

The Book of The Asur



Aenarion First of the Phoenix Kings and the dragon Indraguin

Everything started with a spark
Heinrich Rudolf Hertz

***Disclaimer:** I have done most of this booklet through recompilation of already existing material. The sources of this recompilation have been mainly the different High Elves army books, and many different background books from the first and second edition of the Warhammer RPG. At other moments, to save time, I have gathered this information through the net, but always checking it was backed up by official information contained by the Warhammer books. The source of the first chapter is mainly the High Elf army books. I have recompiled the information for the second and third chapters around different web pages in internet, mostly Ulthuan.net, warhammeronline.wikia.com and whfb.lexicanum.com, but it can be found in Warhammer RPG books of the 1st and 2nd editions. For the fourth and fifth chapters I have used material from the 1st and 3rd editions of the Warhammer Fantasy Role Play game. And as for the pictures, none are of my own creation (apart from the hours of Photoshop I have invested). So finally, what have I done? I have invented the house rules appearing in the fourth and fifth chapters, as well as the many of the careers, objects and pets /mounts presented. So, briefly speaking, I have done a sort of what the son of Tolkien did with his father unpublished work, just assembling....may be with the difference that the son of Tolkien had the rights over the material :p*

Acknowledgements:

I would like first and most thank to my players. This would not have sense without them, and they fuel my creativity (for the good or for the bad, this must still be uncovered). So, thanks guys for these countless days of fun and laugh!!

I would also like to give thanks to the people at the forums who have contributed with comments and criticisms to this work. Although, I won't give any name since it is the best way not to forget anyone, I want to give special thanks to the developers of the Strange Eons plugins, thanks to who I saved tons of time.

Thanks to you all!

WFRPG 1st ed. Los hombres de Sirgay
WFRPG 2nd ed. Grupo Grande de Middelheim
WFRPG 3rd ed.

Index

1. The High Elves.....	4
1.1 The Chronicles of the Phoenix Kings.....	5
1.2 Recent events on High Elf history.....	26
2. Ulthuan.....	34
2.1 Regions of Ulthuan.....	36
2.2 The Asur as Characters.....	46
2.2.1 Regional Features of the Asur.....	46
3. Elven Culture and Religion.....	49
3.1 Elven Religion.....	52
3.1.1 The Elven pantheon.....	52
3.1.2 Elven Priests.....	57
4. High Elves Outside Ulthuan.....	59
4.1 Marienburg.....	59
4.2 High Elf Nobility Outside Ulthuan.....	66
4.2.1 The Noble's Obligations.....	66
4.2.2 High Elf Nobles and the Imperial Tiers.....	68
4.2.3 Elves of Noble Birth.....	69
4.2.4 Shame and Exile: Lost Lineages.....	72
4.2.5 The Blood of Aenarion and the Dispossessed.....	73
4.2.6 Adventure Episodes for High Elf Nobles.....	76
5. High Magic.....	79
5.1 Magic in Elven society.....	79
5.2 The Apprentice path to High Magic.....	80
5.2.1 High Magic and the Six Circles.....	81
5.3 High Elf Spellcasters Special Rules.....	82

1. The High Elves

The Asur: Introduction

The origins of the High Elves, or Asur in Eltharin, are rooted in the nativity of the world, when they were birthed onto the island paradise of Ulthuan. Among the oldest and greatest of all the civilised races, the High Elves are graceful where lesser mortals are clumsy, noble where they are crude.

The High Elves were once the greatest and most powerful race in the whole world and their actions shaped history. Now the High Elves are a race in its twilight; long and bitter wars have ravaged their once great empire and the High Elf race has begun to dwindle. The beautiful cities of Ulthuan become quieter each year, no longer bustling with vibrancy and life but shells of their former glory. Facing this swath decline, the High Elves remain resolute and unbowed.

Children of Ulthuan

All Elves are fair to behold and of them all the High Elves are the most handsome. High Elves are pale-skinned with fine, aesthetically beautiful features and hair as fine as flax. High Elves are tall and proud in their bearing, indeed it is not uncommon for an Elf to stand a whole head taller than a man. They have a slim build, which has led to the common misconception that Elves are weak or fragile. In fact, the opposite is true, for Elves are surprisingly strong, and though they are not as robust as the races of Ores or Dwarfs, they more than compensate for that with their dexterity and amazing agility.

Elves are long-lived, some say immortal, and less vulnerable to disease than humans. Every movement that an Elf makes is graceful and controlled, their minds are quick and clever with an intensity and depth of insight which makes them seem fey and estrange to other races. High Elves convey meaning into the slightest gesture, perceiving a wealth of information in the slightest nod of a head, or narrowing of eyes. 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, unreasoning in the view of other races.

Ulthuan: Overview

The High Eli civilisation was born on the immense island-continent of Ulthuan, an island paradise created specifically for the High Elves by the Old Ones who first shaped the world. Situated in the Great Western Ocean, between the Old and New Worlds, Ulthuan resembles a hollow ring of land, surrounded by scattered archipelagos. The ring is broken only at its southern point by the Straits of Lothern. These provide the only sea route between the island's Inner Sea and the ocean beyond.

Ulthuan itself is divided into, the Outer and Inner Kingdoms. The former being those whose shores touch the ocean, while the latter are those that surround the Inner Sea. The Inner and Outer Kingdoms are divided by a range of manic cloud-piercing mountains known as the Annulii. The Annulii are almost impossible to cross, save by certain passes and tunnels and these are guarded by massive fortified gates and watched over by companies of grim Elven warriors. So few are these passages between the Inner and Outer Kingdoms, that most communication between them takes place by sea, for the Elves are masters of the waves and the journey is often faster aboard a swift Elven ship.

Ulthuan is a place of incredible magic, where unthinkable power is harnessed and borne upon gentle winds. The raw power of the land is clear for all to see. From the multi-coloured skies high above the Arundel Mountains, that shift and swirl with roiling energy, to the lush and verdant inner lands that know no winter, the majesty and splendour of Ulthuan is undeniable.

A network of great menhirs, vast standing stones each engraved with potent magical runes, stretches across the continent of Ulthuan from shore to shore, channelling and calming the dread magics that are drawn towards Ulthuan. Each standing stone collects the raw power and directs it to its inward neighbour, ever closer to the Inner Sea and the centre of the magical vortex at the heart of Ulthuan.

In ancient days, in a rime known as The Sundering, the continent was literally torn apart, riven by terrible magic that wracked the land and threatened to sink it beneath the waves. Only at the last moment was Ulthuan saved, and now, only the most powerful spells and wards keep Ulthuan afloat. Without the

vast power drawn in by the menhirs, these protective wards would fail and the whole continent would be swallowed up by the sea.

Ulthuan is ruled by the Twin Thrones of the Phoenix King and the Everqueen, a tradition of leadership that has been unbroken for many thousands of years. Beneath the King and Queen are Ulthuan's noble families, who take up much of the burden of ruling the island continent. Rival noble houses strive constantly with one another for dominance within the courts of the Phoenix King and the Everqueen, eager to improve their personal standing, along with the status and perception of their realm.

In ancient days the Kingdom of Nagarythe was the most prestigious of all the Elven realms, but in later days, such glory has passed instead to the Inner Kingdoms, specifically Caledor and Saphery and most recently Eataine.

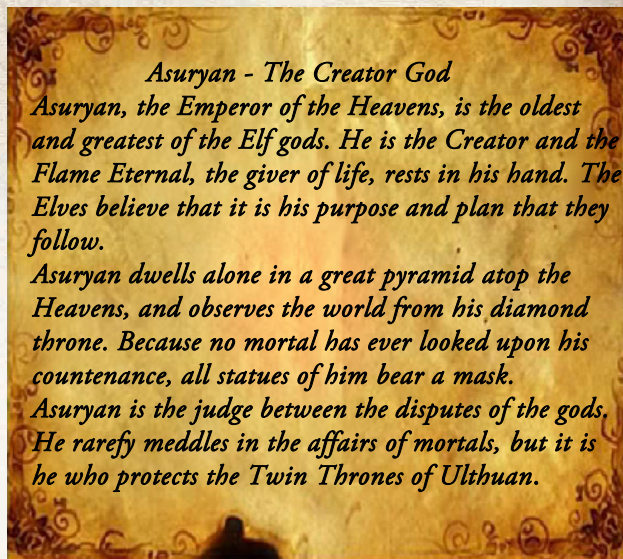
1.1 The Chronicles of the Phoenix Kings

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

The Everqueen of Ulthuan is always the Queen of Avelorn. Her realm is the site of the principal shrine of the Earth Mother and she is regarded as the spiritual leader of the whole Elf realm. The High Elves place many of their greatest hopes upon her. The position of Everqueen is always taken up by the firstborn daughter of the previous queen, conceived during her year-long ritual managa to the Phoenix King. After this formal marriage, they are free to go their separate ways. Both can take new consorts but only the daughter conceived from the marriage of the Phoenix King and the Everqueen can be the new Everqueen. Hence the Queens of Avelorn have always been the Everqueens of Ulthuan, forming an unbroken chain from ages past.

By contrast, the position of Phoenix King is elective. He is chosen from among the Princes of Ulthuan, one year after the death of the previous incumbent. Each Phoenix King is crowned during a holy ceremony, attended by the legions of the Phoenix Guard and the princes of Ulthuan, held at the massive pyramid

Shrine of Asuryan.



The process of choosing the new Phoenix King is rife with intrigue and often emotions run hot during this fraught and delicate event. Traditionally the last thirty days of the year of mourning are set aside for the election to take place, however in practice the debate starts much earlier than that. Often the politicking starts long before the reigning Phoenix King has died. High Elves love intrigue, and never is the prize greater than when a new Phoenix King is chosen.



Shirne of Asuryan

The greatest of Ulthuan's noble families will each seek for their candidate to be chosen as the new King, and they vie for the support and approval of their peers for their choice. Further to this, each realm in Ulthuan desires the new Phoenix King to be chosen from their land. So it is that rivalries are set aside or created to ensure that the agendas of the varying nobles houses are met.

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

The ceremony in which the new Phoenix King is crowned is a secret, mystical and dangerous affair, and it is only thanks to the ministrations of the Sapherian wizards that the new Phoenix King survives it at all. As the powerful mages utter incantations that will protect the supplicant, he is ushered into the fires of rebirth and there he faces his sternest test. Alone, the candidate must pass through the flames of Asuryan and in so doing he is reborn as the Phoenix King.

Only twice in the history of the High Elves have persons attempted to pass through the Flames of Asuryan without the consenting vote of the Council of Ulthuan and lived. The first was Aenarion the Defender, who emerged the first Phoenix King, while



Malekith son of Aenarion – Burnt by the flames of Asuryan

A note on Chronology

Elves reckon time differently to men and Dwarfs. They are so long lived that their history is divided into 'Reigns' not centuries or millennia. Each Phoenix King's reign is considered to be a separate historical epoch, described simply by the manner in which the Phoenix king ruled, and the actions he carried out.

The Elven calendar, like that of men, has four seasons in it (Frost, Rain, Sun and Storm), and it is by this calendar that they measure time. In Elf records the reign of the Phoenix King comes first, then the year, then season and lastly the day. Thus V, 140, 3, 90 would equate to the ninetieth day of the season of the Sun, in the one hundred and fortieth year of the reign of Caradryel the Peacemaker.

Because a new Phoenix King is not elected until the previous has been dead for a full year, the 'missing year' is always considered to be the last year of the dead king's reign. No records exist concerning the dating system prior to Aenarion's reign (the day he stepped through the Fire of Asuryan being the first day of his reign), except that the Everqueens ruled alone, and the system revolved in some way around them.

For consistency, all dates described hereafter are also dated in the Sigmarite Calendar of the Empire.

the second was Malekith the Great Betrayer, who in his insolence tempted the wrath of Asuryan. Malekith, unlike his father Aenarion, crawled forth from the flames burned and maimed and near to death. The cleansing fires of the Creator God left Malekith's body ruined and his mind broken. Such a fate awaits any who would presume to pass through the Flames of Asuryan without both the council's approval and the blessing of Asuryan, the Emperor of the Heavens.

AENARION: The Defender, 1 - 80 (Imperial calendar -4500 to -4420)

The reign of Aenarion the Defender began in a time of terror and strife. The nightmare creations of Chaos swept across the land. The warp 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 these gates vomited forth gibbering legions of daemons, the lost and the damned. They marched forth to devour the world. The Old Ones had fallen, leaving their lost children to battle the Daemons alone.

The Golden Age of peace on Ulthuan came to an end. Borne across the seas on monstrous daemonic vessels, or excreted from tears in the fabric of the world itself, hideous servants of the Chaos Gods flooded forth. Against them, the children of the Everqueen had no chance, for they were unschooled in warfare and their magic was used only for peaceful pursuits. Entire villages were massacred, towns were razed and the High Elves pleaded to their gods for salvation.

Asuryan's Chosen

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 in an age of constant warfare; the first, best-loved and most accursed of all the Phoenix Kings of Ulthuan.

A wanderer who had travelled the length of the world, Aenarion returned to Ulthuan in its time of need. Realising that the pitiful weapons of the Elves could not stand against the unfurled fury of Chaos he battled his way through the land to the shone of Asuryan and there pleaded with the Creator God 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. 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.

Leaving the shrine, Aenarion led the Elves to war. Outside the walls he faced the howling Chaos horde. With a single throw of his hunting spear he slew the Daemon lord commanding the force, before taking up the Daemon's fallen weapon and butchering the rest of that abominable host, the power of Asuryan

fuelling Aenarion's limbs.

The Elves took heart at the actions of Aenarion, and rallied to him even as the Daemonkind reeled from the shocking defeat. Caledor Dragontamer, the greatest Mage of the era swore fealty to Aenarion and together they trained the Elves in the art of battle.

With his army behind him Aenarion took the fight to the Daemons, slaughtering their champions and breaking their armies. Wearing armour forged on Vaul's Anvil, Aenarion was nigh untouchable, and his army of Elves and Dragons swept the Daemons before them.

In a brief respite in the fighting, Aenarion took the Everqueen Astarielle for his wife, and sired by her a daughter, Yvraine and a son, Morehon. All too soon though, the forces of Chaos attacked once more, and the silver horns summoned King Aenarion to war again.

From the riven warp gates, the Daemonic hordes attacked in renewed strength, kind their numbers were beyond counting. Every Elf that fell was a grievous loss, and many were the heroes who died, but for every Daemon that was slain, yet more clambered over its corpse, eager to tear the Elves apart.

For a century the war dragged on, without respite or sign of victory and the Elves began to lose heart. Even the implacable Aenarion realized that there could be no victory, only a slow and inevitable defeat. It was Caledor, that wise and ancient Mage, who proposed a plan to thwart the powers of Chaos. Years of experimentation had taught him that the Old Ones' gates had collapsed, and it was these ancient devices that allowed the followers of darkness to invade the world. 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 rather than risk Caledor's plan

failing. If news of a brutal Daemonic attack had not reached Aenarion, he would likely have changed Caledor's mind entirely. The messenger, wounded and weary unto death, wept as he relayed to the Phoenix King how Astarielle had been slain, and Aenarion's children could not be found for the carnage.

The Sword of Khaine

Overcome with a titanic fury, Aenarion swore to kill every Chaos creature on the face of the world. Few who heard him doubted his resolution or his madness. Aenarion announced that he would travel to the Blighted Isle. Dread filled those who heard his words, for it could mean only one thing: Aenarion would journey to the Blighted Isle and there draw forth the Sword of Khaine.

A weapon of terrible power, the Sword of Khaine had waited, embedded in the great black Altar of Khaine since the beginning of time. As old as the world, it was the ultimate weapon, death made manifest - a splinter of the fatal weapon forged for the death god Khaela-Mensha-Khaine, capable of slaying mortals and gods alike.

All knew that to wield Khaine's sword was death, to damn your soul and doom your lineage and Caledor beseeched Aenarion to relent, but he would not be dissuaded.

Ignoring all warnings from mortal and immortal alike, Aenarion climbed onto the back of Indraugnir, the greatest of Dragons, and set off for the Blighted Isle. The journey was long and arduous and tested even the strength of the mighty Indraugnir. Winged Daemons assailed Elf and Dragon alike as they travelled, trying to turn Aenarion from his path. The Elf gods whispered warnings in Aenarion's ear, but if he heard he paid no heed. Leaving Indraugnir just a few leagues from the altar of Khaine, Aenarion walked towards his fate. It is said that even the ghost of his departed wife pleaded with him to turn back. Though Aenarion loved his wife dearly, he hardened his heart and wrenched the great blood-dripping blade from the altar, sealing his fate, and that of his people.

A Mortal God

When he returned to the fray, his power was without match. None who stood before him could prevail for his arm was strengthened by the Creator God and in

his hand he bore Widowmaker, and gods and Daemons trembled at his wrath.

Those Elves most embittered by the war against Chaos docked to their king, and he created a kingdom in the north of Ulthuan, in the dismal land of Nagarythe. There, to the surprise of everyone, he took another wife, the strange, mysterious and beautiful seeress Morathi. Elves whispered how he had rescued her from the clutches of the Daemons of Slaanesh. To them was born another child, Malekith, who was to become the most hated of Elves. The court of Aenarion earned itself a dark and fearful reputation, such was the nature of its ruler, and the Elves of other lands were reluctant to go there. Tales of cruelty at Aenarion's court began to spread across Ulthuan. Even Caledor led his Dragon-riders south to his own land.

It is said that Caledor's departure angered Aenarion greatly, but the Daemons struck again before he could take action against his former friend. Such was the size and ferocity of the Daemonic attack, that it became obvious to all but Aenarion that the war was lost and the world was doomed.

The Vortex of Magi

The Annulii Mountains are riven with mystical energy, which drifts to Ulthuan on the unsteady Winds of Magic. Ulthuan itself acts as a focal point for the winds of magical power that 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 ride 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 - keeping the entire world safe from destruction.

The Vortex

Caledor, fully aware of Aenarion's madness 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, with the world about to end in blood and fire, there was nothing left to lose. Caledor called together a convocation of the greatest High Elf Mages and they assembled on the Isle of the Dead to begin the great

ritual. The mightiest Sorcerer Daemons of the Chaos host set to work to breach the spell-walls around the island.

With Caledor Dragontamer intent on performing the ritual, Aenarion was left with no choice. He assembled his forces and moved to defend the mages on the Isle of the Dead. At the centre of Ulthuan the two forces met. Dragons so numerous that their wings darkened the sky descended 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. 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 lashed the tortured earth.

While the battle raged, the High Elf sorcerers chanted the spell that would create the vortex. Chain lightning flickered. The world shuddered. For a moment all was calm, all was silent. Then the mountains shivered. Terrible energies pulsed between earth and sky. From the mountain tops bolts of pure power leaped to converge over the Isle of the Dead. While Aenarion and his outnumbered army fought, the sorcerers struggled to complete their ritual. One by one they died, the weakest first as the magic that they sought to control burned out their minds.

Aenarion, with only the faithful Indraguir beside him, fought a bloody battle against four Greater Daemons of the Chaos Gods. It was a battle no mortal could ever win, yet Aenarion steadfastly refused to be beaten. The first to fall was the Lord of Change, its head cloven in two by a single blow. The Keeper of Secrets shattered Aenarion's ribs, but the Elf fought on, plunging the Sword of Khaine into the Daemon's chest. With a terrible scream it faded and vanished. Against the Daemon of Nurgle, Aenarion was saved by the cleansing flames of Indraguir, that seared and destroyed the Daemon's impure flesh. Last to fall was the Bloodthirster, though it dealt Indraguir a fatal blow, and broke Aenarion's arm, against the Sword of Khaine The Greater Daemon could not stand. Aenarion carved it in two.

Even as Aenarion defeated the four Daemons, the ritual was finally completed — or at least partially so. The High Elf sorcerers had succeeded in opening a vortex to drain away the raging magic, but were



The Vortex – Isle of the Dead

trapped within it, eternally keeping it open, forever trapped in their battle with Chaos.

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

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

BEL SHANAAR The Explorer. 1 - 1669 (Imperial calendar -4419 to -2750)

BEL SHANAAR

The Explorer. 1 - 1669 (Imperial calendar -4419 to -2750)

After the disappearance of Aenarion the lands of Ulthuan were thrown into contusion. The Everqueen was dead, the Phoenix King was lost, and Caledor was imprisoned forever on the Isle of the Dead with the greatest and wisest of the High Elf Mages. The remaining princes of the realms convened at the Shrine of Asuryan, a year to the day after Aenarion

disappeared, to elect a new Phoenix King.

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

The Second Phoenix King

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. But there were those who remembered the cruel days of Aenarion's court in Nagarythe and they doubted that any child raised there could be entirely wholesome.

Malekith said that he desired the kingship not for himself but in honour of the memory of his father. However, if the princes did not call upon him to serve, he would willingly swear fealty to whoever was selected. The princes thought this handsomely said and took 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 Malekith calmed her and agreed that the selection was a good one. He was the first to bend his knee to the future Phoenix King.

So began the great days of exploration. Colonies were planted in Lustria, the New World and the Old World. Contact was established with the Dwarfs and a great era of trade and friendship began. Bel Shanaar,



Bel Shanaar at Karak – a – Karak

a seaman of wondrous skill, personally visited the new colonies and even ventured to Karak-a-Karak in the Worlds Edge Mountains to swear the Oath of Friendship with the Dwarf kings. Malekith became his ambassador there. Thus, though none could yet know it, were sown the seeds of tragedy.

The Cults of Excess

The Elves spread and multiplied and wealth flowed back into Ulthuan. The cities became places of beauty and wonder once again. And though the folk did not realise, slowly, softly and insidiously, Chaos returned. It came in a new guise, that there were no defences raised against - it came back in the form of the Cults of Luxury and Pleasure.

Meanwhile Malekith heaped glories upon himself. He led armies against the Ogres plaguing the Old World and hunted down the remnants of Chaos. He searched for his father's armour on the Blighted Isle and stood transfixed before the Altar of Khaine. In the cold colonies of the northern New World, in the rubble of a pre-human city he found the Cirlet of Iron, a talisman of awesome sorcerous power.

On his return, Malekith found an island in the grip of suspicion. The Cults of Excess were strongest in Nagarythe, his homeland. His mother the Lady Morathi had long been a devotee. Indeed, legend has it that she was one of the founding members, and their High Priestess. The Phoenix King was growing worried about the cults. Their excesses had already degenerated into the sacrifice of living beings and their evil nature was increasingly evident. The dark names of forbidden gods were increasingly associated with them.

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

had him poisoned.

Now though Malekith had gone too far. No-one could believe that the King had been a worshipper of the cults. Certainly not the assembled princes who had all known Bel Shanaar long and well. Too late, the light of suspicion fell on Malekith. He and his followers already had the Shrine of Asuryan in their possession. The princes and their bodyguards were trapped within his grasp, and a secret treaty with his kin in Nagarythe meant an army of cultists would impose 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 fire, his body terribly scarred and burned. Unable to pass through, he managed to cast himself back onto the side of the platform he had entered from.

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

CALEDOR The Conqueror. 1 - 550 (Imperial calendar -2749 to -2199)

Once more the Elf realms were plunged into turmoil. Malekith and his followers fled north to Nagarythe. Leaderless, the High 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.

The Woodsmen of Chrace

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. He was still with his companions high in the mountains when the messengers located him and informed him of the disaster at the Shrine, and the council's decision to elect him king. Moments

later, one of the most famous events in Elf history took place. Malekith had dispatched a band of assassins to slay the new Phoenix King and they arrived just after the messenger from the shrine, attacking immediately. There were dozens of them and they would have overpowered the future king had not a hand of Chracian hunters happened upon the battle and intervened. These powerful mountain-dwelling Elves leapt among the Naggarothi assassins and cut them down, saving Caledor's.



White Lion

Afterwards, Caledor declared that he could want 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 White Lions of Chrace. Swiftly Caledor and his new bodyguard travelled to the inner kingdoms and took ship for the shrine of Asuryan. With full and proper ceremony he walked through the sacred fire and was accepted as pure by the god Asuryan.

Civil War

The legions of Nagarythe 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 engulfed Ulthuan and the colonies. In strength the two sides were equally matched. The Elves of Nagarythe were numerous and well-versed in sorcery and warfare, being those grim Elves who had followed Aenarion after he took up the Sword of Khaine. However, the new Phoenix King could call on the mighty Dragon-riders of Caledor and the legions of the Phoenix Guard.

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



© GAMES WORKSHOP
© FANTASY FLIGHT GAMES

Malekith – The Witch King

The Witch King

Malekith himself recovered from his experience in the Shrine of Asuryan and called his armourers to him. With the aid of traitor Sapherian wizards and Hotek, a renegade Priest of Vault, he forged a great suit of

black armour which would lend strength to his withered and tire-blasted body. To the brow of its great horned helm was welded the Circlet of Iron. On the day of its creation he had his armourers fuse the suit directly to his body. After passing through the fires of Asuryan 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. His armour was covered in vile runes which drew their power directly from the Realm of Chaos and hurt and baffled the eyes of all those who looked upon them. Upon his sword was the rune of Khaine, a reference to the blade wielded by his mighty sire Aenarion. Mounted on a Dragon warped by forbidden powers, he was ready to lead his armies to war. Ever afterwards, Malekith was known as the Witch King.

Fell he was and many were his victories, but to no avail. 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 and his personal retinue of Sapherian wizards protected him from many assassination attempts. In battle Caledor was unmatched, and in his fury he drove all before him. Wielding Lathrain, a magic sword of incredible power forged by the master smith Daith, Caledor hewed down entire regiments of traitor Elves. At each battle Caledor bested the champions of the enemy, breaking the resolve of the foe as he left their heroes broken and bloodied.

Finally at the field of Maledor, at the very entrance to the passes of Nagarythe, Caledor faced the Witch King himself in personal combat. Malekith, his Dragon slain by Caledor as they clashed upon the field, was forced to flee in a great black chariot drawn by Cold Ones. Leaderless and demoralised, the grandest of Nagarythe's armies witnessed the flight of their leader and the last of their resolve crumbled. As one, they routed and the scattered survivors were driven into the marshes of the north kingdom.

After this, the folk of Nagarythe became ever more desperate, relying on the blackest of sorceries for their defence. Their evil nature became plain to see as they forged pacts with Daemons and dabbled in the blackest of sorceries. Thus the traitors came to be known as Dark Elves or the Druchii. But all their

dark arts could not save them now that the full strength of Ulthuan was brought to bear.

The Last Gambit

The Witch King in his madness decided on a final scheme with which he could reverse the tide of the war. He gathered all the renegade magicians together and revealed a plan as insane as it was bold. They were going to undo the spells that held together the vortex and bring back Chaos to the world. The Daemonic legions would march once more upon the face of the world, but this time to the aid of their new allies - the traitor Elves of Nagarythe.

The Witch King and his followers would draw on the power of Chaos and become like unto gods themselves. So far lost to insanity 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 dead of night he slipped away from the Witch King's palace and brought word to the Phoenix King.

The Sundering

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 awesome power of the Witch King's dark magic that he and his coven of mages slowly and inexorably gained the upper hand.

The heavens shook and the earth trembled. 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. Daemons of Chaos came to their aid, and the last spells of the defenders collapsed before their onslaught. In the sky the triumphant laughter of evil gods was heard. Then, as the 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

magicians of the Isle of the Dead refused to let their work be undone.

The colossal power of the energies unleashed lashed Nagarythe. As the ritual reached its climax many of the Witch King's coven fell stone dead, destroyed by the eldritch power they wrestled. A storm of baleful magic raced over the land. Nothing could withstand the terrible forces unleashed. The island buckled under the titanic stress, and across Ulthuan earthquakes cast down cities and mountains.

Nowhere escaped the Sundering unscathed. A wall of water a thousand feet high smashed down on Nagarythe. The sea rushed in to cover all of the dark kingdom and most of Tiranoc besides. Thousands were slain, drowned by waves, buried by earthquakes or struck by magical lightning. The shock was felt as far away as the 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 surviving 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, steered by sorcerous power, carrying with them the remaining followers of the Witch King. Thus were created the Infamous Black Arks.

The Dark Elves Flee

With the High Elves too weak to pursue, the Dark Elves retreated north in their Black Arks, to the New World where Malekith had found the Cirlet of Iron years before. There the towers of the massive Black Arks became the cores of new cities. Around them a new, malevolent nation arose.

The Dark Elves named their new land Naggaroth after their old homeland and it swiftly became more sinister and evil than Nagarythe had ever been. A few Black Arks remained at sea, to patrol the storm-wracked northern seas.

For a century both sides nursed their many wounds from the terrible civil war. Soon though, there began a long period of sea warfare and skirmishing over the north of Ulthuan as the Witch King sought to gain a

foothold on Ulthuan once more. Neither side had the strength to dominate and the Blighted Isle where the Sword of Khaine still rested changed hands several times. During this period, Caledor oversaw the building of the fortresses at Griffon Gate, Phoenix Gate, Eagle Gate, Dragon Gate and Unicorn Gate.

Caledor Fall

Caledor personally led the last expedition to the Blighted Isle and reclaimed it from the Dark Elves. It is said that he stood before the Altar of Khaine and for a moment the Blade called to him. He stood there for

a time, head bowed and, in the end, simply said no.

Returning home from the conquest of the Blighted Isle, Caledor's ship was separated from the rest of the High Elf fleet by a freak storm. It was attacked by Dark Elf raiders, who set the ship alight. For long hours Caledor and his crew fought off the Dark Elves, but gradually the Dark Elves gained the upper hand, and the Phoenix King realised that he and his remaining warriors could not win. Rather than fall into the hands of the Witch King's servants, Caledor jumped into the sea in full armour.

Thus passed Caledor the Conqueror. It was a bad end for a great king.



Caledor the Conqueror - at the Battle of the Blighted Isle



Alith Anar

The history of the Shadowlands is sinister beyond anywhere else on Ulthuan. During the Sundering, brother fought against brother and the Elves' island home was wracked by murder and deceit. Nowhere was this division more evident and the betrayal more grievous than the Shadowlands though, for Nagarythe was the greatest stronghold of the rebels, and any who did not support Malekith's rebellion were mercilessly attacked.

The fall of the Shadowlands

Aenarion's court, following his marriage to Morathi became a place of simmering evil, and it was here that the Cults of Excess festered in the reign of Bel Shanaar. When the Nagarythe threw their lot in with Malekith, it was from these decadent and perverse nobles that he drew most of his power. They were veterans of the wars against the Daemons of Chaos and many powerful sorcerers filled their ranks.

Not all the Nagarythe joined Malekith's rebellion against the true Phoenix King, however. Many High Elves had been appalled by the depravity ushered in by Morathi, and further sickened by Malekith's betrayal. These brave souls were the first to bear the brunt of the Witch King's assault, and their homes and their lives were quickly destroyed.

The greatest hero of Nagarythe, was Alith Anar - the Shadow King. A son of one of Nagarythe's noblest households, his family immediately joined the fight to protect the true Phoenix King and many loyal Nagarythe rallied to join him.

At the Battle of Dark Fen, the loyal Nagarythe stood before the mighty hosts of the Dark Elves. One of the first battles of Malekith's rebellion, the loyal Elves were outnumbered three to one and their foe were battle-hardened and cruel. Eothlir, Alith Anar's father, was an expert tactician, and the Archer and Spear regiments who fought for him outmanoeuvred the Dark Elves for long hours. Hundreds of Dark Elves died crossing the fen, black flinched arrows claiming their lives, before the battle lines met. Crazy Dark Elf warriors tore into Eothlir's regiments, but even then it seemed that the loyal Elves could prevail. With his household at his side, Eothlir held firm.



Alith Anar – at Second Battle of the Ellyrion Plains

The proud banner of the Anars fluttered just a moment longer before it was crushed beneath the immense bulk of the Dark Elf general's Black Dragon. As Eothlir was savaged by the mighty beast, a ripple of panic spread through the Elf army. As he fell to the ground, blood bubbling between his lips, Eothlir cried a warning to his son, Alith. Flee!

The Shadow Warriors

Few of Alith Anar's folk survived that battle, and they were harried through the fens and marshes for long weeks, until the Dark Elves grew tired of the search. When at last they came out from hiding, Alith Anar and his companions found their ancestral home a ruin, and scores of the elderly and innocent lying dead. There he learned that his grandfather, Eolaran, had been taken to the dungeons of Anlec — he was never seen again.

Alith Anar and his warriors swore terrible oaths of vengeance that day. They launched brutal ambushes on the armies of Malekith, butchering messengers, destroying supply chains and disrupting the flow of reinforcements. They joined many of the mightiest battles of the age, and it is said that Caledor the Conqueror thanked Alith Anar in person following the Second Battle of the Ellyrion Plains. There the Dark Elf army boasted scores of Reaper bolt throwers and the carnage they wrought upon the High Elves was terrible. As the Witch King's army advanced, however, the Reapers fell silent one after another - Alith Anar and his loyal warriors emerging from hiding to overrun their crews. The fighting was brief and one sided, the Shadow Warriors leaving the delicate war machines in ruins.

The Shadow King

When the Witch King and his mother, Morathi, fled Ulthuan into the west, the remaining few nobles of Nagarythe turned to Alith Anar to lead them. In the shattered groves beneath Dragon Pass they swore a pact of obedience to Alith Anar. Their land had been ruined, flooded by the madness of the Sundering and their reputation was in tatters. The Elves of other lands now viewed them as tainted — pariahs barely better than the Dark Elves they had fought against so courageously. That night each Elf from Nagarythe's great families took an oath of blood that they would not rest until they had destroyed Malekith and all of his followers. They became the Shadow Warriors, and Alith Anar was their lord, the Shadow King.

The Eternal War

In the wake of the Sundering, there were many Dark Elves still hiding in Ulthuan, and the Shadow Warriors busied themselves rooting out these remnants of evil. This was a task that Alith Anar and his warriors undertook with a vengeance and soon there were few of the Dark Elf reavers who did not know and fear his name. Each time his warriors slaughtered a Dark Elf encampment, his notoriety grew. None were ever spared, those that survived the fighting and were foolish enough to surrender or flee, were captured and then massacred as a sign of the Shadow King's passing.

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 dark 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 chits. Later Alith Anar led his followers against the newly raised fortresses of Naggaroth. In the bleak lands of the northern New World, the Shadow Warriors became a serious 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 once danced in disguise with Morathi at the court of the Witch King before stealing the Stone of Midnight from her treasury. He then outwitted the Witch Elves sent to hunt him down, tricking them into drinking poison mixed with blood before escaping into the wilderness.

The Aesonar

As to the final 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 Aesonar, the sons of Anar, and even the Phoenix King has never knowingly met nor spoken to them. These grim scions of the Shadow King still fight their eternal war against the Witch King and his followers, true to the oaths that their ancestors swore thousands of years ago.

Around the campfires of the Shadow Warriors, the true sons and daughters of Nagarythe still speak of

Alith Anar as a lying warrior, an Elf of the shadows, a mortal spirit of vengeance, bound to walk the earth until the Witch King is laid to rest.



Dragonwake – Where dragons rest

CALEDOR THE SECOND *The Warrior, 1 - 598* ***(Imperial calendar -2198 to -160)***

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 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.

The Council of Princes met at the Shrine of Asuryan. Seeking continuity, they chose Caledor's son, who was to become the Phoenix King Caledor the Second. Where his father had been wise, Caledor II was foolish. Where the father had been a great general, the son was rash and impetuous. Caledor II 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, Caledor the Second promised a familiar hand at the tiller.

Rumours of the Elven civil war had reached the Dwarf empire in the Old World, 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. 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 Elves, 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 not granted pleas. 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 hack 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 and further staining the reputation of the High Elves. Now it was a matter of honour. There could 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 Troll slayer from the shame of having his beard shaved. The Dwarfs were determined that their king should not endure a similar fate.

Upon hearing of the Dwarf attack, 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. The fortress

cities of the Dwarfs were virtually impregnable. The dour, stalwart Dwarf troops were quite unlike any the Elves had faced before. Displaying the tenacity and stubbornness for which they have become renowned, the Dwarfs simply refused to give up or admit defeat, even when hopelessly outnumbered. This was not berserker bravery like that of the Daemons of Chaos or the frenzy of the warriors of Malekith, but outstanding courage allied to tactical cunning and consummate military skill.

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

The war engendered a legacy of hatred and bitterness that was to last for thousands of years. In response to the beard-shaving incident the vengeful Dwarfs chopped down entire virgin forests 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 of the Elven host personally. It was his last great



Caledor the Second and King Gotrek

mistake. At the fourteenth siege of Tor Alessi, he and the warriors of his household sallied forth and charged right into the heart of the Dwarf infantry. Caledor II 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 withdrew, claiming their honour was satisfied. Any petitions to return the Phoenix Crown were greeted with an invitation to come and plead for it. The first Phoenix crown remains in the great vault of the Everpeak to the present day, a source of festering hatred and recrimination between the two peoples.

Even as the Elves mustered a suicidal expedition to besiege Kara-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.

CARADRYEL The Peacemaker, 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 pushed 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 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 Elven heartland. He abandoned pride, ordered the forging of a new Phoenix Crown and called the armies and Old World colonies home.

Among the haughtiest Elves there was a huge outcry. It seemed a 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. Many Elves, such as those in Athel Loren, refused to abandon their adopted homeland and stayed in the Old World, but most returned back to the island continent, seeking the protection of Ulthuan's armies.

Recognising his own inadequacy as a general, Caradryel appointed a succession of able 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



The exile of the High Elves

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 a 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.

Caradryel was the first Phoenix King to die peacefully in bed.

TETHLIS The Slayer, I - 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. 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. 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 savagery 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 the Dark Elves back through the Shadowlands and eventually culminated in the storming of Anlec. Victorious, the High Elves took no prisoners.



Battle for the Blighted Isle: Charge of the Silver Helms

With Ulthuan secured again, Tethlis pressed on to the Blighted Isle. The largest Elf armada of all time was assembled to reclaim it. The seas around the Blighted Isle were swept clear of Dark Elf vessels and on the shore the Dark Elf host assembled to deny the High Elves a foothold. 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. 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



The disappearance of Tethlis at the Altar of Khaine will remain forever a mystery

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

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

BEL-KORHADRIS The Scholar-King, I - 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. A wizard prince and a tamed scholar, Bel-Korhadris believed that magic could shield Ulthuan from outside attack.



Bel-Korhadris – The Scholar King

Thus began the great age of Elf scholarship. During the long reign of Bel-Korhadris the White Tower of Hoeth was constructed in a location deemed auspicious by geomancers. The White Tower took nearly a millennia to construct and required the skills of the greatest magicians and artisans of Ulthuan to complete. Mages inscribed grimoires of the most potent magic 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 there. 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 sorcerors gathered at Hoeth and such exchange of knowledge occurred as has never been seen before or since. In the shadow of the needle-pointed spire thousands of the wisest philosophers debated about the most treasured knowledge and hidden lore.

Within the library a cadre of Loremasters began to inscribe the *Book of Days*, the great history of the Elven people on which all future histories would be based.

The reign of the Scholar-King is also notable 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 amid great pomp and ceremony. Bel-Korhadris is the only Phoenix King not to be taken aboard the White Ships by the Phoenix Guard as a matter of choice. It is said that the ghost of Bel-Korhadris still haunts the crypts below the tower, occasionally assisting searching scholars.

AETHIS The Poet, 1 - 022 (Imperial calendar 499 to 1120)

Bel-Korhadris was succeeded by Aethis of Saphery, 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 Naggaroath. Many suspected that they were slowly dying away, fading into extinction with the passage of time and rumours abounded that the Witch King had finally died.

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. Prodigious amounts of wealth were spent on grandiose projects. The city of Lothern grew from a small fishing village to a great city to accommodate the increase in trade from the colonies and other realms. Contact was made with the old human empire in Cathay. Representatives of the Phoenix King visited 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.

This was also the period when the High Elves came to realise that 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 Cults of Excess began to spread, this time cloaked in a secrecy that made them even more attractive to bored Elf aristocrats. After a while the Sword Masters of north began to investigate the cults. Their findings disturbed the High Loremaster sufficiently for him to report to the Phoenix King. The Chancellor of the Court was revealed as a secret spy for Naggaroath. 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.

MORVAEL The Impetuous, 1 - 381 (Imperial calendar 1121 to 1502)

The Eighth Council chose Morvael of Yvresse, the

High Loremaster of the White Tower, to succeed the assassinated Phoenix King Aethis. Morvael's first act after his coronation was to order a punitive attack on Naggaroath. An Elf fleet was despatched to the cold ninth and was swiftly 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. They had supposed the threat of Naggaroath all but extinguished, but now it seemed that the Dark Elves had merely been rebuilding their strength. A mighty Dark Elf armada seized the Blighted Isle and sailed on to Ulthuan. They retook the cursed city of Anlec and built a great fortress in the rubble. Swiftly they drove south and were stopped only after desperate fighting round the Griffon Gate.

Desperate for soldiers Morvael organized the system of troop levies that still exists in Ulthuan today, requiring every Elf to spend at least some of the year as part of a military force, and to provide wargear for himself. This system enabled 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 was forced to use the Sword Masters of Hoeth and other agents to seek out the devotees of the Cults of Pleasure and Luxury and it was his unpleasant task to sign many death warrants. Morvael emptied the coffers of the Phoenix Throne to build a new and mighty fleet capable of carrying the war to the Dark Elves upon the northern seas and halting the flow of reinforcements from Naggaroath.

Eventually the war reached its climax, and Mentheus of Caledor besieged Anlec with a great army of High 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 Morvael became ever more despairing and hopeless as messengers brought him reports of the army's casualties.

Eventually, weary unto death, Morvael abdicated his throne, simply walking into the flames of Asuryan and dying. On the same day that Morvael committed suicide, Mentheus was slain in the fighting at Anlec,

although his army was able to rout the Dark Elves and drive them from Ulthuan.

BEL-HATHOR The Sage, I - 660, (Imperial calendar 1503 to 2162)

The Ninth council ended in deadlock, a tie between the factions that wanted a war-like king and a peacemaker. In the end a compromise was reached and Bel-Hathor, a wizard prince of Saphery, was chosen and crowned.

Bel-Hathor seemed an inauspicious choice; like most Sapheryan princes he was something of an eccentric. Many of the other princes saw him as easily manipulable towards their factions 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. During the two hundredth year of Bel-Hathor's reign the Norse fleet led by Magnus the Mad attempted to take Lothorn. Such a foolish endeavour went a long way to earning the berserk Norseman his honorific, however it was not to be the last, nor the greatest of the Norse raids. Within two centuries of Magnus' ill-conceived attack, the raids had intensified to the extent that the High Elf navy was ill equipped to cope. Scores of sleek High Elf warships had been lost in naval engagements and many settlements on Ulthuan's east coast had been pillaged.

Realising that the attacks would only become worse

over time, 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 al a maze of spells, illusions and treacherous shifting shoals and mists. It became virtually impossible for Norse raiders to reach Ulthuan except by pure chance. Legends of these terrible sea routes reached the Old World and caused men to talk of the Elf-realm with dread.

The Norse were not the only men to dare the sea-routes to Ulthuan. Increasingly, the great naval powers of the Old World, the Empire and Bretonnia, also sent ships west over the ocean, seeking Ulthuan and the legendary golden cities of Lustria. The men of the Old World were determined mariners and eventually some of their ships found a route to Ulthuan. The Phoenix King issued an edict forbidding them to set foot on Ulthuan. He did however agree to let Finubar, Prince of Eataine, return to the Old World with them to study the new rulers of the Old World.

Finubar sailed to L'Anguille in Bretonnia and from there spent fifty years wandering over the continent. Because of the ancient feud with the Dwarfs, it had been a long time since any High Elf had set foot on the Old World. He was at once impressed and appalled at 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 fending off the Orcs and keeping the peace over huge stretches of territory. He saw that the humans were numerous and becoming more so, and that it was only a matter of time before they would eclipse 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 this 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 had become one with their woodland home, as far removed from the High Elves of Ulthuan



Night view of the great city of Lothorn

as were the Dark Elves of Naggaroth. Ever after they were known to their kin on Ulthuan as the Wood Elves. Though the Elves of Athel Loren were not unfriendly to Finubar, further attempts at rapprochement proved impossible and any ambassadors despatched from Ulthuan were treated with indifference, in the best cases, and in a few with outright hostility.

When Finubar finally returned to Ulthuan he was hailed as a great hero. The Phoenix King listened to Finubar's report and reversed his earlier edict denying the Men of the Old World access to Ulthuan. At Finubar's request the city of Lothorn was opened to human merchants and Elf pilots were provided to guide the trading fleets through the approaches to Ulthuan. At such an invitation those races of Men who were inclined towards seamanship wasted no time in travelling to the Island Continent to see its wonders for themselves. Ships from the Empire, Bretonnia, Marienburg and beyond all flocked to visit the greatest Elven city.

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 civilization and well-pleased with the commerce that went on there. The Elves were content to have powerful allies in the Old World. When Bel-Hathor died peacefully of old age, Finubar was his chosen successor.

FINUBAR The Seafarer (Imperial calendar 2163 to Present)

With the invaluable experience gained during his sojourn to the Old World, 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. In accordance with Bel-Hathor's wishes, the ruling council elected Finubar.

In the one hundred and thirty eighth year of Finubar's reign, the Great Chaos Incursion began, and it looked as if the Dark Powers had returned once more to claim the world. 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 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. By the efforts of the extraordinary twins the Dark Elves were driven off and Ulthuan was rescued from the brink of destruction.

Since then the world has grown darker. Despite the magical wards raised in the reign of Bel-Korhadris, Norse raids have become ever more numerous. A horde of Goblins led by Grom the Paunch of Misty Mountain 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 grown stronger and they in turn have become weaker. Uthuan can still muster the mightiest fleet in the Known World and its armies are rightly feared by its foes, and yet the High Elves are a shadow of their former glory. Many on Ulthuan feel the greatest days of the Elves are passed.

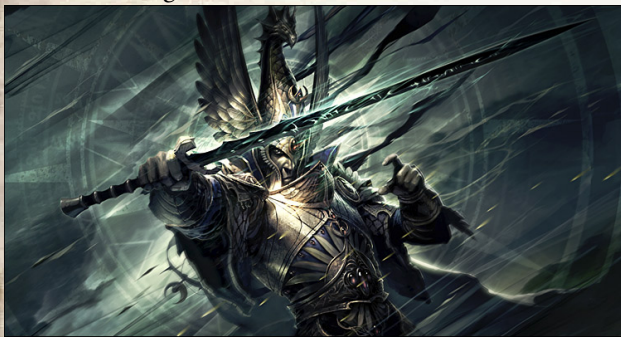
Yet every star brings new opportunities to win glory and fight against evil. There are still mighty Elf heroes, courageous warriors and mages willing to stand against the Dark Powers and the mighty Dragons, though few in number, are turning restless in their long sleep. In the north the Witch King stirs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



1.2 Recent events on High Elf history

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.



Prince Tyrion – Everqueen's champion

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. 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 that 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 is mighty, he is weak. Where Tyrion is golden-skinned and yellow-maned, Teclis is pale, dark and gaunt. Where Tyrion is fair-spoken and noble-minded, Teclis is 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.



Teclis – High Loremaster of the White Tower

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 vomiting forth a wave of corruption onto the shores of the Elf lands. Ships of rune-woven red iron brought frenzied Chaos Warriors to Ulthuan and 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 depraved 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 destruction.

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, and 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 High Elves were filled with deep despair.

When the news of Tyrion'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 while the great navies of Lothorn were driven from the seas by the enemy in a series of titanic battles. A Dark Elf army re-took the Blighted Isle and the Altar of Khaine fell once more into Dark Elf hands. Triumph followed triumph for the spawn of Naggaroth. Bitter defeat piled upon bitter defeat for the High Elves.



The Blighted Isle

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, crawling 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 and cast down monsters and destroyed Chaos Warriors with a word. The Slaaneshi Champion Alberecht Numan challenged him to battle, but he and all his followers were in an instant reduced to dust. He intervened at the Battle of Hathar Ford and slew Ferik Kasterman's Coven of Ten - the most feared Tzeentchian sorcerers of the day. These were small victories, but in those days of darkness they gave the High Elves some hope.

Hope was what the folk of Ulthuan's many kingdoms desperately needed. The claw of Chaos held the island-continent firmly in its grip. From Chrace in the north to Eataine in the south, the Elf lands were overrun. Not even the waters of the Inner Sea were free of Dark Elf incursion. Ships were carved from the blighted forests with supernatural speed, and rattlers 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 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 sent forth 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 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 suddenly 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 death's abyss.

Teclis guided the Everqueen and his twin to the shores of the Inner Sea. There they were picked up by a white ship crewed by the remnants of the Queen's Guard. This carried them to the Plain of Finuval where the shattered remnants of the Elf armies were assembling for a desperate last stand. Charioteers from Tiranoc raced into position between Silver Helm cavalry and spearmen from Cothique and Yvresse. Ellyrian cavalymen mustered beside the elite White Lions of Chrace. Griffon-mounted Elf Lords soared over the army. Sword Masters of the White Tower formed up alongside the Everqueen's Maiden Guard. When word of the Everqueen's presence was known, a great cheer went up from the army, and all the warriors gained new heart. But then a cloud of

dust on the horizon announced the arrival of their enemies.

The Battle of Finuval Plain

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

To Teclis, Alarielle gave the sacred Staff of Lileath. It granted him strength and power so great that he had no need for his enabling potions. He refused the offer of any sword though, preferring instead 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 dark gods. A horde of Cold Ones croaked and bellowed in the chill morning light. Mail-armoured warriors brandished their spears. Witch Elves cackled and screamed maniacally. Beastmasters herded monsters into position. One entire flank of the Witch King's army was held by Chaos Knights and their bestial retainues. The Elves were greatly outnumbered and the situation looked desperate. From a blasted hill in the centre of that evil army, the 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.

Arhalien of Yvresse was the first to respond. He was a mighty soldier, a veteran of countless battles. Urian cut him down as if he were a child. The Elf army moaned in despair and dismay. Next was Korhian Ironglave, 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 edge. Spells

blistered the air around them as the Witch King sought to aid his champion. Sweat glistening on his brow, Teclis dispelled them.

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

The two forces clashed at the heart of Finuval Plain. The Dark Elves had the greater number and their allies were fell. The High Elves were fighting for their homeland and the Everqueen. They had the desperate courage that flowed from knowing that this might be their last chance to turn the tide. All that long day the



The Battle of Finuval Plain

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 that they darkened the sky, were met by clouds of white fletched arrows. Monstrous Cold Ones were hamstrung by nimble Elf warriors. The horse-men of Ellyrion were pulled down by the foul beasts of Chaos. Spells crackled back and forth through the air. Blood mingled with the dust thrown up by the battle. Thousands died but neither side gave any ground. So great was the carnage that warriors fought over bodies of the dead and ravens feasted on the wounded trapped inside the mounds of corpses.

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

The Defeat of the Witch King

At the heart of the battle, Teclis wrestled with the dark sorcery of the Witch King. Naggaroth's dark master had perfected his evil arts over long millennia and for the first time Teclis met a foe that was his match. Awesome magical energies were focussed and brought to bear. Lightning streaked the darkening sky. Terrible clouds, capable of stripping warriors 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 kit tie had turned. The size of the Dark Elf warhost was too great. It looked as if the Elves would be utterly massacred. Now there was nothing else for it. It was time for a last desperate gamble. He invoked the power of Lileath. 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, hundreds died as lightning bolts and blasts of pure magic lashed them.

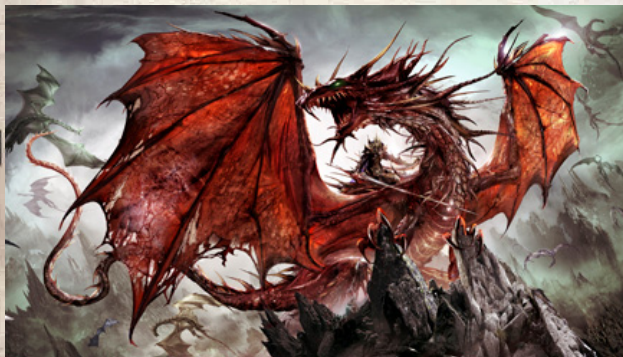
Malhandir brought Tyrion face to face with the Witch King's standard bearer and the High Elf cut down his foe with ease. Malhandir trampled the Witch King's banner into the mud. Seeing their Lord defeated and their standard smashed the Dark Elves fell into despair. Overhead the seemingly unstoppable Teclis rained magical doom down on them, whilst 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 of the year. The tide had turned.

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



Tyrion and Malhandir - at the battle for Lothorn

Within two days a great plan was conceived to drive the Dark Elves front the land. Tyrion would lead one High Elf army to Saphery to relieve the Tower of Hoeth. Meanwhile, the Phoenix King would drive north and engage the enemy directly. Word arrived from Caledor that the Dragons had been named. At last, victory was within High Elfs' grasp.



Dragon Rider of Caledor

The Gift of Magic

Just as the armies readied to set out, a battered ship limped into harbour. It was commanded by Pieter Lazlo, personal ambassador of Magnus the Pious. He bore a tale of woe from the Old World. The armies of Chaos had overrun Kislev and looked set to sweep over the lands of Men. Magnus had led the human defence of the Empire and, desperate for help, had sent to the Elves for aid.

The Elves knew that they could barely spare a single warrior from their forces and yet they knew that if Mankind failed then the forces of Chaos in the Old World would be free to aid the Dark Elves. Hearing once more the call of destiny, Teclis volunteered to go to the aid of Mankind. Yrtle and Finreir, two of his old comrades from the Tower of Hoeth agreed to go with him. It was all that could be done. The two brothers parted at the docks in Lothorn. It was a bleak farewell. Neither knew if they would ever see each other again. Teclis took to his ship. Tyrion rode away with his army.

Now leading the Elf army, Tyrion proved to be every bit as skilful 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 guerrilla 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 wise advice and mighty sorcery soon made him an invaluable counsellor. 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 victories. The Mages proved willing to spill their own blood in defence of the lands of man. Teclis and Finreir both took many wounds; Yrtle 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 men. He 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 would surely 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 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 grew 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 a warrior of incomparable valour and skill at arms and had become 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, and to keep a closer eye on the developing race of mankind, but word came that the High Loremaster of the White Tower had died and the council of Saphery offered Teclis his position. Teclis could not refuse such an honour and so 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 in an the Dark Elves. Both times he drove the spawn of Naggaroth off but always they return. When not leading the armies to war he dwells at the court of the Everqueen and keeps the peace in Avelorn, slaying marauding monsters and hunting down bands of Beastmen and Goblins.

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

Eltharion

In the 260th year of the reign of the current Phoenix King, Finubar the Seafarer, Eltharion became the first High Elf ever to lead a successful raid against Naggaroth and return alive.

The High Elf army was small but Eltharion force-marched his followers through the bleak landscape of Naggaroth. He took many Dark Elf garrisons by surprise and razed them to the ground. On his Griffon, Stormwing, Eltharion himself rode down those that fled, and ensured that not one Dark Elf escaped to send word to the Witch King. Thousands of Dark Elf warriors were cut down by the disciplined High Elf Spear regiments who advanced across the landscape. Patrols of Ellyrian Reavers worked in concert with Shadow Warrior bands, ambushing enemy messengers and sowing terror and confusion deep into Dark Elf territory.

When at last Eltharion's army reached Naggaroth, the

boldest Elves clad themselves in captured garb and entered the city, opening the gates from within. The waiting High Elves poured into the city and ran riot, burning buildings and slaying all they found. It was as they prepared to fall back that disaster struck and Eltharion was wounded by the blade of a Witch Elf. He struck back beheading his attacker, but the damage was done — the envenomed sword had left its poison in his blood. The raid had been a success and the High Elf force escaped to Ulthuan with minimal losses, but by the time they docked at Chrace, Eltharion was near death.

The night of their return, the High Elves pitched camp near the shore, for the journey had been arduous. None amongst them had the skill to counter the Dark Elf venom, and it was with heavy hearts that Eltharion's most trusted lieutenants laid him in his tent, knowing he would be dead by morning.

Moranion's Message

During the night, Eltharion stirred from his fevered sleep. Opening his eyes dreamily he saw a pale apparition, and with horror realised that the ghostly form was none other than his father Moranion. The shadowy figure was bloodied and mangled by blade-marks and arrows, and Eltharion knew his father was dead.

The spirit spoke in hollow tones, telling him that their ancestral home of Athel Tamarha had been destroyed and its lands defiled. He warned his son that the Goblin Warlord Grom was abroad in Ulthuan. A terrible foe, with a shaman of frightful power at his command, Grom and his vast army of Goblins was overwhelming all in his path. In their ignorance they had defiled every watchstone between Athel Tamarha and Tor Yvresse. The magical energies they normally contained were wracking the land and the Phoenix King's armies were too far away to act. If the watchstone of Tor Yvresse were to fall too, then devastation on a scale not seen since the Sundering would be unleashed.

When Eltharion fully awoke, miraculously cured of the Dark Elf poison, the ghost was gone, but looking down he saw the Fangsword, ancient heirloom of his family, resting where his father's spirit had been. He knew his destiny was to avenge his father and his home. He arose from his bed and grasped the sword, feeling new strength flow into him as he lifted it.

The Siege of Tor Yvresse

In the morning the astounded High Elf commanders found their Lord awake and alert, pale and wan but strong. His face was dark as he told them of his vision and his quest. He bade them return to their ships. With all the speed they could muster they sailed for Yvresse. Upon arrival they found the great city in flames, Goblins and Orcs, led by Grom raged through the streets. Outnumbered regiments of High Elves bravely fended off hordes of goblins. No matter how hard they fought though, they were losing, street by street - every Goblin that fell was instantly replaced, while the outnumbered Elves had no reinforcements. Above the blazing buildings, the Goblin shaman flew upon a great Wyvern, blasting the city with foul magic.

As his ship drew into the harbour, Eltharion briefed his warriors. Victory lay in securing the Warden's Tower and the watchstone of Tor Yvresse. He entrusted his most loyal soldiers with this task and they swore to complete it. Before the first Eagle ship had reached the docks, Eltharion took to the back of his mighty Griffon Stormwing and soared high above Tor Yvresse. Hundreds of Elf warriors followed their master's example, and rushed ashore to join the fight.

Far above, Eltharion charged directly at the Shaman, who saw him almost too late. Through strength of

will alone, Eltharion deflected the lethal magic that the Shaman propelled at him, as Stormwing raked and clawed at the startled Wyvern. For long minutes the pair circled one another, the Shaman unleashing a hail of spells that bludgeoned the Elf lord and left him reeling. For a moment it looked as though the Goblin would prevail, and he prepared a final, deadly spell to finish off Eltharion, when suddenly he halted mid-spell. Eltharion's warriors had seized the Warden's Tower and made the Invocation of Ending - temporarily becalming the Winds of Magic. Seizing his chance, Eltharion attacked and took the Shaman's head off with a single stroke of his blade. With that act the greenskin attack faltered and Eltharion's veteran regiments swept the Goblins from the city. Grom first tried to rally his fleeing army, but after a moment's thought, shrugged and joined the fleeing masses.

Eltharion did not stop to savour the victory but instead went with four of his bravest warriors to the Warden's Tower. There they wrestled with the power of the watchstone, seeking to stabilise the vortex. Nobody knows what took place in there, but in the morning, only Eltharion emerged alive, his face more grim than ever.

The following morning not even the sunrise nor the cheering crowds of the victorious High Elves could force a smile from him. He was elected Warden of Tor Yvresse in recognition of his feats but from then on the haunted hero was forever known as Eltharion the Grim.



Eltharion and Stormwing

2. Ulthuan

Ulthuan is an island continent situated in the middle of the Great Ocean between the New World and Naggaroth and the Old World and Araby. Ulthuan is the home of the High Elves (and the ancestral home of all Elves by extension) and is in the form of a crescent, with a sheltered inner sea accessible only through the Straights of Lothern. It is divided into ten kingdoms, separated by the Anulii mountains into the Inner and Outer Kingdoms.

The Inner Kingdoms

The centres of civilisation, culture and power in Ulthuan, the awe-inspiring beauty of the inner kingdoms has been guarded by the Anulii Mountains for millennia. The inner kingdoms are:

Avelorn, a magical forest sheltered by the mountains.

Caledor, a land of tall mountains, linked with Dragons.

Eataine, the most developed and powerful kingdom.

Ellyrion, a land of rolling hills and grassy plains.

Saphery, where magic flows strong amid peaceful glades.

The Outer Kingdoms

Less sheltered than their inner neighbours, with a rugged beauty all their own, these kingdoms are the most open to assault and have seen battle numerous times. The outer kingdoms are:

Chrace, a Kingdom of wild woodlands and hills.

Cothique, a land of vast desolate pine forests.

Tiranoc, a Kingdom mostly sunken beneath the Ocean.

The Shadowlands, a blasted landscape formerly called Nagarythe.

Yvresse, a rugged cold land of deep fjords.

The Inner Sea

The Inner Sea is the central sea inside the crescent-shaped island continent of Ulthuan. The inner sea is comprised of the Sea of Dreams in the east and the Sea of Dusk in the west. The inner sea joins with the Great Ocean at the straits of Lothern and contains isles such as:

The Isle of Flame which the Shrine of Asuryan is on.

The Isle of the Dead where many restless souls remain

and the vortex which drains excess Chaos energy away from the world is.

Outside Ulthuan, in the Great Ocean to the north of Chrace, lies *The Blighted Isle*. The Isle is rugged and windy, and parts are barren and craterous. The Blighted Isle is the sacred place of Khaine, the Elven God of war and murder and has seen many battles rage for control of it. The Isle holds special spiritual and tactical importance for both Asur and Druchii, the two Elven kindreds.

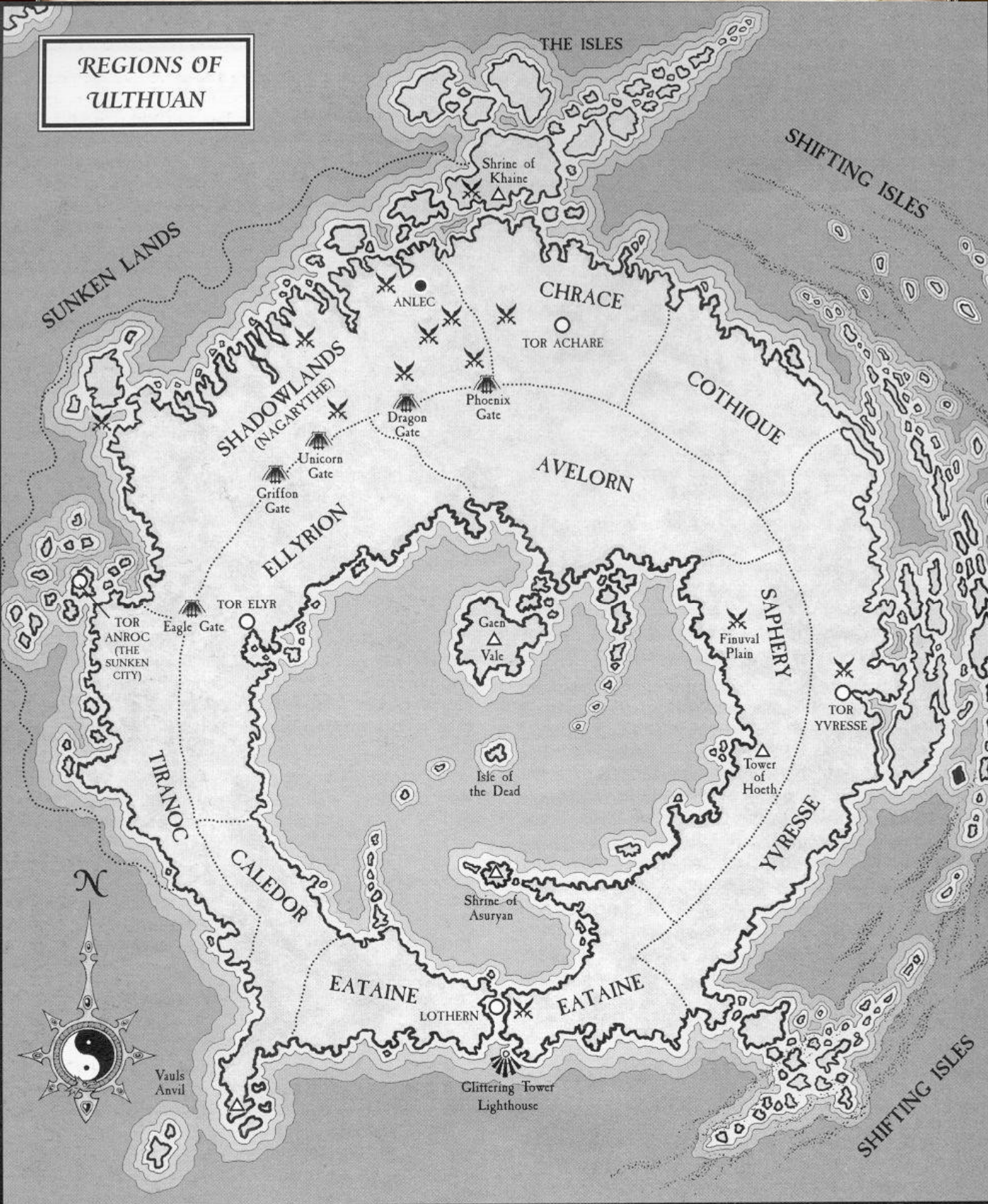
The Blighted Isle, situated to the north of Ulthuan, is a broken land. Filled with steaming cracks in the earth, and windswept rugged vegetation, the island is a beaten and barren landscape. The island is almost broken in two, with the only means of crossing from the western to eastern halves are a great bridge leading from Daroir Lacorith to the Swale of Miralei in the south, and the Graywind Shoals in the north. Three smaller islands lay in the form of the Plain of Bones to the direct south, and to the southeast are the twin islands of Eranneth, containing the ruins of the old city. The Blighted Isle is dotted with mountain chains and plateaus running along the many shorelines.

Elvish architecture crosses the land, with many great towers and ziggurats rising above the terrain. Long ago, during the catastrophic civil war known as the Sundering, terrible magical energies were unleashed upon the northern kingdoms of Ulthuan. The land was riven by cataclysmic earthquakes and swallowed by the raging waters of the Great Ocean. All that now remains of these once-proud provinces are a number of broken, twisted islands such as the Shadowlands, parts of Tiranoc and the Blighted Isle itself.



Landscape of the Blighted Isle

REGIONS OF
ULTHUAN



2.1 Regions of Ulthuan

Avelorn

North-east of Ellyrion, across the river Arduil, lies the great Forest of Avelorn, most ancient of all the Elven realms. Upon its tangled groves ancient glammers lie, and under its eaves creatures of legend still walk. Treemen tend the 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, and their hair tends towards blond, and their eyes to hazel and blue. The elves from Avelorn share much in common with the Wood Elves of Athel Loren.



The elves here are ruled by both the Everqueen of Avelorn and by the High Prince of this green forest. The current Everqueen of Avelorn is Alarielle. She is seen as the spiritual leader of the Asur, and all across Ulthuan, her beauty is said to be unmatched, exceeding even that of Morathi, the Hag Sorceress of the Dark Elves. The birds of Avelorn have no fear of her, and nature itself infuses her and grants her gifts of magic greater than almost any other Asur. The GaenVale weeps when she feels sorrow and shines in sunlight when her mood is bright. As the chosen representative of the Goddess Isha, she has been seen by some to be the incarnation of Isha herself. Yet to herself, it is often Lileath who she more easily identifies with, the Goddess of Magic. The consort of the Everqueen is Prince Tyrion of the line of Aenarion, taken as her personal champion after the great battle of Finuval Plain when the Druchii invasion was finally defeated. The Evercourt moves through the forest with ease, dictated only by the directions of the Everqueen, inhabitants going from place to place as they engage in idle games.

Avelorn is the oldest of the many different elven realms. It is said that the elven race originally came from Avelorn. As far back as the elven history goes and as they can remember, the elves who come from the land of Avelorn have been ruled by the Everqueen. Through all the ages of the elven race, Avelorn is the lone elven realm to have seemingly changed the least. Through the civil war and the Sundering, Avelorn remained, save for the emergence of the Darkling Morass.



The entirety of Avelorn is forested, and it is what could be referred to as a land of paradise. It is situated north of the Inner Sea, with Chrace to the north, Ellyrion to the west and Saphery to the east. There are few sacred sites in Avelorn, save for a few monuments and shrines to the different elven gods.

The majority of Avelorn is green, with great trees, green grass, and bright blue creeks and streams. Yet further north, towards the Anullii, the forest turns darker. The flows of magic that run through the mountains have in the past given birth to all types of creature, and on occasion, these ferocious beasts come south from the mountains into Avelorn. However, these creatures are met by the elves of Avelorn and quickly dispatched, for the Asur will in no way tolerate the presence of those creatures within the paradise that is Avelorn.

The Gaen Vale is south of Avelorn, and it is here that no elven male has ever stepped. Here is the shrine to Isha, the elven goddess of fertility and growth. The



The Gaen Vale

Gaen Vale is said to be the most beautiful forest in Ulthuan, verdant, green, and filled with life. Legendary creatures can be found here, ranging from the flyers, such as Pegasi, to the single-horned Unicorn. All elven maidens are required to come here upon reaching adulthood, and the rituals that take place are unknown to elven males.

While on the surface, Avelorn may seem like a paradise, there is another side to this realm. Underneath, there are currents that the unwary may be easily sucked down into, currents that run through all the court of Avelorn. Politics are a deadly game here, and this game is played with high stakes, for there is constant arguing, occasionally even descending to open hostility, as the various factions of the Evercourt vie for the favour of higher powers, such as those of Alarielle, Tyrion and the High Prince.

All the elvenrealms can boast of their greatest warriors. For the realm of Saphery, it is the legendary Swordmasters of Hoeth, trained to the highest arts with the blade. For the Shadowlands of Nagarythe, it is the stealthy Shadow Warriors. But for Avelorn, it is

the Handmaidens of the Everqueen. There are only ever a hundred of these elves, and they are trained to the highest arts in all forms, ranging from poetry and music to the use of sword and shield. It is considered to be one of the highest of all honours for an elfmaiden to be selected to join the Handmaidens. Those who are selected remain for a period of seven years, after which they are free to return to their families. The only elfmaiden who remains for longer than this period is the Captain of the Handmaidens. There are some few members of Avelorn who are well-known, and they have been listed below:

The Everqueen Alarielle of Ulthuan: One of the two rulers of Ulthuan, upon ascending the throne, she entered into the customary year-long marriage to the Phoenix King, Finubar the Seafarer. Alarielle is the most beautiful to have born the title of Everqueen since the far-off days of Astarielle, and it is often said that her beauty is so great that it can move even the immortal gods should they be watching.

Her reign, while it is at the time in an era of relative peace, has not been the easiest reign by far. Indeed, some have even said that it is the most difficult time as a ruler that any Everqueen has ever gone through, for a mere ten years after she ascended to the throne, Ulthuan came under threat from the Druchii. This time Malekith's plan was different. Instead of a wholesale invasion, he chose to strike at the very heart of the Asur, at the Everqueen Alarielle herself. His elite warriors, used the utmost skill at evasion to evade the Outer Kingdoms, moving all the way into Avelorn, and attacking the Evercourt. Alarielle would have been captured and taken to the Witch-King if it had not been for the heroic efforts of her Maiden Guard and Prince Tyrion, who cut a path through the Druchii to rescue her and escape into the forests of Avelorn, with the Druchii in hot pursuit.

She is currently wedded to Prince Tyrion, who is both her consort and champion.

Prince Tyrion, Champion of the Everqueen: Prince Tyrion is the twin brother of Teclis. The two of them are the descendants of Aenarion the Defender, the first Phoenix King. He is said to be one of the most skilled elven warriors alive, and there are few who have not heard of him among Ulthuan and even the Druchii. He is the husband and champion of Alarielle, and one of the most acclaimed warriors of

the age. Fair haired, handsome, and mighty, he could have his pick of whoever he chose, if not for the fact that he is almost blindly devoted to Alarielle, and she to him. As one whose deeds are common knowledge, there is no need to go deep into his history.

Caledor

Caledor is one of the inner kingdoms of Ulthuan. Situated in the south west reaches of the island, Caledor is a sparsely-populated land dominated by a range of tall and majestic mountain spires. In the 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.

Long ago, the volcanic peaks of Caledor were ablaze, spewing great plumes of ash-grey smoke high into the air. The skies of ancient Caledor were filled with mighty dragons, and when the High Elves of old marched to war, the Dragon Princes of Caledor were among their deadliest instruments. The proud warrior-nobles swooped into the fray astride the backs of their great dragons, laying waste to all in their path. Though few in number, the Dragon Princes wrought terrible destruction on the enemies of Ulthuan. In battle none could stand against them, for they were fearsome mages as well as mighty warriors, and their steeds were terrible to behold.



The origins of the Dragon Princes and their unique bond with the great winged beasts of their homeland lie even further in the past. It was the legendary High Elf Mage Caledor Dragontamer who, using his arcane craft to enchant harnesses forged in the heart of nearby Vul's Anvil, brought the majestic beasts to heel. Indeed, the province derives its name from this figure of legend.

Great granite fortresses sprang up in the misty vales and from them Dragon Princes rode the thermals over sullen volcanoes. 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 even 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 dire 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 venerable realm of Caledor was eclipsed by other kingdoms including the fast-rising mercantile city-state of Lothern.

Although the impressive splendours of Caledor can still be seen, the kingdom is a pale reflection of its former glory. Ancient shrines and monuments stand in august silence, gradually succumbing to the elements over long centuries. Hidden among the bleak volcanic highlands are secret valleys filled with lush greenery, and a vast and labyrinthine network of caverns wind beneath the stony earth throughout the province. The current ruler of Caledor is Prince Imrik.

Chrace

Chrace is a mountainous and forested region. The Elves that come from this kingdom are known as woodsmen and hunters. The warriors of this realm often wear the hides of animals in their Armor and Clothing. The Personal guards of the Phoenix King, the White Lions, who wear the pelts of white lions and carry the massive axe of woodsmen also come from this realm.

On the northernmost part of the crescent shaped continent Ulthuan stands Chrace, the hilly province

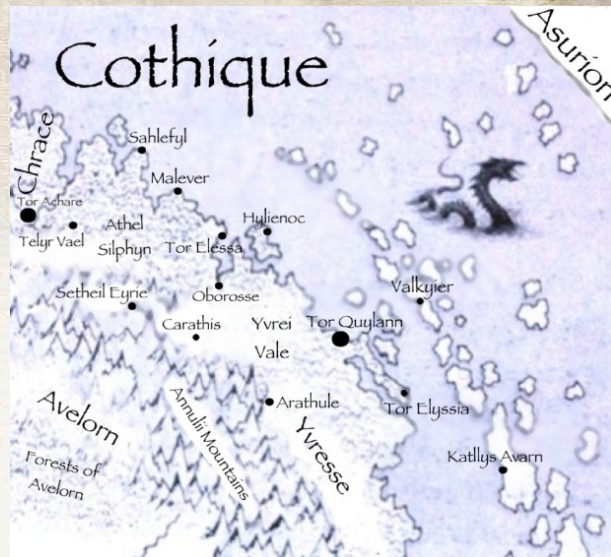
at the feet of the Annulii Mountains. Through over a thousand years of war between the Elven nations, Chrace has stood as the backbone of Ulthuan's defence. To the Dark Elves, Chrace is an important staging ground from their landing point on the Blighted Isle, because through the mountains to the south is the unobscured entirety of the Phoenix King's lands.

Chrace is a mountainous landscape, checkered with rolling green hills, rocky outcroppings and thick woodlands, difficult for any traveller to cross. Because of this, the High Elves have chosen this bottleneck as the focal point of their defences, building forts and watch posts to defend the land. But here the Elves don't just defend the passage to the south, but also the whole of creation. Because it is in Chrace that stand two ancient menhir stones, the Stone of Valetear and the Stone of Imrathir, which help to fuel the Vortex, the High Elves' defence against the full might of Chaos. Malekith is set to take control of these monoliths, dispatching detachments of Sorcerers to them in hopes of ensuring his victory. Here stand the armies of the Phoenix King to defend the stones, which have become hotly and bitterly contested.



Cothique

This realm has rocky coasts and treacherous seas, so it comes as no surprise that its inhabitants are all skills 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 battles against sea borne 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.

Eataine

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. The idyllic countryside in Eataine is scattered with villas, vineyards and rolling green hills. The pastoral province is where most nobles of Ulthuan spend their summers. The opulent manors, whose number is unrivalled by any other region on Ulthuan, are home not only to some of the High Elves' greatest scholars, poets and warriors, but also to their ruler, for the Phoenix King himself resides there. The great city-state of Lothorn is the centre and source of Eataine's wealth and prestige. Nowhere else on Ulthuan can one see a greater display of the Asur's magnificent craftsmanship. Towers of glittering silver reach into the sky, and plazas of white marble hold the markets selling beautiful jewellery. Any visitor would carry an image of the marvels he has seen within his mind for a long time.



Elven Port City of Tor Elessa

This is a populous region which maintains 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 skills in the use of the repeater bolt thrower, which can be 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.

Ellyrion

Ellyrion is realm of wide open plains, where fine Elven Steeds are herded. Across the steppes of Ellyrion, among the rolling hills and the waving grass, High Elves train and breed the steeds that fuel





Saphery is home to the White Tower, a huge structure of gleaming marble stone which towers into the clouds and is the repository of all the arcane knowledge of the High Elves. Bel-Korhandis was the Phoenix King who oversaw the construction of the tower and was from Saphery himself. Also in Saphery is a second tower, the tower of flames, it is here that those mages of Ulthuan who show an affinity with Aqshy, the same magic used by the Bright Wizards of the Empire, train their skills to become Dragon Mages, known for their hot-headedness. Its approaches are guarded by rings of illusion and mazes of spells which means only those permitted by the Loremasters of Hoeth ever find a true path to the Tower. Those who seek wisdom and enlightenment at the shrine will find it. Those who seek power are never seen again.

the Phoenix King's cavalry. Great herds of these creatures roam the grasslands of Ellyrion, and they are among the most prized horses in all the Old World. It is here, in this green land, that the great stallions are brought to train the peerless horsemen called Reavers. These horsemen are the cornerstone of High Elven society, crisscrossing Ulthuan as both messengers and scouts, bringing word to every inch of the island.



The warriors from this realm are expert riders, from the earliest of ages are taught how to fight from horse back. The warriors, from this realm are as Ellyrian Reavers Knights, are skills with both spear and bow on horse back. The Reavers helmets are often decorated with beautiful flowing plums.

The Tower of Hoeth is also home of the Sword Masters, warrior-ascetics who dedicate their lives to the pursuit of Wisdom and learning controlled violence. They study meditation and martial arts until they are capable of amazing feats of arms. They use their skills to defend Ulthuan and the mages and scholars of Saphery valiantly.

Saphery

Saphery is one of the Inner Kingdoms of Ulthuan, and the most mysterious and enchanting land in Ulthuan. A region of rolling green hills, trickling little streams and tall pine groves, backed by the purple-tinted Anullii Mountains in the distance. Saphery is an enchanted land, and even the trees and flowers seem to have an ethereal quality about them, as if the hands of the Elven Gods were at work in the very landscape itself. Being a land heavily laden with magic, it serves as the training ground for all the mages and Archmages of Ulthuan, and the Swordmasters of Hoeth who defend them. The best of the High Elf mages, including prominent figures such as Teclis, have all trained in Saphery.





City ruins in Tiranoc

Tiranoc

Tiranoc is the westernmost realm of Ulthuan. Once it was the fairest of the 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 brought 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. At the climax of the war the Dark Elf mages unleashed such loathsome magics and the high Elf mages responded with such potent counter spells that the whole of Ulthuan was devastated. Tiranoc was flooded by the sea and disappeared almost completely, leaving only a fraction of the once great kingdom above the ocean, with their greatest cities ravaged and their mercantile districts beneath

the seas.

Many of the survivors swore to rebuild their kingdom to its former glory. Over the millennia they have slowly done so, and there are once more prosperous cities in Tiranoc. The folk that kingdom have not forgotten the past though, and their hearts burnt a bitter hatred of the Dark Elves.

The warriors of this kingdom followed the ancient tradition of chariots. Which suited the kingdom nicely. Now on the lower slopes of the mountains, the people of Tiranoc still hold on to their tradition of fighting from chariots.

Yvresse

Yvresse is One of the Outer Kingdoms. The mainland of the Yvresse occupies much of the eastern coast of Ulthuan, but it also encompasses some of the outlying eastern isles. Its warden is the blind swordmaster, Eltharion, who was invited to become warden in the 262nd year of Finubars reign as phoenix king, in the year 2086- Imperial calendar.

It only has one main city, Tor Yvresse- which is a shadow of its former self, all of the amphitheatres and grand houses falling into disrepair. It is considered by many elves to be the most un-beautiful area of the Ulthuan, however by its residents it's bleak cliffs and varied bird-life is considered the most beautiful on Ulthuan. The two main sites of interest, besides Tor Yvresse, are the Watch Stone of Athel Tarnarha, which was destroyed during Grom's invasion, and Albreth's Cove, which is home to the sea mast Albreth's fleet.

The warriors here are some of the most disciplined and determined warriors of the Kingdoms. They favor the spear and learn to fight shoulder to shoulder like none other.



Light house and port gate of Tor Yvresse

Nagarythe (The Shadowlands)

In the aftermath of the Great Cataclysm, the only part of the Ulthuan Kingdom of Nagarythe that was not drowned by the enormous ocean waters were its mist-covered highland territories. Miraculously, a large part of the renegade highland population of Nagarythe survived the unnatural earthquakes and magical energies of the Sundering.

In the desperate effort to recover, the newly established Asur society became even more vigilant (and fearful) over the resurgence of Chaos and in becoming so, thought it best to never again speak of the kingdom that through its Dark Renaissance had given birth to such an abomination as the Cult of Pleasure. Indeed, the emergence of the cult itself was the most bitter blow of all to elven civilization, for it proved to them that elvenkind was not immune to the

lure of Chaos, as they had believed.

What little remained of the proud kingdom of the demigod Aenarion was fittingly named Shadowlands by the Asur elves. This is a name that has survived to this day and those grim and possibly nomadic elves that still live in that region are known simply as the Shadowlanders. Today only vague recollection exists of the part in history this region has played prior to the Sundering and even less of the contemporary achievements of its secretive society. In fact, even though the people of Nagarythe were instrumental in numerous defeats of the Druchii, their true part in many important events has been somewhat lessened, if not utterly neglected.

As the millennia pass, the only information about this northern kindred of the Asur elves is either erroneous or folklore; hidden under so much fiction, superstition and legend that it is almost impossible to retrieve whatever truth lies beneath. Even now, with the House Coraith establishing some form of Asur civilization and high culture within the shadowy lands of Nagarythe, the region remains as inhospitable as ever...and its people are not eager to stray far from Aenarion's path to war.

Given this lack of knowledge, the Asur elves of the other elven kingdoms regard the population of elves that roam freely the vast, mist-covered highlands of ancient Nagarythe as another – quite uncivilized and somewhat barbaric – part of elvenkind. Of what little is known about the dreaded Shadowlanders, only this can be considered as true: myriad centuries of walking upon a different path have forged them into a distinct elven kindred; one that nowadays has a remote resemblance to the High Elves of Ulthuan, but a more evident relationship to their lost kin, the Dark Elves of Naggaroth.

What is however known is that these elves are the sole members of the Asur society to admit and relish in their undying hatred of the Dark Elves. If truth be told, it is this sinister aspect of their nature that marks them out and taints them with the same malice that utterly overwhelmed their Chaos-worshipping kin. However, they have managed to largely contain their hatred and make use of it in times of war.

It is also true that their clan-based society is indeed suited to the desolation of their homeland, although



not many 'outsiders' are aware of this union of clans. Nagarythe society is one prepared for hardship and bred for war, therefore, completely alienated from its pompous and somewhat foppish Asur counterpart. Both societies seem pleased to have a rather basic contact that allows them to proceed upon their chosen paths without any external hindrance (in the case of the Nagarythe) or reminder of their darker, more Chaotic nature (for the Asur).

As members of an almost feral society, these elves are never really welcomed – feared more likely – by the other elves of Ulthuan. For it is true that the elves that still linger in the lands of the destroyed ancient Kingdom of Nagarythe, ever a proud and warlike people, are cruel and merciless in the way of Aenarion in his madness. Without any doubt, they remain a frightening proof of the potential for evil within elven hearts. Today, the so-called Shadowlanders are the most ruthless Asur kindred and such reputation is not an unjust one.

The desperate struggle for survival hardened and embittered the Nagarythe, so that the Asur came to regard them as a cruel, if not bloodthirsty, people. Consequently, the Nagarythe survivors felt themselves the most affronted of the folk of Ulthuan. They had taken the brunt of the wars against Chaos and the Cult of Pleasure, and yet their fellows openly loath them.

To most people the Shadowlanders remain a tainted

and homeless people, 'touched by the Witch King' as the elders would say, outcasts, of whom many are driven to a life of perilous adventure beyond the borders of the island-continent of Ulthuan.

Nevertheless, the majority of this people have chosen to remain loyal to their beloved homeland, no matter how badly scarred in the aftermath of the Sundering. Hidden deep within their mist-covered highlands and protected by raging seas and the towering Annulii Mountains from the outside world, the so-called Shadowlanders have managed to create anew their age-old highland clan society. No major cities exist in the lands of the Nagarytheans, since their communities tend to be isolated. The only populous settlements are the fortified land holds of the surviving clans along wooded and fertile mountain valleys. Many grim-faced elves are arrayed along the Shadowlands ever watchful, especially as the Blighted Isle lies just off Nagarythe's coastline, to which the twice-cursed Druchii are often drawn.

Only recently, as elves measure time, has there been an attempt by the Asur to bring Nagarythe into the Asur way of life, even though it has proved to be a rather difficult task...yet Calaidan of House Coraith seems determined enough to succeed.

In the present day these broken lands are all that remain of Aenarion's proud and mighty kingdom. The beauty of this very old land is forever lost beneath the great oceans and truly only a mere shadow of its former glory now lingers. For the Asur elves, this is a realm of despair and one that constantly reminds them of the destructive darkness that lurks within their tormented souls - as this was the very soil that gave birth to the most hated of all Ulthuan foes, the Dark Elves of Naggaroth.



The shadowlands

The Nagarythe of today have an abiding hatred for Dark Elves and worshipers of Chaos and are eager to take pleasure in the destruction of such creatures, as they showed during the years of the Shadow King. This is understandable, for they have fought many battles against the Naggarothi of the New World and other Chaos-worshippers over the long years. This hatred is a potent force and a definitive trait all Nagarythe share and one that was greatly instilled into them by fiery speeches of Alith Anar, their greatest hero.

In truth, this hatred and the legacy of Alith Anar may be the one obstacle to Calaidan's rule, since the majority of the population accept his position, albeit

grudgingly, for no other reason than his valour in defeating his brother Kaldor. Other than that, Calaidan is seen as an 'outsider', one that has not yet fully grasped what it means to be part of Nagarythe...although some of the elders argue that Calaidan since the loss of his brother – first to the Dark Elves and finally by his own blade – has began to realize that Nagarythe is a land of sacrifice...a land for warriors and one that constantly tests their mettle.

Nevertheless, the so-called Shadowlands have a long and proud history that all Asur elves should have knowledge of. A truly majestic and bloody history it is; closely entwined with the rise of the demigod Aenarion from the wild lands of Avelorn to the Phoenix Throne...



2.2 The Asur as Characters

To reflect their cultured upbringing and rich history, high elf characters have the following racial abilities:

-Night Vision: Two fewer ■■ misfortune dice are added to a high elf's dice pool for any effects from darkness or lack of sufficient light.

-Composture: During character creation, a high elf may choose one Focus talent for free. This does not use any of the high elf's creation points.

-Resistance to Disease: Elves gain □□ to all Disease checks.

-Immune to Mutation: Elves are notoriously resistant to the ravages of corruption. They are not afflicted by physical mutations. Rather, when an elf accumulates corruption greater than his threshold, he gains an insanity. He draws an insanity card from the deck, until he has acquired an insanity with the Supernatural, Chaos or Elf trait. In addition to its other effects and rules, each insanity card has a severity rating, which indicates how much corruption is consumed in the transformation. For example, if an elf PC suffers from an insanity with a severity 3 rating over the course of this process, he returns 3 points of corruption to the supply when he draws that card.

Wound Threshold: 8 + Toughness rating

Corruption Threshold: 10 + Toughness rating

2.2.1 Regional Features of the Asur

Additionally to the above racial abilities, high elves obtain extra abilities depending on their natal region.

Avelorn

-Fey elves: High Elves from Avelorn gain two □□ fortune dice to Nature Lore and 1 □ fortune dice on Observation checks while in woodland settings.

Where the high elves appearing in the core box come from? The easiest answer would be –from any big city with a harbour and ships sailing regularly to the Empire, like Tor Yvresse or Lothern– but indeed any high elf who has been raised in any big city of Ulthuan would match such features; even a high elf from Marienburg or L'Anguille would fit, feel free! Choose one of the regional features only if you want to play a typical aborigine from that region.

-Ishas Chosen: Before investing any creation points, a high elf may train one of the following skills for free – Nature Lore, Intuition, or Observation.

Saphery

-Erudite: High elves from Saphery acquire (but do not train) the advanced skill Education for free during character creation.

-Ishas Chosen: Before investing any creation points, a high elf may train one of the following skills for free – Discipline, Intuition, or Observation.

Chrace

-Nature Bond: Elves from Chrace gain 1 □ fortune dice to combat initiative, as well as to Observation and Stealth checks while they are in woodland terrain.

-Ishas Chosen: Before investing any creation points, a high elf may train one of the following skills for free – Athletics, Nature Lore, or Weapon Skill.

Nagarythe

-Nagarythe Hatred: The elves from Nagarythe hate all enemies, specially Dark Elves. A Nagarythe elf gains □ to all Melee Attack and Ranged Attack actions against Dark Elves, and against any target that has wounded him. This bonus lasts until the end of the encounter.

-Ishas Chosen: Before investing any creation points, a high elf may train one of the following skills for free – Ballistic Skill, Nature Lore, or Weapon Skill.

Caledor

-Noble lineage: Through the veins of the High elves from Caledor runs the blood of the once great Dragon Princes. Caledor elves are extremely proud people, even for elven standards! Caledor elves increase their Noble rank by 1 (for a minimum of 1 and up to a maximum of 5). See the Lure of Power pg. 28 Benefits of Noble Rank, and the rules for Noble Elves characters outside Ulthuan in chapter 4.2 of this book.

-Ishas Chosen: Before investing any creation points, a high elf may train one of the following skills for free

– Discipline, Leadership, or Observation.

Cothique

-Sea folk: Cothique elves gain 1 fortune dice on handling a boat, ship, working ropes or swimming, they also reduce the effects of bad weather by up to 2 misfortune dice.

-Ishas Chosen: Before investing any creation points, a high elf may train one of the following skills for free – Coordination, Nature Lore, or Observation.

Eataine

-Prosperous land: Eataine holds the richest merchants and it is probably the most prosperous region of Ulthuan. Eataine High elves starting Wealth level costs 1 less creation point. Without investing any creation point they start Poor (see Player's Guide pg. 36). During character creation Eataine elves can buy superior craftsmanship items priced at only x8 the usual cost, rather than x10.

-Ishas Chosen: Before investing any creation points, a high elf may train one of the following skills for free – Charm, Intuition, or Observation.

Ellyrion

-Consummate riders: High elves from Ellyrion get 1 fortune dice to all activities perform with or related to a horse.

-Ishas Chosen: Before investing any creation points, a high elf may train one of the following skills for free

– Animal Handling, Nature Lore, or Ride.

Tiranoc

-Rebuilders of their land: High elves of Tiranoc acquire (but do not train) the advanced skill Tradecraft for free during character creation.

-Ishas Chosen: Before investing any creation points, a high elf may train one of the following skills for free – Discipline, Intuition, or Ride.

Yvresse

-Erudite: High elves from Yvresse acquire (but do not train) the advanced skill Education for free during character creation.

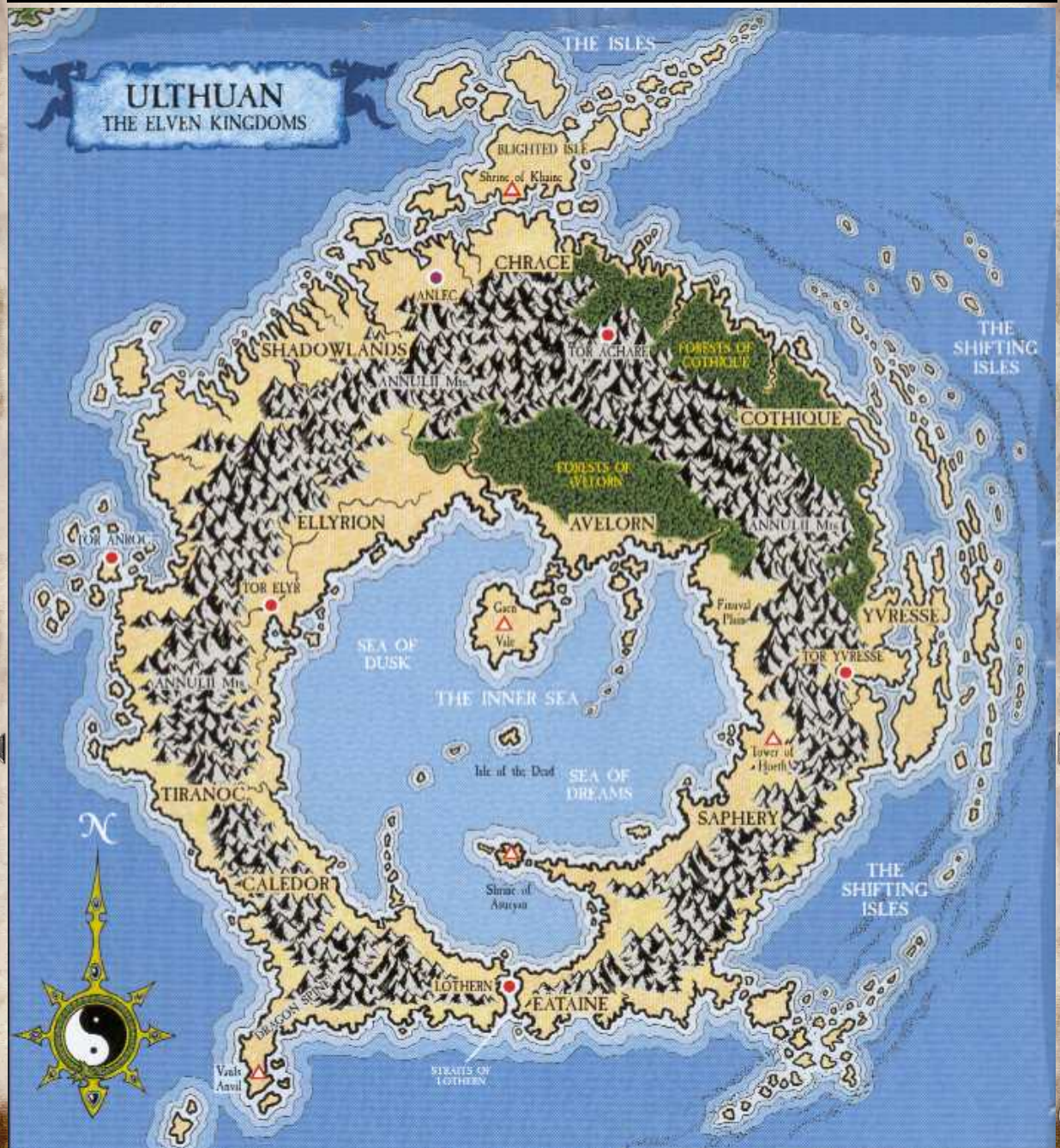
-Ishas Chosen: Before investing any creation points, a high elf may train one of the following skills for free – Discipline, Nature Lore, or Observation.

Regional features and elven careers

There are many iconic High Elf careers included within the supplement like the Shadow Warrior or the White Lion Warrior. While these careers are typically favored for elves of a given region, like Nagarythe or Chrace, this is not intended to be a restriction. As long as the player and the game master find a good enough justification, it should be possible for any elf to join any career. May be the young squire from Avelorn saved an Ellyrian rider from being attacked by a Giant Eagle and as show of gratitude, the Ellyrian rider took him as a squire, becoming an Ellyrian Knight from Avelorn.

Characteristic	Avelorn Elf	Caledor Elf	Chrace Elf	Cothique Elf	Eataine Elf
Strength	2	2	2	2	2
Toughness	2	2	2	2	2
Agility	3	2	3	3	2
Intelligence	3	2	2	3	3
Willpower	2	3	3	2	2
Fellowship	2	3	2	2	3
Creation Points	20	20	20	20	20

Characteristic	Ellyrion Elf	Nagarythe Elf	Saphery Elf	Tyranoc Elf	Yvresse Elf
Strength	2	2	2	2	2
Toughness	2	2	2	2	2
Agility	3	3	2	3	2
Intelligence	2	2	3	2	2
Willpower	2	3	3	3	3
Fellowship	3	2	2	2	3
Creation Points	20	20	20	20	20



3. Elven Culture and Religion

High Elves are a fairly conservative warrior-aristocracy society with a greater understanding of magic and a far better developed mystical tradition.

The abstract elven psyche is both mystical and logical - creating a nearly perfect balance between the two. They have a strong influence of seeing the duality of things, and do not limit themselves to the one-sided view of things, always, allowing them to see much beyond the extend of humans, who tend to be the antithesis of this. They have a male and a female ruler, and the very characters in their language cannot mean one single thing, but represent many. Elves can be seen as emotional creatures, perceived by some as empathetic, as well as passionate about things in which they take liking to. However, despite this trait, they can also be rash when angered, and many elves have a temper about them, with a great dislike to being wrong (though the Asur themselves do not indulge in this trait to nearly the degree that their dark cousins do). They are extremely focused beings, and it is rumoured that elves may look at a painting for what seems to have been a single moment, and become so intrigued in every little detail of it, that they will lose track of time and a year will have passed by when they finish. Even such interesting topics could take a thousand years to fully contemplate. With their long life spans, time in comparison to that of human, is less important. Elves also have a great love of intrigue - they are a political race, and do enjoy the aspects of this quality to the fullest.

Highly adept at magic, it enhances their everyday lives. Though it is not perceived to be a highly dependent source of obtaining something, it will be used to improve the quality of something. For example, magic will be used to strengthen the toughness of a building, and protecting it with charms, as seen with the White Tower of Hoeth. They might also use it to fulfil the tedious tasks of life, such as sending a message. If it is indeed dire enough, elves are not unknown to 'mage-burn' a letter to its destination, which implies a use of magic to transport the message over far distances. This practice of lessening the stresses of life is particularly used by mage trainees, who are taught the blessings of Isha, which are not powerful spells, just potent enough to relieve the elves of the tasks of their daily chores, which might require work or servants.



High Elves and their Dark Kin

They also have a very dark side. Its worth remembering that Elves and Dark Elves are not different races. They are the same race with two cultural branches. The two branches have defined themselves as negative images of each other. The fact that the Dark Elves are so decadent drives the High Elves to be noble, and vice versa. Both branches have far more in common than they would care to admit. For example, both races love intrigue. Dark Elves however will go to no end to achieve their goal while High Elves will stick to words, spoken or written, as weapons, leaving the knives for their dark kin. Their language, battle tactics and religion also have much in common. Which is not to say that there are not real differences. The worship of those old Dark Gods will do strange things to any society.

High Elven Music

It is without question that the elves have a high value on the art of music. Their songs are renowned throughout the world as some of the fairest creations ever to have been forged, even though only elves can understand and comprehend them. While humans, halflings, dwarves and the like might use words to convey a message in a song, the elves use the tones and pitches to instil the emotion unto the listeners. It is through this distinct method that the elven beauty is presented, and it is almost eerie and unearthly to anyone else who might hear it, yet so much that it is strikingly fascinating. Song is also a way for the elves to clear their mind of emotion - a form of self-

expression to free themselves of the tensions of their lives.

For instruments, elves primarily use their own voices - being musical in their very nature. They also favor the sounds of the harp and the horn, as well as a flute. In some of the outer kingdoms particularly, a drum will be favoured, providing a monotonous beat, which helps to enhance the particular emotion expressed in the song.

High Elven Literature

It is perceived that the basis of elven literature is poetry. In general, the nature of the poems are more philosophical, rather than emotional. High Elves do not usually write their poems down. This is because of supremeness of the moment in which they are written. It describes the world as it was at that very moment - and yet between the second it takes it bring that moment to the next, the world can have changed completely.

The poetry written by the elves can vary in theme, especially by the location of the kingdom, and the beliefs that are harboured there. In places of former splendour, like Caledor and Tiranoc, poems might be more comparable to epic proportion, where they tell

of some great hero of old, or the glory of the golden age. However, somewhere like Lothern might see a more wide variety of themes, as the quick-paced nature of the city-state tends to lead it to new extents brought in by the commotion of the world trade.

In Saphery in particular, however, poetry takes a different meaning. The Swordmasters of Hoeth tend to use poetry to sharpen their minds and harness its skill. They desire to reach a state of precision with the quill, saying much while saying little. However, half the challenge to perceive these abstract concepts is to decipher the dual meaning behind the words - as the very language of the Asur consists of multiple values.

Despite this great emphasis on poetry, elves have been known to write manuscripts. These, however, like their poems, tend to concern ideas more commonly than feelings, as well as be a historical novel about occurrences. Most fiction written by the elves is seldom done out of imagination for little purpose - but more so to create a world that entertains the reader while conveying some idea to them that the author wishes to share, thus enhancing the quality of the read and creating a system of value based on how well the message is conveyed through this particular setting.



Streets of Lothern – The Greatest of the Elven cities

The Everqueen of Ulthuan

She is the consort of the Phoenix King and co-ruler of the High Elves. Unlike the Phoenix King the Everqueen is not an elected position but is hereditary, and is such is for life, meaning that it is theoretically possible for an Everqueen to last through multiple Phoenix Kings. But it is also worth noting that only the legitimate daughter of an Everqueen and a Phoenix King can be an Everqueen meaning that the queen of Avelorn has always been the queen of Ulthuan stretching back to the dawn of the High Elven empire and beyond.

The Everqueen acts as a foil to the Phoenix King both culturally and politically. Her concerns deal with the spiritual and cultural welfare of the High Elves, focusing on domestic issues like art, religion, or fertility. Much of her position is ceremonial in nature, as the Everqueen often performs ancient rites to ensure the health of Ulthuan. She's also a powerful mage being the high priestess of the elven mother goddess; Isha. Her power deals with healing and

purity, harkening back to a time when the elves used their magic for creation instead of war when Chaos was only a whisper. As a living memory of this lost utopia, the Everqueen's touch alone can banish daemons.

The Everqueen is guarded by her handpicked guards the Maiden Guard to protect and advise her. They are her most trusted guards and advisors. They number 100 strong and are some of the most gifted and beautiful beings in Ulthuan skilled in the arts of peace and war.

Upon ascension to the throne, the Phoenix King is betrothed to the Everqueen for a ritual marriage lasting one year, after which they are both free to hold separate courts and take new consorts. While Aenarion, the first king, was deeply in love with his Everqueen, it has not been uncommon for later kings to choose an Everqueen for political reasons. The current Everqueen is Alarielle, chosen by Finubar Seafarer at the start of his reign.

In the ancient days of the Elves, before the appearance of the figure of the Phoenix King, Elves were ruled by the Everqueens. Sadly, little information is kept in the Book of the Days from these ages.

Recent Everqueens, in chronological order.

Astarielle, the Everqueen, consort of Aenarion.

Yvraine, their daughter.

An unknown number of succeeding queens.

Alarielle, current Everqueen.



(C) FANTASY FLIGHT GAMES - GAMES WORKSHOP

The Everqueen Astarielle

3.1 Elven Religion

The Elves venerate a wide variety of Deities of varying power and temperament. These beings are divided into two main spheres of influence, with neither having dominance over the other. This is encapsulated belief of Yenlui, or balance; a philosophy that dictates that there must be a harmony between the light and dark natures of the Elven spirit.

The most widely acknowledged Elven gods are the Cadai or the gods of the Heavens, who represent the more positive characteristics of Elven culture and the natural world. These are ruled by Asuryan the greatest of the gods.

In Elven belief many of the unsavoury aspects of their nature and the world at large are also represented by gods known as the Cytharai or gods of the Underworld. Of these Khaine is the most well known, being the god of murder and war.

3.1.1 The Elven pantheon

All the nations of the Elves (Asur, Asray and Druchii) venerate and believe in several gods, which are believed to represent both the positive and also the negative aspects of the world. The differences between the three Elf nations is also shown in their veneration of the gods.

Cadai gods

The *Cadai* rule the Heavens. They are openly venerated and revered by the High Elves and by the Wood Elves. The High Elves seem to revere mainly Asuryan while the Wood Elves strongly venerate Kurnous and Isha. On the other hand, the Dark Elves seem to all but ignore them.

Asuryan, the Emperor of Heavens

Asuryan is the greatest and oldest of all the Elf gods. According to the High Elves he has been shaping their destiny according to his plan since the dawn of time. When a quarrel breaks out or there is a disagreement between the gods in heaven, his is the final say and the other gods submit to his judgment. From his diamond throne Asuryan observes the world, draped in a cloak of lustrous white feathers, bearing a sceptre and wearing a mask which is half white and half black. Asuryan can take the form of a Phoenix or a Great Eagle when he chooses, and he is sometimes known as the Phoenix King to many High Elves, despite the

ruler of Ulthuan sharing the same name.

The most common of Asuryan's symbols is a stylized pyramid with a phoenix in the centre spreading its huge wings. At the tip of the pyramid is portrayed the eternal flame as a sun shining rays of light. The chief temple to Asuryan is the Shrine of Asuryan on the Isle of Flame in the Inner Sea north of Lothorn. It is here that the new Phoenix King is tested before being crowned by passing through the ever-burning flame at the heart of the shrine.

Isha, the Mother, wife of Kurnous

Isha is the Elven Goddess of harvest and of natural bounty, mother of the earth and bringer of fertility. It was she who taught the Elves the skills of agriculture and how to care for the land in which they lived. With Isha's blessing the province of Avelorn remains free of winter's touch. Her husband is Kurnous, the God of the Hunt and she is the daughter of Asuryan and Lileath. She is a merciful god who sends aid to those most in need of it.

Isha is commonly portrayed as a gloriously beautiful elf maiden full of life, with long golden tresses flowing around her. Her symbol is an eye shedding a tear, which represents the tears Isha sheds for her mortal children, for although Elves are very long lived they are not immortal and must someday die. She is venerated across Ulthuan, but particularly in Avelorn where farmers give offerings to her temples in the hope of a good harvest. She is also considered one of the chief deities of the Wood Elves due to her connection to nature and her marriage to Kurnous.

The High Elves consider the Everqueen to be the symbol of and most beloved of Isha, while the Wood Elves believe that honour belongs to their queen Ariel. This is a source of contention between the races.

Kurnous, the Hunter, husband of Isha

Kurnous is the Elven God of the Hunt and Lord of Beasts, he is the spirit of untouched wilderness. Although he is said to have the ability to take the form of any forest creature at will, he is normally portrayed as a figure over ten foot tall, with an Elven body but the head and tail of a stag. Kurnous is the husband of Isha, and he is the ultimate hunter. His horn announces the Wild Hunt and calls his pack of hunting dogs to his side as he passes silently among the trees.



The Avatar of Kurnous

The Elves of Avelorn and the citizens of Ellyrion venerate Kurnous as their primary god. By never killing more than they must, hunters prove their loyalty to Kurnous. His affinity with the forest and wooded places holds a special significance with Wood Elves, and his living avatar is Orion, King of Athel Loren. Kurnous' holy places are deep in the forest, special clearings which are recognizable only to those who venerate him.

Kurnous is also said to have a connection to Taal, the god of nature in the Old World. They are both represented by a long-antlered stag's head.

Hoeth, god of Wisdom

Hoeth, the Lord of Wisdom and Knowledge, is the Elven god of learning and sorcery. Although one of the Elven pantheon and held in esteem by all of the High Elves, Hoeth does not have much of a priesthood nor an organized system of churches in Ulthuan, save at the White Tower of Hoeth. Yet all of the scholars, teachers, mages - all who seek truth and understanding are his servants in the world.

The centre of Hoeth's veneration is the White Tower, raised at the order of the Scholar King Bel-Korhadris where mages go to learn the art of High Magic. The White Tower is guarded by the Swordmasters of Hoeth, an ancient order of ascetic warrior-monks who stand guardian over the Tower and the scholars who dwell within. These devotees of the sword devote themselves to the veneration of Hoeth in no lesser manner than those who study High Magic, learning to control their bodies and their minds through meditation and exercise.

In traditional religious iconography, Hoeth is depicted as an elderly elf, clad in the robes of a Loremaster.

Vaul, the Maker

Vaul is the Elven god of smithing and metallurgy. It is said that before the creation of the world Vaul rescued Isha and Kurnous from the dungeons of Khaine by promising the War God one hundred swords. When the time came to complete the bargain Vaul had finished ninety nine blades, but made up the shortfall with an ordinary mortal blade. By this means he deceived Khaine for long enough to free the captive god and goddess. This was the beginning of the long struggle between Khaine and Vaul which is called the War in Heaven. Vaul forged the final blade, the sword that he had failed to finish for Khaine, and he made it the mightiest sword of all. He called it Anaris (Tar-Eltharin: dawnlight), and with this weapon he did battle with Khaine. The fight was long and Vaul did Khaine much hurt until the War God overpowered him and left him crippled. Khaine then chained Vaul to his own anvil with chains of iron and War in Heaven was won by the war god. Vaul is commonly depicted chained to his anvil as was his fate at the hands of Khaine after the War in Heaven. At other times he may be portrayed as a noble High Elf smithy carrying a hammer.

Vaul's symbols are those of the hammer and anvil. Priests of Vaul do not wear any special attire though they will proudly bear the sigils and symbols of their god.

Vaul is not especially known outside Ulthuan though most Elves will know of the Cult's existence. The smithy god's veneration is usually confined to High Elf armourers and weaponsmiths although some High Elves view Vaul more than a mere smithy, lending his

eneration to stonemasons and other artisans.

The main temple to Vaul, if it can be called that, is Vaul's Anvil in the High Elf kingdom of Caledor in Ulthuan. It is where the mightiest weapons are forged and where the most indomitable armours are fashioned. All High Elf forges contain a shrine dedicated to the smithy god.



Temple of Vaul - Caledor

The Order of Vaul is a priesthood of High Elves that venerated the Smith-God. Its followers ritually blinded themselves upon entry into their ranks with this act having a much greater meaning than simply depriving them of their eyesight. Whilst they lose their vision, they gain something much greater as these priests are empowered with the skill and shrewdness of their patron deity. Thus, they begin to understand the suffering and sorrow that Vaul had undergone in order to protect the Elves.

With this knowledge and wisdom, these priests can harness the Winds of Magic which they use to create enchanted weapons of incredible potency for the High Elves in the defence of Ulthuan.

They are not warriors, and would rather arm the defenders of Ulthuan than stand alongside them, but should the location of a long-lost artefact be discovered, or the shrine of Vaul itself be threatened, then let the enemies of the maker-god beware! Clad in the finest arms and armour imaginable, the metal legions of Vaul are a force to be reckoned with.

Loec, the Shadow Dancer

Loec, the dancer of the shadows, is the Elven god of laughter, tricks, and dance in the Warhammer World, who does partly the same things as Ladrielle. Elven legends tell that he often makes the elves' souls free

from hands of evil gods or the Gods of Chaos using funny tricks. However Loec also has a dark side: he is a god of shadows, night, vengeance, malicious tricks and Dark Magic. Though he fights for Elven souls, it is hard to say about him that he is good or even neutral.

Loec is often depicted as a lithely built Elf, his face hidden in perpetual shade. He dances often among the shadows, ready to leap out and play one of his tricks upon both mortal and god, whether for good or evil. Loec's followers are often identified by the rune of Arhain worn around their necks, or engraved upon the hilts of their knives.

While the cultists of Loec have no true temples, they may have personal shrines within their homes. Due to his very nature, he is most often associated with the wandering Shadow Warriors of Nagarythe. These warriors look upon his aid in traversing their lands and waylaying their foes. He is also paid tribute to during festival time, being a god of dance.

Lileath, the Maiden, daughter of Isha

Lileath is the Elven Goddess of Dreams and Fortune, also sometimes known as the Maiden. She is supposed to be the giver of dreams; those that have pleased her receive pleasurable dreams whereas those that have upset her receive nightmares. Lileath is portrayed as a gloriously beautiful Elf maid with white angelic wings, dressed in flowing garments of pure white gossamer and carrying the Staff of Lileath. Veneration of Lileath is popular among the seers of the High Elves who claim to divine the future through the interpretation of dreams.

Lileath was reputed to have given three gifts to the elves, known as the Blessings of Lileath. These were: the Star Crown, said to give the wearer vision of all times and places known to the Gods; the Amulet of Sunfire, which burned so bright and pure no evil creature could stand its presence; and the Staff of Lileath, which grants its wielder terrific arcane might. The Star Crown was shattered into many shards during The Sundering, the Amulet of Sunfire was lost when its wearer fell into the sea after his ship was caught in a great storm, while the Moon Staff of Lileath is currently in the possession of Teclis.

Ladrielle, god/dess of Festival

Ladrielle is a hermaphroditic god/goddess of art, song,

wine and fun. Every joy is also a prayer to Ladrielle. He/she is venerated by all elves and some people - minstrels. S/he is often depicted as an androgynous youth, with chalice of wine in hand, a harp in the other. Wrapped in the finest silken robes and a perpetually friendly smile upon her/his face.

The most common and prolific symbol associated with Ladrielle is that of a wine chalice. Upon which is engraved grape vines, harps and other symbols associated with festivities and parties.

Ladrielle has no temples and she is venerated in the hearts of those who dance gaily and with much merriment.

Cytharai gods

The *Cytharai* rule the Mirai, the Underworld. Rather than to venerate them the High Elves largely shun them and pay homage, trying to appease them. While small shrines exist in Ulthuan no priesthoods exist to serve them. The Dark Elves venerate them openly and the cult of Khaine is by far the most prominent and powerful religion in Naggaroth.

Ereth Khial, supreme goddess of the Underworld

Ereth Khial is the supreme Goddess of the underworld and second in power only to Asuryan. In the days before the Everqueen, Ereth Khial attempted to seduce Asuryan and when he resisted her, she flew into a rage and stole the souls of the Elves and imprisoned them in a Black pit, known as Mirai. It is said if ever Ereth Khial is so angered again, She will raise the dead, who will outnumber the living and eat them.

Khaine, god of murder, war, hatred, and destruction

Khaine is a god of warfare and murder, mainly venerated by the Dark Elves. High Elves venerate Khaine as their war god, and though they respect his power they are also mindful that the sword of Khaine cuts both ways. It was the sword of Khaine, the personification of bloodshed and violence, that drove Aenarion, first Phoenix King of the High Elves mad.

Khaine is openly venerated by the Dark Elves not as a god of war, but as a god of murder. This suits the harsh society of the Dark Elves, who view any sign of weakness as a fatal flaw. Holidays dedicated to Khaine invariably involve killing, such as the Harvest of Souls

and Death Night. Fuelled by the social Darwinism of Dark Elf culture, devotees of Khaine elevate killing to an art form and will gladly kill anyone - friend or foe - who displays vulnerability.

The great temple of Khaine is located in the city of Har Ganeth. It is a seat of great power, as the veneration of Khaine is by far the most popular and powerful religion in Naggaroth. Hellebron is his high priestess but her authority is challenged by Morathi.



Hellebron – High Priestess of Khaine

Morai-Heg, Goddess of Souls

Morai-Heg is also known as the Crone and is the keeper of all Elven souls. It is said that she keeps the fates of mortals in a skin rune pouch and at her behest she may grant an Elven soul to enter the world of the living again. It is believed that Morai-Heg knows every mortal secret. Morai-Heg is portrayed as a withered creature clad in tatty robes. Outside Elvenkind the Crone is almost unknown although there are certain followers of Morr, the Old World God of Death, that have heard of her and respect her.

Morei-Heg is symbolized by a gnarled staff and pouch. Mage-Priests of the Crone typically wear dark brown to black robes and carrying bent and gnarled staffs. Higher level Mage-Priests also have small pouches, as the symbol of fates of mortals, dangling from the top of the staff.

There are no true temples of Morei-heg although the palaces and castles of High Elf nobles will often contain a shrine dedicated to the Crone. The shrines themselves are nothing special and usually contain large bowls of smouldering coal.

Ellinill, the many-faced god of destruction

Ellinill is a many-faced god of destruction. He has more than a hundred guises, with which he wreaks mayhem and havoc upon the world. Each has a separate name and appearance, such as Hukon the god of earthquake, Addaioth the god of volcanoes and Estreuth the god of Drought. One of the most venerated aspects of Ellinill is Mathlann, the god of Storms. His most important temples being in Lothern and Marienburg.

Nethu, doorkeeper of the Underworld

Nethu is Ereth Khial's son. He is the doorkeeper of Mirai, the Underworld. He is depicted carrying a silver harp that he uses to tease the soul of an Elf from his body, and a heavy iron key for the gates of Mirai.

The orders that venerate Nethu are found between the most secretive ones and little is know. It is said that rites of Nethu allow converse with the spirits of the dead and there are legends of daring Elves who have tricked Nethu to gain access to the Underworld and learn the secrets of the deceased. Apparently, there are agents of Malekith living within the cities of Ulthuan that carve secret runes of Nethu upon the chambers of High Elf nobles and civic dignitaries. Once ensorcelled, their victims suffer a wasting ennui that drains both body and spirit. Some believe it was the power of Nethu that allowed Malekith to twist and torment the dreams of Morvael.

Anath Raema, goddess of the savage hunt

Anath Raema is the sister of Khaine and is the goddess of the savage hunt. It is from Anath Raema that Dark Elves are gifted the joy of the chase and the thrill of the kill. It matters not to Anath Raema who or what is hunted, for every living creature is seen as mere prey to this bloodthirsty goddess.

Anath Raema wears a belt of heads and hands of hunters who benefitted from her blessings and did not praise her in return. Her amorous advances were spurned by Kurnous and so she is also venerated by some Elves as a patron of jealous lovers; an avenging deity who will hunt down and slay those who have wronged her supplicants.

Hekarti, goddess of conjurations and Dark Magic

It was to Hekarti that Morathi first turned when she set out upon the long path to mastering sorcery. Hekarti is a goddess of conjurations and Dark Magic and from her the wizards of the Dark Elves draw much of their power. She has no shrine, save perhaps a small temple in the Dark Convent in Ghround for Hekarti is said to be everywhere. She is many-headed, like the Hydra so that she can see all of the winds of magic, and has six-arms to carry her sacred accoutrements; a serpent-headed staff, a heating heart, a scorpion, a broken arrow, a serrated dagger and a phial of orphan's tears.

With Hekarti's favour it is possible to tap directly into the Winds of Magic and unleash their full power. Such is the nature of Dark Elf sorcery, making their spells far more destructive than those of lesser races. Hekarti does not give her blessing for free though, and there is always a price to pay, in blood – The Sorceress's or someone else's. Hekarti cares not.

Atharti, goddess of pleasure and indulgence

Not much is known on Atharti, but most likely she is the Elven personification of Slaanesh, the Dark Prince, the Chaos god of pleasures, hedonism and indulgence.

Slaanesh, a god of Chaos

The worship of Slaanesh is forbidden by the High Elves and assuredly also by the Wood Elves. The penalty for this crime is death. Hidden within High Elf society some Slaaneshi cults exist which are persecuted and hunted down by the Sword Masters. The cult of Slaanesh is also forbidden by the Dark Elves and Hellebron seems intent upon the persecution and destruction of all Slaaneshi cults and the execution of all cultists. Nevertheless several Slaaneshi cults remain hidden within Dark Elf society, and Malekith and his mother Morathi seem to unofficially tolerate its followers using them as infiltrators and hidden agents in the eternal struggle against the High Elves.

3.1.2 Elven Priests

Elves are indeed very religious, in a similar way as other races are, and for sure they acknowledge the existence of the gods. Yet, differently from human, elves have a more rational approach to the concept of god. Elven scholars (and society in general) consider gods as real entities dwelling in the warp.

Elves therefore, honour their gods, and hold the appropriate ceremonies, but do not feel the need for a formalized structure to interact with them- each Elf holds his own communion with the gods, and they do not obtain any esoteric powers directly from the deities, as humans believe they do, by praying to their gods.

While humans worship, elves venerate.

While humans follow a dogma, elves observe and learn.

While human priests direct the masses, Elven seers guide.

While human priests are fanatic zealots, Elven clerics are scholars and seers.

Davandrel, elven mystic

Elfs are race strongly attuned to the land and to the Aethyr. Indeed some elves show a especial talent to commune with the land and the gods, and they arise as strong spiritual leaders for their people. These individuals, are capable of listening to the gods by reading the omens and portents they provide. Many are mystics or seers, who wander the land providing counsel and soothing the souls of elves. On the other hand, others belong to a certain cults or temples devoted to an elven god, they are commonly referred as priests or cultists.

In some regards, elven priests are very similar to their human counterparts. They conduct all kind of ceremonies and rituals; they provide spiritual and body rest to elfs who travel to the temples; they protect and keep the temples and shrines around Ulthuan; and some of them even hold places of certain power in politics and moral justice in the courts of Elven nobles. Nevertheless, elves do not possess an structured church system as humans have, and ceremonies in cults of a certain god may vary from temple to temple. Note also, that elven priest do not offer regular sermons or teach dogmas to the people, but rather expose their communications with the gods. Shrines and temples are rather places where



Temple Priest of Lileath

the presence of the god is more evident, and elves use them to easily commune with their deities.

All in all, in society, elven spiritual guides have a similar role as the human priests. Without a doubt, the elven common folk and nobles show similar respect to their spiritual leaders, independently from being a wandering farseers or high cult priest, as human show to their priests. Often these spiritual leaders also enjoy from certain privileges, in a similar way as a priest does. An important difference with human priests is that elven clerics are not per se magical practitioners, any magic they know, they have learned earlier in Saphery. In this regard, it is not uncommon at all to find Farseers and Cult High Priests capable of weaving potent High Magic spells. Indeed, in elven society it is commonly known that

magic comes from the Aethyr and many High Priest are former Loremasters from the White Tower of Hoeth, capable of casting powerful healing spells or banishing a demon with a simple word.

Rules for Elven Mystics and Clerics

Omens and Portents

Mystics, Seers, Farseers, Cult Initiates, Cult Priests and Cult High Priests are able to interpret Omens and Portents as described in *Signs of Faith* pg. 32.

The formal rules proposed in *Signs of Faith* for the interpretation of omens and portents state that on the occurrence of comets or chaos stars during a *Piety* or an *Invocation* checks, an omen has manifested to the priest. If one wants to apply a similar rule for elves, substitute *Invocation* for *Magical Sight* checks; so that for an elf Mystic, Seer, Farseer, Cult Initiate, Cult Priest or Cult High Priest character, an omen manifest when he rolls comets or chaos stars in a *Magical Sight* or *Piety* check.

Favour and Disfavour

Since elves do not worship their gods (they more venerate them) apart from certain specific days when they perform rituals to honour or peace a certain god, neither they cast spells under the name of the god, it is not recommended to apply the rules for Favour and Disfavour to High Elves. Nonetheless, gods are real, so if the GM sees it appropriate, he can use some of the rules listed in *Signs of Faith* under *Favour and Disfavour* to represent a godly manifestation.

For the rest, the same rules for priests appearing in *Signs of Faith* (i.e. *Source of Power and Holy Symbols*) can be applied to elven characters, saving those referring to invocations.

Similar to Priests, Elven Cultists have access to cult related skills. Special cult skills are suggested that represent the sorts of activities the various cults specialise in and that might be picked up in the life of a priest of that order. The GM can offer these options as career skills if he feels they better reflect the activities of a priest character in his campaign. If the GM agrees, these additional skills can apply to all careers in the cultist path.

Special skills for the more common high elven cults are provided below:

Cult Skills

Asuryan: Discipline (WP), Weapon Skill (St)
Isha: Medicine (Int), Nature Lore (Int)
Kuornos: Animal Handling (Fel), Nature Lore (Int)
Hoeth: Discipline (WP), Observation (Int)
Vaul: Magical Sight (Int), Tradecraft (St)
Loec: Skulduggery (Ag), Guile (Int)
Lileath: Discipline (WP), Magical Sight (Int)
Ladrielle: Folklore (Int), Coordination (Ag)
Khaine : Intimidate (St), Weapon Skill (St)
Moraig-Heg: Discipline (WP), Intimidate (St)
Mathlann (aspect of Ellinill): Folklore (Int), Nature Lore (Int)

Note on Vaul cultists

All Vaul cultist blind themselves. Nonetheless, they have developed an uncanny world consciousness through the magical sight and learn to compensate their incapacity through the sharpening of the other senses. They suffer a permanent penalty of one ■ misfortune dice to all sight related tests. Note that they do not suffer any further penalty due to the lack of light or blinded condition.



Shrine of Isha in Tyranoc

4. High Elves Outside Ulthuan

Nowadays, High Elves have two main bastions in the lands of the men (where they are commonly referred as Sea Elfs), Marienburg and L'Anguille (the ancient High Elf town of Tor Alessi).

4.1 Marienburg

Marienburg is by far the biggest settlement of Asur in the lands of men. Marienburg is a city of islands, bridges and canals. When travellers arrive here, usually from the sea or after sailing through the fens on the Reik, the first thing that strikes them is how it rises from the water like some behemoth, safe behind the massive wall of the Vloedmuur, unconcerned with anything around it. The second thing that strikes them is how crowded all the islands are, with every inch taken up by residences, shops and warehouses, even on the bridges. The third and final thing that strikes the new arrival is the need for a large parasol when travelling the canals under the bridges or beneath overhanging windows.

Marienburg's islands are the remnants of the land on which stood the ancient High Elf port of Sith Rionnasc'namishathir, (Fortress of the Star-Gem on the Sandy Coast), the Vloedmuur itself following the



*"- Be it known among all peoples for all time: that the Merchant Houses of Westerland are named the exclusive agents of the Elfs of Ulthuan for all goods of the New World brought to the Old.
- that the Elfs of Ulthuan agree to provide aid both military and magical to this Barony of Westerland in time of war.
- that the Elfs of Ulthuan shall be Our exclusive agents for the sale of the goods of the Old World in the New.
- that, in return for such considerations, We, Baron Matteus van Hoogmans of Westerland, Baron of Marienburg, First Sea Lord of the Empire, etc., etc., do grant to the High King of Ulthuan perpetual sovereignty over the islands of Geldern, Zeeburg, Oranjekoft, Rijksgebouw, Vlotshuis and Westerleer, there to build houses for His people and a harbour for His ships, for so long as the terms of this treaty are kept.
-All this is done on the 17th day of Erntezeit, I.C. 2150, under the benevolent witness of Manaan, Sigmar and Haendryk."*

Extract of the Treaty of Amity and Commerce

outline of the old Elven fortress wall. By the time Man arrived, nothing but broken ruins remained on the surface, though their foundations provided the base for future building. Why these islands remained above water while the swamp swallowed so much of the surrounding land is a mystery, though scholars of the College of Navigation have speculated that it may have something to do with Elven High Magic, the obscure runes of which have been found in the deepest ruins' chambers.

Most important to understand Marienburg live, politics and economy is that it is a free city state, and therefore it is bound to many different alliances in order to survive. Ulthuan is Marienburg's key alliance. If the Wasteland is an acrobat on a tightrope, and if the Empire and Bretonnia are the jaws of death on either side, then the treaty with the High Elven Kingdom of Ulthuan is the balance pole that keeps her on the high wire. Few are willing to risk a war with the power of the Elves. Not only must would-be conquerors worry about the High Elves and their marines and wizards, but what influence does Ulthuan have over the Wood Elves of the Loren and Laurelorn Forests? For 400 years, this alliance has been the city's ace-in-the-hole, to be laid on the table in moments of crisis.



When the Treaty of Amity and Commerce was signed in 2150 I.C., both Marienburg and the High Elves were at pains to assure Imperial officials that the agreement was meant to preserve the unity of the Empire. In fact, when the House of van der Maacht failed during the Incursions of Chaos and the Counts of Moussillon claimed the throne, High Elf squadrons appeared off Bretonnian ports as if to remind King Pierre III "Le Flatulant" of the price of adventure. To the disgust of his nobles, King Pierre was satisfied merely to gather his army and make noises along the border.

But no one outside the innermost circle of power in Marienburg knew about the secret protocols that bound the Elves to defend Marienburg against all attackers. It became painfully clear, though, after the defeat of the Imperial Army of the Lower Reik when Count Zelt was forced to surrender his sword to a High Elf wizard before a combined force of Wastelander militia and High Elf Marines. Whatever their reasons, the High Elf Kingdom of Ulthuan has committed itself to the defence of Marienburg.

Marienburg gets solid benefits from its relationship with Ulthuan besides military protection. The Treaty also secures her predominant role in New World trade. Ever since Erik the Lost found the New World in 2000 IC., explorations from the Old World have grown more frequent. As Old Worlders grew more confident sailing the deep ocean, they sent more and more ships to trade and raid the natives there. They also sent colonists, who would send goods back only on the ships of their own lands.

While preaching free trade, the arrival of the High Elves gave Marienburg a golden opportunity to grab the most profitable business for themselves. The Elves have contacts in the New World that give them access to the most precious goods in quantities far higher than Old Worlders can find on their own, and these rarities can only be sold through Marienburg. If a grandee of Bilbali wants the finest Lustrian sapphires for his lady's new necklace, then he has to send to the Wasteland for them.

The relationship isn't at all one-sided. While

Marienburg isn't required (so far as anyone knows) to give the Elves military aid, goods sent from Marienburg to the New World must travel on High Elf clippers. Given Marienburg's place as the commercial capital of the Old World and its near choke-hold over exports from the Empire and the East, Ulthuan has made a fabulous amount of money from the deal. Their regular patrols of the sea lanes between the two continents makes smuggling difficult, as does their habit of sinking all ships carrying contraband, seizing the goods, and then selling them through Marienburg. It also lets Ulthuan control all access to the New World. What they don't want the Old Worlders to find there is anyone's guess.

There are political benefits for the High Elf Kingdom, too. The re-establishment of Sith Rionnasc gives them a window onto the affairs of the Old World, letting them keep a close watch on developments there. Though long separated from their kin in the Loren and Laurelorn forests, the High Elves, through the High Elf Exarch in Sith Rionnasc, have established themselves as patrons and protectors of their continental cousins. When the Grand Duke of Middenland a few years ago began to gather troops to enforce his claim to the right to farm portions of Laurelorn, a quiet word from Sith Rionnasc was enough to put the matter to rest. Whether the Wood Elves appreciate this concern is another matter.

3.1.1 Elftown

Marienburg is home to what is one of the most unusual spots in the Old World: Sith Rionnasc's *namishathir*, the Elf Quarter, known formally as the Continental Exarchate of the High Kingdom of Ulthuan, called 'Elfsgemeente' by the *Stadsraat* and simply known as 'Elftown' by the locals.

Set at the mouth of the *Rijksweg* Channel, on its north bank, and perched uneasily between the opulence of *Guilderveld* and the poverty of the Flats, Elftown is literally a piece of the High Elf Kingdom, the last remnant of their millennia-gone empire. Through the eyes and ears of his High Elf subjects here, the Phoenix King keeps apprised of Old World doings from his throne at Lothorn, and also maintains a benevolent, if not always appreciated watch over the Wood Elves of the Loren and Laurelorn forests.

The enclave at Sith Rionnasc's *namishathir* is also profitable for both Elves and Men. The High Elves

are by far the world's greatest ocean travellers, and the carrying trade between the Old World, Cathay, Ind and the New World brings riches back to Ulthuan. In particular, the High Elves claim that they have exclusive trading rights with Lustria and most of its coveted goods are sold by them alone. It is a claim which some Marienburgers refuse to recognise, however, and although battles within the city over it are rare, stories of ambushed expeditions, piracy and sinking's are told by both sides.

'Star-Gem-by-the-Sea' is also the port of choice for High Elves setting out on a grand tour of the Old World. Here they can have a taste of home before they go out to rough it amongst the natives. Those whose sensibilities are too delicate often venture no farther than the bistros at Elftown's edge, content to view the swarming masses of humanity from a safe distance.

To the casual tourist, Sith Rionnasc's *namishathir* seems much like any other well-to-do portion of Marienburg, albeit cleaner. But first impressions are deceptive. Broad canals form the main avenues, lit at the intersections by silvery lamps. The chief waterway leads from Elfgate Bridge, the main entry to the quarter, past the glittering shops and bistros to the Grand Circle Canal, a favourite with Marienburg lovers because of the beautiful park it surrounds. From the Grand Circle and the other boulevard canals branch narrower side-channels that lead between the islands which support the clan mansions and the docks. These are private ways, limited to the Elves, their guests and those who have business with the clans. Trespassers are turned away by details of High Elf Watchmen who patrol in fast boats.

The clans live in sprawling complexes known as the Mansions, although they are more than that. Not only is each home to more than eighty Elves, but there are halls for entertainment, private study and meditation areas, and docks and workshops for individuals' private boats. Many of the manses are built around a small bay where private craft may dock, with the entrances facing this pool, the outer walls projecting a nearly blank face to the world. Some Mansions have grown so large over the centuries that they cover most of an island: winding corridors sometimes lead to wings that are rarely used, perhaps even forgotten.

The canals themselves are kept pure and clean by the magic of High Elf loremasters in the service of the clans. Though these are an occasional bone of contention with Marienburg's Board of Public Health, good relations with Elftown are too important for the Staadtholder to raise more than a perfunctory protest.



Tarmonagh din-Ciobahn - Exarch of Elftown

Government

Though the maps hanging in the city's offices and sold in its cartographers' shops show Elftown as one of many wards of Marienburg, the Exarchate is its own separate town and community, albeit with its fortunes tied closely to those of Marienburg. It governs itself, making its own laws and enforcing them with its own Watch.

Elftown's affairs are guided by a council of the Lords of the eight clans in Sith Rionnasc'namishathir, headed by the Exarch, the Phoenix King's Viceroy in the Old World. The current Exarch is Tarmonagh din-Ciobahn, Lord of Clan Ulliogtha and grandson of Sullandiel. Though young to hold the position, he takes his responsibilities seriously and sees himself as protector of the interests of all the Elves of the Old World. His active and somewhat haughty nature has bred resentments among the Directors, the courts of the various Old World kingdoms, and even among the Elves of the forests, but his faithfulness to the treaty and his skills at diplomacy have earned him great respect.

The clans are generally free to order their own affairs. Each Elf is answerable for their actions to their Clan Lord, who may impose penalties for minor crimes such as public drunkenness or brawling. Punishments include, among other things, a reduction in the share from a voyage's profits or extra duties aboard ship. Greater crimes, including any involving residents of Marienburg are tried by the Exarch and his council.

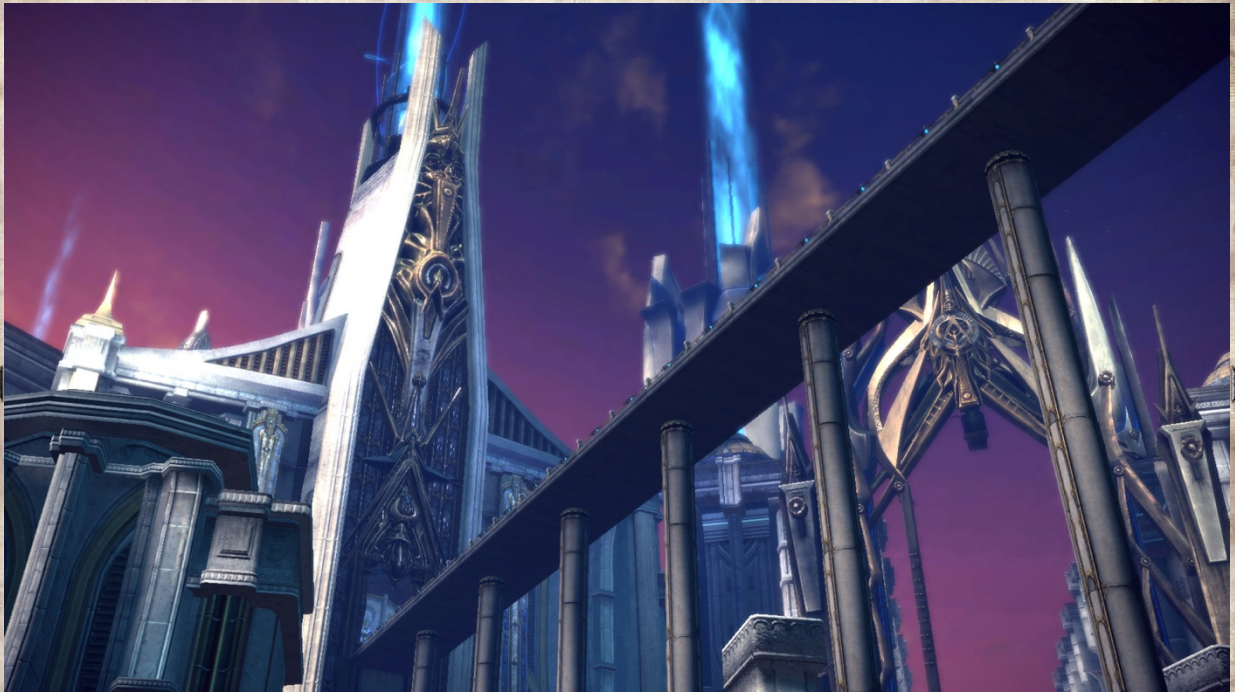
Once each year, on the spring equinox, the Elves of Sith Rionnasc gather at the Hall of the Four Winds to honour Mathlann, their equivalent of Manann, and to mark the start of the trading season. An open council is held at which all Elves may speak freely. They may voice their opinions on any matter and criticize the Exarch and the Clan Lords without fear. Elves may even apply for adoption by a different clan, if they feel unfairly treated by their own. This meeting also sees new clan lords confirmed in their offices.

The most recent gathering erupted in violence when the assembly removed Mearoseagh Strongbreeze as head of Clan Lianllach when he was revealed as a smuggler and slaver. He killed two Manniocs-Quish who tried to arrest him and vanished in a cloud of coppery smoke as he fled from the Hall. His whereabouts are unknown, though rumour has it that he has taken refuge with his allies, the wrecker cult of Stromfels. The Exarchate has tried to keep knowledge of the scandal from spreading into the rest of the city itself, though garbled versions of it have reached the Fog-Walkers and the Directorate, who are interested in learning more.

Law

Elftown (Elfsgemeente), while technically a part of Marienburg, is governed under High Elf law. By the Treaty of Amity and Commerce, all crimes involving Elves – even Wood Elves from the interior of the continent - fall under the authority of the Phoenix King of Ulthuan through his regent, the Exarch of Sith Rionnasc'namishathir.

Similar to the Star Chamber, the Exarch claims authority over crimes committed by non-Elves against Elves, even if said crime happened in Marienburg proper. High Elf law is different to Marienburg's, more subtle in many ways, and many lawyers have found themselves entangled in it and their clients unexpectedly found guilty.



The Exarch Palace – Elftown, Marienburg

People accused are brought before the Exarch for judgment under the laws of Ulthuan. Those convicted in Elftown face punishments roughly similar to those in Marienburg: minor offences warrant fines or floggings, while serious crimes such as murder and arson earn the culprit a sentence of death by drowning. The Elves do not maintain jails.

Elftown's Watch is known around Marienburg as the Mannikins, a corruption of the Tar-Eltharin word Manniocs-quinsh, or 'Guardians of the Peace'. Though they have the authority to make arrests for crimes involving Elves anywhere in the Wasteland, under most circumstances they do not leave Elftown - not since the riots of 2391, which erupted after the arrest and execution of two men who had killed an Elf in a fight. More often they rely on the City Watch to arrest and extradite suspects. Anxious to maintain good relations with the Elves, the Directorate has ordered that this be done as efficiently as possible. This means that the suspect is often arrested, hauled across the Elfgate bridge and handed over within hours, with no way to appeal for help.

If a case is important and the need is urgent, the Mannikins will operate undercover outside their own quarter. Though the Watch has no love of them for this, their orders are to stand aside rather than risk an incident.

Relations with the City

Though Elftown has a political role as Ulthuan's window on the Old World, trade is its life-blood and its reason for being. From the secret deals of the clan lords with Marienburg's merchant-princes to the labourers who work as house servants, Wastelanders' feelings about Sith Rionnasc are shaped by its commerce with all layers of the City's society.

Many of Marienburg's working poor serve the Elves as domestic staff - housemaids, kitchen staff (though the chefs are inevitably Halflings), lackeys and valets, among others. They arrive before dawn and leave well after dark, for Humans are not allowed to live in Sith Rionnasc, save for a trusted handful who serve as major-domos in the clan mansions. They are paid well: an average of 20% above the going rate in Marienburg.

The merchants of Marienburg deal with the Sea Elves in two ways. The average member of the Export - Import 'Change will trek to the early-morning auction in the Hall of Trade each week, to view the available merchandise and bid on it in an open auction. The bidding is as fast and furious as anything seen in the 'Change, since everyone knows that goods brought by the Elves sell quickly and bring a fine profit. But all this is "salt water", according to

Marienburgers, compared to the kind of deals made between the Elven clan lords and the heads of the city's great trading houses. Hidden away in club rooms and the opulent salons of the clan mansions, the richest merchants bargain for the most sought-after goods: rare alchemicals from Lustria, cloth of Cathayan spider-silk and spices from the Isles of the Monkey King, south of Ind. The Elf Lords prefer dealing with regular customers for their best wares, men who will pay a hefty price to have the best goods set aside for them. And since many of these same clients sit on the Directorate, they are expected to remember favours done when considering matters of interest to the Exarchate.

Yet not everybody is happy with the ways that the cards are stacked. Marienburgers are entrepreneurs by nature and many merchants chafe under the Elves' monopoly of the Lustrian trade. Many also resent the favours shown to the great merchants, and feel heated that the best goods aren't put up for auction.

In recent years, some have moved beyond resentment. Several High Elf clipper ships have vanished on their way back from the New World. The ships and crews have never been seen again, but their rich cargoes have appeared in other Old World markets. Whispers have it that a consortium of powerful merchants - perhaps even the Directorate - are backing pirates operating out of Bretonnian and Estalian ports. The most scandalous gossip says that this group has connections to the Stromfels cult, though nothing has ever been proven.

On a smaller scale, merchandise sometimes vanishes from the warehouses of the great mercantile houses, independent traders or the holds of moored boats and secretly wends its way up-river to the Empire or along the old highway to Bretonnia. If a warehouseman isn't corruptible, Marienburg's many gangs are happy to arrange a break-in.

The Elves of Sith Rionnasc are undoubtedly least popular with the Stevedores and Teamsters guild and the Pilots Association. Only Elves are allowed on the Elftown docks, and Clan Aisellion provides all the loading, unloading and hauling services within Sith Rionnasc's namishathir. Dockers who go looking for work are only offered the lowest menial labour, at rates far below what they earn on Suiddock. Their resentment at the Elves' high-handed treatment has

lead to angry debates at guild meetings and to demands that Guildmaster Cobbibus do something about it. Frustration has recently boiled over into violence, with several incidents of Elf-bashing. So far the incidents have been relatively minor and easily papered over, but the first overreaction by either side will lead to serious trouble.

The Clans of Elftown

High Elf clans have divided the tasks of day-to-day life into areas of nearly exclusive responsibility, mutually agreed upon by all clans in a particular region. They are bound neither by the legal charters of Human guilds nor the unbending traditions of the Dwarfs. Each Sea Elf clan is free to change their area of responsibility every few generations to seek new avenues of growth and development.

Eight clans of Sea Elves make their home in Sith Rionnasc's namishathir, along with many other NaSbathiri (clanless) Elves, including a few High and Wood Elves among them. The four most important clans are detailed below.

Clan Ullioctha

The largest and most important of Sith Rionnasc's clans is headed by the Exarch himself. Because of the honour brought to the clan by Sullandiel Fartrader's role in the refounding of Sith Rionnasc, it is known as the Bdon-Shathiras (noble-explorer) clan. Clan Ullioctha owns the most ships of the eight clans and has important trade contacts in the Lustrian interior, the South Lands and Ind. It also has the most widespread dealings with the City's merchant houses, and tries to stay friendly with them all.

The clan is in financial trouble because of recent shipping losses on the New World to Marienburg route. Two clippers laden with valuable trade goods have vanished in the past year with no trace, and the clan's agents are pressuring the House of Fooger to pay its claim.

Clan Aisellion

Headed by Gilleriad Fairwind, Clan Aisellion is a doiramasuctb, a service clan. It has devoted itself to providing those services necessary to the maintenance of Sith Rionnasc: dockworkers, warehouse operations, watch patrols, and overseeing the Hall of Trade. Lord Gilleriad treats all clans equally and maintains strict neutrality in any inter-clan dispute. Aisellion has few

ships, which concentrate on trade with Araby and the South Lands.

Clan Lianllach

Known as the hardest bargainers and most ruthless competitors, Clan Lianllach has no lord at the moment, being led by a Council of Wavemasters after the treason of their previous clan chief. It has the second largest fleet, after Clan Ulliogtha, and trades extensively in Nippon, Cathay and the New World. Late-night whispers have it that it also maintains an illegal commerce with the Dark Elves of Naggarond, though this is unproven. It is aggressive and chauvinistic in its dealings with Marienburg and the other clans, and is largely responsible for any reputation for arrogance the Elves have in the City.

Clan Tallaindeloth

Headed by Lady Angaliel Tallaindeloth, 'the

Impulsive', this clan is known as a doiricshathir, a "curious clan". Strong individualists in a race already considered eccentric by most Humans, Clan Tallaindeloth has produced some of the most noted Sea Elf explorers of the past several centuries. Driven by an insatiable urge to go further, their ships will sail anywhere at any time, seemingly at random.

Trade is often a secondary motive for the Tallaindeloth: they will divert from their course at the drop of a hat to explore new coasts or to simply check the accuracy of old charts. They have even tried to map the warped coasts of the Northern Chaos Wastes. Since their travels have frequently taken them to areas filled with unknown dangers, Clan Tallaindeloth boasts the largest number of wizards of all Elftown's clans. The skills of the clan members are of such repute that several have lectured at Baron Henryk's College of Navigation.



For more information about the city of Marienburg, check the awesome 1st edition Warhammer Role Play Game supplement

*Marienburg
Sold down the River*

Gillieriad Fairwind – and Clan Aisellion Men-at-Arms

4.2 High Elf Nobility Outside Ulthuan

The expanded rules for nobility presented in chapter five of *Lure of Power*, describe in detail, and present some new rules, on how to play a noble and /or a noble born character in the Empire. While all the background presented in the aforementioned chapter refers (and is clearly aimed) to humans in the Empire, the rules as per se, allows a Dwarf or an Elf (or by defect an outsider to the Empire) to be of noble birth and have all the advantages and disadvantages of nobility, together with its obligations (see Appendix 1: Correspondence with Dan Clark). This left me with a bit of an unsettling feeling. What I present here is a dissertation on how to slightly change the background present in chapter five of *Lure of Power*, to make it more appropriate to fit an elf noble character in the lands of the Empire. Altogether, there are also presented a set of optional rules that may be used eventually to further stress cultural differences.

This dissertation is done under the assumption that no human noble, under any concept, while grant lands or any political power to an elf. Of course, this is up to the personal decision of every GM, and what happened once (see Marienburg) can of course happen again.

Finally, I believe that with little modifications, the rethinking and optional rules here presented can be used for human noble lords travelling to foreign lands (like Bretonnia or Kislev); or vice versa, to Dwarfs, Kieslevite or Bretonnian nobles travelling to the land of the Empire.

4.2.1 The Noble's Obligations

The obligations described in *Lure of Power* still hold true for the elf noble character. He has to full fill them if he does not want to lose his titles, properties and lands. Still, some reconsiderations must be taken into account. Typically, the elf noble, while in the Empire, will have to hold true to his obligations with his own people in his homeland; while at the same time, show respect and proper behaviour for the human culture and manners.

1) Loyalty to land of Ulthuan, to the Phoenix King and the Everqueen, and to his liege lord. Respect the High Nobility of the Empire.

The Elf noble, while in the Empire, must also hold to

this. If he defames Ulthuan, the Phoenix King or the Everqueen, and word reaches to Ulthuan, he will immediately suffer the consequences.

In the case that the elf noble holds some lands in Ulthuan, it is expected that the steward, or by default those who rule in the absence of the Elf noble, cover the obligation dutifully. If those who are in charge fail in this task (willingly or unwillingly), the shameful situation will surely reach the elf noble sooner or later.

Additionally, it is expected that the elf noble shows respect to the Empire, the Emperor and to other high ranked nobles. Failing to do so, may incur in dire diplomatic consequences.

2) Keep law and order within one's domain, and continue paying taxes to one's liege lord. This and loyalty are the most fundamental obligations of a noble. While this stricture obviously applies to a noble who actually holds a grant of land, its principles still apply even to landless nobles, who are expected to never contribute to lawlessness and disorder.

It is expected that the Elf noble, while in the Empire, behaves under its rules, without contributing to chaos and disorder. Unless of course, he wants to start his own little war.

If applicable, the noble's steward will act both as ruler and judge in his absence in the noble's lands. If the land owned by the noble is very extensive, he may need also to pay for a travelling judge and some men-at-arms. The levying of taxes, as well as the payment of taxes to the liege lord, must be accurately done by a money counter.

3) Only Elven gods can be venerated within the noble lands. Although, balance between Cadai and Cytharai gods is not required. Respect the gods of the humans. While in far lands, the noble elf character must continue to venerate his elven gods. Worshiping a non elven deity will suppose a grievous offense for the noble's family and other elven peers, nothing to say if the noble surrenders to the temptation of the Dark gods.

Furthermore, to avoid any conflict (and possible any harm to his person), the elf noble must show respect for the primitive and crude believes of the humans, at least while in company of other humans.

GM note: Owning Lands

High rank nobles or nobles of prestige who have portions of lands under their charge, will need to relay many of the obligations to well prepared and expensive retainers while they are abroad. Those retainers must be able to operate quite independently in the absence of the lord. The failure of a retainer to successfully carry up such obligations will directly impact the lord, no matter how far he may be, as if he would have made the fault personally. Therefore, the choose of an able an loyal retainer is a must for travelling nobles.

Optional: The cost of living abroad

As guidelines, a noble holding lands, a manor or a keep, who plan to be absent for a long period of time needs to leave at his homeland at least, a highly skilled and loyal Steward to rule in his absence, and a Money Counter to account for taxes and in general to rule the local economy. Additionally, he will also need some garrisoned men-at-arms to hold an apply the steward's laws, some tax collectors, and if the noble holds large extends of land, he may need one or more travelling judges to help the steward. Although there is no defined retainer to cover these tasks, all this costs money, as a rule of thumb, to account for all these extras, increase the weekly upkeep of the Steward retainer by 10s for each noble rank of the PC above 2. For rank 5 nobles who rule over vast lands, these costs might be even ten times bigger.

This optional rule is adequate if the player is planning to incarnate any noble of high prestige, like a Knight, a Lord or a Prince.

The obligation of the proper veneration of elven gods in the lands of the noble (if any) is of uttermost importance. If it is discovered that some of the inhabitants of the nobles' land have neglected the veneration of elven gods, or worse, if they worship forbidden gods, the consequences can be extremely dire for the noble family if they do not act swiftly.

4) *Courage and valour in the face of the foes of Ulthuan. The common folk look to the nobility to lead them in times of darkness and protect them from the enemies of the land.*

This obligation finds near to no alteration at all. It is expected that the elf noble pursues the common

enemies to both the Empire and Ulthuan, and helps the Empire with new threats that can affect Ulthuan. The elf noble must not forget at any moment that the Empire stands as a shield in between Ulthuan and the forces of Chaos.

5) *The highest standards of morality and decency, as prescribed by the Elven Clans and the standards of the region. In most cases this means a noble must be unfailingly honest, law-abiding, chaste, and restrained. Gambling, over-indulgence, and consorting with women of ill-repute are marks of immoral behaviour and a poor example to the common folk.*

It is expected that the noble, wherever he might be, will continue to fight the foe's of Ulthuan and behave exemplary. If word reaches one of the many ears that Ulthuan keeps around the Empire that the noble is acting negligently or cowardly, reports will arrive sooner than later to the liege lord or even to the Phoenix King or to the Everqueen. Additionally, when a High Elf noble travels to a foreign land, it is expected by his peers that he respects local traditions whenever they do not fall in conflict with High Elf traditions. The noble must be also a good ambassador of Ulthuan.

This hold not only true for the noble himself while in the Empire, but to any retainers the noble has in charge in his homeland who act in behalf of the elf noble during his absence. The men of the noble should protect the dwellers of the land and should behave and rule with morality and decency following the elven society highest standards.

6) *Obedience towards one's betters and especially to one's family.*

The elf noble lord must proudly be an emissary of his own house and /or liege lord in Ulthuan. When he speaks, he does it in the name of his family and liege lord, but ultimately he also represents in some degree the willing of the Phoenix King.

Rigorously speaking, no elf noble holds any strict obedience to a foreign lords, although as stated above, he must be a proper emissary of his land.

Finally, as in all the other cases, the obligations of the noble in the lands of Ulthuan are transferred to any stewards ruling in his name during his absence. Therefore, his retainers must show obedience to the higher lords of Ulthuan, and unless stated otherwise,

to the noble's own family.

Failing to the Noble's Obligations

Consequences of failing to live up to the noble's ideals are covered in Lure of Power pg. 29. While the mechanics hold well for elven nobles living in the Empire, there are some subtle remarks that are worth to mention.

From one side, failures due to negligence of the noble's retainers in Ulthuan to fulfil the six listed obligations or similar ones, will swiftly affect the PC when dealing with envoys from Ulthuan. It will also immediately affect any social interaction within the boundaries of Ulthuan if he returns (may be returning to make an amend to the situation). Contrary, the impact on social interactions within the Empire will be slower, and will reach full effect only when other nobles from the Empire have heard enough histories coming from Ulthuan which have convinced them from their veracity.

Therefore, a noble character may poses certain abilities or a certain noble rank when dealing with Ulthuan, and different ones when dealing with the Empire. In a situation where both factions are present, apply the worst condition.

It is up to the GM criteria to decide what is "swift" and what is "slower".

On the other hand, failure to behave as a noble within the Empire boundaries and to follow the obligations of nobility (obligations like the ones described in 3 and 4 are of extreme relevance here) will have and immediate impact on the social interactions of the PC with the Empire nobility, but will reach with certain delay the coast of Ulthuan.



If the noble character fails to hold his obligations within one of the factions boundaries (Empire, High Elves, Wood Elves, Bretonnia...) and his deeds reach the ears of the other faction, he will have to amend his failures and mistakes for both factions independently. It is not enough to amend the situation in one land and wait for the news to reach the other land.

4.2.2 High Elf Nobles and the Imperial Tiers

In general a high elf noble characters outside Ulthuan is NOT automatically considered Gold Tier. The treatment he receives will depend vastly from individual to individual.

High Elf nobles and the Imperial Gold Tier

Typically, the nobility and in general the *Gold Tier* of the Empire recognizes High Elf nobles as *Gold Tier* and will treat them with respect.

It is not rare, that the fine clothes, refined manners and fancy looks of a High Elf noble and his followers impresses lesser nobles. These lesser nobles may even vainly imitate High Elf noble manners and costumes in an attempt to differentiate from other human nobles. Sometimes even creating funny looking fashions. On a more important level, high rank nobles who hold places of real power within the Empire, recognizes the High Elven clans as a worthy allies, and definitely they won't risk offending the High Elf noble and start a diplomatic conflict with Ulthuan. Similarly, relevant rich merchant families within the Empire will easily see the opportunity to expand their business inside the boundaries of Ulthuan. Therefore, they may be interested in ingratiate the High Elf noble.

High Elf nobles and the Imperial Silver Tier

Within the Silver Tier of the Empire, practicality and pragmatism is what really matters. Here, the treatment that the High Elf noble will receive will depend greatly on the ambitions and personal interests of the individual.

Merchants who see any opportunity of enriching themselves by dealing with the High Elf noble or his family, will with no doubt treat the elf noble with all respects and unctuousity needed. On the other hand, merchants who don't see any profit either in gold or in reputation by dealing with an elf, compressively will not be interested in doing any special dealing

with the elf. A clever enough merchant will always find the words to politely refuse to deal with an elf noble. For example, a merchant may not be interested in selling a superior craftsmanship blade to the “supposed” elf lord, if the merchant is not confident that by selling it to the elf will report him some recognition within the “real” Imperial Gold Tier.

All in all, in the Silver Tier what matters are the tangible coins. If a High Elf noble is able to prove and show how rich he is, no doubts the Silver Tier will look onto him as a milky cow who must be carefully treated.

They come with their fancy looking clothes, escorted by a swarm of buttering flies, and claiming that they are I don't know who from a distant land I have never heard off! The only thing that impresses me is a bag full of shiny gelts!

Koen Timmermans – Shopkeeper of Middenheim

High Elf nobles and the Imperial Brass Tier

The privileges of the High Elf noble end up here abruptly. All the respect the Brass Tier holds for their nobles and the Gold Tier come from relevant and tangible facts like

- Imperial nobility holds the lands where the brass tier lives.
- Imperial nobility protects them with their armies.
- Imperial nobility represents the the law.

In a normal situation none of this holds true for a high elf noble in the lands of the Empire, consequently they won't find any respect nor sympathy within the majority of the Brass Tier. There may be situations though, where a liege lord may inform his people along the land to treat the visiting elf noble with respect. Nonetheless, this typically does not reach further than his most immediate servants. It may take a long time, even full human generations, for the brass tier of a region to get use to such an stranger.

Have you seen them Kurt? Ruthlessly demanding way in the middle of the street? Like if they would be lords! Lets see if they purses are as full as they mouths.

Albrecht and Kurt – Altdorf thieves



Within the physical boundaries of the Empire, the only exception to what has been described formerly occurs in places like the city state of Marienburg (although strictly speaking it is not the Empire), where High Elf nobility is regarded as important as any other nobility.

In Bretonnia, especially in L'Anguille and Bordeleaux, high elves in general may expect a better treatment than in the Empire.

4.2.3 Elves of Noble Birth

Apart from obligations, chapter 5 of Lure of Power presents a set of rule to differentiate a noble born character (a character starting with Affluent wealth and a basic career with the noble trait) from a “low” born character. Some of these advantages and disadvantages seemed a bit odd to me to apply them straightforwardly to non-humans nobles in the land of the Empire. Nonetheless, after my correspondence with Dan Clark (see Appendix 1) it was clearly stated that FFG pretended to make this rules available not only to human characters.

What follows are some ideas and comments over these rules and how in my to deal with them in the case of a noble born elf character.

Advantages and Disadvantages of Foreign Nobility

High Elf noble characters outside Ulthuan are NOT automatically considered Gold Tier. See chapter 4.2.2 High Elf Nobles and the Imperial Tiers.

* Gain \square to Charm and Guile checks against anyone in the Gold Tier. Nobles are well versed in socialising with their peers, through either diplomacy or deception. If the elf noble is well versed in traditions and protocols of the Imperial nobility,

* Gain \square to Guile and Intimidate checks to anyone in the Silver Tier. Nobles are accustomed to getting their way with merchants, usually through deception or intimidation. On one hand, foreign nobles can easily use their deception skills to getting their way with merchants; on the other hand, the bonus to intimidation may be a bit harder to back up, since the noble elf holds no real power, but for sure an elf noble can pull some strings in the Imperial court, specially if he is in good relations with the local nobility.

GM note:

Remember, he is an outsider and an elf

Remember as a GM that the most powerful tool to bring life and credibility to your world lies in the dice pool! Most humans see elf with awe, and hold a strong feeling of mistrust towards them. To bring life and colour to the Old World, the GM should modify the social interaction dice pools with misfortune (or fortune) dice when an elf character interacts with humans, depending of course, on the predisposition of the human. During social interactions, having a Foreign Affairs Advisor retainer may be crucial.

If the local human noble does not recognize or does not care at all about elven nobility or other high spheres diplomacy, you can easily add misfortune dice to reflect the situation. If a merchant sees possibilities of expanding his business by trading with an elf, the GM may determine to add fortune and misfortune dice to reflect both the merchant's ambitions and his mistrust towards the elf.

Probably, where the elves will have the hardest time is when dealing with the Brass Tier, where legends and myth about the elves weight a lot. Easily, an elf character will find some extra misfortune dice in his dice pool when interacting with the Brass Tier. Don't forget though, that it can be convenient to add also some fortune die when an elf character addresses towards the opposite sex!

* Gain \square to Intimidate and Leadership checks to anyone in the Brass Tier. Nobles can easily impress the common masses, either through threats or a commanding presence. This is for sure the hardest advantage to justify for an elf noble. Since he does not hold lands in the Empire, nor he represents the law, the Brass Tier just do not care who is that dude with the pointy ears. Still, one may argue that the elf noble

holds his commanding skills and wear his fancy robes and gleaming weapons. The elf noble does not need to be too clever to introduce a few names of some local noble lords in his words to tame those in the Brass Tier.

* Suffer 1 additional stress when a social superior (i.e. someone of higher noble rank) causes you to suffer stress.

Again, this disadvantage may seem difficult to fit, but one must bear in mind that the elf noble is also a diplomat of Ulthuan, and may even speak in the name of the Phoenix King. For sure the elf noble won't will be further embarrassed if he lose credibility or if he is mocked by those barbarian human nobles.

* Suffer 1 or more stress when they lose face in front of their peers, including when they show cowardice, immorality, or disloyalty.

An elf noble acts under the highest standards of elven nobility, going against them (willingly or unwillingly) will cause for sure deep concern to any elf.

* A stipend or income of 1g per month per noble rank (see Benefits of Noble Rank below).




This will be discussed in the following section.

Benefits of Foreign Noble Ranks

The noble rank of a character gives certain in game advantages. It is true that the noble ranks of a high elf may not be easily recognizable by humans, especially if they are of low-born or uneducated, but similarly one may argue if a peasant from Ostland will recognize the rank of a noble from the Reikland. In order not to over complicate rules, the best is to leave the benefits of noble ranks unaltered, nonetheless some proposals of optional rules are presented.

* *During a Social encounter, characters with Noble Rank can forego rolling for initiative and instead assume they have rolled a number of successes equal to their Noble Rank.*

Optional Rule: How are you sir? As a general rule, in any social interaction, when the nobility of the high elf noble is not in doubt, he can apply his noble rank at full. Contrary, during a meeting with humans for whom the elf name and reputation are unknown, they will naturally be suspicious over the authenticity of the high elf noble rank. Under this situation the GM may feel appropriate to subtract 2 or 3 levels from the high elf noble rank (to a minimum of 0).

Heraldry: The GM may decide to lessen this penalty by 1 if the human NPC (or in the case of a noble, one of his advisors) succeeds in a **Hard (3d) education** check. Lessen the penalty by 1 more if the roll generates at least 2  boons or add one  misfortune die to the social interactions if the roll generates at least 2  banes.

First impressions last: The GM may decide to lessen the penalty on the noble rank of the High Elf character by 1 level if has a *Herald* who introduces him, reduce it by 1 level further if he also has a *Valet* or an *Advisor*, and finally reduced it by one more level if he has also a *Men-at-Arms* who ostentatiously shows the heraldry of the noble's family. Note that by using retainers you cannot increase the noble's rank above his "real" one unless the GM's allows it.

In a situation where both, people who knows over the Elf noble rank and people who have him for a complete stranger, are present the GM has to apply common sense.

Note, that although the elf noble may effectively present a noble rank 0 in front of the eyes of other human nobles, that does not mean they are going to treat him like a vulgar rapsallion or beggar. They will rather listen to him and see what he has to say, it is not for nothing that a High Elf noble has his refined manners and fine clothes.

Optional: Exchange Rates

In Marienburg, a High Elf noble character can spend his elven coins with no loss of exchange rate. On the other hand, outside Marienburg the PC may find that his elven coins are not that much appreciated, the further he travels from Marienburg, the hardest he will find to pay with elven coins. The GM may apply at his discretion any exchange rate he finds appropriate. While in big and cosmopolitan Imperial cities the exchange rate can easily drop by a -5%, in more rural areas the exchange rate may drop by -10% or more. Even, in isolated rural areas or within the Brass Tier, his coins may not be accepted at all. On the contrary, you can improve the exchange rate by a small amount (e.g. +5%) if the elf noble is able to find a merchant interested in doing business with Ulthuan and looking in desperation to obtain elven gold sovereigns.

Elven Coins

Like other people in the Old World, Elves use coins to facilitate trade with their Human neighbours; although among their own people, they prefer to barter or trade in services rather than partake in the impersonal exchange of metals. As with all things in Elven communities, the medium presents an opportunity for their artisans to show a profound understanding of the world, to create something of unsurpassed beauty. Elven gold sovereign decorated feature beautiful objects they find in nature. Wood Elves stamp their coins with leaves, using oak leaves for gold, maple for silver, and leaves from other trees like birch, pecan, or fruit trees to depict bronze or copper coins. High Elves, on the other hand, reflect their architecture in their coinage, depicting castles, spires, and temples, occasionally glorifying dragons, Pegasi, and other wondrous creatures.

** Characters receive a stipend of 1g per month per Noble Rank. This wealth represents incomes from lands and titles (minus taxes and other obligations), an allowance from his family, or even gifts from lesser nobles or merchants hoping to curry his favour. If cut off from his wealth, it accumulates during his absence and he receive any monies owed when he returns home.*

In general, this stipend is received at the noble homeland. The character may decide either to store it in his homeland (especially if he has a money counter) or to transfer it to the Empire. In the case of High Elves, if the coins are transferred to the Empire, they will typically arrive to the free port of Marienburg.



** A character adds his Noble Rank to his Willpower to determine his Shame Threshold (see page 36).*

This applies without any modification. If the elf noble can endure discussions and debates within other elves, he can for sure endure them in between humans.

4.2.4 Shame and Exile: Lost Lineages

With the rules and ideas present in *Lure of Power* it is easy cover the role of a noble that during game has been exiled or ashamed due to different reasons (e.g. his ineptitude or the trickery of an enemy noble).

What follows tries to be a set of optional rules and guidelines to cover a character coming from a lost or old blood line of kings, princes or emperors, the family of whom, for whatever the reason may be, holds no real power anymore.

There are many archetypes in literature and movies that fit this idea and may be used as a source of inspiration to shape the character. Some ideas follow, but many other roles can be assumed:

Regain the power: The motivation of the PC can be to curry favour from powerful patrons, money and allies to re-establish the honour and power of his family. His surname is too dangerous for the existing nobility and his life may be constantly threatened by assassins send by powerful ruling houses (e.g. Daenerys Targaryen).

Live in the shadow: The PC wants to deny his fate - to rule over his people. Although, he may have many supporters within the lower tiers of the population, he may not want to acquire the responsibility, and he has embraced a life of adventuring. Still, the powers that work behind him (friends or foes) pull the strings to rise him to power (Aragorn).

Apart from the perspective of the dramatic role play opportunities that such a character introduces to both, the player and the Game Master, some few adjustments to the rules appearing in *Lure of Power* are proposed in the following lines to better accommodate the archetype of the "lost lineage" within the game mechanics.

Optional Rules: Lost Lineages

The GM may allow a character to be of Noble Birth although he has a starting carrier without the *Noble* trait and a starting wealth level below *Affluent*. The following applies in those cases:

- The character is from the Brass Tier, unless he starts Comfortable or Affluent, in which case, with the GM permission the character can be from the Silver Tier.

- Suffer 1 additional stress when a social superior (i.e. someone of higher noble rank) causes you to suffer stress.

- Suffer 1 or more stress when they lose face in front of their peers, including when they show cowardice, immorality, or disloyalty.

- Since they are not considered being noble born, calculate the Noble Rank as normal, but must reduce the final total by 1 to a minimum of 0 (see *Lure of Power* pg. 28).

- Upon reaching Noble Rank 1 the character gains one to Guile checks against anyone in the Silver Tier and one to Leadership checks to anyone in the Brass Tier.

- Upon reaching Noble Rank 2 the character gains one to Guile checks against anyone in the Gold Tier and one to Intimidate checks to anyone in the Brass Tier.

- Upon reaching Noble Rank 3 the character gains one to Charm checks against anyone in the Gold Tier and one to Intimidate checks to anyone in the Silver Tier.

- Once the character holds some worth to mention piece of land, or rule over a village, town etc. it can not be further denied his rise to power, at minimum the lineage and renown of the character is partially restored and recognized by his peers (both allies and enemies). As a consequence, character does not suffer anymore the penalty to his noble rank. If appropriate, the GM may rule that the character has raised to the Gold Tier. This status transition can happened at any time, and it is better dictated by the storytelling that by rules, but as a guideline, the transition shouldn't occur too soon, around Noble Rank 3 may be a good timing.



4.2.5 The Blood of Aenarion and the Dispossessed

In distant centuries, just over four-and-a-half millennia before the founding of the Empire, the Elves were engaged in a constant war with the powers of Chaos. During that time the first Phoenix King Aenarion walked through the cleansing fires in the Temple of Asuryan and founded the order of High Elven civilisation as it is understood today.

During his reign there was a time when the wife of Aenarion was slain and he believed his children were also killed. Stricken with grief he went to the Shrine of Khaine, the God of Murder, and drew the Sword of Khaine from the altar stone of the Shrine. His friend and advisor Caledor, who prepared the vortex that draws the winds of magic through Ulthuan, prophesised that Aenarion would be eternally tainted for drawing the weapon of such a dark god. Aenarion cared little for his life or his soul and used the sword

in battle, slaying many dæmons and other vile servants of Chaos.

Aenarion went on and the rest of his history is told in the Elven Book of Days, until the time he returned mortally wounded to the Shrine of Khaine and drove the sword back into the alter before disappearing forever. Caledor was not wrong in his prediction, touching the blade of Khaine was to affect the lives of Aenarion's kin and descendants to the present day. The Sword of Khaine is both holy and cursed, being a relic of such a twisted god. The Sword's power touched the soul of Aenarion, and all those who share in his blood.

The story now shifts to the Old World of the present day. There are those of High Elven birth that still wander the lands of the Old World battling against the ancient evils that they have forever opposed. Many of them are exiles from Ulthuan and they trace their families back to the realm of Tiranoc, which was sunken during the Sundering and the great battles with the Dark Elves. Of these folk, who call themselves the Dispossessed, there are few who would consider themselves worthy to be Lords over people with such noble blood. However, the exiles do owe allegiance and fealty to a few select individuals, those of the blood of Aenarion who can trace their lineage to the first Phoenix King himself. As descendants of Aenarion they are also known as the Thiakhaine, meaning 'Cursed of Khaine'.

Unlike Human and Dwarf Lords, the Thiakhaine lay no claim to a particular territory or title. They do not need to argue their rank with each other and their station in the hierarchy of the Elves is shown by their demeanour and appearance. They are the fairest Elves in the Old World and are of such nobility of blood that there is a palpable aura of greatness that surrounds them. The Thiakhaine are divided in purpose. Some wish to claim back what is theirs from the Dwarfs, seeking out ancient Elven treasures that have been leant to the Dwarfs for safe keeping and lost or stolen. They hope to use these regained treasures to forge a new life back on Ulthuan. Others are more militant and wish to return to Ulthuan and one of their number take his rightful place as the Phoenix King of the Elves. The High Elves of Ulthuan are very wary of the Thiakhaine, and treat them with the utmost respect, though they are never happy if one of them decides to leave the Old World



to visit Ulthuan.

The sympathies in Ulthuan are divided, some believing that the time of Aenarion has passed and so the Ascendancy of other houses is true and proper. Others feel for the Dispossessed, having lost much themselves over the millennia. What neither side wishes for is another Sundering, with the Thiakhaine fighting against the Elves of Ulthuan for rightful reign. That would be a killing blow to the Elves as a race, and would spell the end of their time in this world.

Optional: The Thiakhaine as PC. With your GM permission you may play a Thiakhaine. You have to choose normally one of the regional origins for your elf character from *Chapter 2.2.1* or the option of being a Dispossessed (see pg. 75), and then apply the following additional special rules.

-Outcast: A Thiakhaine must start with the *Faceless* career, additionally a Thiakhaine cannot enter any career with *Social* trait.

-Poor: It cost 3 creation points to start as *Comfortable* and 4 creation points to start as *Affluent*.

-Linage of the First Phoenix King: Thiakhaine are the fairest Elves in the Old World and are of such nobility of blood that there is a palpable aura of greatness that surrounds them. Independently of the starting wealth or career traits, a Thiakhaine is always considered of noble birth and has a noble rank equal to his character rank. Therefore he always gets the advantages and disadvantages of the a Noble Born character and the benefits of the Noble Rank (but the monthly stipend) described in *Lure of Power*.

-The Curse of Khaine: Not all the Thiakhaine are afflicted in the same degree by the curse, even between brothers the effects can differ greatly (see for example Tyrion and Teclis). While in some members of the line of Aenarion the curse does not take any toll, on others it leaves devastating effects which only worsen with the pas of time.

During the character creation, once the player has raised the character's stats due to the starting career and regional features but, before the player spends any creation points, both the GM and the player, may work together to decide how strong the Curse of

Khaine is in this character. In game terms the Curse manifest in the form of PERMANENT afflictions. For each affliction, the player obtains extra creation points to spend during the character creation. The amount of creation points an affliction grants should range between 1 and 3, up to the GM and player agreement. In brackets there is the recommended amount of creation points yield by the affliction. The total amount of creation points granted by all the afflictions is referred as the *Severity Rating of the Curse*.

Afflictions:

Weakened Soul: The corruption threshold of the elf is 5 + Toughness. (1)

Weak: Choose a physical characteristic. The cost in advances or creation points of rising this characteristic is increased by one. You can choose this affliction more than once for different characteristics. (1 each)

Dysfunction: Choose a mental characteristic. The cost in advances or creation points of rising this characteristic is increased by one. You can choose this affliction more than once for different characteristics. (1 each)

Frail health: The elf does not gain the two fortune dice to resist diseases. (1 or 2)

Ravaged body: The elf suffers from a disease which cannot be cured by any natural meanings. Pick up a diseases (randomly or not) from the disease deck. This disease cannot be cured and will affect the character permanently, although may be, it can be palliated by powerful magic such that of the High Mages of Hoeth, but this deserves an adventure by its own (2 or 3).

Ravaged mind: The elf suffers from an insanity which cannot be cured by any natural meanings. Pick up an insanity (randomly or not) from the insanity deck. This insanity cannot be cured and will affect the character permanently, although may be, it can be palliated by powerful magic such that of the High Mages of Hoeth, but this deserves an adventure by its own (1-3).

The Dispossessed

More than a thousand years before the ascension of Sigmar in the Empire of men, there came a parting of ways amongst the Elves. Many nobles had settled in the lands west of the Grey Mountains, raising families and building a new realm of High Elves there. After a long and bitter struggle against the Dwarves, both races were depleted and beleaguered, and when a vast armada of Dark Elf vessels arrived on the coast of Ulthuan, the Pheonix King called for the elves of the continent in the west to return to their homeland.

Although most Elves returned to Ulthuan, some had no land left there, their realms destroyed when the waters rose and flooded Tiranoc, and their only home now being in the land in the east. These Elves were disowned by their King, and with only a handful of Elves left, they were unable to defend their homes against Orc and Goblin marauders. Now with no lands, either in Ulthuan or in the east, many took refuge in the forests, founding a kingdom of Wood Elves in Athel Loren, those became to be known as the Asrai.

Some others, however, sought refuge in the mountains and in the lands of man, hoping one day to have their lands returned and to return to Ulthuan in glory. These became known as the dispossessed, searching for some of their forefathers lost artifacts, dreaming of earning new lands on Ulthuan.

The Dispossessed as PCs

You can choose to play a dispossessed with your GM approval. Treat it the same way as any of the regional features appearing in *Chapter 2.2.1*.

-Stubborn: Dispossessed's mental characteristics are considered to be one higher for the purposes of determining whether that characteristic is distressed.

-Ishas Chosen: Before investing any creation points, a high elf may train one of the following skills for free - Discipline, Intuition, Weapon Skill or Ballistic Skill.

- Self Exiled: The dispossessed can not enter any career with both the *Noble* and *Social* traits.

Characteristic	Dispossessed
Strength	2
Toughness	2
Agility	3
Intelligence	2
Willpower	3
Fellowship	2
Creation Points	20



Don't be greedy!
At the beginning, 3 or 5 extra creation points can look very attractive, and indeed they will grant you a powerful character. Yet, after 20+ experience points, this advantage will have nearly vanished, but the afflictions will remain!

How Permanent are the Afflictions?
The afflictions caused by the Curse of Khaine are permanent, and should not be possible to cure them. Only the very most powerful mages of the white tower know magic that may, in some cases, procure temporal soothing for the afflictions.

The Avatar of Khaine fighting a Keeper of Secrets

Similar to the case of the Dilettante proposed in Lure of Power, the Envoy career is a good fit conceptually for young noble characters. As an optional erratum, you may swap the **Academic** trait on the Envoy career for the **Noble** trait.



4.2.6 Adventure Episodes for High Elf Nobles

Rebellion!

Overview: While the High Elf noble travels around the lands of the man, he receives a notification in the form of a sealed parchment with unsettling news. Which in case to be true, his home land is in danger.

Act 1: Dire News

In the mean while the High Elf noble character is resting from his last adventure at some city of the Empire, or at his new manor in the Empire countryside, he is disturbed by a courier. The imperial courier carries a sealed scroll. The scroll is clearly coming from his homeland, but the seal is not the one typically used by his Land Steward as he would have expected. Upon opening and reading the parchment, he discovers that the scroll comes, apparently, not from his Land Steward, but from his stable boy. The scroll is full of grievous accusations. It tells of the Land Steward taking too much privileges from his current position. He has somehow deceived already part of the population of the land and convinced them to turn against the family name of the noble. The Land Steward has some loyal man in the men-at-arms corps and also some dwellers support him, though still some men remain loyal to the rightful lord.

In this act the noble character has to decide if he trust the message and he goes back to his land to put things at his proper place. If so, he will have to arrange a ship from Marienburg to sail to Ulthuan the sooner the better and also he will need get some loyal man to help him (the other adventurers will do to start with).

You can put as many troubles as needed to arrange a fast passage. The trip can be also as dangerous as you want it to be. From meteorological complications, to pirates, Dark Elf Corsairs or even Sea Monsters!

Act 2: The Truth is Revealed!

This act starts when the party arrives to the noble homeland. Upon arrival to his home land, the noble realizes soon that indeed the news in the parchment where true. He is meet by suspicious looks, a mixture of fear and defiance.

During this act the noble and the party must gather as much information as possible over the current situation. The process will be extremely delicate because it won't be clear at first glance who is by the side of who, the noble or the steward? You can start a standard progress tracker with two tokens, one for the party and one for the land steward. If the steward token reaches the end event space (either if the party takes too much time or they are too careless) he is alerted of the presence of the noble. When the token of the party reaches the end event space they have gathered all the information needed to track the current placement and agenda of the land steward.

The party will need to carefully perform many social interactions, stealth will be also an important tool, otherwise the steward can be readily alerted of the presence of the noble.

Social interactions can be modified as follows:

Add two fortune dice to already loyal men

Add two misfortune dice to men loyal to the land steward.

On a roll of a advance the noble tracker two spaces

The party should gather as much information as possible over who remains still loyal to the noble and convince them to launch an assault to his keep. The assault can range from a full, tactless assault, to a well designed stealthy infiltration while the loyal men play the role of a distraction decoy.

Act 3: The rightful lord

This act starts when the party heads towards to assault or infiltrate the noble's own keep! The act will depend strongly on the party tactic, it can evolve into a full scale assault where the two forces can be played using a progress tracker, or into a small scale infiltration only involving the party. Inside the keep, the noble of course knows all the doors, corridors, secret doors etc. The act ends with a confrontation between the party and the land steward and his loyal guards.



The episode ends when the steward is defeated or flees and his loyal men surrender to the rightful lord. The noble must now restore the structure in his land and the confidence of the people. If the steward manages to flee, he may become a new nemesis for the party.

Possible Complications

- *The steward has kidnapped a family member of the elf noble character and extra care must be taken.
- *The land steward is loyal to the noble but he is under the influence of a Dark Magic spell, the party must realize this during the investigation in Act 2 or when they confront the land steward and they realize his guards are dark elves.
- *The captain of the ship they take to sail to Ulthuan is loyal to the land steward and tries to kill them / delay them.
- *Instead of a courier bringing in the message, and assassin paid by the land steward is sent to kill him.

Alternate Uses

- *The steward, instead of deceiving the population against the noble character, has become a tyrant. He has raised taxes and he uses brutal force against the citizens of the noble lands. He holds power over the full men –at – arms corps but none of the civil population loves him.
- *Everything is a lie, the note has been written just to lure the noble back to his home land and be killed by a Dark Elf Assassin. Act 2 finishes then when they

realize everything is a lie, and Act 3 starts with a chasing encounter to catch up the assassin.

Wormtongue!

Overview: The High Elf noble starts to perceive that something is wrong, other local nobles and merchants have started to gradually lose respect for him. When he starts asking, he realizes that someone is defaming his family name and status.

Act 1: Welcome to the Brass Tier

This act is best played in history mode. The Elf PC gradually feels that he is no longer treated with due respect in his adoptive hometown i.e. Ubersreik. Things can go as far as merchants do not selling him items, other nobles refusing his company or the ban of entering some locals reserved for the Gold Tier.

Alternatively, if the PC do not react, just cut any money transferred from Ulthuan to Marienburg or seize any property he owns in the Empire, this should be enough to hook him!

As he sets to investigate what is going wrong, finally he runs into someone he can really trust, who informs him that some ill news defaming his name and reputation are arriving to the court of Ubersreik from Marienburg. Some ideas are: smuggling illicit goods, conspiring against the Empire, the assassination of a certain noble NPC, or even chaos worshiping, that is up to the GM decision.

The party, but especially the Elf noble character does not have any other option than to discover who has laid this false information's, find him and clean the elf noble family name. Make sure that the elf noble pc feels the pressure of time during this episode. Here, time is a must, for if these false information reaches Ulthuan, the character will be certainly doomed.

Feel free to make the trip to Marienburg as challenging as you desire, but make sure that as the party gets close to Marienburg they hear the rumours that a certain elf family name (the one from the elf character) has been involved in a serious scandal and he is being haunted by roadwardens and the local militia.

Act 2: Treated as a Criminal in Marienburg

This act begins when the party arrives to Marienburg. There, the party will need to use the best of they

skulduggery skills to move through the underworld of Marienburg to try to discover who is behind the defamations without rising the attention of unwanted eyes.

Start a progress tracker with two event spaces. Put two tokens on it one for the party and one to represent time. Advance the time token at will, or when the party acts clumsily. The party token advances when they make successfully skill checks to obtain information of Mr. Wormtongue.

If the time token reaches the first event space, Wormtongue is aware of the presence of the player characters and launches an ambush by a gang of thugs on the streets of Marienburg to thwart the investigations of the party, but also with the hopes that the brawl brings the attention of the watchmen and they arrest the elf character. If the time token reaches the final event space, the militia or the watchman becomes aware of the presence of the elf noble and starts to look actively for the party. At this point the GM shall increase the difficulty for all the party investigation and activities.

On the other hand, if the token of the party reaches the first event space they discover that Wormtongue is indeed a High Elf envoy from a rival high elf clan of the pc. Wormtongue, that now has a face and a name, sits in the court of Marienburg. The party must figure out how to publicly discredit Wormtongue, direct violence against him is not a good idea, since it will probably put the elf noble into an even more difficult situation. When the party token reaches the final event space they have gather enough information of when and where to meet wormtongue in a public place in the company of both, High Elf and human nobles.

Act 3: Public humiliation

This act is a short one, it is mainly the final social confrontation between the party and wormtongue. It will take place in a public area of Marienburg while wormtongue, some humans and high elf nobles are walking or riding through. Of course, common citizens will also be present and ready with tomatoes, eggs and rotten food. The best way to resolve this is by using the rules of *The Duel of Wits* presented in *Lure of Power*. During this encounter all pc's should have the opportunity to interact, while the elf noble should clearly engage wormtongue in a duel of wits,

the other party members may give bonuses to the elf pc in the form of fortune dice by creating distraction within the citizens or engaging in a duel of wits other of the nobles present.

The episode acts when the elf pc beats wormtongue in a duel of wits and cleans his name, at least in Marienburg.

Possible Complications

- *The player characters realize during their investigations that some other rival clan plans to murder wormtongue. The pc's must stop the murder in order to be able to clean the name of the elf noble.
- *Word of the (false) misdeeds of the elf pc have sailed to Ulthuan. The party will have to bring prove to Ulthuan of the falsehood of the information, may be by inviting some noble lords to visit Ulthuan.
- * Wormtongue beats the pc in the duel of wits and the elf has to change his live for that of a criminal, may be ending some day as a crime lord.



5. High Magic

The Winds of Magic, called the Aethyr in Eltharin, is the name given by magic users for the invisible currents of magical energy which flow across the world. The source of all the Winds of Magic is the Realm of Chaos, and just as the emblem of Chaos has eight arrows, so does magic have eight winds. When raw chaotic magic enters the world and encounters physical material, it is refracted into the eight 'colours', each of which can be used to create spells which are characteristic of the elemental nature of the magic being used.

Qhaysh, sometimes known as High Magic is magic, that combines separate strands of the eight Winds of Magic and refines them further into a more advanced, pure and virtuous form of magic. By doing so, High Magic spellcasters are able to form spells of incredible power and complexity. High magic is the most powerful form of magic, the greatest High Magic spells ever cast have literally shifted continents and destroyed whole armies at a time. The elite High Elf Archmages are renowned for the use of this powerful form of magic, which they tend to associate closely with their gods.

High magic can be seen as the antithesis of Dark magic, being completely untainted by Chaos. The only disadvantage of High magic is that it can only successfully be practiced by Elves (and, if any survive, the Old Ones who taught them), since only they have the necessary mental faculties to be able to weave the eight colours of magic into one bright thread. This ability seems to have emerged during the Golden Time of the Elves, as they studied with the Old Ones, but whether it came about by accident or design none can know.

It is only very rarely that a High Elf mage visits the World. Most spend their days in the Kingdoms of Ulthuan, where they fight in the armies of the Phoenix King against the Dark Elves. On the few occasions that they do visit the Old World, they either come in disguise or they come to make history, as Teclis did when he taught humans the Colours of magic.

High Elf mages often spend many decades learning their magical arts, and are thus far beyond even the

most talented of human wizards. Before High Elf mages can even begin to study High magic, they must have mastered each of the colours' of magic.

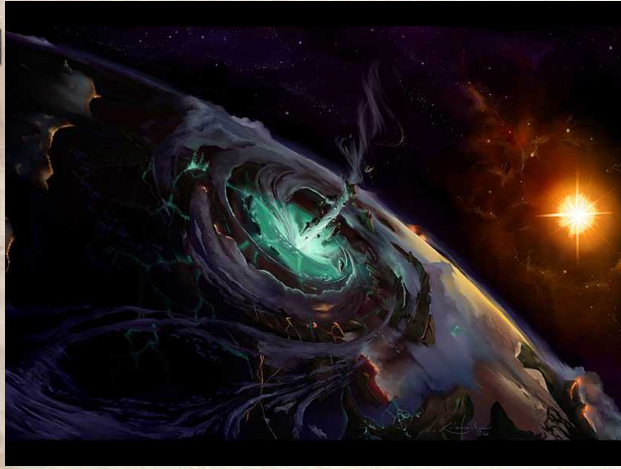


High Elf Loremaster

5.1 Magic in Elven society

If there is a place in the world where magic is a common thing, that place is Ulthuan. In elven society, magic is a matter of every-day-life. Mages cast powerful High magic spells to alter the local weather and soil to obtain better harvests; cities and fortresses use magic to rise and down their gates and bridges, and to light their streets; loremasters use magic to deliver messages over great distances; protection spells are cast over building, vessels, or even whole pieces of land to hidden them from the unwanted observer; even landscape is sometimes shaped under the will of powerful High Elven magicians.

Contrary to the lands of the Empire, for elves the flow of magic is nothing to be scared of. By the common elf, it is seen as a helpful tool, needed for ease the burdens of life and for protection against very same force that generates magic, the warp or Aethyr. High Elf scholars and Loremasters know that magic comes from the winds of chaos flowing from the now collapsed warp gates situated at the north and south poles, interdimensional travelling doors once opened by the god-like race of the Old Ones.



Chaos Warp Gate -The North pole

The thoughts, dreams, emotions and desires of mortal beings influence the Aethyr, creating eddies and currents in the warp. Some of these eddies coalesce into sentient beings which can think independently, among these for example are the Chaos Gods, the Elven Gods, Daemons and the Human gods. Because these entities are formed from thoughts they take on the qualities of those thoughts. As no being can exist outside of the universe it is from, Daemons can only manifest themselves physically in the World in areas with a high concentration of Chaos energy.

At first, when the Chaos gates collapsed the world was flooded with a huge amount of Chaos energy and Daemons could manifest in almost any location they pleased, however an Elven mage called Caledor Dragontamer devised a scheme to set up Menhir Stones around the isle of Ulthuan and cast a powerful spell which drained away and siphoned off the Chaos energy. Unfortunately his plan did not succeed flawless and the most talented High Elf mages of the age got forever trapped in an endless ritual to keep a Vortex which sucks away the Aethyr from the world. Still, the Chaos Wastes still remain highly saturated with Chaos energy though.

Of course this knowledge is not shared with other more primitive races, and well travelled elfs know that revealing this kind of knowledge within the Empire will be considered the least highly heretical, and it could provoke a huge diplomatic conflict of certainly undesired consequences for the High Elves of Ulthuan. There are though, some humans who start to acknowledge this same vision; probably the most controversial one is the grey wizard Gavius Kugge.

This does not mean that elves do not believe in the gods, on the contrary, elves are very much aware of their existence and they venerate them, for gods can favour or disfavour mortals, or even cast powerful blessings or terrible curses upon them. The same as daemons, when these godly entities have gathered enough strength from their followers, and they feel the need to do so, they can manifest as living avatars.

5.2 The Apprentice path to High Magic

This set of house rules pretend to deal with the apprenticeship of High Magic. Thus, it is not pretended to cover the cast of the powerful High Magic spells. Within the framework of this house rules, the most basic High Magic spells would be considered rank 6 spells while the more powerful ones would be rank 10.

Similar to human wizards, who travel to the Collages of Magic to learn Colour magic, Elves travel to the White Tower of Saphery to learn High Magic. The apprenticeship may last for decades, is hard and leaves nearly no time to other activities.

The White Tower of Hoeth

Also know as the White Tower of Saphery or simply as the White Tower, is a huge edifice of gleaming marble and white stone, inlaid with shining silver and gold and High Elf runes. The White Tower is in the Kingdom of Saphery in Ulthuan and soars hundreds of feet into the air, serving as the repository for all the arcane knowledge of the High Elves and holds the *Book of Days*, the great history of the Elven people on which all future histories would be based. Also it serves as a training ground for both the Mages and Archmages of the Asur and the Swordmasters of Hoeth.

The Tower, warded by a myriad of protective spells, took nearly a millennia to built. It was commanded



The soaring White Tower of Hoeth

by the Phoenix King Bel-Korhandis the Scholar-King, himself from Saphery, whose remains are now buried in the foundations of the tower.

5.2.1 High Magic and the Six Circles

The path of the High Elf mage is covered by six Circles, the first being those of the imitates while the sixth being reached only by the High Loremaster, currently in this circle sits Teclis, the greatest mage of these times.

In the White Tower of Hoeth these circles represent real segregations, and things such as the duties and the access to certain knowledge within the tower are strongly dependent on the circle the apprentice belongs to.

At the first circles, initiates are heavily tasked with mundane duties like cleaning, book keeping at the libraries and assisting to their masters. Magical training focus heavily on theory, history and the dangers of Chaos and Dark Magic. While practicing magic, strong stress is put on safely channelling the winds of magic and harnessing them to perform basic spells. Within the first circle, initiates learn first to master the colours of magic individually, and it is not until they reach the second circle that they start to dabble with basic forms of Qhaysh by combining more than one wind at a time.

As the apprentice spellcaster progresses in his skills and studies, and reaches higher circles, he has access to more advance knowledge and practices. Mundane duties are relieved progressively from him in favour of

more time for meditation, study and practicing. Indeed, as one progresses through the circles, spellcrafting and channelling become a more and more time demanding practice due to the increasing complexity of fully waving Qhaysh.

Real harnessing of Qhaysh do not arrive until the apprentice spellcasters reach the third circle of the tower. At this point they are capable of fully channeling High Magic. Nonetheless, for their own safety, they are still only taught the most basic of the spells, like the ones practiced by human mages. It won't be until they probe that they are fully skilled in waving Qhaysh and can safely control its power while fuelling basic spells, that they will become mages and gain access to the true lore of High Magic spells.

or cast any spell. Tranquilized elves are emotionless bodies, unable to feel any sensation at all.

Only when an apprentice spellcaster reaches the Second Circle is he allowed to start dealing with the difficulties of channelling Qhaysh while in a hurry. This is done with the aim of preparing the initiates to react under situations where managing time, or the lack of it, is important.

Starting career: Initiate of Saphery

As starting career all Initiates of Saphery start the game with the advanced skills Channelling and Spellcraft acquired. They also get for free the Counterspell, Cantrip and Channel Power action cards. Any order talent must be bought with creation points.

Attuned Items

Different to human mages, attuned items made by high elf mages are connected to Qhaysh. When a High Elf spellcaster is holding an item attuned to Qhaysh, he adds one fortune die to Channelling checks for each level of attunement. On the other hand, High Elf mage spellcasters do not get any bonus from items attuned to a particular wind of magic.

Spell Rank

The spell rank a High Elf mage character has access to equals to the number of careers he has started, i.e. an Acolyte of the True Lore has access to rank 4 spells. Within the White Tower, it is strictly forbidden to learn and cast spells of a higher rank than that allowed. No sane High Elf would ever do so. Still, even within the High Elves do exist corrupted souls. You can use the rules presented in Winds of Magic to learn spells of a higher rank, but be aware that the punishment for that is tranquilization or plain dead.

The High Magic talent slot

High Elf mage spellcasters can purchase Order specialty talent cards from any of the Colleges of Magic as career advances. Once the corresponding College talent has been acquired, the mage may then spend advances to purchase spells from that Order.

Further, these specialty Order talents can be socketed to an elf spellcaster character's special High Magic talent slot. When so attached, the spellcaster can cast spells of that type without further penalty (assuming the spellcaster has the necessary spells in his action

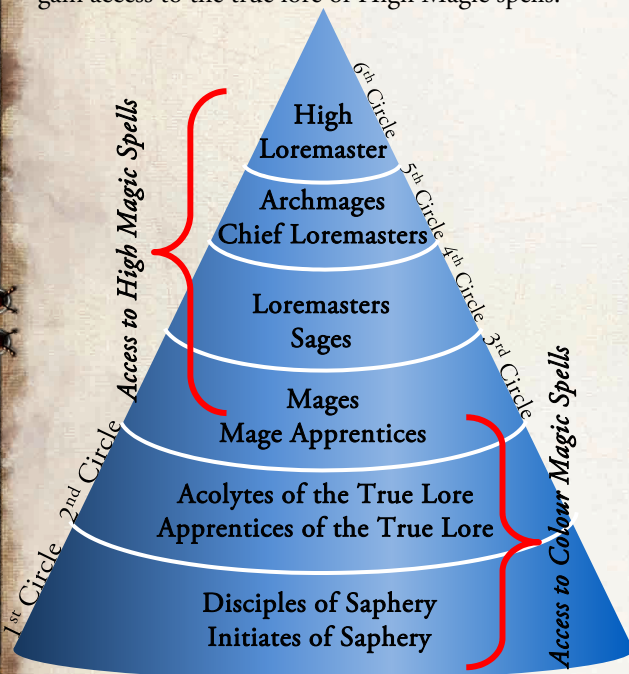


Diagram of the Six circles

5.3 High Elf Spellcasters Special Rules

Quickcasting

Want-to-be High Elf Mages are taught through a very rigorous set of rules. One of the basic premises is safety, safety to avoid Chaos entering the world. Although any Elf spellcaster can *Quickcast*, it is totally forbidden to do so while you are in the First Circle. The punishment for it is the *Tranquilization*.

The *Tranquilization* is a ritual through which the elf spellcaster is removed from any connection to the Aethyr, rendering him totally unable to channel



deck). While the card is attached to his career sheet, the elf spellcaster also benefits from the specialty talent card's special ability, although he does not change his stance track to reflect the stance depicted on an individual Order card.

Though, differently from humans, the Order talent cards socketed in the High Magic talent slot become generic i.e. Where in the talent card it is stated that "When you perform a Bright Order Spell", or "When you perform a Celestial Order Spell", read "When you perform a Spell".

This means that for example you can fuel a Celestial spell with the Order talent of Aqshy to increase the damage of a lightning bolt, or you can fuel an Amethyst spell with the Order talent of Azyr to gain fortune die during the casting roll.

Nonetheless, fuelling colour magic with a different wind than that of the spell is technically difficult and dangerous for the inexperienced caster, and this practice is discouraged and disallowed within the First Circle mages. Only when a spellcaster reaches the Second Circle, and starts to learn the mysteries of waving Qhaysh can he do so.

Whenever an elf spellcaster tries to cast a colour magic spell from a different Order than any of the Order talents he has socketed, he must add **◆** to any check

required to cast that spell. If the particular spell requires no spellcraft check, the elf spellcaster must still succeed in a *Easy (1d) spellcraft check*.

Notice, that a *Novice of the True Lore* who for example has socketed the Aqshy and the Azyr Order talents in his High Magic talent slot won't suffer any penalty while casting Bright or Celestial spells.

Multiple Order talent socketing

Novice of the True Lore career ability allows to socket multiple Order talents at the High Magic talent slot. This gives the possibility to combine the beneficial effects of them all. This tries to represent the spellcaster increasing skill in waving Qhaysh to fuel more power on spells. Notice nonetheless, that the spellcaster have still to pay 1 power for each of the effects the PC wants to activate. For example, if a High Elf spellcaster character wants to cast the Flameblast Bright order spell while he has the Azyr, Aqshy and Hysh Order talents socketed, to for example, to add +1 to the damage, remove 1 recharge token and add \square to the spellcraft check, he will have to pay 3 extra power, one for each of the effects.

High Elf mages and adventuring

The study of High Magic and the wind of Qhaysh is long and extremely time consuming, leaving nearly no time to do anything else. Though, apprentices of High Magic do adventure, they rarely abandon Ulthuan to do so.

In that regard, it is extremely difficult and highly discouraged by mentors to combine the study of High Magic while adventuring in distant lands like the Empire. Although rare, it has happened before that rather impulsive elves have sailed to the east or west while pursuing their studies in High Magic.

What follows are some ideas on how to implement the life at the White Tower and the life of adventuring of Player Characters.

- The campaign takes place in Ulthuan
- The apprentice has sailed to the foreign land together with his mentor for an Epic campaign, like the one of Teclis.
- The High Elf apprentice character is played by a player who tend to miss some sessions. This could be backed up by the character having to travel back and forth to Ulthuan to follow his studies and trainings.

-Impose a penalty in the form of extra experience points to transit between careers to represent the difficulties of combining an adventuring life with the strict and time consuming life at the White Tower. An easy way to do it is to increase the cost of the dedication bonus by 1 or 2 exp's.

High Magic and Armour

High Elf mage spellcasters are constrained and limited to the use of armour in the same way as the rest of arcane casters. Nonetheless, it is said that Loremasters of Ulthuan hold the knowledge to enchant Ithilmar-made armours into armours which, not only do they not impede channelling and spell casting, but they act as magic focus.

Leaving the casting career

High Elves embrace magic in a much more natural way than humans. Elven spellcasters, and non-sepplcasters as well, have a more profound understanding of the nature of magic and chaos, and they fully acknowledge its power and its risks. This is due in part to the naturally that High Elf mages are introduced in the society. While in the Empire mages are a cast by itself, this is not the case in High Elf

society. Mages can, theoretically, be found covering any role in Elven society. Practically, due to their years of training and education, they are typically found in places of power and prestige, ranging from a Phoenix King to a court counsellor, or an army general. Others decide to serve society by becoming judges, ambassadors or historians, travelling to Lustria, the Empire or farther east seeking for new allies and lost knowledge. On the other hand, many others choose a more spiritual role, there are mages that become priests of some elven god, commonly know as mage-priests; or traveling seers, acting as spiritual leaders to small elven communities. It is not estrange that Everqueens are taught in the White Tower.

The White Tower of Hoeth is, therefore, more loose regarding letting its members, leaving its walls. There is only one sacred rule that no elf can evade. Once, entered the White Tower seeking apprenticeship, no one can leave its teachings until reaching the third circle. It is then, when loremasters think that an elf spellcaster is self-sufficient enough, and aware enough of the dangers of magic to be left alone. Similarly, it is not rare the case that an old mage apprentice of the White Tower is readmitted after years of wandering.

GM's note

It is not recommended that High Elf spellcasters above the apprentice rank should not be made available as player characters in a WFRP campaign. They should be kept as an occasional wonder. Maybe such a person will use spectacular magic to save the PC's in their hour of need, then vanish before they can thank him, leaving them wondering why he chose to save them. Or they will hear rumours of a High Elf in some remote part of the world who is prepared to teach humans and Elves High Magic. They could trek miles to find this wondrous teacher.

WFRPG 1st ed.

Player's note

So what happens after High Elf Mage Apprentice? Where can I socket my High Magic talent?

In consideration of the common presence of High Elf mages in elven society, I would encourage GM's to allow their players that have completed the five High Elf spellcaster careers (and survived), to socket their High Magic talent in any slot.



© TM and/or © Games Workshop 2009

High Elf Dragon Mage - Awaking a Dragon

Appendix 1: Correspondence with Dan Clark

About nobility:

On May 15, 2012, at 4:18 AM,
<yepesnopas@yahoo.es> wrote:

Rule Question:
Dear Mr. Clark

In the game there can be found the following careers with the Noble trait which are accessible for both humans and High elves:

Basics: Diletante, Courtier, Fop
Advanced: Ambassador, Captain, Duelist

My question is, the expanded rules for nobility presented in Lure of Power chapter 5 (noble rank, noble birth, noble's obligations...), are meant only for humans? or can they be also applied, for example, to a high elf residing in the empire?

Once again, thank you for your time, and for such a great game.

Best regards,
Yepes

Martes 15 de Mayo de 2012 17:50

Yepes,

Although the noble rules are written within the context of the Empire and Imperial nobility, there's no reason that the same rules couldn't apply to elf or dwarf characters. The precise nature of the noble rank differs somewhat and the obligations placed on the noble character may be considerably different based on his parent culture. It is likely that Imperial nobles will be bewildered determining who outranks whom (and by default assume a local noble outranks a foreigner), but in general a dwarf Thane or high elf noble can expect to be treated as a noble even in the Empire.

Enjoy the game!

-Dan Clark
Creative Content Developer
Fantasy Flight Games

666 (Imperial calendar -3754)

Recorded by Uruviel, cartographer of the court of Bel Shanaar The Explorer

Superimposed in red appear the corrections made by Elanor during the reign of Caradryel The Pacemaker

