hearts of their foes.

THE FOREST REALM OF ATHEL LOREN

A description and history of the hidden and mysterious forest realm of Athel Loren and the immortal King and Queen of the Wood Elves.

SPECIAL RULES

The Bestiary describes the unique warriors of the Wood Elves and the strange creatures of the forest including Wardancers, Scouts, Warhawk Riders, Great Eagles, Treemen and Dryads.

ARMY LIST

A complete army list for the Wood Elves including Charioteers, Glade Riders, Warhawk Riders, Scouts, Wardancers, Glade Guards, Archers, Treemen and Dryads. A separate section introduces some of the awesome characters of the forest realm including Orion and Ariel in the aspects of Kurnous and Isha, Thalador Doomstar, Lothlann the Brave, Sceolan, Wychwethyl the Wild, Scarloc, Gruarth the Beastmaster, Skaw the Falconer, Durthu the Treeman and the Dryad Drycha.

'EAVY METAL

Colour photographs of the Wood Elf army painted by Games Workshop's 'Eavy Metal team plus a colour map of the forest realm of Athel Loren.

ISBN 1 872372 45 7



5 011921 001385 >

Games Workshop Ltd.,
Chewton Street,
Hilltop, Eastwood,
Nottingham,
NG16 3HY
England.

Games Workshop Ltd.,
Unit 7/ 7-9 Kent Road,
(Cnr Church), Mascot,
NSW 2020, Australia.

Games Workshop Ltd.,
3431-C Benson Avenue,
Baltimore, Maryland,
21227-1072, USA.

Games Workshop Ltd.,
1645 Bonhill Road,
Units 9-11,
Mississauga,
Ontario,
Canada, L5T 1R3.



MADE IN THE U.K.



PRODUCT
CODE
0138

Citadel and the Citadel Castle, Games Workshop and Warhammer are all registered trademarks of Games Workshop Ltd.
Way Watchers, Wardancers, Glade Guards, and Glade Riders are all trademarks of Games Workshop Ltd.
The exclusive copyright in the contents of this package is the property of Games Workshop Ltd © 1996. All rights reserved.

GAMES WORKSHOP[®]