Warhammer Fantasy: The High Elves

Far from the rest of the world is the splendid, magically enriched and noticeably donut-shaped continent of Ulthuan. The Great Vortex, a rite of incalculable power created by the mage Caledor Dragontamer in times past, rages at its centre though it is not the only mystery of magic that has marked this land. It is the virtue of the Asur, or the High Elves, that given such plenty they take it upon themselves to preserve and protect what yet remains untainted by the ravages of Chaos. The nobility of Caledor and his mages, the eternal continuity of the Everqueens that embody Isha's grace upon their people and the blazing example set by Aenarion to all future Phoenix Kings elected from among Ulthuan's nobility demands that they live lives worthy of those who sacrificed for their people. It is their vice that in doing so, their stubborn pride and hubristic certainty has led to them treating other races as pawns at best-and insolent barbarians to be exterminated at worst-even as sheer attrition depletes their numbers into a dwindling, weary race.

Personal glory and duty are inextricable as pillars of the Asur's culture, with excellence coming in at a close second. The mages of Saphery perfect the art of sorcery with a skill exceeded only by the mighty Slann themselves, the warriors of the White Lions hone their worth in strategy as well as force of arms beyond what many consider the measure of mortals-and the lords of the Asur are almost inevitably embroiled in political grandstanding amongst each other. All too often, the ideal of an enlightened yet spiritually devout kingdom has been abandoned by hotheaded glory seekers and unscrupulous opportunists blessed with indolent lives won by the sacrifice of nobler souls.

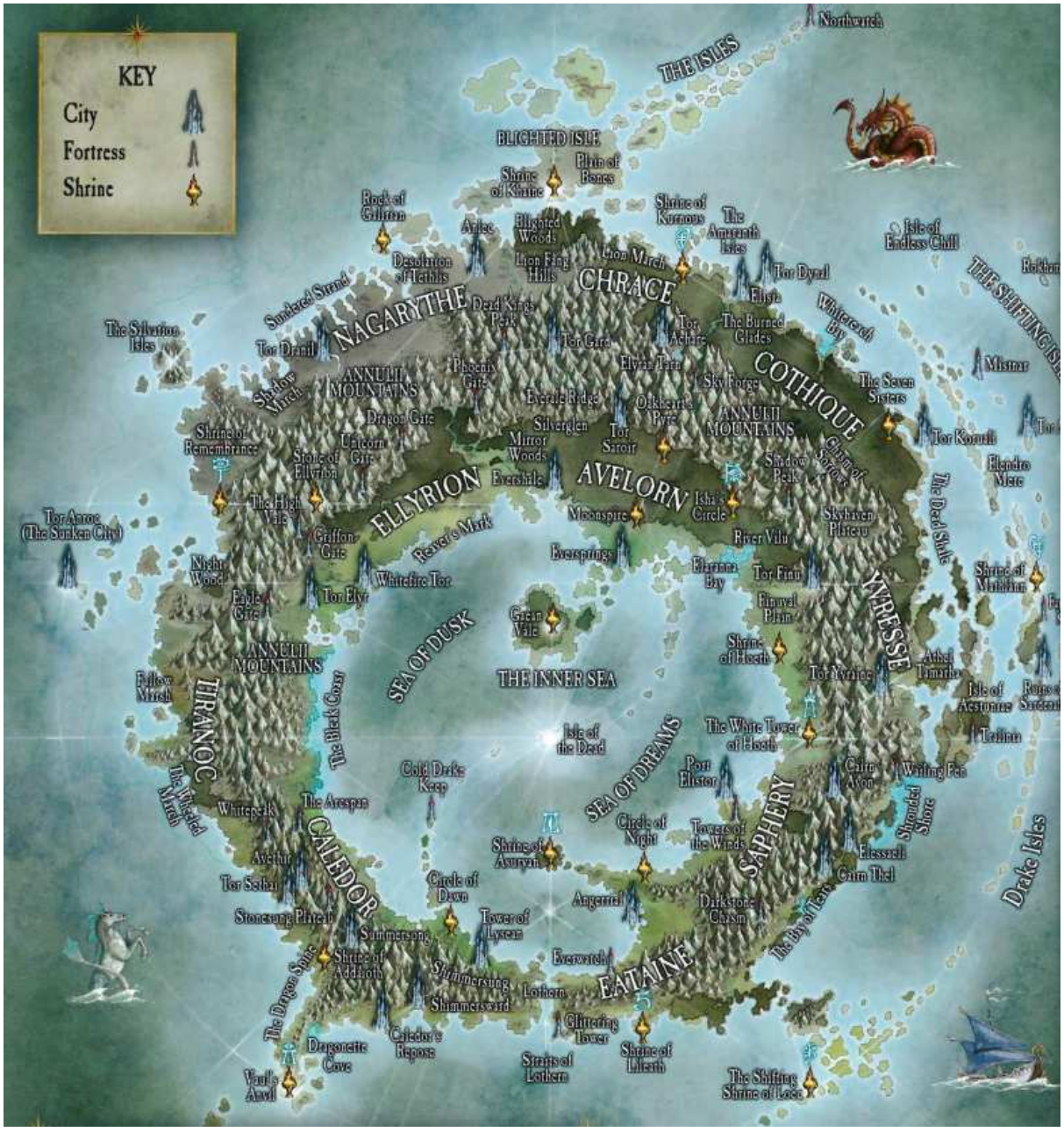
When Malekith the ~~true Phoenix King~~ traitor and would-be usurper rallied his allies to seize the blessing of the Phoenix King for himself, he split the elven race forever into political divides between himself and the princes of Ulthuan who would not bend the knee to him. Dire losses on both side have cost the Asur greatly, the once world-spanning colonies of the elves' united valour, prowess and mysticism only barely halting the vicious Druchii's destructive campaigns. Yet there are those who say Asur hubris is a far greater cause for the race's continued decline, their high-handed approach to other races resulting in the infamous War of the Beard that has earned them the eternal enmity of the Dawi, or Dwarfs, and straining relations with the humans many view as being of little consequence.

Who can say from where among their ranks, the greatest heroes of this age will arise? The current Everqueen Alarielle takes to battle more keenly than any of her predecessors. Her consort and champion Tyrion is already lauded as Aenarion reborn for his feats on the battlefield, while as High Loremaster of Hoeth his brother Teclis seems destined to play an even more pivotal role in the fate of the world. Perhaps even an outsider could seize the day when all hope seems lost…such as yourself.

Take 1000 Choice Points (CP), for the glory of Ulthuan.

Locations

You awaken somewhere on ~~the donut~~ Ulthuan, whether near the holy Shrine of Asuryan or on a ship in Port Elistor. Though this land's natives are generally peaceful towards each other, be advised that an elven tongue can be sharper than a rapier. Whether you are a common soldier or landed nobility, your worth will surely be tested in ways both blatant and insidious in your time here.



You are whatever gender you were previously, though you may change this for 50 CP. Though certain choices may alter this, you may at your discretion be either 1d8 centuries old or a young elf with any mortal man's age. This is a time of legends reborn and loyalties tested, with those rising to the occasion valued more than ever.

Any origin may also be treated as a Drop-In origin.

Origins

Defender of Ulthuan: Born and bred in arguably the greatest civilisation in this world, though you are just another face among elves by dint of birth you likely hold yourself as one of the most blessed individuals in the world. For whether a common soldier or a humble merchant, both your body and mind have been well-honed in preparation for a world you are notionally charged with defending at any moment. Though far from the barbarism of humans and orcs, your kind find far greater victory in outwitting their foes-probing them first for weakness with deft turns of phrase, then cornering them with politics rattle than rapiers. But as the shadow of war falls further over Ulthuan, only time will tell if your mettle is worthy of the airs you carry yourself with.

Nobility (100 CP): You carry that air of innate superiority and insufferable all-knowing confidence that the High Elves are known for-except in your case, it is other elves who look up to you. Hold high and stand amazed, for you are *landed gentry* among the nobles of Ulthuan, whether because of some great dead your ancestor carried out during the first Chaos invasion or through a recent windfall in fortune that has seen your name and house's star soar into ascendancy among all the other bootlicking, backbiting careerists grasping at the elven upper crust. The confidence with which you carry a room is a thing of beauty in its own right, though know that true cowards seldom prosper. The continued honour of your house is dependent on your personal deeds and glory after all, and so rather than resting on your laurels yours is a burning urge to prove your worth out in the world.

Mage (200 CP): Whether you came from humble beginnings or noble station matters little now, for yours is the gift of arcane forces that marks you as exceptional in a way mere social class cannot encompass. Though each kingdom has its own traditional and methods of scholarship it is Saphery that is most famed for its dedication to scholastic excellence-and you have likely spent quite some time at that realm, honing your theoretical knowledge of arcane forces and finding the mental balance needed to master them. Much of your time has likely been spent on ships or the High Elves' magical flying vehicles, speeding their travel and casting down the enemies of the elves when they attempt to do the same. But you are not merely expected to cast spells-in Ulthuan's society, you are expected to provide advice based on your mystical insights.

Perks

All perks are discounted by 50% under the relevant background headers. Discounted 100 CP perks become free.

Elfin Grace (Free and mandatory): You are of the Asur, and with this comes some benefits setting you above others of your kind. Your skill with the blade and swiftness of limb is far greater than that of most mortals, and the great reserves of scholastic wisdom preserved in Ulthuan perhaps trains the mind above all. Even should you be a common soldier of your kind, you would be well-versed with the social graces and turns of phrase that would make you well-spoken among humans. Though you still age, you live long enough to persist for several thousand years with only truly ancient specimens of your kind succumbing to the ravages of time- though among your kind, the magics of the natural order have at times empowered some of your kind to live far longer than expected. Slaanesh thirsts for the potential decadence your heightened experience of thoughts and emotions, and unlike your brethren across the seas through arcane prowess your kind protected your souls in the mystic Waystones ringing Ulthuan. Perhaps it is a dismal afterlife to some, but to many High Elves becoming part of the infrastructure that sustains the Great Vortex is an honour and a privilege.

All elves are naturally swifter and more graceful than mankind, and the Asur's many centuries of disciplined, focused military training has put that grace to well-honed use in an organised army. And in striving for glory, perhaps it is the heavy armour and great weapons of their kind that often grants the Asur strength and endurance commensurate with their agility. Though many view their minds as the greatest weapons they can bring to bear, with the greatest Asur warriors quickly analysing and adapting to any opponent they encounter or coming up with novel approaches against all but the most unusual of opponents. Resistant to disease and physical mutation by Chaos, it would still be unwise to take undue risks in these areas for you. Perhaps greatest of your gifts are your inherent magical talents and a lesser tendency to corruption by the Winds of Magic than humans, as well as longer lives to master the art making your people able students of all Winds of Magic rather than being limited to one for their safety.

After your time here, you may choose to have your elfin form become an alternate form to transform into.

General

Valour of Ages (100 CP): Blood is thicker than water, and nothing rouses the fighting spirits of the High like the rage against their treacherous, debauched kin. In this world, whenever you cross blades with the Dark Elves and those who fight with them your doubts will be set aside, your fears will be quelled and your warrior's heart will ensure you do all in your power to fight against the wretched followers of Malekith and everything they stand for at your peak capacity. This is no true mystical blessing, merely a steely determination that can fight through arrow wounds and even minor bewitchments to mash your mailed fist into that smug Druchii bastard's face.

Glorious Flowing Hair (100 CP): For the High Elves, long hair is a symbol of strength, power and nobility-the clearest token of a real warrior. And *by the gods, does your hair more than live up to those standards.* Without even the slightest touch of magic, it keeps volume in all but the harshest of mundane weather-and has a tendency to weave with the wind and catch the light as dramatically as possible. Merely tossing it seems to lift the spirits of those who fight at your side, and even to many races who know not the significance of the gesture gifting a lock of it to another is sure to raise any being with the slightest grasp of aesthetic pleasure's spirits. Even if the world ends tomorrow, as long as you have a full head of hair there is still hope.

Blessed By The Heavens (200 CP): For all their grandstanding and machinations, the High Elves are a deeply spiritual people who see the hand of their gods at work in much of their lives. Even the most arrogant mage prays for Isha's blessing upon his spellwork. Though token prayers are offered to the Cytharai in times of great need, the Asur shun the destructive temptations of Khaine and Hekarti among others in favour of the shining example set by Asuryan and Isha.

And it is your good fortune that those gods seem to look kindly on you too. Here and in future worlds, benevolent deities will hold you in high regard. Divine interventions worthy of song will happen at precisely the right time you need them on the battlefield, followers of their faith will be rallied to assist your works and should you abide by their ideals you could soon be presented with a new calling as a champion or ordained man of faith. While such favour tends to be remote, it always comes with a great uptick in your luck as if destiny itself smiles on your righteousness. Whether it is discovering the location just the right artifact fragments you need to complete a certain device or having your foes commit a grave mistake at just the right moment, you'll need no pillars of fire or revelations to know that you have friends in high places.

Eight Winds In Balance (200 CP, 1 Lore free for Mage): To the Asur, the joy of studying is a goal in and of itself. It is not uncommon for two mages to have a radically different approach towards viewing the Winds of Magic, and eccentricity is almost expected among elven wizards. Training is granted with the highest respect and honour and while many mages spend mere decades in painstaking research or scrupulous study, scholastic projects lasting centuries are not unheard of. And even among such high expectations and compared to such extraordinary talents, with each purchase here you have a truly exceptional talent and potential

for one of the Winds of Magic even by Asur standards. The Asur school of wizardry makes you particularly adept at creating wards of all kinds, your understanding of the underlying principles of magic making it all the easier to nullify it. The Winds are as follows:

Aqshy, the Lore of Fire, which governs passion and valour as well as literal heat.

Azyr, the Lore of the Heavens, which governs knowledge of the unknowable and inspirations as well as celestial phenomena.

Chamon, the Lore of Metal, which governs logic and the wish to learn or implement knowledge as well as the transmutation of matter.

Ghur, the Lore of Beasts, which communes with the wild and shapes or tames beasts.

Ghyran, the Lore of Life, which is concerned with healing, curatives and growth in all its forms.

Hysh, the Lore of Light, which governs light as well as it's associations such as enlightenment and purification.

Shyish, the Lore of Death, the embodiment of certain death.

Ulgu, the Lore of Shadow, magic's own reflection of illusion, shadows and obfuscation in all its forms.

- Qhaysh (400 CP, discounted Mage): Grasped only by the elves and Slann, High Magic is the art of using all Winds of Magic in harmony and unison with such finesse that they can produce far more flawless, versatile and powerful effects than those that draw from just one Wind with little to no magical leakage. With such power can masters of Qhaysh walk between worlds, or bring themselves and their allies along unseen pathways to outflank their opponents on the battlefield. Only through its immaculate spellwork can the Arcane Fulcrums, monoliths that ground and invigorate a Wind of Magic so much that a single mage can use it to dominate battlefields, be raised from the earth. With Qhaysh's power mages can unmake other spells or even undo the enchantments of artifacts, drain away the flows of mystic power such that even simple spells become arduous labours or conjure shields that rob incoming blows of all strength and force. What is taken away can be granted anew, and wielders of Qhaysh can infuse the raw power of magic to heal and augment their allies or set loose elemental storms partaking of all eight Winds on their foes. And when one must, some of Qhaysh's deadliest spells offers swift and purifying fiery destruction over entire cities that can melt steel like water and smite daemonic forces in all their forms. Perhaps it is no coincidence that others seem to recreate the feats of the gods themselves-and in one notable exception, bolster allies with the very courage of Aenarion himself. Make no mistake, even the greatest elven mages have yet to fully master Qhaysh-for it is the gateway in through

which feats of myth such as the apocalyptic Deliverance of Itza and the Great Vortex itself were accomplished.

Disciple of Vaul (300 CP): The Order of Vaul ritually blinds themselves upon entry among their ranks. In exchange they are empowered by the skill and shrewdness of their patron deity, which has permitted them to harness the Winds of Magic to create both powerful weapons and devices advanced beyond what many would assume the idyllic Asur are capable of. From flying chariots animated by arcane means to never-dulling blades balanced to be almost weightless in a rightful wielder's hands which cleave through armour like butter, the combination of honest metalwork and enchantment has made Ulthuan's armouries priceless treasures in their own right. You may either choose to be part of the priesthood, or retain your vision and "merely" be a very accomplished High Elf blacksmith who has not yet committed away their vision in the name of true spiritual commitment with the elven blacksmith god-though you may have at least studied under one of the priests at some point.

Caradryel's Gift (300 CP): For all the vaunted intellect of the Asur, there is one crucial issue that as a species they seem incapable of fully internalising: Intellect does not always come with wisdom, and theory does not always excel as well as application. You, however, are a talented polymath who does not limit yourself to the preconceptions shackling many members of your race. Your abstract reasoning leaves your mind capable of inventive solutions and pinpointing strategic weaknesses even in the heat of battle, your planning applies itself equally well to winning games of strategy and escaping capture as well as comprehending unusual forms of spellwork or translating unusual languages. It seems all but inevitable that your combination of quick and deep thinking will lead you to become a leading light in your field of speciality. Even if you lack the raw mystical power that Teclis holds, he would likely agree that your capacity to process and apply information as well as learn from your mistakes is formidable in its own right. Finally you have a devastatingly rare and potent trait that will give you an edge against any elf: Common sense. In all matters, your prudent judgements and gut feelings based on accumulated information will unerringly give you a sense for knowing your limits and avoiding plans that formulate your own downfall among them.

Touch of the Gods (300 CP): Goddess of the moon, dreams and fortune, Lileath has ever been counted as the maidenly patron and font of mercy for the elven people-coming to the aid of its greatest defender when all seemed lost against the Witch-King and his armies. And it seems that either you may play a role in her designs to save the elven people-or have otherwise somehow won her favour, because the goddess has marked you with a portion of her power. The Winds of Magic blow incredibly favourably for you here and in other worlds, greatly decreasing the chance of miscasts and fuelling your reserves of magic. Insight into the mystic arts beyond mortal capability comes to you naturally, and your spells of healing or restoration have the touch of the divine about them. Moreover, even if you are not an Everqueen it seems that you have a portion of their sacred power: Those who fight at your side are greatly warded against unnatural compulsions, and have their strikes empowered with magical energy in the name of the moon. And your radiant soul smites scours malign forces such as Chaos with your mere presence, while a simple touch burns theirs as sunlight does vampires; while this is not the full glory

of an Everqueen, neither are you so deeply connected with Isha's presence that daemonic presences would weaken you. Go forth, and become the beacon of hope that Ulthuan badly needs in these troubled times.

Alternatively, you may receive a blessing from one of the other elven deities, suitably modified to suit their themes and domains. Asuryan's blessing for example would likely empower you as both a warrior and a leader, at the cost of sacrificing general proficiency with magic for spells evoking his fiery majesty and purifying.

Defender of Ulthuan

Prowess of the Elves (100 CP): Whether you are a footman, knight or even handmaiden of the Everqueen you have trained at arms and armour for lengths that have rendered you a veritable grandmaster by many mortal standards. Your discipline and instinctive with other warriors surpasses that of human soldiers ready to retire, performing many of the skilful formations and procedural tactics that mark Ulthuan's soldiers as perhaps the most skilled mortal army. When an elf takes up swordsmanship, arrows may be deflected with the blade and lesser foes cut down without knowing what happened. Should you have trained with some other weapon, rest assured your skill is equally acceptable to Ulthuan's armies.

Shield of Pride (100 CP): Your training as an elven warrior has taught you that pride, like rage, can be both a fatal error-and a tool in the hands of a trained warrior. Though elves seem slight, even the tremendous trauma of an axe through the shoulder or a blade through the guts will not staunch your will to fight, or distract you from doing what you must to survive before soldiering on. Moreover you have trained your pride into bulwark against all manner of foes, steeling your nerves against the din of battle and giving you a measure of courage against the horrors of Chaos. Let those who challenge you know they face not one elf, but the glory of Ulthuan unleashed.

Master of All (200 CP): While many elves are prodigies with a certain weapon, you have an incredible adaptability and breadth of battlefield roles that lets you make use of just about anything that could turn up on the fields of war, especially if it has ever been fielded by Ulthuan-your elven dexterity and learning rate letting you improvise, adapt and overcome areas many elves never touch to master their field of expertise. If a chariot and it's horses are left abandoned on the battlefield, you can drive it better than most. If an airborne Lothern Skycutter requires more crew, you'll know how to aim and reload the Eagle Eye Bolt Thrower or pilot the vehicle. It doesn't matter if you're offered a spear or mace, you'll prove your mettle for all to see.

Elven Voyager (200 CP): In times past, the elven empire's fortunes were buoyed on the skills of sailors that spread their influence to other parts of the world-and even now, the Lothern Sea Guard polishes those skills to secure Ulthuan's defences on the waves. Whether or not you are part of that illustrious group you share their skills: A fine grasp of all the arts of sailing, as well as the ability to fight equally effective on land and at sea. No tipping ship will daunt your blade, and rare is the knot you do not know how to tie. Few feats exemplify this mastery more than your

ability to turn the tables on Naggarothi pirates with a worthy crew, and send them fleeing to their dismal land.

Brawny Lion (400 CP): Those who view the elves as lanky fops more suited for a nobleman's duelling grounds than the rigors of the battlefield would be shocked to meet you, for yours is a strength of body that rivals that of the captain of the White Lions himself. As a young adult by elven standards, faced with a great lion mutated by the forces of Chaos to have a hide capable of shrugging off axe-blows and hunting arrows alike, you would have been able to wrestle such a beast to the ground and throttle it to death. You are no less swift nor less skilled than any elf, and your noble yet honest bearing is quite likeable to both nobles and commoners alike. Your bearing has won you many privileged roles on the battlefield, and as such while your fighting expertise may be no deeper than any other elf's you certainly have a claim to it being broader.

Wielder of Legends (400 CP): So much of what makes the High Elves mighty in the modern day is, in the end, a pale shadow of what they used to be. And you seem to be heir to that legacy, for you have a tendency to accumulate treasure and wealth disproportionate to your station or financial acumen. Rumours of storied treasures find your ears at the most opportune of circumstances, and when searching for hidden troves of gold you have luck to make dwarfs envious. Most importantly of all, the kind of enchanted artifacts High Elves bear proudly into battle seem fated to be entrusted into your hands. Here and in future worlds, where circumstances allow you and/or your family will happen to have a great many artifacts of above average value but when it comes to using those that belong to others, this won't necessarily stop the rightful owners from asking pointed questions about when you're giving them back if they've a mind to.

Shadow of Nagarythe (600 CP): None hate the Naggarothi more than those of Nagarythe that chose to stand with Ulthuan instead, and among them none can match the Shadow King Alith Anar in sheer loathing for the Witch King and his dread mother. But whether or not you are actually one of the Shadow Warriors, given time to build a reputation you might come close. Your prowess at infiltration, subterfuge and dirty tactics is such that feats like capturing hundreds of Druchii and nailing them upon the high cliffs for their friends to see is something you could accomplish on your own. Your disguises could keep you safe in the court of the Witch King himself, and your feats of larceny are the stuff of folktales. It is redundant to say you are an elite fighter by elven standards, but it is in the fields of assassination and sabotage that you truly become a thing of nightmares. To cap it all it seems Morai-Heg herself has decreed you to be a bane to the great heroes and villains of the world's sage, for when you set about killing such foes your attacks have a strong tendency to find the chinks in their armour and other cracks in their defences with uncanny accuracy. Nothing truly provable by mortals as supernatural, but striking with an uncanny inevitability and accuracy regardless of how fortunate these would-be figures of legend think themselves.

Chosen of Asuryan (600 CP): You have been chosen for the highest honour a soldier of Ulthuan can reasonably aspire to-membership to the Phoenix Guard, who hold vigil over the holy Shrine of Asuryan; if you have any purchase of Eight Winds In Balance at all it is safe to say you may even be an equal to the other Anointed of

Asuryan. Your covenant with the Creator God fills you with godly might befitting many great heroes-or villains-of the elven race capable of splitting a foe in two with a single well-aimed blow, a dreadfully intense aura that makes others quail from you in battle and a great ward against hostile blades and magic alike. There is a reason why the Phoenix Guard is always found where the fighting is fiercest, and a reason why despite the extraordinary circumstances needed to even be eligible for such an honour their numbers have not fallen dangerously low: Asuryan's blessings let you see the confluences and crux points of destiny. It is the magnitude of this last gift, strengthened with communion to Asuryan's will, that ensures the Phoenix Guard are required to take a magical vow of silence so as to perform their duties without undo compromise. Yet thanks to your investment here, you may waive that vow-though it would be prudent not to let your fellow guards know that.

Nobility

Smugger Than You (100 CP): *Oh, I say.* The curl of your lip, the sharpness of that retort where you *not quite* but *almost* insinuated the subject of your ire's lineage did something quite shameful a few years ago, the way your laugh pierces the ear. There's no two ways about it. You have all the smugness and aristocratic confidence of an Asur noble. But there's more-the treacherous social pitfalls and unscrupulous intrigue that pervades the Asur elite is more than a series of social conventions you are familiar with-it is a way of life. With this alone, you are but a typical player of politics and knavish tricks…by Asur standards. To many other races, you could give masterclasses in making friends, influencing people and screwing them over when you're done.

Fancier Too (100 CP): Of course, there's not much point to all that class if you don't *look* the part too, is there? Your privileges and position-or perhaps, those of a discerning patron-have let you cultivate no small skill in the finer things of life. Painting, music, dance-the Asur hold themselves to the standard of being the most civilised culture in the world, and take these pursuits no less seriously than war and magic. In three or four such areas of leisure, you've dedicated a fair amount of time over your long life into becoming a skilled artist or performer by Asur standards. Which is to say you are an extremely experienced maestro by the standards of most mortals.

And after your first purchase of this perk (including the free one for Nobility) **for 50 CP each** you may purchase additional areas of leisure to have turned your hand too. Or alternatively, repurchase a single activity for the same cost to be a truly extraordinary practitioner of it even by Asur standards.

Ploughs Into Swords (200 CP): Harsh experience has taught the Asur that no matter how golden an age may seem, no matter how long peace lasts, there will always come a time for war. You may be a sergeant for a minor outpost, you may simply have some temporal authority on your family estates you can put to good use, but you have the combination of logistical planning and rough but enduring charisma needed to turn some scared war survivors into a disciplined, efficient militia. Your grasp of small scale war tactics, fortifications, wartime resource conservation and several other subjects is extensive and practical; perhaps you studied the War of

the Beard out of academic interest instead of wounded pride? And when it comes to leading a battalion in battle, your keen-sighted commands and strong presence on the battlefield make sure those under your command won't break under all but the direst horrors of war.

Flower of Nobility (200 CP): Extraordinary beauty has been the subject of many Asur passion plays-and just as many tragedies. Yet for all the trouble it can sometimes cause, there's no denying the High Elves appreciate a particularly handsome or beautiful specimen of their kind. You are one such example. If you are a woman, *your eyes are twin jewels set in a visage as radiant as light playing on the waves, your frame a harmonious paean to maidenly ardour itself.* If you are a man, *the cleft of your jaw is as unto a cliff face catching the rays of the rising sun in Ulthuan's docks, your heroic build the spitting image of the Phoenix Kings of yore.* And while this does make you quite healthy and athletic for an elf, the really important part here is that you'll be turning heads and stopping traffic in Ulthuan even if you aren't nobility. Try not to actually stun the humans you meet.

A Hero's Assault (400 CP): Behind every valiant champion, is a farsighted general. Your excellent training has made you the best of both: An incredibly devastating combatant on mounted combat and many vehicles too, and a tactical genius fit to command the armies of Ulthuan-and if you wish, obtaining rank in this world suitable for your talents. When to disengage, how best to lay siege or reinforce one's own cities, the breaking points of clashing troops in war and what to say to ensure your troops hold fast against the onslaught of the enemy-these and more are your talents as a commander of Ulthuan. But never let it be said that you are not afraid to lead from the front: When you lead the charge, both mounts and riders under your command behind you are buoyed by your exceptional skill, unflinching even if you stare down greater daemons on foreign shores. Even if you are otherwise only an average swordsman, you could write books on your experience with mounted combat. Such is your control over your mount and lance that you could take on a dragon rider with a horse-and live to tell the tale.

Tempered Steel of Yvresse (400 CP): It is in times of adversity that we know our true strengths, as Eltharion the Grim learned to his sorrow. Like him, it seems that fortune and fate favour your attempts to retake what is yours and to train harder, better, faster and stronger in order to defeat your enemies. There must be some tangible loss akin to the ravages of war, for it seems as though this fate draws from the will to avenge that loss in some fashion-but whether it is rousing enthusiasm from normally indolent nobles, training at the sword until you have become a deadlier fighter than many would have thought possible for you and successfully stabilising mystic artifacts things have an unerring tendency to go right for you until the moment you decide enough has been done for what was originally lost to be reclaimed. It is a subtle boon with one more benefit: That which you rule is lucky when ravaged by war and disaster, the collateral damage easy to repair and citizens remaining healthy as well as motivated and clearheaded against the odds-within reason, at least. No about of good cheer will stave off the coming of Chaos indefinitely.

The Sun Never Sets On The Phoenix Throne (600 CP): A wise statesman. An evenhanded and impartial adjudicator. An efficient administrator, and an inspired

strategist. You have studied the campaigns or projects of the previous Phoenix Kings, learned from their mistakes and vowed to do better, and have such a well-rounded public image, knowledge base and practical approach on how to actually *rule* well that Finubar himself would be glad to have you as an advisor. You are particularly gifted with rooting out corruption and conspiracy, your insights almost precognitive in detecting aberrant groups such as Pleasure Cults in your jurisdiction or seeing through the schemes of those who use other races as catspaws and constructing definitive proofs or motivational speeches to turn the tables on them. Perhaps the gods themselves do smile upon your efforts, because some conflux of coincidence, fortune and your own statesmanship makes it damnably difficult for many hostile effects to stop the growth of prosperity and organisational efficiency in the lands you rule. Trade flourishes even with merchants from distant lands, fields ripen with prizewinning crops and your subordinates seem literally blessed to work with you. Let others see to warfare. To you is given a grand opportunity to capitalise on and hold peace.

Blood of Aenarion (600 CP): By the gods, think twice if you want to inherit such an unclean legacy. And if you are certain, then steel yourself for what some would say is as much a curse as a blessing. Whether you are a sibling to Alarielle or Tyrion and Teclis, you are a fourth descendent of Aenarion the Defender: Most blessed, and most cursed of all Phoenix Kings. That legacy of greatness, tainted by the destructive power of Khaine's godslaying blade, has been passed down to you. In one fairly broad talent you are incredibly gifted-outmatching experts in your field within mere months of training. Teclis is the most gifted mage of Ulthuan's current generation, and while Tyrion is "merely" such a great warrior that he has been compared to the second coming of Aenarion by many his genius for strategy and tactics in all their forms has often been overlooked. And should you be willing to take up this mantle and be in the appropriate era, instead of Alarielle it may be you who is chosen to be Everqueen.

This is only the beginning of your fate. Events and coincidences will push you to play a driving role in the most pivotal events of this world, granting you power, allies and resources commensurate to the task in this. No guarantee of success is promised, but even before surmounting the goal before you the rewards are quite considerable: Aid and artifact from goddesses, the ownership of divine weapons and sworn enemies converted into devout allies are all possibilities. And attempts to bar your destiny, to render the role you play in it moot are buffeted by the whims of chance. Play your cards right, and like all the descendants of Aenarion in this world you might even achieve godhood and gain a real shot at thwarting the forces of Chaos. And in future worlds, a fate of commensurate scope to the local world awaits you-unless you wish to toggle it off, and hopefully live a quieter life.

Mage

Ponder The Heavens (100 CP): Knowledge and preparation count among the most vital aspects of any wise wizard, and the Asur mages have long respected their power. The rigorous mystic disciplines of the Asur have improved your ability to scry both the future and across great distances, all the better to make use of both prophecy and mundane intelligence. At a more mundane level, you are quite a skilled scholar by Asur standards, expertly pouring through ancient tomes and

translating unfamiliar languages at a rate that has most other mortal races scratching their heads.

Tidy Magic (100 CP): Efficiency and precision are the ideals for Saphery's mages and you're no exception. Your magic is intricately controlled like fine thread, especially compared to most non-Asur races. With no loss of efficiency and the ability to comprehend complex magical processes as if they were basic spell techniques, casting magic in general is less taxing and more modular for you in general. This natural deftness with the arcane also makes it easier for you to analyse spellwork, magical anomalies and artifacts of all kind given your experience with the underlying principles of magic.

Tutelary Spellcaster (200 CP): Even Teclis, High Loremaster of Hoeth and Warden of the White Tower, had a tutor from which he learned the ways of magic-himself an accomplished mage and advisor. It seems you have a gift for bringing out the best in your students in mystical matters, cultivating their strengths and winnowing their weaknesses with the keen eye of a maestro. Even if you yourself possess only a modest talent for magic (by Asur standards at least), your analytical prowess with spellwork grants you keen insights that can improve many of your peers' complexity and efficiency when it comes to the arcane craft. Your talent even extend to teaching lesser races with inferior capabilities for magic to your kind, akin to the skills Teclis used to simplify the Winds into the form understood by the human Colleges of Magic.

Dragon Mage (200 CP): A scion of Caledor, eh? Your dreams of fire and blood have given you a unique gift: The power to awaken a dragon in an instant and forge a strong bond with it that will last until either rider or mount is slain in Ulthuan's defence. The fiery passion that seems to come with such a gift has also given you a natural aptitude for the Lore of Fire at an intuitive level; creating enchantments that make you proof against fire seems like second instinct to you, as is simply tossing fireballs in emulation of your scaley friends. And for your investment here, in future worlds your insights into the process of awakening will grant you great talent for mystically awakening other dormant supernatural beings, and forging a bond with them.

Blade and Spell As One (400 CP): Even at the venerable Tower of Hoeth, it is a rare mind capable of excelling in both. As a Loremaster of Hoeth, you are one such exception. Yours is a theoretical understanding of magical principles that, while seldom primarily concerned with battlefield magic, offers you enough breadth of proficiency with all Winds that you are adept by elven standards in each and every one. In addition, you practice a style of swordsmanship on par with the swordsmasters of your order: Knocking aside arrows mid-flight and shearing apart foes with blades as long as an elf is tall comes naturally to you. Tactically incorporating or even inventing custom spellwork that complements your martial talents is a natural feat to you, the principles of both synthesised into a style of combat greater than the sum of its parts.

Evocation of Divinity (400 CP): Many High Elven spells seem to evoke the glory and accomplishments of their deities as much as the elves' actual grasp of the magical principle at hand, a feat you are well versed in. From Hoeth's illuminating wisdom

to Loec's trickery and Ladrielle's mystery, you have a great gift for creating spells that recreate phenomena and processes associated with such divine figures-and in future worlds, other deities as well. Such spells are often imbued with greater metaphysical weight and purifying power, imbued with a spark of divine glory beyond mortal comprehension that gives the spell an inherently superior structure than nearly all mortal spellwork-and this insight into how the divine and the arcane interact also makes you a genius enchanter capable of creating artifacts such as the Book of the Phoenix, which focus the gods with greater consistency and potence than mere spellwork. And when directly channelling the power of an actual god, such mystic feats are far more effective than they would be otherwise.

Gift of a Generation (600 CP): The highly advanced spells that Teclis' predecessors took long years to master were grasped by him as a youth. His mastery of Qhaysh is considered comprehensive by nearly all standards apart from those of the Slann or the gods themselves, and it grants him insight into all the other Winds so deep that even the residual punishing fires in the Witch-King's flesh could be weaponised through his skilful spellcraft at a time when raw power and a divinely touched artifact could not suffice. The intricate spellwork of artifacts from an elder age that his father spent centuries piecing together were gleaned by him, and even greater daemons could not withstand his skilful casting. And though you may not suffer the Curse of Aenarion ravaging your body as he has, it's not unfair to say that you too are a talent of equal calibre capable of similar accomplishments and innovations in the field of magic. Truly apply yourself, and feats such as detecting or comprehending enchantments laid down by the legendary Caledor Dragontamer or even binding the Winds of Magic to individuals exemplifying their principles in order to grant them godlike power will be within your reach. What force could stand against the two of you if you were to cooperate? Assuming, that is, you do not wish to contest him for the title of Loremaster of Hoeth.

Evercoronation (600 CP): Power akin to that of the Everqueen suffuses you, granting unmatched strength and knowledge in the magics of Life and Light in the mortal world as well as the combined knowledge and power of the Everqueen lineage. The consciousnesses of your predecessors will embrace you, and guide you into your new role. In times of truly urgent need, they may lend you a hidden reserve of power in which you channel the consciousness of Isha herself, wielding even greater power over life and purification. Such is the cleanliness within you that you can cleanse all mutation from a Chaos Lord and his mount with but a point of her finger. And while lacking in a true battle mage's experience with destructive magic, the Everqueen is still capable of banishing undesired guests from her grove in a flash of hurricane-like wind or even summoning tidal waves with the raw power of nature-though take heed, doing so risks lessening the mantle of the Everqueen from an overload of divine power. The sheer potency and purity of your Isha-given power is matched by few in this world, even if it is not truly meant for war. Only the Hag Queen at the time of the Sundering and perhaps the Witch King could stand before you truly equal in mystic might. Though take heed-you are still flesh and blood, and despite your formidable powers of healing can bleed and die as any other elf if taken off-guard or severely strained. For the blessing of Isha strengthens your body far less than the blessing of Asuryan ennobles the Phoenix King's form.

Your powers of empathy are as feared as revered among the Asur, for not only do natural animals instinctively heed your bidding as they would the drumbeat of life itself but with a touch you can understand others intimately-often better than they do themselves, and lay bear their misdeeds, denials and delusions to confront them with the truth of who they are. Even blades enhanced with malign power or other objects can be purified by restoring the fires and metal from which they were created, and before weaving the ambient life energies you exude into coherent spells your power forms an aura of life magic that enhances you with a brilliant, awe-inspiring mantle. But this no crushing force of tyranny; whatever the Everqueen's light touches is filled with joy and wonder while anger and hatred ebb away-enough to contribute a minute amount of positivity, regeneration and growth across the entire Old World as well as transform a region such as Avelorn into a verdant paradise. Life in all its forms grows richly and harmoniously wherever you hold court regularly.

With this, **if you are female** you may replace Alarielle as the ruling Everqueen of the elves (or whichever elf is currently holding that position at the time of your entry), becoming her older sister and thus the rightful bearer of the Everqueen mantle. **Men may still take the perk to gain the associated benefits, but may not replace the Everqueen.** Indeed, that is the assumed outcome for whether you or a companion take this perk **there may only be one true Everqueen**. As for what is going on if this perk is taken by multiple companions, you are encouraged to construe a plausible story and may waive the specifics of this perk within its general themes and scope within reason. Perhaps instead of a storied line of queens advising you, you have a series of pacts with powerful woodland spirits bound to your person? Perhaps instead of being a true Everqueen, you used an artifact to make contact with Isha on your own-and she liked you enough to grant you a tremendous blessing?

Items

All items are discounted by 50% under the relevant background header. Discounted 100 CP items become free.

Nobility gain a 400 CP stipend to spend on items only.

General

Smithcraft of the Elves (Free): Ever-sharp swords balanced to move like an extension of your arm. Austere but aesthetic and well-fitting plated armour that fits you like a glove. A quiver full of finely cut arrows, or a shield with your house's symbol emblazoned on it. You may start your adventure with equipment similar to this to protect you in these lands-or if you are of a mystic bent, robes and a staff befitting a mage instead.

Star of Avelorn (50 CP): This radiant gem is an equal to the one set upon the Everqueen's own diadem-and before her, Aenarion's gift to Astarielle. No ordinary gem, it is said to have been a star taken from the heavens by Isha and bound within a magic crystal-granting it the power to heal mortal wounds. Apart from its restorative powers, this jewel carries with it a calming aura of better days. The light it casts and its inherent splendour is a beacon of hope no matter how dark things get.

Cloak of Beards (50 CP): *Oh no.* This…brings up bad memories, and is perhaps a physical incarnation of elven pride's unwillingness to bend. For you see, this is a literal cloak made of beards hacked off dwarfs slain after Gotrek Starbreaker killed Caledor the Warrior in the War of the Beard-an event the High Elves use this, erm, artifact to remember the perfidiousness of dwarfs. With each generation it grows longer as more beards are seized and woven into its folds. While it would otherwise be an unspeakably grisly war trophy, it has one practical use: It's mere presence causes all dwarfen artifacts small enough to be hand-carried or worn to go awry, risking deactivation or malfunction at best-and destruction at worst if they are not sufficiently powerful. As if the cultural emasculation perpetuated for its creation somehow wounds the dwarven spirit directly. Small wonder it's mere presence causes unnatural terror among dwarfs as well-though it should be noted it *also* inspires an instinctive compulsion of **sheer bloody hatred** among them.

And while it would have kept it's dwarf object-nullifying powers anyway, for 50 CP in future worlds other dwarfs will also be struck with instinct terror and rage at the sight of whoever wears this object. *You pointy-eared monster.*

Golden Crown of Atrazar (100 CP): The waystone shards set in this golden circuit draw on the magics of the Great Vortex itself to guard their wearer from harm. Magic and blade alike finds it difficult to harm you-though the protection is far from absolute, and after blunting one such blow the crown takes quite a while to recoup its magical energies. While presumably a skilled wizard or someone standing near a waystone could theoretically bolster the enchantment to be longer lasting or more durable, the spirits of the dead have a tendency to whisper praises and encouragements that inflate the wearer's pride to epic, dangerous

proportions. Fortunately the gulf between dimensions ensure this shall not be a problem after you leave this world, where the elven dead cannot logically follow.

Storied Armour (100 CP): The Armour of Caledor is comprised of pieces scoured from many different turning points in Ulthuan's history. The forget, worn by Caledor the Conqueror during the War of Blood Gorge. The left vambrace saw battle at the Silver Isles. The chestplate, still scarred from the poisoned daggers of a Khainite master assassin. And whether it is the pride of the elvish spirit rising up or the actual power of the ancestors themselves, it greatly blunts all mystical and physical attacks and renders the wearer greatly resistant to fire.

The Shadow Armour is no less impressive, crafted with skills now lost to the High Elves. Shimmering and weighing almost nothing, it exists somewhere between reality and the realms of magic, letting it's wearer pass nearly unseen by mortal eyes. Thus can the wearer not only move with unnatural speed, but is far better protected than it's light plate would suggest.

You now own either one of these legendary armours, or an armour of similar potency inherited from your family line. This item can be repurchased for additional armours with similar capabilities.

Anvil of Vaul (100 CP): The stone anvils dotting Ulthuan seem raised up from living rock, and it is said Vaul himself descended from the heavens to create them when the daemons first invaded this world. Whatever the truth behind them, mere proximity to the anvils makes enchantments of all kinds upon weapons and armour easier, letting even a fledgling mage polish his sword and enchant his cape. A smith or mage of actual skill would find these objects greatly enhance their enchanting or metalwork.

Khaine's Ring of Fury (200 CP): In fear of reprisal did Vaul the Godsmith forge eight rings bound to a glittering gemstone, and Hekarti who ruled magic itself design each to embody a single Wind of Magic. And though Khaine was pleased with this gift, their fear and loathing of him drove them to convince Atharti to fight him-causing the rings to be dropped into the mortal world, where Asuryan's law forbade the gods from interfering. You now wield one such ring: The black iron Ring of Fury, which has a single spell of considerable power bound to it you may unleash at will-as well as the power of the Soul Quench: A burst of white light that banishes the souls of what it touches.

And though in the normal course of things only Ring of Fury can have been found, this item can be repurchased up to a maximum of eight times. As for whether or not these rings live up to their legend-or more importantly, whether a mortal can truly wield a god's power-that is a question best left for you to discover on your own. Be warned: Many elves deem it prudent to avoid wielding the power of the gods lightly or to taunt the Lord of Murder with his loss, and even if you discover Khaine' influence is far lighter on the world than he would like many in Ulthuan and Athel Loren, even some in Naggaroth, would find it prudent to avoid whatever misfortune they believe awaits you.

Shield of the Merwyrm (200 CP): Amanar is an ancient, aquatic protector of Lothern's Emerald Gate who slumbers beneath the waves. His jaws swallowed legions during the daemonic invasion. His broad back held Lother high above the tidal waves that swamped Ulthuan, and his tail slapped away much of an invading Dark Elf army away. In the fight, a single great scale was shed and forged into the unbreakable heart of this shield-which seems truly unbreakable by all but the greatest forces in this world. None who bear it into battle could doubt it is a thing worthy of protecting a gigantic leviathan's hide.

Heart of Avelorn (200 CP): Someone must have truly loved you to give you this blood-red ruby-or else you did a fantastic favour for the current Everqueen. For not only does it grant you potent resistance against all hostile magic, but should you fall in battle it will break and restore you to life. In this world, whatever bond lies between you and Alarielle will also be sundered, never to be healed in all the ages of the world, which…may not be quite as bad as it would have been between her and her consort Tyrion depending on *what precisely* your relationship with the current Everqueen is. Needless to say, if Alarielle does not become your companion this is a perfectly meaningless tradeoff in future worlds. Although your investment here does ensure that with each new jump, this jewel will be restored anew to protect you.

Three Insults To Naggaroth (200 CP): The wargear of Alith Anar is no mere warrior's arsenal, and more a declaration of war against the vile Druchii. And while you may not be the Shadow King himself, it seems that somehow or other you've assembled a collection of items that make you a force to be reckoned against it.

The first is a crown, a circlet or some other non-weapon wearable object that grants a single extremely powerful but brief mystic ability. The Shadow Crown's ability to freeze time for the blink of an eye at will has let Alith perform seemingly impossible feats of evasion and swiftness given it's seemingly inexhaustible uses.

The second, a ranged or melee artifact that not only strikes with unnatural force and accuracy but is especially effective against the Dark Elves. It inspires unnatural fear in them and bites past their defences with a seemingly fate-ordained inevitability for their mundane actions to end their lives-and in future worlds, other wicked elves of all kinds will fear it's edge.

And the final object is an actual artifact of Naggaroth with no combat ability, yet carries a modest but extremely useful enchantment-the Stone of Midnight, a gift from Aenarion to Morathi that Alith robbed her of to her mortified horror, is a prime example. It's true value lies in being a dire piece of emotional blackmail to one of Naggaroth's rulers. Perhaps it is a keepsake of Malekith's long-lost wife that holds a great hold over his heart. Or perhaps Hellebron keeps a dread diary about her secret regrets. In future worlds, this item will exert a subtle but highly potent enchantment over one specific important political figure-striking panic into their hearts at its sight, as something they instinctively understand to be of paramount concern to something they value.

Tear of Isha (300 CP): In the oldest legends of the elves, when Asuryan decreed the gods would not interfere in the elves' affairs Isha shed tears for her lost children. Vaul who pitied her forged them into the gems you see before you, and Lileath enchanted them so Isha could watch over her children with them. Highly coveted by the Dark Elves for their great power and held dear by both Wood and High Elves for the sacred covenant they represent, each has a potent but limited mystical ability: Healing, gaining great wisdom and knowledge or commanding the loyalty of those around them as examples.

But their true power is the ability to commune with the gods, perhaps making contact with one such as Khaine instead of Isha-and it seems that like House Coraith and the Everqueen, you have been entrusted with this particular Tear. Normally, the Tears (or objects they are forged into) would burn the hand of any who are not descended from the heroes Asurcain or Caraden, but it seems you have been exempted from those bans. One last thing makes them agonisingly precious despite their untouchability to the Dark Elves: Gathered together, they amplify mystical powers-and it is said with all twelve assembled, the Witch King would gain the power to truly master this world. But through the vigil of both Asur and Asrai, this theory has never been tested.

This item can be repurchased at half price up to twelve times, and if you prefer forged into an item bought from this jump somehow to enhance it with the mother goddess' sorrowful power.

Defender of Ulthuan

A Warforged Inheritance (100 CP): It is not simple vanity that drives many families of Ulthuan to treasure the relics passed down across generations. Many have enchantments that won them tremendous prestige on the battlefield.

The Blade of Leaping Gold is not only never-dulling like many blades of elvish make, but lends supernatural speed and vigour to its wielder-and cuts unfailingly through the armour of the corrupt.

The Reaver Bow belonged to a noble of Ellyrin whose arrows could fly true through stormy winds if he took but a moment to aim-and the enchantment on it that lets it's wielder draw and fire thrice in the span it takes a normal man to fire once, launching arrows with unnatural force, may indicate it was not merely his skill that accomplished this.

And the Star Lance was created at Aenarion's own command, gifted to the nobles of Caledor for their unfailing courage. Forged from the metal of a fallen star, legend has it the Star Lance strikes with the wrath of a Star Dragon and cannot be unmade while the fires of Vaul's Anvil still smoulder. However truthful these rumours are, the armour-splintering supernatural force of this lance's thrusts is not in doubt-nor it's uncanny durability.

You now own one of these weapons somehow, or an artifact of similar potency inherited by your family line. You may repurchase this item for additional weapons, at 50 CP if your first weapon was discounted.

Mark of Asuryan (200 CP): There's no accounting for taste, but for one reason or another it seems you have earned Asuryan's favour. For on your forehead is a glowing rune that marks you as the chosen of the Creator God. Those who strike at you in combat are seared by the holy flames of Asuryan, and woe to anyone who actually kills you for they shall receive a conflagration bearing damage equal to that which laid you low. Especially if you have some means of cheating death like the Heart of Avelorn mentioned earlier, for even a brush with death will ignite the Creator's wrath.

Arms and Armour of the Shining Avenger (400 CP): The greatest weapons of the Phoenix Guard burn with holy fire and swing with unnatural force. The wounds they leave behind are particularly dire, and now you possess some sort of melee weapon on par with the captain of the Phoenix Guard's own Phoenix Blade. Alternatively you may have a bow or other ranged weapon of Ulthuan make that launches ignited projectiles of similar enchanted potency. Few foes are willing to stand up for long against a weapon that can sear through flesh like a knife through butter. Whatever you choose, this comes with plate armour and a shield equally blessed with the sacred power of Asuryan, strongly warded against all malign magics and built to the standards that elves reserve for champions of their most revered god.

The Other Shrine of Asuryan (600 CP): It seems that there is more than one location where Asuryan touched the world with his power, now. The great shrine of flame and the inner temple erected beneath it are particularly striking, for now there are *two* purifying crucible where a chosen prince of Ulthuan can undergo the trial needed to don the power of a Phoenix King…or perhaps if certain rumours are true, convincingly cheat their way to the title. A mage of great power could also draw on it to bolster their spellcraft, as a young Teclis found out when he smote the greater daemon N'kari with its cleansing wrath. Phoenix Guards and actual phoenixes protect the outer temple built around this treasure, vigilant for danger despite the powerful wards placed over it. Yet perhaps the most valuable thing here is the Chamber of Days: A room in which records of all the Phoenix Kings that were and ever will be is inscribed, and the voices of the dead and unborn speak. Within, you may commune to learn all histories of lands and their peoples in an instant. And as a more speculative note, in a manner ineffable to mortal comprehension Asuryan's presence can be felt throughout the temple-sealed from the mortal world, yet capable of subtle guidance and granting potent boons to those he approves of. Daemons and other malign forces are agonised, twisted in mind, under constant pressure of banishment and otherwise smote by this holy presence simply by approaching the structure-and malefic sorceries are just as thoroughly disrupted. Perhaps for one of great character, it may be possible to more directly commune with and request a great boon from Asuryan here-though know that the stern god's patience for the unworthy is fleeting.

Nobility

Purified Pedigree (100 CP): No noble of Ulthuan goes a day without taking pride in the illustrious house his lineage descends from-and what he must do to better its

name throughout history. And for good reason to: Your aristocratic status comes with enough wealth in any of Ulthuan's goods to fill a peasant's dreams or make a dwarf nod in approval. The respect you earn from the rank and file of Ulthuan is almost uncanny, for the elves seldom acknowledge their betters. In times of war, yours will be the command and the counsel requested by other worthies with the expectation that you will rise to the occasion. And of course, when it comes to divide the spoils of war your contributions will be rated far higher than those beneath. As it should be, surely.

Beyond this world, should you wish you may have a noble title and a great deal of material wealth as part of your past there. Never intruding on the rest of your history, but certain to be an icebreaker at parties where nobility counts for something.

And while normally you would be considered just another face among the nobility of Ulthuan, your investment here can make you notable even among the notables. For 100 CP, your title is on par with the sons of Ellyrion who played a vital, if unsung role in one of the Druchii's greatest defeat. And for 400 CP you are in truth a prince of Ulthuan, able to call the likes of Imrik a peer. It is from your ranks that the Phoenix Kings are elected-though alas, with this alone you may not claim descent from Aenarion in truth. Still, with such recognition comes ownership of a mighty fortress of Ulthuan staffed by a battalion of its forces, it's composition entirely up to you, and all the resources and accommodations needed to keep them happy as followers to you in future worlds. Each price here is 50% off if this item was discounted to begin with.

War Crown of (Insert Your Favourite Region Here, Or Your Family) (200 CP): The War Crown is an ancient symbol of the realm of Saphery, inlaid with enchantments so great they could empower an apprentice wizard to cast as an adept-and an adept, to cast like a master. Seldom seen outside the walls of Hoeth except in times of great peril, it would later be gifted to Teclis by his master. But why should Saphery have all the fun? It seems either another realm has invested heavily into creating a similar crown, or else your family has a very impressive head adornment in their storage. Either way, you're definitely its rightful own and it makes your head look very impressive.

You may repurchase this item, at half price if your first was discounted, once for each realm in Ulthuan. If you're really willing to wear a lot of fancy hats for mystical power.

Legacy of the Defender (400 CP): The weapons of Aenarion are forged with skill and quantities of magic that no longer exist in this world, by hands that know no equal among the elves. The quests to restore them would have normally been a long, arduous series of quests for a certain pair of brothers' household-yet it seems Aenarion's coffers were a little less empty than expect, for you have a sword and set of armour miraculously preserved and in your rightful care.

The sword is the equal of Sunfang, so suffused with magic it's every blow is mighty beyond compare and akin to the blast of a spell. It is infused with a fire elemental or a similarly radiant source of arcane power-which can be released with great

force and precision from the blade as a searing beam of radiant light. Four feet long and still sharp as the day it was forged, it was touched by the power of a god in elven form-and it is questionable if a mortal can draw out it's full strength.

As for the armour itself, suffice to say it is of a make forged in Vaul's Anvil itself and of quality beyond compare in Ulthuan's present. The powerful magical shields and intricate spellwork laid into it bolster the bearer's might as well as protect him from blade and spell alike-and render him proof against nearly all fire but that which comes from the mightiest of dragons. The greatest warriors among the elves, armed with incredibly baneful weapons and incomparable training, would have a hard time laying into such protection.

Isle of Rebirth (600 CP): Whether the gods play tricks on mortal minds or the greatest elven mage had more foresight than anyone credited him for, in this and future worlds it seems you've come into ownership of a truly sacred location. A mysterious twin to the Isle of Rebirth, this paradisical island pulses with deep troves of sacred mystical power associated with Isha herself-every breath and step revitalises a visitor. The priestesses of Isha here-each trained to the standard of a Sister of Avelorn-who guard this land view you as one of the few men worthy of treading on it without tasting their arrows; it seems that a vision of the mother goddess herself has entrusted this place into your care. And while there unicorns, pegasi, griffons and other noble beasts of Ulthuan are plentiful among the bountiful forests and abandoned yet pristine temples of this island. It is in its depths that a great temple to Isha herself is built, and the secrets of past, present and future gleaned from the priestesses' visions. The warriors here will defend this isle to their dying breath, but it's truth strength is the sacred magical energy imbued in this land's roots-purer and more divine than that which a merely mortal mage could ever conjure, and so powerful that with it as a font to draw from a Loremaster of Hoeth could raze entire armies. For a being as powerful as the Everqueen Yvraine, it was even possible to draw on the true Island of Rebirth's power and force Morathi herself into flight despite the Hag Queen's mere presence poisoning both her soul and the world around her-albeit at the cost of forever diminishing the power of the Everqueen.

Mage

Talisman of Antiquity (100 CP): Elven trinkets of power are no less treasured than their weapons of war, as many mages will attest.

The Gem of Sunfire binds the essence of the greatest Flamespyre phoenix, and empowers fire-based attacks of all kinds to greater intensity and destructive power through the unspent rage within.

Moranion's Wayshard granted him infallible navigation wherever he went.

And now, you too have something of similar power-too small and wrongly shaped to be an effective weapon of war, but possessed of a mystic edge that will serve you will in both war and peace. You may repurchase this item for additional weapons, at 50 CP if your first bauble was discounted.

The Book of the Phoenix (200 CP): This venerable tome tells the story of Asuryan, an allegorical tale of the birth, growth, glory, decline and destruction that awaits all civilisations. Reading it's verses grant various effects akin to some of Qhaysh's powers. The Verse of Flame Eternal permits casting spells without expending energy, while the Verse of Destruction doubles one's strength. The Verse of Rebirth even lets the speaker burst into flames upon death and be restored whole and hale to life instantly, though it seems the enchantment is impractical to use more than once a battle somehow. While further scholastic study will surely unlock other powers from this book, be aware it's power is not truly yours. Destruction or mystic nullification of the book by some means will prevent you from accessing it's powers.

Moon Staff of Lileath (400 CP): Imbued with the immortal power of the goddess Lileath, this potent artifact pulses with such invigorating power that even a sickly cripple could hold themselves like a hero over the course of a battle. With a smack of the ground, battlefield-warping spells can be smoothly grounded out-and even the simplest of incantations can be amplified into calamitous storms of power. It was this staff that permitted an inexperienced and younger Teclis to not only hold his own against the far older Witch King-but perform awe-inspiring feats such as reigniting and directing the wrath of Asuryan himself. If ever there was a staff that bridged the divide between mortal magic and the works of the gods, it was this one. Even if the wielder were to ascend as a god of this world, this staff's power would remain useful in battle against even greater deities.

Reflection of the White Tower (600 CP): A thousand years of building, a millennium of work by the greatest mages of the elven people, this glorious monument to arcane accomplishment is wreathed in countless webs of geomantic power and monstrous spells. From its crimson banners to its gold-etched runic carvings to the arched windows build into its white walls and the countless waterfalls sustaining flocks of birds atop it's highest spire, this is *the* tower every wizard dreams of one day raising. It even lacks a permanent door; neophytes must announce themselves and be judged worthy so that the walls will ripple back and permit them entrance and exist with a doorway of unique construction. Built in a place sacred to the God of Wisdom, it is thought by many to be capable of enduring beyond the end of the

world. For as the greatest repository of arcane knowledge in all the known world, it's libraries contain everything from maps of Slann temples to spells written by Caledor Dragontamer himself to detailed principles on the underlying principles of the Winds of Magic to the schema for artifacts of legend. The tower has its own sort of intelligence, moving rooms and books around to give you what you need to expand your learning and revealing hidden chambers to those it deems in need of them. Though it rises more than a mile into the air, rings of illusion and mazes of spells ensure only generally only those the archmages deem worthy can even approach it's walls-and the potent spells laid into its walls also guard against all by the slyest of supernatural incursions and divinations. From illusions, to warpings of space that make the tower seem ever-distant or inescapable, to simply vanishing those deemed particularly unworthy, not even its inhabitants know everything about this tower's defences.

This is not THE famous Tower of Hoeth. But apart from whatever support comes from the surrounding kingdom of Saphery, it is certainly an astonishingly similar structure in sheer potency. The mages manning it within have foreseen that your leadership of the tower will be critical in the coming days, and both as academics and masters of the mystic arts even the students among them are forces to be reckoned with among elves. When the nexus of magical energy under the tower follows it into future worlds, their temperate minds might well figure out new ways to integrate the tower's spells with the magics of other world in sprees of friendly competition. And should you wish to educate other worlds in the magic of Qhaysh, their love of learning would make them far more compassionate and patient tutors than most Asur.

Companions

For Honour! (50-400 CP): Nearly all Asur consider themselves social creatures. But a true friend is less common, and certainly worth going to extra mile for. With each purchase here, you may import an old companion into a background in this world or create a new one. Imported and created companions gain 600 CP to spend on what they wish, and are not required to pay for backgrounds with a listed price.

Under Ulthuan's Banner (50 CP each): Behind their mystique and savage ways, the Asrai keep their friends close and their enemies at spearpoint. Each purchase here guarantees you a good meeting with a High Elf or another native of Ulthuan forests of your choice, one certain to at least provide the chance to get to know each other. Better hope you're a big fan of dragons before attempting to talk to Imrik.

Enter the Dragon (100/200/300 CP): Greatest and most noble of their kind, the Caledorian Dragons have lain dormant under the Dragon Spine Mountains for countless years. Though they also have great reserves of magical power, it seems that unlike their distant kin in Cathay most merely channel it through the natural furnace of their breath. Whether or not you know the songs of dragon-waking known to those of Caledor's kingdom, fate has aligned for one of the great beasts to wake from its torpor-and in its aloof wisdom, declare that you and it are destined for some great adventure together. It is a high honour among the elves, and few are those who would challenge your alliance head on.

For 100 CP you have been joined by a Sun Dragon, hot of temper and warm of hide. Powerful enough to tear apart regiments of warriors, rip a manticore apart decapitate a wyvern, the arrival of one can be a decisive force to many mortal armies. For 200 CP you are instead allied with a Moon Dragon, which surpasses their younger kin in might and wisdom. And lastly for 300 CP, your partner may be of two different kinds. Firstly they may be a Star Dragon: Creatures so physically powerful that they may battle even Greater Daemons of Chaos on equal footing, like Aenarion's own steed Indraugnir. On the other hand, you may have instead somehow gained the friendship of one of Amanar's kin: A Merwyrm. In exchange for flight these gigantic, seafaring dragons possess such durability that even a single scale can form the core of a shield surpassing many artifacts in durability, and possess vastness and might enough to drag a Black Ark-a floating castle sustained by the Dark Elves' magic-beneath the waves. It may be far more difficult to bring such a friend to most battlefields, but woe to any who think they can challenge you at sea.

My Sibling's Keeper (100 CP): If you are a powerful mage, then they are a skilled warrior. If you are a noble diplomat, they could be a ruthless Shadow Warrior. And if you're a rather well-rounded sort who's good at everything, then they're the kind of person that would be your rival if they didn't care so much about your wellbeing. Whatever the circumstances of your family, you have a brother or sister elf who'll stick with you through thick and thin until the very end of the world itself. Fate has arranged it so they either have abilities that shore up the areas your history in this jump are weak in, or if you really are good at everything someone with enough talents and abilities to keep up with you. They're the kind of

sibling with a spark of that essential heroism which drives Asur to feats of great heroism, a tendency to speak their mind and a streak of protectiveness towards you, though not without a bit of snark. They're dedicated to seeing you through thick and thin, but in a world so bleak you might have to save them from playing hero at the cost of their life.

The Gleaming Hosts (200/300/400 each): Now moreso than ever, Ulthuan needs heroes-and heroes need someone to tell them where to charge, and when to retreat. Some higher power up the command chain-perhaps even a prophecy by a mage-has accorded you the right to lead some of Ulthuan's military might. Each purchase here shall grant you a High Elven army commensurate to the price paid, who will join you as followers. Note that you can purchase multiple instances of the same tier or even varied amounts of each tier if you wish, and once purchased may combine or separate your forces as you wish. While stereotyped as arrogant and haughty, many career fighters of Ulthuan learn to take a pragmatic tack with potential allies and are flexible when it comes to cooperation.

For 200 CP you have a garrison fit to serve as militia, a border patrol or light cavalry. Spearmen and archers disciplined enough to fight and reload in tandem with elvish grace. Or if you would prefer more professional help, those who are dedicated sailors such as the Lothern Sea Guard. And while they may count as the rank and file by Asur standards, never forget that every High Elf demands excellence of themselves regardless of their assigned role.

For 300 CP your forces boast the elites of Ulthuan. The Phoenix Guard can be rallied to your cause, as can the Swordsmaster of Hoeth whose sublimed skill with the blade is as capable as their arcane insights. A contingent of White Lions can be begrudgingly pulled away from their duties to the Phoenix Lord, and if it is aerial support you require than the Tiranoc Chariots-enchanted aerial vehicles pulled by great rocs-can rain ballista bolts from Eagle Claw Bolt Throwers mounted aboard them. Groups of griffons or phoenixes may also be gathered through this option, as can groups of elven mages.

Finally for 400 you lead an army fit to meet any assault Naggaroth can launch on short notice. Great eagles soar and wheel above your army prepared to harry those with no means of engaging in the skies, while Caledorian Dragons stand ready to teach a harsh lesson in dragonfire. If it is only mages you bring to battle, their combined numbers could unleash truly awe-inspiring destruction comparable to the Sundering-though it may be prudent to guard them lest they be cut down in melee. Even with this option it would be quite uncommon to see a Star Dragon among your assembled forces-assuming there are other units accompanying it, at least. To have hundreds of lion-pulled chariots thunder towards the enemy, to see the Dragon Princes riding out with lesser cavalry behind them, there is no doubt that the only thing greater than your army's martial might is the glory it expects to achieve on the field of battle. Each such force is an army the High Elves would see as a worthy challenge to their race's bitter foes, a gleaming shield against all that would threaten Ulthuan's way of life.

Drawbacks

Malekith Is Not MUH Phoenix King (+0 CP): This is completely outrageous! Teclis would NEVER murder his brother's daughter to pass on the Curse of Aenarion to Nagash, no matter WHAT some damp tart of a goddess told him! Alarielle marrying Malekith? Preposterous! Tyrion butchering his close friends and drawing the Widowmaker? POPPYCOCK! And for the last time Malekith. Is NOT. The true Phoenix King as ordained by Asuryan, who has NOT cursed every Phoenix King since Aenarion with overwhelming pride and paranoia so they would destroy themselves with madness and overwork after deceiving the searing heat of his flames with their sorceries *which is not something the eternally vigilant Phoenix Guard would have permitted.* In other words, with this option you may completely disregard any premises written in the 8th edition of the High Elves' publication history and supplant it with aspects from previous editions or other published material. If you wish the Asur to truly live up to the nobility they profess, this is the option for you.

A Less Illustrious Past (+0 CP): *Not elven?* What a dreadfully dull fate that must have been! Or almost as bad, imagine being one of those Asrai savages or a depraved Druchii! You may retain your continuity with any previous jump set in the world of Warhammer Fantasy, including any events or modifications that happened back then, but you can be at ease now. You are *Asur* now. You're better than that squalid rabble.

A Graceful Decline (+0 CP): There was a time when the elves lived in peace, and the Everqueen was the only authority they needed. A time when Aenarion was nought but an adventurer, sorcery used only for benevolent purposes, elves renowned for their *compassion* if you can believe it and there was apparently a nightmare-haunted young girl called Morathi whose beauty, seduction, politicking and audience with the Everqueen herself could not convince those around her of her prophecies. The time of the elves' glory is gone and all but impossible to reclaim, but that's no reason not to enter this world nearer to it. With this option you may choose an earlier starting date in Ulthuan's history-all the way up to the date Queen Astarielle first took her throne. You may also extend your stay here, up to a maximum of a thousand years past your default starting date. Alternatively you may persist until the End Times have run their course, though if you have any compassion for not just the Asur but life as a concept you are strongly encouraged to assert that **Malekith Is Not MUH Phoenix King** and face a different outcome in the same approximate time period.

Elven Eccentricities (100 CP): There's eccentric, then there's absentminded, then there's you. Your love of abstract reasoning and learning has become something of a problem in your social life, in which you over-explain all but the simplest concepts to your peers and have a tendency to get absorbed in the smallest nuances of a task only to miss it's objective. You're not stupid by any means, but you're rather fixated on a level of pondering, overthinking and going off on odd tangents that leaves you quite at odds with real world problems even by Asur standards.

Dishonoured, Disarmed, Dismissed (100 CP): Your name and reputation have been harshly tarnished in Ulthuan. Perhaps you've been caught red-handed in a

disappointingly petty crime. Perhaps you've slain kin over one you loved-or been accused of such an act. Repairing your name will be quite the quest, and word of your misdeeds spreads quickly wherever the Asur go.

With PRIDE! (100 CP): The Dragon Princes are arrogant creatures, self-absorbed and haughtily indifferent to those around them until it is time to charge. Your sense of self-importance and personal pride is notable even among theirs. Any slight to your character must be repaid with interest, whether a cutting remark or a crude taunt from a primitive orc. No foe can be truly forgiven in your heart until they have been thoroughly humbled at your feet. The way you record and carry grudges would make a dwarf proud-and the gods help anyone who makes that comparison with you.

We're Gonna Need A Bigger Book (200 CP): Many elves have resigned themselves to the Phoenix Crown's loss, but in the War of the Beard an ancestor of yours lost their own trinket to the dwarfs. And the dishonour burns in you like fire. You will stop at nothing, cross no lines and break your word to do whatever it takes to hunt it down-and you know not by now what dwarf stronghold has the thing, or whether or not it has been lost. You may have and pursue other goals, but know that this thing will burn at the forefront of your mind until you reclaim what is yours. Your actions could well reignite the war between elf and dwarf.

And don't think you're getting out of this one by starting before the War of the Beard. There have always been elder races with a chip on their shoulder, and they have something of yours you must have back at all costs. Perhaps you've roused the Treemen to wrath. Perhaps the distant Cathay empire has deemed you guilty of some offence, or the Slann decided that the Great Plan requires your demise.

Pointy Eared Suffering (200 CP): For such a wise and noble race, there certainly seems to be a tendency for the High Elves to take on tragedy after tragedy upon the chin isn't there? You shall now drink deep from this legacy of loss and desecration, for it appears that fate and circumstance errs towards you suffering for the greater good. Your noble squire may die fighting a Skaven ratswarm after a tragic misstep, despite all her training. Your weapons may be withheld by the guards right before a catastrophic magical accident happens near you. It will seldom be directly lethal and never truly impossible to overcome, but as all you hold dear falls apart around you there is a great risk you may be caught injured, flatfooted, in dire straits or in some combination of the above when the *real* threats to your wellbeing show up.

Crippled (200 CP): You may have Teclis' deepest sympathies if you encounter him after attaining a measure of maturity and authority, or you may share some bitter but knowing looks if you meet him in your youth. For withered, wrung out and wasted, your body has been ravaged as his has been by the Curse of Aenarion. It is a struggle to survive, even with the medicines of the Asur, and without great magical talent you fare poorly in a fight. It may still be possible to gain back much of your health, such as mastering magic and obtaining an artifact of great power you can channel it through yourself, but the quest to do so will be taxing in its own right-and the circumstances extraordinary enough to be comparable to the lengths Teclis went to become a merely adequate swordsman.

The Centre Cannot Hold (300 CP): The Witch King did greater damage than he thought, and we will all pay the price. Or if you arrived here before his assault, then perhaps the demons did or Caledor and his mages have been taken poorly. Whatever the reason, the Great Vortex is unravelling at a frightening rate. Already cascades of chaotic energy and blistering winds assail Ulthuan, wracking it with fierce waves and deadly winds. Things will only get worse and worse, and merely approaching the Vortex will soon involve braving some of the most extreme conditions this side of the Realm of Chaos. At the rate things are going, you have less than a year to find a solution before the Vortex does not merely open to the Realm of Chaos-but violently obliterate the world in a blast of eldritch energies. And do not think you can simply run from this without consequence, for even the likes of Teclis or the Slann have foreseen that somehow without your direct involvement any attempt to repair the Vortex is doomed.

Start before the Great Vortex, and a calamity of similar scope is about to happen. Perhaps one of the more malevolent elven gods has somehow found a means to bypass Asuryan's ban and walk the world? Or perhaps some force has roused dragonkind to turn against elves.

Chaos Reigns (300 CP): On second thought, sod the Vortex. A portal to the Realm of Chaos has been created somewhere in the distant parts of this world, and a horde of daemons is hurtling through it even now. Much less weakened by the Vortex than their brethren, the emissaries of all four Chaos Gods advertise their strength and rally their servants in this world to their side. These are not the End Times-the hordes of Chaos intend to be far more direct at dismantling the world if they have their way. And for being the first to know about this breach in the fabric of reality-and therefore the most aware of the need to seal it-many of these daemons seek to silence *you*.

To Catch A Hag Queen (300): That steely gaze. That handsome jawline. Could it be…after all these years, that it is *him* reborn among the Asur? Beware, for some quirk of yours has utterly convinced Morathi, the ruler of Ghrond and mother of Malekith, that you are her true love reborn. Aenarion. In her eyes at least, a *deliciously* implacable and merciless engine of bloodlust, to whom she is devoted to restoring to her side-and accepting the depravity with which she spreads with her every waking breath. If you are not male, then instead she has merely found a prophecy that your soul's sacrifice that will return her lost love. This is the more merciful outcome. Either way the Hag Queen, her agents and their agents will be hounding your steps, attempting to abduct you and warp you with strange magics so she can claim you body, mind and soul by "restoring" her beloved.

Infuriated by his mother engaging in such frivolity, Malekith the Witch King has mobilised the Druchii for a full scale invasion of Ulthuan. Prophecy has informed him your death is vital to ultimate victory over the Asur, and with the power vacuum left by his mother's absence without leave many seek to prove themselves in his eyes. It could be Crone Hellebron, Khaine's bloody-handed maiden who has long envied Morathi's sorcerous gifts as well as having always been favour Khaine's true favourite. It could be Malus Darkblade, an uncannily resourceful and subtly fortunate lord bound to a daemon, whose adventures are the stuff of folklore.

Either way, when Naggaroth's armies seek your demise expect no quarter and think twice before offering any.

You will not avoid this conflict by choosing an inconvenient entry date. Even if the battle described above is invalidated due to one or more players not being present, another great empire or group of elves will seek your downfall.

And if you actually are Aenarion, **may the gods have mercy on your soul. Because even the world ending will not distract Morathi from doing everything in her power to drag you down into depravity with her, and never let you go again. Time and space will not bar her from discovering the right artifacts or gateways to return to you. Fortune will favour her advance. She will be back for you.**

Scenario: The Peace of the Beard

Let's wind the clocks a little over 4500 years before your default starting date into this world. In the Imperial Year -2005 IC, several Druchii raiding parties were dispatched in secret to the Old World with the intention of causing as much strife and unrest between the High Elves and Dwarfs as possible. The Dark Elves achieved this by posing as Asur who were ambushing trading caravans, cheating Dawi merchants out of goods and razing several smaller settlements to the ground. This led to the tighter strictures on Dwarfen trade routes, harsher sanctions on Elves trespassing into Dwarf territory and ultimately the reckoning of many grudges against the Asur they believed were responsible.

It is the year -1997 in the Imperial calendar. Gotrek Starbreaker, High King of the Dwarfs, wishes to avoid war. He is however unaware of the civil war of the elves due to their pride refusing to let them speak of it to outsiders. He will send messengers to Ulthuan demanding to have the attacks explained and ask why the current Phoenix King, Caledor II, did little to address it. Alas, though he was chosen for the sake of stability Caledor II is everything his father is not. Foolish where he was wise, rash and impetuous where he had been a great general, he will demand that Gotrek come to Lothern and beg for it. The dwarfs will be outraged and Gotrek himself angered, but again in the name of prudence will send ambassador Grimbok to demand recompense.

This is the moment that ignites the War of the Beard, and such eternal enmity between elf and dwarf alike that in time, *dwarfs will have a higher opinion of **Druchii** than Asur*. Caledor will completely deny the charges, refuse to even investigate them and in a bout of uncontrollable anger shave off Grimbok's beard. There are no words at all in human culture for what a grave insult this is in dwarf culture. There will be war between elf and dwarf, characterised by thousands of years of battle in which the dwarfs are astonished by the huge armies and disciplined infantry of the elves while the elves in turn will find their fortress cities frustratingly impregnable and their enemies implacable beyond reason. It is a battle where forests will be chopped down by vengeful Dawi simply to spite elves, while tarns and underground lakes will be poisoned to spread a great sickness among the enemies of the elves. One that will end with both races' military strength spent, and Gotrek cutting down Caledor II to take the Phoenix Crown as recompense. Thus inspiring an equal resentment in the elves at this affront.

Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to prevent this outcome. Using whatever means you deem fit, prevent the formal declaration of war between Ulthuan and the dwarf kingdoms. Investigate the plots of the Druchii and expose them, and speak truth to Caledor II if you dare-or if you prefer not to deal with elven arrogance at all, bring it to Gotrek and counsel him on a prudent means of redress. Perhaps involving a third party could throw a spanner in Malekith's schemes?

Your reward is commissioned by the most prudent dwarf statesmen and the wisest of Ulthuan's princes, in gratitude for the lives you spared: **A mastercraft suit of armour partaking of magic from both elves and dwarfs.** With all the skill of the Priests of Vaul, and all the genius of the Runelords, the way it partakes of both

Dawi and Asur aesthetics is a true symbol of hope for what elves and dwarfs could accomplish together rather than in opposition. Three runes of great power are scribed upon it: The Rune of Brotherhood that lets this armour's wearer quickly assimilate the mundane skills of their allies, the Rune of Oath and Steel that fills you with supernatural endurance and skill in order to fulfil an oath you have sworn and the Spelleater Rune that grounds out most magical attacks. As for the elves' contributions, the armour has been built in the fashion of Ithilmar mail-which is lighter than silk and stronger than steel-in addition to the more traditionally dwarf-style plates protecting critical areas. The hundreds of glittering gems inlaid on blue lacquer let you achieve instantaneous short distance teleportation from nearby harm, and the cloak woven into the armour lets you become semi-illusory at will-limiting the effectiveness of magical and physical attacks, as well as making it harder to be seen and with some difficulty pass through mundane physical barriers.

It must be said that unless truly monumental cultural barriers are overcome, save for these farsighted benefactors gratitude is likely to be thin on the ground. The Asur still hold themselves to be the only worthy protectors of the world, and while stayed from open war the Dawi will inevitably grumble about the fickle foibles of outsiders. Caledor II himself might carry something of a grudge for his hotheaded instincts being so stifled. But know that the legacy of a war avoided has not only greatly held back the decline of both elder races, but sown the seeds for a strong alliance against their mutual enemies.

Scenario: Serenity Dawns Eternal
(Must be female)

Staunch defenders of the world's borders against all the cruelty and depredation of Chaos, that High Elves struggle to live up to the lofty ideals they extol even as all too often they fall short of them. Outsiders may bemoan the trading of slaves permitted in Lothern if not Ulthuan proper and be shocked by the perniciousness of noble politics, but one facet of Asur society is truly sacrosanct: The reign of the Everqueen.

Divine representative and avatar of Isha's might manifest in the mortal world, the Everqueen is unquestionably the equal of the Phoenix King-yet not elected, but a hereditary line of the Everqueens' eldest daughters dating back before even Aenarion's ascent to the throne. The Everqueen stands as both a political powerhouse-often peaceful and introverted as a balance to the Phoenix King's expansionist outlook-and a spiritual guide to her people, her very presence standing as a sign of Isha's favor to the High Elves and purifying the very land around her with the verdant bounty of life.

And yet, while Avelorn itself is unquestionably the domain of the Everqueen even this icon has not always been well-treated by the princes of Ulthuan. Though Aenarion was deeply in love with his Everqueen, it has not been uncommon for marriages between the Everqueen and Phoenix King to be strictly political in nature-or for an Everqueen to take numerous consorts alongside her king. Old rivalries and factional politics abound at the Evercourt of Avelorn, and as Alarielle found to her sorrow even those aside an Everqueen can often feel isolated by being revered as an icon rather than appreciated as a person. And all too often, Phoenix Kings feel unobligated to assist their co-ruler, as Yvraine learned to her sorrow when her husband-to-be failed to come to her rescue-forcing her to fend off the vile Morathi's attempt to steal her powers on her own.

Perhaps you think yourself worthy of the challenge, however.

Take this challenge, and you may retroactively replace the current Everqueen of the elves at whatever starting date you arrive in **gaining all the powers detailed under Evercoronation automatically**. By default, this is Alarielle but with A Graceful Decline you may be an Everqueen of an older generation. Do bear in mind that your *exact* starting date may determine just how many generations' worth of Everqueens' knowledge you have to draw on, as well as how much Ulthuan has declined and how entrenched elven politics have become in both your court and the Phoenix King's.

Your first of three trials shall start to take effect after a week. A conspiracy of elves will wish to do you harm, it's scope uncertain and it's motivations unclear-at first. Few are foolish enough to directly challenge the Everqueen, but you may find that your close subjects grow bitter with each other for unclear reasons or act oddly. Simultaneously, swathes of foul magic shall taint significant parts of Ulthuan-and while you are capable of cleansing them, you cannot be everywhere at once, and deducing the pattern of their appearance will be linked to unravelling the conspiracy around you. Without any interference, in a few months the

conspiracy will become prevalent and emboldened to perform assassinations upon you-attempts as vile as brainwashing another elf into a sleeper agent armed with a vile curse, or slipping poison in your goblet. **Defeat the conspirators in order to cease the ravages they inflict on your homeland.**

Your second trial is one in the arena of politics, not war. The princes of Ulthuan will be pushed to a once-unthinkable decision: Power must be centralised in the Phoenix King, and the Everqueen should be…not retired, not HARMED certainly, but stripped of all executive power to become a merely ceremonial spiritual leader, as it is surely the frontline defenders of Ulthuan who know best. Even if you dealt with the conspiracy swiftly and with aplomb, an external disaster tied to said conspiracy's ultimate cause-perhaps a naval invasion from Cathay, perhaps an grievous attack by goblins-shall inspire fear and doubt among the princes sufficient to make them sincerely feel that it must be a king who leads Ulthuan alone.

Resolve all challenges to deprive you of your rightful authority, in whatever way you see fit. Though stubborn and prideful to a fault even by elven standards, with skilled rhetoric and *great* patience it may be possible to show the princes the error of their ways. On the other hand, the princes are not so far beyond reason that if you raise enough support from the masses they may grudgingly concede they cannot monopolise power. Do note while it is *expected* for the Everqueen to take a gentle hand in such conflicts, there is nothing preventing you from resorting to more extreme measures…other than potential public fallout to the Everqueen's ruthlessness.

How the Phoenix King himself reacts to this movement will vary on his individual temperament, though many are close enough in mind to their fellow princes to heed their guidance over the Everqueen's-and some, such as Caledor the Conqueror, would be rather elated to assume full control of the Asur nation. And while Aenarion certainly isn't if you start early enough, consider his outrage on your behalf leaves little tact for how he handles a serious insult to your station-potentially leaving your people divided and weakened for the threat to come.

Your final trial shall be the revelation of the conspiracy's mastermind, who for one reason or another is determined to bring ruin to Ulthuan. This is a force akin to Malekith the Witch-King, Nagash, an exceptional orc such as Grimgor Ironhide or one of the more prominent Greater Daemons of Chaos. At their side is an army comparable to any the others could field. It is possible to engage them early-though know that the nature of the conspiracy established beforehand is such that they have had ample time to plan and ready the invasion without considerable interference. And yet-whatever the nature of this force, it shall never be so great that a unified Ulthuan cannot withstand it.

That is the true nature of your final challenge: **To lead, guide and inspire Ulthuan's armies to victory against this unknown foe and defeat them and their forces.** Though the Everqueen has traditionally not been expected to lead in war, you must prove to all Ulthuan that you are just as vital to its defence as the Phoenix King. If you have no taste for combat, bolstering the defences of Ulthuan's leylines and restoring it's land and people can prove just as vital for the war effort if able leaders are part of the defence. If you do, your foes' greatest strengths can

also prove their greatest weaknesses against you; beings of dark magic or Chaos are seared by your cleansing force, while foes native to this world may potentially be defeated nonlethally with deep insight into their motivations for fighting leading to a diplomatic solution-or bewitchment.

Your reward for proving once and for all your right to the Everqueen's crown, apart from being able to **keep your Everqueenship**, is **Avelorn and all upon it you wish to follow** appearing with you into future worlds-where it may become either a Warehouse attachment accessed by a verdantly decorated door, or appear somewhere in the world as you please. This blessed land includes a free purchase of the original **Isles of Rebirth** as well as swathes of territory enriched by the presence of the Everquen over generations. Nowhere else in Ulthuan personifies the joy and prosperity of the elven experience, and wondrous animals ranging from silver wolves to golden bears will heed your orders as keenly as any elven subject. Moreover, in the course of your adventures should you have forged a strong bond of some sort with any one elf, you may take them as a **free canon companion** on your journeys. Whether as a romantic attachment between a queen and her champion, a sisterly bond between another who has proven vital in your ambitions or something stranger.

Scenario: Against The Sins of Naggaroth
(Must be male)

The office of Phoenix King originated not in the electorate of Ulthuan's princes nor indeed in times of peace at all, but in the valor of a hero willing to char his flesh and sear his soul to save his people. Yet as the elven spirit falls into darkness, as the toll of Chaos' corruption transforms the legacy of its greatest defenders into its most bitter foes, new foes to all the world have arisen: The Dark Elves,

Soon after your arrival Malekith, the Witch-King himself, runs out of patience with his countless failures to claim the throne of the Phoenix King he views as his by birthright. Too long has the cinders of his first thwarted attempt to claim the Flame of Asuryan for himself simmered in his charred flesh. Sick to his heart of the ruinous reflection of his own tarnished soul that he has made the Druchii into, tormented by nightmares of the ending of the world and his ignominious demise under a rock. Abandoned and unloved by the last elves in the world. He craves Ulthuan-*needs* Ulthuan-as a starving man needs food, as a drowning man needs air. As, in fact, a son who knows he has failed his father in every way needs the ultimate validation only the crown of the Phoenix King can provide.

And Chaos, as always, is generous to those whose reach exceeds their grasp.

Within weeks of your stay, you shall see a spate of raids, assassinations and other vile acts of subterfuge inflicted on Ulthuan and all allied with it. Merchants found with their throats slit and strung up. Princes poisoned in their own manors. Foul creatures of the Warp set loose on peaceful villages. There is no honour to this cloak and dagger violence, only malice akin to that of the Skaven or Chaos Dwarfs.

Within months though, the reason for all this will be obvious: Malekith has decided to lay siege on Ulthuan in a final all-or-nothing assault. And from that frenetic desperation, has finally seized the motivation to set his house in order. He has performed a brutal culling of the more treacherous nobility in his court, raising high those such as Malus Darkblade to simultaneously offer opportunities for those downtrodden to rise in his esteem. He has formerly acknowledged Tullaris Dreadbringer as Khaine's chosen, and showered that bloody cult with sacrifices that have sent all of Naggaroth into a bloodletting frenzy. He has even formally sealed Ghrond, and-rumour has it-imprisoned his dread mother, dragging her kicking and screaming to the dungeons so that she may finally face his iron fisted justice for wrongs in the past. Any sorceresses still part of his army number among those willing to surrender, utterly, to his authority.

But though the Hag Queen has been execrated from her lofty position, the hordes of Chaos nonetheless follow the Witch-King's banner. Barbarians from the north, foul beastmen, even a contingent of Chaos Dwarfs bribed by Naggaroth's deep coffers. And of course, his ace in the hole: A quartet of Greater Chaos Daemons sent to burn Ulthuan to ash on their own terms. For such is the fury wracking the Witch-King that if Ulthuan does not yield once more, he will gladly risk unravelling the Great Vortex and condemning it to destruction.

Vilitch the Curseling, fused forever to his brother by the will of Tzeentch.

Azazel, Prince of Damnation. Betrayer of Sigmar, and raised to the lord of the Ecstatic Legions by Slaanesh for that deed.

Festus the Leechlord. Once an Imperial physician, who sold himself to Nurgle for the cure to all ills-only to be driven mad by knowledge of disease.

And Valkia the Bloody, dread consort of Khorne. Who slew a Daemon Prince of Slaanesh as a mortal woman.

You will not rise to the throne of Phoenix King by gladhanding with the princes, who doubtlessly hold their own counsel amidst rising panic at Naggaroth's lack of care at concealing their war against their kin. No, you shall do this by **protecting Ulthuan from the dread siege, crushing all threats to it's way of life and defeating the Witch-King.**

You need not fight on the front lines to do this. But you must play a pivotal role in the conflict to follow, and prove vital to the victory of the High Elves to prove yourself worthy in Asuryan's eyes of being anointed as his true champion. Be wary: The old god is set in his ways, and has tolerated much to retain a hope for Malekith to redeem himself. Still, he respects a will strong enough to sacrifice itself for the greater good. After all, Aenarion was not a king before he stepped into the flames.

At any point during the siege and it's buildup, you may cast yourself into the Flame of Asuryan to try to gain **the power of the true Phoenix King**. Your strength shall be bolstered such that a mortal champion could overpower a Greater Daemon, your speed such that your blade cuts faster than the eye can see. Yours shall be a piercing insight into the workings of the universe, an awe-inspiring charisma, an iron will and a fiery presence that is a bane to all malign forces. However, to obtain the power of these flames you must step into them **without any form of magical protection provided by others** and with **steely conviction sufficient to withstand the flames burning their power into you.** If you are a true son of Ulthuan, firm of faith in your worthiness to Asuryan, you may do this immediately-though know that the princes of Ulthuan would take umbrage to any other than their chosen Phoenix King attempting to brave the flames.

On the other hand, whether you require the faith of your god or your people first apart from the usual hardships of siegecraft there are will be several opportunities in which whether with the power of the Phoenix King or your own prowess, you may have an opportunity to turn the tides of battle. You know not when they will present themselves, are not required to involve yourself in them and have no guarantee of arriving on time at the start of each-but all are nearly certain to occur at some point as the siege progresses-and represents an opportunity both to prove to others you are the champion the elves need in this dark hour, and to yourself that you have the resolve to withstand Asuryan's trial. **The following examples are not prescriptive or exhaustive, but stand as examples of how such events may play out.** Depending on how the war will drag on you may encounter **as many as listed below or far fewer**, though in the initial month of the war it is unlikely you will encounter more than **one.**

Aid the twins: Both blessed and cursed by the bloodline of Aenarion, the Warden of the White Tower Teclis and his mighty brother Tyrion are foremost among the defenders of Ulthuan. As the forces of Naggaroth surround Ulthuan, Teclis has set his mind to an ambitious plan of defence: To rekindle the spirits of the Phoenix Kings preserved in Ulthuan's waystones, and tie their power to the Great Vortex in order to create a barrier of purifying magic against the Druchii onslaught. He would gladly accept any mystical aid to locate and activate the waystones, as well as assistance of a martial bent: Teclis has become aware that Tyrion's squire, Galifreius, has been killed and replaced by an agent of Morathi some time before the current conflict-and would like disposed of. For reasons of his own he has neglected to inform Tyrion of this, and though equally fervent about Ulthuan's defence his brother far prioritises leading a vanguard against the heart of the Druchii vanguard. Ostensibly commanding a defensive war to buy time for his brother's rite to complete, Tyrion has nonetheless identified several Druchii fortifications that a skilled strike force could devastate. In private Tyrion has begun to entertain a terrible, costly last resort to end this war: Drawing the Sword of Khaine. On his lonesome, he remains reluctant to do that horrific act unless the war seems truly unwinnable…but one who has fought at his side could tilt his decision either way.

Rally Saphery: Though Saphery is peerless in the pursuit of knowledge even among other elves, in terms of combat experience it's elves leave something to be desired. The accursed warlocks and scheming sorceresses surrounding the Tower of Hoeth with all manner of curses and calamity may not benefit from the trove of lore within-but are more than capable of cutting off supply lines, turning the unwary into sleeper agent assassins and poisoning the land with foul eruptions of Dhar. Even the swordsmasters of Hoeth are curtailed by the bickering mages trying to put their priorities in order, even as the tower's formidable defences are tested by Malekith's war machine. It would take a mage skilled in both oratory and mysticism to unite them in common cause, bringing to bear the full might of elven magic-or a peerless leader.

Rescue the dragons: Long dormant, it is only recently that the dragons once hibernating deep under Ulthuan's mountains have begun to awaken and select new riders once again. The Druchii both hate and covet the bond your people have with these creatures, and a contingent of beastmasters has begun a lightning raid on the caverns beneath the Dragon Spine Mountains to capture their eggs-and are not adverse to slaying the dormant beasts if they are unable to break them to their own purposes. It would take a truly heroic effort to protect the elves' oldest allies from extinction-or to discovery a means to revive them, lending their considerable might to the war.

Win the Shadow War: Alith Anar and his Shadow Warriors have focused their cold fury at Naggaroth's latest and greatest atrocities into a plan of unprecedented daring. Malekith's desperation is as much his greatest weakness as the source of his army's monstrous strength-for in throwing all he can afford to and more against the walls of Ulthuan, he has left Naggaroth itself comparatively unguarded. Alith has plotted a campaign of subterfuge and assassination running counter to the Druchii army's advance: His goal being to cut a bloody swathe down the logistic trails left by Malekith's army, kill several of his most trusted generals-and leave

him waiting for the blade coming for his throat, all the while sending his forces to the Witch-King's fell, chill land and torching it to ashes. He knows that a token garrison has been left behind, of course-but only the least favoured and enfeebled of the Witch-King's subjects. Ships may be sunk with this daring scheme. Weapon and food stocks despoiled, vital intelligence on the Witch-King's schemes seized and all hope for Malekith to ever rebuild his power base should this campaign come to naught sundered. In his cold, hate-filled heart Alith harbours a degree of guilt for leaving Ulthuan without his protection in its direst hour of need-yet sees this as the fastest way to prey on the Witch-King's fear, making him withdraw to cover what belongs to him. At whatever point you join his crusade, a dedicated warrior or eloquent speaker might humble Alith into restraining his grudge to better protect the innocent of Ulthuan instead…or tempt him with a crusade even dearer to his heart: An attempt to assassinate Malekith himself.

Guard Avelorn: Embracing the Flame of Asuryan is only one facet of the legitimacy Malekith feels he requires. Marrying the Everqueen, of course, is the other. Rapacious and merciless, his forces will storm Avelorn in pursuit of the Everqueen Alarielle. Though far from defenceless, even she will be hard pressed to withstand the sheer ruthlessness of the destruction and death wrought on her homeland; Malekith has decreed he wants the Everqueen *alive* with no other qualifiers about her wellbeing. If ever there was a need for a hero to rise to the occasion against the slavering hydras, the ravenous Kharibdysses and the merciless black dragons besieging this sacred grove-now is the hour.

Protect the Empire: Malekith does not lack scruples with regards to what to target when his mind is set on war. For years, Teclis has sought to enlighten the Empire through the Colleges of Magic; that alone is enough reason for Malekith to tear it down. Some among the heretical human mages acknowledge him as lord, and when given the signal will be all too eager to sow disorder and destruction throughout the Empire. Few enough among the elves share Teclis' protective mission towards the humans in earnest, and casting out both its insurgents as well as their Druchii masters may well end up raising Ulric's fury against the Dark Elves.

Parley with the dwarfs: This is not an event that will come to the minds of any of Ulthuan's leadership. The idea itself is borderline unacceptable-to *request help* from another race, let alone one that has fought the bitterest of wars with the Asur? Unthinkable! And yet…what if you were to succeed? To raise a diplomatic expedition, and bring the revelation of how it was Malekith's treachery that truly engineered conflict between elves and dwarfs. To find compensation worthy of, if not resolving every elven entry in the Book of Grudges, then at least convincing the dwarfs to put them aside lest the Witch-King's ambitions destroy both races? That alone would be the feat of one who deserves to rule.

Hold Chrace: Once the chokepoint through which the forces of the dark elves invaded Ulthuan, Chrace is now more than ever endangered by the forces of Naggaroth storming through it. It is no longer just Dreadlords and manticores that devastate the environment-now daemonic beings threaten to corrupt and mutilate the wild beasts that the high elves call friends in arms, and push it's diligent patrols to their breaking points. It seems almost impossible for anyone to make a difference here-and yet, time after time Chrace has withstood lesser incursions.

Perhaps in the right time and place, a hero could make of Chrace not a place of death-but a place of vengeance, sharp and accurate as the locals' arrows.

Reinforce Tor Yvresse: Once, Grom the Paunch nearly razed Tor Yvresse to ash. It was only Eltharion's valor to defend it that saw the once-glorious metropolis rescued-and soon, Eltharion will be committed elsewhere when Black Arks fill it again. In a repeat of history, none other than Grom the Paunch himself and his forces will be revealed as one of the Dark Elves' allies, and given a second chance to ransack Tor Yvresse. Whoever stops this rampage would be lauded by its citizens-as well as Eltharion himself, for doing what he could not.

Arrive to the Asrai's aid: Though the Wood Elves profess neutrality in Ulthuan and Naggaroth's conflict, Malekith's patience with this arrangement has come to an end. His agents have arrived in their woodlands, revived their dread foe Morghur and heralded his return with blasts of dark magic tainting the forest as well as daemonic warriors that have set out to destroy the cycle of life the Asrai are bound to. Other members of his embassy seek to ingratiate themselves with Ariel and her court by offering "assistance" against these intruders-all for the low, low price of ending their neutrality, of course. Tarry too long and Malekith's agents may even forge a strong alliance with an unexpected ally: Drycha, who hates the Asrai enough to agree to almost anything so long as it includes their extermination. Rooting out these despoilers and cleansing the taint they have wrought will be a trial unto itself, but also potentially the key to rousing the Asrai to war against the Druchii.

Recruit the…Hag Queen?: Oh. *This is a bad idea.* Should you attempt to locate where Morathi has wound up in the midst of all this, other eyes may take interest. A thorough investigation of Ghrond may turn up a startling fact: The sorceress imprisoned in the tower's throne room is *not* Morathi. The Hag Queen has long since fled Ghrond with her inner circle and their closest followers, a secret Malekith has taken pains to conceal lest his army's loyalties be further divided. Whether or not you discover this, investigate long enough and you will be approached by an unassuming elf with a simple offer for you: Assistance magical, political and martial for you, in exchange for certain concessions amounting to an amnesty and a modest share of the war chest after Malekith's forces are defeated. For Morathi lives. She promises the capacity to wreck absolute havoc on Malekith's forces: Bewitching both men and women away from their posts, raining magical devastation on his transportation at the worst possible moment and turning the dark magic of the Druchii on him in ways not even the Witch-King himself can match. Even the greater daemons Malekith fields remember that his mother was a business partner of sorts to their kin long before his birth, and may find themselves less proactive when they realise she may have a better offer-or a favour left with one of their rivals to call in. If this association is successful enough Morathi may even publicly reveal her survival and denounce her son-dealing a drastic blow to his army's morale. Too far away to personally attempt to bewitch or seduce you, the Hag Queen shall couch her offer in terms of being a concerned and almost repentant mother realising to her grief that her son is beyond saving-appealing to your own presumed wish to protect the world with the efficiency of her methods.

If you actually *are* Aenarion, unfortunately for you Morathi will show up in person and do everything in her power to convince you that you are both on the same side and that your son needs to die. Somehow.

Even with odds as grim as these, there are a number of silver linings to consider. Naggaroth's forces are truly committed-by force of Khaine's bloody zealotry-to an all-or-nothing attack on Ulthuan; purifying Malekith's forces of their Khainite zeal may sap some of the binding morale if the war does not go well for them-or encourage them to seek self-interest above the Witch-King's demands if it is. Not only has the Witch-King's yearning for the Phoenix Throne leave his forces vulnerable to being flanked or backstabbed by forces that can get around the brunt of his assault, but he has never been more vulnerable to manipulation regarding his self-declared birthright-being particularly desperate for the Flame of Asuryan. Furthermore, he is no true champion of Chaos in his heart-and is unable to make the daemons he has called forth truly dance to his will, so much as vaguely name objectives for them to enact and move his forces out of the way before they approach those objectives in accord with their natures. Gone is the unity displayed in Aenarion's last stand; friendly fire directed against Malekith's forces should they prove annoying or inconvenient is very much a possibility if their goals can somehow be identified and put at cross purposes, as is the daemons turning on each other due to their conflicting masters. And last but not least, the pacts and rites Malekith has used to endow his army with such devastating allies as reinforcements have not come without cost. His army is wracked by the taint of Chaos-subtly at first, but as the war progresses even the elven constitution will be hard-pressed by the accumulation of taint in his camp, or the occasional harrowing sacrifices needed to sustain his allies.

Sooner or later, you must confront the fact that so long as Malekith lives this war will never truly end. **The Witch-King must be defeated personally** to bring an end to this madness, and few would dare challenge him on the battlefield so openly. He remains a master of blade and spell thousands of years old, encased in armour proof against both and an iron will convinced that he must take what is his now or never. Only a mage of Teclis' calibre could prove his better at spellcraft, only a warrior of Tyrion's skill anything approaching a worthy opponent-and neither can fully encompass what he is capable of. But then again, he has never fought both at once-nor with an ally such as yourself. Cut him down or smite him in battle, and he will fall literally choking on his ambitions as he struggles for anything to keep him in the fight, his last sight in the world likely a shining exemplar of all he failed to be.

On the other hand…as implausible as it sounds, despite everything Malekith is not completely beyond reason. He is implacable and bitter yes-but also sincerely convinced that without him on the throne, the elves as a race are doomed. A truly skilled and patient orator may be able to make him question his own motivations, under the haze of anxiety that inspired this desperate battle. As the toll of war and Chaos rages on a diligent interrogator of the Witch-King may discover that under all his fury Malekith is driven by shame. He has failed once already, and every day that passes without complete victory is further proof he has failed to live up to his father's example. Should the war drag on without his desperate, vainglorious attempts to doom all along with his ambitions coming to fruition or his

conquest succeeding Malekith will find it harder and harder to deny the pointlessness of all he is doing. The pacts with the greater daemons and many of the lesser ones are bound specifically to him; if he can be made to see how pointless his reign would be when all is corrupted by Chaos, it is still technically within his power to banish them. As he slips into ennui from the realisation of what he is doing, as his orders become increasingly unfocused and pointless, a day may come when Malekith truly loses the will to fight. To execute him now would be little more than a relief. Sparing him for whatever reason would condemn Malekith to the knowledge of being remembered as his people's greatest enemy since the daemons themselves, forever a scapegoat preserved by his own immortal armour.

See the elves through all this, and even the most cynical prince of Ulthuan will be hard-pressed to deny that whatever their elections claim you have earned the title of Phoenix King the way it should be: Through fire and blood. Your reward is to keep **the power of the Phoenix King**, as well as a **kingdom of elves the equal of any in Ulthuan** to take under your banner into future worlds. Any canon characters who agree to join your court in some fashion may be part of this kingdom.

Additionally, if you managed to forge a close bond with the Everqueen during this ordeal, you may take them as a **free companion** on your adventures even if they wish to maintain a separate court. **Avelorn** will follow them into future worlds, along with your own kingdom. While assumed by most to be romantic in character, a platonic friendship is fine too.

…and furthermore if, through any combination of circumstances, you also managed to convince Morathi to come along on your adventures **you may also take the Hag Queen with you.**



This is a bad idea

Go home

Stay

Move On

Notes

If you somehow *are* Aenarion prior to taking Blood of Aenarion, you do not have to (presumably by some convoluted scheme involving Be'lakor) be your own ancestor by some convoluted mess of space-time. Instead some omen has marked you for an even greater fate than previously anticipated, with all the effects of the perk it entails. Perhaps the Dragon With Two Tails has reappeared in the sky? Perhaps the gods have appeared to you in some fashion, to bestow a new blessing?

Unless separated by reasons of gender, scenarios may be taken together as long as they occur at a time period after diplomatic relations between elves and dwarfs are irrevocably soured.

It's assumed that Against The Sins of Naggaroth takes place at some point after the second Chaos invasion, but if due to A Graceful Decline it occurs in circumstances where Malekith has no logical reason to want Ulthuan that badly-assume that comparative foes and challenges exist appropriate to your time period and that the rewards-while somewhat changed by context-remain roughly equivocal. Perhaps it is Grimgor Ironhide who is courted by Chaos. Perhaps it is Morkar himself you face rather than an imposter in his armour.

If you take To Catch A Hag Queen and use Serenity Dawns Eternal or Evercoronation to replace the Everqueen, Morathi isn't *quite* insane enough to mistake you for Aenarion. Rather, she simply has a coldblooded and ambitious fixation on stealing your powers for herself. This ruthless, singleminded motivation is arguably preferably to the prolonged manipulation and corruption she would otherwise have in mind.

If Against The Sins of Naggaroth is taken with To Catch A Hag Queen, Morathi's escape preparations are even more advanced. She has her own faction of bewitched Chaos marauders, daemonic servitors, devotees within the Cult of Khaine and misguided elves from all factions sufficient to match-in lethality at least, if not numbers and battlefield supremacy-the forces her son would have otherwise been able to muster from a less fanatically unified Naggaroth. And *gods help you,* with this humiliation quashing any lingering affection for her son and forever ousting her from the power she clung to for so long **you are her only priority.**

If it has to be said, yes: Taking Against The Sins of Naggaorth and setting yourself against Malekith while genuinely being Aenarion is, one way or the other, playing the scenario on easy mode.