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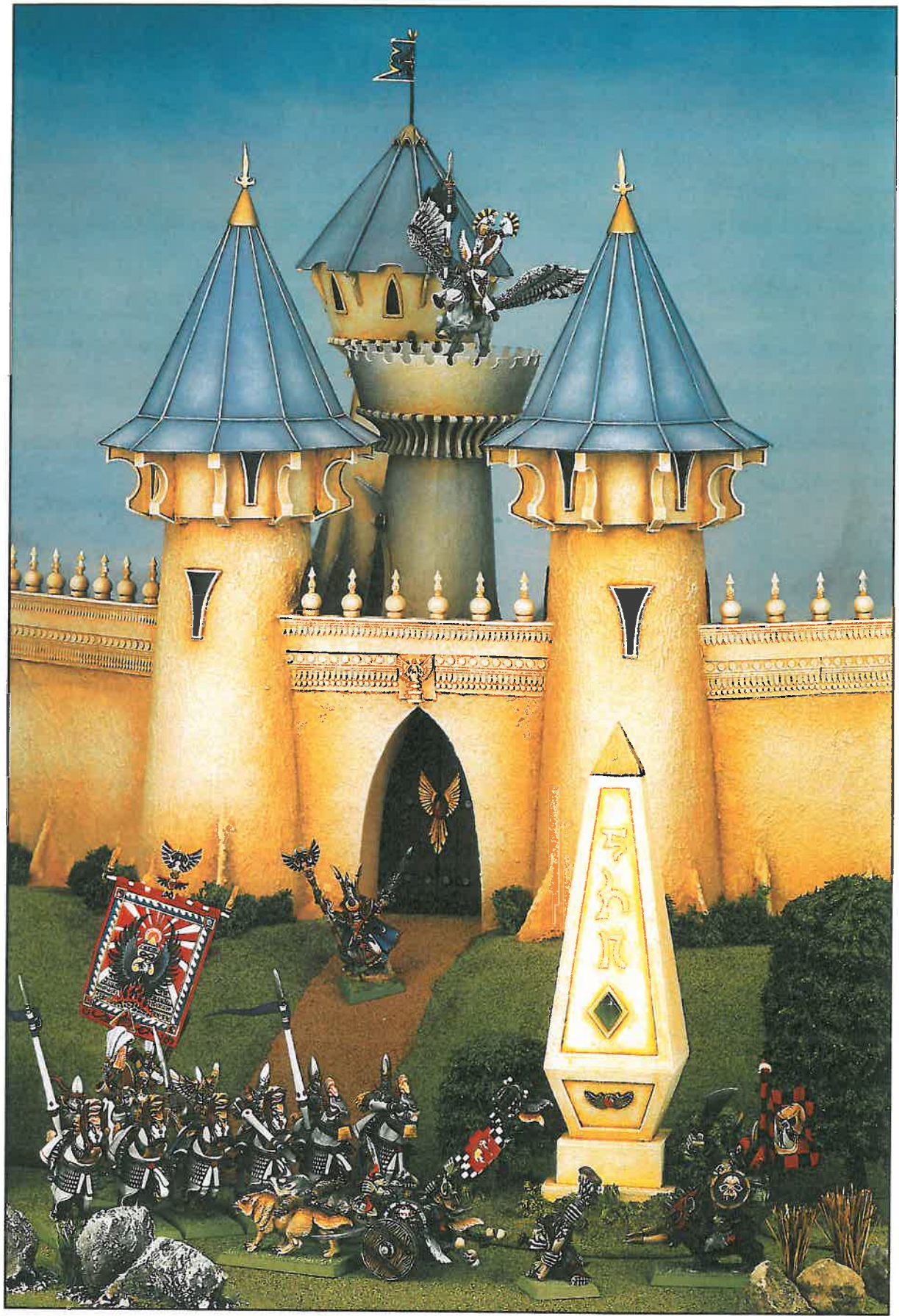
High Elves

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High Loremaster Teclis rushes to aid in the defence of a High Elf Citadel

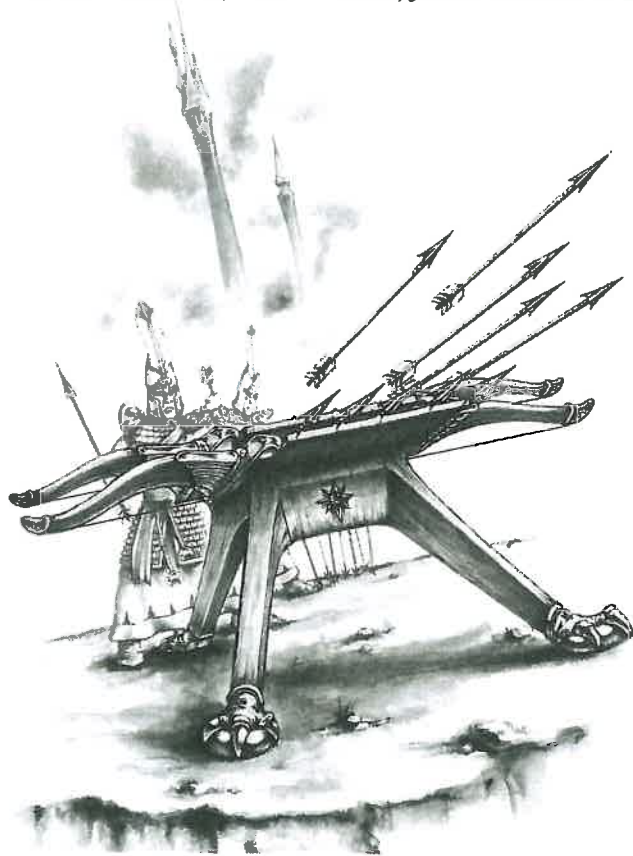
WARHAMMER® ARMIES

HIGH ELVES

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

ISBN: 1 872372 21 X. 2nd Edition. (ISBN 1 872372 63 5. 1st Edition)

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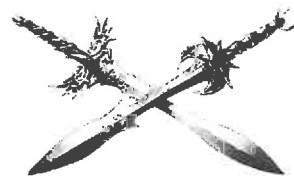
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THE HIGH ELVES

Elves are the oldest and most civilised race on the known world. The birth place of their race, the island realm of Ulthuan, has a recorded history going back over 8,000 years. Their great ships dominate the sea-lanes from the Old World to Cathay and their armies command grudging respect from even their most bitter foes.

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

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

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



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





THE LAND OF ULTHUAN

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

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

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

The mountains are riven with magic because Ulthuan itself acts as focal point for the winds of magical energy

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE KINGDOMS OF ULTHUAN

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

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



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

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

THE INNER KINGDOMS

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

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

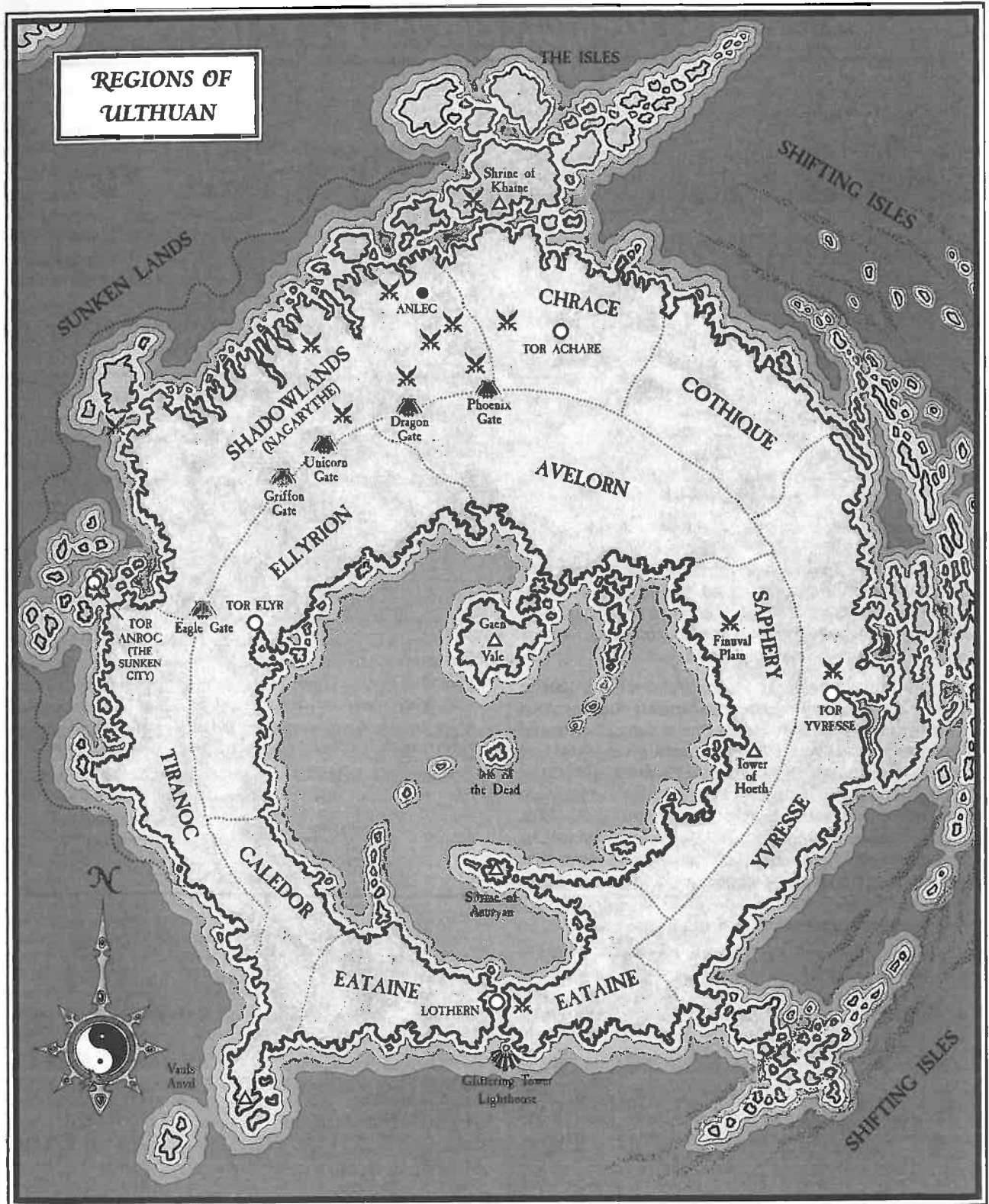
EATAINE

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

Approaching Lothorn the first thing a mariner sees is the Glittering Tower, a great lighthouse filled with thousands of lamps, situated on a rocky isle in the mouth of the treacherous waters of the Straits of Lothorn. This titanic fortress guards the approach to the Emerald Gate, the first sea-gate of Lothorn. Any attackers approaching the Emerald Gate can easily be caught in a crossfire between the great war engines in the Glittering Tower and those on the Gate. The sight of these great bastions gives any would-be attacker just pause for thought.

Guided by an Elf pilot the ship then passes through the Emerald Gate, a great fortified arch filled with war machines and the cloaked spearmen and archers of the Lothorn Sea Guard. Two gigantic valves of carved bronze set with monstrous emeralds bar the way but as the ship approaches they smoothly swing back through the churning waters to reveal the Straits of Lothorn. The craft passes down a wide channel between sheer cliffs lined with castles, ramparts and defences, before





Ulthuan is immense in size, a great colossus resting in the Western Ocean between Old and New Worlds. The shape of the island-continent can be likened to a great hollow ring. The Outer Kingdoms lie on the shores of the mighty ocean, while the Inner Kingdoms circle the Inner Sea.

The mighty Annullii Mountains separate the Inner and Outer Kingdoms. These mountains are practically impossible to cross save through the great fortified passes and tunnels guarded by massive gates. These gates were built during the rule of Caledor the Conqueror. They are not merely gates by mighty garrisons and military bases, and none of them has ever been taken by an enemy.

passing through the second portal, a gate of shining silver set with sapphires the size of a man's head. Beyond the Sapphire Gate lies a huge lagoon ringed around with the shining towers of Lothern.

The city fans upwards from the coast, its white towers climbing gracefully into the foothills of the distant mountains. Bobbing at anchor are thousands of vessels ranging from the trading ships of the merchant princes to the fanciful pleasure barges of the people of Lothern and the sleek, deadly warships of the High Elf fleet. The city of Lothern is not simply built around the lagoon; at some points artificial islands have been built within its waters. On these rest great palaces, temples and storehouses forming an intricate network of canals. Towering two hundred foot-high statues of the Phoenix King and the Everqueen face each other across the mouth of the bay and around the harbour are other great statues of the Elf Gods: Asuryan, Lileath, Kurnous, Isha and many others.

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

THE INNER SEA

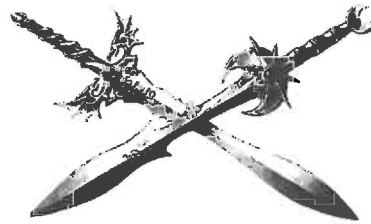
The area known as the Inner Sea is divided into the eastern Sea of Dreams and the western Sea of Dusk. The waters here are magically calm and peaceful. Trading ships from the Inner Kingdoms ply these placid waters bearing horses from Ellyrion and the magical wares of Saphery to Lothern and returning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

Once a year the sacred white barges of the Phoenix King and the Everqueen ply the waters to their respective shrines. These stately craft are an awe-inspiring sight, each carved from the bole of single great ironwood tree. Each ship is built for the coronation of the ruler and on his or her death bears them off to the Isle of the Dead to rest at last with the ancient rulers of Ulthuan. As the barges plough the blue waters nothing slows their stately progress, no wind fills their sails, no hand guides their tiller. They follow the lines of power that run through the Inner Sea to their destination. In times of great trouble, the ghostly outlines of the White Ships can be seen sailing the waters of the Inner Sea.

The Shrine of Asuryan, the Phoenix King, is located on the Island of the Flame due north of Lothern. Within this ancient pyramid the eternal fire of the phoenix burns. This pure white flame leaps from a great fountain of fire in the central chamber of the pyramid. The new king bathes in the fires when he is crowned, passing miraculously unscathed through the inferno before emerging to be clad in ceremonial white and gold coronation robes and to have the great feathered cloak of kingship draped around his shoulders. The shrine of Asuryan is guarded by the formidable warriors of the Phoenix Guard. During their term of service these

warriors take a vow to speak no word. They fight in a silence that is terrifying to their foes. After their term they never speak of the mysteries they have witnessed.

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



North of the Isle of the Dead is the shrine of the Earth Mother. Here is located the great cavern-temple of the Mother Goddess within which dwells her oracular priestesses. The temple is located in the Gaeon Vale, a long and beautiful valley, lined with wild apple trees and nourished by waterfalls and clear springs. Within the underground complex many mysterious rites take place which no male Elf is allowed to witness. Every Elf woman is expected to make a pilgrimage here once in her life. It is here that the Everqueen is crowned in a week-long ceremony.

CALEDOR

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

These mighty creatures made their lairs beneath the blazing peaks of the Dragon Spine Mountains. Nestled within these bleak volcanic highlands are fertile valleys filled with game plentiful enough to satisfy even the appetites of dragons. Here, long ago, came Caledor Dragontamer. This mighty High Mage bound the fearsome dragons to his will, using harnesses of enchanted truesteel smelted in the fiery heart of Vaul's Anvil. His descendants named their kingdom Caledor in his honour.

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



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

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

Caledor is also famous as the location of Vault's Anvil, fiercest of all volcanoes. On this blazing black island at the very tail of the Dragon Spine is the great shrine of Vault, god of smiths. His temple is to be found on a great tower of black adamant rising out of the steaming lava within the volcano's crater. The temple can only be approached over a narrow drawbridge of truesteel. Within this shrine the blind smiths of Vault forge weapons of power and devices of infinite cunning for use by the Elf Lords.

ELLYRION

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

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

The Horsemasters are proud and haughty. They are a wild, free-spirited people, quick-tempered as Elves go, and swift to avenge any stain on their honour. They are flamboyant and skilled riders, capable of performing staggering feats of archery and acrobatics on horseback. It is said that they learn to ride before they learn to walk, and this is almost true. While still very young each Ellyrian child is bonded to a specially selected foal. When they are older this chosen steed will bear its rider into battle. The loyalty of these horses to their masters is legendary. They stand over their riders while they sleep and watch for any danger.

The Ellyrian cavalry is constantly called to battle, for Ellyrion is one of the main areas that the Dark Elves of Naggaroth raid if they can get across the mountains. The Dark Elves often steal the black horses from the great herds to act as their steeds. As a consequence of this black horses have a bad reputation in Ellyrion. An Ellyrian mounted on a black horse can often find himself a prime target for Dark Elf attacks.

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

Tor Elyr is a beautiful city on the coast of the Sea of Dusk. It is built on a series of island castles linked by a web of silver bridges. Each castle is a palace, sculpted from the living rock of a peaked island. It is here that the dauntless cavalymen of Ellyrion rest when they return from their long sweeps through their embattled land.

AVELORN

North east of Ellyrion, across the river Arduil, lies the great Forest of Avelorn, most ancient of all the Elf realms. Upon its tangled groves ancient glammers lie and under its eaves creatures of legend still walk. The largest population of Treemen in the world tend their wild gardens of oak and suntree. Great Eagles nest in the enchanted hills, and Unicorns walk in its sun-dappled glades. The Elves that live here are a strange, fey breed

with more kinship to the Wood Elves of Athel Lothorn in the Old World than many in Ulthuan.

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

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

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

Avelorn is ruled by the Everqueen, the chosen of the Earth Mother, mistress of the undying forest, preserver of green fastness, observer of the rites of the golden

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

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

SAPHERY

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

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

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

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

For the High Elves long hair is a symbol of strength, power and nobility, a mark of a real warrior. Locks of hair are important talismans for the Elves. In the Elven legends the most powerful heroes always have long flowing hair. The White Lions of Chrace, who are reknown for their prodigious strength, take great pride of their hair that grows golden or jet-black. They weave iron cords into their long plaits so they will not be cut in the heat of the battle, as this would mean that he would become weak in the midst of war. All High Elf warriors decorate their hair with combs made of silver or gold, and decorated with bright gems like diamonds and rubies.

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

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

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

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

THE OUTER KINGDOMS

TIRANOC

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

In the dark time of the Sundering when the Dark Elves broke with the people of Ulthuan Tiranoc suffered grievously. Though close kin to those who would follow the dark paths the folk of Tiranoc remained loyal to their Elven heritage and paid a dreadful price. At the climax of the Wars of Sundering the Dark Elf mages unleashed such mighty magics and the High Elf mages responded with such mighty counter spells that the whole of northern Ulthuan was devastated.

The Shadowlands crumbled and disappeared below the hungry waves. The heartlands of Tiranoc were swamped by a succession of enormous tidal waves that drowned the plains and smashed the cities. Only the mountains were left above water, islands rising from the turbulent

waves. A few small towns clung to the slopes of the lower peaks. To the east was a thin strip of coast, all that remained of the sweeping plains of Tiranoc.

When the colonists returned from the New World they found their homeland drowned and their kinsmen dead. What had once been the greatest and most prosperous of Elf realms had effectively ceased to be. Saddened, many of the colonists returned to the New World. Others, unable to bear the grief, swore to remain in their homeland and rebuild it to its former glory. Over the millennia they have slowly done so, and now there are once more prosperous cities in the west, and although the folk are few in number, they are hardy. The new coast of the continent, although less fertile than the plains of old, has been planted and cultivated and once more chariots run along the coastal strip.

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

THE SHADOWLANDS

This dark and desolate region was once part of a mighty Elven Kingdom called Nagarythe. During the reign of the first Phoenix King, Aenarion held court here with his Queen, the sinister Morathi. The Elves of Nagarythe fought against Chaos for many long years until Aenarion finally triumphed and the land was freed from the perils of the Dark Gods. The desperate struggle hardened and embittered the Nagarythe, so that other Elves came to regard them as a cruel and bloodthirsty people. After Aenarion's death his son by Morathi, Malekith, inherited the Kingship of Nagarythe which land he ruled for many years until the time of the Sundering.

When Malekith rose against the rightful Phoenix King he led his warriors in a savage and destructive war. Eventually the tide of battle turned against him, and Malekith invoked the terrible spell which brought destruction upon the Kingdoms of the west. Much of Tiranoc was engulfed by the sea. Nagarythe was destroyed and its people fled with their evil master to the cold lands of the New World. They became the Dark Elves – evil kin to the High Elves of Ulthuan. Today what little remains of this once proud Kingdom is called the Shadowlands. It is uninhabited except by wanderers and beasts.

The mighty fortress of Anlec, from where both Aenarion and Malekith ruled the once proud people of Nagarythe, was destroyed during the Sundering. Since that time the Dark Elves have returned more than once to reclaim their ancient Kingdom, but each time they have been expelled by the High Elves. The ruins of Anlec have been refortified, fought over, and cast down again more than once, and even today they draw the Dark Elves back to the lands of their ancestors.

THE ISLES

The Isles of the North suffered most during the Wars of the Sundering. Here cataclysmic forces were unleashed that drowned the land and shattered the northern part of the continent. The remaining islands are tortured and twisted places, blasted by fire and death, and near lifeless. Such life that does survive is warped from contact with the pools and flows of dark magical energy left over from the war. Monsters, stirred from the lightless ocean depths by the sinking of the lands, sometimes come ashore here in search of prey.

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

Rising over the misty wilderness of the Blighted Isle, largest of the surviving islands, is the great shrine of Khaine the Elf war-god. This shrine has long been abandoned but it is still a place of great power and of deep significance to both the Elves and the Dark Elves. Both worship Khaine as a god and both claim his shrine.

The shrine itself is a massive black altar within which is embedded a weapon of power. Everyone who looks upon it sees a different weapon. Some see a spear, others a sword, others an axe. All agree that the weapon drips blood. The altar sits on a vast plain over which many battles have been fought. The bodies of the dead are left unburied, so the plain is covered in the bones and skulls of Elf and beast. Spirits of the dead drift over the battlefield locked in eternal battle. The mist itself is red-tinted and smells of blood. On certain nights all the ghosts do battle and the distant echoes of their screams and war-cries are born on the wind.



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

The Elves see Khaine as a god of unleashed violence. For them he is a dark god but a necessary one, for they live in a violent world and must be able to fight when called upon to do so. Khaine is part of every Elf soul, a part they would rather never have to confront, but a part that



they need. His murder lust is there to be used when danger threatens but it must be controlled and used wisely. Elf rituals of Khaine worship stress this need for control.

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

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

CHRACE AND COTHIQUE

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

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

The mountains of Chrace are the home of the fearsome white lions. These mighty beasts range the wilderness in search of living prey. To be counted a real hunter, an Elf of Chrace must hunt and kill one of them single-handed. The beast also gives its name to one of the most



legendary units in the service of the Kings of Ulthuan: the White Lions, a picked group of warriors who guard the person of the Phoenix King.

The founding of the White Lions dates back to the time of the bitter civil war with the Dark Elves when Caledor the First was recalled from hunting in Chrace to become the new Phoenix King. He was attacked by Dark Elf assassins on the road to Avelorn and was only just saved by the timely intervention of a party of Chracian hunters. They then fought their way past the Dark Elf patrols and back to the Inner Sea. Since then a unit of tough Chracian warriors has traditionally guarded the Phoenix King, resplendent in their white lion skins and armed with fearsome double-handed war axes.

Cothique is a coastal kingdom, peopled by shrewd and hardy seafolk. Their graceful vessels plough the turbulent northern waters in search of food and trading with distant lands. This is a highly dangerous area to sail in because the seas contain many monstrous creatures which were stirred up by the collapse of northern Ulthuan centuries ago - Kraken, huge shark-like megalodons, Behemoths and even the dread Black Leviathan are all commonly seen in the waters north of Ulthuan.

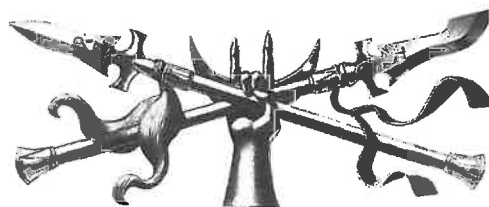
The sailors of Cothique actually seek out these monsters in great sea-hunts, matching their skills and the speed of their light craft against brute strength and animal cunning. The brunt of Norse raids from beyond the Old World also fall upon Cothique and the Elves of Cothique have been toughened by centuries of warfare with these fierce human warriors. The small harbours that line the rocky coast of Cothique hold many craft which double as warships in times of need.

YVRESSE

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

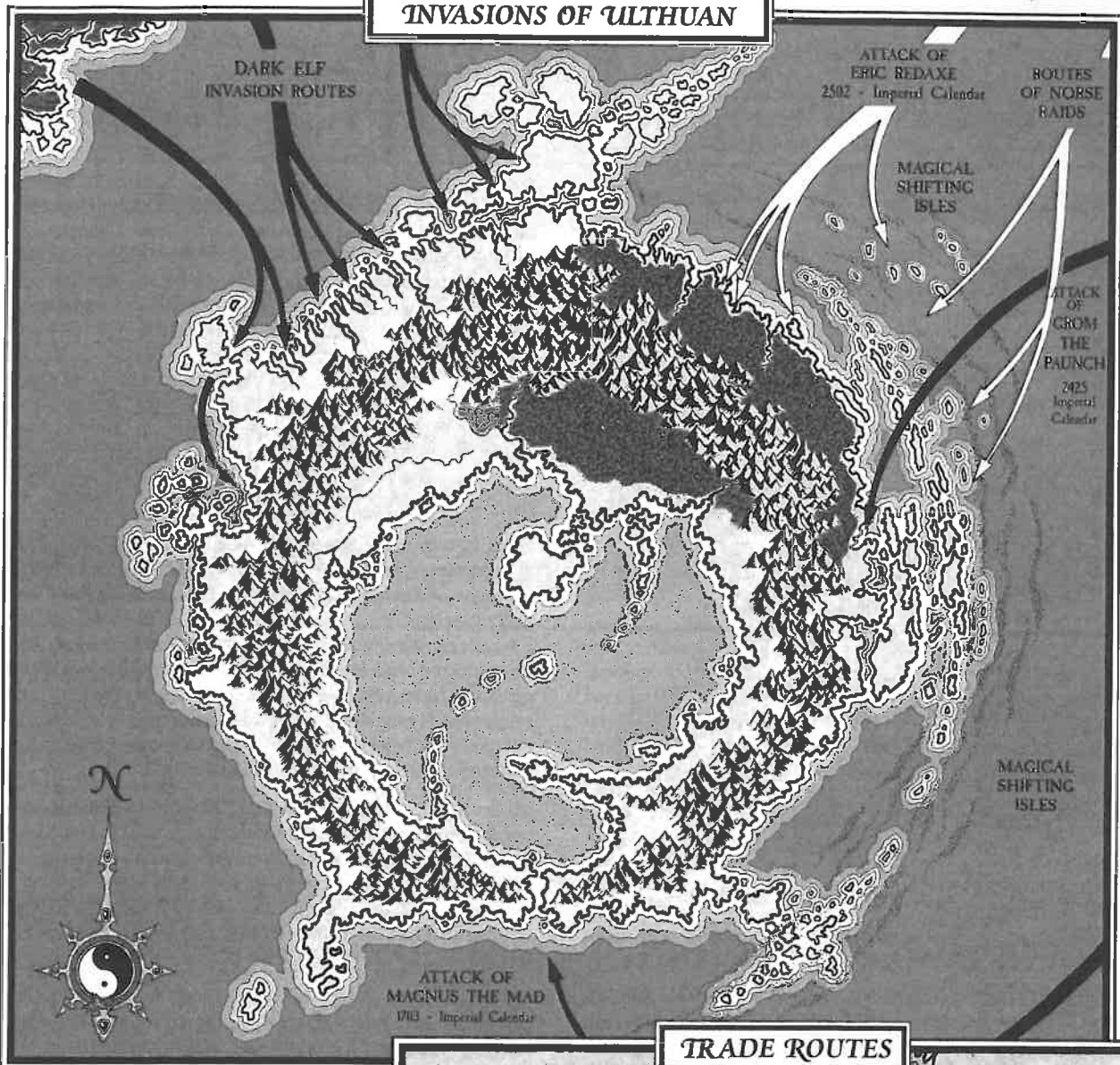
To the east of the mainland are the Shifting Isles. This is an area shrouded in legend and dark rumour where ancient spells of illusion shield the eastern coast of Ulthuan from intruders. The whole area is wreathed in mists. Within these billowing clouds strange and terrifying things are often seen; whether these are the products of men's ensorcelled imaginations or whether they actually exist is something not often discussed. What is known is that some of the islands definitely do move and this is no mere illusion. This creates treacherous mazes of shoals and sandbars which can confuse even High Elf pilots.

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

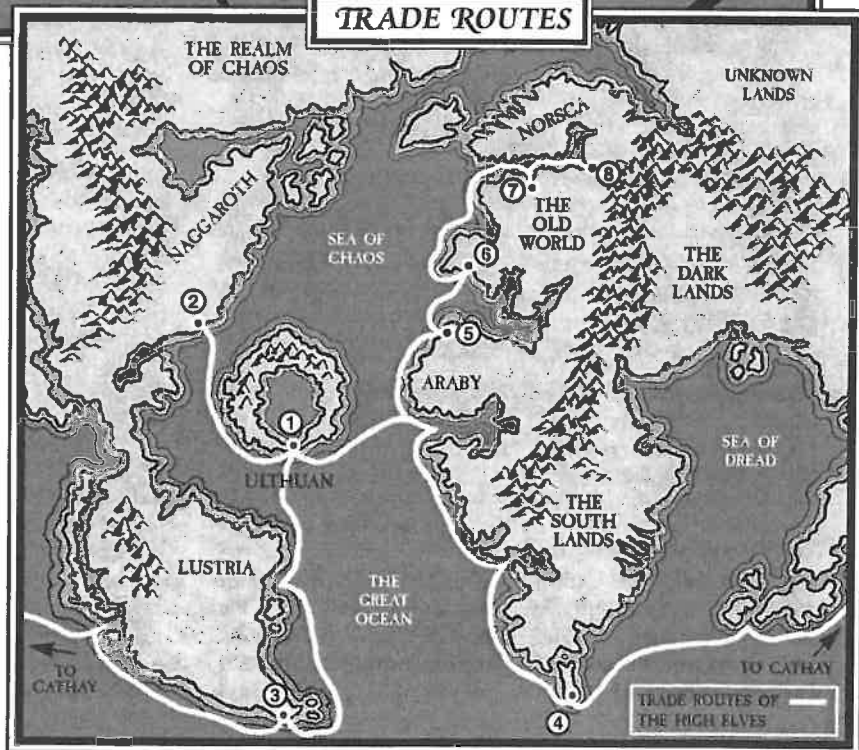


Less than a century ago Yvresse was almost overrun by a Goblin horde led by the notorious Goblin Warlord Grom the Paunch. The almost innumerable Goblins ravaged a large tract of Yvresse and were barely turned back at Tor Yvresse by the heroic efforts of Eltharion. The old Warden of the city, a great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

INVASIONS OF ULTHUAN



TRADE ROUTES



Ulthuan dominates the flow of trade from the Old World to the New World. The ships of the Elves ply the seas from Erengard to the far land of Cathay. The High Elves can muster the mightiest navy in the Warhammer World, and their naval tactics are matched by none.

Due to the magical Shifting Isles and the Elf warships, only very few ships of other seafaring nations have ever crossed the Great Ocean and found their way to New World, and it is virtually impossible to pass the great Citadel of Dusk and the mighty Fortress of Dawn that guard the trade routes to Cathay.

- ① LOTHERN - High Elf Port
- ② ARNHEIM - New World Port
- ③ CITADEL OF DUSK - High Elf Port
- ④ FORTRESS OF DAWN - High Elf Port
- ⑤ COPHER - The Spice Port
- ⑥ MAGRITTA - Estalia Port
- ⑦ MARIENBURG - Free Port
- ⑧ ERENGRAD - Kislev Port

THE CHRONICLE OF THE PHOENIX KINGS



A NOTE ON CHRONOLOGY

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

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

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

I) THE DEFENDER

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

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

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

All the Elves could do was flee. Their bows and spears, used only for hunting and duels of honour, were useless against the armour of the Chaos warriors and the brazen hides of Daemons. The Elves hid themselves in caves, woods and mountainsides and prayed to their gods that they would not be found, and that a hero would emerge to deliver them from this evil.

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

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

Even as the armies of Chaos laid siege to the shrine Aenarion stood before the ever-burning flame and begged Asuryan to aid his people. If the god heard, he gave no sign. Aenarion burned offerings, and the god did not respond. He sacrificed a white lamb. No aid came. Finally, in desperation, Aenarion offered himself, saying he would cast himself into the sacred fire if Asuryan would only save his people. As the god made no response Aenarion kept his promise and threw himself

into the raging, white-hot inferno. Agony wracked his body. Pain seared his limbs. His hair caught fire. His heart stopped. Those who watched thought he was dead. Then a miracle occurred.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Like a thunderbolt the Elves descended from the mountains of Caledor. Dragon-mounted knights smashed the armies of Beastmen. Forces of heavily

armed and armoured infantry drove the followers of the four Chaos powers before them. In the campaign that followed Aenarion forged his army the way a smith would temper a sword. Mounted on Indraguir, eldest of Dragons, he led the way into every battle. Great flights of fire-breathing beasts swooped on the armies of the night, and drove them back from the heart of Ulthuan to the shores of the island-continent.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Caledor devised a plan to gather these energies and return them to the Realm of Chaos, to create a cosmic vortex that would drain the magic from the world, and save its inhabitants from Chaos. It was a desperate plan, with little hope of success, but Caledor and many like him thought a last desperate gamble would be preferable to the slow death the Elf people were enduring.

Aenarion opposed this, calling it the council of despair. Although in his heart he knew that the war was unwinnable, he was determined to put off the end for as long as possible. In the camp of the Elf army Aenarion and Caledor were in the midst of their last great argument when fatal news was brought to Aenarion. An army of Beastmen and Chaos warriors had descended on Avelorn. The Everqueen was dead, and the bodies of their children had not been found. It was presumed they were dead or the playthings of the Dark Ones. Overcome with grief, Aenarion retired to his tent. When he emerged the next morning he had changed.

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

From the beginning of time it had waited, embedded in the great black Altar of Khaine on the Blighted Isle. The weapon was old as the world and deadly as poison, a shard of the fatal weapon forged by Vaul himself for the death god Khaela-Mensha-Khaine, a fragment of crystallised death capable of slaying Daemons and gods

alike. No mortal could wield it and live, but Aenarion had passed beyond hope and beyond despair. He lived to slay.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

captured prisoners. Dark rumours abounded.

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

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

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

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

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

In the centre of the field Aenarion faced four greater daemons: a Lord of Change, a Great Unclean One, a Keeper of Secrets and a Bloodthirster. He barred their way to the shores of the island. Blood dripped from his sword, smoking when it touched the scorched earth. His burnished armour glinted in the light of the setting sun. Flame leaked from the nostrils of his proud old Dragon. For long moments the combatants glared at each other, their gazes burning with unimaginable hatred. The Daemons spoke, calling Aenarion brother. Then with a roar the combatants closed.

Aenarion lashed out with the Sword of Khaine. He tore a great gash across the brow of the Keeper of Secrets. Indraugnir breathed a sheet of searing flame at the howling Daemons. They shrieked and gibbered as



blazing air surrounded them. The Lord of Change cast a bolt of magical power. Aenarion deflected the pulsing energy with his shield but the power of the Daemon's attack cast him from the saddle. Aenarion rose and smote the Daemon mightily, cleaving its head in two and shearing its arm from its body.

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

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

Atop one such floating island Aenarion continued to fight. The Keeper of Secrets cut at him with its great claw. Its terrible grasp could not cut Aenarion's armour but the pressure was too much for any mortal to bear. Aenarion's ribs snapped like twigs under the awesome stress. The pain would have killed a lesser being but

Aenarion had passed through the fire of Asuryan and agony could not slow him. He reversed his grip on the blade and drove it through the daemon's chest. With a terrible scream the thing faded and vanished.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The ritual had been partially successful. The vortex had been created. The tide of magic ebbed and the Daemons were suddenly left stranded and dying, like fish caught

out of water. But the price was terrible. The High Elf sorcerers had succeeded in opening the vortex but were trapped within it, eternally keeping it open, eternally trapped in the last moments of their battle with Chaos.

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



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

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

II) THE EXPLORER

Bel Shanaar, 1 - 1669
(Imperial calendar -4419 to -2750)

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

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

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

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

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

Ever fair-spoken, Malekith said that he desired the kingship not for himself but in honour of the memory of his father. However, if the princes did not call upon him to serve it was of no matter. He would willingly do homage to whoever was selected. The princes thought this handsomely said and took him at his word. From their own number they chose Bel Shanaar, Prince of Tiranoc, an Elf who had distinguished himself in the war and yet was seen as a voice of peace and reason. Morathi shrieked her protests at her son not being chosen but he calmed her and agreed that the selection was a good one. He was the first to bend his knee to the future Phoenix King.

ASURYAN

Asuryan, the Emperor of the Heavens is the oldest and greatest of the Elf gods. He is the Creator, and the Flame Eternal, the giver of life, rests in his hand. The Elves believe that it is his Purpose and Plan that they follow.

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

Asuryan is the judge between the disputes of the gods. He rarely meddles in the affairs of mortals, but it is he who touches the mind of each new Phoenix King of Ulthuan when he passes through the Flames of Asuryan and it is he who protects the Twin Throne of Ulthuan.

Elf astrologers and geomancers studied the portents to divine the best time for the new king to begin his reign, and calculated the best time for him to pass through the flame. On the day of his coronation the Priests of Asuryan chanted the warding spells that enabled Bel Shanaar to pass unscathed through the flame. The Phoenix Guard, survivors of those warriors who had witnessed the Ascension of Aenarion, waited beyond the flame to drape the newly woven feathered cloak of kingship round his shoulders. Malekith's voice was the first to be raised in acclamation.

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

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

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

Meanwhile Malekith had begun his many journeys and won renown. In the colonies he led successful armies against the Orcs and the remnants of Chaos. He ventured to the Blighted Isle in search of his father's armour. It is said that he stood transfixed before the Altar of Khaine, and even laid his hand on the hilt of the great weapon. To him it appeared as a sceptre, not as a sword, and perhaps he took this as a sign. Of his father and Indraguir he found no trace. His expedition took him ever onward to the cold colonies of the northern New World. Here in the rubble of an abandoned pre-human city he found the Cirlet of Iron, a talisman of awesome sorcerous power.

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

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

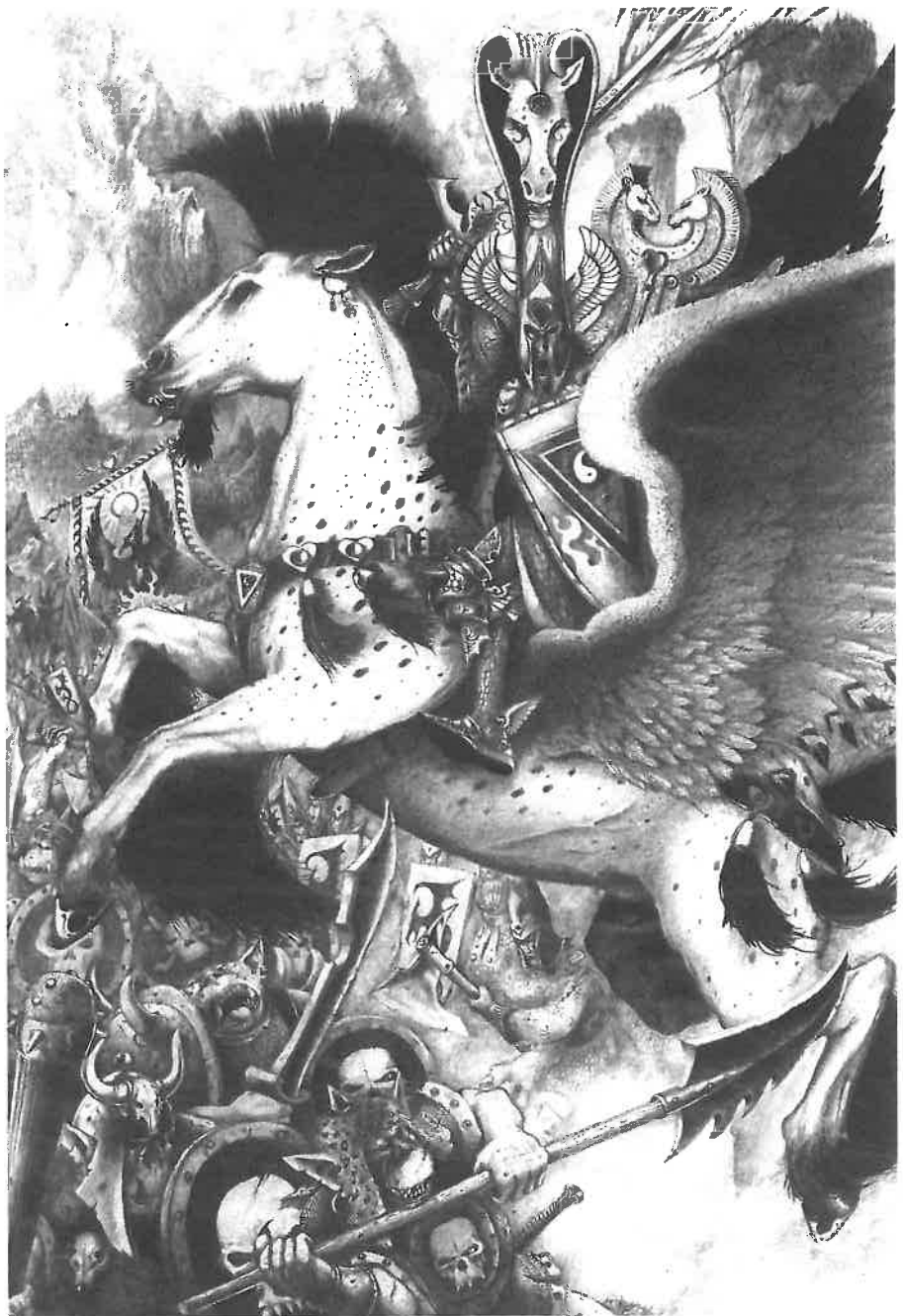
Once again Malekith stepped in. His loyalty to the king and his hatred for the cult was indisputable. He personally took charge of the war against the cult. A shroud of fear descended once more over Ulthuan. No-one knew whether their neighbour was a member of the proscribed sect. The agents of the Phoenix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

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

Now Malekith had gone too far. No-one could seriously believe that the king had

been a worshipper of the cult. Certainly not the assembled princes who had all known Bel Shanaar too long and too well. At long last the light of suspicion fell on Malekith, but it was too late. Malekith and his followers already had the Shrine of Asuryan in their possession, and Malekith possessed the crown that he had taken from the dead Phoenix King. The truth about him was revealed.

Malekith was mad. He coveted the throne and had done so for a long time. He had been prepared to sacrifice anyone and anything to his ambition. Now it was within his grasp. The princes and their bodyguards were trapped within his grasp. He had a secret treaty with his kin in Nagarythe. An army of Slaanesh worshippers would be available to impose his will on the leaderless Elves.



Believing that all he had to do was crown himself and slay the princes, Malekith marched into the sacred flame, confident that like his father before him he could endure the ordeal. He was wrong. The flame of Asuryan would not suffer his polluted body to pass through it. His screams were so terrible that none who ever heard them forgot them till their dying day. Malekith was caught within the flames, his body terribly scarred and burned. Unable to pass through the flame, he managed to cast himself back onto the side of the platform he had entered from.

Malekith's body was seared and blackened. Where once he had been beautiful now he was hideous; where once he had been mighty, now he was maimed. Where once he had been fair-spoken now his voice was horrible, forced out by ravaged lungs through a ruined throat. Believing their leader on the verge of death and the vengeance of Asuryan about to descend upon them, his discouraged followers took up their leader's body and fled the shrine, leaving the best and the noblest of the Elf princes dead within.

An age of tragedy and conflict was about to begin.

III) THE CONQUEROR

Caledor 1 - 550 (Imperial calendar -2749 to -2199)
Once more the Elf realms were plunged into chaos. Malekith and his followers fled north to Nagarythe. Leaderless, the Elves did not pursue. Frantic consultations were held between the few surviving princes, the Chief Priest of the Shrine of Asuryan and the Captain of the Phoenix Guard. It was decided that there was only one Elf capable of the task. The third Phoenix King was to be Imrik, who upon his succession took the name Caledor the First. He was the grandson of the famous mage of that name and brother to the murdered prince of the realm of Caledor.

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

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

Afterwards, when told he had best wait for his bodyguard, Caledor replied that he could expect no

better bodyguards than these hunters, and asked them to accompany him on his quest to the shrine. The hunters accepted, and thus were founded the famous White Lions of Chrace, so called because they were garbed in the furs of the white lion.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fell he was and many were his victories but to no avail. Slowly and surely the truth of what had happened came out, and slowly and surely the Elves rallied to the side of Caledor. Time and again the new Phoenix King proved his cunning as a general. He sprang traps and ambushes on the Witch King's forces. He crushed them on the open field of battle. The White Lions protected him from many assassination attempts and his personal retinue of Sapherian wizards countered all death-spells.

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

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



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

So began a last deadly conflict. The Witch King and his councillors began a terrible ritual that would unbind the vortex. The High Mages of the Elves attempted to stop them, but such was the power of the Witch King's magic that he slowly and inexorably gained the upper hand. The mountains shook and the earth trembled. Once more an eerie glitter sprang up over the mountains and clouds of magical energies surged from the erupting peaks into the sky. In the far north of the world the Realm of Chaos churned and prepared to advance once more. In the camp of the Phoenix King, Caledor prayed to all the gods and to his grandsire to aid him.

At dusk as the sky shimmered with weird many-coloured lights, the Witch King and his followers began their final push. The Daemons of Chaos came to their aid, and the last spells of the defenders went down. In the sky the triumphant laughter of dark gods was heard. Then, as

the Witch King's dark magic touched the Island of the Dead, at the very heart of the vortex, new players entered the game. Mighty figures clad in light sent the surge of mystical power tumbling back to Nagarythe. The trapped mages of the Isle of the Dead refused to let their work be undone.

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

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

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

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

After a century there began a long period of sea warfare and skirmishing over the north of Ulthuan. The Dark Elves sought to reclaim what was left of their old lands and the High Elves sought to prevent them. Neither side had the strength to gain the mastery and the Blighted Isle where the Sword of Khaine still rested changed hands several times. It was during this period that Caledor oversaw the building of the fortresses at Griffon Gate, Phoenix Gate, Eagle Gate, Dragon Gate and Unicorn Gate. He personally led the last expedition to the Blighted Isle and reclaimed it from the Dark Elves. It is said that he stood before the altar and for a moment the Blade called to him. He stood there for a time, head bowed and in the end, simply said no.

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

IV) THE WARRIOR

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rumours of the civil war had reached the Dwarfs but they didn't really understand the situation. Reaving and kinslaying were completely alien concepts to them, and no Dwarf would ever break his oath to his liege lord. Save for a few naval battles, the war had never reached the Old World. Secure in their mountain fortresses, the Dwarfs didn't give it a second thought. Such confidence was to be their undoing, and that of the Elves.

The Witch King of Naggaroth hatched a new plot. As the Elves returned to the Old World in strength, trade between the two realms grew once more. Malekith had been shown the secret trade routes of the Dwarfs during his period as Bel Shanaar's ambassador, and he now used that knowledge to his own benefit. Dark Elf reavers, garbed as warriors of Ulthuan, fell upon the Dwarf caravans, seizing their goods. Naturally, suspicion fell upon the High Elves.

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

Dwarf armies marched down on the trading city of Tor Alessi (present day L'Anguille in Bretonnia) and laid siege to it. Gotrek swore an oath that he would have his money or its weregeld price in Elf blood or he would shave his head. It was a mighty oath. His ambassador had already become a Trollslayer from the shame of having his beard shaved. The Dwarfs were determined that their king should not endure a similar fate.

Upon hearing of the Dwarf attack Caledor was outraged. He instantly dispatched an expedition to relieve Tor Alessi. It was a mighty fleet and a great army. As they watched the towering ships sail forth his advisors were dismayed because they feared that the despatch of such a force would leave Ulthuan almost defenceless. Caledor flew into a towering rage and dismissed their fears as groundless.

In the Old World the war dragged on. Neither side was strong enough to overcome the other. The fortress cities of the Dwarfs were virtually impregnable. The dour, stalwart Dwarf troops were quite unlike any the Elves had faced before. They simply refused to give up or admit defeat, even when hopelessly outnumbered. This was not the berserker bravery of the Chaos Hordes; this incredible tenacity was allied to tactical cunning and

VAUL

Vaul is the Maker, the god of smiths. He is crippled and blind, wounded in the ancient wars of the gods when he challenged the might of Khaine the War God. He is forever chained to his anvil, making magic weapons of infinite cunning for the War God in his never-ending battle against the great enemy, Slaanesh.

The priests of Vaul blind themselves when they enter the Order of Vaul, but while they lose their sight they gain something far more. They gain the skill and cunning of their patron deity, and the understanding of the sorrow and suffering that Vaul has undergone to protect the elves. They can harness the Winds of magic and make enchanted weapons of great potency for the Elves who fight the wars to protect Ulthuan.

consummate military skill. For their part, the Dwarfs were astonished by the power of the Elf forces. They had judged the strength of Ulthuan by that of the least of its provinces. The huge armies of mailed knights and disciplined infantry was not what they had expected. Still, in true Dwarf fashion, they were not about to admit to a mistake.

The war engendered a legacy of hatred and bitterness that was to last for thousands of years. In response to the beard-shaving incident the Dwarfs chopped down entire virgin forests to spite the Elves. Both sides fought till nearly their entire military strength was spent. Tired of their lack of success Caledor II dismissed his generals and took command personally. It was his last great mistake. At the fourteenth siege of Tor Alessi he charged right into the heart of the Dwarf infantry and was cut down by King Gotrek who snatched the Phoenix crown from his corpse and took it in payment for the Elves' insolence.



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

Even as the Elves mustered a suicidal expedition to besiege Karaz-a-Karak, the world's most unassailable fortress, word came that the Dark Elves had invaded Ulthuan once more. The Witch King's long plan had come to fruition.

V) THE PEACEMAKER

Caradryel 1 - 603 (Imperial calendar -1599 to -997)
Once again, the Elves found themselves in the middle of a war without a Phoenix King. The fleets of the Witch King seized the Blighted Isle and retook most of the Shadowlands. Several Black Arks were beached to form the core of a new fortress city at the harbour of Anlec. From there the Dark Elves drove south to besiege the Griffon Gate.

The High Elves were caught in the jaws of a trap, fighting a war on two fronts against two powerful foes. The Fourth Council met at the Shrine of Asuryan and chose Caradryel of Yvresse, who was as different from Caledor II as night from day. He was quiet and unassuming, an indifferent soldier but an able ruler. He made the hard decision to abandon the Old World. Faced with the implacable hostility of the Dwarfs it seemed to him foolish to maintain huge armies overseas, particularly

with a more pressing threat to the Elf heartland. He abandoned pride, ordered the forging of a new Phoenix Crown and called the armies home.

Among the haughtiest Elves there was a huge outcry. It seemed an gross insult to Elf pride that the Phoenix Crown should remain in Dwarf hands. Caradryel replied that he would rather lose the crown than the realm and continued with his policy.

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

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

Recognising his own inadequacy as a general, he appointed a succession of brilliant field commanders to lead the High Elf armies. They scored many victories in the field. Tethlis of Caledor in particular established a brilliant reputation, lifting the siege of Griffon Gate and harrying the Dark Elves to within sight of Anlec.

Caradryel continued to oversee the long retreat from the Old World. He strengthened the forces holding the gateway fortresses and initiated the system of rotating units to the forts in succession so that the forces holding these valuable citadels would always be fresh and near to full strength.

For the rest of Caradryel's reign sporadic war blazed through northern Ulthuan. More and more Dark Elves flowed in from Naggaroth. These were met by the disciplined, well-trained armies of the Phoenix King, many of whom were veterans of the wars with the Dwarfs. The northern seas were the scene of many great naval battles and despite an increased program of shipbuilding the High Elves were never entirely able to sweep the seas clear of their foes.

Caradryel achieved another distinction - he was the first Phoenix King to die peacefully in bed.

VI) THE SLAYER

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

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

Tethlis's heart was filled with a terrible cold hatred for the children of Naggaroth, for they had slain his family in one of their many raids. The Dark Elves never had a

more implacable enemy. He fought not for honour or glory but to put an end to the threat of Naggaroth for all time. If the Witch King had started this long war, Tethlis was determined to finish it, and he might have succeeded had it not been for the decline in power of the Dragons.

During the latter part of Caradryel's reign, the Dragons had become increasingly rare. Many started to drift into longer and longer sleeps, waking perhaps once per century. The Elves needed to increase their strength in other areas to compensate for the raw power and savage strength of the great beasts.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Many of the captains spoke against continuing on to Naggaroth, saying that they had achieved their goal, and that the loss of life was too great to continue. Tethlis insisted that they push on but first, drawn by some irresistible influence, he must make a pilgrimage to the Altar of Khaine.

On the Plain of Bones, the great skeleton-covered wasteland around the Altar of Khaine, Tethlis saw something glitter. Strangely drawn to the light he unearthed the dragon armour of Aenarion. Of the skeleton of Aenarion or Indraguir there was nothing to be found. The armour he gifted to Auaralion, the great grandson of Morelion, Aenarion's son by Astarielle. This was virtually his last act as Phoenix King.

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

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

VII) THE SCHOLAR-KING

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

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

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

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

Many famed scholars and sorcerers gathered at Hoeth and such an exchange of knowledge occurred as has not been seen before or since. In the shadow of the needle-pointed spire thousands of the wisest philosophers debated about knowledge. Within the library a cadre of Loremasters began to inscribe the Book of Days, the great history of the Elf people on which all future histories would be based.

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

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

VIII) THE POET

Aethis 1 - 622 (Imperial calendar 498 to 1120)

Bel-Korhadris was succeeded by Aethis of Saphery. He was the first Phoenix King who did not inherit an unstable kingdom or take the throne in the aftermath of a war. In his reign the long peace continued. The Dark Elves lay quiescent in Naggaroth. Their raids ceased. Many suspected that they were a dying race, slowly passing into extinction. Rumours abounded that the Witch King had finally died. The Dwarfs were content to be left alone. During the early centuries of Aethis's rule news of the founding of a new human empire reached Ulthuan but seemed no cause for concern. Nothing threatened the High Elves.

Aethis was a noted poet and singer. He gathered all the great artists of Ulthuan to his court in Saphery. Poets, dramatists, painters, sculptors, writers of histories and masques all found a place in his vast palace of carved jade. This was the high water mark of Elf culture when most of their greatest works of art were created. This was the period that saw the creation plays of Tazelle and Torion Fireheart's animated court portraits. An army of sculptors and artisans beautified the mountains of Chrace. Above the Griffon Gate a towering griffon five hundred feet high seemed to leap from the mountain. So cunning was the sculptors' work that the story was told that it would come alive to guard the pass against any invader.

Prodigious amounts of wealth were spent on grandiose projects such as these. The city of Lothorn grew from a small fishing village to a great city to accommodate the increase in trade from the colonies and other realms.

Contact was made with the old human empire in Cathay. Representatives of the Phoenix King arrived at the court of the Emperor of Cathay. Silk, jade and spices became valued commodities.

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

A certain complacency set in. Factions sprang up at court and intrigue, always a dangerous pastime among the Elves, became a way of life for many. Strangely enough this was also the period when the Elves came to realise they were a dying race. Even during the long golden days of peace the population had fallen. The number of births had simply decreased and the great cities began to empty.

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

IX) THE IMPETUOUS

Morvael 1 - 381 (Imperial calendar 1121 to 1502)

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

As the few survivors brought word of the defeat back to Ulthuan, panic back to spread among the High Elves. The last thing they had expected was defeat. They had supposed the threat of Naggaroth all but extinguished, but now it seemed that the Dark Elves had merely been rebuilding their strength. By allowing their fleets and armies to be run down under Bel-Korhadris and Aethis, the Elves of Ulthuan had allowed their dark kindred to catch up and almost overhaul them in military might.

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

A mighty Dark Elf armada seized the Blighted Isle and sailed on to Ulthuan. They retook the cursed city of Anlec and cast up a great fortress in the rubble. Swiftly they drove south and were stopped only after desperate fighting round the Griffon Gate.

A new period of warfare erupted. Morvael, having learned some lessons from earlier defeats, appointed Mentheus of Caledor as field commander. Desperate for soldiers he organised the system of troop levies that still exists in Ulthuan today. This required every Elf to spend at least part of the year as part of a military force, and to provide wargear for himself. It was a system of recruitment that was to enable the depleted population of Ulthuan to field mighty armies of citizen-soldiers well beyond what the declining population would suggest was possible.

Morvael was a sensitive highly-strung soul, often troubled by terrible nightmares and dreams. He did not care for sending his friends and subjects to their deaths but in order to preserve the realm there was little else he could do. He emptied the coffers of the Phoenix Throne to build a new and mighty fleet capable of carrying the war to the northern seas and stopping the flow of reinforcements from Naggaroth. He was forced to use the Sword Masters of Hoeth and other agents to seek out the devotees of the Cult of Pleasure and it was his unpleasant task to sign many death warrants. Many long nights he would brood in his tower, and soon he was turned stoop-shouldered and prematurely old by his duties.

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

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

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

X) THE SAGE

Bel Hathor 1 - 660

(Imperial calendar 1503 to 2162)

After the victory at Anlec the Elves were forced to choose a new king. Mentheus of Caledor, the obvious choice, was dead. At court, many factions manoeuvred to have their candidate chosen. Some wanted to press on with the war and argued for Mentheus's son, Altheus. Others felt that too many lives had already been lost and wanted a Phoenix King who was more peacefully inclined. They sought the selection of Kregan of Yvresse. The Ninth Council ended in deadlock so a compromise had to be reached. Eventually Bel-Hathor, a wizard prince of Saphery, was chosen and crowned.

Bel-Hathor seemed an inauspicious choice; like most Sapherian princes he was something of an eccentric. Many of the other princes saw him as easily manipulable towards their faction's ends. They were wrong. Bel-Hathor turned out to be surprisingly strong-willed and wise. He refused all attempts to force him to order an invasion of Naggaroth. He knew that although Ulthuan could probably win a war in the bleak northern lands, the cost would be so high that the Elf realms would never recover. The numbers of Elves had so declined in later years that many of the cities were half empty and many of the lands abandoned. He was not prepared to gamble with the future of the Elf race.

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

Norse longships had long troubled the coast of Ulthuan, slipping through the net of Elf warships. Bel-Hathor called a convocation of all the realm's greatest mages and instructed them to guard Ulthuan's eastern approaches. After three decades of preparation the magicians enshrouded the island's approaches in a maze of spells, illusions and treacherous shifting shoals and mists. It became virtually impossible for Norse raiders to reach Ulthuan except by pure chance. Legends of these terrible sea routes reached the Old World and caused men to talk of the Elf-realm with dread.

The Norse were not the only men to dare the sea-routes to Ulthuan. Increasingly, the great naval powers of the Old World, the Empire and Bretonnia also sent ships west over the ocean, seeking Ulthuan and the legendary

KURNOUS

Kurnous the Hunter, the Lord of the Forest and beasts, is the husband of Isha, and all the Elves are their children. He is forever followed by the baying hounds, and when he blows his horn the Wild Hunt follows him. Kurnous is the spirit of the untouched forests, wild animals and trackless wilderness.

Kurnous is the primary god of Ellsyron, and he is very popular amongst the menfolk of Avelorn. All the hunters venerate him, and never kill more animals than they can eat, lest they anger the god of hunt.

golden cities of Lustria. The men of the Old World were determined mariners and eventually some of their ships found a route to Ulthuan. The Phoenix King issued an edict forbidding them to set foot on Ulthuan. He did however agree to let Finubar, Prince of Eataine return to the Old World with them to study the new rulers of the Old World.

Finubar sailed to L'Anguille in Bretonnia and from there spent fifty years wandering over the continent. Because of the ancient feud with the Dwarfs, it had been a long time since any High Elf had set foot on the Old World. He was at once impressed and appalled with what he saw. The human realms were vast, teeming and populous. Men showed vast ingenuity in works of engineering and scholarship.

Finubar had expected mud huts and primitive savages. Instead he found mighty walled cities and disciplined armies, capable of subjugating the Orcs and keeping the peace over huge stretches of territory. He saw that the humans were numerous and becoming more so, and that it was only a matter of time before they would eclipse the elder races. In addition he was fascinated by their crude vitality and exuberant culture, their energy and greed. He swiftly decided that it would be better for the Elves to have these people as allies rather than enemies.

In his travels he also came upon the lost Elf realm of Athel-Loren. He was at once shocked and amazed by what he found there. The Elves of the old frontier province had taken a far different path from the High Elves. They seemed rustic and backward and yet they were friendlier and easier for him to understand than the humans.

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

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

XI) THE SEAFARER

Finubar (Imperial calendar 2163 to Present)

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

Finubar's reign was marred only by the great Chaos Incursion when it looked as if the Dark Powers had returned once more to claim the world. A massive Dark Elf invasion swept out of Naggaroth and the Witch King himself returned to Ulthuan. For a time it seemed as if the Everqueen of Avelorn was lost and the realm with her. Then two mighty heroes, the twin brothers Tyrion and Teclis, arose to succour the realm and repel the invasion. Since then the world has grown darker. Norse raids have become ever more numerous. A horde of Goblins under Grom the Paunch pillaged eastern Ulthuan. Dark Elf raiders have committed innumerable acts of piracy. The promise of a new golden age of peace has faded, and the Elves and their new allies have looked once more to their weapons.

For the Elves the present is a time that holds both the promise of renewal and the threat of destruction. Their old enemies have become stronger and they have become weaker. Although few humans would guess it, Ulthuan is a power in decline. It can still muster the mightiest fleet in the Known World and its armies are rightly feared by its foes and yet the realm is but a shadow of its former self. Many on Ulthuan feel the great days of the Elves are passed.

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



Teclis, Hero of the High Elves

THE BOOK OF DAYS

THE GOLDEN TIME

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



I. AENARION THE DEFENDER

(Imperial Calendar -4500 to -4920)

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

II. BEL SHANAAR THE NAVIGATOR

(Imperial Calendar -4419 to -2750)

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

III. CALEDOR THE CONQUEROR

(Imperial Calendar -2749 to -2199)

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

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

IV. CALEDOR II

(Imperial Calendar -2198 to -1600)

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

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

V. CARADRYEL THE PEACEMAKER

(Imperial Calendar -1599 to -997)

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

VI. TETHLIS THE SLAYER

(Imperial Calendar -996 to -692)

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

303 A great armada sails for the Blighted Isle and Naggaroth. The Battle of the Waves is fought on the Blighted Isle. Tethlis dies afterwards under mysterious circumstances. The armada turns back.

VII. BEL-KORHADRIS THE SCHOLAR KING

(Imperial Calendar -690 to +498)

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

VIII. AETHIS THE POET

(Imperial Calendar +498 to 1120)

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

IX. MORVAEL THE IMPETUOUS

(Imperial Calendar +1121 to 1502)

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

97 The Citadel of Sunset is built at the southern tip of Lustria.

380 Mentheus is slain assaulting Anlec. His Dragon, Nightfang, goes berserk and routs the Dark Elves. Wracked with grief Morvael re-enters the sacred flame, committing ritual suicide.

X. BEL-HATHOR THE SAGE

(Imperial Calendar +1503 to 2162)

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

XI. FINUBAR THE SEAFARER

(Imperial Calendar +2163 to present)

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

HIGH ELF RUNES


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

High Elves possess a great respect for the world about them and their runescript largely duplicates the shapes and forms found in nature, or else they are based on the complex patterns of the stars. The shapes of the High Elf runes are flowing and pleasing to the eye, well-suited to represent their music-like language *Eltharin*. Most High Elf runes can be written in several ways, or they can mean different things in different contexts. For inferior races these double meanings are often contradictory and confusing, but the Elves, who understand the world better, know that all things can be seen from different perspectives or interpreted in more than one way.


The actual writing of the Elves consists of their runes combined with needle-thin traces and weaving lines that mark subtle nuances and hidden meanings. Indeed, it is virtually impossible for mere humans to decipher the High Elf writings, and it is said that the runes can

appear to change their shape in the eyes of an untrained reader. Thus most of the translations of Elf texts are woefully lacking and can't represent the depth and complexity of the original Elf manuscripts. The most intricate works of the High Elves are the texts that cover their vast magical knowledge. The runes in such books and scrolls are filled with enchantments and wards to deter those who seek power for power's sake. These magical tomes are infinitely complex and are virtually incomprehensible to the scholars of other races.

High Elves decorate their standards, armour and weapons with runes. The runes used in war often represent the pride and might of the High Elves, but also remind them of the noble principles of Elven warfare. Many High Elf standards are magical and their enchanted runes form a glowing, swirling pattern that creates otherworldly visions to encourage the High Elves and frighten their enemies. The battle standards of the High Elves are truly magnificent, decorated with beautiful heraldry and woven from the golden hair of the Elf maidens that is finer than the most expensive silks of Cathay. The battle standards are covered with runes that tell of the history of the Elf Kingdoms and their many victories on the battlefield.

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

 **Charoi**
Strength, ferocity, mane of hair.

 **Arhain**
Shadows, night, stealth, secrets, perfidiousness.

 **Daroir**
Remembrance, memory, the strength of stones.


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


Yenfui
Balance, harmony, Chaos.


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

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

 **Elui**
Ending or denial.

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

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

 **Cynath**
Chill, death, silence, loneliness.


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


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


Senfui
Swiftiness, accuracy.

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


 **Thalui**
Hatred or vengeance.

 **Sethai**
Flight, wind, cry in the far mountains.

 **Elthrai**
Doom, inexorable fate, hope.


 **Cadaith**
Grace, power, music of the stars.

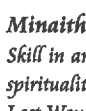
Harathoi
Youth, boundless energy, jealousy.


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


Thanan
Hidden power, inner strength, indecisiveness.

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

 **Urithair**
Destruction, conquest, sacrifice of innocence.

 **Minaith**
Skill in arms, spirituality, the Lost Way.

 **Lacoï**
Might, glory, fear of death.

 **Oriour**
Blood, birth.

High Elves have a strong sense of order and discipline, tempered by loyalty to kin and homeland. It is not surprising, then, to find that the military organisation of the High Elves closely parallels their social structure.

The Lord of each realm maintains his own forces, and is always ready to answer the call to arms of the Phoenix King. At any one time, a proportion of the citizens of every town and city are drafted into military service, and these citizens are seasonally rotated so that the entire population becomes trained to a high degree, with every High Elf knowing his place in his community's regiment. Thus the High Elves who dwell in remote parts of Ulthuan that are exposed to raids, or who journey over seas to found a new colony, are always ready to defend themselves.



The Call To Arms

All Elves able to bear arms are honour bound to spend time serving as warriors in the levies of their cities, towns and villages. Some towns and cities are so large that they are able to maintain several regiments at a time.

In times of great danger, a general raising of the citizen levy will swell the forces of each realm many times over. At other times the regiments undertake patrols, guard important shrines and public places, act as watchmen at night, and form escorts for local officials, members of the ruling house and other important dignitaries.

In the coastal cities warriors spend much of their time at sea as marines, or travelling to the Old and New Worlds (as men insist on calling the western and eastern lands already known to the Elves for thousands of years!).



▲ Throughout this full-colour section we have shown examples of the High Elf army we've painted at Games Workshop. The bright white tunics shown on these High Elves are one of our army's most striking features. Notice how a little shading has been added to the folds and creases of the models. This was achieved by first painting the tunics a blue/grey colour. When dry, the raised areas were carefully painted with white to finish the effect.



▲ Each of our High Elf regiments has been given a single, strong identifying colour, deliberately chosen to contrast sharply against their white tunics. In this instance the regimental colour we have chosen is purple.



▲ Again, this archer unit uses a single colour to give it its own strong theme. This time a rich blue has been used to pick out large areas such as the sashes, as well as smaller, more intricate details like feather tips, arrow flights and headdress details.

High Elf Colour Schemes

A well painted High Elf army is one of the most impressive sights you will see on a tabletop battlefield. This distinctive look is created by their striking white tunics and bright silver armour that are common to almost all of the troop types. A single bright colour added as detailing on cuffs, plumes, and shields adds variety. Varying this single colour helps to distinguish individual regiments without losing the coherent look of the whole army. Elite troops and special characters often stray from these basic guidelines to differentiate them from rank and file troops, but even these always retain a small amount of white and silver to link their colour schemes with the main force.



The Warhost of Prince Arandir, ready for battle. This force represents a typical 1,000 point army, and more details of its composition and how to collect the Warhost can be found from page 106 onwards.



▲ Prince Tyrion leads a unit of Silver Helms into battle.



▲ Tyrion has been painted so that elements of his garb are echoed in his horse Malhandir's caparison and headgear.

The Kingdoms of Ulthuan

The kingdoms of Ulthuan organise and practise for war according to their own age-old traditions. These reflect the lands in which they dwell and the skills of the inhabitants. Warriors from the various realms are distinguished not only by their fighting style and traditional weaponry, but also by their banners, shield designs and other aspects of their uniforms.

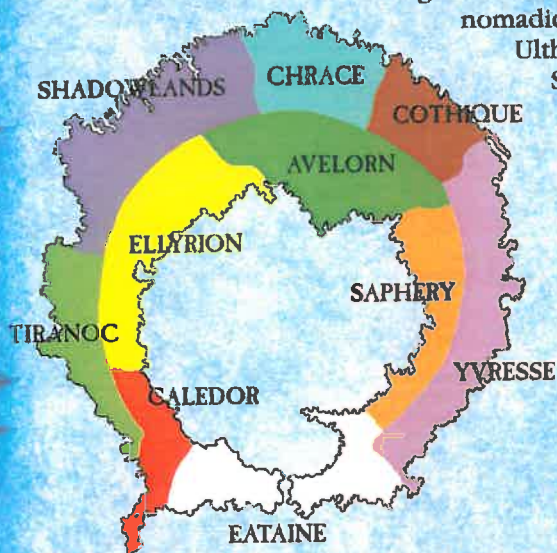


The map below illustrates the traditional borders separating the Kingdoms of Ulthuan. There are ten Kingdoms that comprise Ulthuan as a whole, although this does not take into account small islands or archipelagoes, such as the Shifting Isles. Information about three of the ten Kingdoms of Ulthuan is given below, whilst details pertaining to the other seven Kingdoms can be found throughout the following pages.

The Shadowlands

The Kingdom once known as Nagarythe was destroyed by the sorcery of the Dark Elves during the Sundering. Its population was scattered and became nomadic, wandering in the wilderness of northern Ulthuan.

The warriors of this realm are known as Shadow Warriors. Organised in small bands, they specialise in seeking and ambushing Dark Elf raiders. They favour dark tinted armour and tunics and plumes decorated with dark colours, especially blues and sombre greys.



Cothique

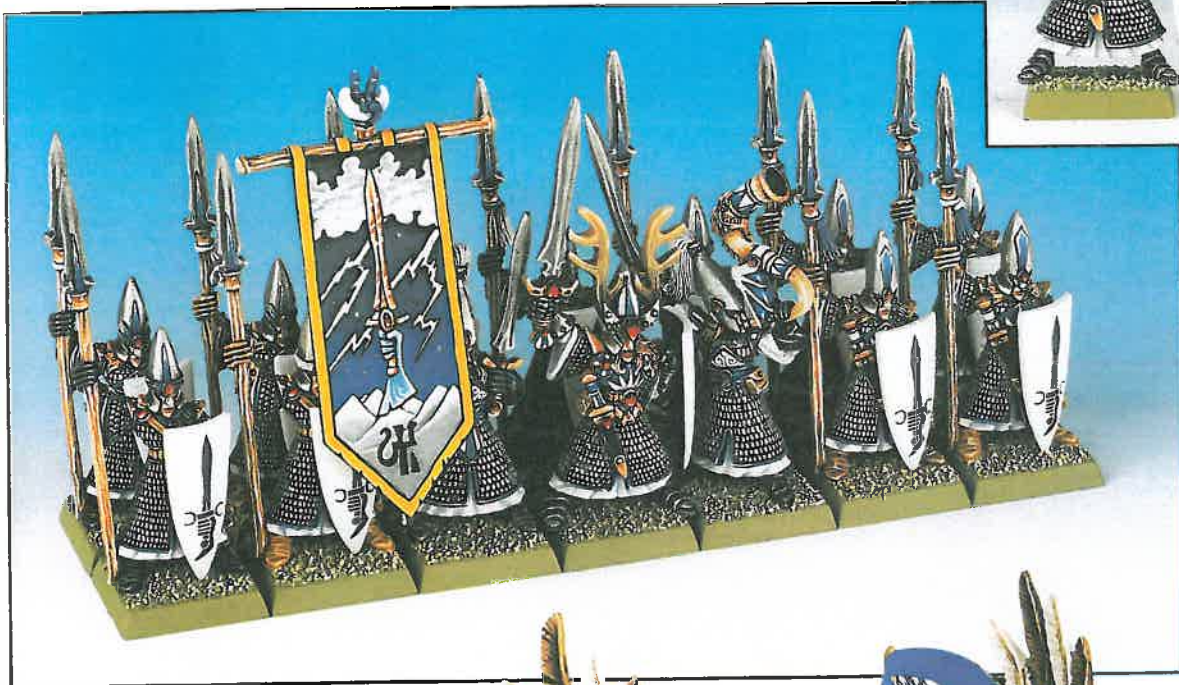
This realm has rocky coasts and treacherous seas, so it comes as no surprise that its inhabitants are all skilled seafarers. In the coastal cities half the Elven warriors are at sea at any time, while the other half are at home guarding the coasts. Elves whose families came from Cothique can be found in all the great Elven colonies overseas. The warriors are also sailors who spend much of their time at sea and fight most of their battles against seaborne enemies and raiders. Encounters with sea monsters are a regular part of a warrior's life, and some wear cloaks made from the hides of these creatures or armour styled in the fashion of sea serpent heads. Armour is often tinted with shades of blue or green.

Avelorn

This wooded realm is the domain of the Everqueen. Those who dwell here specialise in archery. It is said that some of the Wood Elf kindreds of Athel Loren in the Old World are descended from the people of Avelorn. The most renowned regiment of Avelorn is the Everqueen's warrior guard of Elf Maids. Warriors of Avelorn are most likely to wear green plumes or embroidered decoration with floral designs. Armour may sometimes be styled in floral or leaf shapes.

Every Elf warrior can feel proud of the traditions of his town or city. He will march under a banner which may be centuries old, bearing an emblem that is even older.

Weapons and armour are often antique, carefully restored in the local armouries and preserved from generation to generation. When an Elf warrior hears the description of his distant forbears arrayed for battle in an ancient saga, he recognises the very same uniform that he wears.



▲ Regiments of spearmen form an important part of any High Elf army. The banner design used by this regiment depicts a sword held aloft and has been rendered in colours that are sympathetic to the rest of the unit. This design has then been simplified and repeated on the regiment's shields.

Yvresse

is a misty realm surrounding the old city of Tor Yvresse. The people of this land raise regiments of some of the most determined and steadfast warriors in Ulthuan, as befits the homeland of Eltharion and so many other paladins. The favoured weapon is the spear, and the warriors fight shoulder to shoulder with almost unshakable discipline.

► Superbly modelled High Elf characters form the centrepieces of your army and reward careful painting and assembly, as you can see from this model of Eltharion riding his Griffon Stormwing. Before the kit was put together, the wings were carefully bent to produce a more realistic, animated effect. As well as being superglued into place, the wings were pinned to the body with small pieces of wire for extra strength. A scenic base was added before the whole model was painted. Note the carefully painted leopard pattern on the Griffon's back, legs and tail.



Guards of the Realms

Although the levy system provides Ulthuan with a massive reserve of troops, as well as a permanent body of warriors, there is still a need for professional warriors.

These take the form of the various Guard units, such as the Phoenix Guard, who protect the Shrine of Asuryan, the Sea Guard, who man the walls and harbours of Lothorn, the Everqueen's Maiden Guard and the Phoenix King's Lion Guard. Each of these units has its own distinctive appearance, styles of dress, and weaponry.

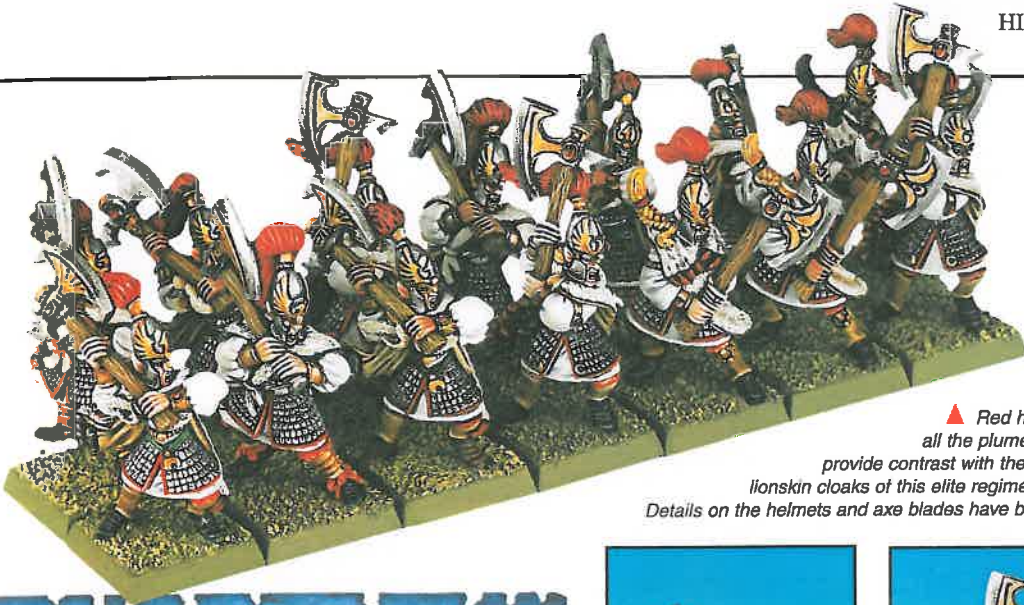


▲ To reflect their status as an elite regiment, the armour of these Phoenix Guard models has been painted gold rather than the usual silver. Their cloaks have been painted white with a striking red and yellow design depicting leaping flames.



◀ The fiery motif of the Phoenix Guards' cloaks has been carried through to the banner born by the unit's standard bearer. Again, flames and ashes feature on the banner, but this time a phoenix is shown leaping from the flames.





▲ Red has been used for all the plumes and edgings to provide contrast with the white tunics and lionskin cloaks of this elite regiment of Lion Guard. Details on the helmets and axe blades have been painted gold.

Chrace is a mountainous and forested region. The inhabitants are all renowned as skilled hunters. Warriors often wear furs and animal pelts over their armour as cloaks or decorative collars. The most famous are the Lion Guard who guard the Phoenix King. They are distinguished by their white lion pelts and woodsmen's axes.



Painting High Elf Armour

The predominant colour of High Elf armour is silver. When painting High Elf armour, start by giving it a base coat of Mithril Silver. When the paint is dry, apply a thin, watered down layer of Armour Wash over the base coat. Finally, once this second layer has dried, gently drybrush over raised areas of the armour with a second application of Mithril Silver, to bring out the highlights of the armour.

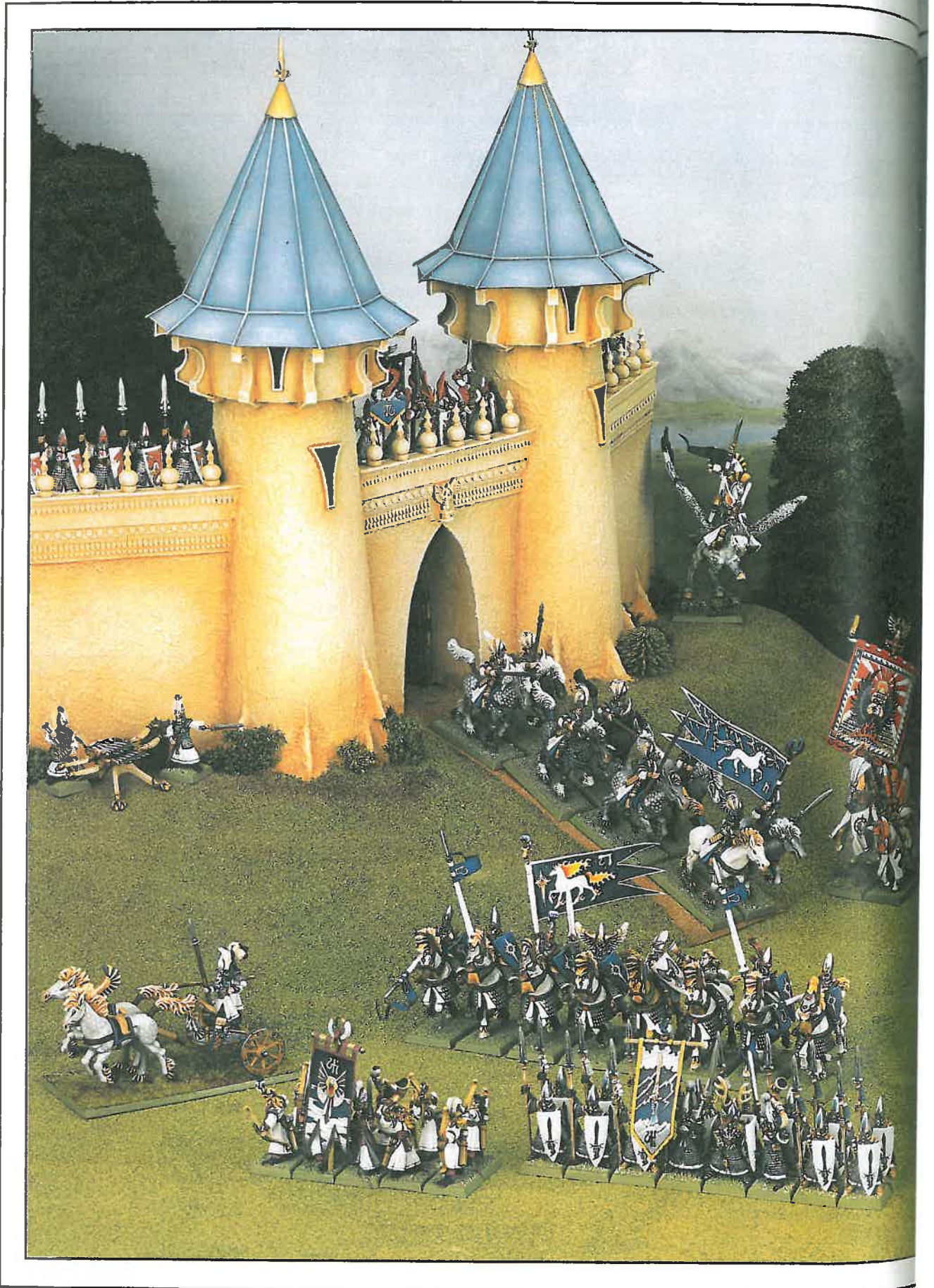


Although High Elf armour is predominantly silver, at times there are opportunities to use other metallic colours such as Burnished Gold, or even Beaten Copper. This is particularly appropriate for Champions and heroes, who often wear heavily ornamented armour that is centuries old.



If you are not using Mithril Silver, follow the guidelines given above, and just substitute the two applications of Mithril Silver with whatever colour you have chosen to use.

The armour on horses (known as *barding*) is painted in exactly the same way as other Elven armour. One trick you can try to make barding complement the colours of the horse's caparison (the cloth underneath the barding) is to use a coloured wash rather than armour wash. So, for instance, if the predominant colour of the caparison were blue, you could use a blue wash.





Nobles of Ulthuan

The nobility of Ulthuan has a strong military tradition of its own, and there are few amongst them who are not expert riders and warriors.

In battle nobles from all of Ulthuan band together into units of Knights - or Ithiltaen, which literally means silver helm, a title which is derived from their distinctive tall and shining helms. Few human Knights can equal the martial prowess of the Silver Helms. Though humans might well be stronger and heavier, they are clumsy and blundering barbarians compared to their Elven adversaries.

► The barding on the steeds of these Silver Helm Knights has been painted in exactly the same way as the armour of their riders, using multiple coats of silver to achieve a really polished, shiny look. Notice also how the horse depicted on the unit's banner is the same colour as the horses themselves.



▲ Silver Helms are another one of our army's elite regiments. All of the steeds were deliberately painted pure white with little variation to produce a unified look to the regiment. The main colour is blue, but small details on the steeds and riders have been painted a rich, leathery red colour.



▲ The blue wave pattern and heart motif on the shield of this High Elf hero have been repeated on his horse's caparison. Mounted High Elf characters and heroes provide many opportunities for this type of extra special painting.

► As well as using more colours than you would normally use on a regimental model you can also distinguish your heroes by applying patterning to their garb or to the caparisons of their steeds.

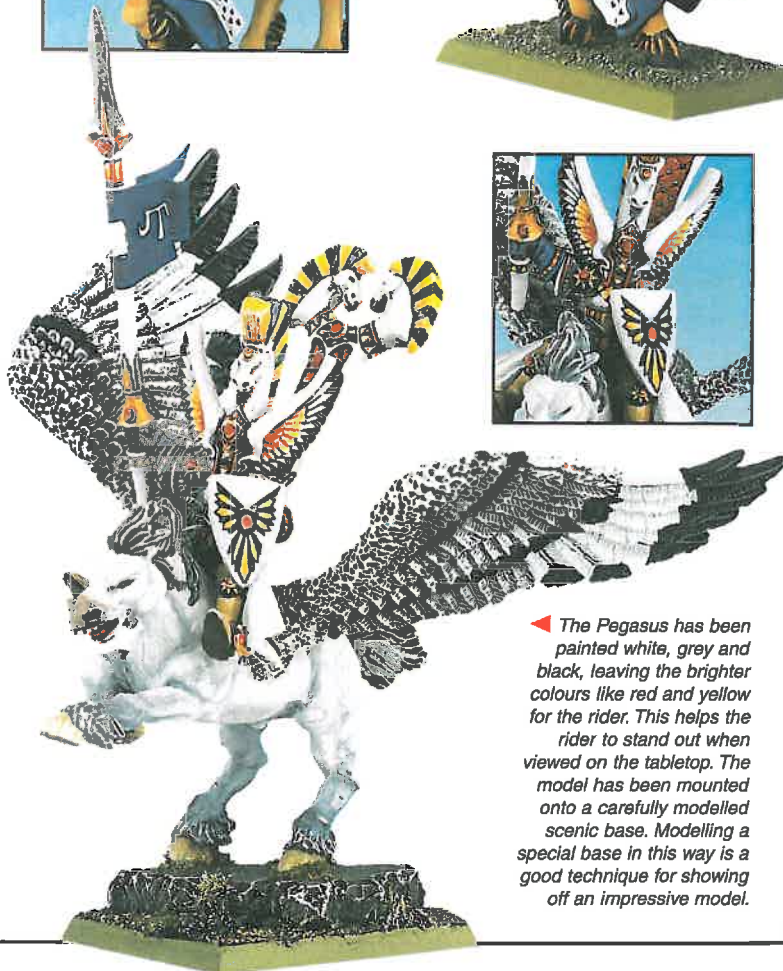
This model has had the same heart pattern applied to both the hero's clothing and the caparison of his horse. The rich purple colour used for the patterning is also used as the main colour elsewhere on the model.



▲ The heroes in any Warhammer army are powerful individual models and you can really go to town when painting them. Our High Elf heroes are no exception and we have tried to paint each of them as spectacularly as possible.

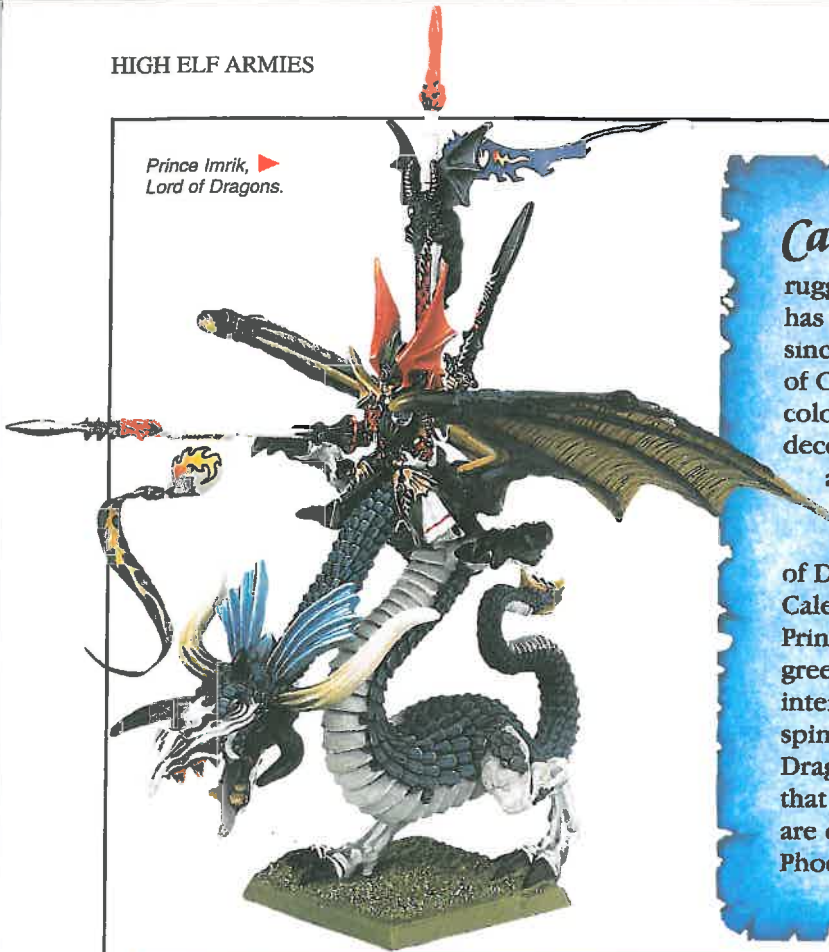


▲ Small amounts of green and blue have been used on this model, yet because they have been applied sparingly, they do not overpower the striking red colour which is the model's main feature.



◀ The Pegasus has been painted white, grey and black, leaving the brighter colours like red and yellow for the rider. This helps the rider to stand out when viewed on the tabletop. The model has been mounted onto a carefully modelled scenic base. Modelling a special base in this way is a good technique for showing off an impressive model.

Prince Imrik, Lord of Dragons.



Caledor is a sparsely populated, rugged, volcanic region which has been home to Dragons since ancient times. The folk of Caledor favour hot fiery colours for their plumes and decorative motifs, and they are the only Elves who commonly use black for plumes and crests. The taming of Dragons is a warrior tradition in Caledor, and it is from here that the Dragon Princes come. Their armour is often tinted green or sometimes red, and its design is intended to reflect the scales and horny spines of Dragons. Such is the pride of the Dragon Princes, that theirs is the only banner that remains erect whilst all the other banners are dipped to acknowledge the rule of the Phoenix King prior to battle.



▲ The armour of the Dragon Princes and their steeds' barding feature a dynamic green and red colour scheme. However, the white horses, pennants and shield designs make the regiment fit in with the rest of our High Elf army.



▲ For our army we have decided to paint all of our Ellyrian Reavers on dappled grey horses. This provides a marked contrast with the other cavalry regiments in the army. Of course, there are many other colours we could have used to paint these steeds, including pure white, light browns, black and other types of grey.

Ellyrion is a region of verdant open plains, and is the domain of the horse kindreds with their herds of fine Elven Steeds. By tradition, the warriors of this realm are expert riders, taught from a young age the arts of horseback warfare. These warriors, known as Ellyrian Reavers, are experts with both spear and bow. A distinctive feature of the Reavers is their elegant, flowing plumed helmets.



▲ The dappling on this Ellyrian Reaver's mount has been applied so that it fades out towards the steed's hind quarters and neck, as it would on a real horse. You can achieve this either by making the dapples smaller near those areas, or by applying softer strokes of paint.



◀ Painting your own shield designs can be very satisfying, but also a bit daunting. Luckily there are a number of alternatives. Some shields are cast or moulded with relief designs which are relatively easy to paint. Games Workshop also produce a wide variety of waterslide transfers.



▲ The High Elf Repeater Bolt Thrower and crew.



▲ Each of the Repeater Bolt Thrower teams in our army has been painted using a specific detail colour. Either blue, as above, or red in the case of the crew model illustrated on the right.



Eataine is the mightiest of the Kingdoms of Ulthuan, centred around the Emerald gate and the city of Lothorn. Many merchants dwell here and send forth colonists to the four corners of the known world. This is a populous region which maintains a large number of troops. Its warriors are skilled with either the bow or the spear and are always excellently equipped with the finest armour and weapons. The nobles dress in splendid robes and often wear ornate armour decorated with precious gemstones and valuable metals. These warriors fight on land and sea and have detachments skilled in the use of the repeater bolt thrower, which can be either mounted onboard or removed for use on land. The best warriors serve in the Sea Guard, a large body of troops whose regiments are based in Lothorn, but who also travel throughout the world with the Phoenix King's armies.

Tiranoc Originally, this coastal realm had broad expanses of sandy beach and rolling downlands, rising suddenly into snow capped peaks. Of all the realms of Ulthuan it was the most wealthy and the most densely populated. The warriors followed a very ancient tradition of fighting from chariots as suited the landscape. During the Sundering Tiranoc was flooded almost completely. The coastal cities were overwhelmed and their mercantile descendants survive today only in far flung colonies. Inland, on the lower slopes of the mountains, the warriors cling to their age-old tradition as charioteers of great skill.

▼ This High Elf chariot has been extensively converted. The crew have been created by using torsos from Ellyrian Reavers and archers' legs. The base has been cut to size from a Warhammer movement tray.



Shields and Banners



Banners and shields act as a colourful focal point for your units and heroes, and are designed to reflect their bearer's character or the unit to which they belong. There are no formal rules to adhere to when designing shields and banners. Most are ancient, traditional designs that have been passed down from generation to generation, and incorporate imagery unique to each specific regiment.



▲ Our High Elf army's Battle Standard bearer, holding aloft the banner of the Phoenix King. This model is a conversion made from a variety of different castings and plastic parts.

High Elves favour imagery which depicts fantastic creatures, such as dragons, the phoenix, and sea serpents, to name but a few. Many of these images appear in fully rendered scenes, such as a night sky, or stormy sea, rather than just sitting on plain, single coloured backgrounds. This is not to say that High Elves do not also produce simple designs, just that the more complicated the imagery, the more ancient and valued the shield or banner is likely to be.





▲ Teclis, High Loremaster of the White Tower. Many of the items Teclis possesses have been painted according to their descriptions in this book such as the Sword of Teclis. To finish the effect a scenic base was added.



High Elf mage

Saphery

This realm is noted for wizardry and within it stands the White Tower, home of the Loremasters of Hoeth. It is a sparsely populated land. The nobility of Saphery study the arts of magic and many choose to fight in battle as wizards.

From all over Ulthuan determined young Elves also come to Saphery in the hope of being accepted into the Order of Swordmasters of Hoeth. These elite warriors are trained by the Loremasters in the most ancient and arcane of martial arts. Their distinctive weapon is the double-handed broadsword, a massive weapon they wield as easily as an ordinary Elf might brandish a knife or dagger.

Painting Gemstones



STAGE 1



STAGE 2



STAGE 3



STAGE 4

High Elf models are often sculpted with precious gems and jewels, especially champions and special character models. As well as adding a touch of class to your models, gemstones are also surprisingly easy to paint.

First decide what basic colour you wish to paint your gemstone. For example, if you were painting a red gemstone, you would start by painting it a bright red colour. Once the red base coat was dry, you would then apply a band of dark red shading to the top of the gem, and then a band of orange highlight to the base of it, leaving an area in the middle where the basic red colour would still show through. When the highlight and shading is dry, add a tiny, pure white dot to the top of the gem, to help create the illusion that it is catching reflected light. If you want a really shiny look, you can give the gem a thin coat of gloss varnish as a finishing touch.



High Elf mage

ELTHARION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

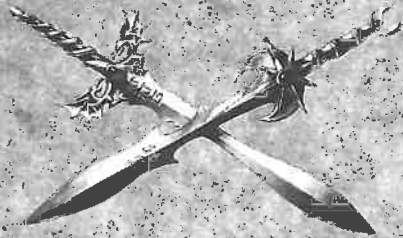
Remembering his oath not to set foot on a boat Grom did not cross the river on one of the hastily constructed rafts. Instead he sent his bodyguard to stand in the river with their shields held flat above their head, and walked across the Peledor on a bridge of shields. Only three of his bodyguards died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

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

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

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

He knows not what he does, thought Moranon, with a shudder. Such huge amounts of power would eventually consume the shaman like a flame withering a branch, but not before he wreaked terrible havoc. The shaman had bound himself to the channels of power the Elves used to keep their lands above the sea. The watchstones were lynchpins for the spells that kept the power of Chaos from the world; spells so vast, intricate and complex that no single mage could hope to understand them or recreate them. Save in moments of great crisis no Elf Mage would dare interfere with them, for who knew what might happen if their balance was interfered with even slightly? Here was a threat to the whole of the land of Ulthuan, not just to Athel Tamarha.



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

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

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

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

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

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

All that long day they marched through a land that was empty and swiftly blighted. The horde's scouts slaughtered entire populations of deer, and chopped down trees that had stood for years. Fields of irreplaceable medicinal herbs, the only examples of their type, were trampled by iron-shod feet. The Goblins plucked up the flowers and threw them about, laughing like cruel children. Under Black Tooth's instructions the watchstones they encountered were toppled. As darkness fell the ground shook with a small tremor. Only Moranon, out of all the thousands present, understood what it meant. He knew that soon the tide of terrible magic would rise again with catastrophic consequences for Ulthuan and the world. He shuddered when he heard Black Tooth's mad laughter ringing out. In the dark he could see the shaman's eyes glitter with newly absorbed power.

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

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

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

The ghost shimmered and spoke to him, telling him it was his duty to seek revenge and stop this scourge. To save the land he must kill whoever he found wearing his father's cloak. Eltharion reached out for his father but the ghost's hand vanished before he could clasp it. As Eltharion

looked down he saw the Fangsword, ancient heirloom of his house, lying where his father's ghost had stood. He reached down and grasped the hilt, his knuckles white against its black binding.

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

He mounted his war griffon, Stormwing, and ordered his warriors back aboard their ships. He told them they were returning home. None dared gainsay him. Aloft and out of sight of his troops, he cursed the gods. The rush of wind in his ears was the only answer.

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

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

By the light of the full moon Black Tooth stared into a bowl of blood seeking to divine the nature of the future. While doing so he saw the great spired city of Tor Yvresse, built on nine hills, the titanic towers of its palaces linked by bridges hundreds of feet above the ground. He saw the army being mustered to meet the Goblins and he knew that soon they would meet their first real challenge. He informed Grom of this. If he sensed the damage he was wreaking to the Elflands by his draining of its magic he did not share the knowledge.

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

Sending a leader like Ferghal to face a foe as cunning, savage and deadly as Grom was like sending a child to face a hungry wolf. The armies met on the plains ten

leagues from the city. Had the Elves been less confident of their might they would have remained within their fortress towers and given reinforcements time to arrive.

The unstoppable Goblin army swept over the Elves. Grom led his horde into the charge. His axe parted Ferghal's head from his shoulders. His scythed wheels cut the Elves down like stalks of wheat. Warrior for warrior the Elves were more than a match for Grom's ladz. However they were heavily outnumbered and the momentum of the Goblin charge carried them deep into the Elf lines. As the melee swirled the greenskins swiftly swept round the edges of the Elf formation and Elf warriors found themselves attacked from several sides at once.

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

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

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

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

In Tor Yvresse that night there was much mourning. The population huddled in fear round the temple of Ladrielle. Black storm clouds hovered over the city, dark with the threat of torrential rain. A great tremor made the city shudder and caused part of the sea wall to tumble into the waves. Palaces collapsed and old monuments fell. In the city's highest tower the Warden observed the stars and drew his charts and consulted the runes then drew a conclusion that sent stark terror through him. He knew

that the web of spells holding the Vortex together was starting to unravel. In their ignorance the invaders had tampered with forces that could destroy them all. If they were not stopped soon first Yvresse then all of the Elf-lands would slide beneath the sea and tides of evil magic would drown the world.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then, four days after the Battle of the Plains, it happened. The citizens woke to find an army at their gates and the fire-scathed skulls of their kinsmen being lobbed over the walls by the great arms of Goblin stonechukkas. This ceased when Grom drove his chariot forward, halting just outside ballista range. In fractured manspeech he told the Elves that they were all doomed unless they surrendered instantly and acknowledged him as their master. Those Elves who understood the speech of men called back faintly in the common tongue. Grom shrugged and ordered the siege to begin.

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

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

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

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

Suddenly, from out of the storm, the Elves came. Eltharion's fleet rode the turbulent sea into harbour. In a feat of insatiably skilful seamanship they crashed through the swells into the calm water near the docks. Hundreds of battle-hardened Elf veterans raced ashore. Eltharion himself took to the sky on the back of Stormwing, seeking the slayer of his father. The griffon's challenging shriek rang out over the city. The Elf army coming ashore smashed through the weary rain-soaked Goblin horde and made its way towards the great square in the centre of city. The Goblins fell back before them.

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

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

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

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

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

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



The Elves were heartened by the arrival of Stormwing and Eltharion in their midst and they charged with renewed determination into the horde. The Goblins died in droves and the few survivors were thrown back and, with their nerve broken, fled. Not even Grom's impassioned howling could halt them. Acknowledging defeat Grom shrugged and followed. The Elves were too weary to follow.

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

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

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

SPECIAL RULES

This section introduces several special rules for High Elf armies and includes a description of the devastating repeater bolt thrower war machine. These rules are exceptions or additions to those in the Warhammer rulebook, and are intended to be used in conjunction with the Warhammer game rules. We have not included rules for the Tiranoc chariot, as these are identical to those described in the Warhammer game.

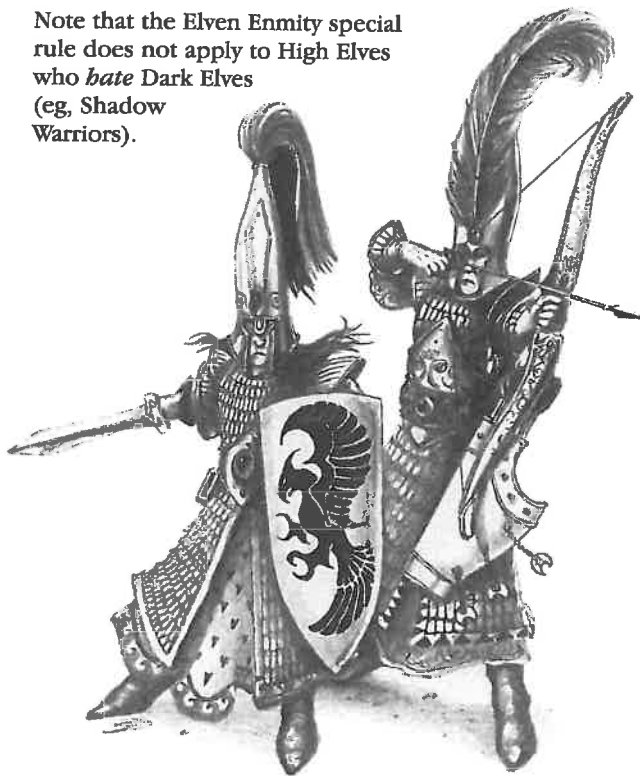
ELVEN ENMITY

Since the time of the Sundering the Elven kindreds have lived apart: the Wood Elves in the Old World, the Dark Elves in Naggaroth, and the High Elves in Ulthuan. Whilst the relationship between High Elves and Wood Elves has been merely distant, that of the High Elves and Dark Elves has been marked by centuries of animosity.

The Dark Elves hate their kinsfolk with an intensity borne of their own self-loathing. Deep in his elven soul every Dark Elf despises the twisted, black-hearted creature that he is. His hatred for his untainted High Elf brother burns all the stronger because there could be no more poignant reminder of his own failings. Dark Elves are desperate and self-destructive creatures, and for this reason their hatred is met with the pity of the High Elves.

High Elves do not hate their kin, for hatred would debase and corrupt them as surely as it brought low the Dark Elves themselves. Hatred is what separates the two races. Dark Elves embrace it whilst High Elves reject it, cultivating instead the high and noble ideals that are their race's greatest achievements.

Note that the Elven Enmity special rule does not apply to High Elves who *hate* Dark Elves (eg, Shadow Warriors).



RESOLVE

Though it is not part of the High Elves' character to hate even their most bitter enemies, centuries of destruction and bloodshed by the Dark Elves have certainly left their mark. The High Elves have become resolute in the face of evil. When they take arms against the Dark Elves they know that they are confronting their race's greatest folly, and that it is their duty to oppose the evil that they themselves have spawned.

It is hardly surprising that the wars between the kindreds have been so bloody. On the one side is bitter hatred and on the other steely determination. Neither side is likely to give way except in the direst of circumstances. No quarter is asked and none given. If the price of victory is certain destruction then so be it - better that all Elvenkind should perish than let the enemy gain ascendancy.

RE-ROLL BREAK OR PSYCHOLOGY TEST

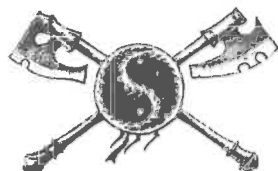
To represent this unique and enduring enmity the High Elf army is affected by special rules when fighting against Dark Elves. When fighting Dark Elves, High Elves may re-roll any Break test in hand-to-hand combat, or psychology test, so long as either the army General or army standard bearer remains on the battlefield and is not fleeing. This replaces the normal re-roll rule for a unit/character breaking within 12" of the battle standard. Only one re-roll can be taken, even where a re-roll from some other source might otherwise apply. It is not permitted to re-roll a failed re-roll.

RESOLUTE HIGH ELVES

The purpose of the re-rolls described here is to make High Elves appropriately resolute even in the face of massive casualties or fleeing friends. The effect does not quite match the hatred that Dark Elves feel for their kin - but High Elves enjoy other benefits as an army that make them the equal of their dark brethren. Battles between High Elves and Dark Elves will be bloody affairs in which neither side is likely to give way easily. They can also be fairly static where forces are evenly matched, and victory will tend to go to the player who succeeds in turning a flank or working his way through to the more vulnerable machines or light troops.

HIGH ELF CITIZEN LEVY

Many centuries ago the Phoenix King Morvael introduced a levy system whereby all Elves received some military training so that they could be called upon to fight at any time. These levies were organised into bands based around their cities, towns and villages. Since that time, all ordinary citizens of Ulthuan have learned how to fight with either spear or bow.



When it comes to battle the High Elf citizen army has a considerable advantage over other races. Not only are High Elves naturally self-controlled, but years of preparation and constant combat readiness have attuned their skills to the perfect fighting formation. Indeed, High Elves react with such speed and agility that they appear to move at their leader's will, fighting with a single mind where other races become indecisive and founder.

To represent the tightly honed combat formations of the High Elves, any High Elf infantry units armed with spears and/or bows are allowed a unique advantage.

SPEARS

A High Elf infantry unit armed with spears is allowed to fight with one extra rank compared to normal troops. The front ranker kneels, placing his trust in the second ranker to lean over and protect him, whilst the third ranker closes up and arcs his spear over his companions.

So, when stationary, a High Elf spear unit can fight in three ranks rather than two, and when they move the High Elves fight in two ranks rather than one.

This extra rank is only applied to spear-armed units of infantry, and only when fighting in a normal formation of ranks and files. Skirmishers cannot benefit, nor can spear-armed charioteers or cavalry.

BOWS

High Elf infantry armed with bows or longbows can shoot with two ranks of troops even over the flat, where the second rank is normally unable to see. The front rank kneels to shoot, allowing individuals immediately behind to shoot as well. When calculating shooting, a model in the second rank can shoot so long as he can see his target as if the rank in front of him were not there.

High Elf archers can thus shoot in two ranks rather than one.

This extra rank is only permitted to bow- or longbow-armed units of infantry, and only when fighting in a normal formation of ranks and files. Skirmishers cannot benefit, and neither can bow-armed charioteers or cavalry.

ITHILMAR

The black slopes of the Dragonback Mountains of Caledor are often shrouded in steam from the many volcanic peaks of the region. The mountains' shoulders have been built up over many thousands of years by deposits brought up from the world's fiery core.

According to Elven legends it was the very gods who dug deep beneath the earth's crust to find the secret gems and minerals that are concealed there. Today the mountain sides are studded with veins of wondrously coloured minerals, precious stones and metal ores, many found only in this part of the world. These gems are prized by both Elf and Dwarf craftsmen, and many have magical or unusual natural properties.

The Elves themselves do not mine for gems or minerals, but harvest the exposed slopes for stones loosened by erosion and by the occasional tremors that shake the mountains around Vaul's Anvil. This is the largest of the volcanic mountains of the range, the legendary seat of the Elven god of smiths. Under its steam-clad slopes can be found the world's sole vein of the metal known as Ithilmar.

Ithilmar means 'sky silver' for it is said to be as light as the sky and as lustrous as polished silver. Ithilmar does not tarnish, and is a delight to work, and yet it is as hard as steel. Only the High Elves know how to forge it, though a Dwarf Runesmith would surrender his family's entire treasure hoard to learn its secret. In fact, Ithilmar can only be forged with the addition of other mineral ores found uniquely on the slopes of the Dragonspine Mountains, so the only weapons shops that make it are those of Vaul's Anvil itself.

ITHILMAR ARMOUR

The High Elves use Ithilmar to forge armour and weapons, and can make blades, corselets and tall helms of extraordinary lightness. Not all weaponry is made of this by any means, for Ithilmar is too precious to use heedlessly, but it is used mainly to equip superior troops. It is highly valued for blades which retain their keen edge, and for long coats of scale which would otherwise weigh down and seriously discomfort a slightly built Elf.

MOVEMENT PENALTY

If High Elves wear 'heavy armour' as described in the Warhammer rulebook and in the army list, this will always be made of Ithilmar. Consequently, High Elves suffer no movement penalty for wearing heavy armour.



If an Elven Steed is equipped with barding it does suffer the usual -1" penalty, as this is imposed as much to represent the bulk of barding and loss of mobility as it is the weight of the armour itself. A Dragon Prince wearing heavy armour and carrying a shield, riding a barded Elven Steed will therefore move 9" - 1" (barding) = 8".

REPEATER BOLT-THROWER

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

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

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

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

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

VOLLEYS

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

this way, but the Strength of the hit is reduced by -1 for each rank pierced. So, the first hit is resolved at Strength 4, the second at Strength 3, the third at Strength 2 and the fourth at Strength 1. As with single shots, no armour saving throws are allowed for hits from a bolt thrower.

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

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

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

MOVE	TOUGHNESS	WOUNDS
As crew	7	3

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

SUMMARY

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

DRAGONS OF CALEDOR



In ages past the land of Caledor was the domain of Dragons of all kinds, both great and small. They made their homes high in the encircling mountains. There, deep within the honeycomb of volcanic caves and tunnels, the most powerful Dragons of old made their nests of raw gold and gemstones. They grew large, far larger than Dragons of modern times, and slowly multiplied until the skies grew dark with their wings. All this happened many years before the ancestors of the Elves came to Ulthuan.

When the first Elves came to the land of Dragons, Caledor Dragontamer took possession of it, and named the land for himself. Caledor subjugated the Dragons, mastering them with the aid of sorcery until they submitted to his will. Then Caledor and his sons, riding Dragons and with all the Dragons of Caledor at their back, travelled the length of Ulthuan and all Elves acknowledged their rule. Thus began a golden age of order that ended with the coming of Chaos and the rise of Aenarion, the first Phoenix King.

Caledor Dragontamer recognised Aenarion as Asuryan's chosen one, and presented the Phoenix King with Indraugnir, the greatest and oldest Dragon of that age of the world. Then together Aenarion and Caledor led Dragon riders against the Chaos hordes, and drove them from the heartlands of Ulthuan. Their victory proved to be only a temporary respite, for afterwards the armies of Chaos grew stronger and battled with the Elves once more. Many Beastmen were slain and Daemons destroyed, but behind every corpse stood another slaying warrior, another minion of the Dark Gods. Many Elves and Dragons were slain and all the time the Dragons grew weaker and fewer until it seemed that they would be defeated.

The tale of the Caledor and Aenarion, and of their eventual victory over Chaos, is told elsewhere. Though they triumphed in the end it was at a terrible cost. Caledor himself was trapped forever in the Vortex of Chaos. Aenarion was slain. Many bright and wondrous things were ended as the power of magic was drawn away from the world. The Dragon lairs cooled. The few Dragons that remained grew sleepy and weary. Increasingly they slept, and the Elves of Caledor found it harder and harder to rouse them.

Now Dragons are a rare sight in the skies of Caledor. Dragon Princes whose ancestors rode to war on the back of Dragons now ride armoured equine steeds. Those Dragons that can be awakened soon weaken and tire, and must resume their sleep in order to regain their strength. Consequently, the Dragon Princes do not even attempt to rouse the Dragons except in cases of dire need.

SPECIAL RULES

The bond between a Dragon and its rider is unusually strong. Generations of Elves and Dragons have grown up together. Dragons are not dull-witted creatures, but an intelligent species, and their relationship with their Elven masters is extremely close. The special rules below represent the Dragon skills that the Elves of Caledor possess, as well as the close bond between riders and Dragons. These rules only apply to High Elves riding Dragons, not to Dragons ridden by other races or to unriden Dragons.

DRAGONRAGE. If a Dragon's rider is slain then you must roll on the Monster Reaction Table in Warhammer to determine what the Dragon does. When rolling on this chart add +1 to the dice score. This means a Dragon will never fly away from battle. If you roll a 6 then you may choose any result you wish from the Monster Reaction Table.

DRAGON TAMER. The Elves of Caledor have a natural empathy for dragon-kind that is recognised by all Dragons (of any type: evil-aligned Dragons, Chaos Dragons, etc). If a High Elf character riding a Dragon is fighting in hand-to-hand combat against another Dragon then the enemy Dragon must take and pass a 2D6 Leadership test before it attacks. This test is taken in the same way as any other Leadership-based test such as *panic*, *fear*, etc. The test therefore uses the Dragon's Leadership characteristic if unriden, the rider's Leadership if ridden, or the General's Leadership if he is within 12". This test is only taken once at the start of the combat, and the enemy Dragon will either fight for the duration of the combat or refuse to fight for the entire combat. If a Dragon refuses to fight it will not strike blows or use its breath at all. However, a Dragon will only refuse to fight so long as it is not attacked itself. Should the Dragon be attacked it will always fight back.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He raised his gauntleted hand as the sign to attack. The silver notes of the Elf warhorns echoed over the field. In less than a heartbeat clouds of Elf arrows arced towards the enemy. Malhandir needed no urging to advance. With effortless ease he accelerated. The wind whipped past Tyrion's cheeks as the great steed lengthened his stride. Bones crunched like brittle wood beneath his truesilver-shod hooves. In the distance a Cold One went down, pierced by a huge shaft from a bolt thrower. Tyrion saw its rider thrown from the saddle and crushed beneath the monster's falling bulk.

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

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

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

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

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

Tyrion risked a glance around. Not too many High Elves had fallen. The range was long and the crossbow bolts had lost much power by the time they reached the cavalry. He saw one chariot hit a small ridge and flip, its drivers killed by enemy fire. Whinnying with terror a horse tried to pull itself free from the wreckage.

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

More spells leapt back and forth between the armies as mage and daemon duelled inconclusively. So far magic had had no great effect but Tyrion knew that soon one of the combatants would tire or exhaust his protective charms and then terrible things would begin to happen.

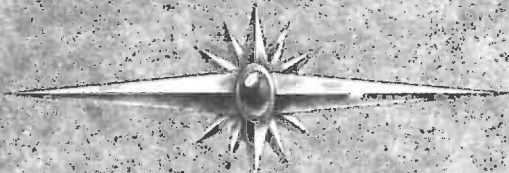
More and more Elf arrows rained down on the Dark Elf ranks. With their own cavalry so close to the foe, they concentrated their fire on the far end of the Naggarothi line, rather than risk hitting their own warriors. Hideous screams cut the air as the Dark Elves died. On the altar the black aura flickering round the dark sword grew ever stronger.

With a crash the two forces met. Led by Tyrion, the High Elf cavalry was a tidal wave of steel rushing over their foes. Tyrion cut to the left and right of him. Witch Elves fell headless. Malhandir reared, crushing their still-twitching corpses beneath his hooves. Faster than a serpent's tongue Tyrion's blade flickered out, killing everything within its reach. The Elf Prince felt familiar bloodlust flow through him, amplified by the evil influence of the sword. He wanted to howl aloud, so great was his joy and lust for battle. He felt bone jar beneath the blade and the sensuous release of power as Sunfang's searing energies were unleashed.

Howling, more and more Witch Elves launched themselves at him. With their glazed eyes and blood-flecked lips they were no more crazed than Tyrion himself. He was a living engine of destruction, unstoppable by any mortal power. Hacking to the right and left he carved a bloody path through the Witch Elves and on into the Dark Elf infantry.

From the corner of his eye he caught sight of a poison-dripping blade. It flickered towards him. At the last moment he twisted in his saddle but too late. The blade caught him beneath the ribs and would have driven on up into his heart had it not been for the resistant nature of his ancient armour. Silver stars flickered before his eyes from the force of the impact. The Dark Elf assassin spat at him. On his cheek Tyrion could see a small tattoo bearing the mark of Khaine.

"Die, assassin," he roared and lashed out. His blade took the man's hand off at the wrist. The return swipe removed the assassin's head. In a frenzy of death-dealing Tyrion lashed out at all around him, transformed into a whirlwind of death. Soon no enemy lived within reach of his blade.



Tyrion had a moment's respite in which to study the battle. The High Elf cavalry had crashed into the main body of the Dark Elf force, inflicting terrible casualties. Tyrion would have thought that nothing that lived could have withstood that steel avalanche. Lances had pierced Dark Elf bodies. Stythe-wheeled chariots had mowed them down like stalks of wheat. Yet, improbably, driven by their ancient festering hatred, most of the Dark Elves had endured. They had managed to hold their line together and resist the sweep of the High Elf attack. They had not broken, despite the awful pressure put on them. Truly they were a most terrible foe.

Tyrion saw Antheus of Caledor, mounted on his horse, shouting instructions to his fellow Dragon Princes. They were surrounded by a knot of Dark Elf spearmen, trading hacks with their attackers. A single chariot had cut through the enemy line and was heading towards the Dark Elf rear. Near Tyrion the bulk of the Silver Helms were locked in frantic death struggles with their maniacal foes. Great white horses reared and plunged, crushing skulls with a flick of their hooves. Proud silver-mailed knights cut about them with great sweeps of their weapons.

Even as he watched one proud warrior was pulled from the saddle and gutted by Dark Elf spearmen. From this position it was hard to tell who had the advantage. Tyrion did not doubt that he would soon find out.

Spells seared the air. Near Tyrion a bolt of searing black power blasted through the Silver Helms reducing one of them to a shrivelled corpse and causing the others to stand stunned with fear. Seeing the look of horror on his followers' faces and watching them waver in the fight Tyrion hallowed for them to fear not and stand firm. Such was the authority in his voice that the High Elf knights held their ground. Tyrion looked for the source of the killing spell and saw it. N'kari had descended from the steps on the shrine and was making his way through the melee. Each great sweep of his claws left a bold Elf warrior lying a broken ruin on the ground at the daemon's feet.

From behind High Elf warhorns sounded once more, calling the infantry to advance and join the battle. Once again arrows flickered overhead and fell in a rain of death on the foe. Howling aloud his battle cry Tyrion urged Malhandir towards the greater daemon.

A strange stench filled the air near N'kari. The air smelled of sweet-scented and intoxicating incense. The daemon's overwhelming presence threatened the sanity of any who looked at him. There was something almost majestic in that hell-spawned form and something almost beautiful in the supernatural power and grace of its movements. Tyrion saw one Silver Helm stand transfixed as the daemon ripped him asunder. Even Malhandir's charge faltered slightly, forcing Tyrion to apply a touch of the spurs.

Like a thunderbolt he raced towards the daemon. As he did so the runes on his blade glowed ever brighter. He brought Sunfang round in a great arc and cleaved into the daemon. Wielded by Tyrion's mighty arm, and powered by Malhandir's irresistible charge any other creature would have gone down upon receiving such a blow. N'kari just let out a bellow of pain that gladdened Tyrion's heart. At least the thing could be hurt.

Tyrion lashed out again and again, unleashing a wave of mighty blows, driving N'kari back. Sweat poured down the hero's forehead and threatened to obscure his vision. His arm trembled from the shock of the impact of his sword on the daemon's iron-tough hide, yet he dared not stop. He feared that if he gave the thing one moment's respite then those mighty claws would tear him limb from limb. Molten ichor flowed from several long gashes and the daemon screamed with a strange mixture of agony and ecstasy.

The rest of the battle receded. There was only Tyrion and N'kari now. To both combatants nothing else was important. It seemed to them that they fought in a separate silent universe where only they and their hatred existed, and over all loomed the brooding presence of the Sword of Khaine.

Almost sobbing now Tyrion continued to hack. Suddenly the daemon brought up its hand. Its human fingers flickered through a gesture of invocation and a searing bolt of black power enveloped the High Elf hero. Tyrion screamed. Pain flared in every nerve ending of his body. He wanted to retch and vomit. He felt as if a lightning bolt were passing through him. The smell of bile and sulphur filled his lungs. For a moment he stood paralysed while the warmth from the amulet and the dread power of the daemon's spell warred through his body.

Now it was N'kari's turn to unleash a torrent of blows. Through a haze of pain Tyrion defended himself as best he could. Malhandir backed away as the snarling laughing daemon came on. Tyrion frantically blocked one of the thing's blows and ducked the sweep of a mighty claw. Another blow caught him on the helm. His ears rang from the deafening clamour. His head swam from the force of the impact. Another blow from a great fist caught him under the heart, in the area already bruised by the assassin's blade. He fought to hold back a scream as ribs broke and agony lanced his chest. Another blow buffeted his shoulder and almost dislocated it.

...joy bubbled in the daemon's voice. "You are mine Tyron. My vengeance is about to begin."

Tyron felt beaten. His body was broken and every cell of his being hurt. The daemon was too strong for any mortal to overcome, no matter how well armed or well trained. He had been deluded to think otherwise. He almost bowed his head to accept the inevitable. Then from somewhere new strength flowed. Perhaps it was from the amulet at his breast, perhaps it was from the terrible sword upon the altar. He did not know and he did not care. He only knew that he had to fight on, that to admit defeat was to be already beaten. That he would not do.

"No!" shrieked Tyron. Though the sword felt heavy as a fallen tree he lifted it. Everything was happening with awful slowness, as in a nightmare. He saw the daemon look up, astonished. He brought the blade down with the awesome majestic power of a falling thunderbolt. The burning blade caught the daemon right in the centre of its forehead, directly upon the mark of Slaanesh. The daemon's head fell apart under the force of the impact. The thing sank to its knees, molten fire bubbling from a gash that ran all the way to its neck.

As the ichor bubbled free it steamed and transformed into multi-coloured vapour. As the vapour rose the daemon dwindled, like a balloon with all the air let out. The smoke itself glowed ever brighter and vanished with a long protesting wail. Now Tyron was truly alone in the centre of the battlefield. He felt like falling to his knees. He had used up all his strength. But once more he drew upon his inner reserves and forced himself to take Malhandir into the centre of the fray and fight on, to victory.

* * * *

Slowly, wearily, Tyron limped up the long stairway. Blood covered every step of the approach to the Sword of Khaine's resting place. The cloying scent of it filled his nostrils. The soles of his boots felt sticky. The last dying light of the setting sun turned the fluid black. Power vibrated in the very air, threatening the corruption of his soul.

He mounted the last step at the top of the shrine and turned to survey the field of his triumph. From here, atop this black ziggurat, it all looked empty. A thousand warriors had died this day and they had barely added a tiny increment to the number of bodies heaped upon the plain. Seen from this ancient vantage point, the futility of it all was clear. How many had died here during the long millenra, he wondered? And for what?

He stood now where Aenarion had stood, in the days of wrath, when he lifted the blade to fight against Chaos and tried to save the world. He stood now where Malekith, the Witch King of Naggaroth, had stood before attempting to draw the weapon and use its ultimate power for his own cruel ends. He stood now where brave Caledor and driven Tethlis, daunted Phoenix Kings both, had contemplated their own destinies and departed to meet their fates. He stood where countless kings and sorcerers and daemons had stood seeking terrible power.

Some say Aenarion had drawn forth the blade and he had driven the cursed weapon so deeply back into the stone that none had ever drawn it forth again.

Tyron turned to face the blade. Even against the dark of the sky it was visible, a deeper blackness obscuring the fearful stars. It rose from a great cistern of bubbling blood, its hilt a black crucifix in the deepening gloom. Along the blade red runes glowed sensuously. Blood condensed from the air about them, dripping down the channel in the centre of the sword to fill the unemptying font.

Tyron was surprised. It was a sword for him, as it had been for Aenarion. The weapon was supposed to look different to each viewer. It was said that for Malekith it had been a sceptre, for Caledor a lance. No-one knew what Tethlis had seen; he had not lived long enough to tell. The Sword of Khaine whispered to him, as he had feared it would. Its power called to him, almost overwhelming his senses.

Draw me, it said. You can. You are worthy. You are my master. You are as great as Aenarion. Greater. You will succeed where he failed. Tyron shook his head weakly.

The world is dark. For the Elves it is growing darker. Long night and final extinction approach. Together we can save them. Together we can reforge their broken empire and reclaim their lost lands. Nothing can stand against us. Not Men. Not daemons. Not Dwarfs. Not your dark kindred. Naggaroth will fall. The Empire will fall. The kingdom of the Dwarfs will fall. The world will be ours. It is our destiny. You will be the last of the great Elf heroes and your name will live forever.

The grip seemed moulded for his hand. The night was filled with forbidden promise. The truly terrible thing was that it was all true and it was all possible. Without the sword Ulthuan would eventually fall. With the sword he could rule the world. He need never fear any enemy. Daemons would tremble. He would be beyond the Witch King's vengeance. Almost he reached out for the forbidden thing.



Instead he touched the amulet at his breast. Its dimmed warmth tingled through his fingertips. He gripped it as if it were a rock and he was drowning, as if it could save his soul from peril.

He thought of the Plain of Bones, of the countless dead that fed the sword's power, of the countless deaths it would take to satisfy its eternal hunger. The blade knew no master. It had led Aenarion and his followers to their destruction. In the end Aenarion had lost everything. He had died alone in this dreadful place. Tyron knew that if he took up the Sword of Khaine he would become like unto death, a destroyer of worlds, hollow, dark and mighty. Suddenly he knew that it was not what he wanted.

Slowly and with great reluctance, he turned and limped back down the stairs towards the other mortals. Behind him the sword kept up its perpetual siren call.

HIGH ELF BESTIARY

This section of the High Elves book describes the various warriors that can make up a High Elf army. The following pages also provide characteristic profiles and special game rules where they apply. A description of the repeater bolt thrower and rules for it are included in the Special Rules section of the book, where you will also find the full rules for Elven Enmity, Ithilmar armour, Citizen Levy and Dragons of Caledor.

ELVEN WARRIORS

Regiments of spearmen and archers are made up of the citizen soldiery of Ulthuan. Though he may be craftsman, tradesman or artist in peace time, every Elf becomes a resolute and deadly fighter in time of war.

Over a thousand years ago the Phoenix King Morvael introduced a levy system whereby all Elves received some training so that they could be called upon to fight at any time. These levies were organised into bands based within their cities, towns and villages. Morvael accurately predicted the need for a well organised but flexible army to defend Ulthuan in the troubled times that lay ahead. His system has stood the test of time and remains the cornerstone of Elven armies to this day.

Although the full body of citizen warriors can be mobilised in emergencies, in normal circumstances only a proportion of the population of each settlement serves under arms at any one time. The retainers of the Elven nobility also contribute towards the levy, providing cavalry to support the warriors. These variously sized and disparate units are formed into larger regiments as needed. Many warriors are sent north to guard the passes and the isles, whilst others remain to guard the cities further south.

Both spearmen and archers are garbed in white, often with a coloured border design that proclaims their realm or city of origin. White is the colour of purity and of death, and their robes symbolise their determination to fight to the end if necessary. Elf warriors are generally very well equipped. Spearmen have hauberks of scale armour, tall helms, and spears seven foot tall. Archers carry powerful bows constructed of alternating layers of wood which endow them with great power and range.

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

SPECIAL RULE

Citizen Levy

High Elf spearmen are allowed to fight in one extra rank, whilst archers can shoot in two ranks. See the separate Special Rules section on Citizen Levy.



SILVER HELMS

All Elven nobles learn how to ride and fight, for the very survival of the Elven race depends upon their skill at arms and readiness to fight. These Elven Knights form the small but powerful core of the Phoenix King's armies, mounted upon swift Elven steeds, armoured in hardened steel, and bearing tall lances with diamond-hard tips. The Elven word for Knight is *Ithiltaen*, which literally means Silver Helm, a title which is derived from their distinctive tall and shining helms.

Few Human Knights can equal the martial prowess of the Silver Helms. Though Humans might well be stronger and heavier, they are clumsy and blundering barbarians compared to their Elven adversaries.

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

ELLYRIAN REAVERS

In the time of Caledor, the Phoenix King called for brave young horsemen to ride the troubled land, for in those days all Ulthuan was in turmoil and the armies of Malekith roamed freely, destroying and slaying at will. Many answered his call, but the greatest in number by far came from Ellyrion, a land renowned for its fine horses and skilled riders. During the long and bitter war that ended in the Sundering these riders served Caledor well, travelling quickly and secretly across the land, taking messages and soliciting support from amongst the Elven lands, shadowing the enemy's forces, ambushing patrols, and intercepting raiders.

These brave horsemen learned to live deep inside enemy territory, finding their sustenance from the wilds and taking what things they needed from their foe. Like an army of shadows they would strike hard and fast before vanishing once more into the wilderness. Soon the evil armies of Malekith became afraid of leaving their fortified encampments except in large numbers. When not fighting they would spread the word of Caledor's struggle, fostering rebellion and helping loyal Elves to escape the clutches of Malekith.

Because they operated without support of any kind, living like bandits in the caves and forests, these horsemen became known as Ellyrian Reavers. Stories of their deeds spread amongst Caledor's armies, lending hope to their cause during the dark days of struggle when all seemed lost. After the war was over and the evil kindred driven from Ulthuan, Caledor recognised the part played by the Reavers and heaped the greatest praise upon these warriors from the wilderness.

Though the immediate threat to Ulthuan was over, Caledor realised that there would always be a need to patrol its shores, to track enemy raiders and hunt them down or spread news of their approach. He instituted the creation of Reaver bands formed of young Ellyrian nobles, which would live in the wilds for months or even years at a time, watching the coasts for any sign of enemy attack. To this day these Reavers still form Ulthuan's first line of defence and are a deadly part of the Phoenix King's armies.

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

SPECIAL RULES

Skirmish

Ellyrian Reavers are masters of mounted hit-and-run warfare, and can *skirmish* as described on page 95 of the Warhammer rulebook.

Deployment

Ellyrian Reavers pounce suddenly and unexpectedly upon their enemy, often taking advantage of rocky or wooded territory to mask their approach. To represent this they are allowed to make a free march move after both sides have deployed. Note that they cannot use this



free move to charge, and may not shoot as they are judged to have marched no matter how far they move.

Expert Riders

Ellyrians are virtually born in the saddle and their feats of horsemanship are legendary. Consequently, when shooting their bows from horseback they do not suffer the usual -1 to hit penalty for shooting whilst moving. Note that this doesn't entitle the Reavers to shoot whilst charging, marching, and so on, but merely removes the usual penalty where it would otherwise apply.

Fire & Flee

Ellyrian Reavers are allowed to choose 'fire & flee' as a charge reaction. This allows them to shoot at an enemy who is charging them before fleeing away. This option can only be used if the enemy charge from more than half their own charge move away (as is normal for a 'stand & shoot' reaction).

If the Reavers' fire stops the charge, either by killing the entire unit or forcing a Panic test and causing them to flee, then the Reavers remain in place as if they had stood against the charge. Otherwise, the Reavers must flee from the chargers once they have shot. They flee in the same way as if they had declared a 'flee' response, except that they roll one less dice than usual to allow for the time spent shooting. Where they would normally flee 3D6" they now flee only 2D6".

THE DRAGON PRINCES OF CALEDOR

Caledor is the fabled land of Dragons, where in ancient times princes of royal blood would ride cold drakes to battle high in the air above Ulthuan. Even today there are Dragons slumbering in their lairs in the Dragon Spine and the caves beneath Vaul's Anvil.

Once Caledor was the supreme realm amongst the Elven Kingdoms, but now its power is lessened, its Dragons are diminished in size and number, and spend long centuries in a deep sleep from which they cannot be roused.

Where in the past the nobles of Caledor rode Dragons today they ride to war as Knights in much the same way as Elves of other lands. However, their old pre-eminence remains a source of pride, their martial traditions are strong, and they regard themselves as an elite even amongst the nobility of other lands. Indeed, 'Prince of Caledor' is a byword for arrogance amongst Elves of other lands. This distinct identity is reflected in the Ithilmar armour worn by the Knights of Caledor, modelled in the antique style of that worn by Dragon riders of old.

In battle the Princes of Caledor always fight apart from other nobles, forming their own band of Knights and fighting beneath their own banner. Such is their pride that theirs is the only banner that remains erect whilst all the other banners are dipped to acknowledge the rule of the Phoenix King prior to battle.

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

SPECIAL RULE

Banner of Caledor

The Dragon Princes always fight beneath their own banner, never taking to the field without it, and defending it with their lives. To represent this a unit of Dragon Princes must always include a banner. Unlike with most units, the banner is effectively free as the bearer costs the same points as an ordinary Knight. Such a banner can be magical, representing one of the many ancient heirlooms of the realm, and if so its additional cost is half that indicated on the magic card. Cards for magic items are included in Warhammer Magic.

THE SEAGUARD OF LOTHERN

Lothern is the greatest city in Ulthuan and capital of Eataine, the most powerful of all the Elven Kingdoms. Just as the people of every Elven realm provide its spearmen and archers, so the city of Lothern provides the majority of the fighting crews of the Phoenix King's fleet. The Seaguard can fight as effectively on land as on sea. They are equally resolute defending the walls of Lothern as battling across the decks of Elven warships.

Most Elven soldiery is called to arms only in times of great need, for there are too few Elves to maintain large armies all the time. The Seaguard, however, is always kept at strength and retains a core of full-time warriors for this purpose. Their sole task is to defend Lothern and the sea-ways around Ulthuan. They are trained with spear and bow, and carry both to battle, enabling them to shower missiles upon their enemy as well as to engage them at close quarters. At sea this is particularly useful, as space is cramped aboard a ship and by using two weapons the Seaguards double their combat effectiveness.

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

SPECIAL RULE

Citizen Levy

Seaguard are the Citizen Levy of Lothern and are allowed to fight in one extra rank with their spears, and can shoot in two ranks with their bows. See the separate Special Rules section on Citizen Levy.



SHADOW WARRIORS

The shadowland of Nagarythe was once amongst the most prosperous of the Elven lands. It was also the most decadent and became the focus for the worship of new and exotic gods. This culminated in the dangerous Cult of Pleasure and the growth in power of the Lady Morathi, mother to Lord Malekith who at that time was still held as a model of Elven honesty and virtue. Not all the people of the Shadowlands succumbed to the new religion of blood-sacrifice and self-indulgence, but many did, and soon the whole realm had degenerated into anarchy and bloodshed.

War followed the death of the Phoenix King Bel-Shanaar, driven to take poison by the evil accusations of Malekith. Soon the whole of Ulthuan had taken up arms either for Malekith or for Caledor the rightful successor to Bel-Shanaar. It was a period of great destruction and much uncertainty. Malekith and his followers fought from their strongholds in Nagarythe where countless hitherto secretive adherents of the Cult of Pleasure gathered to oppose the Phoenix King.

After the defeat of Malekith's armies on the field of Maledor, the Witch King conceived of a final battle, a battle fought in the realm of magic, in which the very gods of Chaos would be invoked to bring death and destruction upon the land. That battle was a long and hard one, and though Malekith did not succeed, Ulthuan was torn apart in the conflict and the land of Nagarythe was sunk beneath the waves along with a large part of Tiranoc. Afterwards the Dark Elves fled northwards to Naggaroth where they founded their cold realm in exile.

Through that long and terrible war some of the Nagarythe, the most strong-willed of that warrior race, continued to resist Malekith. They threw in their lot with Caledor but remained in the land that they loved, fighting a desperate 'shadow war' from the forests and mountains. When Nagarythe was destroyed many of these gallant fighters were drowned under the waves, but enough survived to remember their once beautiful realm.

The Nagarythe became a restless wandering people, never staying for long in one place and, if truth be known, never really welcomed by other Elves. For the Nagarythe were always a proud and warlike people, said to be cruel and merciless in the way of Aenarion in his madness.

Though much that is said of the Nagarythe is undoubtedly untrue, it is the case that they have a brooding intensity and a disturbing darkness about their eyes that makes other Elves shudder. They remain a tainted and homeless people, 'touched by the Witch King' as the Elf wives say, outcasts, many of whom have been driven to a life of perilous adventure beyond the borders of Ulthuan itself.



SPECIAL RULES

Hatred

The Shadow Warriors alone are the only High Elves to admit hatred of the Dark Elves. It is this sinister aspect of their nature that marks them out and taints them with the same malice that has utterly overwhelmed their Dark Elf kin.

Skirmish

Shadow Warriors are masters of hit-and-run warfare, and can *skirmish* as described on page 95 of the Warhammer rulebook.

Special Deployment

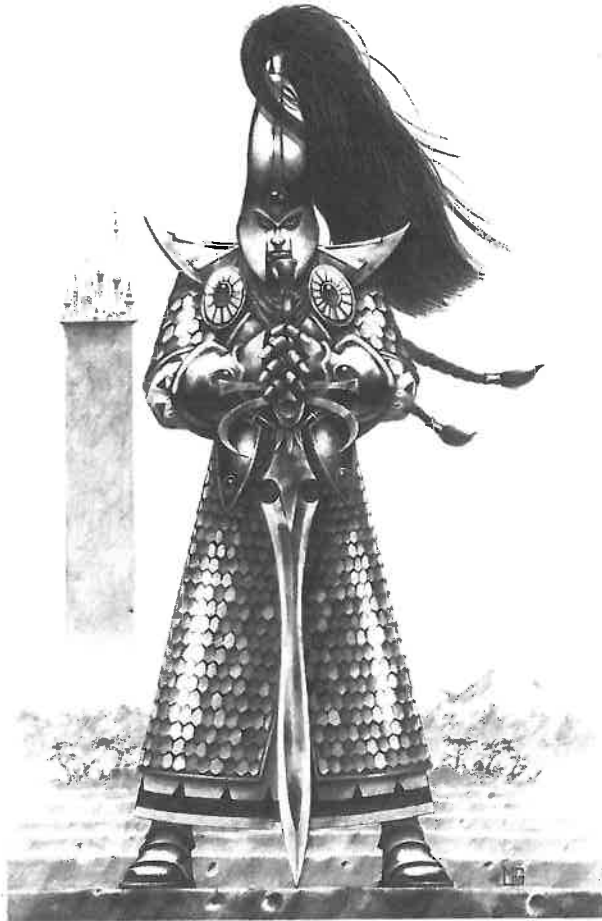
Shadow Warriors are able to use their skills to move silently through woods and over mountains. They are the ultimate raiders, whose ability to appear and disappear like shadows in the night lends further weight to their name. To represent this Shadow Warriors are allowed to deploy after the enemy has placed all of his units on the table. They can be set up anywhere outside the opponent's deployment area, so long as they remain out of sight of any enemy. If both armies include troops with this special deployment ability (Dark Elf Scouts for example) then both players roll a D6 and the lowest scorer sets his unit up first.

Citizen Levy

Shadow Warriors fighting in a conventional formation can shoot their bows in two ranks as described for Citizen Levy in the Special Rules section of this book.

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

SWORD MASTERS OF HOETH



At the heart of the Kingdom of Saphery stands the White Tower of Hoeth. It was built in the reign of the Scholar King Bel-Korhadris using the powers of sorcery to raise its tall, slender structure into the sky. Inside the tower is the Shrine of Hoeth, the Elven god of Wisdom, together with many libraries which wind seemingly endlessly through the spiralling tower. The White Tower forms the greatest repository of historical and magical lore in the world, a collection of grimoires and codices gathered over the centuries by generations of Loremasters.

Only those who genuinely wish to seek wisdom can find the White Tower, for it is hidden by a glamour that defies all but the humble seeker of truth. Those that reach the tower are destined to enter the service of Hoeth and spend their lives in pursuit of wisdom under the tutelage of the Loremasters.

Of all the many seekers of wisdom, those most often seen in the wider world of Ulthuan are the Sword Masters of the White Tower. These warriors are masters of the martial arts and are capable of super-human feats of arms or of dealing death with their bare hands if necessary. The Loremasters do not teach these skills readily, but for some the path of wisdom lies in the exercise of physical mastery of the ways of the warrior. These few are the Sword Masters, the mystic guardians of knowledge and soldiers of the White Tower of Hoeth.

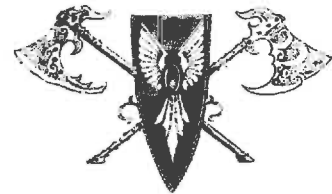
A Sword Master is skilled beyond the understanding of ordinary Elves whose own agility and strength of arms are renowned by other races the world over. A Sword Master wields his weapons with such speed and precision it is said he can raise his sword, sever an enemy's neck and return his sword to rest without making any visible move. In battle a Sword Master will dash aside his enemy's arrows and crossbow bolts, knocking them aside with his long blade. Though adept with all manner of weapons, their favoured weapon is the greatsword of Hoeth, an elegantly shaped blade of considerable size wielded with both hands.

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

SPECIAL RULES

Sword Masters

The Sword Masters' abilities are so enhanced by their super-human mastery of body and mind that they wield their double-handed weapons as easily as an ordinary Elf would a single-handed sword. To represent their skill Sword Masters ignore the usual penalty that troops with double-handed weapons always strike last. They strike in normal order just like troops armed with ordinary swords.



Deflect Shot

A Sword Master's reactions are so fast that he can knock a shower of arrows from the air using his sword, deflecting an arrow or crossbow bolt harmlessly aside. To represent his extraordinary ability any foes attempting to shoot at the Sword Masters from their front must deduct -1 from their roll to hit.

"From Darkness I cry for you
the tears you shed for us
are the blood of the Elven kind
O Isha
Here I stand
on the last shore
a sword in my hand
Ulthuan shall never fall"

- The Sword Masters of Hoeth

THE WHITE LIONS

The White Lions are the personal guard of the Phoenix King. They form a substantial regiment that protects the King's palace in peace time and accompanies him in time of war. Tradition has it that the White Lions are recruited from the land of Chrace, a perilous realm whose inhabitants are great woodsmen and fierce warriors. Due to the constant threat of Dark Elf raiders the Chracians live in fortified settlements high in the wooded mountains. They have become great hunters and scouts, adept at guerrilla warfare and skilled in the use of bows and axes.

The White Lions trace their history back to the time of Caledor the First. Caledor was hunting in Chrace when he received the news that he was to be the next Phoenix King. He immediately took the road to the Shrine of Asuryan. On route he was intercepted by Dark Elf assassins who had doubtlessly learned of the new Phoenix King's identity from their spies at court. Caledor would surely have died were it not for the intervention of a party of Chracian hunters who swept out of the forest, throwing the Dark Elves into disarray with the suddenness of their attack, before chopping the assassins into pieces with their great axes. The Chracians proceeded to escort the Phoenix King to the Shrine, easily avoiding further Dark Elves by means of their skilled woodcraft. Caledor adopted the Chracians as his bodyguard, and formed them into a proper regiment based in Lothern.

It is a great honour amongst the Chracians to accompany the Phoenix King, and one which must be earned by slaying a white lion, one of the most dangerous creatures of that wild land. This is the traditional rite of the Chracian warrior, entitling him to wear the lion's pelt as a mark of courage. The pelt has another purpose too. It helps to protect the warrior from arrows by entangling the sharp points in its thick fur.

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

SPECIAL RULES

Bodyguard

If led by the army's General the White Lions consider it their duty to protect him unto death. Therefore the entire regiment including the General and any characters with the unit will automatically pass any Leadership test it is required to take and effectively becomes immune to breaking and psychology so long as the General is alive. Note that this only applies if the regiment is led by the army's General in person, and the advantage is lost if the General leaves the unit or is slain.

Lion Pelt

The white lion's pelt protects the warrior against light missiles by entangling arrow heads and the equivalent in its thick fur. Because of this, White Lions always have an extra 'pip' of armour save against shooting attacks. A White Lion wearing heavy armour will therefore save

against wounds inflicted in hand-to-hand combat on a 5+ and against wounds suffered from shooting on a 4+. This bonus applies against all shooting attacks where armour saves are allowed including unusual attacks such as fire, etc.

Woodsmen

All Chracians are expert woodsmen; their skills are equalled only by their arboreal kin the Wood Elves of the Old World. To represent this the White Lions suffer no movement penalties when moving through woods.

Woodsmen's Axe

The White Lions each carry a heavy axe based upon the native Chracian design of the woodsman's axe. They are extremely skilled in the handling of these weapons, using them to fight bears, lions and even more monstrous creatures as well as marauding Dark Elves. Their skills are represented by allowing the White Lions to make one of three special types of attack. The *Lion Rampant* is used to defend against an enemy's charge, the *Lion Leaping* is used when the White Lions charge, and the *Lion Claw* can be used against large monsters or any foes with multiple wounds.

Lion Rampant

The axe is used to hold back a charging enemy and blunt the force of his attack. The White Lion uses the thick haft of the axe like a quarter staff to defend himself against the enemy's onslaught. Any enemy charging the White Lions suffers a -1 penalty to hit that turn. The White Lions use this method to stave off the attacks of charging wild beasts and enemy alike. It is a useful way of countering the effect of a charge, especially by an enemy with inferior Weapon Skill, who will require a 5 to hit successfully rather than the usual 4.

Lion Leaping

This attack can only be used if the White Lions charge that turn. The warrior uses the weight of his weapon to barge over his opponent, employing his Elven speed and agility to catch his foe off balance. Each enemy model loses 1 Attack that turn. In the case of riders and mounts, both lose 1 Attack, whilst the crews of war machines and large monsters that have crews will lose 1 Attack per warrior. If a model has different kinds of attack the owning player can decide which he will lose.

Lion Claw

This method is employed against large monsters and other foes with several wounds, and is essentially a killing blow to the neck. The Chracians practice this movement using thick logs, and it is said that a well aimed blow will cut a tree clean in two. When using the *Lion Claw* a White Lion inflicts not 1 wound upon his target but D3. Roll to wound as normal and if you succeed multiply up the number of wounds inflicted on that model to D3. Obviously this is only of any use against targets with more than 1 wound, primarily against monsters and powerful characters with several wounds.

TIRANOC CHARIOTEERS

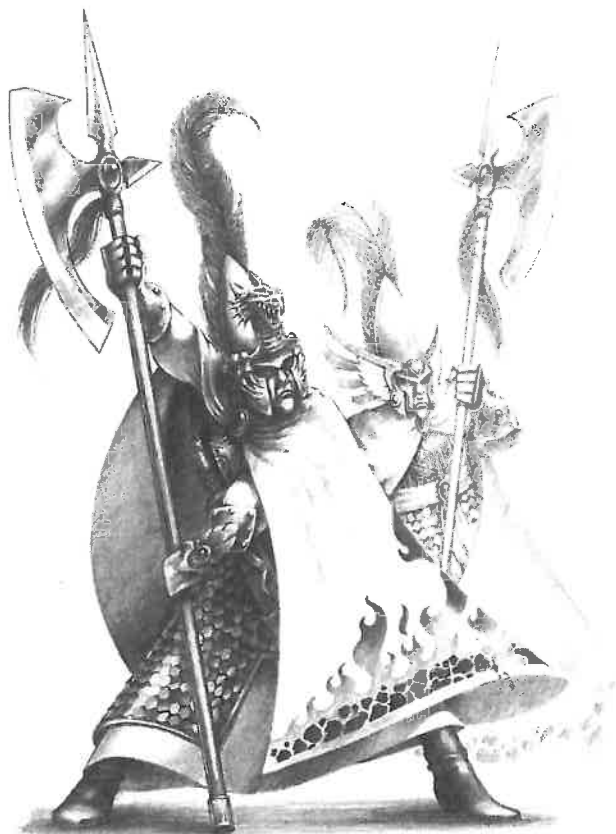
Prior to the Sundering the western realm of Tiranoc was said to be the fairest of all the Elven lands, where majestic snow-capped mountains towered over sweeping flower-strewn plains and calm bays. It was a prosperous land too. Gilded ships sailed westward to the New World and south to Lustria and Cathay, bringing gold and silver aplenty to Tiranoc.

Today Tiranoc is a much reduced land, its fertile plains lie under water, and its people are fewer in number than in former times. Yet they are still an adventurous race, proud of their fighting traditions, and deeply embittered by the wars that have ravaged their realm. Tiranoc nobles still fight from swift chariots, just as their forefathers did in the days of Aenarion. When Dark Elf armies thrust southwards through Tiranoc they are harried by charioteers and denied the chance to forage and gather supplies. Many a Dark Elf raiding force has been hounded into extinction by the brave warriors of Tiranoc.

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



THE PHOENIX GUARD OF THE SHRINE OF ASURYAN



The Phoenix Guards are the hieratic guardians of the Shrine of Asuryan, the great pyramid temple on an isle in the Sea of Dreams. Inside the shrine it is said there lies the Chamber of Days, and that the histories of Phoenix Kings past, present and future, are written there in words of fire upon stone.

The Phoenix Guards do not utter a word, for it is forbidden for anyone who has seen the secrets of time to speak of them, and all who do so take a magical vow of silence from which they cannot be released. In battle they advance with an uncanny silence, wielding their weapons without shouts or cries, unnerving the enemy by their quiet courage.

At certain times, during the periods assigned to the rites of Asuryan, the Phoenix Guards attend to the Phoenix King, taking over the duties otherwise undertaken by the White Lions. At other times they serve those whose ceremonial duties bring them to the Shrine, and they travel to the cities of Ulthuan during the festivals of the Elven god. Most famously, they accompany the newly chosen Phoenix candidate, and attend him as he enters the flame eternal which marks his rebirth as the Phoenix King. They also carry the body of the dead Phoenix King to the White Ship at the time of his passing, appearing suddenly and without prior warning at the time of his death.

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

THE HIGH ELF ARMY

The High Elf army list 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, whilst 3,000 points will give you enough troops to enable battle to rage for most of the day.

Most players prefer to collect their armies in manageable chunks of 500 or 1,000 points, starting with a core force of 1,000 points and adding 500 points or so at a time. This makes it easier to plan future purchases, and gives the player time to paint models and try out the army on the tabletop before deciding what to add next.

It is usual for both players to 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 High Elf player uses the High Elf army list while his opponent uses the list for his own army. The total value for the army may be less than the total agreed, and will often be a few points short simply because there is nothing to spend the last odd points on.

The list that follows tells you what proportion of your army's points you may spend on characters, 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 monsters or war machines.

CHARACTERS

The points allowed for characters includes the value of their armour and weapons, any magic items they have, and a steed if they are mounted.

Monster Mounts. If a character rides a monster then its points value is added to that of the character and included in the total permitted for characters. The allowance for monsters is specifically for monsters without riders.

Chariots. If a character rides in a chariot its points value is added to that of the character and included in the total permitted for characters.

Equipment. A character may be equipped with any of the weapons or armour indicated in the Characters Equipment List printed at the end of this section. The points values of these items are the standard values paid by ordinary troops. Champions of regiments must be equipped in the same way as their regiment, except that a Champion may carry a magic weapon or may wear magic armour instead of his standard equipment.

Magic Items. A character may carry appropriate magic items chosen from the magic item cards in Warhammer Magic. 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
Heroes	
Champion	1
Hero	2
Lord	3
Wizards	
Mage	1
Mage Champion	2
Master Mage	3
Mage Lord	4

REGIMENTS

Unit Size. Models are organised into units which we refer to as *regiments*. Regiments must be at least five models strong unless indicated otherwise in the army list. There is no upper limit on the size of a regiment. The minimum of five includes its leader, standard bearer, musician, and Champion if it has them.

Leaders. All regiments are assumed to include a leader equipped in the same way as the other troopers in the regiment and with identical characteristics. He costs the same points as the ordinary troopers, and his inclusion is intended to provide an appropriately brave and determined looking individual to lead the unit.

Standards and Musicians. All regiments may include a standard bearer and/or a musician. The usual cost for these is double the points value of an ordinary trooper,



however, there are some exceptions as you will notice in the army list. Standard bearers and musicians are assumed to be equipped with the same weapons and armour as their fellows, and fight just like ordinary troopers.

Magic Standards. Some regiments are allowed magic standards. These are magic items and are chosen from the magic items in the Warhammer Magic supplement. If a regiment includes a magic standard then its points value is added to that of the regiment.

Champions. Any regiment may include a *Champion*. Champions are characters, and they are always equipped exactly like the rest of their unit except that they are allowed one magic item. In the case of a magic weapon or magic armour, this can replace their standard weapon or armour. A Champion may also be the unit's leader, but does not have to be – a unit can have a separate leader and Champion model if desired.

Champions always fight as part of their unit and cannot leave it. The points value of the Champion, including any magic item he has, comes from the army's points allowance for characters as described already.

MONSTERS

Monsters are beasts which have been brought along to fight beside the army. They include trained creatures, captive monsters goaded into fighting, and monsters magically bound by spells of obedience. Monsters chosen as mounts for characters are not included in the points allocation for monsters – they are included in the points for characters as described above.

ALLIES

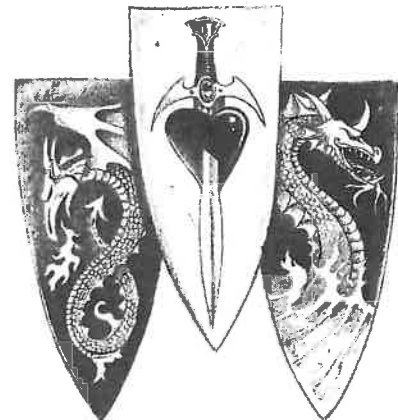
The High Elf army may include a proportion of allies up to a quarter of its total points value. Allies are chosen from the Warhammer Armies books indicated. You may choose allies from several lists if you wish. Including allies is a good way of expanding your collection, and allows you to paint something different and still include it in your battles.

When choosing allies you may spend freely within the characters, regiments, and war machines sections of the allied army list. You do not have to divide the points spent between these categories.

SPECIAL CHARACTERS

After the army list you will find a section devoted to special characters. These represent famous individuals from the history of the Elven Kingdoms, some with special rules and magic items unique to themselves. You can include these special characters in your army if you wish, in which case their points value is included in the Characters allowance as normal.

It has become standard practice amongst Warhammer players to agree with their opponent beforehand whether to use special characters or not. Some players prefer to play games without special characters, or to use them only occasionally, as they are powerful individuals whose presence will give a distinct twist to the game.



LIMITATIONS

The army list presents the player with a choice of characters, regiments, war machines and so forth. In most cases there is no limit on the number of characters, regiments or machines of any type that an army can include. For example, you could include as many High Elf Warrior regiments as you like within the total points value agreed for the army.

Some characters, regiments and war machines are limited to a maximum number. For example, you can only ever have one General or one unit of White Lions. In the case of the repeater bolt thrower war machine, these are limited in proportion to other regiments. These limitations are indicated in the lists.

REPRESENTATION 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 can vary depending on how players choose to equip their troops. Cavalry are shown with two profiles, one for the rider and a separate profile for the mount.

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

ARMOUR

Armour saving throws are not included in the profiles because they can vary depending on how players choose to armour their troops. The following chart summarises the saving throws for armour.

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

CHARACTERS EQUIPMENT LIST

The following chart gives all the ordinary weapons and armour that can be given to a High Elf character. Magic items are chosen from the cards in Warhammer Magic. Champions are always armed in the same manner as their regiment. Models must 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
Spear	1
Halberd	2
Double-handed sword or axe	2
Bow	2
Longbow	3

ARMOUR

Shield	1
Light Armour	2
Heavy Armour (Ithilmar)	3
Barding for Elven Steed	4

ARMY SELECTION

Characters	0-50%	Up to half 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.
War Machines	0-25%	Up to a quarter of the points value of the army may be spent on war machines. This does not include the cost of a chariot ridden by a character, which is 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. This does not include the cost of monsters ridden by characters, which are paid for out of the Characters allowance.
Allies	0-25%	Up to a quarter of the points value of the army may be spent on allies chosen from any one or more of the following armies: Bretonnia, Dwarfs, Empire and Wood Elves.



CHARACTERS

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

1 ELVEN LORD GENERAL 160 points

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

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

Equipment: Sword.

Weapons/Armour: The General may be armed and armoured with any of the items indicated on the Characters Equipment List.

May Ride: The General may ride an Elven Steed (+3 points). Optionally, he may ride a monster chosen from the Monsters section of this list, in which case its points value is added to that of the General. Alternatively, he may ride in a chariot chosen from the War Machines section of this list, in which case he supplants one of the crew and the chariot's cost is added to his own.

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



0-1 BATTLE STANDARD 98 points

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

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

Equipment: Sword and battle standard.

Weapons/Armour: The Battle Standard Bearer may be armed and armoured with any of the items indicated on the Characters Equipment List.

May Ride: The Battle Standard Bearer may ride an Elven Steed (+3 points). Optionally, he may ride a Monster chosen from the Monsters section of this list, in which case its points value is added to that of the Battle Standard Bearer. Alternatively, he may ride in a chariot chosen from the War Machines section of this list, in which case he supplants one of the crew and the chariot's cost is added to his own.

Magic Items: The Battle Standard Bearer is a Champion character and is entitled to carry one magic item chosen from the appropriate Magic Item cards in Warhammer Magic. This may be a magic standard, effectively turning the army's banner into a magic standard.

HEROES 104 points

The army may include as many Heroes as you wish within the normal limitations of the points available. Heroes represent individuals of exceptional prowess and courage.

Profile	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

Equipment: Sword.

Weapons/Armour: A Hero may be armed and armoured with any of the items indicated on the Characters Equipment List.

May Ride: A Hero may ride an Elven Steed (+3 points). Or optionally, he may ride a monster chosen from the Monsters section of this list, in which case its points value is added to that of the Hero. Alternatively, he may ride in a chariot chosen from the War Machines section of this list, in which case he supplants one of the crew and the chariot's cost is added to his own.

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

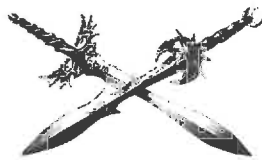
CHAMPIONS 48 points

Any regiment may include a Champion equipped like the rest of his unit. Champions represent especially brave or adept members of their regiment, and may be chosen to lead it.

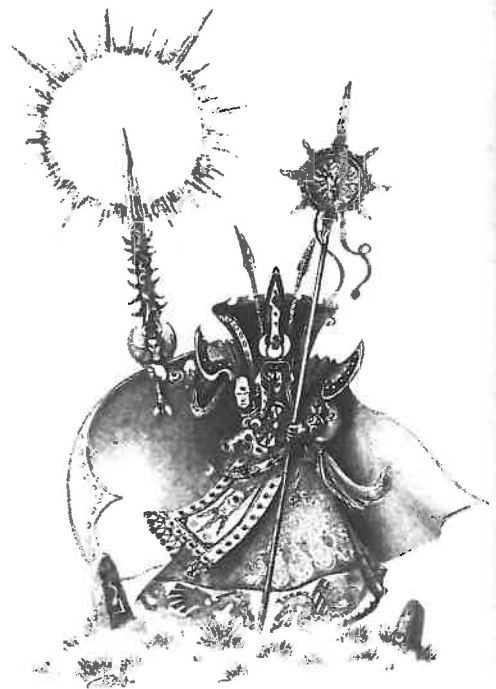
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Champion	5	5	5	4	3	1	7	2	8

Equipment: Champions are always equipped in the same way as the rest of their regiment (see the Characters Equipment List for points values). Champions of mounted regiments ride the same type of steed as their regiment (Elven Steed +3 points).

Magic Items: A Champion character is entitled to carry one magic item chosen from the appropriate Magic Item cards in Warhammer Magic. If this is armour or a weapon it will replace his normal regimental equipment.



Special Rules: A Champion is a member of his regiment and therefore any special rules that apply to the regiment will apply to him too. If he accompanies a unit of Tiranoc chariots, the Champion also rides in a chariot (see the War Machines section of this list). In this case he supplants one of the crew and the chariot's cost is added to his own.



MAGES

The army may include as many High Elf Mages as you wish within the usual limitations of the points available. Mages may be selected from any of the four levels of wizardry at the cost shown below. High Elf Mages may have Battle Magic or High Magic spells. See Warhammer Magic for more details.

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

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

Equipment: Sword.

Weapons/Armour: A High Elf Mage may not wear armour and may not carry additional or alternative weapons – such things would be anathema to his magical traditions.

May Ride: A High Elf Mage may ride an Elven Steed (+3 points). Optionally, he may ride a monster chosen from the Monsters section of this list, in which case its points value is added to his own. Alternatively, he may ride in a chariot chosen from the War Machines section of this list, in which case he supplants one of the crew and the chariot's cost is added to his own.

Magic Items: Mages are entitled to carry magic items chosen from the appropriate Magic Item cards in Warhammer Magic. A Mage can carry 1 item, a Mage Champion 2, a Master Mage 3, and a Mage Lord 4.

REGIMENTS

The High Elf army is formed from a solid backbone of citizen-soldiers armed with spears or bows and reinforced by companies of elite warriors from the different realms of Ulthuan. Your army must include at least 25% of its points value as regiments, chosen from the following list. It may include more if you wish. In some cases you can choose only a single regiment of a type – for example the White Lions – and this is clearly indicated in the regiment's description. There is no limitation on maximum unit size, units must consist of at least five models (including Champions if any) except where noted otherwise.

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

A High Elf army can contain one unit of Dragon Princes of Caledor riding Elven Steeds. A unit of Dragon Princes always includes a standard bearer as described below.

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

Equipment: Heavy armour, shield and lance, riding barded steeds.

Save: 2+

Options: The unit can carry a magic standard. This may be chosen from the appropriate Magic Item cards. Because of their unique status Dragon Princes can include a magic standard at half the usual cost of the item shown on the card. See Warhammer Magic for the complete selection of magic items.

SPECIAL RULE

Banner of Caledor. The Dragon Princes must include a standard bearer who costs the same points as a basic Dragon Prince (not double points as normal). If he carries a magic standard the points for this are added at half cost as described above.



SILVER HELMS 31 points per model

A High Elf army can contain any number of units of Silver Helms mounted on Elven Steeds.

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

Equipment: Light armour and lance

Save: 5+

Options: Any units may carry shields at an additional cost of +2 points per model. Any units can be equipped with heavy armour instead of light armour at an additional cost of +2 points per model. Any units can ride barded Steeds at an additional cost of +8 points per model.

Any unit can carry a magic standard. This may be chosen from the appropriate Magic Item cards and its cost is shown on the card itself. See Warhammer Magic for the complete selection of magic items.

MORAI-HEG

Morai-heg the Crone is the Elf goddess of the Underworld. She is an ancient and withered creature, the Keeper of the Souls. She, and she alone, knows the future, and reads the patterns of time from the stones carved with runes. She sets the stars of the heavens, and thus the future can be read from the night sky.

Morai-heg holds fate in her withered palm. It is she who decides when it is time to live and when it is time to die. She sends the Banshees, her servants, through the void, and it is said that their wail foretells death. It is also claimed that an Elf who withstands the keening cry of Banshees will find immortality.

ELLYRIAN REAVERS 25 points per model

A High Elf army can contain any number of units of Ellyrian Reavers mounted on Elven Steeds.

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

Equipment: Light armour and sword

Save: 5+

Options: Any units can be equipped with shields at an additional cost of +2 points per model. Any unit can be equipped with bows at an additional cost of +4 points per model, and/or spears at an additional cost of +2 points per model.

SPECIAL RULES

Skirmish. Reavers are allowed to *skirmish* as described in the Skirmish section of the Warhammer rulebook.

Deployment. Reavers are allowed to make a single march move after both sides have deployed as described in the Bestiary section of this book.

Expert Riders. Reavers are expert riders and do not suffer the usual -1 to hit penalty for shooting whilst moving, as described in the Bestiary section of this book.

Fire & Flee. Reavers can fire & flee from a charging enemy as described in the Bestiary section of this book.

0-1 REGIMENT

WHITE LIONS 16 points per model

A High Elf army can include one regiment of White Lions.

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



Equipment: The White Lions wear heavy armour. In addition they wear cloaks made from the pelt of a white lion which gives some protection from missile fire. They are armed with double-handed axes.

Save: 5+ in hand-to-hand combat, 4+ against shooting (including white lion pelt).

Options: The White Lions can include a standard bearer and/or musician at the same cost as a basic trooper (the cost is not doubled as normal). As the Phoenix King's own bodyguard they can be expected to carry their standard into battle and the reduced cost reflects this. Their standard can be a magic standard, in which case pay the points cost for the magic standard as normal. See Warhammer Magic.

The White Lions can carry shields at an additional cost of +1 point per model. This adds nothing to their armour save in hand-to-hand fighting, where both hands are required to wield their axes, but means they save on a 3+ against wounds inflicted by shooting.



SPECIAL RULES

Bodyguard. If led by the army's General the White Lions will automatically pass any Leadership test they are required to take.

Woodsmen. White Lions suffer no movement penalties when moving through woods.

Lion Pelt. The White Lions' pelts give them a +1 save against shooting.

Woodsmen's Axe. The White Lions carry a heavy axe based upon their native woodsman's axes. Their proficiency enables them to make one of three special types of attack:

- Lion Rampant:* Used to defend when charged. Enemy suffers -1 to hit that turn.
- Lion Leaping* Used when charging. Enemy loses 1 Attack that turn.
- Lion Claw:* Each wound inflicted = D3.

0-1 REGIMENT

PHOENIX GUARDS 14 points per model

A High Elf army can include one regiment of Phoenix Guards.

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

Equipment: The Phoenix Guards wear light armour and carry halberds.

Save: 6+

Options: The Phoenix Guards can replace their light armour with heavy armour at an additional cost of +1 point per model.

The Phoenix Guards can carry a magic standard. This can be chosen from the appropriate magic cards in Warhammer Magic and the cost is indicated on the card itself. See Warhammer Magic.

0-1 REGIMENT SWORD MASTERS OF HOETH 16 points per model

A High Elf army can include one regiment of Sword Masters of Hoeth.

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

Equipment: The Sword Masters wear heavy armour and are armed with double-handed swords.

Save: 5+

Options: The Sword Masters of Hoeth can carry a magic standard. This may be chosen from the appropriate magic standards in Warhammer Magic and its cost is indicated on the card itself.

The Sword Masters can carry shields at an additional cost of +1 point per model. This adds nothing to their armour save in hand-to-hand combat, where both hands are required to wield their swords, but means they save on a 4+ against shooting.

SPECIAL RULES

Sword Masters. The Sword Masters ignore the restriction that double-handed weapons always strike last. See the Bestiary section of this book.

Deflect Shot. Any foe shooting from the front must deduct -1 from their roll to hit. See the Bestiary section of this book.



LOTHERN SEAGUARD. . . . 14 points per model

A High Elf army can include any number of units of Lothern Seaguard.

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



Equipment: The Seaguard wear light armour and carry shield, spear and bow.

Save: 5+

Options: The Seaguard can replace their light armour with heavy armour at an additional cost of +1 point per model. They may substitute their bows for longbows at an additional cost of +1 point per model.

One unit of Seaguards can carry a magic standard. This can be chosen from the appropriate magic cards in Warhammer Magic and the cost is indicated on the card itself. See Warhammer Magic.

SPECIAL RULE

Citizen Levy. The Seaguard can fight with one extra rank using their spears and can shoot in two ranks with their bows. See the Special Rules section of this book for details.

ELVEN SPEARMEN. 12 points per model

A High Elf army can include any number of units of Elven Spearmen.

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

Equipment: Spearmen wear light armour and carry a shield and spear.

Save: 5+

Options: Any Elven Spearman regiments may replace their light armour for heavy armour at a cost of +1 point per model.

One Elven Spearman regiment can have a magic standard. This may be chosen from the appropriate cards in Warhammer Magic and its cost is indicated on the card itself.

SPECIAL RULES

Citizen Levy. Spear-armed High Elves can fight with one extra rank compared to other races - two ranks when they move and three ranks when they stand. See the Special Rules section of this book.

SHADOW WARRIORS . . . 12 points per model

A High Elf army can contain no more units of Shadow Warriors than it contains units of Elven Spearmen and Archers combined. However, this restriction is ignored if the opposing army is Dark Elves. If the enemy are Dark Elves, a High Elf army can include as many Shadow Warrior units as you wish, representing Shadow Warriors gathering from all over Ulthuan to face their ancient adversaries.

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

Equipment: Bow, sword and shield.

Save: 6+

Options: Any units can be equipped with light armour at an additional cost of +2 points per model. Any units can substitute their bows for longbows at an additional cost of +1 point per model.

SPECIAL RULES

Skirmish. Shadow Warriors are allowed to *skirmish* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Deployment. Shadow Warriors are allowed to deploy anywhere out of sight of the enemy once their opponent has deployed, as described in the Bestiary section of this book.

Hate Dark Elves. Shadow Warriors *bate* Dark Elves as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Citizen Levy. Shadow Warriors fighting in formation can shoot their bows in two ranks. See the Citizen Levy rules on page 55 of this book.



ELVEN ARCHERS 10 points per model

A High Elf army can include any number of units of Elven Archers.

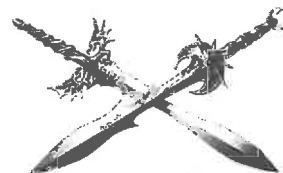
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Archer	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8

Equipment: Archers carry a bow and sword or similar hand weapon.

Save: None

Options: Any Elven Archer regiment may wear light armour at a cost of +2 points per model.

Any Elven Archer regiment may substitute their bows for longbows at an additional cost of +1 point per model.



SPECIAL RULES

Citizen Levy. Bow-armed High Elves can shoot in two ranks, the second rank firing over the rank in front. See the Special Rules section of this book.

WAR MACHINES

The High Elf army employs only two war machines, but both are devastating weapons which have won many battles for the High Elves. The first are chariots, which remain a traditional weapon amongst the folk of Tiranoc, although they are rarely used elsewhere. The second are repeater bolt throwers, which are common fitments on Elven ships and harbour defences, and which are often brought inland to provide long range support. Your army may include up to 25% of its points value as war machines.

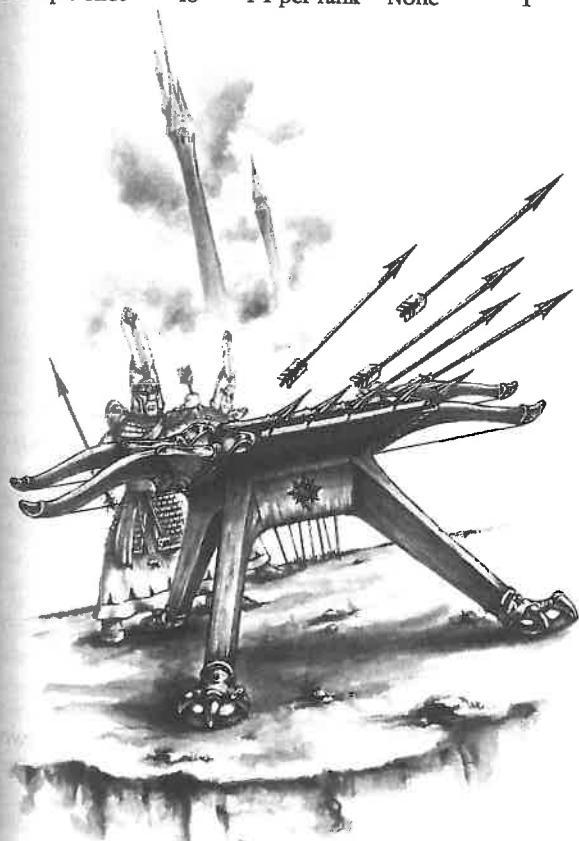
REPEATER

BOLT THROWERS 100 points per model

The High Elf army may include repeater bolt throwers each crewed by 2 Elves. The maximum number of machines in the army is limited by the number of Spearmen, Archer and Lothorn Seaguard regiments in the army. The army may include up to two repeater bolt throwers regardless. The army may include no more additional repeater bolt throwers than it has units of Spearmen, Archers, and Lothorn Seaguard combined. Machines may fight as individual models, or can be grouped into loose batteries as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

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

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



EQUIPMENT: Crew wear light armour and carry hand weapons.

SAVE: Crew 6+

TIRANOC CHARIOTS . . . 84 points per model

The High Elf army may include Tiranoc chariots consisting of a chariot pulled by 2 Elven Steeds and crewed by 2 Elves. These may fight as individual models, or can be grouped into loose units as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

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

EQUIPMENT: Charioteers wear light armour, and carry swords and bows (often carried in cases mounted on the chariot body).

SAVE: Charioteers 6+

OPTIONS: Chariots may have scythed wheels at a further cost of +20 points.

Any charioteer may be equipped with a shield at an extra cost of +1 point per charioteer, and/or heavy armour instead of light armour at an extra cost of +1 point per charioteer. Any charioteer may carry a spear at an extra cost of +1 point per model. Any charioteer may substitute his bow for a longbow at an additional cost of +1 point per model.

The chariot may add a further two Elven Steeds to pull it, one either side of the original pair. This costs an additional +6 points for the pair.

Chariot steeds may have barding at an additional cost of +4 points each. All steeds must have armour or none.

One chariot may carry a magic standard chosen from the appropriate magic standard cards at the points cost indicated on the card itself. See Warhammer Magic. Note that although chariots may be festooned with flags, banners or pennants, these are not regimental standards and must be regarded as purely decorative. A chariot receives no combat bonus on account of these.

Characters can commonly ride in chariots, in which case the character model displaces one of the crew. No points adjustment is made for this – the character must pay +84 points to ride in the basic chariot for example (see page 74).

MONSTERS

Dragon 450 points
 Great Dragon 600 points
 Emperor Dragon 750 points

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

Great Eagle 75 points

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

Chimera 250 points

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

Cockatrice 150 points

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

Griffon 150 points

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



Hippogriff 145 points

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

Manticore 200 points

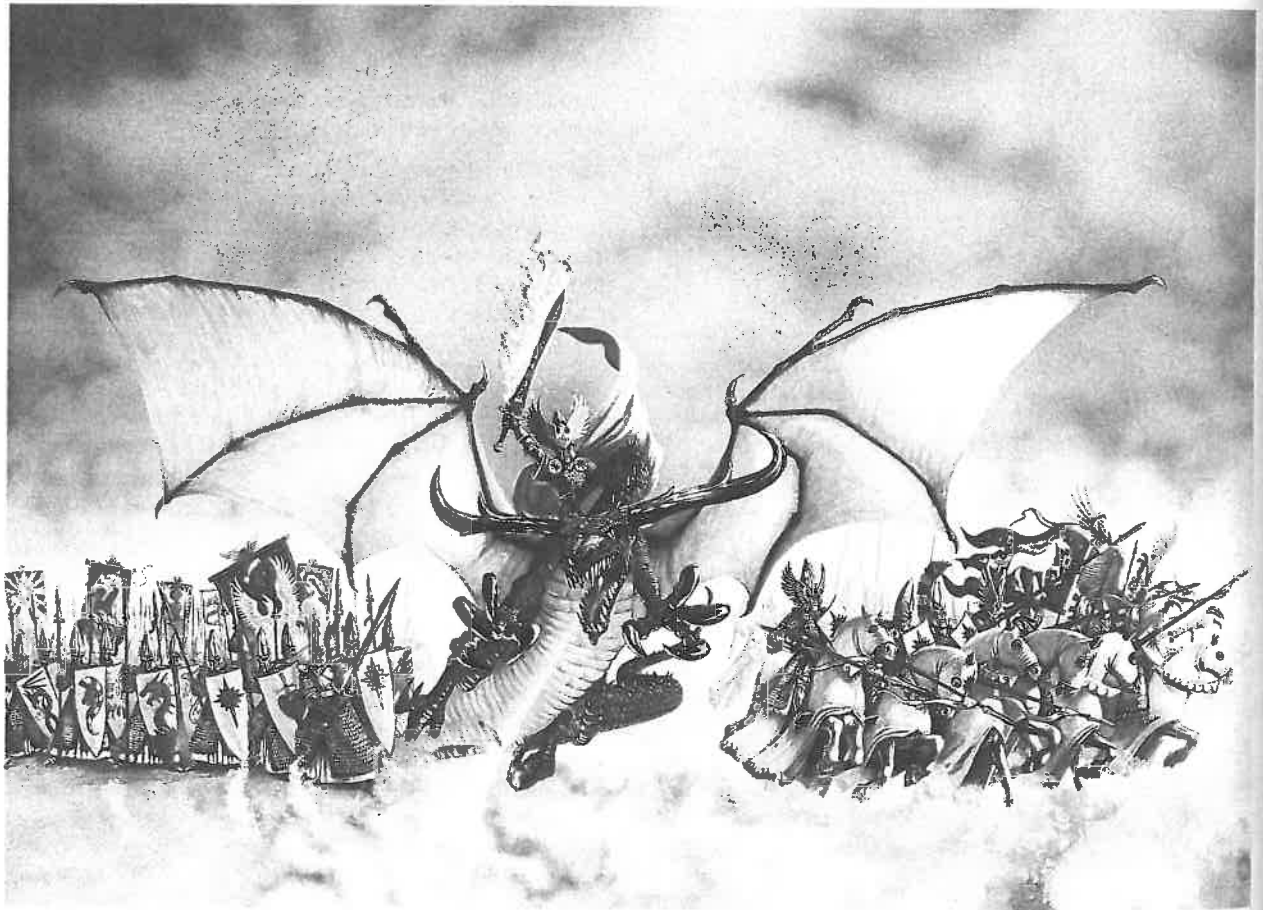
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Manticore	6	6	0	7	7	5	4	4	8

Pegasus 50 points

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

Unicorn 90 points

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



HIGH ELF SPECIAL CHARACTERS

This section of the Warhammer Armies High Elf book is devoted to historical characters from the High Elf Kingdoms. These are individuals whose fame has echoed down the ages or, in some cases, whose deeds have earned them renown amongst the current generation of High Elves. These characters are wholly unique. They do not have standard characteristics, and many have magic items or abilities that mundane characters lack.

This section serves two purposes. Firstly, it provides the High Elf player with a selection of special characters whose very presence in your army will make a significant difference to your battle plans, tactical options, and chances of victory. Secondly, the special characters serve as an example of the real variety that is possible within the Warhammer games, and will hopefully inspire players to invent characters for themselves.

It has become a general convention amongst Warhammer players that special characters are used with prior agreement. In most tournament games, where players gather from all over the world to compete against a wide variety of armies, it is not appropriate to use special characters and they are therefore disallowed. If you intend to field special characters in your army it is suggested that you agree to do so with your opponent beforehand.

ALITH ANAR, The Shadow King

285 points

If your army has at least one regiment of Shadow Warriors, it may include Alith Anar either as an independent character or as the army's General. If you field Alith Anar as your General he replaces the General in the main army list.

After the destruction of their land, the Nagarythe who remained loyal to Caledor became a restless wandering people. Today they are outsiders even within Ulthuan, tainted by association with their treacherous kin, a frightening reminder of the potential for evil within Elven hearts. The Nagarythe of old were said to be cruel and merciless, and today the sinister Shadow Warriors are the most ruthless of the High Elves of Ulthuan. They are said to be 'touched by the Witch King' and many are driven to a life of perilous adventure beyond the borders of Ulthuan.

There are many stories of Elven heroes of the Nagarythe, of brave and valiant warriors, of remarkable deeds, and of battles against the darkest of foes. The most popular tales concern Alith Anar, known as the Shadow King. Alith Anar's adventures in the years following the destruction of Anlec are undoubtedly a blend of fable and reality. Today it is impossible to say which of these stories are true and which are invention, for the Nagarythe are understandably secretive about their history since the Sundering.

Tradition maintains that the Nagarythe chose a new leader to rule over them after Malekith fled to the west together with his mother Morathi. Of all the remaining great families only one remained untainted by the corruption of the Nagarythe court despite years of persecution at the hands of Morathi and her kin. Alith Anar was the heir of that line: his father Eothlir died young in battle, and his grandfather Eolaran the Proud

was murdered in the dungeons of Anlec. In the shattered groves beneath the Dragon Pass the Nagarythe swore their pact of obedience to Alith Anar, and in oaths of blood they pledged their lives to the destruction of Malekith and all his followers.

In those days there were many Dark Elves still hiding in the lands of Ulthuan, and the Shadow Warriors busied themselves rooting out these vestiges of evil. All these tasks Alith Anar undertook with a vengeance, and soon there were few of the Dark Elf brigands that did not know and fear his name. As he attacked and burned each enemy encampment his fame grew. None were left alive. Those of his foes who survived the fighting were crucified upon the trees where those who passed could witness their grisly fate.

After the Battle of Griffon Pass, Alith Anar captured seven hundred Dark Elves and had them nailed high upon the white cliffs overlooking the narrow valley, where they hung until they died, and then their corpses hung for years afterwards until their flesh rotted and their bones tumbled into piles beside the road. Such is the power of the place that these bones can be seen to this day, together with the red marks left by Alith Anar's iron nails upon the cliffs.

For years Alith Anar led his warriors against his enemies within Ulthuan. Later he led them against the newly raised fortresses of Naggaroath. The Shadow Warriors became a thorn in the Witch King's side, harassing his ships, ambushing his warriors, and plundering his convoys. There was nothing the Shadow Warriors would not dare. It was said that Alith Anar danced in disguise with Morathi at the court of the Witch King before stealing the Stone of Midnight from her treasury. Mortified, Morathi sent Witch Elves to hunt him down,

but he tricked them into drinking poison mixed with blood, and so escaped to Ulthuan and the camp fires of the Shadow Warriors where his warriors hailed him as the Shadow King.

As to the fate of Alith Anar none can say. His heirs have ruled the wandering folk of Nagarythe ever since, though none have taken the title of Shadow King which remains his alone. They are the Aesanar, the sons of Anar, who even the Phoenix King has never knowingly met nor spoken to. Yet round the campfires of the Shadow Warriors they still speak of Alith Anar as a living warrior, an Elf of the shadows, a mortal spirit of vengeance, bound to walk the earth until the Witch King is laid to rest.

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

Weapons/Armour: Alith Anar wears light armour and carries a shield. He is armed with a sword and a longbow. Alith Anar fights on foot.

SPECIAL RULES

Hatred

Alith Anar *bates* Dark Elves and Chaos. If he is the army's General then all the High Elves in the army *bate* Dark Elves and all troops in any Chaos army. This represents an army gathered by Alith Anar himself. The only exception is the Phoenix Guard, Elves of such stern character and sombre demeanour that they cannot bring themselves to hate even their most bitter foe.

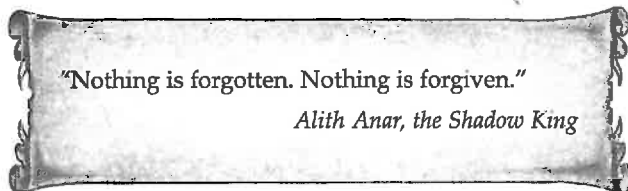
Skirmish

If Alith Anar leads a unit of High Elf foot troops then it can *skirmish*, regardless of whether it could normally do so. However, if Alith Anar leaves the unit or is slain whilst it is skirmishing the unit must reform into a regular formation when it next gets the opportunity to do so - assuming it could not normally skirmish of course!



Special Deployment

Alith Anar is allowed to deploy after the enemy has placed all of his units on the table. He can be set up anywhere outside the opponent's deployment area, so long as he remains out of sight of any enemy. If both armies include troops with this special deployment ability (Dark Elf Scouts, for example) then both players roll a D6 and the lowest scorer sets his troops up first. Note that the regiment he is with does not gain this ability.



MAGIC ITEMS

Alith Anar always carries the following special magic items. They are the heirlooms of his house, and only he may have them. He can have no other magic items.

Stone of Midnight

Enchanted Item 50 points
This stone was a gift to Morathi from Aenarion, the first and mightiest of all the Phoenix Kings. It was stolen from her palace by Alith Anar who made a mockery of all the sorcerous wards and guardians of the Hag Queen. Morathi has promised the gift of eternal youth, an entire room filled with gold, and a night spent with the most beautiful of her Witch Elves for anyone who returns her treasure. But even the bravest of the Dark Elves fear to hunt the Shadow King.

The Stone of Midnight exudes an impenetrable mist of darkness, and anyone trying to strike at the possessor will be confronted by his worst nightmares, visions of his own death and failure of all the works of his life. In hand-to-hand combat any successful rolls to hit and to wound scored against Alith Anar must be re-rolled. The second results stand even if Alith Anar is hit or wounded.

Shadow Crown

Enchanted Item 15 points
This is the symbol of the rightful rulers of Nagarythe, a simple silver circlet with a single diamond. The Witch King covets this crown greatly; for without the Crown his claim to the throne of Nagarythe is a hollow one. By uttering the words "I am the true ruler of Nagarythe" in ancient Elvish, Alith Anar can freeze time for a blink of an eye, allowing him to escape capture. The magic of the crown does not allow Alith Anar to harm anyone while they are frozen in time.

Alith Anar can always move freely during his movement phase, even if engaged in hand-to-hand combat. This means that Alith Anar may move out of a dangerous hand-to-hand combat, and as a single character he can always move double his Movement value.

Note that Alith Anar may not escape from melee if he has no room to move into, for example if he is in the middle of a unit in regular formation.

Moonbow

Magic Weapon 50 points
This great longbow is made out of pale metal that glitters in the moonlight. The Shadow Warriors claim it was banded to Alith Anar by the goddess Lileath. This bow has been the bane of countless Dark Elves and a mere whisper of the arrows shot by the Moonbow will strike fear into the hearts of the Naggarothi.

The Moonbow has a range of 36", and it can be used even if Alith Anar has marched. Arrows shot by the Moonbow are resolved with a Strength of 6. If the arrow hits, and the foe is slain, a model in a rank behind is hit but with -1 Strength penalty. If this model is slain the one in the rank behind is hit and so on, adding a further -1 Strength penalty for each rank pierced. Armour saves apply as normal.

Any regiment of Dark Elves taking a casualty from the Moonbow must take an immediate Panic test.

ELTHARION THE GRIM, Warden of Tor Yvresse 467 points

Your High Elf army may include Eltharion the Grim. He may be included in your army as its General or as an independent character. If used as a General he replaces the General described in the main army list.



Eltharion the Grim is the Warden of the City of Tor Yvresse. He dwells in a high tower overlooking the ancient metropolis and can be seen flying high above it on his ferocious and loyal War Griffon Stormwing.

Eltharion the Grim is amongst the most famed of High Elf heroes. He is the only General who has led a successful raid against Naggarond itself and returned to tell the tale. During that raid he was mortally wounded by a poisoned blade of a Witch Elf, but an apparition of his dead father roused him to seek revenge and save Yvresse from destruction. Such was the power of

Eltharion's will that he returned from death's door to exact his vengeance on the Goblins that had murdered his family and destroyed his ancestral lands. He fought and defeated the Goblin horde of Grom the Paunch inside the very gates of Tor Yvresse. When the previous Warden of the city was killed in a magical duel with a Goblin Shaman, Eltharion was chosen as the new warden. While he keeps vigilance over the land, no evil can threaten the Elves of Yvresse.

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

Weapons/Armour: Eltharion wears heavy armour. He is armed with a lance, sword and a longbow.

Rides: Eltharion rides his Griffon Stormwing in battle.

SPECIAL RULES

Hates Goblins

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

MAGIC ITEMS

Eltharion is a Lord character and carries three magic items. These are always the *Fangsword of Eltharion*, the *Helm of Yvresse* and the *Talisman of Hoeth*. The first two magic items are unique to Eltharion and only he may carry them.

The Fangsword of Eltharion

Magic Weapon 50 points

The Fangsword is a rune-encrusted longsword which has been passed down through Eltharion's family for generations. Eltharion inherited the Fangsword from his father after he died in the defence of his home in Athel Tamarba.

Using the Fangsword, Eltharion can parry one attack from one enemy model in base contact. The enemy's attacks are automatically reduced by 1. You may choose which foe will lose the attack.

All armour saving throws against a wound from the Fangsword are taken with -3 penalty on top of the usual -1 modifier for Eltharion's own Strength. The total modifier is therefore -4.

The Helm of Yvresse

Magic Armour 10 points

The Helm of Yvresse is the symbol of the Warden of Yvresse. It focuses the mind of its wearer, allowing a concentration and depth of thought unmatched by mere mortals.

While wearing the Helm of Yvresse, Eltharion may re-roll any failed Leadership-based test. Note that only a single re-roll is allowed, and Eltharion may not re-roll a failed re-roll, even if some other circumstance would normally permit this.

Talisman of Hoeth

Enchanted Item 85 points

The Talisman of Hoeth was created by the Warden of Tor Yvresse so he could pass on his knowledge and power to the uninitiated.

A High Elf character who wears the Talisman of Hoeth gains the magic abilities of a level 2 Mage Champion. He benefits from all the spells and powers of a High Elf Mage Champion, but note his profile does not change.

A card for this item appears in Warhammer Magic.

ALARIELLE, Everqueen of Averlorn

475 points

Alarielle is a special character who may be included in a High Elf army if you wish. Her points value must come from the Characters allocation of points. As described below, Alarielle has the powers of a level 4 Mage Lord and many other unique powers. She cannot lead the High Elf army, so she cannot be your General, although she can lead her own Maiden Guard as explained later.

THE EVERQUEEN

Ulthuan is co-ruled by the Everqueen, the chosen representative of Isha the Elven goddess of earth, plants and forests. Alarielle is the name of the ruling Everqueen, and she is said to be the most beautiful to have borne the favour of Isha since the far off days of Astarielle. Where the Everqueen walks, the fields start to blossom and flowers spring forth from the ground. The white birds of Avelorn come to rest on her hand, and her silvery laughter rings throughout the blessed glades of the Gaen valley. Her flowing hair is like a golden cloud, and it is said that so great is her beauty that it can move even the immortal gods. Her power is that of nature itself, so when she mourns the skies weep with her, and when her eyes darken thunder roars across the Gaen valley.



Alarielle's reign has not been peaceful for her powers were sorely tested when Dark Elf armies and legions of Chaos poured into Ulthuan and overran Avelorn. For a while it was believed Alarielle had perished in the fighting. To the Elves the Everqueen embodies the spirit of Isha, and her loss could presage the destruction of all Ulthuan. In fact she was not slain, but hidden and protected by Prince Tyrion, although her powers were very much reduced whilst those of Chaos were nourished by the slaughter of battle. The power of Chaos grew increasingly greater as devastation swept the land. At last the Everqueen made her way to take part in the Battle of Finuval Plain where Chaos was defeated. The Everqueen and her Maiden Guard were then restored to the land of Avelorn. She dwells there to this day, in the company of her Champion, Prince Tyrion.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Everqueen	5	10	10	3	4	4	10	1	10

Spells. The Everqueen is considered to be equivalent to an Elven Mage Lord with a corresponding magic level of 4 and 4 High Magic or Battle Magic spells.

Weapons/Armour: Alarielle carries no weapons and wears no armour. She is the Queen of Peace, and can not even touch the instruments of war. Alarielle fights on foot.

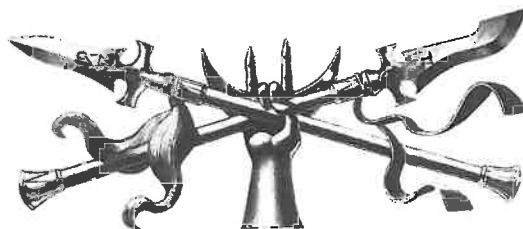
SPECIAL RULES**The Boon of Isha**

Any one High Elf unit within 12" of the Everqueen can add +1 to its dice rolls made to hit during the shooting phase. Any one High Elf unit with 12" of the Everqueen can add +1 to hit during the close combat phase. In the case of hand-to-hand combat, the bonus applies during any close combat phase including enemy turns. Note that only one unit can receive the bonus during any phase, but this can be a different unit each time if you so wish. This is a special ability of the Everqueen to focus the power of Isha that flows throughout the world, and to harness it to invigorate the pure of heart.

The Chaos Bane

The Everqueen radiates harmony and order, her power is the power of Isha herself. All that is Chaos is anathema to her. As the powers of Chaos wax so her power wanes, as her powers wax so those of Chaos wane, so it has always been and always will be. Daemons which approach her feel this power. It dissolves the magic which binds them together and holds them on the earth. They feel their energies dissipate and the Realms of Chaos draw them back to mindless oblivion.

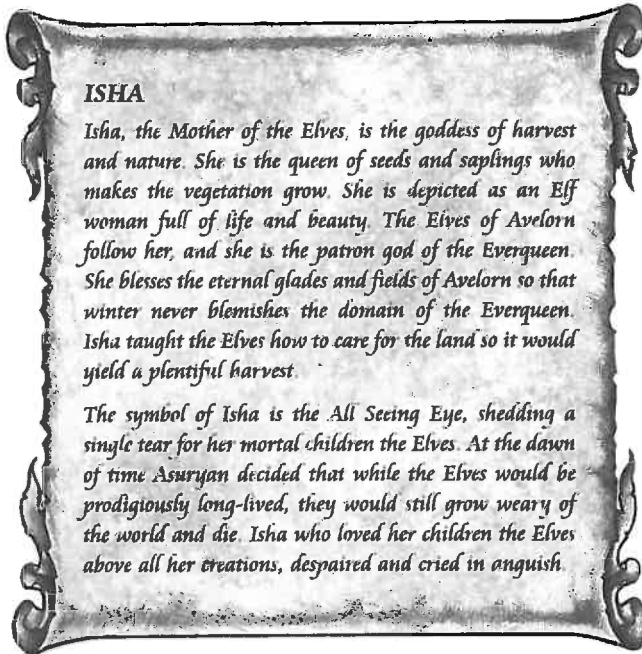
This is represented as follows. If there are any Chaos Daemon models within 6" of the Everqueen at the start of any close combat phase they each take 1 automatic wound on the D6 roll of a 4+. Roll for each Daemon separately, but where Daemons have multiple wounds remove whole figures and carry forward any excess as you normally would for wounds inflicted in combat. If the Everqueen is engaged in melee, any casualties inflicted are considered to be part of close combat, and so killed Daemons cannot return blows and the wounds they have suffered do count towards the combat result.



In addition, at the start of each close combat phase, a Chaos player must roll a D6 for each magic item within 6" of the Everqueen. If he rolls a 1 the item is destroyed. If he rolls a 2 or 3 it is useless for the duration of that close combat phase, including the combat results and any relevant tests if it would affect them (eg, *War Banner*). Note that this affects all magic items in the opposing army whether specifically described as Chaos or not. All artefacts touched by Chaos are tainted by it and therefore vulnerable. It also affects Chaos Rewards, which are magic items of a special kind. The Chaos Bane does not affect Chaos Gifts in any way.



ALARIELLE, the Everqueen



The Touch of the Everqueen

The Everqueen has 1 Attack and a Weapon Skill of 10. However, her nature is not combatative in the usual sense, and although she can strike a blow this is never resolved as a wound. Instead, if an enemy model is hit it becomes momentarily incapable of fighting, dazzled by the will of Isha. The model that is struck may not strike any blows at all in that combat phase. If the model has already struck, should Alarielle not strike before her enemy, then the Touch of the Everqueen is of no value. If the enemy model is a chariot, ridden monster or war machine, then the Touch of the Everqueen affects the entire model, but the blow must be struck against the individual with the highest Weapon Skill.

HANDMAIDENS OF THE EVERQUEEN

If your army includes Alarielle the Everqueen, it can include a single regiment of her Handmaidens as well. The regiment must include a musician and a standard that represent the *Banner of Avelorn* and the *Horn of Isba* which the Handmaidens carry with them wherever they go. The regiment must be at least five models strong, including a Champion where present. The points cost of the Handmaidens is deducted from the Regiments allowance.

The Handmaidens of the Everqueen are not mere courtiers and attendants, but a warrior guard whose duty is to serve and protect their mistress. Only those with great natural gifts are chosen, the most talented singers and musicians, the most beautiful, the fleetest and most graceful, but above all the most loyal. It is an incomparable honour to serve the Everqueen and those bound to her side will remain there for seven years, during which time they forswear all other companionship and even the company of their families.

The Handmaidens are warriors of rare power even amongst the High Elves, being skilled with all manner of weapons. Their weapons of choice are the bow and spear, and they wear corselets of the finest Ithilmar.

Handmaidens

of the Everqueen 16 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Handmaidens	5	5	5	3	3	1	6	1	8

Weapons/Armour: The Handmaidens wear light armour and carry spears and long bows.

Options: The Handmaidens may carry a magic standard. This will always be the *Banner of Avelorn*, which is detailed below. The musician of the regiment may carry the *Horn of Isba*, also detailed below.

SPECIAL RULES

Immune to Psychology

It is almost unthinkable for the Maiden Guard to abandon their mistress. As long as the Everqueen is with the regiment they are immune to psychology and take Break tests against unmodified Ld 10.

Hatred

If the Everqueen is killed, then the Maiden Guard will *bate* all the enemy for the remainder of the battle.

Citizen Levy

The Maiden Guard are Citizen Levy, and all the special rules apply.

MAGIC ITEMS

The Banner of Avelorn

Magic Standard 25 points
Woven from living leaves and the hair of the Handmaidens of the Everqueen, this Banner is a stunningly beautiful creation of the Elves of Avelorn.

So beautiful is the Banner of Avelorn that any enemy wishing to charge the Handmaidens must pass a Leadership test first. If the test is failed the chargers stand in their place, transfixed by the magic. The Handmaidens must declare their charge reaction before the test is made. Note that the banner has no effect on troops that are not alive, like the Undead and Daemons.

The Horn of Isba

Enchanted Item 25 points
The Horn of Isba is made out of single pearl-white seashell, and its sound summons the favour of Isba.

Once per battle, at the beginning of either the hand-to-hand combat phase or the shooting phase, the High Elf player may declare that the musician will blow the Horn of Isba. This will allow the Handmaidens to either fight with 2 Attacks (in the hand-to-hand combat phase) or shoot twice (in the shooting phase). Note that this magical bonus applies in addition to the rules for the Citizen Soldiers.



MAGIC ITEMS

The Everqueen carries the following special items. These items are unique to the Everqueen, they are carried only by her and she carries no others. The points value of the Everqueen includes these items, although they have been given separate values here as some game rules demand that they have a specific value (eg, *Ring of Cortin*).

Star of Avelorn

Enchanted Item 35 points

About her noble brow the Everqueen wears a light diadem of Ithilmar in which is set a single radiant gem which Aenarion gave in trust to Astarielle. This is no ordinary gem, but is said to be a star taken from the heavens by Isha and bound within a magic crystal.

At the start of her turn Alarielle may use the power of the Star of Avelorn to heal the wounds of any High Elf character within 12". She may use the power upon herself if there are no other wounded Elves within 12", but she will always use it on another in preference to herself. Roll a D6 for each wound that has been suffered by the character. Each wound is recovered on the D6 roll of a 4 or more.

Note that the Star of Avelorn can only be used to restore wounds on a character that still lives – it cannot revive a corpse, it can only heal the wounded.

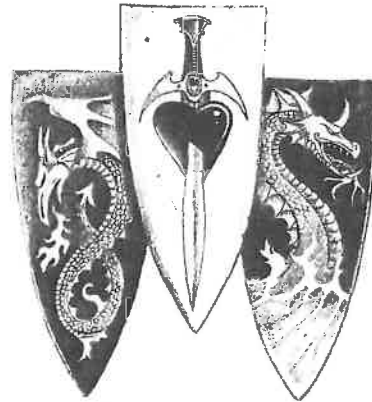
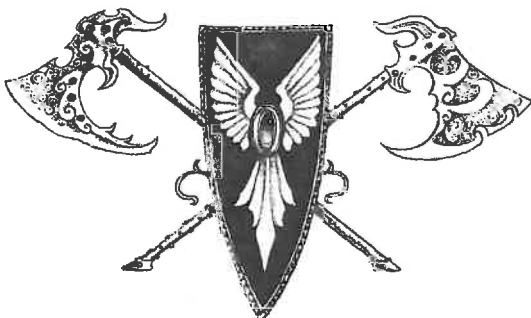
The Shieldstone of Isha

Ward 60 points

Upon her breast Alarielle wears a gem of unsurpassable workmanship. This is the Shieldstone of Isha, as old as Ulthuan itself, and pulsing with inner energies. It is magically attuned to the Everqueen's aura, and only the Everqueen can release the magical power it contains. The stone wards away harm from the pure-hearted, deflecting blows and dashing arrows to the floor.

The stone protects both Alarielle and, if they accompany her, her Handmaiden bodyguard from harm. Alarielle and her bodyguard have a special 4+ special saving throw against each wound suffered. Note that this is a special save and not an armour save, and consequently it is not modified by the attacker's Strength nor negated by attacks that would negate an armour save. This special save is taken only if armour saves have failed in the case of the Maiden Guard, as Alarielle wears no armour it is her only saving throw against wounds.

Note that the Shieldstone will only work to the benefit of Alarielle and her Maidens. It will not work on another character who joins her unit, or upon other units that Alarielle might join.

**The Stave of Avelorn**

Wizard Arcana 50 points

The Stave of Avelorn is the symbol of Alarielle's rule over the land of Avelorn. It is an ancient heirloom which is passed from one Everqueen to the next, as it has been since before the time of the Phoenix Kings. The power absorbs the magic that flows through the land and gathers it up, enabling Alarielle to direct it as she wishes. In ancient times the Stave accomplished great deeds of sorcery. Today its power is diminished because so much of the magic of Avelorn is drained away by the Vortex created during the War of Sundering. Nonetheless it remains a potent reminder of the days when Elven mages bestrode the world like colossi and all nature bent to their will.

When allocating spells at the start of the game, begin by dealing three cards to the Stave of Avelorn. These must be the same type of spells as Alarielle herself uses – either High Magic or Battle Magic. The player may take any or all of these spells and place them within the Stave – he does not have to place any spells in the Stave if he does not wish to do so, and he can place one, two or all three spells as he wishes. These spells reside within the Stave for the duration of the game. Any spells not allocated to the Stave are returned to the deck and reshuffled before dealing to further wizards. Alarielle is dealt her own four spells in the normal manner, and so has up to seven spells in total.

The spells in the Stave can be used by Alarielle in the following manner. In the High Elf magic phase the player declares he is using a spell from the Stave. The Stave spell is cast automatically; no power is required to cast it. Once it has been cast the Stave spell cannot be returned to the Stave, but Alarielle can take it into her own hand if she surrenders a spell she already holds. The Stave can be used to unleash all its spells in a single magic phase or during several magic phases. Alarielle can never hold more than 4 spells personally. Once the spell is transferred to Alarielle it can be cast in the normal way. Alarielle cannot take the spell into her hand and cast it during the same turn.

BELANNAER, Loremaster of Hoeth

555 points

Your army may include Belannaer, the Loremaster of Hoeth, if it includes a regiment of Sword Masters. Belannaer may be your General, but he does not have to be, he can be included as an independent character instead. If you use Belannaer as a General he replaces the General described in the main army list.

At the heart of the Kingdom of Saphery stands the White Tower wherein lies the shrine of Hoeth, the Elven god of Wisdom. This is the greatest repository of historical and magical lore in the world, a collection of grimoires and codices gathered over the centuries by generations of Loremasters. The oldest living Loremaster is Belannaer the Wise, second only in power to the Warden of the White Tower, High Loremaster Teclis himself.

Belannaer first sought the Tower of Hoeth as a young prince in the reign of Bel-Hathor. The first time he approached the tower he found his path spiralling back upon itself so that his long journey carried him wearily back to his starting place. Refusing to give up, he strove harder and more purposefully to reach the tower and returned to his beginning even more swiftly and even more exhausted. Despairing of ever reaching the tower, he resolved to find wisdom in his own heart and turned his back upon the White Tower. But now, to his surprise, no matter how he attempted to turn aside, he found the tower's needle-thin spire looming up in front of him. This was the first step of Belannaer upon the path of wisdom.

At the time when the Norse began raiding Ulthuan in earnest Belannaer was one of the wizards whose magic shrouded the coasts of Ulthuan in a maze of spells,



making it almost impossible for raiders to reach the Elven Kingdoms. Later he accompanied Finubar in his travels eastwards to the Old World, and shared in his rediscovery of the lost kindred of Wood Elves and the first contact with human realms. Belannaer became a great mage and a teacher of sorcery to true seekers of knowledge. As a frail youth Teclis himself studied at the feet of Belannaer, absorbing and eventually coming to surpass his master's knowledge. When Teclis resolved to leave the White Tower and go in search of his brother Tyrion, it was Belannaer who persuaded the then High Loremaster Cyeos to give Teclis the War Crown of Saphery and release him from his vows of obedience.

These days Belannaer sits in the White Tower and reflects upon a lifetime of study. He is painfully aware that his duties are not yet ended. He senses that a greater challenge lies ahead, and that his powers will be sorely tested before he is allowed to find peace. Amongst his many tasks he gathers information from the Sword Masters who roam the lands of Ulthuan, searching out Dark Elf spies and uncovering their destructive plots. When the enemies of the White Tower strike he will be ready, and the Sword Masters shall accompany him as they march to do battle.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Belannaer	5	6	4	4	4	4	9	4	10

Weapons/Armour: Belannaer is armed with a sword. He fights on foot.

Magic Spells: Belannaer is a Mage Lord and has 4 spells. He can use either High Magic or Battle Magic.

SPECIAL RULE

Glamour of Hoeth

Belannaer and the unit he is with are surrounded by shimmering magic that confuses and disorients, so deeply is the old Loremaster imbued with magic. Enemies find it inexplicably difficult to judge the distance to their foe, seeing their targets receding before their eyes. To represent this an enemy declaring a charge against Belannaer or the unit he is with must reduce their maximum charge distance by the difference between two dice rolls (0 to 5"). For example, if you roll 3 and 6, deduct 3" from the opponent's charge range. If they have insufficient distance remaining to complete their charge they become confused by the Glamour and the charge is failed, as if they were out of range. The High Elf player must declare his charge response before the Glamour takes effect, and any fire from units which stand & shoot is worked out normally.

MAGIC ITEMS

Belannaer carries four magic items. These are always the *Cloak of Stars*, the *Blade of Bel-Korhadris*, the *Book of the Phoenix* and the *Staff of Cyeos*. These magic items are unique to Belannaer, and only he may have them.

Cloak of Stars

Enchanted Item 45 points

The Loremaster of Hoeth wears an enchanted cloak. The runes woven into its fabric tell of the virtues of wisdom, patience and self-control. They warn that violence is not a path to wisdom. Those that attack the wearer of the cloak will feel the weight of the world resting ever heavier on them, and their blows lack strength and purpose.

All shooting and hand-to-hand attacks against Belannaer will be resolved with -2 Strength (with minimum of 1). In addition, once per game, the Cloak will automatically dispel the first spell in battle targeted against Belannaer or any unit he is with. If the spell is cast with Total Power it will not be dispelled but the cloak will dispel the next incoming spell.

Blade of Bel-Korhadris

Magic Weapon 60 points

This sword was the weapon of Bel-Korhadris, the Phoenix King who ordered the construction of the White Tower of Hoeth. The Blade of Bel-Korhadris is usually attached to the highest pinnacle of the Tower of Hoeth, where the setting sun catches its tip at the Hour of Dragon. The magic of the blade catches and entraps the rays of the sun and makes the sword blaze throughout the night. When the Sword Masters go to war, Belannaer takes the sword with him and vows to use it only for good, faithful to the principles of the great Scholar-King.

Mortal armour is no proof against the Blade of Bel-Korhadris, but magic armour saves as normal.

In addition, once per battle, in the beginning of any hand-to-hand combat phase, Belannaer can unleash the fires of the captured star. He will then strike first regardless of Initiative and charging, and will fight with D6 extra Attacks. If both Belannaer and his opponent are allowed to strike first (eg, if his opponent is using the Sword of Swift Slaying), then roll a dice to see who goes first.

The Book of the Phoenix

Enchanted Item 75 points

The Book of the Phoenix tells the ancient legend of Asuryan - an allegorical story of the fate of all civilizations, of birth, growth, glory, decline and eventual destruction.

At the beginning of a battle Belannaer may read one of the verses of the book. The effect will last for the end of the battle, unless the Book is destroyed or nullified by some means (such as the *Ring of Corin* or *Sword of Destruction*).

The Verse of Rebirth. If Belannaer is ever killed, he will immediately burst into flames (causing 1 S6 hit on each model in base-to-base contact with him), and return to life with D3 wounds. He may be positioned in any High Elf unit on the battlefield. This applies if Belannaer is broken in hand-to-hand combat and caught in pursuit. The Verse of Rebirth will work only once per game. If Belannaer is killed a second time he will not be resurrected again.

The Verse of Flame Eternal. This verse will allow Belannaer to cast one of his spells without expending any power cards once per magic phase. Belannaer can choose which spell he uses in each magic phase, he does not have to use the same spell in each magic phase.

The Verse of Destruction. This verse will double the strength of Belannaer, giving him an effective Strength of 8.

Staff of Cyeos

Wizard Arcana 25 points

The old High Loremaster left just one mighty artefact as an heirloom to his most beloved pupil Belannaer - a magic staff crafted by his own hand.

The Staff of Cyeos will power the spells of Belannaer. Any spell the Loremaster casts will be considered to be powered up by one additional magic card, just as if Belannaer had used a single power card to reinforce his spell, making it even harder to dispel. Additional power cards can be used to reinforce the spell even more in normal manner.

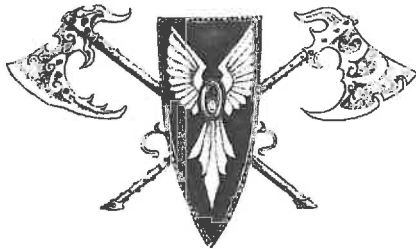
KORHIL, Hunter Captain of the White Lions

198 points

If your army includes a regiment of White Lions then it may also include Korhil as the regiment's Champion. The White Lions may include Korhil or a Champion chosen from the army list in the normal manner – it may not include both.

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

It was Korhil who hunted and caught the great lion Charandis. This lion was a particularly dangerous, massive and ferocious creature mutated by the warping power of Chaos seeping from the magic-riven Annulii mountains. Though the great lion had slain many warriors, and countless innocent Elves besides, Korhil bravely wrestled the beast and slew it with his bare hands. His first taste of battle came soon afterwards. A Dark Elf reaver band ran riot in Chrace until they came to Korhil's village where the young Elf slew their leader Saurios Nightblade in single combat. This was reckoned a great feat of arms, for Saurios was a master swordsman schooled by the Assassins of Naggaroth, whilst Korhil was still but a young lad.



The White Lions claim Korhil to be the strongest Elf in all Ulthuan, which may well be true, for he is without doubt amongst the tallest of all his kindred. Even so, he is no lumbering giant, but wields his long axe with a dexterity and grace that makes even his fellow White Lions appear cumbersome. His honest demeanour and noble bearing have won him many friends amongst the Lords of Ulthuan and other races besides.

Korhil has served his Lord, the Phoenix King Finubar the Seafarer, with unflinching loyalty, standing steadfastly beside him and saving his life on several occasions. Such is his duty, and for this he seeks no reward other than to march beside his Lord at the forefront of battle.

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

Weapons/Armour. Korhil wears heavy armour and the magical pelt of the great lion Charandis. Together these confer an armour saving throw of 4+ against close combat wounds and 3+ against shooting. See the *Pelt of Charandis*.

SPECIAL RULES**Woodsmen**

All Chracians are expert woodsmen, their skills are equalled only by the Wood Elves of the Old World. To represent this the White Lions suffer no movement penalties when moving through woods.

Woodsmen's Axe

Korhil can use his axe, Chayal, in any of the three combat modes described for White Lions: *Rampant*, *Leaping* or *Claw*. As the whole regiment must use its axes in the same mode, Chayal automatically adopts the same tactic. See the descriptions in the rules for White Lions in the Bestiary section.

Bodyguard

Korhil is the Captain of the White Lions and so is placed on the tabletop together with his troops at the start of the battle just like other leaders and Champions. If another character is positioned with the White Lions at the start of the battle, then the model can be placed next to Korhil and Korhil will act as his bodyguard. Korhil can only act as a bodyguard to one model during the battle. If several models are placed with the White Lions, declare which one Korhil is guarding at the start of the battle. So long as the guarded character remains with the White Lions and stays next to Korhil then no enemy can attack the character – all attacks will be directed against Korhil instead. Note that this rule does not apply if Korhil or the character he is guarding are fighting a challenge.

Players will note that if the army's General is placed with the White Lions led by Korhil, then it will be impossible to attack the General whilst Korhil lives. Because of the White Lion Bodyguard rule the unit will automatically pass Break and Leadership tests whilst the General lives. This means it is impossible to hurt the General or break the White Lions until Korhil is slain, making him a very important part of the High Elf army indeed.

LOEC

Loec the Shadow Dancer is the Elf god of Laughter. He is the trickster, the patron of dances, songs and plays. The Elf legends tell that he often saves the souls of the dead from being devoured by the Gods of Chaos by tricking them out of their prize. Loec appears to the Elves in the form of a little youth, who dances across the void, and his laughter stirs the souls and spirits that dwell there. The gods of evil and Chaos often hunt him as he dances, but he is fireless and cunning, and can never be caught. There is a darker side to Loec as well. He is the god of shadows, malicious trickery, vengeance and dark deeds. Those Elves who lived in the lost Nagarythe worship him, for they crave for revenge and need stealth and darkness to carry out their vengeance.

MAGIC ITEMS

Korhil carries two magic items, which are always the *Axe Chayal* and the *Pelt of Charandis*.

The Axe Chayal

Magic Weapon 65 points

The *Axe Chayal* (which means *Lion's Claw*) is a unique magic item carried by Korhil the Hunter as it has been carried since the founding of the White Lions by their Captain. It increases the Strength of its wielder by +2, but will not force Korhil to strike last like normal axes of the White Lions. In addition, should Korhil's very first blow hit then all his remaining attacks will hit automatically – the axe rains relentless blow after blow upon the enemy.

The *Axe Chayal* can be used in all three combat modes already described for the White Lions: *Rampant* (enemy -1 to hit), *Leaping* (-1 enemy attack) and *Claw* (each wound = D3 wounds). The whole unit uses the same mode in the same combat phase.

The Pelt of Charandis

Magic Armour 10 points

When Korhil slew the great lion Charandis he afterwards skinned it and wore its fur proudly upon his broad shoulders. Years later it was remade into a magnificent cloak and enchanted by the Loremaster Finreir, and re-presented to Korhil as a gift from the Phoenix King himself. The cloak confers a +2 saving throw bonus against shooting and +1 against attacks in hand to hand combat. This gives Korhil a save of 3+ and 4+ respectively.

Even more usefully the enchantment protects Korhil from all poisons, including the Black Venom of the Dark Elf assassins, the toxins employed by Witch Elves, and the Weeping Blades of Skaven assassins. Poisoned weapons lose any special benefits, but otherwise count as normal weapons of their type.

CARADRYAN, Captain of the Phoenix Guard 73 points

Your army may include Caradryan, the Captain of the Phoenix Guard as a Champion of a unit of Phoenix Guard if you wish.

Caradryan of Eataine was the son of a great merchant prince. Handsome, rich, powerful and arrogant, he was an archetype of the jaded High Elf aristocrat. He was uncaring and self-indulged, proud and vain.

Caradryan's life changed when he made a pilgrimage to the Shrine of Asuryan, which all Elf nobles are expected to do at least once in their life. There, driven by arrogance and curiosity, he secretly sneaked into the holy Chamber of Days. What he witnessed there no-one knows, but when he emerged from the chamber he was a changed man. On his forehead was a glowing rune of Asuryan, marking him as the servant of the Creator God. Why Asuryan had chosen Caradryan as the instrument of his will is unknown but Caradryan gave up all his worldly possessions and took the vows of the Phoenix Guard, and has never uttered a word since then.

Caradryan spent his days in meditation in the Chamber of Days, reading the fiery letters that tell of the past, the present and the future. During the years he became ever closer to the thoughts of Asuryan, until he was marked as the Captain of the Phoenix Guard by the ancient Elf god. Now he leads the Phoenix Guard during times of peace and war, taking orders from no worldly master and appearing on the battlefield only by the will of Asuryan. He serves the purpose and the plan of the Lord of the Gods. There is strength in his hand and the wisdom of Asuryan sits on his noble brow.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Caradryan	5	5	5	4	3	1	7	2	9

Weapons/Armour: Caradryan wears heavy armour. He is armed with a sword and a halberd. Caradryan fights on foot.

Magic Items: Caradryan carries no magic items.

SPECIAL RULE**Mark of Asuryan**

If Caradryan is killed in hand-to-hand combat, he will speak for one final time in his life, and call for Asuryan with his dying breath. This will summon the wrath of the god upon his slayer. The model that killed Caradryan must take an immediate Leadership test or be slain by the Wrath of Asuryan, regardless of wounds or any saves.

TYRION, High Elf Prince 425 points



Your High Elf army may include High Elf Prince Tyrion. He may lead the army if you wish, though he does not have to. If you choose to use him to lead the army, then he replaces the General described in the main army list.

Tyrion is the champion of the Everqueen, the victor of Finuval Plain and the most famed High Elf hero of the age. He is tall, proud and fair, strong and wise, a born leader of Elves, the descendant of the first Phoenix King Aenarion. He has led countless High Elf armies, and he has always been victorious. He is loved by all in Ulthuan and feared by his enemies.

In battle Tyrion wields the magical wargear of his distant ancestors, and rides Malhandir, the last of the bloodline of the father of horses. He is an unmatched warrior, the hope of Ulthuan, Aenarion the Defender reborn.

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

Weapons/Armour. Tyrion wears the *Dragon Armour of Aenarion*. He is armed with the mighty runesword *Sunfang*.

May Ride. Tyrion rides Malhandir.

MAGIC ITEMS

Prince Tyrion carries three magic items. These are always the *Dragon Armour of Aenarion*, *Sunfang the Runesword* and the *Heart of Avelorn*. These items are unique to Tyrion and only he may use them.



Sunfang, the Runesword of Tyrion

Magic Weapon 125 points
This sword blazes with the captured fires of the sun. The white hot runes smouldering along its length destine blazing ruin for its victims.

Sunfang adds +3 to Tyrion's Strength. Each wound inflicts not 1 but D3 wounds.

When used against Daemons a hit from Sunfang wounds automatically and inflicts not 1 wound but D3.

Once per game in the shooting phase Tyrion may direct a mighty firebolt from Sunfang. Use the flame template from the Warhammer game placing the broad end over your enemies as required. Each model beneath the template is hit on a D6 roll of 4+ and takes 1 Strength 3 hit.

Dragon Armour of Aenarion

Magic Armour 75 points
This mighty armour was forged on Vaul's Anvil long ago to protect Aenarion, the first Phoenix King of Ulthuan, in the great wars against Chaos.

Wearing his Dragon Armour and mounted upon his armoured steed Malhandir, Tyrion has an armour saving throw of 1+. The wearer of the Dragon Armour cannot carry a shield.

If Tyrion fails his armour save then he may make a further special saving throw of 4+. Note this is a special save and not an armour save, and so is not affected by armour save modifiers or hits which discount armour saves.

Tyrion is completely immune to all fire-based attacks, including magical fire, warpfire, and so forth.

Heart of Avelorn

Ward 50 points
The Heart of Avelorn, a gift from the Everqueen to Tyrion, protects its bearer against hostile magic.

The Heart gives Tyrion a D6 saving throw of 4+ against the effect of any magic spell. Note that this isn't a Dispel, but a magic save that allows Tyrion to avoid the effect of spells which would otherwise harm him. See the description for wards in Warhammer Magic.

If Tyrion is slain the Heart will break and the release of its power immediately restores him to life with 1 wound. If this happens the Heart is destroyed.

TECLIS, High Elf Mage Lord**630 points**

Your High Elf army may include Teclis the High Elf Mage Lord as an independent character.

Teclis the High Loremaster of the White Tower is the most powerful High Elf mage of this age of the world. Even when he was very young Teclis showed an unmatched gift for magic. Of all the High Elves, he is blessed with the greatest understanding of High Magic. Mages from all over the Ulthuan come to sit at his feet to learn the secrets of the mystical arts.

Teclis has fought in wars from the northern Chaos Wastes to the distant lands of Lustria and mystic Cathay. During these long years he has found no match to his mystical skill, for even the mighty Witch King of the Dark Elves had to acknowledge Teclis his superior. Teclis dwells in the White Tower of Hoeth, delving ever deeper into the arcane mysteries.

Weapons/Armour. Teclis is armed with the *Sword of Teclis*.

May Ride. Teclis fights on foot.

Magic Spells. As a Mage Lord, Teclis is entitled to four spells. His magic level is increased to 5 by the *War Crown of Saphery* so he can choose five spells.

SPECIAL RULE**Master of High Magic**

Teclis's knowledge of High Magic is unmatched. He can pick the spells he wants from the High Magic deck, unlike other High Elf Mages who have to draw their spells at random.



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

MAGIC ITEMS

Teclis is a Mage Lord and carries four magic items. These are always the *Moon Staff of Lileath*, the *War Crown of Saphery*, the *Sword of Teclis* and the *Scroll of Hoeth*. Of these the *Moon Staff of Lileath* and the *Scroll of Hoeth* are unique to Teclis and only he may use them.

The Moon Staff of Lileath

Wizard Arcana 20 points
The Moon Staff of Lileath is imbued with the power of the goddess. This power flows through Teclis, invigorating his feeble frame, but in times of great need he can summon the full power of the staff. This unleashes a fearsome storm of magic but leaves Teclis himself badly weakened.

The Moon Staff may be used once, at the start of the High Elf player's magic phase, to draw D6 magic cards from the Winds of Magic.

Once the Moon Staff has been used Teclis's own energy is weakened and his characteristic values are all halved rounding up to the nearest whole number. This will also happen if the staff is destroyed, even if Teclis has not summoned its power.

War Crown of Saphery

Wizard Arcana 125 points
The War Crown was forged by the awesome Mage Lords of Saphery in the time of the first incursions of Chaos. It empowers its wearer with all the knowledge of magic gleaned by the High Elves over their thousands of years of study, raising him beyond any other mortal wizard.

The War Crown of Saphery raises the magic level of a High Elf Mage Lord from 4 to 5. Only a High Elf Mage Lord can wear the crown; no lesser wizard could endure its power.

A Mage Lord of level 5 has 5 spells and is superior to wizards of levels 1-4 for purposes of spell casting and dispelling.

A card for this item appears in Warhammer Magic.

The Sword of Teclis

Magic Weapon 100 points
The Sword of Teclis is charged with crackling energy that rends apart those struck by its shining blade.

All hits struck with the Sword of Teclis will automatically cause wounds. Armour saving throws are allowed as normal.

Once per battle during any close combat phase, the bearer can release the full power of the sword causing a storm of crackling energy. This automatically inflicts D6 S6 hits on the enemy unit the bearer is fighting. These hits are inflicted at the same time as the bearer fights, and any wounds inflicted are counted towards the combat result.

A card for this item appears in Warhammer Magic.

Scroll of Hoeth

Wizard Arcana 55 points
The scrolls inscribed in the White Tower by the Loremasters are far more potent than those made by mundane wizards.

Teclis can use this scroll to dispel an enemy spell as it is cast. The player declares he is using the scroll and the spell is dispelled just as if the player had played a successful Dispel. It can only be used against a spell as it is cast, not a spell already in play. It will not dispel a spell cast with Total Power.

Alternatively, Teclis can use the scroll once to cast a spell. No power is required to cast the spell because the scroll provides all the power needed. A spell cast using the Scroll of Hoeth can be dispelled in the normal fashion.

The scroll can only be used twice per game after which it becomes useless.

IMRIK, Lord of Dragons

275 points

- Dragon +450 points
- Great Dragon +600 points
- Emperor Dragon +750 points

Your High Elf army may include Prince Imrik. He may lead the army if you wish, though he does not have to. If you choose to use him to lead the army, then he replaces the General described in the main army list.

In Caledor, the Dragons lie sleeping within the cold volcanoes of the mountains known as the Dragon's Spine. They dream of the ancient days when they soared through the magic-laden air of Ulthuan, spitting fire and destruction upon the enemies of the Dragon Princes. Today the mountains have cooled and the Dragons have dwindled in power. Few of the creatures can be wakened when the clarion calls of war ring from mountain peak to mountain peak, summoning the scattered folk of Caledor to battle.

Like the Dragons themselves the line of Dragon Princes is fading. Prince Imrik, Lord of Dragons, is the last descendant of the house of Caledor, the Phoenix King of the ancient times. In him is invested all the power and nobility of that great house. The greatest Dragons stir from slumber to his call and no other.

Prince Imrik is the greatest High Elf warrior of his age. The people of Ulthuan say that the nobility of Phoenix King Caledor and the battle prowess of Phoenix King Tethlis have been reborn in the Lord of the Dragons. He leads his Dragon to the attack, plunging to the ground with the destructive fury of a lightning bolt. The great scaly beast seizes its victims and tears them limb from limb as Prince Imrik pierces the enemy ranks with his devastating Star Lance. Few can stand before him and none living can look upon the fire of his eyes or match the strength of his arm.

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



Weapons/Armour. Imrik wears the *Armour of Caledor*. He is armed with a sword and the magical *Star Lance*.

May Ride. Imrik always rides either a Black, Red, Green, Blue or White Dragon. See Warhammer Battle Book for the special rules that apply to these creatures.

MAGIC ITEMS

Prince Imrik is an Elf Lord and carries three magic items. These are always the *Star Lance*, the *Armour of Caledor* and the *Dragonhorn*. The last two magic items are unique to Imrik and only he may use them.



Star Lance

Magic Weapon 60 points
The Star Lance is made from the fiery heart of a fallen comet. Its keen tip can penetrate any armour.

The Star Lance confers a +3 Strength bonus when Prince Imrik charges. In addition, on the turn that he charges, the Star Lance automatically penetrates any armour worn by his target. Even magic armour offers no armour saving throw against the Lance.

A card for this item appears in Warhammer Magic.

Dragonhorn

Enchanted Item 15 points
When Prince Imrik goes to war, all can hear the call of his warborn, full of challenge and pride. No Dragons can ignore its sound, but rise from their slumber, ready to do battle once more.

Once per battle, in the beginning of any hand-to-hand combat round, Imrik can blow a mighty sound from his horn. His Dragon will then fight with D6 extra Attacks during that round of hand-to-hand combat. The Dragonhorn can be used only once per battle, after which its powers are temporarily exhausted.

Armour of Caledor

Magic Armour 30 points
This armour is the heirloom of the house of Caledor, the greatest of all the Dragon Princes. It is a suit of Ithilmar, unsurpassed in its beauty, lightweight and flexible, and yet stronger than any armour made of mortal steel.

The Armour of Caledor confers a basic armour saving throw of 2+, which cannot be improved by any means. This save can never become worse than 5+ due to modifiers from an attacker's Strength. In addition, Imrik is completely immune to all types of Dragon breath weapons, including the fire of Red Dragons, electric blasts of Blue Dragons and so on.

TYRION & TECLIS

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

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

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

THE DARK ELF WARS

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

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

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

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

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

The High Elves were reduced to fighting a guerrilla war in their own land while the servants of Darkness reigned

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

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

THE DARKEST HOUR

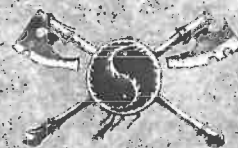
In the forests of Avelorn the hunt was closing in. The four assassins finally caught up with Tyrion and his charge, coming upon their camp by night. The wounded Elf Lord fought like a blood-mad wolf. Under the furious onslaught of his blade the Dark Elves died, but not before one unleashed a messenger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

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

Lightning split the night and the daemon was knocked back. A frail-looking figure emerged from the forest. On his head was the horned-moon helm of Saphery and he swiftly took up position between the queen and the Keeper of Secrets. With an angry bellow, the daemon rose to confront him. Teclis spoke words of thunder and

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

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



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

THE BATTLE OF FINUVAL PLAIN

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

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

The coming of day revealed the full extent of the Chaos forces. Endless ranks of Dark Elf crossbowmen chanted the praises of Slaanesh. A horde of Cold Ones croaked

and belloved in the chill morning light. Mail-armoured warriors brandished their spears. Witch Elves cackled and gibbered maniacally. Beast masters herded monsters into position. One entire flank of the Witch King's army was held by Chaos Knights and their bestial retinues. The Elves were greatly outnumbered and the situation looked desperate. From a blasted hill in the centre of that evil army, the gigantic black-armoured figure of the Witch King surveyed the battlefield, confident that victory was within his iron-clawed grasp.

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

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

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

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

The two forces clashed at the heart of Finuva Plain. The Dark Elves had the greater number and their allies were few. The High Elves were fighting for their homeland and the Everqueen. They had the desperate courage that flowed from knowing that this might be their last chance to turn the tide. All that long day the armies fought with savage fury. Both sides were driven by the consuming hatred that their ancient civil war had bred. Flights of crossbow bolts, so numerous they darkened the sky, were met by clouds of white fletched arrows. Great lumbering Cold Ones were hamstringed by nimble Elf

warriors. The horsemen of Ellynion were pulled down by the foul beasts of Chaos. Spells crackled back and forth through the air. Blood mingled with the dust thrown up by the battle. Thousands died but neither side gave any ground. So great was the carnage that warriors fought over bodies of the dead and ravens feasted on the wounded trapped inside the mounds of corpses.

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

THE DEFEAT OF THE WITCH KING

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE GIFT OF MAGIC

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

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

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

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

In the Old World, Teclis and his companions arrived at the court of Magnus the Pious, where Teclis's wise advice and mighty sorcery soon made him an invaluable

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

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



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

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

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

HIGH ELF TACTICS

Choosing a High Elf army is always a compromise. The high point cost of the Elves means that you can rarely include all the troops and characters you'd like. Fortunately, the High Elf army list is very varied, offering a choice of good quality troops for almost any situation. What the troops of Ulthuan have in common is that they are highly skilled, superbly trained, fast moving and well-equipped. Whether you plan to play offensively or defensively, you are spoiled for choice.

THE GLORIOUS HOST OF ULTHUAN

Many players see the infantry as the core of the High Elf army. The High Elf infantry is split between the citizen soldiers like Archers, Spearmen and Lothorn Sea Guard, and the elite and highly specialised formations like the Sword Masters, White Lions and the silent legionnaires of the Phoenix Guard.

Spearmen form an ideal core for defensive High Elf armies. They fight with three ranks, which will allow you to cause significant damage even if you are charged and your first rank is whittled down. You can improve their chances further by giving the main regiment a magical standard, the *Banner of Defiance* (double rank bonus) being a personal favourite.

The High Elf Archers are superbly trained, which allows them to shoot with two ranks even if they are not positioned on a hill. This allows you to deploy them on even ground and leave the elevated positions to your repeater bolt throwers. A word of warning: while the longbow is an excellent weapon with a long range and the Elves are adept at its use, the longbow's Strength of 3 leaves a lot to be hoped for. Against tough or well-armoured foes you will struggle to cause a single wound!

Lothorn Sea Guard combine the best qualities of the Archers and Spearmen, being able to fight with an extra rank of spears *and* shoot with two ranks. Their equipment is expensive, but often well worth the points. They are very flexible troops, competent in both hand-to-hand combat and archery.

Shadow Warriors are the scouts and skirmishers of the High Elves, and I feel that they are a vital part of the High Elf army. With their skirmish and infiltration rules they can seize terrain features like woods and buildings. From their advanced positions they can pick on enemy archers and war machine crews, and prevent their shock troops from marching by getting within 8" of the enemy models. It is always worth equipping them with longbows. The Shadow Warriors operate well in small groups of 6 to 10 models.

When summoning the awesome elite infantry of the High Elves to battle, you must weigh your options carefully, and study the strengths and weaknesses of your foes.

The Sword Masters are my personal favourite. These warrior-ascetics hit extremely hard, are skilled in the use of their weapons, and are so fast that unless you are charged you will probably always strike before your enemies. While they are neither tough or particularly well-armoured, they are lethal if they get a chance to strike. Sword Masters are a melee unit, so try to lose as few of them for shooting as possible. They are already difficult to hit with arrows due their uncanny ability to sweep these missiles aside in mid-air. This protection can be improved further by giving their leader the *Ruby Chalice* (-2 to shoot, -1 to hit).

The White Lions excel in taking on large monsters and tough or well-armoured troops. Even though their double-handed weapons force them to strike last, their varied special fighting options are tailored to lessen casualties they will suffer before they get a chance to fight back. It is always worth including the White Lions if your General is fighting on foot, as they will fight to the last man to protect him. The *Banner of Might* (+1 to hit) or the *Standard of Shtelding* (+1 armour save) are both good options for the White Lions.

Phoenix Guard are the least powerful of the elite troops, but they are also the cheapest and perhaps the most flexible. They can take on and beat any mediocre infantry. Their halberds give them a nice Strength bonus.

For those hot blooded young Elf Generals who prefer aggressive warfare, the High Elf army offers the formidable strength of the Elven cavalry. From the lightning-fast Ellyrian Reavers to the proud armoured Dragon Princes, the High Elf army should offer plenty of options. All High Elf cavalry is fast and highly skilled in the use of their weapons. On the down side they are very expensive and if their charge does not break the enemy, they are likely to lose the following rounds of combat as the bonuses for charging do not apply any more.

Dragon Princes are the heaviest of the High Elf cavalry types. With their excellent armour save, these proud nobles are almost immune to low-Strength attacks. Despite their heavy armour, they are just as swift as the fastest human cavalry.

Dragon Princes can carry magical standards extremely cheaply. My favourite is the *Battle Banner* (+D6 combat resolution). This helps me to break enemy regiments and costs only 50 points for the Dragon Princes!

Silver Helms are an entirely different matter. While they can be armoured quite heavily, I usually prefer leaving their armour save to 5+. This makes Silver Helms fast cavalry, perhaps the most useful and flexible type of mounted troops.

Silver Helms have all the hitting power of the Dragon Princes, can carry a magic standard, and have excellent manoeuvrability. All this makes them my favourite High Elf cavalry regiment. They are vulnerable to missile fire, so use all the cover you can get to minimise your casualties. Silver Helms are perfect for flanking slow, cumbersome infantry regiments, and with a good magic

standard like the *Banner of Might* (+1 to hit) they can fight very well.

The Ellyrian Reavers are quite different from the other types of High Elf cavalry. They are armed with bows, can skirmish and their horsemanship is unequalled. If you have the first turn, they can race towards the enemy war machines and engage the crew on Turn 1. They are also good at harassing the enemy flanks and once the general melee is joined, they can charge the enemy on the flank, negating their rank bonus.

The Reavers work best as small regiments. This keeps their cost down, allows them to use cover, and makes it easier for them to pick their way through the battlefield.

As far as war machines go, the High Elves are blessed with one of the best: the repeater bolt thrower. This device is the bane of heavily armoured knights and deep infantry formations with its ability to penetrate ranks and ignore armour. Never leave the shores of Ulthuan without one or two of these, and always shoot volleys unless your target has a Toughness of 8.

The Tiranoc chariot is the hardest-hitting part of the High Elf army. Chariots are vulnerable to missile fire, but when they charge the enemy, they cause crippling damage. Try to combine the attacks of your chariots with the charge of your infantry and cavalry. With the bonuses from the ranks and standards combined with the hitting power of the chariot, you should be able to take on any enemy.

The High Elf army can make use of many fabulous beasts. Unicorns make ideal steeds for Elf Mages and heroes, as they offer both strong offensive power and protection from magic. Giant Eagles can serve in a multitude of purposes. They can harry enemy war machines or support your attacking units. They can also intercept enemy flyers like Harpies and Carrion that can otherwise wreak havoc on your repeater bolt throwers, archers and chariots. Giant Eagles and Pegasus are also cheap options if you want to mount your characters on flying creatures.

LORDS OF THE ELVES

Choice of characters is important to the High Elf armies. You can include only a limited number of them because of the high points cost. First, you should decide whether you want your General to be a leader or a fighter. If you feel that your General should stay with the rest of the troops, leading them and keeping the army together then the *Crown of Command* (unmodified Ld 10 for Break tests), *Horn of Urgok* (rally all fleeing troops within 24") and *Talisman of Obsidian* (immunity to spells) could be suitable equipment for him. If you feel like attacking the enemy personally, try the *Dragonblade Lance* which (combined with a Strength potion) allows you to cause 4 automatic S9 hits when you charge! *Deathsword* (Strength 10), *Black Amulet* (4+ Ward, rebounds wounds), and magic armour of any kind are good choices as well.

Apart from the General you will need a competent wizard. I always try to include a High Elf Mage Lord in my armies. Equipped with the *War Crown of Saphery* (+1 magic level), the *Chalice of Sorcery* (1 extra magic

card each magic phase), the *Ring of Corin* (destroys enemy magic items) and the *Skull Staff* (+1 dispel), you should be able to reign supreme in the magic phase.

High Magic is one of the most potent forms of magic, so I usually choose all of my spells from this deck. While all the High Magic spells have their uses, I have some favourites. *Fiery Convocation* is a particularly powerful spell, and absolutely devastating against flammable targets like mummies. *Assault of Stone* remains one of the deadliest spells in the game. The *Apotheosis* is an excellent cheap spell, especially if your General gets killed.

The special characters of the High Elves are truly powerful individuals, easily capable of changing the course of battle single-handedly. Many of them can also act as your General. Belannaer is an especially good choice, since he is both a Mage Lord and a powerful hand-to-hand fighter. You can tailor his abilities to a degree with the *Book of the Phoenix*, according to the opposition.

If you have a regiment of White Lions acting as the bodyguard of your General consider including Korhil as well. He is a powerful fighter, and will give some added protection to your commander.

Against Dark Elves, Alith Anar the Shadow King is simply essential, while the Everqueen will make Chaos armies tremble with fear. She can also be accompanied by her Handmaidens, who can be very dangerous under the right circumstances, especially when using Alarielle's *Boon of Isba* in conjunction with the *Horn of Isba*.

THE ART OF WAR

The real trick with the High Elves is to strike the right balance between the troops. You have the necessary tools for almost any situation, but you must pick exactly the right troops and equipment you need. There is no room for stragglers in a High Elf army. Apart from good army selection, you need a firm battle plan. There are plenty of options from all-out attack to tight defence.

Whatever strategy you choose, pick suitable troops. When defending, take deep blocks of Spearmen, large regiments of Archers and at least one regiment of Lothern Sea Guard, and as many repeater bolt throwers as you can. Shower your enemy with a hail of arrows and finish any survivors with your deep blocks of Spearmen.

When preparing for attack, Tiranoc chariots, Dragon Princes and Silver Helms can serve as your spearhead, and the elite infantry like the White Lions and Sword Masters should be more than a match for similar enemy formations.

My final piece of advice is that it is very important to have the rule of the skies! Speed and manoeuvrability are perhaps the greatest assets of the High Elf army, but flying troops swooping down from the skies will always catch even the swiftest Ellyrian Reavers. To counter this threat, put a couple of Elf Heroes on flying mounts or perhaps include Prince Imrik himself in your army, and support these Heroes with the Giant Eagles.

HIGH ELVES REFERENCE

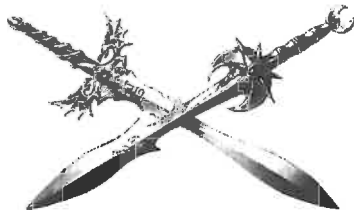
HIGH ELVES

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
High 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

HIGH 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

High Elf Mages may use Battle Magic or High Magic. A Mage can carry 1 magic item, a Mage Champion 2, a Master Mage 3, and a Mage Lord 4.



SILVER HELMS

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

ELLYRIAN REAVERS

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

May skirmish. May make free move after both sides have deployed. Not affected by -1 to hit penalty for shooting whilst moving. Can fire & flee from a charging enemy.

DRAGON PRINCES OF CALEDOR

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

Must include standard bearer. If unit includes magic standard then this is added at half normal points cost.

SEAGUARD OF LOTHERN

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Seaguard	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8

Can fight with one extra rank when using spears or two extra ranks with bows.



SHADOW WARRIORS

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

Can skirmish. Subject to *batred* of Dark Elves. Can deploy out of sight of enemy once it has deployed. Can shoot in two ranks when using bows.

SWORD MASTERS OF HOETH

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

Ignores restriction on double-handed weapons only striking last. Enemy shooting from front must deduct -1 from roll to hit.

PHOENIX GUARD

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

TIRANOC CHARIOTEERS

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

WHITE LIONS

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

Automatically passes Leadership test if unit is led by the General. May move through woods without penalty. Extra +1 save against shooting. Woodsman's Axe gives 3 special attacks – see special rules.

2,000 point SAMPLE ARMY

THE ARMY of LORD MORANION

The army of Lord Moranion is a typical example of a 2,000 point High Elf army. Magic items have been chosen from Warhammer Magic. You can use it exactly as it appears below, or as a basis for designing your own force.

This is the army of a noble High Elf Lord. It consists of his own retinue of Silver Helms, and is supported by many formations called from his domain. It is further strengthened by elite formations and war machines, making it a formidable force on the battlefield. The army is capable of attacking with its cavalry and chariot, but also has a formidable long-range hitting power with its archers, Sea Guard and bolt thrower.

LORD MORANION of ELLYRION High Elf General

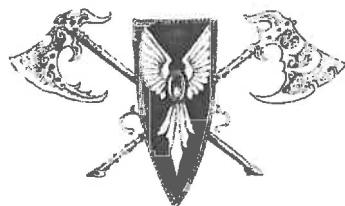
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lord	5	7	7	4	4	3	9	4	10
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

Weapons/Armour: Moranion is armed with a sword and a lance. He wears heavy armour, carries a shield and rides to battle on a barded Elven Steed.

Magic Items: Lord Moranion carries the *Dragonblade Lance* and the *Bane Shield*.

Save: 2+

Total Points: 235



ERETHOND High Elf Mage Champion

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

Weapons/Armour: Erethond is armed with a sword and rides an Elven Steed.

Magic Item: Erethond carries the *Potion of Knowledge*.

Save: 6+

Total Points: 174



SWORDS of HOETH

The Swords of Hoeth consists of 16 Sword Masters of Hoeth, including a standard bearer and a musician. The unit is led by Cireon, a High Elf Champion.

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

Weapons/Armour: The Sword Masters and Cireon are armed with double-handed swords and light armour.

Magic Item: *Banner of Defiance*.

Save: 6+

Total Points: 374

LOTHERN COMPANY

The Lothern Company consists of 12 Lothern Sea Guard, including a standard bearer and a musician. The unit is led by Ascarnil, a High Elf Champion.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sea Guard	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8
Champion	5	5	5	4	3	1	7	2	8

Weapons/Armour: The Sea Guard and Ascarnil are armed with spears and longbows. They wear heavy armour and carry shields.

Magic Item: *Standard of Shielding*.

Save: 3+

Total Points: 276

LANCES of ELLYRION

The Lances of Ellyrion consists of 6 Silver Helms, including a standard bearer. The unit is led by Eldarain, a High Elf Champion.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Silver Helm	5	5	4	3	3	1	7	1	8
Champion	5	5	5	4	3	1	7	2	8
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

Weapons/Armour: The Silver Helms and Eldarain are armed with lances and swords and carry shields. They wear heavy armour and ride barded Elven Steeds.

Save: 2+

Total Points: 319

SHORE RIDERS

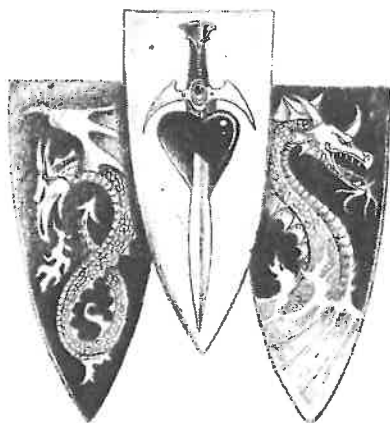
The Shore Riders consists of 5 Ellyrian Reavers.

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

Weapons/Armour: Ellyrian Reavers are armed with spears and bows. They wear light armour and carry shields and ride Elven steeds.

Save: 4+

Total Points: 165



SHADOWS of NAGARYTHE

The Shadows of Nagarythe consists of 9 Shadow Warriors.

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

Weapons/Armour: The Shadow Warriors are armed with swords and longbows. They wear light armour and carry shields.

Save: 5+

Total Points: 135

SILVER ARROWS

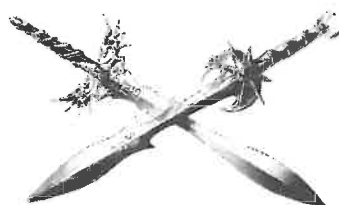
The Silver Arrows consists of 10 High Elf Archers.

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

Weapons/Armour: The Archers are armed with swords and longbows.

Save: None.

Total Points: 110



"THE DEATHBRINGER"

Repeater Bolt Thrower

The bolt thrower has a crew of two to operate the weapon.

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

Weapons/Armour: The crew are armed with hand weapons and wear light armour.

Save: 6+

Total Points: 100

"BLADE of TIRANOC"

Tiranoc Chariot

The Tiranoc chariot has two crew and two steeds.

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

Weapons/Armour: The crew are armed with hand weapons, spears and bows, carry shields and wear light armour. The chariot is equipped with scythed wheels.

Save: Charioteers 5+

Total Points: 110

Total army points value

1988 points

WARHAMMER®

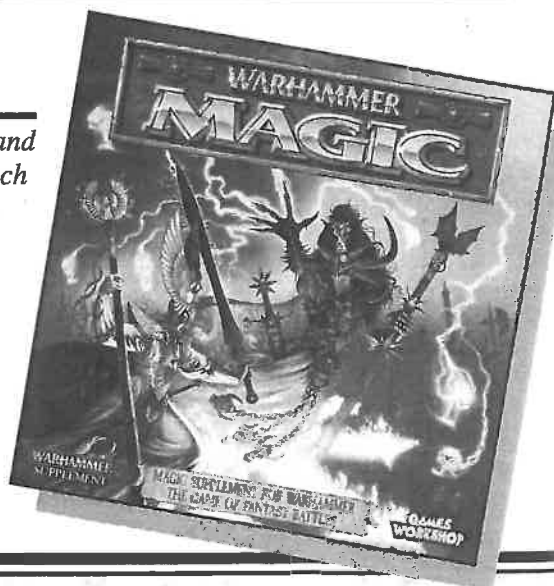
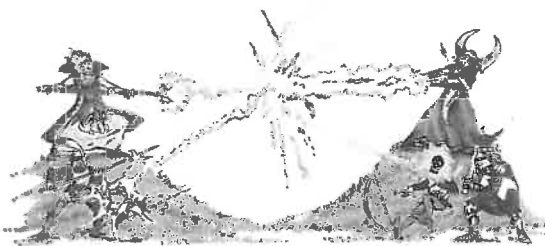


In Warhammer – the game of fantasy battles mighty armies clash in mortal combat.

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.

WARHAMMER® MAGIC

This essential supplement contains rules for using spells and magic items in the Warhammer game. Regardless of which armies you own, Warhammer Magic includes everything you need to bring wizards and magic to your battles.



WARHAMMER® ARMIES BOOKS

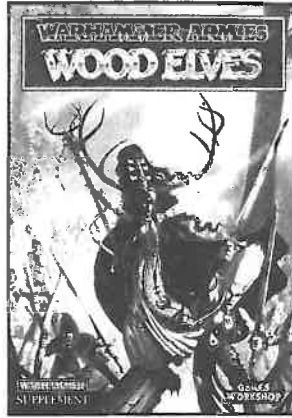
The ever-expanding series of Warhammer Armies books has been designed to complement Warhammer – the game of fantasy battles. Each book deals exclusively with one of the major races of the Old World, and contains extensive background and history information, maps, bestiary, special rules, war machines and a full colour section. 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.



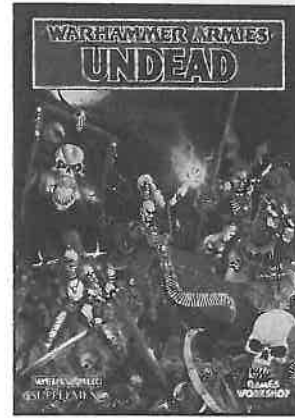
Orcs and Goblins wreak havoc amongst the realms of Men. This companion to the Warhammer game describes the armies of Orcs and Goblins in complete detail.



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.



Wood Elves protect their forest realm against all intruders. This Warhammer Armies book describes the defenders of Athel Loren and includes a detailed history of these guardians of the forest.



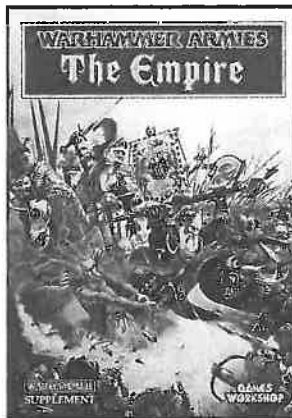
The Undead hate all living creatures, and are terrible and tireless foes. This volume describes the armies and heroes of the dead, including the great Necromancer Nagash.



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.



The Empire is the largest realm in the Old World. This Warhammer Armies book describes the lands and history of the Empire, and details its troops and mighty war machines.



From deep within the jungles of Lustria, the Lizardmen sound the drums of war. This Warhammer Armies book describes the armies of the savage Lizardmen.



The vile and malevolent Skaven spread decay from their sprawling capital of Skavenblight. This Warhammer Armies book describes the history and armies of the evil Skaven.



Dwarfs are skilful and determined warriors. This Warhammer Armies book describes the armies of the Dwarfs and includes a detailed history of this hardy and unforgiving race.



The knights of Bretonnia are the most skilled and feared human warriors in the Warhammer world. This volume details the history and inhabitants of Bretonnia: The Land of Chivalry.



The High Elves are a proud and noble people, well known for their mastery of arms and magic. This Warhammer Armies book describes the armies and history of their powerful realms.

COLLECTING A HIGH ELF ARMY



Having read the High Elf book you will now be keen to start collecting your High Elf army. The following is an example of a basic 1,000 point army, with some good sized core regiments that will form the backbone of a larger force

Every army must have a General to lead it. He is the only model that *must* be included in the army, so you'll need to pick a suitable character model to represent your General on the battlefield. Before buying a model, consider how to equip your General and what magic items he will be carrying.

It is a good idea to ensure that all of the miniatures in your army are carrying the right weapons and equipment, as it helps avoid confusion for you and your opponent. For instance, if you decide to take a High Elf Champion armed with a spear, then make sure that your High Elf Champion miniature is armed with a spear.



With your core regiments and General chosen it is now time to start looking at the more exotic troop types. The High Elves possess some very deadly troop types and

some equally lethal war machines. Choosing an army now begins to get really challenging. With the army list as your guide you can begin plotting just what forces to collect, reading up on the rules and planning battlefield tactics for the army when it is completed.



The roster sheet shows a 1,000 point army which we have worked out as an example of the sort of force you can start with. Each of the regiments or characters are easily available in blister packs or boxed sets, and as well as being an army in its own right it will also provide you with a starting point for a larger collection.

As it stands, the army is a well balanced force, and includes enough units, characters and war machines to make it ready for battle against any similar sized army.

THE WAR HOST OF PRINCE ARANDIR OF ELLYRION A 1,000 POINT HIGH ELF ARMY



WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET

WAR HOST OF PRINCE ARANDIR OF ELLYRION

Models/Unit	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save	Notes	Point Value
ARANDIR Prince of Ellyrion Army General Hand weapon, shield, heavy armour, Barded Elven Steed.	5	7	7	4	4	3	9	4	10	3+	Army General Units within 12" test on Arandir's Leadership.	171
	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5			
5 SILVER HELMS Standard bearer, shield, hand weapon, lance, heavy armour. Barded Elven Steed	5	5	4	3	3	1	7	1	8	2+		258
	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5			
AETHENOR Silver Helm Champion Shield, hand weapon, heavy armour, lance, Barded Elven Steed	5	5	5	4	3	1	7	2	8	2+		61
	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5			
CERION High Elf Mage. Hand weapon.	5	4	4	3	4	1	7	1	8	none	Level 1 Mage	59
12 SPEARMEN Standard bearer, musician, spear, shield, light armour, hand weapon.	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8	5+	Fight with one extra rank when moving, two, extra when standing still.	168
	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5			
MELANAR, High Elf Champion, Hand weapon, spear, shield, light armour.	5	5	5	4	3	1	7	2	8	5+		52
	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5			
10 ARCHERS Longbows, light armour, hand weapon.	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8	6+	May shoot in 2 ranks.	130
	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5			
REPEATER BOLT THROWER Crew Hand weapon, light armour.	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8	6+	Single shot: S5 hit causing D4 wounds. Multiple shot: S4 hit causing 1 wound. -1S per rank penetrated. 48" range.	100
	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5			

TOTAL

999

THE HIGH ELF GENERAL



HIGH ELF ARMY GENERAL
ON ELVEN STEED

Our initial 1,000 point army is ideal to represent a retinue of a High Elf Prince. These high-ranking nobles muster the High Elf armies in time of need and ride forth to oust the invaders. Our General, Prince Arandir, represents one of these powerful leaders. He is equipped with the classic weapons and armour of a High Elf noble: he rides an Elven Steed, wears heavy armour and carries a shield. He can be placed at the head of the Silver Helms regiment, making it more potent in combat.

The army we have chosen is his personal retinue. They are dedicated to defending their homeland against all invaders.



HIGH ELF ARMY GENERAL BLISTER PACK

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
General	5	7	7	4	4	2	9	4	10
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

CERION, HIGH ELF MAGE

The High Elves are an ancient, magical race, and they are reputedly the greatest practitioners of mystic arts. Almost all High Elf armies are accompanied by a mage. The mightiest High Elf mages come from Saphery, a land famed for its sorcerers. They are capable of using High Magic, one of the most advanced forms of sorcery known.

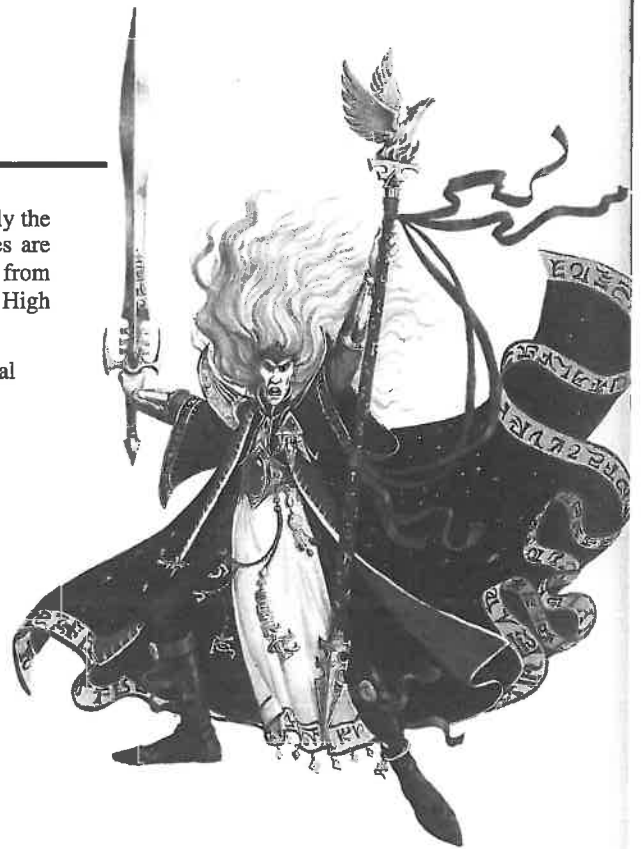
Our army includes a first level High Elf mage to give it some magical capability. To give him protection from enemy attacks, he will join the spearman regiment.



HIGH ELF MAGE BLISTER PACK



HIGH ELF MAGE



PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
High Elf Mage	5	4	4	3	4	1	7	1	8

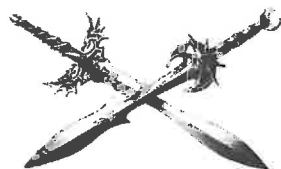
SILVER HELMS

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



HIGH ELF SILVER HELMS BOXED SET

Silver Helms are High Elf nobles who are taught to master the sword and the lance from an early age. They ride Elven Steeds, a breed that is stronger and faster than any breed raised by humans. Cavalry is traditionally the backbone of the High Elf armies, and our army is no exception. A unit of six Silver Helms, led by Prince Arandir, should prove to be more than a match for any



opposition. They are armed with lances that give a considerable advantage when charging, and they are armoured with heavy armour and shields.

This, combined with their Elven Steeds, offers an excellent protection from enemy blows or arrows. Their standard gives them a considerable advantage in combat, and it could be turned into a magical banner if you wish. Later you might want to expand the Silver Helm regiment, or include more than one in your army. You might also want to field some of the other High Elf cavalry units like the Ellyrian Reavers or the proud and mighty Dragon Princes. There are also a lot of options for their equipment, and you might want to experiment with these.



SILVER HELMS UNIT
WITH CHAMPION AND STANDARD BEARER

HIGH ELF SPEARMEN



REGIMENT OF HIGH ELF SPEARMEN ACCOMPANIED BY THE MAGE

High Elf Spearmen are arguably the most disciplined infantry in the Warhammer World. They are mainly a defensive unit, and can repel even the most determined enemies with their set spears. Spearmen are Citizen soldiers, which guarantees a high degree of training and enables the Phoenix King to field numerous regiments of spearmen.

We chose to pick a regiment of 12 Spearmen, including a standard bearer and a musician. Deployed four wide and in three ranks, they have an excellent rank bonus. We also picked a Champion to lead them into battle and give the regiment more bite in melee. They will accompany Cerion, the High Elf Mage.



PLASTIC HIGH ELF BOXED SET AND BLISTER PACKS

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
High Elf	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8
High Elf Champion	5	5	5	4	3	1	7	2	8

HIGH ELF ARCHERS

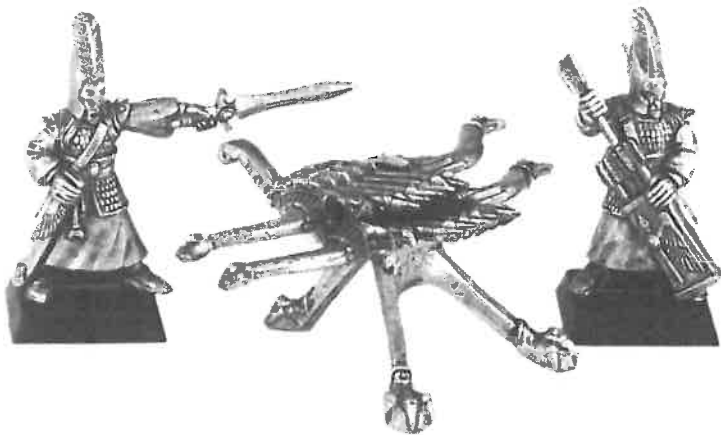


REGIMENT OF HIGH ELF ARCHERS

High Elf archers are one of the most common regiments of the High Elf army. Compared to the normal archers of other races, High Elves have a significant advantage due their regular training. This enables them to fire with two ranks unlike archers of other races.

Our army includes ten archers, who can be deployed either in one long line or in two ranks, so all of them can draw a bow to the foe. The High Elf archers work equally well in small and large regiments, and you might want to include more of them. This can be done easily with additional boxes of plastic archers and spearmen.

HIGH ELF REPEATER BOLT THROWER



HIGH ELF REPEATER BOLT THROWER



HIGH ELF REPEATER BOLT THROWER BLISTER PACK

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
High Elf Crew	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8
Repeater Bolt Thrower	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-

REPEATER BOLT THROWER	RANGE	STRENGTH	SAVE	WOUNDS PER HIT
Single Shot	48"	5-1 per rank	None	D4
Multiple Shot	48"	4-1 per rank	None	1

A repeater bolt thrower is a testimony to Elven sophistication and ingenuity. It is a small bolt thrower that uses a complex counterweight mechanism, far superior to the crude war machines of other races. The repeaters are

maritime weapons, fitted into High Elf ships, but they are also used in land battles. Repeater bolt throwers



can either shoot a single dart or a virtual hail of shots, filling the air with whistling death. This effectiveness combined with the accuracy and steely nerves of the High Elf crews, makes the repeater bolt thrower a most deadly threat.

EXPANDING THE ARMY

Once you have firmer idea of what you want to include in your army, you can start expanding it. You might want to give it more hitting power by including a Tiranoc Chariot, or opt for some Shadow Warriors to give your army skirmishers and scouts or you may feel that your core units like the archers or spearmen need expanding. You might also decide that your army needs support from the mighty High Elf heroes and wizards, who can be mounted on fearsome monsters or noble Elven steeds.

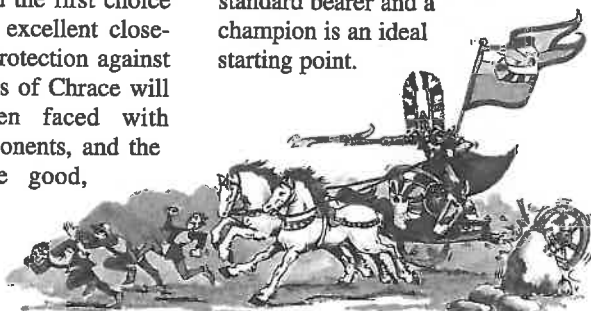
The High Elf army is very varied and all the regiments serve a specific role.

Finding out which combinations, troops and unit sizes work best for you is what Warhammer is all about.

One of the best options available is to include an elite infantry regiment or two in your army. Swordmasters of Hoeth are considered the first choice by many, with their excellent close-combat ability and protection against missiles. White Lions of Chrace will do splendidly when faced with especially tough opponents, and the Phoenix Guard are good, solid all-purpose troops. When it comes to missile fire, one or two

additional repeater bolt throwers will never go amiss.

Dragon Princes are the best heavy cavalry available, and you might well be tempted by these. A modest regiment of five models with a standard bearer and a champion is an ideal starting point.





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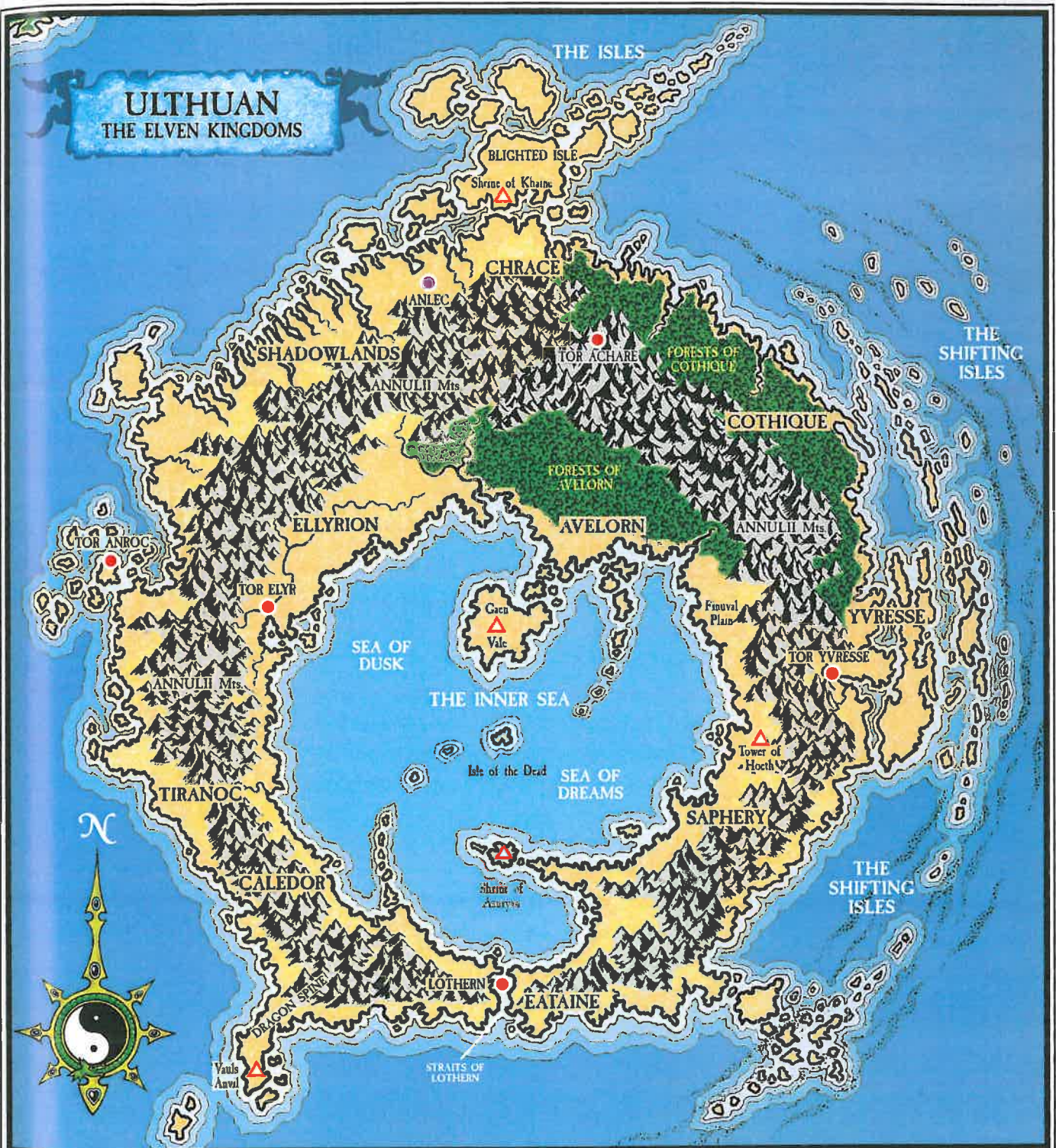
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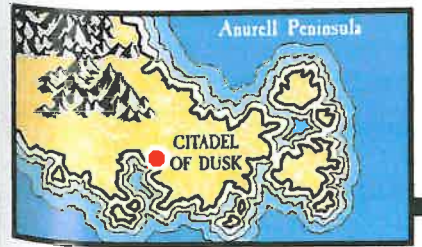
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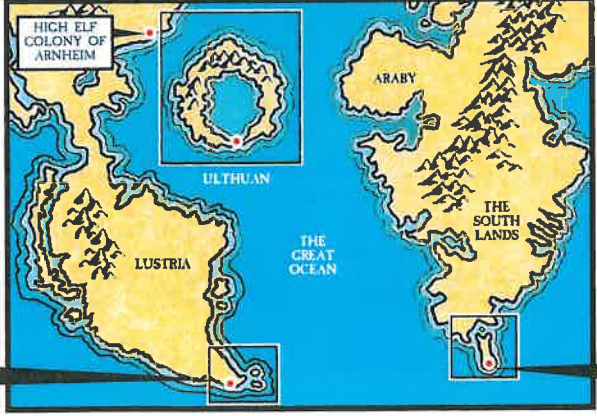
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The Citadel of Dusk guards the western trade route to Cathay. It is a mighty naval base, guarded by a strong garrison of High Elf warriors. The mountains to the north are almost impenetrable, separating the citadel from the continent of Lustria. The citadel overlooks a peninsula named after the great High Elf explorer Anurell.



ULTHUAN AND THE HIGH ELF COLONIES



The Fortress of Dawn is built on the great Island of the Sun, dotted with Elf towns and shipyards. The fortress guards the eastern route to Cathay, and no ship passes it without the leave of its commander.



WARHAMMER ARMIES

High Elves

The High Elves are a wise and ancient race, whose chronicles date back to when the world was young. Their deeds and achievements were legend before the tribes of man ever arose to power in the Old World. Proud of their noble heritage, the High Elves are a graceful and cultured people, yet unflinching in battle. They are masters of arms and the secrets of High Magic, and once aroused, their wrath is terrible to behold. From their island home of Ulthuan, they ply the seas, trading with younger nations and defending their homeland from assault. No enemy has breached the gates of Lothorn, the most fabulous city in the world, and few have trespassed into the secret interior of Ulthuan – and lived to tell the tale.

ULTHUAN

A comprehensive history of the great kingdoms of Ulthuan, and of the Phoenix Kings and the events that led to the Great Sundering.

SPECIAL RULES

Covering the High Elf Repeater Bolt Thrower, Citizen Levies and High Elf Enmities, as well as new rules for Dragons and rules covering the secrets of Ithilmar, a unique metal long prized by the High Elves for its amazing properties.

ARMY LIST

A complete army list for the High Elves, including the Phoenix Guard, Dragon Princes of Caledor, Silverhelms and many others. A separate section introduces great Elven heroes, such as Tyrion, Champion of the Everqueen; Teclis, the greatest of High Elf wizards; Belannaer the Wise, and Alith Anar the Shadow King.

PAINTING AND HOBBY GUIDE

A useful guide to collecting a High Elf army, as well as extensive information on painting High Elves, lavishly illustrated with photographs of High Elf models painted by the 'Eavy Metal team.



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