

WARHAMMER®

WOOD ELVES™



WARHAMMER ARMIES







WOOD ELVES



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INTRODUCTION

In the depths of Athel Loren live the isolationist Wood Elves. They care little for the outside world, regarding it with suspicious eyes, and hearts ever willing to avenge transgressions. Woe betide he who brings harm to the forest, and thus courts the Wood Elves' wrath.

This volume is the definitive guide to the Wood Elves, the guardians of Athel Loren. Theirs is an existence shaped by the passage of the seasons, by ancient magic and by folklore. Learn the tales of Ariel and Orion, the Mage Queen and Hunter King, and prepare to defend this most wondrous of realms to your dying breath.

WARHAMMER – THE GAME OF FANTASY BATTLES

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

WOOD ELVES

The Wood Elves are an army of hunters, masters of the arrow and the spear. Keen-eyed archers stride to war alongside antler-helmeted knights, otherworldly enchantresses and cruel-hearted forest spirits. The Wood Elves are ranked amongst the finest warriors of the Warhammer world, and are seldom overmatched. Whether you seek to vanquish your foe from afar or eye-to-eye, with sorcery or spell-woven steel, with the valour of Elves or the eternal wrath of the forest itself, your Wood Elf army will speed you to victory.

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

Warhammer: Wood Elves contains the following sections:

- **The Lords of Athel Loren.** The first section introduces the Wood Elves, detailing their struggle to preserve their greenwood realm. Herein, you will find the tale of the founding of Athel Loren, and of the gathering doom against which the Wood Elves fight.
- **The Deepwood Host.** In this section, you will find all the characters, unit types and monsters available to the Wood Elves. You will find a full description of each unit that covers its role upon the battlefield, its specialised combat abilities, in addition to any rules and unique skills it possesses. This section also includes the full Lores of High and Dark Magic, and the Heirlooms of Athel Loren – magic items unique to the Wood Elves.
- **The Glory of the Elves.** This section contains a stunning selection of Citadel miniatures from the Wood Elves range. From single models painted to a jaw-dropping display standard, to vast armies arranged in deadly battle on the tabletop, this glorious showcase is sure to provide inspiration for your collection.
- **Wood Elves Army List.** The army list takes all of the models and units presented in the Deepwood Host section and arranges them so you can choose an army for your games of Warhammer. Each unit type also has a points value to help you pit your forces against your opponent in a fair fight.







THE LORDS OF ATHEL LOREN

*From beneath the boughs of Athel Loren,
the Wood Elves regard the world with
distrustful eyes, neither coveting nor
embracing anything that lies beyond their
own borders.*

*Yet the Wood Elves know that the fate
of Athel Loren is tied to that of other
lands. Though they do not seek to act
as the world's protectors, nor enthrone
themselves as its rulers, there are those
times when the will of Orion and Ariel, the
King and Queen in the Woods, must shape
the fortunes of other lands. Never has this
been truer than in these dark days, where
every broken bough or withered leaf carries
an omen of darker times to come. As the
Wood Elves seek to survive this, the darkest
season of Athel Loren, they are willing to
put any other land to the sword.*



THE WOOD ELVES

The history of the Wood Elves is a search for balance and solitude tempered by ceaseless war. For thousands of years, they have lived in harmony with the sentient forest of Athel Loren, and with the spirits that dwell beneath its boughs. Here they have learnt to dwell in concord with the seasons and the weave of life and death that binds all living things together. Unlike the other Elven races of the world, the Wood Elves have never sought to rule, and wish only to see their homeland persist through all the coming ages of the world. It is this cause in which they fight, for no land endures long if it cannot take up arms against those that wish it harm, and the waking woodland of Athel Loren has more than its fair share of enemies.

The humans see the forest as a brooding and malicious foe, and perhaps they are correct. Neither the Wood Elves, nor the forest spirits to which their fate is tied, care for the lives of outsiders. They think nothing of resorting to slaughter to ease affront, and there are always those who seem eager to provoke their wrath. Dwarfs see Athel Loren's boughs as a resource to be harvested and put to work as fuel for their great machines. Reckless wizards too see the forest as a wellspring of fuel, but it is not timber they crave, but the magical essence which gives life to the trees and vigour to those that live within the forest's bounds. Then there are those that seek to topple the trees and defile the ground for no other reason than to cause destruction.

Thus does the host of Athel Loren march to war, hidden by skeins of sorcerous mist. The battle starts with a single arrow, fired by the greatest marksman in the host and aimed at the enemy warlord's heart. This signal given, Glade Guard and Waywatchers emerge from concealment and blacken the skies with their own volleys, each shot guided by an instinct beyond human comprehension. Only then do the hunting horns sound, loosing the Wood Elves to the fray.

The demigod Orion, who dies in flame each year only to be born anew in the spring, leads the charge, scattering enemies with every thrust of his mighty spear. Wild Riders gallop in his wake, their furious steeds trampling any who survive the riders' onset. Wardancers dart and spiral through their bewildered opponents, their every cut and parry an act of worship to their trickster god. Eternal Guard and Wildwood Rangers advance next, blades blurring as they strike.

And the Elves do not fight alone, for they are joined by the spirits of the forest. Lith Dryads rip through their foes, their quicksilver forms given purpose by the seething malice in their thorny hearts. Colossal Treemen smash through the enemy lines, their gnarled fists pulverising all in their path. Overseeing these battles are the Spellweavers of Athel Loren, who direct both dark and light magics to wherever they are needed, bringing balms to wounded allies, and blasting enemies apart with searing bolts of the blackest magic.



THE ELVEN RACES

The Wood Elves, or the Asrai as they are named in some tales, are but one of three Elven races. Like the others, they sprang from the cradle of Ulthuan. Unlike the others, they did so before acts of jealousy and spite shattered that great nation and its traditions. For this reason, the Wood Elves hold themselves to be the only true Elves left in the world, for only they embrace the whole of their nature. The folk of Athel Loren are unburdened by ritual sanctimony and therefore capable of great extremes of thought and deed. They are at once capricious and generous, malicious and caring, servants of both the dark and the light.

West of Athel Loren lies Ulthuan, dwelling place of the High Elves, and the Wood Elves' ancestral home. To the Wood Elves, the High Elves, or Asur, are misguided and sanctimonious, trapped by a fallacious belief that only the strength of Ulthuan can prevent the world from slipping into chaos. The folk of Athel Loren know it is folly to claim guardianship of the entire world, and that it is only arrogance that drives their cousins to make the attempt. Further to the northwest lies the chill realm of Naggaroth, the home of the Dark Elves, the malevolent Druchii. Just as the Wood Elves see the princes of Ulthuan as inflexible and staid, they perceive the Naggarothi as wild and impetuous children, lashing out at a world that has most bitterly wronged them.

Perhaps the only commonality between the Dark Elves and High Elves, besides their shared ancestry, is the mix of pity and annoyance with which the Wood Elves regard them both. Despite efforts to the contrary, the folk of Ulthuan and Naggaroth are fading from the world. The Wood Elves, by contrast, neither grow nor dwindle, but are as timeless as the forest in which they dwell. Long ago, at the very beginning of Elven history, a pact was forged between the spirits of the wood and the Elves over the sea. Now, shaped by that accord, the Wood Elves stand at once on the cusp of greatness and on the brink of extinction, living in anticipation of that day on which Athel Loren will burst its bounds and reclaim lost lands, or be overwhelmed by the malice of outsiders.

Irrespective of the land from which they hail, all Elves are incredibly long-lived, though seldom immortal. They are slender and swift, with minds and bodies that are capable of great dexterity. In such feats, the Wood Elves account themselves more capable than their cousins. After all, the folk of Ulthuan and Naggarothi are chiefly city-dwellers, or else trapped aboard warships for weeks at a time. Meanwhile, the Wood Elves are constantly honing their skills in an environment that challenges them every day of their lives.

Elves are subtle creatures at heart, and live in the details of thought and deed that lesser creatures seldom notice. They live for intrigue and find joy in a clever tongue wielded by an accomplished mind. The speech of a Wood Elf is particularly incomprehensible to an outsider. This is not because the words themselves make little sense, but because there are always at least two possible interpretations of the intended meaning. In this way, a promise of assistance can sound disturbingly like a threat, and a death sentence like an offer of clemency. In this way does the speech of the Wood Elves reflect their complicated relationship with the world. Until backed up with deeds, words are just empty prophecies that speak to possible outcome; sometimes, even the Wood Elves do not know what they intend until the moment of action.

Taken together, an Elf's suppleness of mind and body ranks him amongst the deadliest of opponents. Though he may not be so hardy or so strong as the barbarians of the world, he knows a finesse and precision that no such creature will ever grasp. An Elf sees every chink in his opponent's armour, every weakness of guard. Moreover, he has the speed and skill to exploit these opportunities and land a killing strike before the foe has a chance to react. For a Wood Elf, this is never truer than when he is armed with one of Athel Loren's famed longbows – he can place a shot through the visor of a charging knight from an almost unbelievable distance.



THE TAINT OF CHAOS

No matter what they might like to think, Elves are not immune to the influence of Chaos; they are untouched by physical mutation, but the power of the Dark Gods has seeped into their souls. Here it fans an arrogance that was legendary even in ancient times. The unconditional compassion that was once the Elves' defining trait has long since been extinguished, replaced by a belief in their own pre-eminence that knows no denial.

This arrogance has manifested differently amongst the Elven races. It has remade the Dark Elves as selfish despoilers of a world they see fit only for their pleasure. The High Elves it has made stubborn and conceited, the self-appointed protectors of a realm whose fate lies far beyond their control. Only the Wood Elves reject the lure of bending other lands to their will, for in them, the influence of Chaos has awakened only distrust and isolationism. The folk of Athel Loren crave nothing so much as to be left alone, to tend the groves of their woodland home in peace. Only on those occasions where the fate of the wider world threatens Athel Loren do they even notice the lands beyond the forest's eaves.

THE END TIMES

For much of the Wood Elves' existence, they spared little thought for the outside world unless it began to encroach on their daily lives. Indeed, only the very youngest and oldest paid it any heed. The youngest did so because they yearned for an adventure that could not be found within the forest's bounds, the oldest because they had been taught too many times that Athel Loren was not so removed from the circles of the world as they might have wished.

Yet, little by little, the Wood Elves have come to realise that the fate of other realms is theirs also. There are rumblings of a doom that will see the world torn asunder, and the sanctity of Athel Loren forever lost. Such is a fate fit to shake even the Wood Elves from their millennia of isolation. Guided by prophecy and the wisdom of Ariel, their immortal Mage Queen, the Wood Elves seek to prevent the oncoming disaster from claiming their forest home. Now, their hosts march with a purpose not seen for millennia. They know Athel Loren will not survive the coming disaster unscathed, and if the price of saving their beloved home is the preservation of other realms, then so be it.

KEY

Temples



Halls



Yn Cromarc Wyldyr - The Wild Heath



ATHEL LOREN

The forest of Athel Loren is a mystical place whose shadow lies far across the land. It extends along the banks of two great rivers, rising from the fertile plains of Bretonnia and reaching high into the mountains. Its outer bounds are marked with waystones, placed there by the first Elven settlers to contain the wild lands within. Within the forest's span, great trees loom overhead, their branches moving slowly, ever straining to escape the magical barrier of the waystones. Roots twist and claw across the fern-covered rocks and loam, and low mists coil underfoot. None tread beneath these eaves without feeling the forest's eyes upon them. Every step is dogged by a sense of watchfulness that permeates each leafy glade and winding track. The verdant labyrinth of the forest unsettles even the most courageous soul; filled with movement glimpsed from the corner of the eye, strange noises and the feeling that one is being watched at all times. Dark forms move through the twisting branches and dense undergrowth; tiny darting shapes flit between the trees. Only the insanely brave, mad or foolish dare to cross its bounds; all others shun it as a haunted place, filled with unquiet, malicious spirits.

YNEDRYL KOIRAN, THE KING'S GLADE

The King's Glade is a vast and awesome clearing, surrounded by great oak trees of immense girth and antiquity. When the Elves first penetrated into the depths of the forest, they decided to hold their councils and rituals here. Over the centuries, Spellweavers created a city among the trees around the King's Glade. The branches of the great oaks were induced to entwine into walkways and canopies, galleries and vaults. Thus are the buildings and chambers made entirely of living trees, branches and foliage. Beneath the earth, the same methods have been used to create great hollows between the interwoven roots of the trees.

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

It is from the King's Glade that Ariel and Orion preside over the realm of Athel Loren. They do not rule alone, but with the aid of a council. There are currently fifteen lords and ladies upon this council, drawn from the hidden realms that blossom beneath the trees. To hold such a seat is a great honour, one which has been handed down, generation to generation, since the very founding of the forest. In most matters, decisions are reached and decrees issued only by full agreement of the monarchs and the council. However, this holds true only whilst Ariel allows it. No one, not even Orion, can gainsay the Mage Queen if her mind is set. This is at once the Wood Elves' greatest strength and their most telling weakness. Whilst it grants a unity of purpose that the rulers of Naggaroth and Ulthuan sorely desire, it is a boon only when Ariel's judgement is sound, and has cost Athel Loren greatly when her steps have faltered.

There are few safe paths through Athel Loren. An individual that treks under the dark boughs for what seems like a couple of hours may, if he survives, return home to find that a hundred years have passed. Equally, one might wander lost within the forest for decades, only to emerge later on the very day that he entered. Navigating through Athel Loren is no easy task, for the forest's landmarks and glades are ever-shifting. What was open clearing one night may be heavily wooded the next morning, and pathways often disappear or turn back on themselves without warning. Even if an intruder tries to walk a straight path, he will invariably find himself turned around and facing out of the forest, his sanity tested by the horrors and wonders he encountered within. But not all forays end in disaster. The fortunate or the worthy might occasionally find passage between the changing paths, guided perhaps by a welcome shaft of sunlight, or coming across a forest trail at an unexpected turn. Inspired by such tales, there will always be those that dare enter the dark forest, drawn by fanciful tales of treasures or of hidden knowledge waiting to be won.

Most of the forest is a strange, almost twilight, world bathed only in the muted sunlight or moonlight able to penetrate the canopy of leaves. Only in the natural clearings, known as glades, can one look up and glimpse the sky or the stars. Other glades are vast tracts of land that could easily accommodate the largest of the Old World's cities, and that many a Bretonnian duke would claim as a proud domain. In fact, some have, though never for very long.

THE ETERNAL REALMS

Athel Loren is divided into twelve realms, each ruled by a lord or lady of the great council. Some realms are permanently locked in time, and only ever experience a single season as the years pass. Others dwell eternally under the night, or in the glory of the noon-day sun.

Scattered throughout the glades of these realms are the magical halls of the lords and ladies, their mighty entrance doors woven from the trunks of ancient trees or delved into the hillside. They are hidden to those the Elves do not welcome, and many an interloper has passed within a few paces of such a portal without knowing it was there. Those who enter through one of these strange gateways find themselves in a series of grand, beautiful caverns deep below the tree or hill. Roots can be seen far above, curving down from the roof of the hall to form elegant, interweaving pillars set with silver and gemstones. Everywhere there is ghostly music, soft glowing light and laughter that sounds like the wind blowing through autumnal trees.

It is in these halls that the Wood Elves feast and celebrate the natural cycles of the forest, holding grand banquets of woodland game and free-flowing, intoxicating Elven wines. Children taken from the lands around the forest, destined never to grow old, joyfully serve their graceful Elven masters. The halls are alive with wild dancing, lilting laughter and melodic music. It is not unheard of for outsiders, such as Bretonnian questing knights, to on occasion join an Elven feast, but it is a foolish individual indeed that would eat or drink the foodstuffs of the Elves without invitation.



TALSYN, THE GROVES OF ETERNITY

Ruled by Lord Araloth the Bold

Talsyn is the largest and most prosperous of all Athel Loren's high realms, and its warriors have ever formed the backbone of its armies. Other lords and ladies of the great council are resentful of this status, claiming it arises not from merit, but because both the King's Glade and the Oak of Ages lie within the Groves of Eternity. Perhaps there is as much truth as jealousy in this sentiment, but whilst many envy Lord Araloth for his prestige, few desire his burdens.

Nowhere in Athel Loren is there a stronger bond between Elves and forest spirits as there is in the Groves of Eternity. This was the part of the forest that the Elder Treeman Adanhu claimed as his own, and since his passing, the other spirits have steadfastly honoured his vision of coexistence. Not that the Dryads can be said to be friendly exactly, but they at least refrain from the kidnapping of Elf children that is so rife in other parts of Athel Loren.

It is in Talsyn that the nexus of worldroots can be found. When the world was young, the spirits of Athel Loren travelled these living pathways to the forests of distant lands. Alas, many of those routes are now closed, either because the worldroots themselves have been sundered, or because the forests at the far end have been consumed by the hungry forges of barbarous races. Nonetheless, the Wood Elves can still use the worldroots to reach lands as distant as chill Naggaroth if there is sufficient need.



ARRANOC, THE SUMMERSTRAND

Ruled by Lord Amadri Ironbark

Winter never comes to the verdant reaches of the Summerstrand. Here, the glades are ever dappled by brilliant sunshine all year round. Likewise, night seldom falls in this part of the forest and, even when it does, the hours of darkness are few and fleeting. Thus are the spirits of the Summerstrand eternally vibrant, for the passage of the seasons affects them not. The Elves of this realm are generous, and given to holding lavish feasts at the slightest provocation. They are also, unlike many of Athel Loren's denizens, welcoming to peaceable outsiders, and waste no time including interlopers in the festivities. Many such 'guests' are resistant at first, but the first mouthful of sprigwine swiftly overcomes most resistance.

So it is that many outsiders have bided for long centuries in the glades of the Summerstrand, eating, drinking, making merry and seldom marking the passage of time. Few notice that their Elven feast-partners change as the hours and days pass, or that their hosts are more measured in the sampling of delights. Even fewer notice when their fellow guests, insensate with indolence, are carried from the feast by silent Dryad attendants. These glutted creatures are left at the entrance to the Vaults of Winter. Those ancient caverns are the work of a civilisation older than the Elves, and are home to beings that feast on reeking and pleasure-sodden souls. Thus do the guests of Arranoc pass from this world, sacrificed to sate creatures that would otherwise prey on the Elves of the Summerstrand.





ARGWYLON, THE MOONSPRING GLADES

Ruled by Lord Thalandor Doomstar

Argwylon is a land of light and wonder, where the rivers are alive with naïads, and the waterfalls sing with ghostly voices.

This is a realm of mages and magic, of daily deeds that would be thought miraculous in other corners of the forest.

This is the only corner of Athel Loren in which many of the old traditions of Ulthuan endure and detailed historical records are maintained. It should therefore be of little surprise that the Elves of the Moonglades consider themselves superior to their fellows – an attitude that endears them neither to others of their kind, nor to the spirits of their realm. Indeed, only the naïads of the Grismerie, who are famously unchoosy in the company they keep, can even bear to talk with them. By contrast, the Eagles of the mountains rejoice in their fast friendship with Argwylon, for nowhere else in Athel Loren can the Elves speak their ancient tongue.



MODRYN, THE NIGHT GLENS

Ruled by Lady Morlanna & Lord Arlas

Modryn is a land that lies ever in shadow. Sunlight never reaches these glades, and the only light is that emitted by the flickering spite-creatures that quarrel and frolic as they flit through the upper branches of the trees. Shaped by the perpetual gloom, the Elves and spirits of the Night Glens are spiteful even by the standards of Athel Loren. They practise magics and customs that are forbidden in other realms, and worship gods most other Wood Elves shun.

It was not always this way. The Night Glens could once have been accounted the brightest and most glorious of all Athel Loren's realms, and its inhabitants amongst the most welcoming. All of that changed during a dark time in Athel Loren's history, when a darkness in Ariel's spirit spread throughout the forest. In time, the Mage Queen restored the balance in her soul, but the Night Glens never recovered.



CAVAROC, THE SKYMARK REACHES

Ruled by Lord Edrael of Equos

Skymark is the land of the meadow glades, the sparsely-wooded grassland plains that lie on Athel Loren's south border. The Elves of Cavaroc are horsemasters as fine as any in the world, and the first to march when the war-horns are sounded. They are swift to act, and swift to anger as well – if ever the Elves of Athel Loren overreach themselves in some matter of war, it is all but a certainty that the Glade Riders of the Skymark Reaches will be found at the head of that mad charge.

It is little wonder that the Elves of Cavaroc are more brash than others in Athel Loren, for their plains are always the first lands assailed if a greedy Bretonnian duke seeks to expand his territory. In the past, they have countered this threat by terrifying the humans into submission, but have since turned to the subtler means of substituting many of the Damsels of Quenelles with shape-shifting forest spirits who then sabotage the Duke's plans from within...

YN EDRI ETERNOS, THE OAK OF AGES

The Oak of Ages is the spiritual heart of Athel Loren. It was here that the Wood Elf realm was truly founded, and it is here that the yearly rituals of Orion's death and rebirth see their completion. The Oak itself is a mystery to all save Ariel, the Mage Queen of Athel Loren. The Elves tell how she passes the winter months and times of great hurt within its embrace. However, they do not know whether she does so literally within the body of the tree or in grand halls woven into its roots – certainly, none have the temerity to ask.

It is here, beneath the Oak's ancient boughs, that countless generations of Athel Loren's Spellsingers have learned their sorcerous craft. Magic lies heavy about the Oak of Ages, and its aspect subtly changes as the Winds of Magic rise and fall. It is at its most glorious when Ghyran sweeps through the forest, and at its most twisted and sinister when Shyish is ascendant. Few artefacts forged by mortal races contain as much magical power as a single acorn from the Oak's branches. Many a Spellsinger that travels the lands beyond Athel Loren does so with such a treasure bound tight above her heart to serve as a protective charm, a lodestone to hearth and home and, at desperate need, a reserve of power.

Many Elves believe that the fate of the Oak of Ages governs not only the rest of Athel Loren, but of their entire race also. For this reason, no matter how terrible the times become, or how dire the peril facing them, the Wood Elves will never suffer invaders to despoil the Oak of Ages.



ATYLWYTH, THE WINTERHEART

Ruled by Sceolan of the Hooked Blade

Atylwyth is a realm locked in the icy embrace of winter; its boughs are ever covered in a thick rime of frost, its glades always heavy with snow. Pale statues line every path, and mark the entrance to every hall. Some of these works are exquisite ice sculptures, shaped by an artisan's patient touch. Others are frost-caged mischievous naïads or spiteful kelpies, imprisoned by Elven magics in punishment for past misdeeds or to prevent future ones. These statues flow and reform when the eye does not rest upon them, the creatures inside ever seeking to escape.

Few forest spirits awaken in this land, for the biting chill lulls them and keeps them slumbering. Most sleep willingly through the centuries, waiting for the arrival of a glorious dawn that will never come. As a result, the connection between forest and Elves is weaker here than in any other part of Athel Loren. Those spirits that do rouse to wakefulness seldom talk with the Elves, and instead prefer to influence their allies' thoughts and deeds through dreams.

Unlike other regions of the forest, Atylwyth's defence has ever relied upon the bravery and battle-skill of the Elves alone – even the threat of extinction cannot rouse the realm's forest spirits from their torpidity. Thus do the Atylwythi practise the arts of war with an obsession that is wholly alien in other realms. Nowhere else in Athel Loren can Eternal Guard be found in such numbers as they can in the halls and holds of Lord Sceolan.



CYTHRAL, THE WILDWOOD

Ruled by Lady Draya the Nighthawk

Not all the spirits of Athel Loren dwell in harmony with the Elves. Even now, thousands of years after the first great council, there are those beings who actively seek the Elves' destruction. Some revel in malevolence purely for its own sake, others would war against the Elves with all the cunning and might at their command, were they free to do so.

It was to guard against this threat that the first Wood Elves planted a fence of waystones in the southeast of Athel Loren, creating the Wildwood – a prison for the most malevolent of forest spirits. Thus can the Dryads and Treemen found elsewhere in Athel Loren, cruel as they are, be considered the most benign of their kind. Yet the waystone fence alone is not sufficient to indefinitely cage the creatures of the Wildwood. There are Treemen and other elemental colossi within, and their power is more than equal to the task of toppling a few menhirs. Losing one or two such stones has little effect on the cage's efficacy, but if several adjacent waystones were felled, the breach would be enough to allow an escape.

It is the endless task of the Elves of the Wildwood to ensure that the waystones are maintained and thus the prison kept whole. They do not live in the Cythral itself, and indeed only enter it at times of great need, but instead maintain their halls on the outside of the waystone fence. No realm in all of Athel Loren is so unwelcoming of outsiders, and with good reason. Not all the creatures of the Wildwood are monstrous of form. Some are seductresses steeped in fey glamour, easily capable of luring mortals into their shadowy embrace. Few of such victims emerge from the Wildwood unharmed. Most of those that do are mortal creatures no more, their own souls having been devoured and replaced by those of shadow-naiads or deepwood fetchlings. The Rangers of the Wildwood must be ever on guard for such imposters, and so many outsiders are beheaded and burned for their trespassing. Better that the innocent perish than a changeling escape and insinuate itself into the courts of Athel Loren.

ATHEL CAIELLIN, THE DREAMING WOOD

Athel Caiellin is not so much an area of Athel Loren as it is a wholly separate region that sits alongside the entire forest. It is a realm of grim prophecy and stark terror, of endless magic and daemonic malice. The Wood Elves enter the Dreaming Wood only at times of greatest need, for they know well that there is no surer way to draw thirsting Slaanesh's attention. The Dark Prince's servants ever prowl Athel Caiellin, searching for errant Elves, and battling with others of their kind.

Athel Caiellin can only be accessed in places where magic lies heavily upon the land. Many of these sites fluctuate with the passage of the seasons, and only serve as portals at high summer, or in the darkest depths of winter. Most of these locations are marked by archways of vine-tangled white stone, placed as warning to the unwary that the Dreaming Wood lies beyond. Others are given away only by dark whispers on the breeze and a slight shimmering of the air, beyond which the glades take on a strangely sinister or unwelcoming aspect.



TIRSYTH, THE ASHENHALL

Ruled by Lady Arda of the Parted Veil

The Elves of Athel Loren's other realms consider the Ashen Hall to be a drab and sombre place. As proof, they point to the lugubrious character of its inhabitants and the cinereal colourings of their raiment. There is no joyful song in Ashen Hall, they say, just the dirges of Elves who live ever under the shadow of death.

In truth, the Elves of Tirsyth are no more fatalistic than others of their kind – they simply revere life's end as fervently as they do its start. So do Ashen Hall's Elves fill their glades with intricate moonstone statues of the departed, so that they might remember and honour the deceased even if their kin elsewhere in the forest do not. The forest spirits respect this gesture for reasons of their own, and groves of Treemen have sprung up around statues of those Elves beloved of the forest. Woe betide he who interferes with such a shrine.



WYDRIOTH, THE PINE CRAGS

Ruled by Lord Findol & Lady Evelyne

The Pine Crags is an embattled region, ever beset by the Dwarfs and greenskins of the Grey Mountains. From the outside, its steep slopes appear to be no more defensible than any other part of Athel Loren. It is only when an invader is drawn beneath the eaves that he discovers that the Pine Crags is in fact a sprawling fortress. Here, the Elves have shaped citadels and strongholds from skycrown oaks, and endless leagues of gnarled and tangled walls from rockbriar. A maze of walkways and root-braced tunnels bind the various outposts together into a single living defence-work capable of repelling a full-blown Waaagh! Many rising warlords have met their doom amongst the glades of Wydrioth, for bringing an army into the Pine Crags is a much simpler proposition than that of its extrication. Findol and his court are famously bloodthirsty, and take great joy in slaughtering those who intrude upon their domain.



FYR DARRIC, TRICKSTER'S WOOD

Ruled by Lady Heggria of the Masque

Fyr Darric is Loec the Trickster's holy ground within Athel Loren, the site of many shrines to his anarchic glory. Here too can be found the Feast Halls of the Wardance – the closest thing that the nomadic Wardancers of Athel Loren have to a home. As a result, the glades of Fyr Darric always resound to the sound of laughter, though much of it is mean-spirited. Every deception requires a victim, and the consequences can range from wounded pride to a slow death.

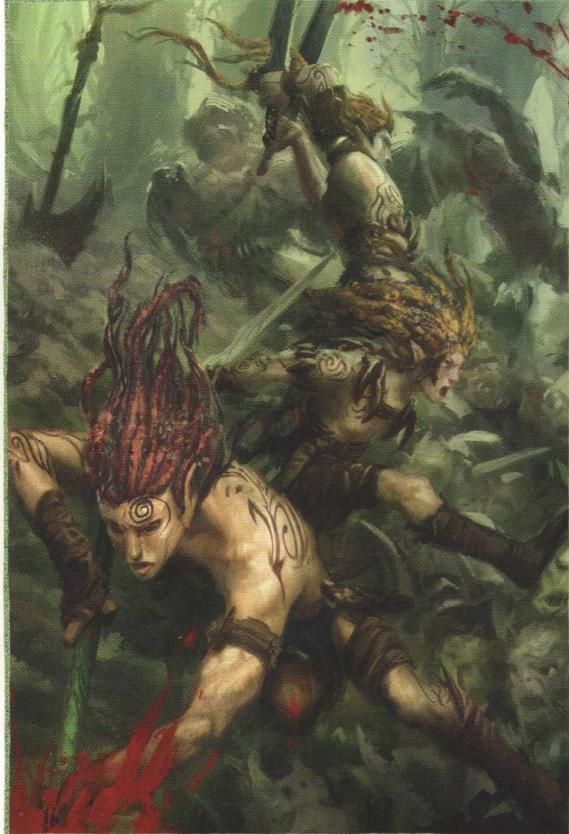
Never is this more true that at the Festivals of the Equinox, when captives are promised their freedom, if only they can slay a Wardancer in single combat. None succeed, of course, for the Devotees of Loec are peerless duellists. The true contest is not for the victim's freedom, but to see how many wounds the Wardancer can inflict before his foe expires. Any captive who dies to fewer than a hundred cuts is thought to be poor sport indeed.



TORGOVANN, THE FORGE OF STARLIGHT Ruled by Lord Daith

The Forge of Starlight is the domain of makers and craftsmen, of the artisans and smiths who create all Athel Loren's many tools of wonder and war. In the very centre of the realm lies Vaul's Anvil, the shrine to the Maker God, and every night, the beech trees of that glade bask in the light and warmth of the mighty forge-temple. Inevitably, the rippling heat from Vaul's Anvil draws forest spirits from the nearby groves, who watch the striking of hammer upon anvil with childlike fascination. Such creatures love the flame for the warmth and life it gives, but are also wary of it for the harm it can wreak if left untended.

Lord Daith, most celebrated of all the Elven smiths, is the master of this realm, and has been for as long as any Elf can recall. Indeed, some whisper that Daith is older even than Ariel and Orion, that he fled Ulthuan with the first colonists; others claim that it was he who forged Aenarion's Dragon armour. For such to be true, Daith would have to be many thousands of years old – something that would be considered near-impossible in any realm other than timeless Athel Loren. If Daith is truly as old as the rumours tell, he bears little of his great age, for his aspect is that of an Elf in his middle-years. He is blind, and has been so as long as any have known him, but none of this slows his craftsmanship at the forge. He performs his works by touch, and by the way hot metal changes the taste of the air. Nor does his lack of vision still his tongue, which is just as fiery as his forge.



ANMYR, THE WITHERHOLD Ruled by Lady Tevaril & Lady Delynna

Anmyr is a realm in desperate decline. Many years ago, the foul beast Morghur was slain in the heart of the region, and his

blood corrupted the land for many leagues around. Indeed, Addaivoch, the mighty elm that once served as the halls of Anmyr's rulers, was reduced to a blighted and atrophied husk during that battle, and its shadow falls now only on barren and lifeless soil. Ever since those days, the Elves of Anmyr have been fighting a losing battle against Morghur's taint. Each year, the Beastmen warherds grow larger, increasing numbers of forest spirits are lost to madness and whole groves of trees wither and perish. In Athel Loren, the loss of even a single tree is a tragedy, so the ongoing legacy of Morghur's blood is cause for sorrow beyond words.

Witherhold does not stand alone in its battle against corruption. The lords and ladies of other realms know only too well that Morghur's taint will spread all throughout Athel Loren if it is left unchecked. Therefore, Elves of all the forest's domains can be found in the glades of Anmyr, fighting running battles with rampaging Beastmen. Yet the blight upon Witherhold cannot be fought with blade and bow alone. The doom overtaking Anmyr is as much spiritual as physical, for the Beastmen are the Children of Chaos, and their deeds are fuelled by the will of the Dark Gods. Nothing short of divine intervention will see Witherhold's peril finally ended and its former glories restored, but the gods of the Elves are weakened – perhaps too weak to intercede.

YN CROMARC WYLDYR, THE WILD HEATH

The Forest of Loren is surrounded by vast tracts of open heath and scrub, where the stunted trees and occasional groves mingle with open stretches of bracken and heather. Here and there, the vista is broken by standing stones, burial cairns and stone circles. Some of these were built by tribes of Men in remote antiquity; the origins of others are a mystery. Most outward of all are the waystones planted by the first Elves of Athel Loren. Even then, they knew the power of the forest, and sought to contain its fury.

This, then, is the Wild Heath; the landscape that forms the borderland of Athel Loren. It is a boundary ever in motion, with the trees forever straining against the waystone fence that pens them in. On occasion, when summer is at its highest, the trees can even overwhelm the waystones and spill into the lands beyond. When this happens, the Spellsingers and Spellweavers of Athel Loren quickly loose their magics in order to coax the trees back to their proper home. They do this not to save the Bretonnian peasantry of the surrounding lands – though countless lives are doubtless preserved by these actions. Rather, they do it to maintain the tenuous balance by which Athel Loren exists. Though the instinct of the trees is to spread their roots across the world, the Elves seek to preserve the unity from which the forest draws its strength. Were its trees and spirits permitted to roam the world beyond, many would perish. Worse, those that survived would do so only by becoming as cruel and bloodthirsty as the most terrible servants of the Chaos Gods. Thus do the Wood Elves preserve the forest from itself by first preserving outsiders from the forest.





THE GREAT SEASONS

Time flows strangely under the eaves of Athel Loren; a day can pass in an eye-blink or stretch away into eternity. Indeed, it can do both at once, for the passage of the seconds is never so subjective as it is within the forest's timeless glades. As a result of all this, the time within Athel Loren rarely overlays precisely with that of the outside world. This is compounded by the fact that time is not even uniform within Athel Loren. Winter never leaves some of the ancient glades, and there are places where the sun burns bright all year round.

Despite the challenges posed by the nature of their realm, the Wood Elves manage to maintain surprisingly accurate records of their own histories. They instinctively balance their perceptions with the forest's ever-changing flow of time, and find it remarkable that other creatures cannot master something so ridiculously simple. In this, they are aided by the fact that the King's Glade and the Oak of Ages – the twin hearts of Athel Loren – are always in perfect harmony with the outside world. This therefore means that the yearly cycle of Orion's rebirth ties too with the summers and winters of neighbouring lands. Yet, all the while, there are still regions of Athel Loren where the first incarnation of the King in the Woods has never died.

The Wood Elf histories are rarely written down. Instead, they are preserved through the ages by the stories and songs of courtly skalds, and within the ornate ritual performances of the Wardancers – devotees of Loec, the teller of tales. Of the two methods, the latter can be considered the more reliable. Though the Wardancers are servants of the Trickster God, their dances speak the truth even when their words do not. Skalds, on the other hand, maintain favour with the lords and ladies by embellishing reputations and diminishing failures, and so their songs are prized more for their entertainment than their scrupulous accuracy. Indeed, the most popular songs are those that take a historical event and weave it into allegorical ballads whose messages are meaningful to all.

THE TURNING OF THE LEAVES

The chronicle of Athel Loren is most commonly broken down into a series of 'great seasons': the Season of Rebirth, the Season of Redemption, and so on. Each great season marks the passage of several centuries, and therefore many hundreds of the 'lesser seasons' that pass over the Oak of Ages: Ice, Rebirth, The Hunt and The Fade.

There is no set trigger that determines when one great season ceases and another begins. The end of an old and the onset of a new is heralded by unfolding events, and it may be that the shift between great seasons goes unmarked until many years after the fact. In a more rigid society, laxity of this kind would throw all manner of bureaucratic systems into disorder. In Athel Loren, this is simply the way things are done.

In those rare halls where written histories are preserved, they are recorded using a similar method to that used in the Ulthuan society from which the Wood Elves sprang. The great season is given first, following in sequence by year, lesser season and day (though the last two are often so subjective in Athel Loren as to render them confusing, at best). Thus III, 251, 2, 87 would be the eighty-seventh day in the lesser season of Rebirth, in the two hundred and fifty first year of the Season of Revelation.

Of course, Athel Loren existed long before the Elves first settled there, though it is doubtful as to whether any of the spirits of that era even marked the passage of time. Certainly, no records remain if they did, and the surviving Elders are little given to discussing times past. The years before the arrival of the Elves are referred to as part of the 'Forgotten Season'. Some Elves maintain that these must have been the time of Athel Loren's glory, before the Elves sullied it with their presence. Most believe, however, that only with their coming did the forest truly know magnificence. The truth, as ever, can be found somewhere in between.

KEY EVENTS IN WOOD ELF HISTORY



I, 1 – The Realm Founded

After rejecting Phoenix King Caradryel's repatriation decree, the Elves of Athel Loren begin to dwell ever deeper in the forest.

I, 376 – The Winter of Woe

Greenskin invaders push deep into the heart of Athel Loren. In the end, they are defeated in a great battle before the Oak of Ages. Orion and Ariel appear to the Wood Elves and are enthroned as the King and Queen in the Woods.

II, 283 – The Battle of Anguish

Morghur the Corruptor is slain following a great battle in what will be known as the Glade of Woe forever after.

III, 1111 – Battle of the Silverspire

Orion leads a great host to defeat the reborn Morghur. He encounters the spirit of the Silverspire.

III, 1594 – Return to the Silverspire

Morghur assails the Silverspire once again. The Wood Elves ally with Gilles le Breton to end the threat.

IV, 16 – Sack of Ghond

Ariel and Orion lead an assault on the tower of Ghond in Naggaroth. Morathi offers Ariel a portion of her forbidden knowledge, and so is spared.

IV, 234 – Battle of Pine Crags

Grungni Goldfinder and a throng of Dwarfen treasure seekers descend upon Pine Crags. The industrious mountain dwellers' presence is soon deemed unwelcome. Ultimately, the Glade Lord Findul lures the Dwarfs into a trap and destroys them utterly.

IV, 581 – Coeddil Recaged

The imprisoned Treeman Coeddil, his heart black with hatred, attempts to escape the Wildwood. He is stopped by a coterie of Spellsingers.

V, 111 – Slaughter at Brionne

Wood Elves and Bretonnians drive a Skaven horde from the walls of Brionne. With this great victory scarcely won, the allies ride east to Quenelles and work another great slaughter upon the ratmen.

VI, 1 – A Dream of Doom

Naieth the Prophetess has a vision of the future death of Athel Loren. The Wood Elves mobilise to prevent it.

VI, 294 – Intervention in Avelorn

At Ariel's request, Scarloc leads a band of scouts through the worldroots to Avelorn and harries the Daemon N'kari as he seeks the Everqueen.

VI, 488 – Battle of the Cairns

Heinrich Kemmler, the Lichemaster, enters Athel Loren and attempts to raise the dead of the ancient cairns. Durthu rouses the forest and crushes the Necromancer's forces.

THE FORGOTTEN SEASON

(Imperial Calendar c.-10,000 to -1501)

Long ago, before the coming of Chaos, before even the rise of the Elves, a great forest took root upon the world. Like much that came to exist in that halcyon time, the forest was the work of the mysterious Old Ones, who planted its seeds and saplings as part of their grand experiment. This was no magically tainted arborea, as the jungles of the south would one day become, but a form of life utterly unique in all the realms of the world. Of course, other forests had existed before that time, and would exist again, but they were pitiable things in comparison, populated by trees that possessed neither voice nor thought and were unable to protect themselves from the predations of those who sought their boughs for fire and shelter.

This great forest was different, for powerful spirits dwelt within and amongst its trees. It is impossible to say whether this was part of the Old Ones' design, the work of the Elf gods or caused by some other influence that seeped into the trees' souls, but as time went on, the trees came to think in a way that trees were never meant to, and learned of feelings such as anger and hate. Before long, the great forest became aware of itself, and of the bloodied life that crawled upon the world like insects. The great forest treated some races with tolerance, and even friendship. Others, especially those greedy folk who saw the trees only as a ready source of fuel, were met with ruthless fury, sparking legends of remorseless tree-daemons that would last for millennia.

By this time, the Oak of Ages at the great forest's heart had spread its roots across many lands, creating a web of worldroots that the spirits of the wood could traverse to reach faraway places. So did the great forest first discover the summerlands of Avelorn, and encounter the Elves of Ulthuan. No race grew closer to the spirits of the great forest than the Elves, who in their innocence, marvelled at its wondrous nature, and whispered with its ancient spirits so that they might learn their secrets. One of the spirits in particular, Durthu – or Oakheart, as the Elves named him – grew fond of Avelorn's folk, in particular of their Everqueen Astarielle. Soon, he consented to teach them how to shape the trees without harming branch or bough, and blessed them with many other secrets his kind possessed.

For a short time thereafter, Avelorn knew a golden age that would eclipse any that followed. Under the combined stewardship of Elves and forest spirits, the woods and meadows blossomed into incredible life. Many of the great forest's spirits forsook their home for Avelorn's paradise, for they were determined to awaken those trees as they themselves had been awakened. Yet, though Avelorn became ever more wondrous and beautiful, its trees remained silent.

Then the Daemons came.

THE DAEMON INVASION

With the collapse of the great polar gates, Chaos swept across the world. Everywhere, civilisations burned and madness overtook order. Ulthuan suffered greater than any other land, for many amongst the daemonic host thirsted for Elven souls above all others. Had great heroes not arisen to meet the challenge, the Elves would have been utterly destroyed and their land made over into a court of pandemonium.

Greatest of these heroes was Aenarion the Defender, first of the Phoenix Kings. It was he who rallied the Elves to hold back the daemonic tide, and his example ever spurred others to greater deeds. In time, Aenarion took the Everqueen Astarielle as his wife, and she bore him two fine children: Morelion, and Yvraine. As the Phoenix King fought to preserve Ulthuan, the Everqueen withdrew into the hallowed woods of Avelorn to raise their children as far from war as those days would allow. Avelorn had so far been spared the horrors of the invasion, for the Daemons sensed that Durthu and his kind were not dissimilar in nature to themselves, and were wary of attacking their domain if easier prey was close at hand. Such a state of affairs could not last, however. One fateful day, when Aenarion's army was campaigning far from Avelorn, a daemonic host greater than any yet seen descended upon Avelorn, and the slaughter began.

As Avelorn burned, Durthu and his kind fought alongside the Elves – they could have fled back to the great forest, but chose to stand with their allies. Many were destroyed, others were driven mad with despair, yet still the spirits of the forest battled on. But Avelorn could neither be saved by valour nor by strength of arms. Hour by hour, the Elves and spirits were driven deeper into their heartlands, until finally there was nowhere left to retreat to.



ASTARIELLE'S PLEA

It was late on that last day that Astarielle came to Durthu with a desperate request: that he rescue her children from the coming doom. For a time, Durthu stood silent, as the forest burned around them, the tears and pleas of his petitioner seemingly unheeded. To carry blooded creatures along the Oak of Ages' worldroots would no doubt be seen as a dire transgression, and he was minded not to invoke the wrath of his peers. Yet in his time in Avelorn, Durthu had seen how the Elves and forest spirits had been far stronger and wiser together than they had been apart – if either survived the darkness, that strength would surely serve the great forest well in whatever world followed.

So it was that when Durthu spoke again, he agreed to Astarielle's request. But, he cautioned, there would be a price to pay. If he saved the Everqueen's offspring, the great forest would one day claim many Elves as its own, so that they might serve and protect it as they had tended the land of Avelorn. Was the Everqueen, he asked, prepared to sacrifice the future to preserve the present? Now it was Astarielle's turn to fall silent, for there was something ominous in Durthu's tone. Yet she had little choice – if Yvraine died, the line of the Everqueen would die with her, and the Elves would soon after fade forever.

It was then that a colossal Daemon broke through the Elven lines, bellowing in triumph as it swept aside the last of the Everqueen's bodyguard with its four mighty arms. Even in a day beset with horrors, this was a cruel fate. No mere foot soldier of the Daemon host was this, but mighty N'kari, foremost servant of thirsting Slaanesh. He was not merely a despoiler of bodies, but a devourer of spirits; his cruel embrace brought not death but the oblivion of the soul. Kissing her children once last time, the Everqueen now gave them hurriedly into Durthu's keeping. As the spirit led Morelion and Yvraine away, Astarielle summoned what little of her magic remained unspent and went calmly down into the battle to meet her destiny.

When Durthu returned to the great forest, his wards deep in charmed slumber, he was dismayed that his home had fared little better than Avelorn. The great Greenwood that had once sprawled across the world was now but a fraction of its former size. The land where it had flourished bore the scars of fire and wild magic that had driven it back, and even then its borders were assailed by Daemons beyond counting. It seemed he had exchanged one hopeless battle for another.

Yet appearances were deceptive. As the great forest's battle for survival had become more desperate, the natures of some of its spirits – particularly those of the striplings – had changed. Many were now wilder and more aggressive, perhaps even cruel, and their lithe and slender forms had grown much more suited to battle. It also transpired that much of the forest that had been destroyed in Durthu's absence had been lost many years ago. The outpost that remained, nestled between the shoulders of two great mountain ranges, had held its ground for more than a decade, and was even now spreading outward once more.

Yet if Durthu had been wrong about the forest's plight, he had been correct about his fellow Elders' reception. Adanhu, wisest of the tree lords, was greatly displeased that the sanctity of the worldroots had been breached. Coeddil,

who had for long centuries directed the great forest's wrath against its despoilers, was consumed with bitter fury and demanded that the interlopers be slain.

At first, Adanhu agreed with Coeddil, but eventually relented. Eldest he was and fearful of change, but so too did he fear that the forest's survival might have come only by sacrificing the gentler and peaceable side of their nature. Unchecked, the spirits of the great forest would become an enemy as dire as that which they had fought, and Durthu's bargain presented some small hope that such a destiny could be prevented. Though Coeddil railed angrily against the decision, Adanhu agreed that Astarielle's heirs could remain within the great forest until their homeland was safe once more – provided that they never awakened from their magical sleep whilst within its bounds.

Thus did Morelion and Yvraine slumber through the last terrible deeds of that war. Avelorn was cleansed, and in time would become beautiful once more, but it would never recapture the glory of its heyday. The spirits of the great forest fought on as best they could, knowing that they could not end the onslaught, only endure it. As for Aenarion, he was driven to madness by the loss of his wife and children. Soon after, he fell into darkness, only to redeem himself at the last. In the end, the world was saved not by force of arms, but by the cunning of an Elf mage, whose great ritual of banishment cast the Daemons from the world.

With the passing of the Daemons, Durthu was finally able to keep the promise he had made to Astarielle. Journeying through the worldroots once more, he brought Morelion and Yvraine to Ulthuan's beautiful Gaean Vale, and there left them to be discovered. Neither sibling ever recalled anything of leaving Ulthuan, only that Oakheart had rescued them on the night of their mother's sacrifice. Yvraine soon became the next Everqueen, and Morelion a stalwart protector ever at her side. As for Durthu, he longed to rebuild the glory of Avelorn, but knew that the great forest needed his guidance far more. Gathering to him almost all of the spirits that had survived the invasion of Ulthuan, he returned home.

Many centuries passed. Little by little, the spirits of the great forest and the lessons they had taught passed from the tales of the Elves, remaining only in half-remembered tradition and folktales. In time, Ulthuan grew in power and glory, establishing many colonies overseas. The world was riven by earthquakes, and the worldroots were severed, isolating the great forest from the wider world. Through it all, the Elders watched with patient eyes, awaiting the opportunity to collect on Astarielle's debt.

ELDERS OF THE FOREST

The Elders of the great forest are the oldest of the Treeman Ancients. The Wood Elves tell that in the time before Chaos, there were hundreds of such beings. Alas, the Elders knew naught of war and, by the time the Daemons were banished, only three Elders remained: Adanhu, who held the gift of prophecy, Durthu strong of heart and limb, and Coeddil the cunning. They were not entirely alone, for many thousands of other Treemen had survived the coming of the Daemons, but they were but striplings of mere centuries, and remembered not the days of the forest's glory.

THE SEASON OF REBIRTH

I 1-405 (*Imperial Calendar -1500 to -1095*)

It would be millennia before the destinies of the Elves and the great forest became entwined once more. Ulthuan's power was now at its height, and Elven colonies were established in many lands. Most were founded along the shores, but a great many Elves headed inland. Some were guided by dreams and visions, or by urges not easily explained. Others were driven by wanderlust that set their feet on paths that had lain untrodden since the dawn of creation.

It was these Elves who first encountered the great forest, and they were intrigued by what they found. At night they saw strange lights dancing in the darkness beneath the bows, and huge shapes lingering on the outskirts of the glades. Captivated, the Elves attempted to push deeper, but found themselves thwarted at every turn by shifting paths. Despite this resistance, the Elves never once considered settling elsewhere. The forest's magic was in their blood, a legacy of Astariele's long-ago pact, and it could not be denied. Thus did the Elves name the forest Athel Loren, 'Wood of the Dawning of the World'. They settled on its outskirts and planted great waystones about the boundaries to contain the spirits within. Despite these precautions, folk occasionally vanished into the forest, driven by strange visions or lured by ghost-like nymphs. None of these were ever seen again.



THE SUNDERING

Far away, an age of tragedy was dawning. Malekith, son of Aenarion by his second wife, sought to claim the Phoenix Throne by force and, in so doing, split the Elven race forever. No longer was there one race of Elves – now there were the Dark Elves loyal to the traitor Malekith, and the High Elves who were true to the Phoenix Throne. Ulthuan was torn apart in the battles that followed and, by the time Malekith led his defeated followers to the chill land of Naggaroth, the shattered nation was but a shadow of its former self.

Never again would the High Elves know peace. On those rare occasions which they were not locked in vendetta with their hated cousins, their colossal arrogance sparked conflict elsewhere, chiefly with the Dwarfs of the mountains. Many colonies were drawn into these fruitless campaigns, but the Elves of Athel Loren refused to become involved. When Phoenix King Caradryel finally gave the order that all loyal folk of Ulthuan should abandon their colonies and return home, only the Elves of Athel Loren refused, and they soon declared their independence from the Phoenix Throne. As the High Elves withdrew westward, the Dwarfs advanced. As the first snows of winter began to fall, the grudgeful children of the mountains descended upon Athel Loren, hacking and burning. This callous action drove the forest into a fury, but its spirits had ever been sluggish during the months of frost. The Dryads were soon scattered or slain, and Durthu, the only ancient not yet at slumber, was wounded near to death by keen Dwarfen axes.

Realising that the forest could not defeat the Dwarfs alone, Durthu bade it draw back from the encroachers, and open up pathways that thrust them onto the fringes of the Elven settlements. Thinking themselves under attack, the Elves assailed the Dwarfs, filling the air with volley after volley of arrows. As the forest had twisted the advance of the Dwarfs so too did it now guide the footsteps of the Elves. Whenever the Dwarfs turned to face this threat, the Elves slipped away into the trees, only to emerge impossible distances away moments later. Unable to defeat a foe upon which they could not lay honest steel, the remaining Dwarfs retreated.

In the wake of victory, the Elves began to dwell within the borders of Athel Loren, for they feared reprisals from the Dwarfs more than they did the capricious will of the forest. The forest did not resist, and the Elves wondered why. The wayward children of Ulthuan never heard the harsh words that raged between Adanhu and Coeddil as they argued over their fate. Durthu, instigator of the current situation, remained silent through it all. He had suffered greatly from the Dwarfen axes; his once-kind nature had all but fallen away, and he no longer fully trusted his own judgement.

Ultimately, Adanhu's will prevailed, and the forest now opened up many of its secrets to the Elves, though the Dryads and Treemen took care never to intentionally reveal themselves. At the very heart of Athel Loren, Ariel, foremost amongst the Elven magi, spoke with the forest for the first time and before long, many Elves learnt this art of tree-singing. It was then that the Elves, always respectful of all things natural, truly embraced Athel Loren as their home. More than that, the Elves treated the forest with the awe and reverence it deserved and demanded, seeing the essence of their ancestral gods in its seasonal cycles. They vowed never to take from the forest without giving back equally in service and sacrifice. When the Elves needed wood to burn in order to survive the icy winters, they would take only fallen branches, and in the spring they would nurture and tend to new saplings, encouraging them to shape graceful halls above and below the ground. When the Elves hunted the animals of the forest for food and clothing, they used all that they took, and gave thanks to Athel Loren in ceremonies of blood.

THE GREAT COUNCIL

Before long, Dwarfs marched upon Athel Loren once more. This time they came in a throng many tens of thousands strong, with warriors drawn from dozens of holds. When they learned of this threat, the great lords and ladies of the Wood Elves held council at the foot of the Oak of Ages, and even the trees of the glade crowded close, as if paying attention to what was said. The devotees of the trickster god performed their ritual dances, and the seers and prophetesses read the skeins of fate in the stars and patterns of flame. In that fire-lit glade, beautiful Ariel found herself drawn to the Lord Orion. He was the bravest and most handsome of his folk as Ariel was the wisest and fairest of hers. Whilst the council debated how best to oppose the Dwarfs, Ariel and Orion were deep in a conversation of their own, seemingly oblivious to the great matters that were discussed around them. Finally, they slipped away, unnoticed and unremarked.

The mood of the council was otherwise bleak, for it was apparent to all that they could not best the Dwarfs in battle. Worse, the seers had determined that the Dwarfs were but the lesser of two nascent threats – a great horde of greenskins was but a few days from launching their own assault. It was in that moment of despair that Adanhu finally revealed himself to the Elves. He pledged that the spirits of the forest would fight alongside them if only the battle was brought before winter came. Emboldened by Adanhu's words, the Elves prepared their plans anew. In their enthusiasm, they were heedless of the ancient one's warning that a great sacrifice would be required. It was not until many hours later, when the feast was over, that the absence of Ariel and Orion was noted, but when no amount of searching would reveal them, the errant lovers were reluctantly forgotten.

Next day, the great host of Athel Loren brought the Dwarfs to battle. As Adanhu had promised, the Elves did not fight alone. Colossal Treemen strode amongst the Elven lines, and great hosts of Dryads swarmed about the flanks. Mighty Durthu led the charge, an unstoppable force of nature who sought revenge upon those who had scarred him. Against this host, the Dwarfs stood little chance. Though they strove with all the stubbornness of their race, they eventually broke and ran, leaving the mountainside heavy with their dead.

THE WINTER OF WOE

Alas, scarcely had the last arrow found its mark in Dwarfen flesh when an icy wind whistled through the boughs of the forest and a chill gripped the land like never before. The cold only hastened the greenskin onset. In an orgy of destruction, the Orcs built great pyres in order to warm their calloused hides. The Elves fought with all their might under skies stained with the ashes of living wood, but the Orcs were too many and their forest spirit allies addled by intense cold. Little by little, Athel Loren fell to the invaders.

The Elves prepared their last stand before the Oak of Ages. They did so with heavy hearts, for they did not believe that they could win, but knew there was no choice save to fight. Then, at dawn, they saw that the forest was transformed. The snows were in retreat and blood-red blossoms had pushed through the hard ground. Animals had roused from hibernation and a restlessness could be felt on the air. As the sun rose, the haunting cry of a great horn echoed on the wind. As the note faded, the mighty form of Kurnous, god of the hunt, crashed through the woods. A pack of shadowy hounds was baying at his heels, and all the Elves who looked upon him were filled with fresh vigour. The horn was winded a second time, and the greenskins met their doom.

Kurnous smashed into the Orcs, slaying all before him in an orgy of destruction. Newly awakened Dryads swarmed in his wake, eager to bestow their cruel mercies. As the living god plunged deeper into the greenskin lines, the Elves joined the charge, eyes and blades afire with their god's furious power. By the time the sun set, not a single Orc remained alive. In the battle's aftermath, the exhausted Elves came before the Oak of Ages to pay homage. Here they discovered the enthroned figures of Ariel and Orion, now become avatars of Isha, the mother goddess, and Kurnous, the hunter. Another great council was swiftly called, and all the lords and ladies of the forest knelt in worship to Ariel and Orion, now and forever the Queen and King in the Woods.

At battle's end, many Elves – the vibrant song of the hunt deep in their being – were drawn to Orion and welcomed a portion of his godly power into their hearts. Thus they became the Wild Riders, the equerries whose service and rituals maintained the eternal spirit of the hunter. Summer faded into autumn, and whilst Ariel's powers of healing and rebirth remained as potent as first they had in the early days of spring, Orion's power gradually faded and his anger diminished until finally, as winter's iron grip took hold of Athel Loren, he was all but spent.



As the snows fell on the forest, a mighty pyre was built in the centre of the King's Glade. In a ritual that would echo down the centuries, the Wild Riders and Orion marched into the clearing. On the stroke of midnight, the King of the Wild Hunt raised his arms to the heavens and stepped naked into the flames. In the morrow's cold light, no trace of Orion remained save his ashes; these the Wild Riders bore away and brought before Ariel. Without a word, the Mage Queen sealed both herself and her consort's ashes inside the Oak of Ages, and was naught but a memory while winter lasted. Many Elves wept for their lost king, for they did not understand what had occurred. Only with next spring, when Orion was reborn, did they fully understand that the nature of Ariel and Orion, and indeed the Wood Elf race entire, was now bound forever to the Weave of existence – the web of life and death that bound all living things.

So would life in Athel Loren continue for years. Each spring Orion was reborn, only to sacrifice himself on winter's eve. As the centuries passed, Ariel grew ever more skilled at harnessing the powers of the Weave, and gradually healed the forest of its wounds. Through it all, Adanhu and the other Elders looked on with satisfaction. Under the guardianship of the Elves, the forest was flourishing and its wildness was being kept in check.

Then, one ill-starred night, the spirits of the forest cried out in agony, and Ariel wept a single perfect tear as she felt a great disruption amongst the Weave. Something terrible had been born into the world...

THE REBIRTH OF ORION

When the snows retreat and the breath of spring is felt once more on the air, the forest trembles with Orion's waking dreams. Soon after, the Wild Riders come for the Elf chosen to take up the mantle of the consort-king. Their method of selection is shrouded in mystery, and other Elves hold it to be ill-luck to attract the attention of Orion's riders lest this influence the choice. On the last day of winter, the Elf chosen to become the new King of the Wild Hunt is garlanded with flowers and his naked skin decorated with ancient sigils. Finally, he is led into the Oak of Ages. The following morning, on the first day of spring, Ariel awakens from her slumbers and the reborn Orion thunders from the trees, the Wild Hunt howling at his heels.

THE SEASON OF WITHERING

II) 1-471 (*Imperial Calendar -1094 to -625*)

To begin with, Ariel did not truly understand the blight that had risen to wakefulness – only that it posed a great threat to Athel Loren. Determined to discover the truth, the Mage Queen took council with the Elders of the forest, and sent her canniest scouts to scour distant realms. Little by little, Ariel was able to glean the nature of the creature she sought. No Wood Elf had yet seen the beast and lived to speak of the encounter, but the works it left behind were testament to its unspeakable ways. Where the creature walked, the fabric of the world twisted in hateful transformation: trees writhed into terrible and unnatural shapes, blackened crops bled under the scythe, and flesh reformed like clay in the hands of some crazed sculptor. Where it passed, sanity became drooling madness, and measured nobility became wanton abandon. By these works did Ariel finally put a name to the foe: Cyanathair, she called it the Corruptor, incarnation of disorder and chaos. To his own vile kin he was known as Morghur, Master of Skulls.

The existence of this being was of great offence to Ariel, for its ruination of the Weave represented everything that she opposed. Desperate to learn how to combat this new foe, Ariel took a great risk. Adopting a spirit form, she went out into the lands where Morghur had known free rein. After long months of tracking the creature's spoor into lands no mortal Elf could tread without harm, she finally discovered the beast capering madly in the company of other abominable

things. So lumpen and wretched was the creature that Ariel almost laughed to see it. She had expected some power-addled Mage, or a vengeful sorcerer of the ancient times; what she beheld was a crude and ignorant beast that lacked the wit to understand its own nature. Without hesitation, Ariel called cleansing flame down upon the Corruptor and its yowling herd. Her task complete, the Mage Queen returned home. In her arrogance, she believed that Morghur's threat was ended. In time, she was sure, the living world would heal from the Corruptor's touch and the Weave would gradually be restored.

What Ariel did not realise was that Morghur was not so easily destroyed. Even as the Mage Queen turned to leave, the beast's wounds had begun to heal. Worse, Morghur had taken her measure just as she had taken his. The beast had understood little of what he had seen, for his warped mind was a mad spiral in which thoughts and words were alien concepts; but Morghur was not so addled that he did not recognise Ariel for what she was. Having tasted a small measure of her power, he hungered for more. Slowly but surely, Morghur's meandering path began to creep southwards to Athel Loren.

THE COMING OF MAN

It was at about this time that human barbarians began to cross westward over the Grey Mountains. The Elves had long abandoned this land, leaving in their passing only abandoned fortresses and settlements. A great many of these elegant halls had been torn down and burnt, for greenskins had overrun the land as the Elves had retreated. The superstitious and ignorant barbarians avoided these places, fearing that they were haunted, and fought hard to drive Orcs and Goblins out of other domains.

The Wood Elves looked with amusement upon these battles between primitive tribes, content to let one set of barbarians eradicate the other. Only when the fighting spilled close to the borders of Athel Loren did the Elves take action, driving back the interlopers with spear and bow before vanishing beneath the trees once more. Thus began the tradition of the Wild Hunt. Each summer, when the battles 'twixt men and greenskins were at their most sprawling, Orion led the most hot-blooded of his folk across the Wild Heath and into the barbarous lands beyond, hunting their two-legged quarry as they would any other prey. Soon the glory and terror of the Wild Hunt passed into the barbarians' legends, and they learned that to threaten the forest was to invite a swift and merciless death.

As time passed, the Elves came to delight ever more in making sport with the lives of Men and Orcs. They even began to manipulate the two sides into ever-escalating confrontation – though in truth the greenskins needed little encouragement. The Elves told themselves that they did this to control their enemies' numbers as they would with any dangerous beasts. The further afield the folk of Athel Loren plied their sport, the less credence this idea held, but they cared little and continued to foment war in all the lands north of the mountain range known as the Vaults.



MORGHUR'S REVENGE

Yet whilst the Wood Elves cowed the threat from without, they failed to notice the danger growing within. There had been Beastmen in the forest as long as any of the Elves could remember, great warherds that roamed beneath the boughs, hacking and despoiling as they travelled. Each year, the Elves hunted these interlopers without mercy, but each year there were always more. Some lords and ladies of the wood believed that the creatures had some instinctive understanding of Athel Loren's timeless paths, and so used them to avoid extermination. Indeed, they said, given the curious passage of time beneath the boughs, it was entirely possible that they fought only the same warherd time and again, its warriors trapped forever in a cycle of defeat. Such theories appealed to the Elves' arrogance, and so few of them noticed when the numbers of Beastmen began to increase. It happened slowly at first, so slowly that no-one noticed. By the time the Wood Elves awoke to the danger, it was too late – Morghur was upon them.

It was now more than two centuries since Morghur had grown aware of Ariel, and he had spent that time gathering to him warherd of incredible proportions. Thousands of Beastmen and other horribly mutated creatures had responded to his silent call, and now they hurled themselves at Athel Loren. For the passage of many seasons the forest was riven with bitter warfare. The war would have been dire enough if the Elves and forest spirits had fought as one, but Morghur's primal nature spoke to the forest's heart, and parts of Athel Loren rebelled.

For a long and terrible year, the natural order of Athel Loren was disrupted, for Morghur could seemingly not be slain by the weapons of the Elves. Worse, he recovered from even the most heinous of wounds. Most disastrous of all, the trees and spirits of Athel Loren did not succumb to Morghur's taint all at once. Countless times, the Elves would be on the brink of victory, only to have it snatched from their grasp as madness seized spirits that moments before had been their allies. This insanity was not always lasting, but seemed to afflict the Dryads worst of all, for they had ever been the most capricious and malevolent of all their kind.

This terrible conflict was only ended when Morghur was slain at the Battle of Anguish. Coeddlil, one of the most ancient tree lords, scattered the Corruptor's forces and seized the beast himself. As Morghur attempted to free himself, Ariel smote the creature. This time, the Mage Queen was determined that the creature be destroyed, so she drew not only on her own power, but that of the forest as well. Before such an onslaught, not even Morghur could endure; Ariel battered through the creature's defences and shattered his mutated form. The battle had been won, but the forest would ever bear the taint of Morghur's passing. No living being touched by the Corruptor's blood would ever truly recover. A gnarled oak tree, branches twisted like claws, still marks the place where Morghur's tainted blood was spilt. The site of Morghur's death was known ever after as the Glade of Woe, for it was home only to twisted and withered life thereafter.

Alas, Ariel soon learnt that Morghur was as immortal as she – whenever the beast was slain, it was reborn elsewhere. Thus did the Battle of Anguish mark the beginning of a secret war between the Wood Elves and Beastmen, one that would rage down all the ages that followed.

THE BETRAYAL

Five hundred years after the Battle of Anguish, Athel Loren once more knew internal strife. The tree lord, Coeddlil, driven perhaps by a last taint of Morghur's madness, and who had begun to harbour a deep resentment of the Elves, sought to disrupt Orion's rebirth. That winter, Coeddlil and his Dryad handmaids did not sleep, but bided until Ariel began her own long slumbers within the Oak of Ages. With much of the forest quiescent, and the Elves unaware of his intent, the ancient strode to King's Glade and slaughtered all he could find, for if no Wild Riders survived to lead the ritual of rebirth, Orion would be severely weakened – if indeed he could be summoned at all.



Ariel was abruptly awakened from her slumbers as the first Elven blood was spilt. In a great rage she sped to where the Wild Riders fought for their lives. Against Ariel's fury Coeddlil and his followers could not endure. Summoning all her awesome power, the Mage Queen scattered the ancient's handmaids and cast down the tree lord. Though Ariel dearly wished to slay the spirits for the damage they had caused and the blood they had shed, Ariel could no more end their existence than sever a portion of her own soul, for Coeddlil was still bound to Athel Loren, and Ariel was bound to the forest. Instead she imprisoned the Elder, and the Dryads who had followed him, in the Wildwood – the dark southwestern corner of Athel Loren where no Elves dwelt. The Wildwood was then encircled with waystones, and Coeddlil was abandoned amongst the shadow-glades to brood upon his betrayal.

Since that day, no Elf has set foot in Coeddlil's prison, for to do so is to walk with death as their only companion. Coeddlil may silently contemplate his fate, but his handmaids have been driven mad by their exile, and restlessly stalk the glades with cruel desires in their hearts.

THE FATE OF THE BODY

When a Wood Elf dies, their body is returned to the forest. Thus does their passing nurture the trees that have nurtured them every day of their life. The precise manner by which this is achieved varies from family to family and kindred to kindred. Some burn their fallen kin on great pyres, echoing the rite that ends Orion's time in the waking world. Others bury their dead deep in the ground, where the hungry roots of the trees can easily draw nourishment from the mouldering remains.

Such traditions are important to the Wood Elves, and form a key part of their pact with the forest. If an Elf is slain in distant lands, they are brought home to Athel Loren, even though thousands of leagues might lie in between. If this is impossible, as is often the case during times of war, Treemen and Dryads are bidden to feast upon the corpse, so they at least may gain from the tragedy. Such practices are abhorrent to the Elves of other lands, but to the Wood Elves they are simply another aspect of the Weave.

THE SEASON OF REVELATION

III) 1-1740 (*Imperial Calendar -624 to 1116*)

Athel Loren now enjoyed a golden age. Under Ariel's careful guidance, Elves and forest grew closer than ever before, and the wounds of the previous season were healed. For centuries as the outside world reckoned time, the Wood Elves ventured seldom beyond the waystones that bounded their home. Only the Wild Hunt openly rode forth, ever reminding the surrounding lands that Athel Loren was still a place of power.

Of course, there were those who took the warnings about Athel Loren as craven superstition. There always are such folk, whatever the land or the age of the world. Most such creatures were wandering seekers of treasure and glory whose dreams and bodies ended as mulch for Dryads. Every few years an Orc Warboss or Dwarfen Thane would gather enough of his followers to make a concerted foray, and in those years the trees fed well on the blood of outsiders. The Wood Elves remember this as an era of great peace, though this was not strictly accurate. More correctly, this was a time in which Athel Loren suffered few ills from the forces of the outside world, and whatever battles were fought ended in victories so glorious that the lives lost were deemed well worth the price. Fed by the spoils of war, the forest grew ever more majestic, and its dwellers multiplied as never before.

Yet such bountiful peace could not last. Morghur was reborn again, and a great warherd of Beastmen soon gathered to him. This time the wild horde did not descend upon Athel

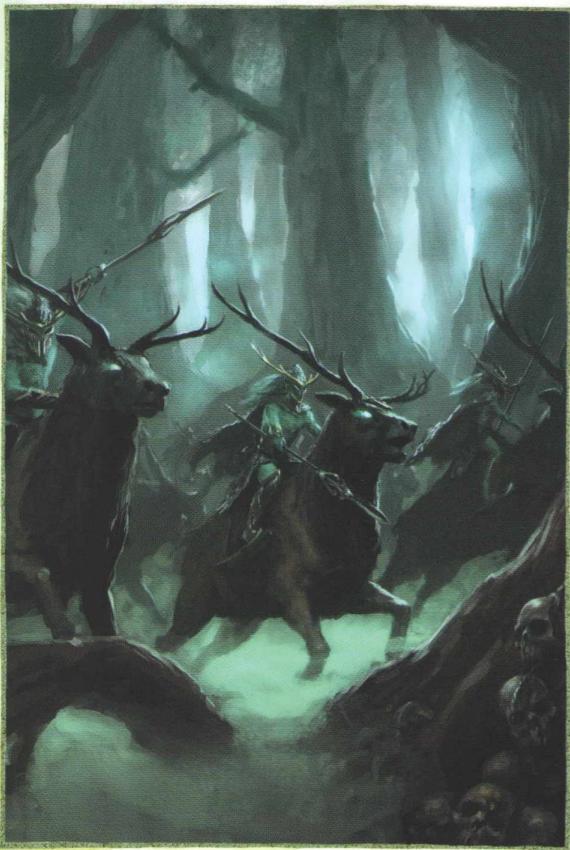
Loren, but rampaged through the human tribal lands west of the forest. According to the scouts who shadowed Morghur's trail, his destination was quite clear. If the path of destruction held true, his herd was making for a mountain known to the Elves as the Silverspire – a shining peak from which the lifeblood of the western lands flowed. Ariel knew this as a site of ancient power, and knew also that Morghur could not be permitted to befoul its waters. Though not so mighty as they once were, the roots of Athel Loren dug deep, and drew sustenance from many of the lands fed by the waters of the Silverspire. Ariel did not dare face Morghur herself, for the beast's touch had weakened her terribly when last she had confronted him. Orion had no such misgivings. Indeed, he longed for the opportunity to slaughter the beast who had dared to harm his beloved queen.

THE HUNT RIDES OUT

The Elves that travelled with Orion were swept up in his great fury, and they unleashed great ruin on the human lands that lay in their path. But the Elves cared not, for the slain were only humans, and therefore of little account. Only when the Wild Hunt reached the slopes of the Silverspire was its wrath finally slaked. With spear and with arrow the Wood Elves drove the Beastmen from the sacred confluence and into the waiting claws of Dryads. Orion himself tore Morghur limb from limb, and tossed the corrupt remains into a cleansing starwood pyre. No other living being did the Elves encounter on the Silverspire, yet still Orion sensed another presence there, one not unlike to his queen, and whose unspoken whispers echoed through his mind.

When Orion brought word of this back to Athel Loren, none were more intrigued than Ariel. The Mage Queen had long believed that Morghur was scarcely aware of his own actions, and that the Chaos Gods guided his steps. It was they who drove the Corruptor to devour her and Orion, to consume the godly essence of Isha and Kurnous as his dark masters had all but consumed the Elven gods. Thus were the wars of the heavens echoed in the mortal realm. Seldom had Ariel given thought to the idea that there might be others like her and Orion; certainly she had not encountered them. But if there were, it was likely that Morghur would be driven to devour these also.

Many turnings of the world later, this theory seemed to be all but proven. Morghur was again reborn in the lands west of Athel Loren, and was drawn to the Silverspire once more. Again, the Wood Elves marched to thwart Morghur's advance. This time, however, they had allies in the struggle against the Corruptor. Since last the Elves had striven with Morghur, the rough humans of the western lands had united under the banner of a mighty champion. The Silverspire was sacred ground to these primitives, and they too now mustered to its defence. It would have gone ill for the humans had Orion led this second Wood Elf host, for the King in the Woods had little fondness for such humans. As it was, the midwinter snows laid heavy on Athel Loren; Orion was naught but a memory and a hope, so cooler heads than his prevailed and an alliance was struck. Together, Men and Elves cleansed the land of Morghur's taint.



A SHIELD IS FORGED

When the Beastmen were defeated, the Wood Elves shrouded themselves in mist and slipped away, despite the humans' attempts to treat with them. The Elves thought nothing more of their brief alliance – such things had happened before, and would doubtless happen again. The humans did not so swiftly forget, and began to tell stories of the fair folk who had ridden to their champion's aid.

Many years later, that champion's son braved the perils of Athel Loren in the hope of forging a lasting accord between the Elves and the kingdom his father had founded. Orion, reborn as hot-tempered as usual, had not looked favourably on the supplication, but Ariel overruled her consort in the matter. The Mage Queen knew that whilst the spirit of the Silverspire endured, it would distract Morghur from feasting upon Athel Loren, and how better to ensure the spirit endured than to ensure that its human protectors thrived? Thus began a tumultuous friendship between the ancient realm of Athel Loren and the nascent kingdom of Bretonnia. Orion was displeased, and vocally so. He would not, he said, hold back the fury of the Wild Hunt in service to his queen's whim. Ariel had simply smiled and bade her husband ride wheresoever he wished; if the lands he chose were those claimed by the Bretonnians, so much the better. Common cause had brought friendship, but it was only good sense that the humans should fear their superiors.

The spirit of Silverspire had, by this time, spread its influence far and wide across Bretonnia. The humans now worshipped it as their saviour, but Ariel believed she shared more kinship with it than they. The humans called the spirit the Lady of the Lake, but the Mage Queen ever after knew her as Corrigyn, Daughter of Mists. There would never be lasting friendship between the two, but neither would there be enmity; each was too wary of the other's power for that.

With a whole kingdom now slyly enlisted to serve as a shield against Morghur, it seemed that Athel Loren's future could only grow brighter. Unfortunately, the Wood Elves soon found it was harder to fade from the world for a second time. Bretonnian bards soon carried tales concerning the 'fair folk of the woods' to many lands. Such stories could not help but find the ears of warlords seeking new territory, and the Wood Elves soon found their realm assailed by a succession of armies, each greater and more determined than the last.

KINDREDS OF ATHEL LOREN

The Elves were not always united of purpose; those that first settled the forest had been divided into several kindreds. To begin with, there was rivalry between these groups, for they were as defined as much by difference in ideology and tradition as they were by ties of blood. Eventually the influence of the forest saw the kindreds united in common cause.

Over time, smaller kindreds – known as kinbands – arose as bloodlines combined and recombined, and as new traditions evolved from those that had been brought from Ulthuan. By the Season of Revelation, there were not only the twelve great kindreds whose lords and ladies ruled Athel Loren alongside Ariel and Orion, but also hundreds of lesser kinbands, each dedicated to a unique way of life.

ALLISARA'S BANE

As stories of Athel Loren began to spread in the outside world, so too did word concerning events in other lands trickle into the forest. Many of the tidings were ignored, for the Elves concerned themselves little with the affairs of their inferiors. Reports concerning the ongoing vendetta between Ulthuan and Naggaroth were not so readily dismissed. Most Wood Elves were filled with disdain that such a pointless war still dragged on, but to others the news brought only sorrow. Foremost amongst these was Allisara, sister to Ariel and once, long ago, wife to Malekith of Naggaroth. She had come to Athel Loren shortly before Malekith began his rebellion, and had ever since dwelt in solitude, seeking to still her troubled heart. In time she came to learn much of Malekith's deeds, and came to feel guilt for the path her husband had taken. So it was that Allisara pleaded with Ariel for leave to depart Athel Loren and return to Malekith's side, in order that she might soothe the rage in his soul. Ariel was loath to grant this request but, seeing her sister's determination, relented. Arrangements were made, and Allisara soon travelled west with an escort befitting her rank.

Malekith strove to keep Allisara's imminent return hidden from all in Naggaroth, but his mother Morathi flouted these precautions with laughable ease. She did not want Allisara to return, but nor did she dare act directly. Instead, she disguised herself and charmed Valedor, a disgraced prince of Ulthuan, and led him to believe that Allisara's escort was, in fact, an army of Elves who had pledged aid to Naggaroth. Blinded by Morathi's spells and his own desire to regain high station, Valedor gathered what forces he could and brought the Wood Elves to battle on the shores of Bretonnia.

Mighty was the battle that day, though it is ill-remembered by any save the Bretonnians, for whom it passed into legend as a battle between glorious and terrible gods. Though the Wood Elves fought without fear, it was a battle that they could not win. As it became clear that they could find no victory, the leader of Allisara's escort bade her flee. Alas, an ill-fated arrow felled the eagle that carried her away from harm, and she was left weaponless and alone before Valedor.

As the prince moved in for the killing blow, Allisara saw plain the madness that Morathi had placed upon him. Desperately, she sought the proper counter-charm that would set the prince free, but the Hag Sorceress was not so easily thwarted. Allisara was still trying to break the spell when Valedor's spear pierced her heart. As Allisara collapsed, her dying breath formed the final syllable of the counter-charm. All at once, the madness fell from Valedor's eyes, and he wept for his deeds that day. Overtaken by despair, the prince cast himself from the bluff and into the churning waters below. Allisara saw none of this, for her soul had already fled.

With their commander's death, the High Elves withdrew. Some thought that they had prevented a great evil; others suspected that same evil had been wrought by their own hands. Few of either group spoke of it ever again. Only a handful of Wood Elves survived to bring word to Athel Loren and, when Ariel learned of her sister's death, a great quiet fell over King's Glade, one that remained unbroken for many risings and settings of the sun. Winter came early to Athel Loren that year. As the frost hung ever heavier on the bow, Ariel's grief became bitterness, and bitterness became wrath. The Season of Retribution was about to begin.

THE SEASON OF RETRIBUTION

IV) 1-586 (*Imperial Calendar 1117 to 1702*)

Ariel was determined to discover the identity of those responsible for her sister's death, and bent all the energies of Athel Loren's seers to the task. She knew the murderers had been warriors of Ulthuan, but she sought the name of the enemy who had contrived the attack. Alas, Morathi had foreseen that such an attempt might be made, and had covered her tracks with charms of concealment. Ariel soon discovered that the even magics of the Weave, from which she drew her power, could not break these enchantments. In vengeful desperation, Ariel delved ever deeper into forbidden knowledge and mastered the very darkest of sorceries.

Using her new power, the Mage Queen restored a portion of Athel Loren's worldroots, and Orion used these pathways to loose a great host of war upon Ellyrion, the land of Prince Valedor's birth. The folk of Ellyrion were slow to respond. Kurnous had ever been the chief deity of their land, and they were slow to raise weapons against he who wore his aspect. Their hesitation was to cost them dearly. That summer, the plains of Ellyrion ran red with the blood of its people. Finally, even Orion could find no joy in this work; it was no hunt, but a slaughter. This would surely have brought Orion to quarrel with his queen, had not Ariel finally shattered Morathi's enchantments, revealing at last the Hag Sorceress and her wicked schemes.

Now, the Wood Elves carried their vengeance northwest and into the bleak pine forests of Naggaroth. They had no desire to tarry in that land, for its woods were bitter and lifeless things, and the chill air sapped the heart of even the cruellest of Dryads. They soon brought Morathi's fortress of Ghrond under siege. The Tower of Prophecy's defences had been wrought to guard against attack from the frozen north, not one that had emerged from the forests of its own heartlands, and its outer walls soon shattered under the fists of Treemen. Desperate, Morathi sent messengers south to request aid from her son, the Witch King. Alas for the Hag Sorceress, Malekith had long since learned of his mother's role in Allisara's death. Though the Witch King had publicly forgiven Morathi her transgression, he now saw an opportunity to bring her to heel, and it was with grim amusement that he forbade any aid be sent north.

At the last, Ariel relented and accepted Morathi's bargain; after all, without the power of sorcery, she would never have been able to restore the long-sundered worldroots, nor overthrow Morathi's dark citadel. Ariel should not have accepted that bargain. Indeed, the Mage Queen would not have accepted it had her soul not been shadowed by the sorceries she had already employed, but the lure of power was upon her. Morathi smiled inwardly as the deal was struck; she had no intention of giving up her greatest secrets, but if a portion of her knowledge must be shared to ensure survival, it was a price worth paying. So was Morathi allowed to live, and begin the slow process of remaking her ravaged fortress.



A DESCENT INTO DARKNESS

Upon their return to Athel Loren, Ariel and Orion quarrelled greatly about the deal that had been struck. Legends tell how their arguments raged for days without meeting resolution, and of how that year the normally glorious autumn months were marred by icy cold. Next spring, the unthinkable happened – Orion was not reborn. The Wild Riders brought their supplicant to the Oak of Ages, but Ariel sent them away without explanation.

The Mage Queen now became ever more reckless. Indeed, many lords and ladies of the queen's court believed that she had gone mad. Soon Ariel's bitter nature spread to the spirits of the forest, and without the outlet of Orion's Wild Hunt to vent their spite, they began to prey on the Elves in a way that hadn't been seen for centuries. Within a decade, life in Athel Loren had shifted from symbiotic harmony to a daily battle for survival. The Elves and spirits neither noticed nor cared, for their perceptions had insidiously shifted as the forest had changed. Indeed, none could recall living another way. Only a few had a sense that the balance had shifted, and to these life now became a waking nightmare. Durthu and Adanhu were amongst those that kept their sanity, but they could do nothing in the face of the burgeoning madness.



MORATHI HUMILIATED

Finally, and at the cost of many thousands of lives, the Wood Elves breached Ghrond's inner citadel. Cornered and desperate, Morathi fell back upon deceit. Abasing herself before Ariel and Orion, she made great show of repentance. Orion wanted the business done with, and would have taken Morathi's heart had Ariel given leave. Yet the Hag Sorceress had tasted the sorceries which Ariel had woven about herself, and now Morathi's serpentine tongue offered deeper insight into dark lore, if only Ariel would spare her life.

The Wood Elves now became ever more aggressive, and at Ariel's will journeyed far and wide, avenging the hurts of previous seasons. Bretonnian lords who expanded their domains too close to the forest's bounds were driven back. Dwarf holds that had sent warriors against Athel Loren found their trade caravans slaughtered and their armies ambushed on the march. Greenskin tribes were exterminated, or driven from their lairs in the mountains. Ariel used her sorceries to reinforce many of these attacks. Never again, she swore, would Athel Loren suffer from the greed or cruelty of primitives. What she did not realise was that the more she drew on the forbidden magics, the more damage was done to the Weave and, as a consequence, the weaker Athel Loren – and all who dwelt within it – became.

Before long, Morghur arose again, this time in the Forest of Shadows. On this occasion, Ariel resolved that the creature's corruption would be stilled once and for all – she would consume his power as he had ever tried to devour hers. The Mage Queen sent a host north through the worldroots, and they soon brought Morghur's warherd to battle. As they had before, the Wood Elves found the Corruptor all but immune to their weapons, but Ariel had planned against this circumstance. Indeed, she relied upon it. At the battle's height, Ariel directed a great convocation of Spellsingers to snare Morghur and transport him through the worldroots to the Oak of Ages. There she bound the foul creature with all the dark magics at her command, and began the ritual that would make his power her own.

She would have succeeded in this disastrous plan had it not been for Durthu. The Elder had felt the disturbance as the Corruptor had been brought along the worldroots, and was outraged that their sanctity could be so violated. Hastening to the Oak of Ages, he slew Morghur before the ritual could be completed. Ariel screamed and railed at Durthu, but dared do no more. Even deluded as she was, the Mage Queen knew better than to harm one of the Elders, so she let him depart, claiming ever after that it was mercy, rather than weakness, that stayed her hand.

THE PRICE OF POWER

Decades passed. Still Ariel refused to allow Orion to be reborn, and still the Wood Elves cruelly pursued every slight inflicted on them. Dwarfen traders entered the Pine Crags, and were slaughtered without mercy. When the mountain dwellers took revenge, the Wood Elves destroyed several holds in the Grey Mountains, though even they could not breach the mighty fortifications of Karak Norn. Later, when a hopelessly lost Empire army blundered into the Meadow Glades, not only was it crushed without mercy, but Ariel loosed Dryads to raze the town from whence it had marched. The Bretonnian cities of Parravon and Quenelles suffered most of all, and teetered towards abandonment as peasants and nobles alike fled west to escape the cruelty of the Elves. But the Wood Elves were now dwindling. Some perished whilst warring in other lands, but most sickened and died as the imbalance Ariel had caused in the Weave took hold. Many of the newly-created worldroots withered and could not be healed, no matter what the Mage Queen tried. Yet even this disaster would not turn Ariel from her path, so utterly had the Dark Magic tainted her soul.

At around this time, the Phoenix King of Ulthuan sent ambassadors to Athel Loren in an attempt to heal the wounds of the past. Ariel scornfully rejected the High Elves' advances, and trapped them within the unseen paths of the forest. Unable to navigate Athel Loren so instinctively as the Wood Elves, the ambassadorial party remained trapped for long decades. They finally escaped only to blunder into an army of Bretonnians seeking recompense for the Wood Elves' predations, and were soon after burnt at the stake by vengeful humans.

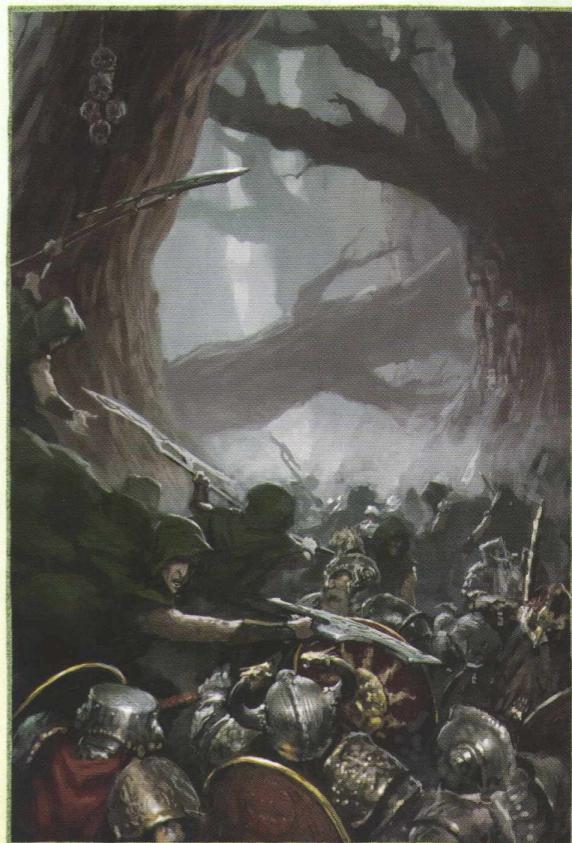
At the last, the Elders of the forest could stand by no more. Spring came upon them, but there was no sign of renewal. Indeed, they could feel the forest withering and dying around them, and knew that disaster could only be averted if the taint in Ariel's soul could be cleansed. With the aid of a young

seeress named Naieth, who had herself resisted the madness of those times, they gathered what forces they could and marched on the King's Glade. There Adanhu tried to reason with Ariel. He sought to turn the Mage Queen aside from the path she had taken, but she denied him, and saw only an army come to dethrone her. Issuing a great shriek, Ariel summoned the maddened Elves and spirits to her side, and ordered her challengers begone.

Battle then broke out in the heart of Athel Loren, though afterward none could say which side struck the first blow. The tide soon turned against Adanhu and his followers, for they were badly outnumbered. Thus did the Elder resort to a desperate deed. Reaching out to Ariel through their shared connection with the Weave, Adanhu drew the taint from her heart and into his own. Alas, that selfless act was Adanhu's last – the burden which Ariel had borne those long years was too great for the mighty Elder, and he perished instantly.

All at once, the madness passed from the forest. Elves and spirits awoke as from a nightmare, the cloak of vengeance and spite that had clouded their vision for so long at least melting away like snow in the first days of spring. Ariel saw none of this. Adanhu's final gift had brought awareness of all the harm she had wrought, of the natural cycles she had put out of balance by selfishness. Weeping, the Mage Queen fled and hid within the Oak of Ages, there to atone for her sins and focus on restoring the harm that she had done.

The Season of Retribution was finally ended, and a time of healing could now begin.



THE SEASON OF REDEMPTION

V) I-305 (Imperial Calendar 1703 to 2007)

Ariel's final act before sealing herself away was to return Orion to the world. Never had his return carried such sorrow, for though queen and consort exchanged many words, few of them were joyful. Many years would pass before Ariel was seen again amongst the glades of Athel Loren. At the close of each year, the Wild Riders brought Orion's ashes to the Oak of Ages, and each spring the King in the Woods was reborn. Yet for many long years he ruled alone. Ariel, in her sorrow and guilt, could not face her people, and instead dwelt silent and alone in the Oak of Ages. The Wood Elves were distraught that they should be so abandoned by she who was at once both mother and queen to them, but no amount of prayer or pleading would bring Ariel forth. So it was that the Mage Queen's throne of silver and starwood sat empty for many turnings of the leaves.

Despite Ariel's absence, the cycle of life continued. The boundaries of the forest were guarded against intruders, the ancient glades were maintained and roving Beastmen warherds were slaughtered. Naieth argued for the folk of Athel Loren to put aside their isolationism. Such a radical departure from tradition was little to the taste of the lords and ladies, but a compromise was struck. Were it within the Wood Elves' power to redress wrongs committed against the humans or Dwarfs of nearby lands – in essence, the creatures whose past transgressions had been born of crude ignorance, rather than wilful malice – then they would do so. Such acts could only hasten the restoration of the Weave, and strengthen Bretonnia to a point where it could again serve as Athel Loren's shield.

THE FATE OF THE SPIRIT

Ever since the coming of Chaos, Slaanesh has feasted on the spirits of Elven dead, for no other race possesses souls so sweet and filled with sensation. Alas, few Elven deities can offer salvation, for the Chaos Gods broke the power of the Elven pantheon long ago. Those few that can still intercede are either unreliable, or else offer an outcome scarcely less dire.

To avoid this terrible fate, the Wood Elves make a pact with Athel Loren that extends far beyond their mortal bodies. When a Wood Elf perishes, the forest he has tended for so long absorbs his spirit and keeps it safe from thirsting Slaanesh. The final result of this transubstantiation can vary wildly. Most souls immediately lose all sense of identity, and meld with the forest. Some spirits wander the paths they walked in life, hidden from the gaze of all but the most magically attuned, carrying messages and warnings to those who can hear their words. Others, driven by undying need to protect their woodland home, take root in deadwood hulks, animating the barren timbers into the battle-forms known as Tree Kin. Some Elves even believe that they have encountered loved ones reborn in the form of wild animals or as mischievous spite-creatures that flit between the boughs.

Such things might seem unlikely to outsiders, but there is little that is impossible beneath the eaves of Athel Loren. In this way, every grove and hall in the forest is overlaid with echoes of past, present and future, and home to both the living and the dead.

RIGHTING THE BALANCE

For several decades, all seemed well. The Wood Elves held true to their council's decision, and many an incredulous Dwarf king or Bretonnian duke found a losing battle reborn as victory through the aid of Athel Loren's keen-eyed archers. Many were the battles won, but the greatest without doubt were when the Skaven emerged from their Under-Empire and besieged the cities of Brionne and Quenelles. For three nights and days, the fey warriors of Athel Loren fought alongside the flower of Bretonnian chivalry, and finally drove the foul ratmen back into their tunnels. In honour of the victory, Lord Arda, Warden of Ygrysyl and commander of the Wood Elf host, was accorded an honorary Knight of the Realm by Duke Merovech of Mousillon. Arda remained carefully polite whilst in the company of the humans, but removed the gaudy decoration Merovech had pinned upon him as soon as he was out of sight.

It is doubtful that any guessed the Wood Elves' motivation at this time, and no explanation was given. After all, outsiders would never have understood the importance of maintaining the Weave. Even if they had been capable of grasping the concept, the Wood Elves were certainly not prepared to share their secret guilt. Little by little, the Bretonnians came to look upon the Wood Elves as allies once more. As for the Dwarfs, they took what aid was offered, but never a one considered striking an entry from the Book of Grudges in thanks.

No one fought harder than Orion. He knew full well the depth of his queen's hurt, and sought to soothe it. If that meant fighting alongside filthy Dwarfs, then his soul would bear that burden. He was a god, after all, and therefore capable of feats beyond the reach of mortals. However, with each passing year Orion's campaigns became longer and bloodier. Deep within the Oak of Ages, Ariel learned of this and grew troubled. It would serve the Wood Elves poorly if Orion's unchecked fury repeated the previous season's mistakes. The Mage Queen saw now that the balance between her and her consort was crucial to Athel Loren's survival. Unfortunately, the Mage Queen was not yet ready to leave the Oak of Ages and rejoin the council – nor would she be so for many seasons. Thus she sent emissaries in her stead, two heralds who shared her power and spoke with her voice. These were strangers to all but a few, who claimed to have fought alongside them in battles long past, even though the emissaries' age belied such a claim.

THE SISTERS OF TWILIGHT

Ariel's emissaries were twin maidens named Naestra and Arahan; only by the shade of their hair and their manner could they be told apart. Dark-maned Naestra's spirit was noble and chaste. Her touch could heal the rawest wound, and it was with heavy heart that she brought harm to even the foulest creature. By contrast, Arahan's hair was as white and newly fallen snow, and belied a wild soul that rejoiced in the viscera of battle. She revelled in the thrill of life, and her conduct ever teetered on the brink of the acceptable – even in a realm as permissive as Athel Loren. In years to come, rumours would abound that Naestra and Arahan were but one being split in twain, the better to speak for the dark

and light natures of Ariel's soul. And perhaps this was true. Certainly the twins were never seen apart. Moreover, they often finished one another's sentences – though whether the original intent was maintained when this happened, or was twisted to match the speaker's will, it was impossible to say.

Initially, the council did not accept Naestra and Arahan at their word, for they were strangers to all living Elves, and the spirits of the forest remained silent on the matter. The twins were treated with cautious respect, but barred from the King's Glade. Naestra took this distrust in her stride, never once raising her voice in ire; Arahan responded with anger and impetuous threats. Only when summer cooled to autumn, and Orion returned to the forest, was the matter settled. The King in the Woods instantly recognised the essence of his queen in the twins and, though he disliked the rebuke that their presence implied, grudgingly confirmed their authority. Thereafter, Naestra and Arahan took Ariel's place upon the council. Neither took her throne, but stood in attendance on either side of it whilst the council debated. Seldom did the twins speak, except to counteract the prevailing mood. Naestra addressed the council most often in the summer months, and sought only to temper wildness, whilst Arahan made outburst only in winter's dull months, when needless caution and lethargy were rife.

ARIEL RETURNS

In all, Ariel spent more than three centuries hidden from the world. It is likely she would have tarried longer, had she not discovered that Morghur had been reborn. Ariel sensed that this incarnation was more powerful than any that had preceded it, and that all of Athel Loren would need to unite to defeat him. In truth, the Mage Queen's soul was still not fully cleansed, and she worried on the wisdom of going forth unhealed. But she knew that dire times have ever required dire sacrifice, and emerged at last from the Oak of Ages.

Great was the rejoicing that day. The Wood Elves had all but given up their queen for lost, and now welcomed her without reservation. Even the spirits of the forest, who had longer memories than the Elves and who had borne the brunt of Ariel's madness, felt joy at her return – though few would admit it. Most joyous was the reunion between Ariel and Orion, for they had spent long centuries of sadness and anger apart. The celebrations were tempered not one whit by the knowledge that Ariel's return coincided with the eve of another great battle. If the Corruptor had returned their queen to them, said the Elves, then at least the misbegotten creature had done something wholesome in his vile existence. None of them saw the dark spark of malice that still lurked in Ariel's spirit. A taint of darkness can never be fully driven once it has taken root, a burden the Mage Queen would have to bear ever after. Often its darkness would call to her in the still watches of the night, when hope seemed lost. In the ages after, Ariel would never truly know which of her decisions were made out of malice, rather than reason.

A month later, as the outside world reckons time, Morghur's warherd was brought to battle in the Forest of Arden. The beast had already annihilated an army of knights riding from nearby Gisoreux, and doubtless believed that the host of Elves arrayed before him would fall just as easily. He was wrong. Having been forced to confront the darkness within her own soul, Ariel had lost her fear of Morghur and had



accompanied her folk to war. Though she was content to let Orion command the battle, Ariel matched and overcame the dark sorceries of the Bray-Shamans with her own magics. Worse for the Beastmen was the fact that Naestra and Arahan too had accompanied the Elves to war. They fought not at their mistress' side, as perhaps might have been expected, but roamed far and free upon the back of a mighty Dragon. Naestra's purity was anathema to the Beastmen, and her very presence burned them like fire. Yet the Children of Chaos did not flee her coming, for Arahan fought ever at her sister's side. The shadowed twin's dark nature was an irresistible lure to the Beastmen, and they pursued her with mad hunger. Few survived long enough to reach their quarry, and those that did had their vile throats slit by Arahan's wicked knives.

At the last, their ranks scythed down by arrows, or scattered by the hooves of the Wild Hunt, the Beastmen could take no more. As one, the warherd turned and melted away into the woods. Only Morghur stood his ground, gibbering his wild madness at those who came to claim his life. The Corruptor was gravely wounded, his hide pierced by many arrows, but still the will of the Dark Gods drove him to defiance. Then a final bowstring sang, and at last Morghur fell dead, a black arrow protruding from his eye socket.

Great was the feasting in Athel Loren when the host returned. Many heroes had made their names that day. Most lauded of these was Scarloc, the archer whose arrow had finally felled the Master of Skulls; but there was glory aplenty in which all the Elves could share. Thus passed the Season of Redemption. Ariel and Orion were at last reunited, and the Wood Elves' sundered spirits were again made whole.

THE SEASON OF DOOM

VI, 1 A Dream of Doom

As the season turned, the fate of the Wood Elves was changed forever. Naieth the Prophetess, High Seer of Athel Loren, had a vision in which the forest was drowned in fire and Chaos. The details of the premonition were hazy, as such things often are, but Naieth was able to determine that this fate awaited not only Athel Loren, but the entire world.

Naieth soon brought this news to the great council. Few of the lords and ladies believed her, but it mattered not. Of late, Ariel had experienced an unprecedented shifting of the Weave, and divined that this tremor pertained to the disaster Naieth had foreseen. Gathering together five hundred of the realm's most accomplished Spellweavers, Ariel and Naieth ventured forth into the Dreaming Wood – a perilous reach of Athel Loren whose glades opened onto many times and places. There, after many dangerous months amongst the Daemon-haunted groves, they finally gleaned some of the answers they sought.

So far as Ariel could determine, the fate of the world – and therefore Athel Loren – hinged upon the survival of beings such as herself, Orion and the Lady of the Lake. During her sojourn in the Dreaming Wood, Ariel had discovered with dismay that some of these godly aspects had already been slain – this had been the cause of the disturbance within the Weave. Some had fallen in battle – despite their power, they were not immortal. Others had been devoured by Morghur, and these losses Ariel felt most keenly, for these were deaths she could have prevented. For centuries, the Mage Queen had used the Lady of the Lake to cheat Morghur's hunger rather than deal with the creature directly, for if the Corruptor did not threaten Athel Loren, then what concern was he to the Wood Elves? The Mage Queen found the answer little to her liking.

When Ariel and Naieth left the Dreaming Wood, they did so in the company of less than half of the Spellweavers that had set out. The others had been consumed by the horrors that dwelt amidst the glades, or driven mad by the glimpses of destiny. At the next great council, Ariel conveyed what she had seen to the lords and ladies of her court. Still they argued, for none wanted to believe the onset of such dire times. The Mage Queen overruled the dissenters and decreed that the realm of Athel Loren would not stand idle whilst the remaining aspects were slain and the world came to ruin. The Wood Elves would fight.

VI, 19 Drycha's Onslaught

In this year, Drycha, Handmaiden of Coeddil, gathered to her a great warweald of forest spirits, and rampaged through southern Bretonnia. After defeating the Duke of Carcassonne at the crossings of the Brienne, she assailed the walls of La Chalde Abbey. By the time Bretonnian reinforcements arrived, the abbey had been torn down and its relics stolen.

VI, 25 Alliances Denied

Deeming that the Wood Elves would prove valuable allies in their ongoing wars, both the Witch King of Naggaroth and Phoenix King Bel-Hathor elected to send emissaries to Athel Loren. Finubar, the ambassador from Ulthuan was particularly nervous of this assignment, as the last of his kind to enter the forest had vanished under mysterious circumstances.

As matters transpired, both delegations were welcomed with great civility. The Wood Elves went to great pains to keep the parties separated. Indeed, it is doubtful that either set of petitioners ever knew that the other was there. However, both ambassadors were affronted to discover that Ariel would not meet with them, and instead chose to conduct negotiations through the lords and ladies of the great council. Both ambassadors reacted with outrage, and this did little to encourage the Mage Queen to reconsider her position.

Ultimately, the Wood Elves listened, and refused, both nations. The High Elves had treated with Athel Loren as if it were still some wayward colony to be graciously drawn back into the fold, and not as the sovereign nation it was. By contrast, the Dark Elves had made many promises of shared glory, but the Wood Elves deemed that their words and hearts were hollow. Both ambassadors were bidden to leave Athel Loren, and to never return. The Wood Elves would seek their own path in the years to come, just as they had for centuries.



VI, 77 Horror from the Vaults

The Winds of Magic blew strongly through the Vaults of Winter in this year, and roused to life the Daemons frozen in its enchanted caverns. Daemonettes and Fiends flooded into Arranoc, slaughtering all who would not succumb to their wild desires. Amadri Dawnspear, warleader of Arranoc, led the counterattack. Alas, the lord's valour was for nought, and soon the warriors of his host lay dead upon the sun-dappled ground, and Dawnspear himself taken captive as a plaything for cruel Daemons.

Dawnspear's body did not endure long beneath the Daemonettes' caresses, but his spirit refused to yield. Fleeing deeper into Athel Loren at the moment of release, the warleader's soul took root in the bole of a dead tree. Thus was Amadri Dawnspear reborn as the Tree Kin Amadri Ironbark. When next Amadri entered Arranoc, he did so with a great host of Dryads and Treemen at his back, and swept the foul Daemons from its ancient groves. He then went alone to the Vaults of Winter and dragged enormous boulders down from the mountain peaks to seal its gates forever.

VI, 167 The Defence of Yvresse

Araloth, Lord of Talsyn, led his household guard through the worldroots to Ulthuan, and to the aid of Lord Moranion of Athel Tamarha. At this time, the kingdom of Yvresse, in which Athel Tamarha lay, was under ceaseless assault from Dark Elf Raiders. Moranion's surprise at the Wood Elves' arrival quickly gave way to grim joy. Though he and his eldest son Eltharion had battled the Naggarothi at every turn, many of Yvresse's forces were overseas fighting the Phoenix King's wars, and those that remained were too few to end the threat. Araloth's kinbands of Eternal Guard more than compensated for this deficiency, and the Dark Elves were soon brought to battle and defeated on the Isle of Aestuniac.

In the aftermath, Moranion asked Araloth why he had chosen to intercede. Araloth simply replied that his ancestors had sprung from Athel Tamarha, and that he could not have stood idly by and seen the forests of their homeland destroyed. Strangely cheered by the Wood Elf's answer, Moranion bade farewell and returned home. It was not until years later that he discovered that Araloth had spoken falsely, and he never learned why the Wood Elf had done so.

VI, 195 Durthu's Rage

By this time, the Errantry Wars in Bretonnia had succeeded in driving greenskins from the heartlands and into the wild corners of the kingdom. As it happened, one such wild corner was Athel Loren, and the middle reaches of the forest found themselves inundated by a tide of greenskins.

The welcome side-effect of this was that the Wood Elves needed to do little about the Beastmen this year, as the rampaging Orcs and Goblins soon crushed the Children of Chaos. So pleased were the Wood Elves by this slaughter, that had the greenskins elected to leave the forest peaceably at this point, the Wood Elves would have allowed them to do so unmolested. Alas, such has never been the nature of Orcs and Goblins. Buoyed with confidence after destroying the Beastmen, the greenskins soon began hacking and burning, as was their destructive wont.

Unfortunately for the greenskins, the first groves to feel the bite of their choppas were those under Durthu's wardenship. Scarcely had the first fire been lit when a great host of spirits swept out of the deepwoods. Dryads fell upon the Goblins with vicious glee, tearing the diminutive vandals to bloody scraps. Tree Kin ground their way through mobs of Orcs, their hides all but immune to the greenskins' wild blows. Seeing his ladz on the brink of retreat, Warboss Braka bellowed and roared at them to hold the line, only to be silenced when Durthu stomped him flat with one massive, gnarled foot. Soon after, the mighty Treeman set about nursing his slighted groves back to life using the bounty of blood and flesh that the battle had provided.

VI, 207 Battle at Shadow Fell

At high summer, Ogre mercenaries, under the command of legendary Firebelly Gragtar Flameheart, found their route home through the Grey Mountains cut by a sprawling greenskin horde. Fortune seemed bleak for the Ogres until the trees themselves came alive and a host of Wood Elves descended from the foothills. Though they joined the battle on the Ogres' side, Gragtar was greatly disappointed when they refused to stay for a victory feast of flame-grilled Orc.

VI, 213 Archers of Renown

In this year, Scarloc and his kinband began their three-decade journey through the human kingdoms. Acting as sellswords, they uncovered much about the strengths and weaknesses of the various realms.

VI, 224 The Corruptor Escapes

There was a great wailing amongst the trees of the Glade of Woe, and Ariel knew that Morghur had been reborn once more. Scouts soon located the vile creature in the Forest of Arden and, no longer content to let others keep the Corruptor in check, the Mage Queen dispatched an army to kill the beast whilst still young.

So it was that Araloth, Lord of Talsyn, and Naieth the Prophetess led many warrior kinbands on the hunt. They tracked Morghur and his warherd through the darkness of the forest, felling stragglers with bow and blade. At last, they routed Morghur's followers and cornered the beast. Alas, as Araloth readied his blade for the killing strike, the air rang to the blare of crude horns and the bleating of unclean beasts. So intent had the Wood Elves been on reaching their quarry, that they had not noticed the Ungor scouts shadowing their every step. Now, those trackers had led other Beastmen to Morghur's rescue and, badly outnumbered, the Wood Elves were forced to retreat.

Up until now, the Wood Elves' casualties had been light, for they had chosen the ground upon which each of their battles had been fought. Now the Beastmen took their bloody revenge. Glade Guard fired until their quivers were empty, but there were always more foes to replace those that had been slain. With a heart twisted by anger and sorrow, Araloth left a rearguard of volunteers to hold back the raging Gors, and led the rest of his force on a desperate retreat out of the Forest of Arden.

At the last, only Naieth, Araloth and a handful of others escaped the Forest of Arden. They survived only because Naieth roused the slumbering trees to form walls of branch and briar that barred the Beastmen's passage. Shamed by his failure, Araloth soon returned to the Forest of Arden as part of a far larger host, but Morghur had gone – the Beastmen had used their primitive magic to spirit the creature away. It would be many years before Araloth would have his chance at revenge.

VI, 229 Strange Aid Unforeseen

When Daemons attacked the pitiful Empire village of Lachenbad, the Wood Elves saw fit to intervene. Under the steady leadership of Naestra and Arahan, Rangers of the Wildwood fought the otherworldly horrors to a standstill. Only when the battle was won did the Wood Elves withdraw through the worldroots, leaving awestruck and mystified villagers behind them.



VI, 239 The Battle of Arden

Morghur was once more revealed within the Forest of Arden, and Araloth of the Hooked Blade begged leave to lead the hunt. At first, Ariel refused the plea, for she knew full well how revenge could wound the seeker. In this she was opposed by Orion, who argued Araloth's case and, at the last, convinced his queen to agree.

When Araloth set out to hunt Morghur for the second time, he did so at the head of a mighty host. They passed overland through Bretonnia, concealing themselves from the curious eyes of peasants and knights alike by means of a sorcerous mist. They arrived at the Forest of Arden to find it heavy with corruption, and the scent of debased magic on the air – truly had this now become the lair of the Corruptor.

The Wood Elves advanced through groves of blood-red grass and trees that wept black tears. Waywatchers advanced before and behind the main host – Araloth had learnt the lessons of his previous hunt. For days, there was no sign of the beasts they sought, but other challenges there were aplenty. Many Dryads and Tree Kin had accompanied Araloth's host, and they seethed with rage at the fate of what had once been a verdant paradise. The forest was hungry for flesh, and many Elves were devoured by gaping boles or torn limb from limb by vines. Here and there, they found the skeletal bodies of Bretonnian knights who had ended their Grail quests as mulch for the corruption. Mutated forest creatures scuttled through the undergrowth, mad eyes shining horribly in the darkness and their razor-sharp teeth glistening with poison.

At last, the host of Athel Loren came upon a blasted glade, in which Morghur and his warherd were gathered. A colossal herdstone had been raised in the very centre of the clearing, the rubble of its core the remains of a once-proud Grail chapel, and it was upon this summit that the Corruptor capered and yowled. Catching sight of his prey at last, Araloth nocked an arrow to his mighty longbow and let fly. The shot sped true; it struck Morghur from the herdstone, wounded, but alive. The signal for battle given, the Elves let out their war cries, and charged into the glade.

Desperate was the battle in that glade, for the Wood Elves and forest spirits did battle not only with the Beastmen, but also the twisted creatures of Arden that came at Morghur's call. Yet the warriors of Athel Loren pressed on, ignoring the goblets of flesh torn from their limbs by frenzied mouths and the poison loosed in their veins by envenomed claws.

Dryads formed the vanguard of the attack, their blows lent greater strength by kindled rage. With a mighty roar, a colossal Ghorgon rose up out of the warherd and scattered the Dryads, but was soon overwhelmed and torn apart by the relentless Tree Kin who surged forward in the Dryads' wake. Waywatchers hung back under the shadow of the trees, their shots always seeking those whose bellowed commands directed the warherds. Doombulls and Beastlords fell dead upon the scorched glade, arrows protruding from eyes and open mouths.

In the centre of the glade, Bestigors clashed with Araloth's Eternal Guard, and fared the poorer for the exchange. Spears flashed like sunlight in the dark, and slew many of the foul creatures before their crude axes could be hefted. The Bestigors fought to the last brutish warrior, and many an Elf was hewed before the last Beastman fled. Araloth hardly noticed – he had eyes only for Morghur, and with the Bestigors eliminated, the Lord of Talsyn now had the chance to strike directly at his foe.

Before Araloth had left Athel Loren, Ariel had gifted him a gourd of sap harvested from the Oak of Ages, and he now unstoppably that container and flung the enchanted contents into Morghur's face. No purer liquid existed in all the world, and where it touched Morghur's flesh, white flames rose up. Soon the Corruptor was all ablaze, his strange meowing cries provoking both pity and joy. Soon the creature was naught but ash, his threat ended for as long as it took him to be reborn.

With Morghur's death, the rest of the Beastmen were soon scattered. Araloth bade the herdstone be toppled, and a great pyre be lit in the centre of the glade, so that the corrupted bodies of the foe could be cleansed. This work done, the Wood Elves left the forest, but they did so slowly. Not all the sap had been used to destroy Morghur, and Araloth now placed a drop of what remained at the base of each corrupted tree that he passed. Each time, the enchanted sap wrought its magic, and a purifying fire sprang up. Yet the flames did not consume the trees as they had Morghur, but merely burnt away his corruption.

Thus did the Lord of Talsyn bring new life to the Forest of Arden. Ever after, it was accounted amongst the hallowed places in Bretonnia, though there was never a damsel or knight of that upstart realm who ever truly learned the reason why.

VI, 245 Slaughter at Bleak Meadow

In this year, the Beastman warherds within Athel Loren swelled to unprecedented size and laid siege to all its chief strongholds. In the east, Naestra and Arahan led the defence of Pine Crags. In the west, Naieth the Prophetess marshalled her household to defend the Glade of Eternal Moonlight. Even the Wildwood came under attack, and the savage-minded spirits of that twisted place found much battle as the Beastmen descended. Yet it was in the glades around the Oak of Ages that the Wood Elves were most sorely beset; there were running battles amidst the trees as Glade Guard and Wild Riders sought to drive the Cloven Ones away from this most sacred of sites.

Great victories there were, but great tragedies also. On Carthad Knoll, Araloth, champion of the Mage Queen led Glade Guard against Ghorros Warhoof's kinherd; those Centigor the Wood Elves did not kill were soon set to flight. Gruarth the Beastmaster fought and died in the dell that was his home, his dead hands locked about the throat of the Wargor who had slain his beloved sabre-toothed tigers. Beastmen descended upon the Torgovann, roaring with joy at the carnage they would wreak, only to be stopped dead by a single warrior clad in golden armour. Daith the master-smith had sworn never to let the vile creatures loose in his armouries; in this cause he had come forth armed with weapons he would allow no other to sully with war. In the eternal warmth of the Summerstrand, Amadri Ironbark led his fellow Tree Kin against monsters so foul that countless Elves had succumbed to madness with but a glance at their horrific features.

Few slept during these dark days, for there were always other battles to fight. None slept well, for the howling and chanting of the Beastmen echoed on the breeze. The only respite offered by these bleak times was that Morghur, Master of Skulls, was not the driving force behind this particular incursion – had indeed he been there, the situation would have been far more dire. Little by little, and at the cost of countless lives, the Beastmen were driven out of all Athel Loren's regions, save one. A great warherd, many thousands strong, still rampaged across the tainted glades around the Tree of Woe, and there gathered under the tattered banners of Mograk, the Lord of Crows.

Weary, and burdened with grief for their lost kin, the Wood Elves mustered to fight one last battle that would drive the Children of Chaos from Athel Loren. All knew it would be the bloodiest fight of a long and terrible year; but there was no time to heal the harms of the battles that had preceded it. Winter was drawing in and, if the Beastmen were not defeated before the first frost, Orion would be lost to them and the forest spirits would fade; without them, there could be no hope of victory. So it was that those Elves still capable of battle bound their wounds and hurled themselves into the fray one last time.

It was in this darkest hour that help arrived from a most unexpected quarter. Finubar, now Phoenix King of Ulthuan, had long dwelt on how to repair relations between the two great Elven nations. On learning that Athel Loren was beset, he bade Prince Eldyr gather a great army and march to the Wood Elves' aid. Though they had been delayed by storms, the High Elves now added their strength to their cousins'.

Even combined, the Elven armies were greatly outnumbered by the Beastmen, but determination and renewed hope swiftly compensated for the paucity of numbers. Ulthuan Mages called down storms of lightning and blunted the spells of Bray-Shamans, leaving the Spellsingers of Athel Loren free to rouse and invigorate the living forest. Cothiquan spearmen fought shoulder-to-shoulder with Eternal Guard, White Lions of Chrace alongside Wildwood Rangers. Dragon Princes and Wild Riders tipped their lances and spears as one, each brotherhood of Elf knights determined to prove their superiority. Scarloc fought back to back with Ystranna of the Maiden Guard; Araloth the Brave at Prince Eldyr's side.

Mograk knew that a great victory had been cheated from him, but he refused to yield. At the shaman's command, unclean warriors hurled themselves forwards under storm-blackened skies. The ground shook as Minotaurs slammed into the Elven ranks. Left and right the brutes hacked, each blow cutting down two or three Elves. Mograk howled into the darkness, drawing twisted monsters from the depths of the forest. The dead grasses of the Witherhold writhed in revulsion as these creatures made themselves known upon the field, once-noble creatures reshaped by the dark will of the Chaos Gods.

Mograk had hoped to break the Elves' spirit, but the children of Isha remained undismayed. Arrows hissed forth to fell Ghorgons and Cygors. Wardancers pirouetted into the heart of battle, blades flashing to cut throats and sever spines. Outnumbered, but far from outmatched, the Elves began to turn the battle's tide. By the time sun fell on that fateful day, the better part of the warherd was destroyed, and those Beastmen who remained were in retreat. Mograk had fled before the end, preserving his foul hide by abandoning his minions whilst battle still raged. This one act of desertion cost the Beastmen greatly, for without Mograk's leadership the retreat soon became a rout, and the rout a massacre.

As victory dawned, the reserve between the two Elven races returned. The High Elves had suffered greatly in the battle, and many now blamed the Wood Elves for the losses. As for the Wood Elves, they quickly took against their allies' arrogance. Each party had earned the other's respect, but friendship was still a long way off. Though kind words were exchanged by individuals, the bonds between the great nations of Athel Loren and Ulthuan were little closer than they had been before.

VI, 253 Battle in the Black Forest

The chronicles of Naggaroth tell of how, in this year, Morathi was ambushed by Shadow Warriors as she searched for the lost Crown of Hotek. The chronicles also recount, and with some disbelief, how the Hag Sorceress and her escort knew salvation only through the intervention of a warweald of Dryads.

VI, 278 The Madness of Orion

After a winter full of ill omens, Orion was reborn into madness. The King in the Woods had ever been given to a wild and wrathful manner, but his behaviour now seemed to be beyond all control – only Ariel considered herself safe in his company. No one could identify whether the cause of this madness was a flaw in the ritual that granted him new life, or some incipient mania of the Elf who was chosen to bear his mantle. Worse, Orion's insanity was contagious, and soon many of Athel Loren's Elves and spirits were at one another's throats. This year, the Wild Hunt was nearly four times its normal size, and wrought great damage even before it left the forest and brought its fury to the lands of Bretonnia.

Great was the slaughter inflicted upon the domain of Quenelles that year; so great that Fredfar, the duke of that city, had no choice but to rouse a host of knights and bring Orion to battle. Other nobles of the realm counselled against such a course of action, but Duke Fredfar was a man in whom the virtues of chivalry blossomed true, and he refused to sit idly by whilst a great slaughter was wrought upon his peasantry.

Thus passed Fredfar, Duke of Quenelles, slain in battle with a force of nature that he never stood any chance of defeating. Many of the duke's finest knights perished alongside their master; so many, in fact, that the defences of Quenelles were left sorely weakened. As a result, when the Wild Hunt veered northward to the city itself, the throng of maddened Elves and spirits soon breached the walls and ran amok in the city. Blood ran through the streets as the Wild Hunt vented its fury, and neither the valour of knights nor the bristling spears of Men-at-arms could check its ferocity.

In the end, the glorious city was saved only when Orion's rampage carried him into the sacred grove at its very heart. No sooner had he stepped within those verdant bounds than a mist came down, and stillness overtook him for the first time since his rebirth. There are few accounts as to what happened next, for the skeins of mists cheated the eyes of almost all who watched. All agree that a slender figure appeared in the mists beside Orion, but none recount who that figure was, or what words were exchanged between them. At dawn the next day, Orion and the Wild Hunt left ravaged Quenelles behind and returned to Athel Loren. That year, the King in the Woods surrendered himself to the pyre many months earlier than in years past, though no explanation was forthcoming as to why.

VI, 294 Intervention in Avelorn

Far away from Athel Loren, the Dark Elf Age of Vengeance had begun, and Naggarothi armies raged across Ulthuan. Avelorn's ancient groves burned as the Dark Elves advanced, but their real prize – Alarielle the Radiant, Everqueen of Ulthuan – was spirited away by Prince Tyrion. In response, Malekith loosed the Daemon N'kari to the hunt, bidding him slay the Everqueen and all who sheltered her.

Great still were the ties between Avelorn and Athel Loren, and the pain caused by the Dark Elf invasion echoed through the spirits of the great forest. Ariel was determined that her people would not become involved in this latest feud between their cousins, but saw that there were greater stakes amongst the carnage. So it was that peerless Scarloc and a kinband of his finest scouts travelled the worldroots to Avelorn, with instructions to harry the Daemon N'kari with all the cunning at their command.

For weeks, Scarloc's scouts thwarted the Keeper of Secrets as it hunted. They did not seek to engage the beast directly, but paralleled its path through the forest. Time and again, Scarloc and his comrades ambushed the Daemonettes and Fiends that N'kari used as

trackers, felling them with arrows or luring them onto false trails. This was deadly work, for the Daemons were many and Scarloc and his comrades few. Worse, the woods of Avelorn were thick with Dark Elves, and many times Scarloc was forced to break from his mission to evade or eliminate Naggarothi patrols.

Only once did Scarloc face N'kari directly, and then briefly. At that time, the Daemon was but an hour's march from where the Everqueen lay hidden. With no better tactic at hand, Scarloc and his surviving scouts revealed themselves to N'kari and stung him to wrath with a swift volley. Scarloc knew that he would be hard-pressed to defeat a maddened Greater Daemon, so they did not try. Instead, they lured the beast onto an army of Dark Elves who, panicked by N'kari's onset, loosed a flurry of crossbow bolts and thus earned the Keeper of Secrets' full measure of retribution.

As N'kari tore through the Naggarothi ranks – Wood Elves and Everqueen both temporarily forgotten – Scarloc slipped away through the worldroots. That last deadly chase had cost him many of his fellows, and he judged that Alarielle must now attend to her own fate. On their return to Athel Loren, Scarloc and his comrades – Glam, the Laughing Warrior, Araflane

Warskald and the Spellsinger Kaia Stormwitch – were lauded for their actions. As it happened, N'kari finally discovered his quarry a few days later, only to be banished by the magics of Tyrion's brother, Teclis. Amongst the Daemon's charred remains, Tyrion found a single arrowhead, somehow come safe through the fire and lightning. It was clearly not of Ulthuan make but, though the brothers could not place the origin, it was soon forgotten in the days that followed.

VI, 333 Gashrak's Fall

At high summer, Waaagh! Gashrak swept down from the Vaults and descended upon Athel Loren, but had the misfortune to charge headlong into Orion's Wild Hunt as it surged forth into the Parravon lowlands. After a brief but bloody battle along the banks of the River Grismerie, Gashrak's ladz were routed into the mountains. Gashrak himself was slain by Orion's spear, and his body staked out on the borders of Athel Loren as a warning to others of his kind.

VI, 378 Grudge of Ages

The Dwarfs of Karak Norn marched again on Athel Loren, just as they had many times since the long-ago death of Grungni Goldfinder. As on previous occasions, they were bloodily repulsed for no meaningful gain.





VI, 425 Massacre in the Reikwald

Drycha's handmaids attacked the Shrine of Taal in the Reikwald. Though the vengeful Branchwraith struck without warning, a wily huntsman slipped through the carnage and managed to bring word to Altdorf before dying of his wounds. Reinforcements were quickly despatched, but were ambushed by Dryads and Treemen on the Altdorf-Weismund road. By the time the battered army finally broke through, the shrine had been levelled, its defenders slain and the holiest relic – the Fang of Taalroth – had been stolen. Of Drycha and her handmaids, there was no sign.



VI, 488 Battle of the Cairns

Heinrich Kemmler, Lichemaster and ever an unknowing pawn of the Chaos Gods, came to Athel Loren in the winter of this year. Cloaking himself in dark enchantments, the Necromancer ghosted through the outer defences of the slumbering forest. At last, he came to Cairnost, the final resting place of many a barbarian horde and began the sorceries necessary to raise a great army of the vengeful dead.

Glade Riders soon spied the Necromancer's ritual fires, and spurred to the attack. Alas, their intervention came too late. Kemmler's forces were already rising, and the Elves were pulled from their saddles by the grasping fingers of the long-dead. Soon, Kemmler had a great horde of many thousands of skeletons and wights at his command. Goaded by a motivation he could not quite explain, the Lichemaster abandoned his initial intention to march west against Bretonnia and the upstart Duke of Parravon, and instead led his horde deeper into the forest. Athel Loren's shifting paths could not deceive one so knowledgeable as he, and soon the Lichemaster's feet were set upon a path to the Oak of Ages and the very heart of the Elven realm.

Kemmler's change of mind soon proved a mistake. Though the Lichemaster had timed his attack to take advantage of the forest's wintry slumbers, not all of Athel Loren was yet fully at rest. As the Undead advanced, their unwholesome presence roused Dryads from their fitful sleep. Suddenly, the shrieking forest spirits were amongst Kemmler's ranks, their talons tearing and slashing at the vile Undead. Like the Glade Riders before, these Dryads were soon overwhelmed, but their battle-cries had roused yet more of the forest.

Durthu, greatest of the Treemen, was one of those roused by the Dryads' cries. No sooner did his spirit flutter to wakefulness than he smelt the witch-scent of Undead upon the breeze. His torpor soon gave way to wakeful wrath, and scarcely had the last Dryad

fallen when Durthu was loose amongst Kemmler's ranks, smashing and pulverising ancient bones with a vengeance. Seeing that his minions stood little chance of overcoming Durthu, the Lichemaster turned his dark magics upon the mighty Treeman. Durthu staggered under the assault, but kept coming. Had Kemmler more time, perhaps he could have brought down the Elder of the Forest. But such was not his fate.

Arrows now burst out of the trees, thudding into shields and shattering bones. Lord Arlas and Lord Edrael, rulers of the glades nearest to Kemmler's intrusions, had roused their hosts to battle. As archers carved great holes in the skeletons' ranks, the Eternal Guard of these two great houses advanced into the gaps, spears flashing as they came. Glade Riders spurred around the flanks, raking the foe with volleys of pinpoint archery.

Kemmler now grew desperate, and committed other forces. Giving a great cry, he called a dozen bat-winged Terrorgheists from storm-laden skies. As the loathsome monsters tore into the Eternal Guard, Kemmler worked to restore his crumbling ranks. At his dusty command, sundered bones re-knitted and hurled themselves into battle once more. Seeing their foes reborn from the brink of defeat, the Wood Elves faltered, and began to withdraw. Only Durthu stood firm – if anything, he fought all the harder.

It now fell to Arlas and Edrael to rally their forces. Knowing his actions would speak far louder than his words, Lord Edrael mounted his noble Dragon ally, Begeir Seun, and charged into the heart of the fray. Together, Elf and Dragon felled one of Kemmler's dread Terrorgheists, and that act of victory rekindled some spark of hope in the Wood Elves' ranks. It was then that Lord Arlas reached out into the noblest of magics and fed this spark until it was a roaring flame. Almost as one, the Wood Elves found their courage anew and descended into battle once more.

The Undead ranks shuddered as Wood Elf arrows began to thud home once more. A Terrorgheist knocked Edrael sprawling from Begeir Seun's back, but Durthu wrestled the unliving beast to the ground and crushed its bones to powder. Rangers of the Wildwood carried their glaives forward, parrying the strikes of wight blades with contemptuous ease, then riposting to scatter bones and rusted armour across the clearing.

This time, even Kemmler's sorceries could not offer salvation from the Wood Elves' onslaught. The Winds of Magic were sputtering, and he could barely find the power to reknit his own wounds, let alone those of his minions. Bitterly accepting his defeat, the Necromancer fled, sacrificing what was left of his once-great army to preserve his own miserable life. Summoning the last of the Terrorgheists to his side, the Lichemaster winged his way south into the mountains. It would be many long years before he dared set foot in Athel Loren again.

VI, 491 Rockjaw's Feast

The Ogre Braggat Rockjaw and his Stonegut mercenaries crossed the Grey Mountains and into Athel Loren. Instead of slaughtering the brutes, the Wood Elves welcomed them. After the Ogres had been plied with all kinds of wondrous meats and countless flagons of faerie wine, they departed the forest unmolested (though there was a brief moment of danger when one of the Ogres attempted to consume a live unicorn).

Thoroughly sozzled and stupefied, the Ogres didn't realise that the paths on which they left took them not towards the Empire, as they had intended, but into the heart of a Skaven warren on the edge of Parravon. This they obliterated in short, and drunken, order. When the battle was done, an Elf maid appeared to Rockjaw, and presented him with wondrous riches; the agreed price, she said, for the battle just conducted. Rockjaw couldn't remember agreeing to fight the battle, but took the gold anyway. Thereafter, he swore never to enter Athel Loren again.

VI, 496 Massacre Along the Weiss

When a great warherd of Minotaurs threatened to cross the Grey Mountains into Athel Loren, Ariel bade her Spellweavers divert the swollen waters of the River Weiss and force the beasts back into the Empire. It was then that the Emperor Karl Franz did that which none of his forebears had ever done – he walked beneath the eaves of Athel Loren to seek aid. The great council were little inclined to accede to the Emperor's demands, for they perceived that his greatness was worn as a mantle, rather than flowed from a source within. Yet nor could they deny the logic of his plea.

So it was that Orion led the Wild Hunt over the mountains and to the Empire's aid. Whilst Karl Franz rallied the embattled army of Wissenland, Orion and Naieth the Prophetess led the swiftest riders of Athel Loren far afield and struck at the warherd's flanks. Following the path of carnage left by their king, Glade Riders and celebrants of Kurnous carried their spears deep into the heart of the Minotaurs' formation. Soon after, the King in the Woods slew the Doombull whose bloodrage had begun the rampage.

Decimated by disciplined handgun volleys, torn bloody by cannon fire and their most ferocious warriors felled by the fury of the Elves, the Minotaurs shrank back. Seeing their foes quaver, the men of the Empire gave out a great cheer; but they did so too soon. The wind shifted, and the scent of blood it carried drove the Minotaurs into a fresh frenzy. Suddenly beset by an enemy they had thought beaten, the brave men of Wissenland suffered greatly. Regiments of Halberdiers and Greatswords were hacked apart, filling the air with yet more blood-spoor and driving the Minotaurs ever more berserk. Karl Franz moved to reinforce the line, but was swept from the back of his horse by a Cygor's boulder.



Even from the other side of the battlefield, Orion's keen eyes saw the Emperor fall. The King in the Woods was torn. He was weary, having been sorely wounded in battle with a colossal Ghorgon, and cared little for Karl Franz's survival. As far as Orion was concerned, the human's puny life mattered nought in the wider context of the Weave. Even if the Wissenlanders were routed from the field, the Wood Elves could simply withdraw behind the floodwaters of the Weiss once more. Sensing Orion's indecision, Naieth quietly reminded her liege that the fate of the world rested on more than just those born to godly mien. It did not matter, she said, if the Emperor's reach exceeded his grasp; what mattered was the nobility of his cause.

Orion rounded upon Naieth with an expression so full of fury that the seeress feared for her life. Then Orion laughed and sounded his great horn so loud that its winding was heard as far away as Athel Loren.

As one, the Wood Elves charged forward once more, this time towards the human lines and the fallen Emperor. Lost in a haze of bloodletting, the Minotaurs did not realise their danger until it was too late. Bows sang, spears thrust forward and the Minotaurs soon found the tide of battle turned against them.

The King in the Woods fought his way to the downed Emperor, planted his hooves either side of the wounded man, and bellowed a challenge that the blood-maddened warherd could not deny. By the time the Minotaurs finally realised their plight and fled, near three-score of their greatest champions had fallen to Orion's spear. The King in the Woods had been sorely wounded in exchange – his godly ichor flowed freely from a dozen ragged wounds – but Karl Franz had not suffered so much as a single blow during the hours in which Orion had stood guard over his unconscious form. Not that the Emperor had any opportunity to thank his rescuer, for as soon as it was clear the Minotaurs had no stomach for further battle, the Elves retrieved their dead and left the field.

A month later, an emissary from Athel Loren was admitted to the palace of Altdorf. He gave no name, but delivered both a gift and a message. The gift was a single Griffon egg, retrieved, said the emissary, from the highest peak in the Grey Mountains. The message was simple, brought in friendship, but ominous nonetheless: 'We will be watching.'

VII, 499 Dwarfen Treachery

In this year, Ungrim Ironfist, Slayer King of Karak Kadrin, brought an army of greenskins to battle on the edge of Athel Loren. Seeing the justice of the Dwarfs' cause, Thalandor Doomstar brought a host to the mountain-dwellers' aid. The battle soon turned against the greenskins but, in the hour of victory, the Dwarfs carried their axes against the Wood Elves also, seeking to repay a millennia-old grudge. Swearing vengeance for his lost kin, Thalandor retreated.

VII, 500 Doomstar's Revenge

The outlying workings and defences of Karak Kadrin came under assault by vengeful Wood Elves under the command of Thalandor. For nearly a year, Thalandor's host maintained their blockade, crushing countless sorties by the defenders, and twice repelling armies from Zhufbar that had been sent to break the siege. Only when the Lord of Argwyld was satisfied that recompense had been taken for the harms of the previous year, did he order the withdrawal.

VII, 511 Coeddil Unchained

After a seemingly senseless campaign of slaughter in the lands surrounding Parravon, Drycha finally acquired the last relic she had been searching for. Stealing into Athel Loren during the height of winter, the Branchwraith unleashed the power of her stolen artefacts, and shattered the wards Ariel had placed to bind Coeddil into the Wildwood. Alerted too late, Rangers of the Wildwood rushed to Coeddil's prison, only to find the Elder gone.



VII, 514 A Friendship Betrayed?

On Twilight's Tide of this year, royal bastard Mallobaude of Mousillon rode out to wrest the crown of Bretonnia from his father. No honourable knight would fight in Mallobaude's cause, but the serpent of Mousillon did not want for followers. Long had he planned this day, and had gathered to him a vast army of wicked and soulless men.

Ignoring Louen Leoncoeur's decree that the armies of Bretonnia should combine to fight this threat, the army of Armand, Duke of Aquitaine, met Mallobaude in battle. Even though he acted with the favour of the Fay Enchantress, Armand would have been swiftly defeated had not Drycha led a host of forest spirits from the Forest of Châlons to fight at his side. Yet the Wood Elves' interest lay not in Armand's victory, and they soon stole away once more, leaving the duke to a fate delayed, rather than unchanged. Worse, when the forest spirits had vanished, so too had the Fay Enchantress. What her fate was, no one in Bretonnia knew.

During the Feast of All-Summer, a naiad spirit appeared in Athel Loren. She carried word from the Lady of the Lake, and demanded Ariel travel to the Silverspire. To the surprise of all, the Mage Queen acceded to the peremptory summons and journeyed north. For three days and nights after, the northern skies were lit with wild magic. When Ariel returned, she told the council that there had been a quarrel, as amongst siblings, but that the matter was now settled.

VII, 515 The Turn of the Season

For nearly two years, the Elves of Athel Loren had watched as the armies of Louen Leoncoeur and Mallobaude the Serpent tore Bretonnia apart; watched, and had done nothing to prevent it. The madness that Naieth had foreseen was overtaking the world, and the supremacist struggles of two human warlords seemed insignificant by comparison.

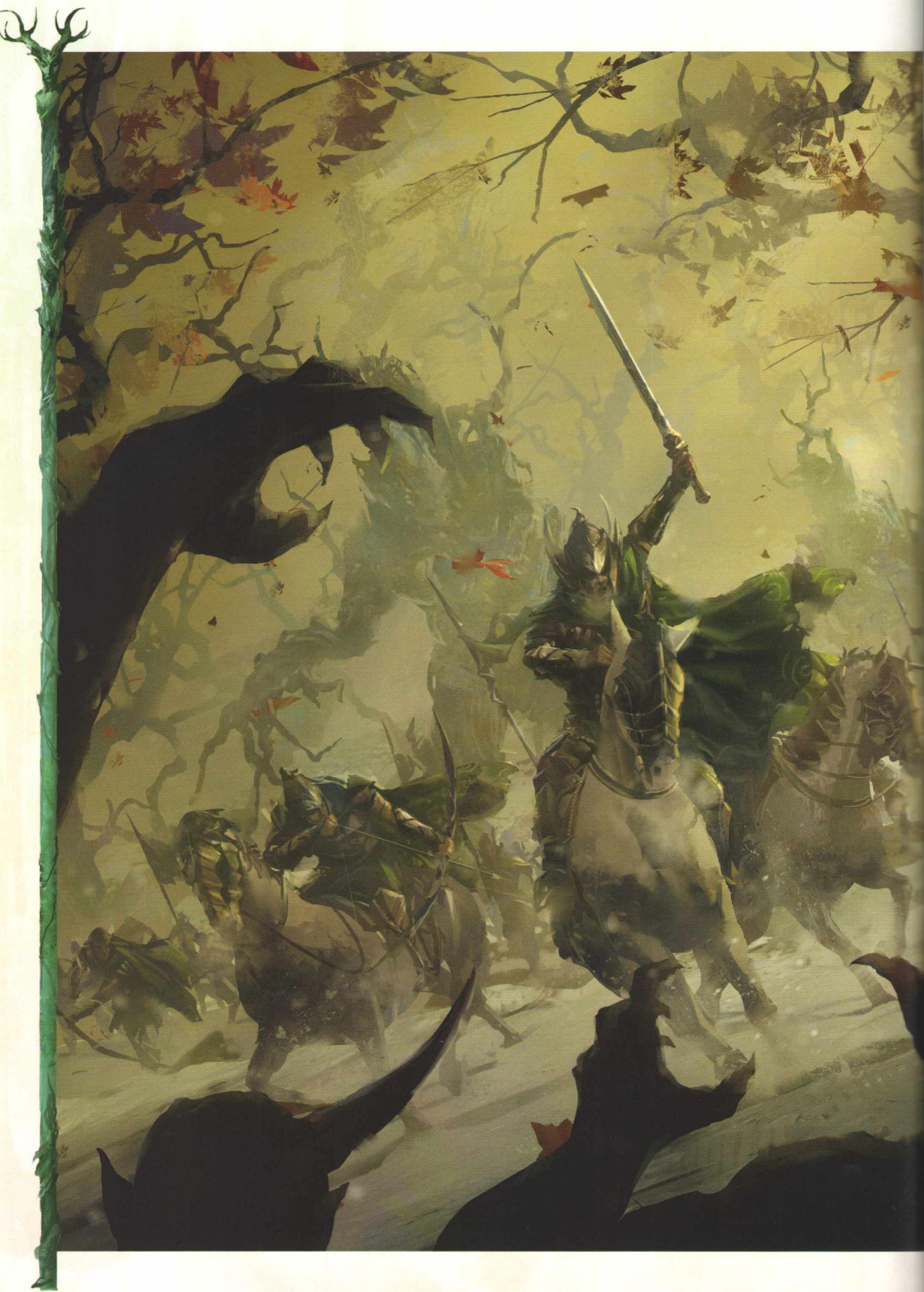
Now Mallobaude finally gave the Elves cause to pay attention to their borders. Desperate for victory, he had struck pacts with the forces of the Undead, and there were soon more Ghouls and Wights in Mallobaude's ranks than there were living men, and rumours abounded that the traitor had even received the Blood Kiss and thus become a Vampire himself. Where the armies of Mousillon trod, the world withered and the Weave cried out in pain. Already, much of the land west of Quenelles was dead or dying. Unless Mallobaude was stopped, Bretonnia would be reborn as a realm of the Undead on Athel Loren's borders.

Thus did the Elves of Athel Loren prepare for their gravest battle. Glade Guard and Wild Riders assembled in their thousands. Spellsingers went amongst the glades, rousing Dryads and Treemen to wakefulness. Dragons were stirred from their timeless chasms. Naestra, Arahan, Scarloc, Araloth, Sceolan, Skaw the Falconer; all the greatest heroes of the forest armed themselves for war. Yet Ariel knew that this would not be enough. Only if the realms of Bretonnia and Athel Loren united was there a hope of victory.

So did the Mage Queen travel north to the Silverspire once more. There she sought the Lady of the Lake's forgiveness for the deed that had driven them apart. The spirit of the Silverspire too felt the urgency of the times, and so accepted Ariel's apology with reluctant grace. With the Fay Enchantress gone, the Lady of the Lake no longer had a herald, but she was the spirit of the land, and her voice now called out to those pure-hearted knights who had been scattered by Mallobaude's onslaught. Some heard her song as whispers on the breeze, others as a voice in the roaring of waterfalls and weirs; all answered their Lady's call. They rode to Quenelles, though few knew why.

There the knights found their king's army arrayed alongside Orion's host, the banners of Bretonnia's dukes hoisted proud alongside those of Athel Loren. To the west, Mallobaude's army advanced, quickened by dark magics, its shambling ranks fed by those it had slain. At the fore rode the Serpent himself, clad in armour dark as night, the Knights of the Black Grail at his side.

As the darkness descended, Men and Elves drew their swords. Prayers were whispered to the Lady, to Isha and to the Elders of the forest. Then a bowstring sang, and an arrow arced true towards Mallobaude's black heart. The Last Battle of Quenelles had begun...





THE DEEPWOOD HOST

The Wood Elves consider themselves to be eternally at war, for their forest home is surrounded on all sides by enemies who seek to do it harm. There is no peace, just moments of silence between the clamour of battles. When the invaders inevitably return, then do the lords and ladies marshal their great hosts, and mighty Orion summons forth the Wild Hunt. Each battle they fight, whether upon the borders of their own realm or in the lands beyond, serves to protect Athel Loren and preserve the balance of the Weave upon which all living things depend.

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

ARMY SPECIAL RULES

On this page, you will find special rules that apply to many units in the Wood Elf army. These rules are integral to the way that the army works. Special rules that apply to just one or two units are instead covered in the appropriate entry.

BLESSINGS OF THE ANCIENTS

Any model that has this special rule, and is within a forest, adds +1 to all attempts to cast spells.

AMBUSH FROM THE WORLDROOTS

A Wood Elf army can always place an additional forest (use a Citadel Wood) on the battlefield. This is done during deployment, before any units are deployed, and must be placed wholly in your half of the battlefield. This forest is not mysterious terrain – declare its type when you place it. If you cannot fit the forest on your half of the table, move other terrain features by the shortest distance necessary so that the forest can be placed. If you still cannot place the forest, or if the scenario means that the Wood Elf army does not have a table half in which to deploy, this additional forest is not used in this battle.

FOREST SPIRIT

A model with this special rule has the Forest Strider special rule and its attacks (close combat and shooting) are magical. In addition, if the model is not a mount, it has a 6+ ward save and the Immune to Psychology special rule.

FOREST STALKER

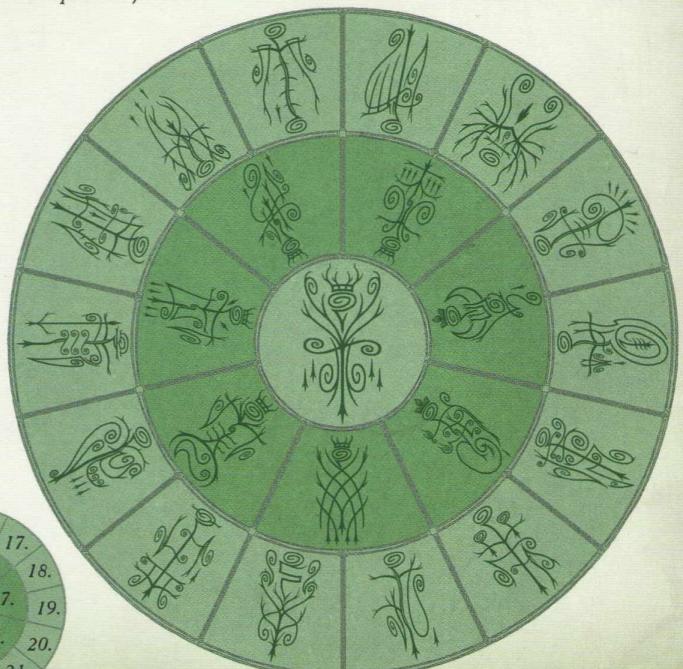
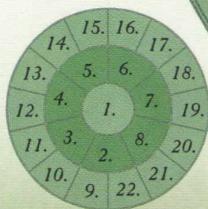
A model with this special rule has the Forest Strider special rule. In addition, if at least half of the models in a unit are within a forest:

- All models in that unit that have the Forest Stalker special rule fire in one more rank than normal (if the unit chooses to Volley Fire, this will normally mean that all the models in the front three ranks, and half the models in the fourth and any subsequent ranks, are allowed to shoot).
- All models in that unit that have the Forest Stalker special rule can make supporting attacks with one extra rank than normal. This is cumulative with other special rules that allow models to fight in extra ranks.
- All models in that unit that have the Forest Stalker special rule (but not their mounts) re-roll all To Wound rolls of a 1 when making close combat attacks.

The Pantheonic Mandala

Every Wood Elf holds Kurnous and Isha above all other beings, but beyond that they make little distinction between the Gods of the Heavens and the Gods of the Underworld. Instead, they worship according to the calling of their own natures, embracing the wildness of Khaine as readily as the compassion of Lileath.

1. *Kurnous, the Hunter / Isha, the Mother*
2. *The Ancients*
3. *Estreuth, Lord of Hunger*
4. *Addaioth, Bringer of Fire*
5. *Loec, the Shadow Dancer*
6. *Hukon, the Sunderer*
7. *Lileath, the Maiden*
8. *Hekarti, Mistress of Magic*
9. *Morai-Heg, the Crone*
10. *Vaul, the Maker*
11. *Mathlann, Lord of the Deepes*
12. *Ladrielle, Lady of Mists*
13. *Hoeth, Lord of Wisdom*
14. *Khaine, the Bloody-Handed God*
15. *Ereth Khial, the Pale Queen*
16. *Nethu, Keeper of the Last Door*
17. *Asuryan, the Creator*
18. *Anath Raema, the Savage Huntress*
19. *Atharti, Lady of Desire*
20. *Eldrazor, Lord of Blades*
21. *Ellinill, Lord of Destruction*
22. *Drakira, Queen of Vengeance*



THE ARMOURY OF TORGOVANN

In this section, you will find the descriptions and rules for a number of weapons and upgrades that are available to the units and characters of the Wood Elf army.

ASRAI LONGBOW

To carry one of the famed longbows of Athel Loren is to possess the finest weapon a hunter could possibly wield. If the eye is true, there is no quarry such a weapon cannot slay.

Range	Strength	Special Rules
30"	3	Armour Piercing, Volley Fire

BLACKBRIAR JAVELIN

Crafted from the boughs of bitter and malevolent trees, these javelins are lethal to all bleded life.

Range	Strength	Special Rules
12"	User	Armour Piercing, Poisoned Attacks

ENCHANTED ARROWS

Some models in the Wood Elf army have the option to purchase enchanted arrows. These are enchanted items, but do not prevent a model from having a second enchanted item. Each type of enchanted arrow replaces the profile of the Asrai longbow with the one shown in its entry. This is not optional – if a model has enchanted arrows, he must use them when shooting with an Asrai longbow. All Shooting attacks made with enchanted arrows count as having been made with magic weapons.

Arcane Bodkins

Armour is of no protection against these ensorcelled arrows.

Range	Strength	Special Rules
30"	3	Volley Fire

Wounds caused by Arcane Bodkins have a -3 armour saving throw modifier.

Hagbane Tips

These arrows are tipped with the tainted shards known in Athel Loren as 'the Callach's Claws'. They are as deadly as their namesake's touch – even a scratch can prove fatal if the venom settles in the target's blood.

Range	Strength	Special Rules
30"	3	Armour Piercing, Poisoned Attacks, Volley Fire

Moonfire Shot

Blessed under the light of a tainted moon, these arrows bring searing agony to creatures of noble heart.

Range	Strength	Special Rules
30"	3	Armour Piercing, Flaming Attacks, Volley Fire

Hits from Moonfire Shot have a +1 bonus on rolls To Wound made against units where the majority of models are from the Forces of Order.

ASRAI SPEAR

The spears of the Wood Elves are almost impossibly sharp. The blades, shaped and sharpened upon enchanted whetstones, slide between the links of chainmail as easily as they do the ribs.

Asrai Spear (Foot)

Range	Strength	Special Rules
Combat	User	Armour Piercing, Fight in Extra Ranks

Asrai Spear (Mounted)

Range	Strength	Special Rules
Combat	+1*	Armour Piercing

* The Strength bonus granted to a mounted model by an Asrai spear only applies in a turn in which the wielder charged into combat.

Starfire Shafts

The starwood tree is anathema to all things unclean; no truer weapon can there be against corruption than arrows fashioned from its boughs.

Range	Strength	Special Rules
30"	3	Armour Piercing, Flaming Attacks, Volley Fire

Hits from Starfire Shafts have a +1 bonus on rolls To Wound made against units where the majority of models are from the Forces of Destruction.

Swiftshiver Shards

These arrows are crafted from a wood so light and strong that they seem to fly from the bow of their own accord.

Range	Strength	Special Rules
30"	3	Armour Piercing, Multiple Shots (2), Volley Fire

Trueflight Arrows

There is a rudimentary sentience buried deep within these arrows, an awareness that causes them to seek the target unbidden.

Range	Strength	Special Rules
30"	3	Armour Piercing, Volley Fire

Shooting attacks made with Trueflight Arrows do not suffer To Hit penalties.

HIGHBORN OF ATHEL LOREN

The lords and ladies of Athel Loren have ruled the Wood Elves for millennia. Each Highborn is required to keep his domain free from intruders and has the ultimate responsibility over the area of the forest in which his followers dwell. Most often, this is a task that is accomplished by the Highborn's Eternal Guard and Glade Guard, though in more dangerous times, he or she will entreat the spirits of the forest, or even Elves from other regions of Athel Loren, to lend aid. Though the inhabitants of Athel Loren are as proud as any of the Elven races, they never allow their own hubris to endanger their home land. The defence of Athel Loren is the one calling that is held above all others.

Should a Highborn fail in his responsibility to the forest, it is not unheard of for him to cede his position. Leaving his great hall, he departs the safe paths of the forest and travels to where the dark pathways twist in upon themselves and malicious spirits dart between the trees. There, the noble seeks atonement and forgiveness from the spirit of Athel Loren. Some are not seen again save in dreams and memories. Others return, within a few hours of their departure, unnaturally aged, as though many decades had passed. A very few return after many years, reinvigorated and filled with purpose by their communion with the forest.

Unlike the Elves of Ulthuan, and indeed much of the known world, the Wood Elves make no distinction between male and female when it comes to rank and duty, whether those responsibilities find their calling in war or peace. In the noble houses of Athel Loren, the daughter is as likely to inherit the family title and rank as the son. Even so, not all Highborn are equal. Each of the twelve realms of Athel Loren is ruled by a lord or lady of impeccable standing. Answerable to each of these are countless sons and daughters of noble houses ever seeking to improve their own situation. Though Wood Elves commonly inherit rank according to the station of their birth, it is not unknown for a particularly valorous individual to be elevated to higher authority.

When Athel Loren goes to war, the nobles direct the efforts of its armies, often commanding a varied yet lethal assortment of Elves and forest spirits. In the summer months, when the forest is strong enough to defend itself against most threats, many are caught up in Orion's great hunt. Even so, there are always a handful of able war-leaders who remain within the borders of the wood, ready to defend their home to their dying breath.

KURNOUS, THE HUNTER

Kurnous is the God of the Hunt, and the lord of wild places. All Elves venerate him, for he is the husband of Isha, and the father of their race, but none do so more than the Wood Elves, who believe that it is only they that live the existence of which Kurnous would approve. Kurnous requires that a hunter never kills animals for sport, but slays only ravening beasts or those whose bounty of meat and hide are necessary for survival. Violating this creed is dangerous the world over, for Kurnous is a vengeful deity, but it is never more foolish than when in Athel Loren.

The culture of the hunt is strong in Athel Loren and finds its way onto the battlefield even during the times of Orion's slumber. It is traditional for the Wood Elves not to launch themselves into battle until their leader, or one of his captains, has loosed a shot at the heart of the enemy leader. This duty is allocated before the battle begins, and the firer is granted the honorary title of 'Talon of Kurnous'. Seldom does the Talon's arrow kill the target, but such is not the intent. Rather it is a reminder of mortality for the foe, and a final entreaty to the Hunter God for his blessings in the battle to come.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Glade Lord	5	7	7	4	3	3	8	4	10
Glade Captain	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Forest Stalker.

The Arrow of Kurnous: Once both sides have deployed, but before the first turn begins, check to see if the enemy General is within 36" and within line of sight of at least one of your models with this special rule. If he is, he immediately suffers a single Strength 3 hit against which no armour saves can be taken. Otherwise, nothing happens.



SPELLSINGERS

Elves are intrinsically magical beings. In most, this talent is too weak to be developed, presenting itself as occasional forebodings, but in truly gifted Elves, it can be shaped into a tool of great power. Such a boon is not without danger, for raw magic is a destructive thing if drawn upon unwisely. Whilst other Elves protect themselves from such ravages through ritual, the Spellweavers and Spellsingers of Athel Loren shield themselves by joining their minds to the forest's sleeping consciousness.

As a result of this connection, Wood Elf mages have an altogether unique relationship with Athel Loren. In some ways, they are a part of a greater intelligence, much as the Dryads, spites and Treemen are. This bond allows them to commune with the forest, and some particularly powerful mages can use their bond to reshape the forest itself. This can mean changing the course of a tree's growth or, more dramatically, reshaping the pathways within the forest to slow enemies or hasten the progress of the Elves. Such a ploy is by no means certain, for the forest often refuses such requests and must be persuaded – or tricked – into obeying.

On the rare occasions that the Wood Elves willingly enter into discourse with other races, it is invariably the mages who perform diplomatic duties, travelling with small entourages to the courts of foreign kings. To avoid potential danger while on such journeys, the mages focus their powers into spells of protection, moving themselves and their companions beyond the physical realm. Such groups often appear as translucent silhouettes and pass through physical obstacles without hindrance, giving rise to countless peasants' tales of ghostly travellers that stalk the lands about Athel Loren.

As they practise a magical discipline both uncluttered by the stiff-necked morality of Ulthuan Mages, and untainted by the sadism of the Naggarothi, Wood Elf mages are able to draw upon both High and Dark Magic. The former is a legacy of the ancient tutelage their High Elf ancestors received, the latter a lingering aftereffect of Ariel's long years during the Season of Retribution. Despite the Mage Queen's best efforts, every generation of Wood Elves since that time has yielded a handful of magi attuned to the dangerous path of Dark Magic. Thus far, none have succumbed to the same madness that claimed Ariel all those centuries ago, but it is impossible to say what the future will bring. In the meantime, Athel Loren cannot afford to reject such a potent resource.

So it is that mages sometimes take to the field in pairs composed of one Highweaver and one Darkweaver. Whilst the Darkweaver unleashes flesh-shredding storms of sorcery, her Highweaver counterpart employs High Magic to bolster their allies. Yet the Highweaver has another duty also. Should the Darkweaver show signs of being overcome by the sorceries she wields, the Highweaver becalms the Winds of Magic, shutting off the flow of corrupting power, and thus holding the incipient madness at bay – at least, for a while...



TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: Spellweavers and Spellsingers are Wizards who use spells from one of the eight Lores of Battle Magic in the Warhammer rulebook. Spellweavers can instead use spells from either the Lore of High Magic or the Lore of Dark Magic (see pages 60 and 61).

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Blessings of the Ancients, Forest Stalker.

ISHA, THE MOTHER

Isha is the goddess of the harvest and bountiful land. She is the mother not only to the Elves, but to all the noble creatures of the world. Wood Elf legend tells that, in times past, Isha was forbidden from treating directly with her mortal children by Asuryan, the Emperor of the Heavens.

However, those same legends go on to tell that Isha and her consort, the Hunter God Kurnous, chafed at Asuryan's decree and, after the Elven pantheon was scattered and defeated by the Dark Gods of Chaos, chose to take mortal form amongst the only Elven people who had stayed true to their teachings. Thus, tell the Wood Elves, were Ariel and Orion reborn as something more than mortal, and Athel Loren transformed into a realm divinely blessed.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	
Spellweaver	5	4	4	3	3	3	5	1	9
Spellsinger	5	4	4	3	3	2	5	1	8

ETERNAL GUARD

Through the long winter months, the forest of Athel Loren is at its lowest ebb, made dormant and vulnerable by the cycle of the seasons. The Treemen slumber, and even the normally vigorous Dryads are sluggish and slow. During this time, guardianship of the most sacred of places falls to the Eternal Guard, sons and daughters of Athel Loren's noble houses.

Only skill on the field of battle can earn an honoured place within the ranks of the Eternal Guard, for that duty is a difficult and dangerous one. Should the forest be assailed in the frozen months, the Eternal Guard can depend upon little or no aid from the spirits, and will be called upon to hold fast, no matter what threat comes to challenge them. Sometimes, in the bitterest of weather when the shadow spirits stir from the Wildwood, the threat comes from within and not from without. Regardless of whether the foe be faerie spirit, marauding Beastman or lost Questing Knight, the Eternal Guard stand firm before it.

Each Eternal Guard is a formidable foe in her own right, trained to a pinnacle of skill that other races cannot easily match. When assembled in numbers, they form a phalanx, their spears thrusting and cutting with a graceful yet disciplined efficiency. The Eternal Guard themselves refer to such a formation as a 'fortress of boughs'. They face the enemy with feet planted firmly upon their chosen ground, shields braced against the enemies' attacks, and the line of spears rippling as the leaf-shaped blades dart forward to kill.

Though their chief duties are tied to the winter months, the Eternal Guard are called upon to serve all year round, whether as the watchmen and arbiters of the Elven halls, or as bodyguards for the greatest of Elf nobles. Indeed, it is all but unknown for one of the great lords and ladies of Athel Loren to travel anywhere without an escort of some hundreds of Eternal Guard, and this number can rise steeply if battle is expected at the end of the journey.

The Eternal Guard hold duty to their lord high above the threat of personal danger, and fight without thought to their own safety whilst their lord or lady has need of service. Thus have they often fought on, long into the night, steadfastly defending their charge from a terrible fate, even though their allies have cast aside their arms and fled or lie dead upon the field. Come one foe or one thousand, it matters not, the Eternal Guard does not surrender.

It is this undying loyalty that has preserved Athel Loren from civil war on more than one occasion, as it is custom for feuds between nobles to be settled through trial by combat between representatives of each other's Eternal Guard. Combatants are chosen by the drawing of lots, making it in a lord's best interest that all Eternal Guard under his command be trained to as high a standard as possible. To be nominated to fight such a duel is the greatest honour an Eternal Guard can know as, win or lose, they know that their deeds in the arena of blades will save the lives of thousands.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Eternal Guard	5	5	4	3	3	1	5	1	9
Eternal Warden	5	5	4	3	3	1	5	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Forest Stalker, Stubborn.

ELDRAZOR, LORD OF BLADES

Eldrazor is the patron of duellists and of those who yearn to fight battles for the sake of honour. As such, his favour is often sought by warriors of the Eternal Guard – especially on the eve of a trial by combat. Yet Eldrazor's favour is also valuable in battle – at least if the combatant fights for a just cause, rather than out of mindless barbarism.

So it is that one of the oldest traditions of the Eternal Guard is to ritually consecrate regions of Athel Loren and mark them with crossed-dagger pendants and finger-bone totems. Thus are many of the forest's glades sanctified as mortal extensions of Eldrazor's otherworldly Arena of Death. It is said that the Lord of Blades pays special attention to those battles fought upon his holy ground, and will even intervene if he is moved to do so. As a result, the Eternal Guard habitually plan any defence of Athel Loren around these key sites. Mortal valour and skill is all very well, they say, but only a fool passes up the opportunity to have a god join the battle.

GLADE GUARD

In time of need, every Wood Elf can answer the call to defend their forest home, for all are trained in the arts of the longbow as soon as they can hold one. After all, in Athel Loren, archery is not just a tool of battle but one of many hunter's skills vital to an Elf's survival.

When an Elf comes of age, he or she will be formally inducted into their household's Glade Guard, and given responsibility for patrolling of a section of the forest. Should such a sentry sight an intruder, he swiftly raises the alarm and awaits assistance. Within moments, the forest is alive with sharp-eyed Elven hunters, all focused on seeking and slaying the intruder in their midst. Most who enter Athel Loren die without ever realising they are in danger.

When Athel Loren goes to war, it is the Glade Guard who form the core of the army. Each Elven household fights together on the battlefield with several disparate kinbands combining to create one or more formal regiments under the command of a lesser lord or lady of the realm. The Wood Elf army can often seem haphazard and slightly disorganised to outsiders, for each band of Glade Guard is expected to follow the broad dictates of the general but, at the same time, is encouraged to take the initiative when the opportunity presents itself. Such a principle often leads to an overlapping line of battle, with individual Glade Guard kinbands advancing and retreating like leaves in a storm, all the while pouring volleys of arrows into the foe.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Glade Guard	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Lord's Bowman	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Forest Stalker.

VAUL, THE MAKER

Vaul is the god of the forge, the patron of artisans, smiths and armourers. Wounded by Khaine during the long ago wars of the gods, Vaul is both crippled and blind. Yet still he labours, night and day, to create weapons of incredible potency to aid both gods and Elves, his tears of shame hissing upon the forge and falling to the mortal world as shards of flint. Vaul hates Khaine but toils without once considering rebellion. The Maker can see the coming doom of the Elves and knows they will need all of Khaine's might and fury to survive it.

Glade Guards revere Vaul greatly, for a hunter is naught without a quiver of arrows that fly true. Regardless of rank or station, all Wood Elves craft their own arrows; something so crucial to survival should never be left to another's hand. Every Glade Guard carries a single flint-headed arrow, lovingly crafted from a stone from the realm of Torgoann inscribed with the words 'Ethriss Yl Idriion' – the Maker's Tear. Such a weapon is used against only the direst of foes; a shard of godly sorrow should not be wasted upon inconsequential enemies.

DEEPWOOD SCOUTS

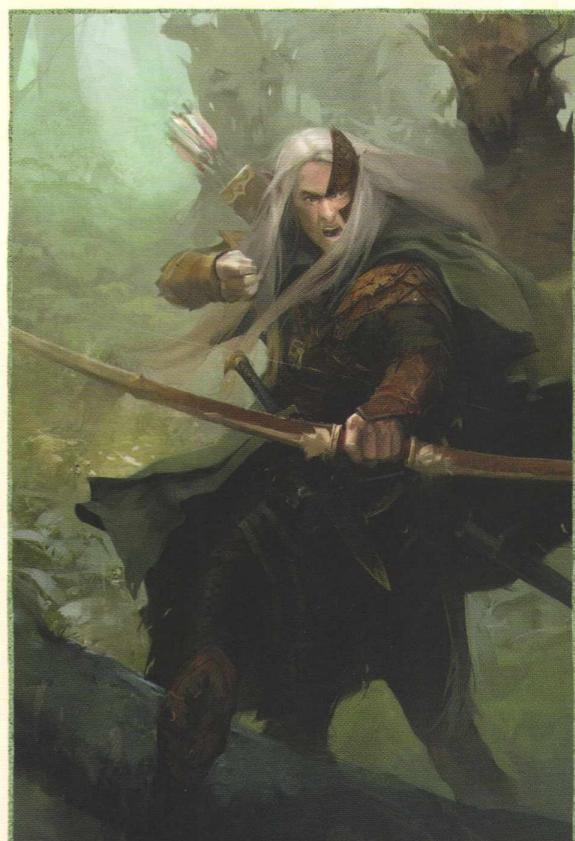
Deepwood Scouts hold the responsibility of patrolling those areas of the forest deemed too dangerous for Glade Guard to enter. To tread such paths, an Elf must be invisible not only to a predator's sight, but to his other senses also – no easy matter when contending with otherworldly creatures to whom an Elf's soul manifests as a brightly burning light.

The Deepwood Scouts' skills of stealth and concealment serve them well upon the battlefield. They are masters of ambush and distraction, the assassins of enemy artillery crews and of careless wizards who stray too far from the protection of their allies. Indeed, many an invading army has been brought to battle utterly unaware that kinbands of Deepwood Scouts have dogged its footsteps for days. Only when the battle lines clash do the Deepwood Scouts reveal themselves, sowing confusion and disruption amongst the enemy lines.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Deepwood Scout	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Master Scout	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Forest Stalker, Scouts, Skirmishers.



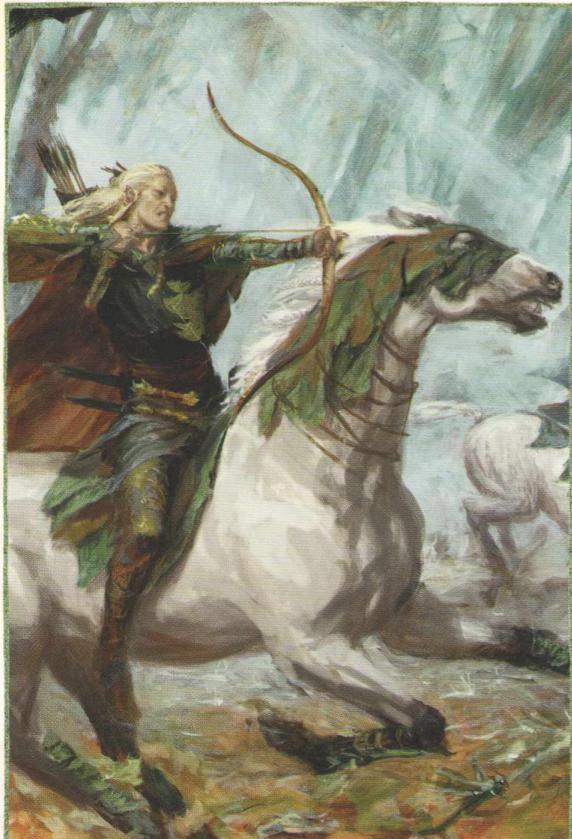
KNIGHTS OF ATHEL LOREN

When the Wood Elves go to war, they do so in partnership with the creatures of the forest. Many of Athel Loren's beasts understand the perils that constantly threaten the forest, and offer their services willingly. Others are tamed through kindness and steered to war though an empathic bond with their Wood Elf masters.

GLADE RIDERS

The Glade Riders are perhaps the greatest horse-warriors of the world, their Elven reflexes allowing them to perform an incredible variety of seemingly reckless acts that are far beyond the abilities of the lesser races. Whether firing backwards while riding full pelt through deep woods, or darting through the ranks of surprised enemy outriders, Glade Riders routinely survive their escapades unscathed through a formidable combination of graceful skill and unflappable confidence.

Unlike most cavalrymen, Glade Riders do not view their horses as property or subservient beasts. Instead, over a period that can last many years, a deep connection is formed between rider and steed. This bond goes beyond friendship and beyond family, so that horse and rider act as one being, communicating on a level that is impossible for an onlooker to detect. Where another would have to command his steed upon the path he needs it to follow, it is as though the Glade Rider need only think the command and the horse responds.



When their steeds are not needed for battle, Glade Riders pasture them deep within Athel Loren. This is not because they fear that their horses will stray but is done for the protection of the steeds. Only a very determined and lucky horse thief could find his way so deep into Athel Loren safely, and few have ever made it back out again. Those rare outsiders who catch a glimpse of a Wood Elf steed at play often refuse to believe that it is truly a mortal creature, assuming instead that some strange fey beast has crossed their path. In truth, there is little more magical about the steeds of Athel Loren than any other inhabitant of the wood, merely the boundless joy of a creature born into freedom, rather than into bondage.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Glade Rider	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Glade Knight	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First (Riders only), Ambushers, Fast Cavalry, Forest Stalker.

UNICORNS

The Unicorn is an innately magical creature, but its selfish nature means that it tends to feel no kinship with creatures that were summoned or created through sorcerous means, despite their common origins. If anything, it pities such beings for their misfortune at having been created as anything other than a Unicorn.

Unicorn ivory is a much sought after prize in certain corners of Bretonnian society, and many a gallant knight has met his end pursuing a Unicorn deep into Athel Loren. Just as the brave warrior thinks he has cornered his prize, the creature disappears without warning, conveniently within a few paces of a swarm of vengeful spites or vigilant Waywatchers.

Curiously, Unicorns are drawn to female mages as moths to a flame, and find the taste of magic intoxicating. Most Spellsingers find this an acceptable situation as a tame (or at least willing) Unicorn makes for an excellent steed. Furthermore, the beast's nature protects its rider against hostile magics, with a devastating spell often resulting in little more than a slightly inebriated and emboldened steed.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Unicorn	10	5	0	4	4	3	5	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Forest Spirit, Magic Resistance (2).

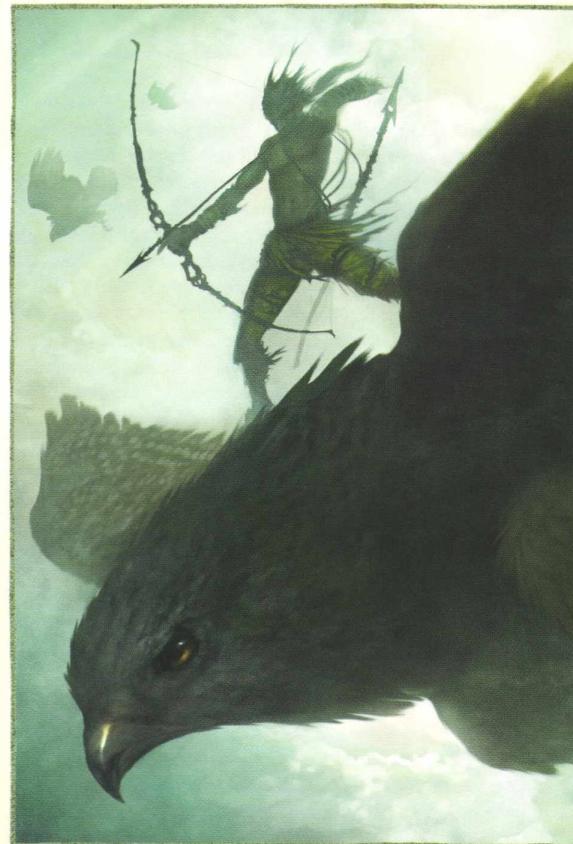
Impale: A Unicorn's close combat attacks have a +2 Strength bonus on a turn in which it charges.

WARHAWK RIDERS

Many large birds of prey live in Athel Loren, especially where it covers the foothills, ravines and crags of the Grey Mountains. These hawks and shrikes grow to far grander proportions than similar species found elsewhere in the world, though why this should be remains a mystery. Some scholars speculate that such birds were once a common sight across many lands but have long since been hunted into extinction elsewhere, whilst others claim they have been changed by magic. Wherever the truth lies, the hawks of the Grey Mountains commonly grow to such a vast size that their wingspans that can average fifteen to twenty feet.

Though most Elves live beneath the protective shade of Athel Loren, there are those who crave the more sparsely forested uplands of the Grey Mountains, and so a strange kinship has developed between the two races. Upon the middle slopes of the mountains, Elven halls are fashioned close about the great rocky spires upon which the hawks make their nests, eyries adorned with the sun-bleached bones of those who have dared intrude upon their territory.

A fledgling hawk raised by an Elf develops a powerful bond with its master, and will even bear him into battle. As time passes, rider and hawk become almost one creature, existing for the call of the hunt and the thrill of the chase alone. These Warhawk Riders scout their territory for invaders, and are skilful enough to guide their steed down through the trees to strike at intruders. Those who ride the Warhawks display phenomenal agility and balance, able to launch volleys of arrows while their mount flits and darts through the forest at speed. In this way, an intruder who strays into the Pine Crags and other mountainous realms faces not only the fury of the hawks, but also that of the Elves – as several Dwarf expeditions have found to their cost.



GREAT EAGLES

There has always been a great bond of kinship between the Elves and the Great Eagles, stretching back to ancient times. That bond remains strong between the Wood Elves and the noble avians, and many families of eagles choose to make their homes in the heights of the Grey Mountains, close by the borders of Athel Loren.

More intelligent and nobler of aspect than the smaller Warhawks that live on the lower mountain slopes, Great Eagles are creatures of unceasing vigilance, possessed of an abiding loathing for creatures of evil heart. Ever alert to the events occurring in the lands beneath them, the Great Eagles unceasingly carry news to the Elven nobles that dwell far below, giving them a welcome, and often crucial, advance warning of invasion or strife.

On rare or desperate occasions, a Great Eagle may offer itself as a mount to a particularly trusted Glade Lord. This is a great honour in the eyes of the Wood Elves, for it is a true partnership of equals. Such a union invariably forms the start of a great and enduring friendship that continues to bind both parties, even after death.

ANATH RAEMA, THE SAVAGE HUNTRESS

Anath Raema is a vengeful goddess and the dark mirror to Kurnous, God of the Hunt. Where the disciples of Kurnous venerate wild places, those who follow Anath Raema see them only as bounteous lands where the dominant predator can slake her fury in the blood of the meek. Such selfish behaviour is seldom tolerated in Athel Loren, for it is certain to upset the balance of the Weave, but it is rumoured that many embittered warriors of the Pine Crags have forsaken Kurnous in favour of a more vindictive mistress...

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warhawk Rider	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Wind Rider	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8
Warhawk	1	4	0	4	4	3	5	2	5

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Always Strikes First** (Riders only), **Armour Piercing** (Warhawks only), **Flying Cavalry**, **Forest Stalker**.

Predator's Descent (Warhawks only): On a turn in which a Warhawk charges, it has the Killing Blow special rule.

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

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly.

WILDWOOD RANGERS

Athel Loren is not a safe place, even for the Elves. Even now, thousands of years on from the first great council, there are those forest spirits who resent the Elves' presence, and visit upon them whatever cruelties are in their power. Banished to the sinister south-eastern corner of Athel Loren, known as the Wildwood, these dark spirits rail against the waystone fence that confines them, and dream darkly of revenge on those who have occupied their home.

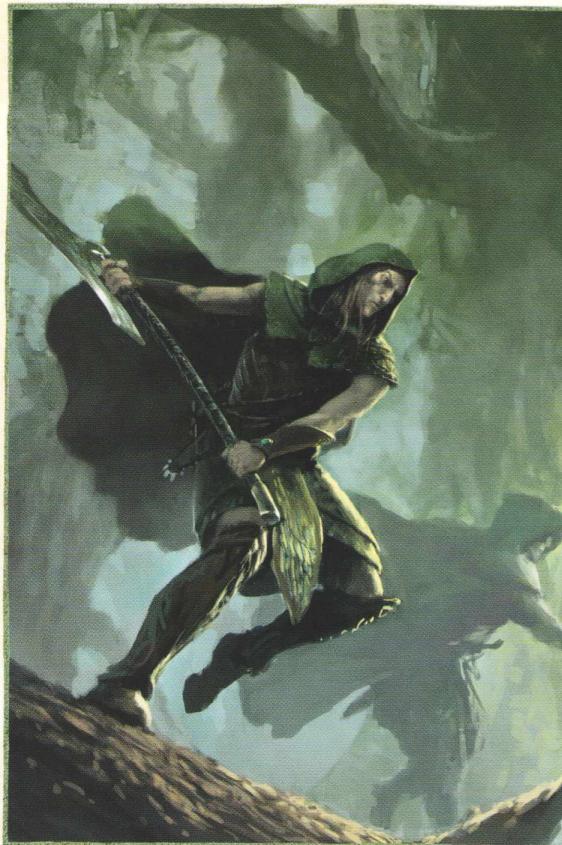
The task of guarding the border between this shadowy prison and the rest of Athel Loren falls to the Wildwood Rangers. Theirs is an existence thoroughly at odds with the gaiety and splendour known by other Wood Elves, for just as the creatures of the Wildwood do not rest, nor can those who have sworn to keep them trammelled. The waystone fence is ever under attack, and it suffers disruption more often than any care to contemplate. Any breach, however small, brings with it the risk of carnage as the dark spirits slip loose from their bonds and wreak all manner of havoc in the forest beyond. The Rangers converge on such breaches within moments of their formation, holding back the tide of dark spirits long enough for Spellweavers to make the waystone barriers whole once again. Thus must the Rangers be ever-vigilant, so that their kinsfolk need not live in fear.

Few take up the Ranger's glaive without having suffered tragedy at the hands of the Wildwood's denizens. Most have lost a loved one to a changeling; others have experienced

firsthand the destruction caused by the rampage of an insane Treeman. A few, a very few, are purposefully recruited by other Rangers. There is honour in such an invitation, but pride is tempered by foreknowledge of the sacrifices that will be required. Once the Ranger's path has been trodden, it is not easily set aside.

Rangers do not triumph through physical prowess alone, but through a steadiness of will that other Elves find intimidating. Many of the Wildwood's spirits are horrifying beyond measure, able to drive reason from an unstealed soul with but a glance. Others cloak themselves in glamour and appear in comely and seductive forms no less dangerous. For a Ranger to survive, he must therefore harden his soul to all emotion. Not all are successful. Each year, some are lost to terror-born madness, or have their hearts ensnared by some siren of the Wildwood. Of the two fates, the former is by far preferable. Terror can be overcome in time, and a fractured mind repaired; but there can be no escape for those seduced beyond the waystone fence, just a life of stupefied servitude and false bliss that ends in a death too long delayed.

Though not answerable to any of Athel Loren's lords or ladies, bands of Rangers will sometimes join a campaigning army. Here, a resolve hardened against the denizens of the Wildwood finds bloody employment against monsters possessed of vast and terrifying power. Always, the Rangers meet such foes with stoicism, hacking apart Minotaur and Dragon, Vampire and Daemon with a calmness and discipline that few Elves, though they be valorous souls by nature, can hope to match. Wildwood Rangers do not join such battles out of a desire for glory, or even to show common cause with their kin; they are driven by a far deeper purpose. Many dark spirits are shapeshifters or changelings. Most such creatures are driven by simple instinct and use their gifts only to imitate those they have murdered. A few, however, have the wit to inveigle themselves into the ruling classes of Athel Loren's enemies, or to seek anonymity in the sprawling ranks of a marauding army. It is such creatures that the Rangers of the Wildwood seek when they march to war, though they seldom tell even the army's commander of their true goal. To destroy such a prey, they will battle for many years and across untold leagues, lay waste to cities and slaughter thousands of beings whose only crime was to be deceived. Only when the changeling has been cornered and killed, its body reduced to lifeless ash, do the Rangers return to Athel Loren and recommence their silent vigil.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wildwood Ranger	5	5	4	3	3	1	5	1	9
Wildwood Warden	5	5	4	3	3	1	5	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Forest Stalker, Immune to Psychology.

Guardians of the Wildwood: If a model with this special rule is in base contact with at least one enemy model with either the Fear or Terror special rule, it has +1 Attack.

WARDANCERS

Wardancers roam Athel Loren in tightly knit troupes, treading paths and secret ways that few others know or dare use. Other Wood Elves regard the Wardancers as wild and unpredictable, and not without cause, for they are the servants and worshippers of the Elven trickster god, Loec. The Wardancers lead the Elves in music and rejoicing, and perform the intricate dance rituals that re-enact the history of Athel Loren, a form of storytelling more important to the Wood Elves than the more conventional method of writing.

To a Wardancer, even other Elves appear to be moving painfully slowly, for every move made by one of the kin of Loec flows into the next, and thence the next one after that without conscious thought or guidance. Forgoing armour, the Wardancers decorate themselves with swirling designs and dye their hair in bright colours, taking on the roles of mythical figures and ferocious warriors, their form of movement, and even their fighting style, paying homage to the one who inspires their dance.

Wardancers are sublime warriors, made even more deadly through their war dances. For these, the favoured rituals of the Trickster God, no rhythm is called nor are orders issued. Instead, the dancers instinctively enact a pattern of lethal movements, complementing the dances performed by the rest of the troupe. Each Wardancer leaps and pirouettes through the enemy ranks to music only she hears, gracefully evading her opponent's clumsy blows and ending his life with an impossibly swift strike of her own.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wardancer	5	6	4	3	3	1	6	1	8
Bladesinger	5	6	4	3	3	1	6	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Forest Stalker, Immune to Psychology, Skirmishers.

Talismanic Tattoos: A model with this special rule has a 6+ ward save.

Shadow Dances of Loec: At the start of each round of close combat in which they are fighting, models with this special rule (the dancers) choose one of the following dances, the effect of which lasts until the end of that turn or until a new dance is chosen. This is done before Impact Hits are resolved. All dancers in the same unit must choose the same dance. Dancers cannot choose the same dance in two consecutive rounds of combat.

Whirling Death: The dancers have the Armour Piercing and Killing Blow special rules.

Storm of Blades: The dancers have +1 Attack.

The Shadows Coil: The dancers have a 3+ ward save.

Woven Mist: Enemy units in base contact with the unit receive no combat result bonus for extra ranks.

SHADOWDANCERS

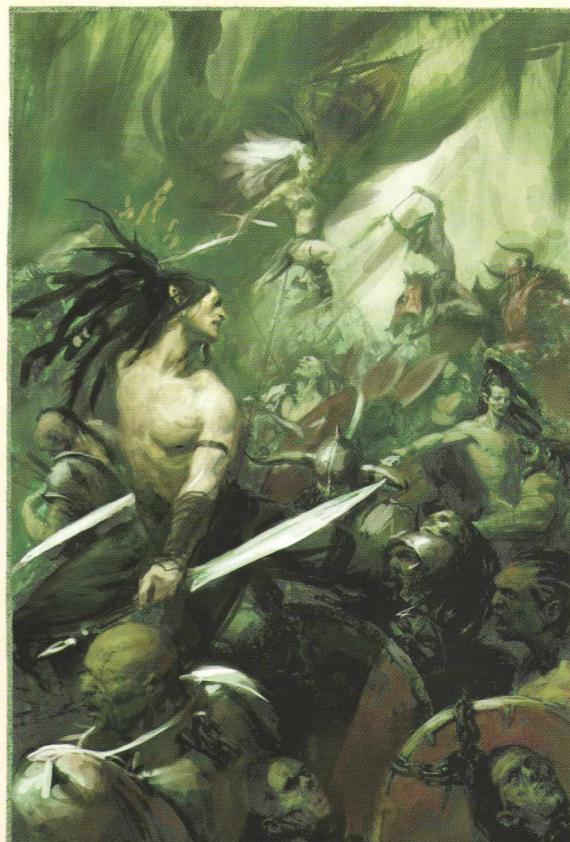
Shadowdancers are the closest thing that the Trickster God has to a priesthood, and they are both respected and feared as a result. They, and only they, know all the paths through Athel Loren – indeed, it is said that they tread the paths of the Dreaming Wood as surely as they do the mortal world. In battle, Shadowdancers are even more dazzlingly swift than other Wardancers. At other times they are less flamboyant, preferring to confound others with deceptions of the mind rather than swiftness of body. Indeed, many Shadowdancers can create illusions, which they inevitably use to further distract their foes or mete out a much-needed dose of humility to Elves or spirits that have forgotten their station.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Shadowdancer	5	8	6	4	3	2	8	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: A Shadowdancer who is a Wizard uses spells from the Lore of Shadow.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Blessings of the Ancients, Forest Stalker, Immune to Psychology, Shadow Dances of Loec (see left), Talismanic Tattoos (see left).



SISTERS OF THE THORN

The Sisters of the Thorn are Ariel's handmaids. In many ways, they are equal and opposite to the Wild Riders of Kurnous, a sisterhood pledged to sorcery and subtlety where Orion's esquires know loyalty only to the glory of the hunt. Where the Wild Riders are borne into battle on steeds as reckless as they, the Sisters ride upon Steeds of Isha – mounts whose viciousness lies hidden beneath a graceful aspect.

The Sisters' nature and origins are shrouded in mystery. This has not prevented Wood Elf skalds from recounting stories that tell of such things. It is, after all, in the nature of bards to weave tales to fill the voids left by absent truth. If they are to be believed, the Sisters of the Thorn could be anything from Elf-maids possessed by Dryads, splinters of Ariel's soul given life by Dark Magic's influence, an exiled cabal of Naggarothi sorceresses, or one of a hundred even more outlandish theories. The Sisters have heard all these stories – little that occurs in Athel Loren escapes their notice, and their tendrils of influence reach into almost every hall – yet they do not care. The bards, by spreading these tales, have done more to obscure the truth than the Sisters ever could.

Though Orion's Wild Riders are respected, but not especially well-liked, the Sisters of the Thorn are both loved and feared by almost all Wood Elves. Loved, because they respond readily to requests for aid; feared, because the price they exact for assistance is often more than the supplicant is willing to pay. They may imbue young warriors with peerless battle-skill, but in exchange steal all kindness from their soul. They might answer the pleas of an Elf-maid forlorn in love, then years later steal away her first-born child. It is even within the Sisters' power to stave off death's hand, but they will only do so if a life is offered in exchange, and the petitioner is seldom permitted to choose the victim. In other lands, the Sisters of the Thorn would be driven into the darkness or burnt at the stake, but in Athel Loren, they understand that there must be a balance for everything, and that those who deal willingly with the Sisters must be prepared for the consequences.

Just like their mistress, the Sisters of the Thorn are eternal; they seem never to age and succumb to injury only briefly. Should one be slain, her siblings place her body upon a bier of root and ivy, and bear it away to the hallowed halls beneath the Oak of Ages. There she slumbers away the weeks and months until the arrival of a new spring, where the riot of magic and life-energy restores her to vibrant existence. Only if her body is irretrievable or mutilated beyond all recognition does the fallen Sister's spirit flee the mortal world, leaving her bereaved siblings to exact vengeance on her slayer.

And the Sisters of the Thorn can bring death in so many ways. They know all the poisons of branch and briar – not just those that cause a man's bones to snap with his own desperate convulsions, but also the venoms that turn the blood to fire, bring intoxicating madness or cause the body to rot from within. So too are they versed in ancient curses, of words that can sap strength or cause their victim to fly into a rage so consuming that he slaughters his own kin without compunction. But such methods, though effective, are impersonal and provide little sport. The Sisters far prefer to kill with javelin or knife where they can, that they might see the fear fade from their victim's dying eyes.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sister of the Thorn	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	9
Handmaiden of the Thorn	5	4	6	3	3	1	5	1	9
Steed of Isha	9	3	0	4	3	1	4	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First (Riders only), Fast Cavalry, Forest Stalker, Poisoned Attacks (Riders only).

Daughters of Eternity: A model with this special rule has a 4+ ward save.

Deepwood Coven: A unit of Sisters of the Thorn is considered to be a Level 2 Wizard that knows the spells *Shield of Thorns* (Lore of Life) and *Curse of Anraheir* (Lore of Beasts). This doesn't prevent other friendly Wizards from knowing the same spells. The unit receives an additional +1 to cast for each rank of 5 or more models it has, after the first, to a maximum of +3. Each time the unit casts a spell (or is targeted by a special rule that affects a Wizard), you must nominate one Sister or Handmaiden of the Thorn as the caster (or target) for the purposes of line of sight, range, etc. In the event of a Sisters of the Thorn unit rolling a miscast, do not roll on the Miscast table. Instead, the unit suffers D3 Wounds with no saves of any kind allowed.



WILD RIDERS

The Wild Riders of Kurnous are Orion's personal guard, each as aggressive and impulsive as he. They are fey and dangerous creatures who are no longer truly the Elves they once were. Now and forever they are a part of the Wild Hunt's eternal glory.

In appearance, Wild Riders are throwbacks to the ancient days of the Elves. Their weapons are things of crude iron, or even flint; their ceremonial robes and armour seldom more than the pelts of animals slain during their sacred hunts. Yet there is an otherworldliness and nobility about the Wild Riders that cannot easily be denied; the power of Kurnous flows through them as surely as it does through Orion.

Throughout the winter months, while Orion's spirit is dormant, the Wild Riders watch over the King's Glade with eyes aglow, unspeaking save to challenge those who have intruded upon the most sacred of groves. Their authority is absolute, for in accepting the honour of becoming a Wild Rider, they have become severed from Wood Elf society in all ways save that of service to their king. Indeed, so alien are the Wild Riders to other Elves that few of their former kinsmen even dare speak with them, let alone challenge their deeds.

When winter rolls into spring and the ritual of rebirth begins, the Wild Riders lead the ceremony, binding themselves anew to the ever-king. In a night of magic and terror, when ghostly shapes and eerie cries haunt the glades, the lord of Athel Loren is roused once again from his death sleep. The clarion cry of Orion's horn rings out across the Wild Heath and the hunt begins anew. All of Athel Loren trembles as Orion's footsteps thunder through the forest, gathering speed and followers with every stride. In his wake come the Wild Riders, made stronger and more ferocious by the awakening of their lord. They ride not mortal mounts, but Steeds of Kurnous – manifest aspects of the hunt that are as tireless and determined as the Elves who they bear into battle.

Only the bravest or most foolhardy individuals remain abroad when the horns of the Wild Riders are heard upon the breeze, for their otherworldly tones invoke the fear of the prey in all who hear them. Such an instinct is well-founded, for there is no mercy to be had from the Wild Riders once the hunt has begun. Those unlucky enough to be caught in their path are ridden down without mercy, their deaths a sacrifice to the timeless splendour of the King in the Woods.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wild Rider	5	5	4	4	3	1	5	1	9
Wild Hunter	5	5	4	4	3	1	5	2	9
Steed of Kurnous	9	3	0	4	3	1	4	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First (Riders only), Devastating Charge (Riders only), Fast Cavalry, Fear, Forest Stalker, Frenzy.

Talismanic Tattoos: A model with this special rule has a 6+ ward save.

GREAT STAGS

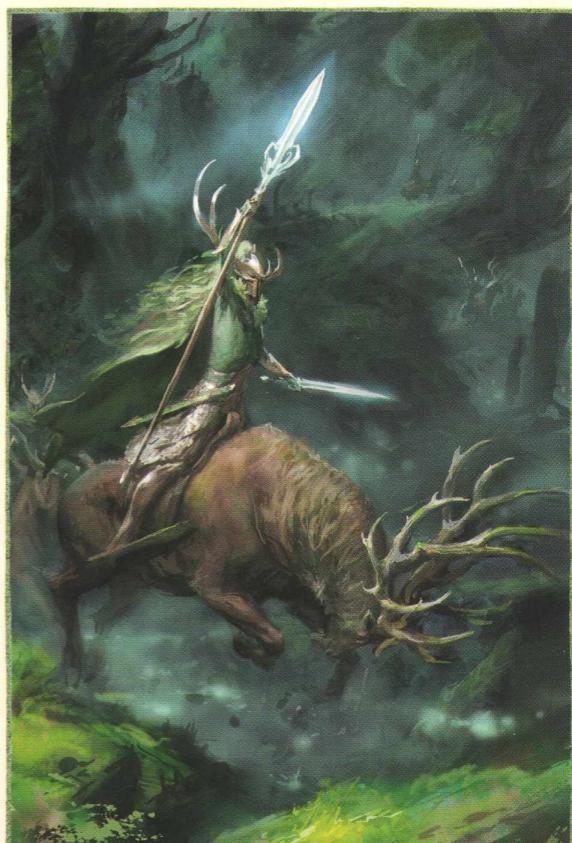
No beast in all of Athel Loren is treasured more than the Great Stag, a creature that the Wood Elves revere as representing the true soul of the forest. Wherever the truth of their nature lies, the Great Stags are unquestionably magical creatures, though they are undoubtedly of a nobler cast than Unicorns. Great Stags only ever seem to appear at portentous times, most often to serve as war-steeds for particularly bold and noble Elves. On occasion, a Great Stag will appear at a time of great celebration and feasting, and there the Wood Elves believe there is no surer sign of the forest's blessing.

Infrequently encountered as the Great Stags are, to see the White Hart of Athel Loren, a mighty stag of unsurpassed nobility and grace, is rarer still. Only one of these noble animals is ever sighted at one time, and it is a common belief amongst the Wood Elves that there has only ever been one – that it is an immortal facet of the forest that neither grows old nor dies.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Great Stag	9	5	0	5	4	3	4	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Forest Spirit, Impact Hits (D3).



WAYWATCHERS

Waywatchers are silent sentinels, the guardians of the paths leading into Athel Loren. They are masters of concealment, and can lie unmoving and unnoticed for days on end before springing an ambush on a startled and unfortunate prey.

Most commonly, the way of the watcher is the natural progression for those who have trained as scouts, though more rarely, unblooded youths can feel the call of the forest coursing through their blood. Over time, an Elf may find that he is more comfortable in the forest's embrace than in the presence of his kin. He will drift further from the halls, spending more and more time in the forest, honing skills of stealth and marksmanship. Many never return from this journey, for there are corners of Athel Loren that are dangerous even to the Elves, yet those who survive are skilled beyond compare and hardened by their experiences.

Few warriors can match a Waywatcher's skill with a bow. Should they wish it, these silent stalkers can loose an unerring stream of black-shafted arrows in a heartbeat, or place a single shot precisely in the weak point of a foe's armour. Furthermore, Waywatchers are highly adept at the arts of disruption and surprise, often appearing silently next to a vulnerable enemy and vanishing as quickly before the body even hits the ground. Thus do any who enter Athel Loren run the risk of being slain without warning by the Waywatchers, cut down by unseen archers or falling prey to their cunningly constructed traps.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Waywatcher	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8
Waywatcher Sentinel	5	4	6	3	3	1	5	1	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Forest Stalker, Scouts, Skirmishers.

Hawk-eyed Archer: Before a model with this special rule makes a shooting attack, decide whether it will make a *fast shot* or an *aimed shot*. If the former is chosen, the model's missile weapon has the Multiple Shots (2) special rule for the duration of that attack. If the latter is chosen, then armour saves cannot be taken against Wounds caused by the attack. Models in the same unit must choose the same type of shot.

WAYSTALKERS

Waystalkers' personalities have become entirely submerged by their obsession with stalking prey. They are taciturn and solitary individuals, and they may let years pass between visits to Wood Elf halls. Waystalkers are perfectly at ease within their forest homeland and effortlessly survive by their wits and cunning in the wilds. On the rare occasions when a Waystalker returns to the halls, he stands apart from all others, for he is closer to the forest than to other Elves.

A Waystalker's marksmanship shames even that of other Waywatchers. He can pick out a single enemy from a seething mass of troops and place the one perfect shot that brings the target, lifeless, to the ground. Yet the Waystalker finds no reason to exult in the application of his skills – after all, what prey could hope to escape one who has dedicated his entire life to the hunter's art?

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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Forest Stalker, Hawk-eyed Archer (see above), Scouts, Sniper.

DRAKIRA, QUEEN OF VENGEANCE

As the persecutors of trespassers and invaders, many Waywatchers pay homage to Drakira, Queen of Vengeance. Like them, she is easily bored by the conventions of society and a willing outcast from her own kind. Drakira loves nothing more than to see the transgressions of the past repaid in blood and fire. She is ever willing to aid a mortal Elf in the search for vengeance, whether retribution is sought for a raw wound of recent days, or a shadow-shrouded vendetta of the ancient past. Drakira's blessings are many and swiftly granted, but are never entirely without a price. After all, vengeance consummated brands the perpetrator just as surely as it does the victim.

DRYADS

Dryads are spiteful creatures with hearts akin to shards of ice. In the soul of a Dryad, there is neither room nor regard for compassion or mercy, merely an uncompromising dedication to Athel Loren that makes even the most heartfelt vows of Elf or Man seem trivial by comparison. To harm the forest is to invoke a deadly and unyielding vengeance that ends only when the transgressor's body has been ruined and broken. Only a fool deliberately offers insult to a Dryad, but alas, these spirit-maids are so utterly different to mortal creatures that offence is often taken whether it was intended or not. Few mortals make such a mistake twice, and then only if the individual in question is either very lucky or very swift.

Dryads are able to shape-shift into different forms and often mimic the appearance of Elves. On such occasions, they appear as unearthly, lithe and beautiful maidens – albeit with a greenish hue to their skin and twigs in their long, cascading hair. It is in this form that the Dryads walk the bounds of Athel Loren. They are not choosy in their victims, preying on tree-killers, invaders and lost innocents with equal malice. The only sensible course of action when approached by such a creature is to flee as far and as fast as possible, but most potential victims find themselves enraptured by the Dryad's comely form or beguiled by the haunting melodies of her otherworldly song. Before long, the victim is sufficiently addled that he will do anything that the spirit desires, and so is swiftly enticed into the shadowy depths of the forest.

Only when the hapless prey is completely under her spell, his mind lost in a cloud of desire and promise, does the Dryad strike. Sloughing off her beauteous form she transforms into a war aspect, the hatred and spite within her soul remaking her outer appearance into a thing of horror. Her hair becomes a twisted mass of thorns, briars and twigs, her face distorts into a terrifying and savage visage, her limbs turn long and wood-like, and her fingers become vicious talons capable of rending and impaling her prey. Before the victim has even registered his predicament, his blood is spilt upon the hungry ground of the forest and his body ripped limb from limb with implacable savagery.

When Athel Loren takes the field of battle, the Dryads assume their war aspect and hunt upon the flanks of the army. Their lithe and swift nature allows them to cover great distance at speed, falling with ease upon a foe who, until moments before, thought themselves entirely safe from harm. Indeed, a surprise attack by hissing and darting Dryads is oftentimes the first tangible warning an enemy army has that Athel Loren marches against it. That, or their general disappearing from camp in the still watches of the night, only to be found shredded and lifeless in a nearby glade at dawn the next day. Dryads are not known for their mercy.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dryad	5	4	4	3	4	1	5	2	8
Branch Nymph	5	4	4	3	4	1	5	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Forest Spirit, Hatred.

BRANCHWRAITHS

Branchwraiths are the oldest of the Dryads. They have ever served as the handmaids to the Ancients of Athel Loren, and attend to the Treemen with a dedication bordering upon the fanatical. Yet before the coming of the Elves, the Branchwraiths were so much more. In those days, it was they who ruled the forest and they who tamed the Winds of Magic to bring sustenance to bough and branch. Thus do few Branchwraiths think kindly of the Elves, and many hate them – it matters not that Durthu brought the Elves into the forest precisely because he knew that the Branchwraiths' cruel nature would lead Athel Loren to great evil. Now the Branchwraiths watch and wait for the seasons to shift once again. One day soon, they believe, the usurpers will be cast down from their lofty perches and the natural order restored.

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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: A Branchwraith is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Life.

SPECIAL RULES: Blessings of the Ancients, Fear, Forest Spirit, Hatred.



TREE KIN

A Tree Kin is a mighty brute, an animated hulk of deadwood formed into a twisted and monstrous parody of an Elf. It does not fight with finesse, but with gnarled fists that batter armour apart and pummel flesh to bloody ruin. The Tree Kin is implacable, fearing neither pain nor death, for its body no longer has the ability to feel sensation and the spirit that drives it is already long dead.

At the heart of every Tree Kin resides the soul of a dead Elf, though this is not the fate of all. Only the strongest and most driven souls retain enough individuality to become such a creature. Most, eager to renounce the identity and struggles that shaped their mortal lives, pass into the Weave of the forest. Though their families and friends might occasionally fancy that they can hear their loved one's voice upon the wind, it is but an echo of a life long abandoned. However, those souls that become Tree Kin are unable to completely abandon their grip on their former lives, and they forge themselves a new body out of dead timber so that they might continue to defend in death that which they loved in life.

Tree Kin seldom recognise those they knew in their former lives. So much of memory is based in their physical senses, and thus lost alongside the physical form. As a result, those few flashes and fragments that remain to a Tree Kin are more confusing than informative. Of course, to all things there is an exception, and amongst the Tree Kin, that exception is Amadri Ironbark. Once the renowned Elf lord Amadri

Dawnspear, he was tortured to death by vile Daemonettes. So eager were they to ensure that Amadri experienced the full measure of their tortures, the Daemons placed a curse on him so that no detail of it would ever escape his senses. They soon came to regret this when Amadri's mortal form perished, for their enchantment bound also the Tree Kin he became in the hour of his death. Fully aware of his fate and of his tormentors, Amadri soon took cruel vengeance of his own. Now and forever haunted by a pain he no longer truly feels, the reborn Amadri Ironbark rules Arranoc still.

For most Tree Kin, however, the world is a strange place, hidden beneath a shroud of forgotten memory. Though the creatures might be drawn to guard particular glades or safeguard certain Elves, they are seldom aware of the importance that those places and people held to the mortal being they once were. In point of fact, one such creature stood sentinel over its family halls for a thousand years, never once aware that the same catastrophe that had slain its mortal form had killed every member of its blood-kin also.

Yet if a Tree Kin's garbled memory causes the creature sadness, it never speaks of it. Indeed, it is rare to hear one speak at all. When roused to communicate, the creatures do so in slow, hollow tones, as if the thought driving the words comes from somewhere far distant. However, they understand instructions well enough and are even willing to abandon their self-imposed vigil when asked, should their strength be needed elsewhere. At no time is this more clearly seen than when the Wild Hunt begins and hundreds of Tree Kin emerge from the deepwoods to answer its call. Buried deep though it is, the Tree Kin's soul resonates to the strident tones of Orion's horn and stirs eagerly to meet the challenge. Thus can the Wild Hunt often seem to be nothing less than a forest come to life, seething with rage and determined to reclaim the lands stolen from it in centuries past. There are few sights more glorious, or more terrifying.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tree Kin	5	4	4	4	5	3	3	3	8
Tree Kin Elder	5	4	4	4	5	3	3	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Flammable, Forest Spirit, Scaly Skin (4+).

ERETH KHIAL, THE PALE QUEEN

Ereth Khial is the supreme goddess of the Underworld, and a coveter of souls. Before the rise of Slaanesh, it was she who claimed the souls of the Elven dead, intending to fashion an army of the dead to depose Asuryan from his lofty throne. Now, she must content herself with such scraps as she can steal from the Dark Prince's table, or somehow seize those souls that have escaped his grasp. It is at her command that the shadowy rephallim spirits escape the Wildwood to prey upon the Tree Kin, for it is said she treasures their indomitable souls above all.

TREEMEN

The most powerful of Athel Loren's spirits are able to entwine their essence with that of a living tree, moulding it to their will. It is not a decision taken lightly, for when a spirit forms a bond with a living tree, they become irrevocably merged and cannot choose to leave – only death can sever the connection. From that moment on, the will of the spirit shapes and drives the tree, using knotted bark and gnarled branches to serve where an insubstantial spirit form cannot. Thus is a Treeman born.

Treemen are revered by Elf and forest-creature alike, and are often infested with lesser spirits living amongst their branches, roots and hollows. For their part, the Treemen cherish all lesser creatures – they have a warmth of character wholly at odds with that of the Dryads. These incredibly old beings have seen entire races rise and fall like the ascent and descent of the sun, and understand the passing of time in a completely different way to mortal creatures. Even the long-lived Elves seem to pass into dust at an alarming rate to the Treemen, the oldest of whom can remember times before the footsteps of the Elves left a mark upon the world and can expect to remain when the Elves walk no more.

A Treeman can be counted amongst the mightiest of Athel Loren's denizens. His gnarled form is almost impervious to harm, and his strength a near match for the Dragons of the deep glades. Treemen do not fight with grace or finesse, but with huge sweeping blows that strike home with enough force to shatter stone. They can stomp their knurled feet into the ground, knocking foes to the ground, or even send writhing roots to drag foes deep underground where the tendrils can feast upon flesh and bone.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Treeman	5	6	6	5	6	5	2	5	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Flammable, Forest Spirit, Large Target, Scaly Skin (3+), Stubborn, Terror.

Tree Whack: A model with this special rule can choose to make a single Tree Whack in place of making his normal close combat attacks. If a model is making a Tree Whack, it must be declared before rolling To Hit.

To resolve a Tree Whack, nominate an enemy model in base contact. That model must pass an Initiative test or suffer D6 Wounds with no armour saves allowed. A character with this special rule may make a Tree Whack in a challenge.

UPGRADE:

Strangleroots: A model with this upgrade can make the following shooting attack:

Range	Strength	Special Rules
12"	5	Multiple Shots (D6+1)

TREEMAN ANCIENTS

Of all the Treemen of Athel Loren, there are those – old beyond mortal reckoning – whose names are revered above all others; these are the Treeman Ancients. When first the pact between forest and Elf was formed, it was they who spoke on behalf of Athel Loren, and they were old even then. Treeman Ancients seldom rouse themselves to war; they find the colours of the waking world less vibrant as they get older and so steadily retreat into the dreaming lands of sleep where their magics nurture and shape the forest's growth. Thus do the Treeman Ancients pass through the centuries in a state of dormancy, tended by small groups of Dryads. Only when dire times befall are they awoken from slumber, for only with their leadership can Athel Loren be roused to its full fury.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Treeman Ancient	5	4	4	5	6	6	2	3	10

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Character).

MAGIC: A Treeman Ancient is a Level 2 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Life.

SPECIAL RULES: Blessings of the Ancients, Flammable, Forest Spirit, Large Target, Scaly Skin (3+), Stubborn, Terror, Tree Whack (see left).

FOREST DRAGONS

At first thought, it seems incredible that a creature as vast as a Dragon could make its home in the dense forests of Athel Loren. Yet, in the deepest recesses of the Chasm Glades, there lurks a distinct race of great sky wyrms who long ago adapted to life within the greenwood. Protected by the forest canopy and shielded from the attentions of young heroes seeking to make names for themselves by the sheer rock faces of the chasms, these Forest Dragons thrived and multiplied. Such providence has proven itself a stark contrast to other places in the Old World, where Dragons and their kin have long since been either slain or driven into the mountains.

Nothing dwells for long in Athel Loren without being changed, and the Forest Dragons are no exception. Like certain groups of Wood Elves, the Dragons have slowly become an extension of the forest's will to survive and prosper. Though still voracious predators, the Dragons hunt only when the forest has need of them, resting in a state of hibernation for the remainder of the time. Should there be an intrusion by creatures too mighty for Athel Loren's spirits, the forest will occasionally goad one or more Forest Dragons to wakefulness in order to counter the threat. More often, the Elves will themselves petition the aid of a Dragon to serve as a steed for a Glade Lord – a request to which the beast cedes with reasonable grace, provided it wasn't disturbed from a particularly fascinating dream. Over time, a Glade Lord might form a strong bond with a particular Forest Dragon, the two becoming friends, more than mere allies at need.



Regardless of the reason for its waking, a Forest Dragon is a ferocious foe and one not easily matched. Few can stand firm against its wrath unless they can master the primal fear its countenance provokes. This fear only grows when the beast descends, arrows and bullets scattering off its scaly hide, to eviscerate and devour all who oppose it. Even those enemies fortunate enough to find themselves beyond the crippling sweep of the Forest Dragon's talons inevitably succumb to its soporific breath. Those who breathe this cloying emerald vapour collapse into a stupefied daze, their will to fight or flee utterly spent.

Despite their monstrous appearance, Forest Dragons are actually highly intelligent, and maintain a keen interest in events that occur far beyond the boundaries of Athel Loren. They are particularly voracious for tidings that relate to their long months of slumber. In part, this hunger is fed by the Elves who petition them for aid, but the Dragons do not necessarily consider the Elves to be wholly unbiased observers and often seek out others to provide counterpoint.

Indeed, it is not unknown for a Dragon to spare a suitably intriguing opponent, providing that it has the potential to expand the Dragon's knowledge. If the captive's news is sufficiently valuable or intriguing, the Dragon feels duty-bound to spare his life in exchange for the information; if not, the captive is invariably devoured on the spot for unknowingly having squandered the Dragon's precious time.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Forest Dragon	6	6	0	6	6	6	3	5	8

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

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

Soporific Breath: A Forest Dragon has a Strength 2 Breath Weapon. Armour saves taken against Wounds caused by Soporific Breath suffer a -3 penalty. All models in a unit that suffers one or more hits from Soporific Breath gain the Stupidity special rule for the remainder of the game.

LOEC, THE SHADOW DANCER

Though Forest Dragons seldom pay heed or homage to the deities of the Elves (few are prepared to admit the existence of beings nobler or more powerful than Dragons), most have a grudging respect for Loec, the Lord of Laughter. At heart, Dragons are creatures of cunning and intellect, and they admire the legerdemain by which the Shadow Dancer rescues Elven souls from Slaanesh as well as the trickery Loec employs to evade the Dark Prince's vengeance once the deed is done. Indeed, many Forest Dragons hold true to the belief that Loec honed his cleverness under the tutelage of Draugnir, Father of Dragons. The Wardancers, being Loec's foremost devotees, hold that the opposite is true, and love to engage Forest Dragons in battles of wits to prove their point.

DURTHU

Eldest of Ancients

Durthu is an Elder of Athel Loren, a Treeman so ancient that even Ariel's millennia-long existence pales in comparison. It was he who first forged a union between Elves and forest, and he also who argued with his fellow Elders that the binding be made permanent. In those days, he was ever a friend to the children of Isha, always willing to help them broaden their understanding of the forest and of the Weave. Alas, those days are long gone. Centuries of destruction and carnage have taken their toll on Durthu's valiant spirit. He has borne witness to the rapacity of blooded life, and of the wanton destruction it has heaped upon his homeland. He has seen untold acres of trees felled for kindling or from simple spite. He has watched, time and again, as the Elves have invited calamity on the forest through an inability to sever their connection to the outside world. Worst of all, he has seen his fellow Elders fall, one by one; some slain by their own foes but most destroyed by the enemies of the Elves.



Now Durthu's benevolence is gone, replaced by an abiding madness. No longer is he a healer and teacher; he has taken up a sword, forged specially for him by Daith, and become solely a destroyer. He makes no distinction between the lost, the innocent and the wicked – all who tread Durthu's beloved glades without leave are doomed if the Elder happens upon them. Only the Elves are spared Durthu's wrath, for he does not blame them for what has come to pass, only himself. Yet nor does he any longer consider the children of Isha to be his friends, and now shuns their company as determinedly as he once embraced it. Allies they might be, through the common cause of survival, but that is all.

For their part, the Elves mourn for Durthu. As long-lived creatures themselves, they know well the cruelty of the world, but can only imagine the sorrows an eternity of destruction has inflicted on a creature older than their entire race. Alas, it is beyond the power of the Elves to heal Durthu's weary heart; but it is not, perhaps, beyond his own. When an Elder of the Forest is slain, his essence is absorbed by his peers. As one of only two survivors, Durthu now commands fully half the combined might of every Elder that ever existed – more than enough to heal his ravaged soul, and to achieve many miraculous things besides. Sadly, so clouded by rage and loss has his mind become, that he is unaware of the power at his command. What little Durthu employs, he does so only on an instinctive level to augment his already formidable strength or loose swarms of ethereal spite-creatures against his enemies. Manifestations of Durthu's inner sorrow, these wraithlike apparitions chill the soul and spirit of any whom they assail. On those rare occasions on which Durthu slumbers, they sing maliciously through his dreams,



ceaselessly reminding the Elder of all the ways in which he has failed his beloved forest. Yet still the potential remains for this being, once the noblest of his kind, to bring a new age of splendour to Athel Loren, if only he can abandon his hatred.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Durthu	5	7	7	6	6	6	2	6	10

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character).

MAGIC: Durthu is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Beasts.

SPECIAL RULES: *Blessings of the Ancients, Flammable, Forest Spirit, Frenzy, Hatred, Large Target, Scaly Skin (3+), Stubborn, Terror, Tree Whack* (see page 51).

A Lamentation of Despairs: Durthu can make the following shooting attack:

Range	Strength	Special Rules
12"	2	Killing Blow, Multiple Shots (2D6)

ORION

The King in the Woods

Orion is the king of Athel Loren. He is immortal, but his existence is irrevocably tied to the seasons. Thus does he pass willingly into his own funeral pyre each midwinter, only to be reborn into thunderous life on the first day of spring. Each year, on the eve of the vernal equinox, the Wild Riders select a young prince who will bear the mantle of Orion for the coming year. This chosen one is led to the Oak of Ages and given over to Ariel's keeping. There, she works the miracle of rebirth, sculpting her lost husband anew from the chosen one's flesh and Kurnous' spirit. On the following morning, the chosen one emerges from the Oak's embrace, a mortal Elf no longer, but reborn as Orion, god-king of Athel Loren.

When his realm is threatened, Orion is the first to fight in its defence. Taking up his mighty weapons of war, he winds his great horn and calls Athel Loren to the Wild Hunt. Every Elf feels the lure of their king's wild summons, and many are overcome by this most primal of urges. Drawn to their king's side, they gladly abandon their civilised concerns for the thrill of the hunt and the heady tang of blood upon the wind.

Though Orion's nature is always infused by Kurnous' joy of the hunt, his temperament can differ greatly from one year to the next. Whilst Ariel and Isha have long been one and the same, their desires merged into a single whole, Orion's

personality is a melding not only of Kurnous and the chosen one, but of every Elf who has borne the mantle of kingship since the very beginning. These older minds are faint, and seldom influence Orion's actions directly, but still their voices whisper through his thoughts. At times, they offer advice, at others they admonish and berate. Kurnous is the strongest voice of all, and the only one that can actively supplant the chosen one's wishes. Though the Hunter God's personality has been eroded through the continual cycle of death and rebirth, his legacy of primal power and divine wisdom is still great beyond mortal reckoning. Such is the reason that the chosen one must be strong of will, for he must strive with the spirit of Kurnous and dominate the other spirits in his soul if he is not to be driven mad. It is a heavy burden, and one that grows greater with each passing year, for every cycle of rebirth adds a new voice to the choir. On occasion, a chosen one will falter in his purpose, and in those years Orion's boundless power is held by a splintered and fractious mind.

The rituals of the chosen one's selection are kept carefully hidden, for there are always those who wish to subvert the process for their own reasons. At various times, both the Elves of Ulthuan and Naggaroth have sought to interfere in Orion's rebirth, each party hoping to steer the Wood Elves in a direction to their liking. Nor, alas, are the folk of Athel Loren themselves entirely immune to the lure of interference. Despite the sacrifice that the act of Orion's rebirth calls for, many a noble family would be only too glad to see a member of their kin elevated to the position of Ariel's consort, though it be only for a year. In fact, some of the more ambitious lords see the time of the choosing as having the potential for a double victory, that of basking in the reflected glory of a relative's selection, and of no longer having to compete with that relative for further honours. Few Elves would admit to such a sentiment out loud, of course, because Athel Loren society considers itself to aspire to better than such intrigues, but the truth of the matter lies plain behind many eyes, if one knows only how to look for it.

It is not just mortal intrigue that must be guarded against, for there are many gods who would delight to meddle in the act of Orion's rebirth. Chief amongst these is Anath Raema, the Savage Huntress. She long ago coveted Kurnous' affections, and has ever since made no distinction between the godly being for whom she once lusted, and the form he now assumes when striding the mortal world. On many occasions, Anath Raema has sought to force the selection of a prince more attuned to her charms than Ariel's. Most of the time, her efforts meet with failure, but not always. The Wood Elves speak seldom of those seasons when Orion's heart is divided; they simply refer to them as the 'dark years' and pledge anew never to let such times occur again.

On those occasions when Orion is reborn with a shadowed soul, there is only one consolation, just as there is one final unavoidable woe in those years when he emerges from the Oak of Ages as a paragon of Elvenkind. Wise or mad, noble or haunted, each incarnation of Orion must end the same way; in the flames of the midwinter pyre.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Orion	9	8	8	6	5	5	9	5	10
Hound of Orion	9	4	0	4	4	1	4	1	6

TROOP TYPE:

Monster (Special Character).

Orion may be accompanied into battle by two **Hounds of Orion** (War Beast).

SPECIAL RULES

(Orion): **Always Strikes First, Forest Stalker, Frenzy, Terror, Unbreakable.**

Orion's Equeeries: If Orion is accompanied by Hounds of Orion, they must be deployed as a unit (even though as a monster, Orion is not normally permitted to join units). Orion cannot leave this unit, and cannot join other units.

SPECIAL RULES

(Hound of Orion): **Forest Spirit, Frenzy, Unbreakable.**

THE TALE OF AETHERIN

Dedicated though the Wild Riders are to the needs of their noble king, they have no pretensions to incorruptibility; indeed, it would be laughable for any being to make such a claim in Athel Loren, where much is illusory, and the magics of enchantment are wielded by so many, and with such skill. It was to guard against subversion that Ariel placed the very first Wild Riders under a oath of secrecy that has since bound all who have worn the hunter's mantle.

Only one Wild Rider, in all the years since, has broken that geas. His name was Atherin of the Red Horn, and he did so not under duress, nor out of promise of wealth or godly favour, but to impress his beloved, Kalara, a princess of Wydrioth, by speaking of those hallowed secrets. Legend tells that Atherin was struck dumb in the moment of his betrayal and, sensing a greater change overtaking him, fled from his love's side and deep into the forest where no other would witness his shame. Kalara was distraught with her loss, but no amount of searching or sorcerous scrying would reveal Atherin to her.

A long and mournful year passed. Kalara resolved to appease Kurnous on her lover's behalf, and embarked upon a hunt in his name. For many months she roamed the glades and fields of Athel Loren, searching for a quarry worthy of the Hunter God. At last, on the windswept plains of Eldroth, she beheld a suitable prey, a mighty stag with a full and glorious crown of antlers. In one smooth motion, Kalara nocked an arrow to her bow, and let fly. The princess did not miss her mark. The shot took the stag in his right eye, and the beast fell dead in that same moment.

Eager to begin the rites that would dedicate the kill to Kurnous, Kalara spurred her steed forward through the long grass. Alas, she found no trace of the stag, but lying amongst the grasses she discovered the naked and lifeless body of her lost love, an arrow buried deep in his skull. Thus passed Atherin of the Red Horn, though his tale lives ever on as a warning to those who might be tempted to betray Kurnous' trust. As for Kalara, she wandered, broken-hearted and desolate, for many turnings of the world, unable to forgive herself for the part she had played in Atherin's death. Only in Athel Loren's darkest hour would she find redemption, but that is another story...

MAGIC ITEMS:

Hawk's Talon: Crafted from a single smooth span of rare wylthewood, Hawk's Talon is the pinnacle of the huntsman's craft. Of all the Elves, only Orion possesses the incredible strength to draw this weapon. This is as it should be, for as the forest's foremost hunter only he has the skill to wield Hawk's Talon to its fullest effect.

Magic Weapon. Hawk's Talon is a missile weapon with the following profile:

Range	Strength	Special Rules
30"	5	Multiple Shots (6)

Spear of Kurnous: This spear is a living weapon. It was crafted long ago from the bole of the glorious birch tree that grew in Isha's heavenly garden, and bound with enchantments to nurture and renew its flesh. The Spear of Kurnous is irrevocably bound to its master, and always returns to Orion's hand should he cast it at a foe, which he does often. The King in the Woods holds that a true hunter can bring down any prey with a spear as easily as a bow, and ever seeks to prove the merit of his words. Of course, the Spear of Kurnous' colossal size gives him a substantial advantage over other preyseekers – when driven by his peerless might, it can disembowel a deepwood auroch as easily as it can a man.

Magic Weapon. The Spear of Kurnous can be used to make shooting attacks using the same rules as a bolt thrower with the profile below. This attack can be made if Orion moves (but not if he marches).

Range	Strength	Special Rules
18"	7	Multiple Wounds (D3)

Armour saves cannot be taken against Wounds caused by the Spear of Kurnous.



Cloak of Isha: This sacred garment is woven anew each spring by the Mage Queen Ariel herself. It is the only protection Orion wears in battle, and the only one that he needs. It is through the Cloak of Isha that Ariel grants her beloved a portion of her own strength, ensuring that the wounds he suffers are fleeting.

Talisman. The Cloak of Isha grants Orion a 5+ ward save and the Magic Resistance (2) special rule. At the start of each of your turns, roll a D6. On a score of 6, Orion regains a Wound lost earlier in the battle.

Horn of the Wild Hunt: This horn is one of the oldest artefacts in all of Athel Loren. Legend tells it was a gift from Kurnous to his mortal children at the dawn of creation, a token of his favour that placed them above the myriad brutish beasts of the world. Now the Horn of the Wild Hunt has returned to its rightful master. In Orion's hands it is more than merely a symbol of a god's favour; it is the vessel of the Hunter God's savagery and determination, and imbues a portion of Kurnous' wildness in all who hear its blare.

Enchanted Item. At the start of each turn, the Horn of the Wild Hunt grants the Devastating Charge special rule to Orion, his unit, and all friendly Wood Elf units within 6". This lasts until the end of that turn.

ARALOTH

Lord of Talsyn

Araloth was not always a hero. In his youth, he was a craven lordling who had not the mettle to hunt any prey that could hunt him in return. Whilst others went to battle in his stead, Araloth caroused and hunted in the company of worthless friends, and tried to forget his shame.

It was upon one such hunt that Araloth was thrown from his horse, and separated from all companions save for Skaryn, his trusted hawk. After wandering lost for many hours, Araloth came to a strange glade. Though dawn had broken scant hours before, the lordling now beheld a crescent moon hanging low in a darkened sky. It was a scene to stir the heart, yet Araloth scarcely saw it. He had eyes only for the Elf maiden who stood alone at the glade's heart, and the monstrous four-armed Daemon that menaced her.

There, at last, Araloth found his courage, for even his craven heart could not abandon the maid to the Daemon's cruel pleasures. Before he realised it, Araloth was running to her aid, and his hunting spear soon gouged the Daemon's flank. The beast was swift, and Araloth would have perished from its counterblow, had Skaryn not descended from the skies to tear out the Daemon's eyes. Blinded, the beast flailed madly, but Araloth ducked easily under its claws and thrust his spear deep into its black heart. As the Daemon fell dead, Araloth

closed his eyes, amazed both at his victory and at the courage with which he had won it. When he opened them once more, the Daemon's body had vanished. Looking upon the maiden once more, Araloth saw at last beyond her mortal guise, and knew that he was in the presence of a goddess.

Long they walked under the stars, the goddess and the lordling. They spoke of many things, and she revealed to him many wonders. The goddess told of how she had watched and counselled the Elves since the dawning of the world, speaking plainly when the Creator allowed it, and through dreams when he would not. But even the power of the gods must fade, she said sadly. Hers was nearly spent, but she still had three great gifts to bestow. Araloth, freed now of his fears, was the first of these; a hero to defend the Elves in the coming dark. The second would be Araloth's first-born daughter, a saviour to bring hope when it was needed most. Of the third gift, however, the goddess would not speak, for there were some secrets even she could not share. Soon after, Araloth fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke, he did so in his hall, with friends at his bedside. He had been thrown from his horse, they said, his senses scattered by the fall. When Araloth told them of his tale, his companions laughed, thinking that he had dreamt it all. Not wishing to be thought mad, Araloth laughed also, but his heart knew the truth.

In the years after, Araloth became the fearless hero that the goddess had foretold, his triumphs the inspiration for many a song. Following the Battle of Arden, in which Araloth slew Morghur the Corruptor, the Mage Queen decreed that he would thereafter be her royal champion, an honour not bestowed in living memory. Yet despite the renown and the accolades, Araloth has never forgotten she who made him thus. So it is that on those nights when the crescent moon shines down upon Athel Loren, Araloth the Bold embarks upon the hunt with Skaryn as his only companion, hoping to meet with his beloved goddess once more.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Araloth	5	8	7	4	3	3	8	5	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Forest Stalker, Stubborn.

Boldest of the Bold: Whilst Araloth is a lone character, he has the Unbreakable special rule (this replaces Stubborn).

Favour of the Goddess: Araloth has a 4+ ward save.

Skaryn the Eye Thief: At the start of each of your turns, nominate a single enemy model within 18" of Araloth. That model takes a Strength 4 hit. If the Wound is unsaved, and the To Wound roll was a 6, the model suffers a -5 penalty to Weapon Skill and Initiative (to a minimum of 1) for the rest of the game. A model can only suffer this penalty once.

DRYCHA

Briarmaven of Woe

Long ago, Drycha held court amongst the roots of Addaivoch, the once-glorious creature known in recent times as the Tree of Woe. Most believe that Drycha lost her mind when Morghur's death tainted that ground forever, but in truth, she was capricious and malevolent for many long years before that tragedy. Drycha remembers well the days before the coming of the Elves, and has ever rued the folly that shackled the forest to mortal whim and fate. She rarely converses with others, even the Dryads who serve her as handmaidens, but instead chants a mantra of the names of all those fellow spirits whom she believes have been failed by the Elves. As old as Drycha is, she still possess a crystal-clear memory, and it is doubtful that she will ever reach the end of her tally; new names are added with every battle between Athel Loren and the outside world.

In the early years of the alliance between the Elves and forest, Drycha was ever in evidence about the glades and groves, watching the Elves and examining their every action for any sign of betrayal. She has been seen little in the years since Morghur's blood was spilt upon her glade, though she is known to commune with Coedil, a Treeman of great age and power, and serves as his herald while the great being lies shackled in the depths of the Wildwood. Such a thing cannot help but provoke unease, for Coedil's distrustful attitude

of the Wood Elves is legend. He is so incredibly ancient that it is difficult to ascertain his motivation, for Coedil has forgotten more than many younger beings – the Elves included – will ever know. If these two embittered spirits have found common cause, as it appears, it can only be a matter of time before the balance of Loren forest is thrown into disarray.

In recent years, strange tales have come to Athel Loren, worrying rumours of Drycha's activities. On the fringe of the great Drakwald Forest in the Empire, the peasants tell stories of the trees that come alive, hungry for blood. On the edge of the Forest of Arden in Bretonnia, villagers gather only deadwood for their purposes, citing tales of other settlements found ruined and torn, the inhabitants left as scraps of tattered meat by the vengeance of the trees. To many, these events seem as senseless as they are apparently random, but if they are indeed the work of Drycha and her handmaidens, there must surely be a greater goal behind them than mere slaughter – though what that goal is remains to be seen. Alas, even Naieth the Prophetess cannot see the destination for which Drycha strives, for the road leading there is hidden by blood and horror.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Drycha	5	7	5	4	4	3	7	4	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Drycha is a Level 2 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Shadow.

SPECIAL RULES: *Blessings of the Ancients*, *Fear*, *Forest Spirit*, *Hatred*.

Fanatical Resolve: Each time Drycha suffers an unsaved Wound, her Attacks characteristic increases by 2 for the remainder of the battle. Each time Drycha regains a Wound lost earlier in the battle, her Attacks characteristic decreases by 2 for the remainder of the battle.

Roused to Wrath: This rule cannot be used if there are no forests on the battlefield when it is time to deploy your army. When you deploy, you may choose D3 units wholly composed of models with the Forest Spirit special rule – these are not deployed at the start of the game, but are 'slumbering' somewhere on the battlefield.

At the start of the Remaining Moves sub-phase of your first turn, roll a D6 for each slumbering unit. On a roll of 1-2, nothing happens – roll again next turn. On a roll of 3-6, the unit awakens. Place it on the battlefield so that all models in the unit are wholly within a forest, and at least 1" away from other units and impassable terrain. Treat units that cannot be placed as having rolled a 1-2. Any units that have not yet awoken by the time the game ends award victory points as if they had been destroyed.

NAESTRA & ARAHAN

The Sisters of Twilight

High in the alpine slopes of the Pine Crags, the Eyrie of Twilight dominates the skyline. Herein lie the elegant halls of Naestra and Arahan, the Sisters of Twilight. The twins are as different as night from day, not just in appearance, but in personality. Naestra's spirit is as pure as starlight; Arahan's as wild as an unbridled flame. While Naestra seeks battle only in pursuit of preventing greater harms, Arahan welcomes it with a wanton joy. If truth be told, Naestra always seems reprobating of her sister's deeds, though this only ever increases Arahan's delight. Despite their differences, the twins are inseparable – never has one been sighted without the other in all the time they have dwelt in Athel Loren.

The Sisters of Twilight first appeared during the long years of Ariel's self-imposed exile from the mortal realm, acting as her representatives upon the great council. None save for the Mage Queen know the sisters' true origins, though there are many rumours that purport to fill this gulf. Some say that they are the splintered halves of a young Elf-maid who became lost in the Wildwoods long ago, and was remade so that she might better serve the Weave. Others recount that the twins are the darkest and lightest aspects of Ariel's spirit made manifest, her passion and mercy split apart from her soul so that they can no longer dominate her being as they have in the past. A few stories even claim that the sisters are as divine as Ariel and Orion, but most commonplace by far are the songs and tales that claim the twins are simply Ariel's daughters, and thus princesses of Athel Loren by right of blood and lineage. Ultimately, however, the Wood Elves debate and retell these possibilities solely out of their love of storycraft. They know that Naestra and Arahan speak with the authority of their beloved Mage Queen; no secret of the past will ever change that.

Even amongst the fey folk of Athel Loren the Sisters of Twilight are notable for an other-worldliness of spirit and manner. Any weapons the sisters touch become infused with a portion of their nature. Those wielded by Naestra become anathema to creatures of anarchy and discord, whilst Arahan's tools of battle inflict great harm on beings with noble souls. Armed thusly, the sisters walk paths that even Waywatchers dread, and are said to tread the glades of the Dreaming Wood with as little concern as they do the eternally sunlit groves of Arranoc.

Though inclined to seek battle from afar, Naestra and Arahan do not shirk the bitter press of melee should the situation require. All of their armaments, be they arrows or blades, are crafted upon Vaul's Anvil by no lesser hands than those of Daith. The master smith dotes upon the pair in the manner of a proud uncle, and indulges Naestra's obsession with the perfect honing of her time-worn blade as uncomplainingly as he does Arahan's ardent insistence at carrying a freshly-fashioned spear into each battle. No other, not even Daith's fellow lords and ladies of the great council, can command his time so completely as the Sisters of Twilight. Yet each time the twins present the smith with a new challenge, he simply gives a small smile and returns to the fires of the forge.

A foe would be well-advised to avoid confronting the Sisters of Twilight unless he possesses absolute certainty that he can fell them both in quick succession. The harms inflicted upon one twin are inconsequential so long as the other yet draws breath; the ancient magics of the forest see the fallen sister restored within moments of the supposedly fatal event. This protection extends equally to both Naestra and Arahan, but it is inevitably the latter who gains most frequent benefit from it, and then invariably in the most spectacular of fashions. To recount but a few such occasions, Arahan has hacked her way out of the belly of a Ghorgon after being swallowed whole, emerged unscathed from a razor-sharp cloud of Dark Magic to slay its caster, and eviscerated a Vampire a heartbeat after her own decapitation.

The fleeting moments of Arahan's 'deaths' are about the only times when Naestra casts aside her calm demeanour, and becomes as furious a fighter as her twin. It is impossible to say whether this is because Arahan's wild spirit flows into her sister for those brief moments that her own body lies slain, or is simply a sibling's natural wrath at the seeming slaughter of her kin. Whatever the cause, the consequences for the foe are inevitably bloody. Naestra's bladework may not be as exuberant as Arahan's, but what it lacks in brashness, it more than compensates for with lethality of precision. Indeed, the slaughter Naestra wreaks when enraged is matched in scale only by the withering disapproval with which Naestra beholds her reckless sister once the moment has passed; a disapproval that Arahan disregards as cheerfully as she does all others.



The Sisters of Twilight seldom fight from the centre of the battle line but are instead carried through the war-torn skies by one of their loyal steeds. Swift-winged Gwindalor is a wise and even-tempered ally, as would be expected of a beast whose lineage springs directly from Talyn, King of Eagles. Moreover, he has an uncanny ability to bring the twins to a position where their arrows can inflict the most harm. Ceithin-Har, by contrast, is as hot-blooded a creature as can be found in dragonkind. He thinks nothing of hurling both himself and the Sisters of Twilight into the thick of the fray where arrows can be fired at point-blank range, and blades too can do their wicked work.

Though it is sad to say, these two creatures know little fondness for each other. Gwindalor considers the dragon to be reckless and venturesome, whilst Ceithin-Har berates the eagle for his aloofness and constant caution. Different in temperament though they might be, Gwindalor and Ceithin-Har are nonetheless united by their bonds of friendship with Naestra and Arahan. Though it is doubtful that either would put himself in harm's way for the other, both would gladly die a hundred times over in defence of their mistresses.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Naestra	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9
Arahan	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9
Ceithin-Har	6	6	0	6	6	6	3	5	8
Gwindalor	2	5	0	4	4	3	4	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character). Naestra and Arahan must be carried into battle by either their Forest Dragon **Ceithin-Har** (Monster) or their Great Eagle **Gwindalor** (Monstrous Beast).

SPECIAL RULES (Naestra and Arahan):
Always Strikes First, Forest Stalker.

Conjoined Destiny: If either Arahan or Naestra is slain, do not remove the model from play unless the other sister is killed in the same phase. If at least one sister has at least one Wound remaining at the end of a phase, both are restored to their starting number of Wounds – otherwise, remove both models as casualties. If either Naestra or Arahan issues or accepts a challenge, the other can attack (and be attacked) as part of the challenge. Should their mount be slain, the sisters automatically form a unit. They can join other units, but if one of the twins joins a unit, so must the other. If one twin cannot join the unit, neither can the other.

Sisters of Twilight: Naestra's close combat attacks receive a +1 bonus To Wound against models from the Forces of Destruction. Arahan's close combat attacks receive a +1 bonus To Wound against models from the Forces of Order.

SPECIAL RULES (Ceithin-Har): **Fly, Forest Spirit, Large Target, Scaly Skin (3+), Terror.**

Impetuous: If Ceithin-Har can declare a Charge during the Charge sub-phase, he must do so unless he passes a Leadership test (which can be taken on Naestra or Arahan's Leadership, if they are still alive).

Soporific Breath: Ceithin-Har has a Strength 2 Breath Weapon. Armour saves taken against Wounds caused by Soporific Breath suffer a -3 penalty. All models in a unit that suffers one or more hits from Soporific Breath gain the Stupidity special rule for the remainder of the game.

SPECIAL RULES (Gwindalor): **Fly.**

Hunter's Mount: When mounted on Gwindalor, Naestra and Arahan re-roll all failed To Hit rolls when making shooting attacks.

LILEATH, THE MAIDEN

Lileath is the goddess of the moon, the patron of mages, seers and scholars. She seldom speaks directly to mortals, for Asuryan forbade such communion long ago, and instead sends whispers through dreams. Lileath is ever ready to judge an Elf by their heart's intent, and offers redemption to those noble souls whose fate has taken a dark turn. Though Lileath is fading slower than the rest of the Elven pantheon, her days are numbered all the same. It is said that she is spending her final days preparing her final legacy for the Elves, though what that is, none can say.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Talon of Dawn: Naestra's bow fires no mortal shot, but bolts of blessed light that melt through armour to sear the flesh beneath. It is said that the souls reaped by this weapon yield their energies to undo the harms they have wrought against the wielder's allies.

Magic Weapon. The Talon of Dawn is a missile weapon with the following profile:

Range	Strength	Special Rules
30"	5	Armour Piercing, Flaming Attacks, Multiple Wounds (D6)

If an attack from the Talon of Dawn causes one or more unsaved Wounds, Naestra's mount regains a single Wound lost earlier in the battle (slain models cannot regain Wounds in this manner).

Talon of Dusk: The arrows of Arahan's bow are crafted from the spirit husks of the Wildwood's bitterest Dryads. Once loosed, they splinter into scores of poisonous thorns that seek the flesh of Athel Loren's enemies.

Magic Weapon. The Talon of Dusk is a missile weapon with the following profile:

Range	Strength	Special Rules
30"	1	Armour Piercing, Multiple Shots (2D6), Poisoned Attacks



THE LORE OF HIGH MAGIC

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

DRAIN MAGIC (Signature Spell)

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

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

SOUL QUENCH (Signature Spell)

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

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

1. APOTHEOSIS

Cast on 5+

Waves of pure magic infuse the wizard's ally.

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

2. HAND OF GLORY

Cast on 5+

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

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

ANCESTORS' PROTECTION

(Lore Attribute)

Whenever a Wood Elf Wizard successfully casts a spell from this lore, and it is not dispelled, place a protection counter next to him once the spell has been resolved. Whenever the Wizard (or a model in the same unit as him) suffers an unsaved Wound and there are one or more protection counters next to him, remove a protection counter and treat the Wound as if it had been saved.

3. WALK BETWEEN WORLDS

Cast on 8+

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

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

4. TEMPEST

Cast on 12+

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

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

5. ARCANE UNFORGING

Cast on 13+

The magic of unmaking flies true from outstretched hands.

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

6. FIERY CONVOCATION

Cast on 19+

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

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

THE LORE OF DARK MAGIC

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

POWER OF DARKNESS (Signature Spell)

The caster draws unstable power from the Realm of Chaos to empower their spells as well as their minions.

Power of Darkness is an **augment** spell that targets the caster's unit. All models in the target unit have a +1 bonus to their Strength characteristic until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. Then add D3 power dice to your power pool. If three dice are generated, the caster suffers a Wound with no armour saves allowed.

DOOMBOLT (Signature Spell)

The caster hurls a bolt of blazing black fire at his foe.

Doombolt is a **magic missile** with a range of 18" that causes 2D6 Strength 5 hits. The Wizard can instead choose to cast a more powerful version, inflicting 4D6 Strength 5 hits. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 24+.

1. CHILLWIND

Cast on 5+

The wizard assails the enemy with a freezing gale.

Chillwind is a **magic missile** with a range of 24" that causes 2D6 Strength 2 hits. If the target suffers any unsaved Wounds, all models in the unit suffer a -1 penalty to their Ballistic Skill characteristic until the start of the caster's next Magic phase.

2. WORD OF PAIN

Cast on 9+

As the caster utters a forbidden name, the enemy find their limbs wracked with crippling pain.

Word of Pain is a **hex** with a range of 24". All models in the target unit suffer -D3 to both Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill until the start of the caster's next Magic phase (roll once for both). The Wizard can instead choose to cast a more powerful version of the spell that also inflicts the -D3 to Strength and Initiative (to a minimum of 1). If they do so, the casting value is increased to 12+.

3. BLADEWIND

Cast on 9+

A clutch of hungry swords sweep across the battlefield.

Bladewind is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 24". Every model in the target unit must pass a Weapon Skill test or suffer a Strength 4 hit with the Armour Piercing special rule.

WRATH OF THE WOOD

(Lore Attribute)

Whenever a Wood Elf Wizard successfully casts a spell from this lore, and the spell is not dispelled, place a vengeance counter next to each target once the spell has been resolved (do not place counters next to friendly units). Whenever a unit with vengeance counters suffers hits from a spell from the Lore of Dark Magic, remove those counters and increase the number of hits inflicted by D3 for each vengeance counter removed (roll separately for each counter).

4. SHROUD OF DESPAIR

Cast on 10+

At the caster's command, light is driven from the battlefield and numbing darkness rushes to fill the void.

Shroud of Despair is a **hex** that targets all enemy units within 12". Until the start of the caster's next Magic phase, the targets cannot benefit from the Hold the Line or Inspiring Presence rules. In addition, whenever a target unit fails a Leadership test of any kind, all target units (including the one that failed) suffer -1 to their Leadership until the start of the caster's next Magic phase (this effect is cumulative with itself).

5. SOUL STEALER

Cast on 11+

Tendrils of pure, solidified darkness writhes out from the wizard's outstretched hands, draining the life force from their hapless enemies to renew their own vigour.

Soul Stealer is a **direct damage** spell. Place the small round template anywhere within 18" of the Wizard – it then scatters D6". All models hit by the template suffer a Strength 2 hit with no armour saves allowed. Roll a D6 for each unsaved Wound inflicted by *Soul Stealer*. For each roll of 4+, the caster immediately gains a single Wound (to a maximum of 10). The Wizard can choose to extend the range of this spell to 36". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 14+.

6. ARNZIPAL'S BLACK HORROR

Cast on 15+

The caster tears down the walls between realities, and a black cloud of roiling energy sweeps across the battlefield. As the darkness travels, slimy tentacles lash out from its depths, dragging unfortunate victims screaming to an unknown fate.

Remains in play. *Arnzipal's Black Horror* is a **magical vortex** that uses the small round template. Once the template is placed, the player then nominates a direction in which the Black Horror will move. To determine how many inches the template moves, roll an artillery dice and multiply the result by the caster's Wizard level. Any model touched by, or passed over by the template must pass a Strength test or be slain outright with no armour saves allowed (a model may take a single ward save, if it has one – the model remains in play if the save succeeds).

If the result on the artillery dice is a misfire, centre the template on the caster and roll both a scatter dice and a D6. The template moves a number of inches equal to the result of the D6, in the direction shown on the scatter dice (if you roll a Hit!, use the little arrow shown on the Hit! symbol). In either event, in subsequent turns, the Black Horror travels in a random direction and moves a number of inches equal to the roll on an artillery dice. If a misfire is rolled in subsequent turns, the Black Horror collapses in on itself and is removed. A particularly brave Wizard can infuse *Arnzipal's Black Horror* with more power, so that it uses the large round template instead. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 25+.

HEIRLOOMS OF ATHEL LOREN

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

THE SPIRIT SWORD Magic Weapon

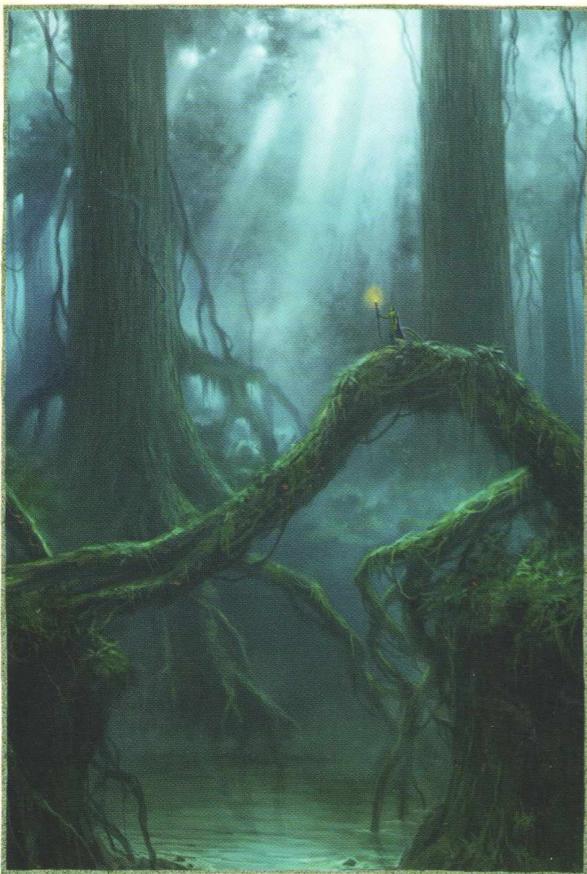
85 points

This blade was crafted from the same crystal as the waystones stationed around the Wildwood. Within it are bound a host of nebulous entities, once the most feared denizens of that benighted place. These doomed creatures grant the Spirit Sword its power, for when the weapon draws blood, the wielder can command them to consume his opponent's very soul. There is no defence against such a fate save force of will. If the victim's mind is strong enough, he can perhaps resist the power of the sword, at least for a time, but no one can resist the Spirit Sword indefinitely.

Armour saves cannot be taken against Wounds caused by the Spirit Sword. Furthermore, immediately when an enemy character, champion or monster suffers one or more unsaved Wounds from the Spirit Sword, both he and the wielder must roll 2D6 and add their respective Leadership values.

If the wounded model's total is higher, or the totals are the same, nothing else happens.

If the wounded model's total is lower, it immediately suffers a Wound for each point by which its total was exceeded, with no armour saves allowed.



DAITH'S REAPER Magic Weapon

50 points

During the war between the Elven pantheon and the Chaos Gods, Khaine and Slaanesh soon came to blows. Though Khaine was ultimately cast into the mortal realm, he inflicted great harm upon the Dark Prince, and gouged onto his otherwise perfect face a scar that has never fully healed. During that battle, a small shard was struck from Khaine's Widowmaker, and fell upon the realm later known as Athel Loren. It is this shard, reforged and reshaped, that forms the spine of Daith's Reaper, a weapon that many Elves hold to be the smith's finest work.

All failed To Hit and To Wound rolls made with Daith's Reaper must be re-rolled, as must all successful armour saves taken against Wounds caused by this weapon.

THE BOW OF LOREN Magic Weapon

20 points

Never closer to death has Ariel come than during the assault on Ghrond, when an assassin's knife would have taken her heart, but for the timely intervention and peerless aim of Galed, an archer of Lady Morgalla's household. As reward for this heroic deed, Galed sought only a single perfect hair from his queen's head. This he ever after used to string his enchanted longbow, transforming an already exceptional weapon into a hunter's tool worthy of mighty Kurnous himself.

The Bow of Loren is an Asrai longbow (see page 37) with the Multiple Shots (A+1) special rule, which means it fires a number of shots equal to 1 plus the wielder's Attacks characteristic. It cannot fire enchanted arrows.

THE HELM OF THE HUNT Magic Armour

20 points

Gwythraul, Lord of Nine Crags, is a celebrated figure in Athel Loren, his deeds recounted as a mixture of history and wine-blurred myth. Bidden to journey within the Dreaming Wood by the goddess Lileath, he first travelled the twelve realms in search of enchanted treasures that would ensure survival in that Daemon-haunted land. In each realm, Gwythraul performed a quest of the ruler's choosing, deeds ranging from the destruction of Beastlord Brokar, to altering the course of the River Brilienne. Laden with magical heirlooms, Gwythraul at last entered the Dreaming Wood, and was lost for many generations. Only one item – the Helm of the Hunt, Orion's last remnant of a mortal life – survived Gwythraul's journey, and only the bravest have dared don it thereafter. Legend counts Gwythraul's quest as successful, though it is silent on its goal, and on the fate of the other treasures.

The wearer of the Helm of the Hunt counts his armour save as being one point higher than normal. Furthermore, the Helm of the Hunt grants the bearer the Devastating Charge special rule and +1 Weapon Skill on a turn in which he charges into combat.

ACORNS OF THE AGES
Enchanted Item

The Oak of Ages grows acorns all year round, but sheds them only when Ghyran, the Wind of Life, reaches its height. These magical seeds are diligently gathered by Ariel's handmaidens, and planted in those regions of the forest that have been ravaged by war or wildfire. Such is the bountiful magic in these acorns that they can grow from seed to sapling, to towering oak in a matter of seconds. This magic too is the reason that the seeds must be gathered swiftly upon their fall. The last squirrel that consumed an acorn from the Oak of Ages stomped much of King's Glade flat, and was brought down only by the combined armies of three high realms.

One use only. At the start of the game, after the battlefield has been set up, but before deployment begins, place D3 Citadel Woods on the battlefield. A forest can be placed anywhere at least 1" away from another terrain feature and the edge of the battlefield. Once all forests have been placed, scatter each 2D6". If this scatter causes a forest to end up within 1" (or on top of) other terrain, or within 1" of the battlefield edge, reduce or increase the scatter by the smallest amount necessary to avoid the obstruction. When this has been done, declare which type of forest you want these to be – choose from the types on the Mysterious Forest table. All forests created by the Acorn of the Ages must be of the same type.

MOONSTONE OF THE HIDDEN WAYS
Enchanted Item

In ages past, the worldroots linked Athel Loren not only with every forest upon the face of the world, but those further afield also. Much has changed since those days of glory. Many pathways are now forever closed, and those that remain can be unsealed only through the use of the ancient Moonstone that Adanhu gifted to the Elves in the wake of the first great council.

If the bearer's unit is wholly within a forest at the end of your Movement phase, and is not in close combat, it can forestwalk. If it does so, remove it from the battlefield and immediately replace it, wholly within any forest on the battlefield, in the same formation, but facing any direction. A forestwalking unit cannot be placed within 1" of an enemy unit or impassable terrain. A unit that forestwalks counts as having marched in the Movement phase.

HAIL OF DOOM ARROW
Enchanted Item

A Hail of Doom arrow splits into dozens of deadly shards upon release, each one seeking its target with unwavering purpose. The Wood Elves consider a Hail of Doom arrow too unsporting a weapon for the hunt, but a fit chastisement for barbarians too stupid to respect the sovereignty of Athel Loren.

One use only. Model with Asrai longbow only. The Hail of Doom arrow can be used instead of making a Shooting attack with the bearer's Asrai longbow. Declare that the Hail of Doom Arrow is being used before any dice are rolled.

Range	Strength	Special Rules
30"	4	Armour Piercing, Multiple Shots (3D6)

100 points

CALAINGOR'S STAVE
Arcane Item

20 points

Crafted from an undying bough, this staff still pulses with the vibrant life force of Athel Loren, connecting the bearer to the hearts and minds of the forest's trees. By reaching out through the Winds of Magic, the bearer of the staff can rouse woodland to life, urging the trees to move, or assail those within their midst.

The bearer generates one less spell than is normal for his Wizard level, but knows the Tree Singing spell given below:

TREE SINGING

Cast on 8+

The wizard speaks in the dead tongue of ancient days, reminding the trees of the harms wrought upon them by blooded life.

Tree Singing is an **augment** spell that targets a single forest within 18" of the caster. If there are no units within the forest, it immediately moves up to D6+1" in a direction of your choice. A forest cannot move to within 1" of units or other terrain features.

If there is at least one unit (friendly or enemy) within the forest, then the forest does not move. Instead, choose a single enemy unit at least partially within the forest; that unit immediately suffers 2D6 Strength 4 hits. The Wizard can choose to instead have this spell target all forests within 12". If he does so, the casting value of the spell is increased to 16+.



THE BANNER OF THE ETERNAL QUEEN
Magic Standard

100 points

This banner was woven by no lesser hand than that of Ariel, Mage Queen of Athel Loren. The magic of her touch lingers in every gossamer thread, protecting her kinsfolk from the onset of foul sorcery. It is said that those who fight beneath the Banner of the Eternal Queen can hear Ariel's voice whispering in their minds, filling them with courage in the face of impossible odds.

The bearer has the Magic Resistance (3) special rule. In addition, once per game, all models in the same unit as the Banner of the Eternal Queen have the Unbreakable special rule until the end of the turn, or until the bearer is slain (whichever comes first). Declare you are using this ability at the start of any turn.

THE BANNER OF THE HUNTER KING
Magic Standard

75 points

The tattered threads of this ancient standard resound with Orion's eagerness for battle. None who fight in its shadow can help but be overcome by the glory of the hunt; they close with the foe as fast as they are able, the better to prove themselves in Kurnous' eyes.

All models in the same unit as the Banner of the Hunter King have the Vanguard deployment special rule. In addition, the bearer's unit re-roll their first failed charge of the game.





THE GLORY OF THE ELVES

The army of the Wood Elves is a force fit to face any foe. It can harry the enemy from range, trounce them with bladework or trample them with the unstoppable spirits of the forest. With longbow and spear, magics of light and dark, you will see the invaders cast into the wilderness beyond the forest's eaves.

This section presents a showcase of Citadel miniatures available in the Wood Elves range. Within these pages, you'll find inspiration aplenty for summoning your own host of Athel Loren.



Araloth, Lord of Talsyn

Orion, the King in the Woods



Battle Standard Bearer



Durthu, Eldest of Ancients

The Banners of the Hunter King and Eternal Queen – Orion's and Ariel's standards





Naestra & Araham, the Sisters of Twilight



Glade Lord of Talsyn on Great Stag



Spellweaver of Talsyn

Spellweaver of Atylwyth



Spellweaver
of Cythral



Glade Lord of Talsyn



Treeman Ancient



Glade Lord on Elven steed



Glade Lord of Talsyn



Glade Lords are masters of spear,
sword and bow.



Cythral, also known as the Wildwood, lies to the southwest of Athel Loren. It is permanently under threat from malicious spirits who have little love for the Elves. The warriors of Cythral wear dark colours and bear heraldry steeped in shadow.

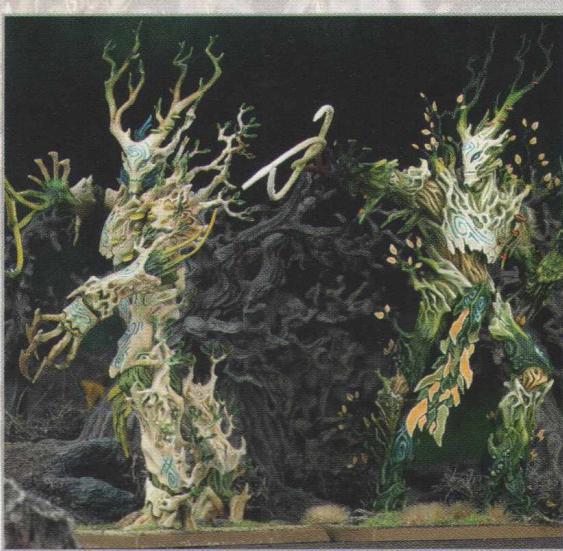
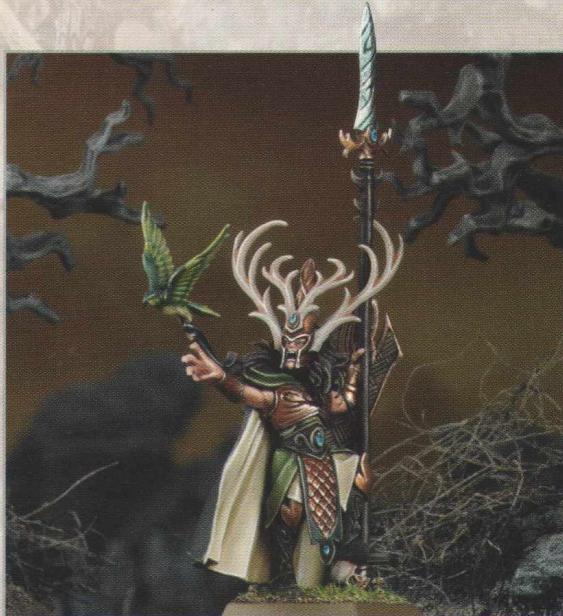


Roused from slumber by the magics of a Treeman Ancient, the defenders of the deepwoods march to war.





THE HOST OF TALSYN





A host of Eternal Guard march to defend the Empire village of Lachenbad.



Tirsyth, the Ashenhal, is a realm forever locked in an autumnal embrace. Its warriors bear symbols representing dwindling, and train ceaselessly so that they will be prepared when the Rhana Dandra – the Last War Against Chaos – finally begins.



All Eternal Guard bear a symbolic interpretation of the rune 'Astian', representing the eternal struggle against Chaos.



Torgovann, the Forge of Starlight, is a land blessed of Vaul. It is the only place in all Athel Loren where fire – representing the forge's heart – is a sacred symbol.



Glade Guard are the finest archers in the Old World, and in many realms beyond.



Wild Riders are the oathsworn celebrants of Kurnous, and the personal guard of Orion, King in the Woods.



Wardancers are devotees of Loec, the Trickster God.



Shadowdancer



An unearthly horn splits the air; the banner of the Hunter God is unfurled, and the Wild Riders of Kurnous charge to war!



Anmyr, the Witherhold, was blighted by Beastmen long ago, and has never since been free of their taint. Now Anmyr's warriors wear garb the colour of spilt blood, to ensure that the Elves of other realms do not forget their sacrifices.



Forest spirits of Athel Loren awaken to defend the Winterheart from invaders.



A coven of Dryads



Drycha, Briarmaven of Woe



Treeman of Tirsyth, the Ashenhall



Branch Nymph



Argwylon, the Moonspring Glades, dwells ever in the crisp light of spring. It is a realm of hope in days of coming darkness, and the gaiety of Argwylon's Elves is reflected in the vivid hues of their raiment.







Warhawk Riders dwell upon the crags of the mountains, their spirits attuned to the Warhawks that dwell there.



The Sisters of the Thorn are Ariel's handmaidens, and draw their power from the same wellspring of magic that infuses their queen.



Atylwyth, the Winterheart, is a land of permanent winter. Their garb reflects the chill colours of their environs and, some say, the sheen of their hearts, which are not flesh and blood, but shards of jagged ice.



The cold-eyed Sisters ride out to confront an expedition of thieving Dwarfs.



A host of Modryns gathers at its Glade Lord's command.



These Wildwood Rangers are from Tirsyth, but have set aside other oaths in order to keep the dark spirits of Cythral contained.



Waywatchers guard the secret paths of Athel Loren.



Waystalker



Arranoc, the Summerstrand, basks forever in golden sunshine. Its folk are garbed in the bright colours of the mid-year solstice.



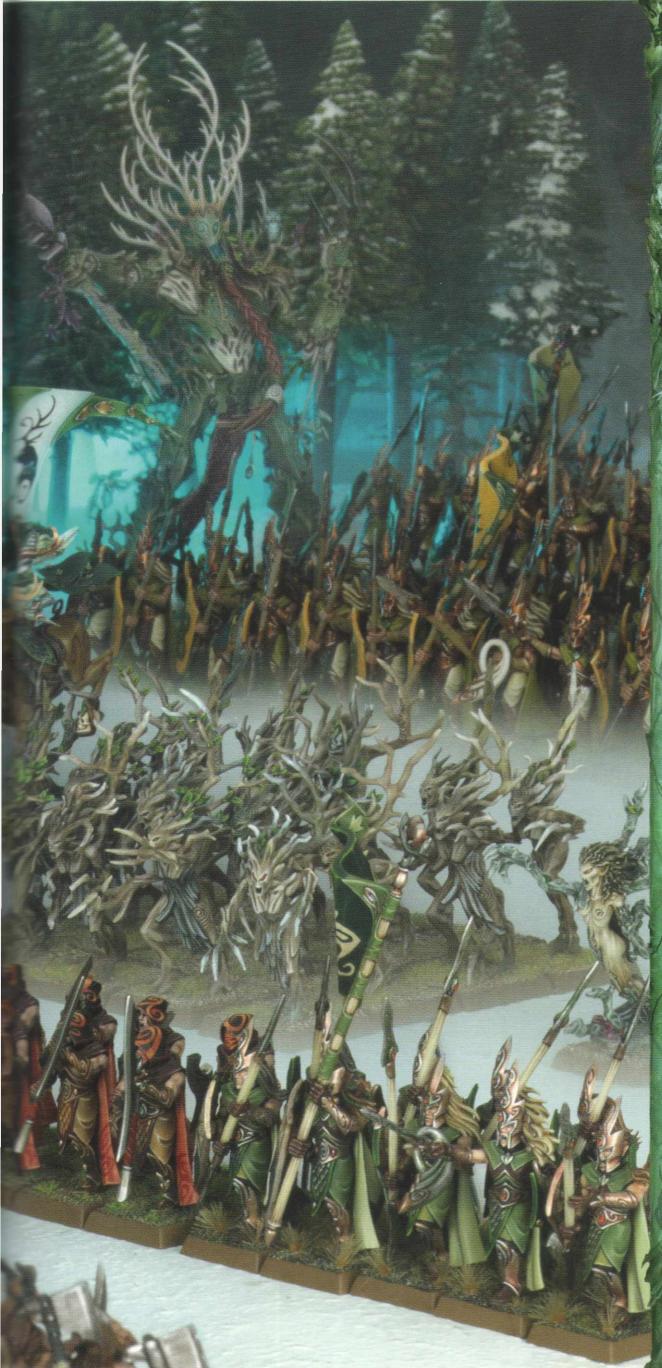
Glade Rider of Cavaroc



Glade Riders



Reindeer



WOOD ELVES ARMY LIST

A Wood Elf army can seek victory in many ways, and has access to many skilled warriors with which to destroy the enemy. As its lord or lady, it is your duty to muster and command the perfect assemblage of Elves and forest spirits to win another great triumph for the realms of Athel Loren.

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

USING THE ARMY LIST

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

UNIT CATEGORIES

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

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

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

ETERNAL GUARD 1										4 11 points per model							
Profile		Troop Type															
Eternal Guard 2		M WS BS S T W I A Ld															
Eternal Warden		5	5	4	3	3	1	5	1	9	Infantry						
		5	5	4	3	3	1	5	2	9	Infantry						
5	Unit Size: 10+	7	Special Rules:	8	Options:												
6	Equipment:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Always Strikes First Forest Stalker Stubborn 															
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Asrai spear Hand weapon Light armour 		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> May upgrade one Eternal Guard to an Eternal Warden 10 points May upgrade one Eternal Guard to a musician 10 points May upgrade one Eternal Guard to a standard bearer 10 points - May take a magic standard worth up to 25 points The entire unit may take shields 1 point per model 															

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



The Eternal Guard on the left is equipped with an Asrai spear and shield. As you can see from the profile above, he will cost 11 points to include in your army. A unit of 10 Eternal Guard equipped like this will therefore cost 110 points.

The Eternal Guard on the right is an Eternal Warden. To upgrade an Eternal Guard unit to include this champion will cost you an additional 10 points.



LORDS

ORION

Profile

Orion
Hound of Orion

Magic Items (Orion):

- Hawk's Talon
- Spear of Kurnous
- Cloak of Isha
- Horn of the Wild Hunt

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
9	8	8	6	5	5	9	5	10
9	4	0	4	4	1	4	1	6

600 points

Troop Type

Monster (Special Character)
War Beast

DURTHU

Profile

Durthu

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

Durthu is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Beasts.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	7	7	6	6	6	2	6	10

385 points

Troop Type

Monster (Special Character)

ARALOTH

Profile

Araloth

Equipment:

- Asrai spear
- Hand weapon
- Shield

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	8	7	4	3	3	8	5	10

260 points

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)



LORDS

GLADE LORD

Profile
Glade Lord

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
5 7 7 4 3 3 8 4 10

Troop Type
Infantry (Character)

145 points

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Asrai longbow
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- The Arrow of Kurnous
- Forest Stalker

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Asrai spear 3 points
 - Additional hand weapon (unless mounted) 3 points
 - Great weapon 6 points
- May take a shield 3 points
- May take one of the following types of enchanted arrows:
 - Hagbane tips 3 points
 - Trueflight arrows 3 points
 - Moonfire shot 4 points
 - Starfire shafts 4 points
 - Swiftshiver shards 4 points
 - Arcane bodkins 5 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Elven Steed 20 points
 - Great Eagle 50 points
 - Great Stag 65 points
 - Forest Dragon 300 points
- May take magic items up to a total of 100 points



SPELLWEAVER

Profile
Spellweaver

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
5 4 4 3 3 3 5 1 9

Troop Type
Infantry (Character)

185 points

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Blessings of the Ancients
- Forest Stalker

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 4 Wizard 35 points
- May take an Asrai longbow 5 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Elven Steed 20 points
 - Great Eagle 50 points
 - Unicorn 60 points
- May take magic items up to a total of 100 points

Magic:

A Spellweaver is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of High Magic, the Lore of Dark Magic or one of the eight Lores of Battle Magic in the Warhammer rulebook.

TREEMAN ANCIENT

Profile
Treeman Ancient

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
5 4 4 5 6 6 2 3 10

Troop Type
Monster (Character)

290 points

Special Rules:

- Blessings of the Ancients
- Flammable
- Forest Spirit
- Large Target
- Scaly Skin (3+)
- Stubborn
- Terror
- Tree Whack

Magic:

A Treeman Ancient is a Level 2 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Life.

Options:

- May be upgraded to one of the following:
 - Level 3 Wizard 35 points
 - Level 4 Wizard 70 points
- May take Strangleroots 20 points

HEROES

DRYCHA

Profile
Drycha

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Blessings of the Ancients
- Fanatical Resolve
- Fear
- Forest Spirit
- Hatred
- Roused to Wrath

Magic:

Drycha is a Level 2 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Shadow.

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

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

255 points

NAESTRA & ARAHAN

Profile

Naestra

Arahan

Ceithin-Har

Gwindalor

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9
5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9
6	6	0	6	6	6	3	5	8
2	5	0	4	4	3	4	2	8

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Infantry (Special Character)

Monster

Monstrous Beast

275 points

Equipment

(Naestra & Arahan):

- Asrai spear
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Magic Items (Naestra):

- Talon of Dawn

Magic Items (Arahan):

- Talon of Dusk

Special Rules

(Naestra & Arahan):

- Always Strikes First
- Conjoined Destiny
- Forest Stalker
- Sisters of Twilight

Special Rules

(Ceithin-Har):

- Fly
- Forest Spirit
- Impetuous
- Large Target
- Scaly Skin (3+)
- Soporific Breath
- Terror

Options:

- Must be mounted on one of the following:
 - Gwindalor (Great Eagle) free
 - Ceithin-Har (Forest Dragon) 220 points

Special Rules

(Gwindalor):

- Fly
- Hunter's Mount

GLADE CAPTAIN

Profile

Glade Captain

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Asrai longbow
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- The Arrow of Kurnous
- Forest Stalker

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Asrai spear 2 points
 - Additional hand weapon (unless mounted) 2 points
 - Great weapon 4 points
- May take a shield 2 points
- May take one of the following types of enchanted arrows:
 - Haghbane tips 3 points
 - Trueflight arrows 3 points
 - Moonfire shot 4 points
 - Starfire shafts 4 points
 - Swiftshiver shards 4 points
 - Arcane bodkins 5 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Elven Steed 10 points
 - Great Eagle 50 points
 - Great Stag 65 points
- May take magic items up to a total of 50 points

75 points

BATTLE STANDARD BEARER

One Glade Captain may carry the battle standard for +25 points. The Battle Standard Bearer may carry a magic standard (with no points limit). A model with a magic battle standard cannot have any other magic items, or take enchanted arrows.



HEROES

SPELLSINGER

80 points

Profile
Spellsinger

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

Troop Type
Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Blessings of the Ancients
- Forest Stalker

Magic:

A Spellsinger is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from one of the eight Lores of Battle Magic in the Warhammer rulebook.

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard 35 points
- May take an Asrai longbow 5 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Elven Steed 10 points
 - Great Eagle 50 points
 - Unicorn 60 points
- May take magic items up to a total of 50 points

SHADOWDANCER

100 points

Profile
Shadowdancer

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

Troop Type
Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons

Magic:

A Shadowdancer who is a Wizard uses spells from the Lore of Shadow.

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Blessings of the Ancients
- Forest Stalker
- Immune to Psychology
- Shadow Dances of Loec
- Talismanic Tattoos

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 1 Wizard 60 points
- May take magic items up to a total of 25 points

WAYSTALKER

90 points

Profile
Waystalker

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

Troop Type
Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Asrai longbow

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Forest Stalker
- Hawk-eyed Archer
- Scouts
- Sniper

Options:

- May take magic items up to a total of 25 points

BRANCHWRAITH

75 points

Profile
Branchwraith

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

Troop Type
Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Blessings of the Ancients
- Fear
- Forest Spirit
- Hatred

Magic:

A Branchwraith is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Life.

MOUNTS

Profile
Elven Steed
Forest Dragon
Great Eagle
Great Stag
Unicorn

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
9 3 0 3 3 1 4 1 5
6 6 0 6 6 6 3 5 8
2 5 0 4 4 3 4 2 8
9 5 0 5 4 3 4 2 7
10 5 0 4 4 3 5 2 8

Troop Type
War Beast
Monster
Monstrous Beast
Monstrous Beast
Monstrous Beast

Special Rules:

- *Elven Steed*: Fast Cavalry.
- *Forest Dragon*: Fly, Forest Spirit, Large Target, Scaly Skin (3+), Soporific Breath, Terror.
- *Great Eagle*: Fly.
- *Great Stag*: Fear, Forest Spirit, Impact Hits (D3).
- *Unicorn*: Fear, Forest Spirit, Impale, Magic Resistance (2).

CORE UNITS

GLADE GUARD

Profile

Glade Guard
Lord's Bowman

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Asrai longbow

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Infantry
5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8	Infantry

12 points per model

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Forest Stalker

Options:

- May upgrade one Glade Guard to a Lord's Bowman. 10 points
- May upgrade one Glade Guard to a musician. 10 points
- May upgrade one Glade Guard to a standard bearer 10 points
- One Glade Guard unit with a standard bearer may take a magic standard worth up to. 25 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following types of enchanted arrows:
 - Hagbane tips. 3 points per model
 - Trueflight arrows. 3 points per model
 - Moonfire shot. 4 points per model
 - Starfire shafts. 4 points per model
 - Swiftshiver shards. 4 points per model
 - Arcane bodkins. 5 points per model

DRYADS

Profile

Dryad
Branch Nymph

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
5	4	4	3	4	1	5	2	8	Infantry
5	4	4	3	4	1	5	3	8	Infantry

11 points per model

Special Rules:

- Fear
- Forest Spirit
- Hatred

Options:

- May upgrade one Dryad to a Branch Nymph. 10 points



CORE UNITS

GLADE RIDERS

Profile

Glade Rider
Glade Knight
Elven Steed

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Cavalry
5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8	Cavalry
9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5	-

19 points per model

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:

- Asrai spear
- Hand weapon
- Asrai longbow

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First (Riders Only)
- Ambushers
- Fast Cavalry
- Forest Stalker

Options:

- May upgrade one Glade Rider to a Glade Knight 10 points
- May upgrade one Glade Rider to a musician 10 points
- May upgrade one Glade Rider to a standard bearer 10 points
 - One Glade Riders unit with a standard bearer may take a magic standard worth up to 25 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following types of enchanted arrows:
 - Hagbane tips 3 points per model
 - Trueflight arrows 3 points per model
 - Moonfire shot 4 points per model
 - Starfire shafts 4 points per model
 - Swiftshiver shards 4 points per model
 - Arcane bodkins 5 points per model

ETERNAL GUARD

Profile

Eternal Guard
Eternal Warden

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
5	5	4	3	3	1	5	1	9	Infantry
5	5	4	3	3	1	5	2	9	Infantry

11 points per model

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:

- Asrai spear
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Forest Stalker
- Stubborn

Options:

- May upgrade one Eternal Guard to an Eternal Warden 10 points
- May upgrade one Eternal Guard to a musician 10 points
- May upgrade one Eternal Guard to a standard bearer 10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to 25 points
- The entire unit may take shields 1 point per model



SPECIAL UNITS

WILDWOOD RANGERS

Profile

Wildwood Ranger
Wildwood Warden

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	5	4	3	3	1	5	1	9
5	5	4	3	3	1	5	2	9

Troop Type
Infantry
Infantry

11 points per model

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:

- Great weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Forest Stalker
- Guardians of the Wildwood
- Immune to Psychology

Options:

- May upgrade one Wildwood Ranger to a Wildwood Warden 10 points
- May upgrade one Wildwood Ranger to a musician 10 points
- May upgrade one Wildwood Ranger to a standard bearer 10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to 25 points



WARDANCERS

Profile

Wardancer
Bladesinger

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

Troop Type
Infantry
Infantry

15 points per model

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Forest Stalker
- Immune to Psychology
- Shadow Dances of Loec
- Skirmishers
- Talismanic Tattoos

Options:

- May upgrade one Wardancer to a Bladesinger 10 points
- May upgrade one Wardancer to a musician 10 points
- Any model may exchange its hand weapons for an Asrai spear 1 point per model

TREE KIN

Profile

Tree Kin
Tree Kin Elder

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	4	4	4	5	3	3	3	8
5	4	4	4	5	3	3	4	8

Troop Type
Monstrous Infantry
Monstrous Infantry

45 points per model

Unit Size: 3+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Fear
- Flammable
- Forest Spirit
- Scaly Skin (4+)

Options:

- May upgrade one Tree Kin to a Tree Kin Elder 10 points

DEEPWOOD SCOUTS

Profile

Deepwood Scout
Master Scout

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

Troop Type
Infantry
Infantry

13 points per model

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Asrai longbow

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Forest Stalker
- Scouts
- Skirmishers

Options:

- May upgrade one Deepwood Scout to a Master Scout 10 points
- May upgrade one Deepwood Scout to a musician 10 points
- May upgrade one Deepwood Scout to a standard bearer 10 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following types of enchanted arrows:
 - Hagbane tips 3 points per model
 - Trueflight arrows 3 points per model
 - Moonfire shot 4 points per model
 - Starfire shafts 4 points per model
 - Swiftshiver shards 4 points per model
 - Arcane bodkins 5 points per model

SPECIAL UNITS

WARHAWK RIDERS

Profile

- Warhawk Rider
- Wind Rider
- Warhawk

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8
1	4	0	4	4	3	5	2	5

45 points per model

Unit Size: 3+

Equipment:

- Asrai spear
- Hand weapon
- Asrai longbow

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First (Riders only)
- Armour Piercing (Warhawks only)
- Flying Cavalry
- Forest Stalker
- Predator's Descent (Warhawks only)

Options:

- May upgrade one Warhawk Rider to a Wind Rider 10 points



SISTERS OF THE THORN

Profile

- Sister of the Thorn
- Handmaiden of the Thorn
- Steed of Isha

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	9
5	4	6	3	3	1	5	1	9
9	3	0	4	3	1	4	1	5

26 points per model

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Blackbriar javelin

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First (Riders only)
- Daughters of Eternity
- Deepwood Coven
- Fast Cavalry
- Forest Stalker
- Poisoned Attacks (Riders only)

Options:

- May upgrade one Sister of the Thorn to a Handmaiden of the Thorn 10 points
- May upgrade one Sister of the Thorn to a musician 10 points
- May upgrade one Sister of the Thorn to a standard bearer 10 points
- May take a magic standard worth up to 50 points

WILD RIDERS

Profile

- Wild Rider
- Wild Hunter
- Steed of Kurnous

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	5	4	4	3	1	5	1	9
5	5	4	4	3	1	5	2	9
9	3	0	4	3	1	4	1	5

26 points per model

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:

- Asrai spear
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First (Riders only)
- Devastating Charge (Riders only)
- Fast Cavalry
- Fear
- Forest Stalker
- Frenzy
- Talismanic Tattoos

Options:

- May upgrade one Wild Rider to a Wild Hunter 10 points
- May upgrade one Wild Rider to a musician 10 points
- May upgrade one Wild Rider to a standard bearer 10 points
- May take a magic standard worth up to 50 points
- The entire unit may take shields 2 points per model

RARE UNITS

WAYWATCHERS

Profile

Waywatcher
Waywatcher Sentinel

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8	Infantry
5	4	6	3	3	1	5	1	8	Infantry

20 points per model

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Asrai longbow

Special Rules:

- Always Strikes First
- Forest Stalker
- Hawk-eyed Archer
- Scouts
- Skirmishers

Options:

- May upgrade one Waywatcher to a Waywatcher Sentinel 10 points

GREAT EAGLES

Profile

Great Eagle

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
2	5	0	4	4	3	4	2	8	Monstrous Beast

50 points per model

Unit Size: 1+

Special Rules:

- Fly

TREEMAN

Profile

Treeman

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
5	6	6	5	6	5	2	5	9	Monster

225 points

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Flammable
- Forest Spirit
- Large Target
- Scaly Skin (3+)
- Stubborn
- Terror
- Tree Whack

Options:

- May take Strangleroots 20 points



SUMMARY

LORDS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
Araloth	5	8	7	4	3	3	8	5	10	In(SC)	56
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Glade Lord	5	7	7	4	3	3	8	4	10	In	38
Orion	9	8	8	6	5	5	9	5	10	Mo(SC)	55
- Hound of Orion	9	4	0	4	4	1	4	1	6	WB	
Spellweaver	5	4	4	3	3	3	5	1	9	In	39
Treeman Ancient	5	4	4	5	6	6	2	3	10	Mo	51

HEROES

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Drycha	5	7	5	4	4	3	7	4	9	In(SC)	57
Glade Captain	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9	In	38
Naestra	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9	In(SC)	59
Arahan	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9	In(SC)	
- Ceithin-Har	6	6	0	6	6	6	3	5	8	Mo	
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	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
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- Eternal Warden	5	5	4	3	3	1	5	2	9	In	
Glade Guard	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	In	41
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Glade Rider	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Ca	42
- Glade Knight	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8	Ca	
- Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5	-	

SPECIAL UNITS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
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Sister of the Thorn	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	9	Ca	46
- Handmaiden	5	4	6	3	3	1	5	1	9	Ca	
of the Thorn	9	3	0	4	3	1	4	1	5	-	
Steed of Isha	5	4	4	5	3	3	3	3	8	MI	50
Tree Kin	5	4	4	5	3	3	3	4	8	MI	
- Tree Kin Elder	5	4	4	5	3	3	4	8			
Wardancer	5	6	4	3	3	1	6	1	8	In	45
- Bladesinger	5	6	4	3	3	1	6	2	8	In	
Warhawk Rider	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	MC	43
- Wind Rider	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	MC	
- Warhawk	1	4	0	4	4	3	5	2	5	-	
Wild Rider	5	5	4	4	3	1	5	1	9	Ca	47
- Wild Hunter	5	5	4	4	3	1	5	2	9	Ca	
- Steed of Kurnous	9	3	0	4	3	1	4	1	5	-	
Wildwood Ranger	5	5	4	3	3	1	5	1	9	In	44
- Wildwood Warden	5	5	4	3	3	1	5	2	9	In	

RARE UNITS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
Great Eagle	2	5	0	4	4	3	4	2	8	MB	43
Treeman	5	6	6	5	6	5	2	5	9	Mo	51
Waywatcher	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8	In	48
- Waywatcher Sentinel	5	4	6	3	3	1	5	1	8	In	

MOUNTS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5	WB	42
Forest Dragon	6	6	0	6	6	6	3	5	8	Mo	52
Great Eagle	2	5	0	4	4	3	4	2	8	MB	43
Great Stag	9	5	0	5	4	3	4	2	7	MB	47
Unicorn	10	5	0	4	4	3	5	2	8	MB	42

Troop Type Key: In=Infantry, WB=War Beast, Ca=Cavalry, MI=Monstrous Infantry, MB=Monstrous Beast, MC=Monstrous Cavalry, SC=Special Character, Mo=Monster.









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