

Warhammer Fantasy: Wood Elves

From the foreboding promise of predatory creatures to the folklore of fae abductions, there are many reasons why the forests of Athel Loren inspire fear in outsiders. But to the Asrai, or Wood Elves, it is home. Not for them are the turbulent ambitions of the Druchii or the civilised arrogance of the Asur, and indeed they hold themselves to be the only true elves left in the world due to their ability to embrace both light and dark in their souls. Perceiving the cycle of life and death as a grand Weave, the Wood Elves celebrate and honour the natural order they call home-but even in them, the taint of Chaos has awakened a distrust and isolationism compounded by the natural arrogance of those who value the world in ways most mortal races cannot.

It was in the latter years of Chaos' first invasion that Astarielle made a fateful bargain with her old friend the great Treeman Durthu: Her children's safety, in exchange for a tithe of elven souls in the future called by the profound magics to serve as wardens and caretakers of the woods. Though the Asrai too have nobility and military, theirs is a permissiveness and flexibility of culture centred around one thing: The defence of the woods, and the necessity of death to promote life. All Asrai can be considered rangers after a fashion, skilled in bow, blade and survival amidst the woods. Moreso than the other elves, they have a love of the wild places and a feral joy in the hunt.

Their leaders command a unity among their subjects both belittled and coveted by their warring kin. The Mage Queen Ariel was once one among many elven colonists lured by the forest, but she was the first to commune with the spirits inhabiting it's trees. Anointed as a living aspect of the goddess Isha herself, her abiding love for all life is as intense as her wrath for the threat of fire and the axe raised against the forest her life is bound to. Her consort Orion is no less wondrous: Once a mortal lord who fought in defence of Ariel, now a mantle who goes willingly to his funeral pyre each midwinter-and reborn from the sculpted flesh and infused spirit of hunter god Kurnous on the first day of each spring, a chosen Asrai prince dying each time for the great honour of joining the spirits that make up the forests' martial champion.

But for all the skill and ferocity that the mystic forests of Athel Loren can rouse in times of need, all is not well for the Asrai as the world dims. Migrations of foul, Chaos-touched Beastmen haunt their beloved woods, slashing and burning what they do not corrupt with their mere presence. In the south, dwarfs and men of the Empire alike see only lumber and kine in their homelands. Many of the Treemen and their Dryad attendants grow enraged with the discord brought, knowingly or unknowingly, by the elves into their lives. And perhaps worst of all, the allure of dark magic has left a shadow on the Mage Queen's own soul, one she has yet to fully excise despite returning from long contemplative exile to lead her people in their time of need.

Take 1000 Choice Points (CP), and be welcome under ancient boughs.

Locations

You awaken somewhere on Athel Loren, be it the prosperous realm of Talsyn or the sombre Ashenhall. The paths between them are mostly untamed, but whatever your background you are likely accustomed to such wild lands anyway. Whether you are one of the Mage Queen's many subjects or laid claim to this land before they arrived, it's vitality and untamed grandeur echoes in you.



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. It is a dark time for the Asrai, and speaking truth to power has as much to recommend as experience.

Additionally, any of the origins below may be taken as a Drop-In option instead.

Origins

Kindred of the Glades: Whether you are a common marauder of the woods or a landed lord of Athel Loren, your calling to serve the Mage Queen and defend the woods is of far greater import than your birth. Taught to track and hunt amongst the rough woods from as soon as you could walk, you are undoubtedly an adept archer even by elven standards and as at home in the wilderness as in the courts of your people. You are the watchful eyes in the darkness that peasants fear, and the last thing a vile creature of Chaos sees before your blade meets its throat. Now as the forest strives to regain what it has lost, you stand ready to defend it against all foolish enough to set foot where they should not.

Spellsingers (200 CP): Born with the gift of magic, you learned quickly to protect yourselves from the ravages of untamed power by joining your mind to the forest's consciousness. Shaping your path of learning along the roots and branches around you, you have delved into arcane secrets in ways few elves not born to Athel Loren could even imagine. It falls to you to be the diplomats of your kind as well, your far sight making you more adept at defying the suspicion and aggression your kin harbour for most mortals. And as the balance between mortal and nature seems to head towards a tipping point, your talents are needed more than ever to save the Weave of life few understand they are intrinsically part of.

Beast (Free/200 CP): Moreso than even the Asur, the beasts that serve the Wood Elves as something more than kine are considered more as brothers and sisters in battle than unintelligent servants. And so it is fitting that for free, you may be an animal native to Athel Loren that would not look out of place among their war parties. Perhaps you are already the mount, or perhaps an occasional ally that has fought alongside the Asrai on many occasions. From a hardy horse to an elusive and fickle unicorn, to one of the many hawks, shrikes and eagles with wingspans between ten to fifteen feet long, your inability to pass as an equal in most mortal societies is compensated by a tremendous vitality and physical prowess known only to the life magic-rich lands of Athel Loren. Alternatively you may be a particularly illusive members of the Asrai, with shapeshifting prowess (or perhaps, a dire curse) that has gifted you with one such animal form you are particularly comfortable with.

While you have great latitude in determining what manner of beast you may be so long as it could reasonably be found in Athel Loren, there are two exceptions for which you must pay 200 CP that also mark the upper bounds of primal might you can have through this background alone. The first is a forest dragon: A green-scaled breed of dragon warped by the forest magics into an extension of the ambient plant life's will to live. Like all dragons, your scales are hard enough to scatter most projectiles in this world, your talons can rend through buildings, and

you have the might to fight an army of mortal men. But instead of flame you breathe a soporific emerald vapour that sends most foes into a stupefied daze-leaving them easy prey for you without risking deforestation.

And as for the second option, you may choose to be a forest animal anywhere between the size of a squirrel and a stag that has consumed an acorn from the Oak of Ages. Such is the might possessed by animals so infused with the forest's magics that a single squirrel could stamp most of King's Glade flat, and only the combined armies of three high realms finally slew the beast.

Treefolk (300 CP): Long before the coming of Chaos or even elves, the mysterious Old Ones planted the seeds and saplings of the forest that would one day dominate Athel Loren as part of their grand experiment. Unique in all the realms of the world, that forest's trees possessed voice, thought, intellect-and the capacity to protect themselves by manifesting spirits that the daemons would later sense were somewhat similar in nature to themselves. Counted among the most powerful of those spirits, long ago you chose to join your essence with a living tree. No longer intangible yet still immortal, your will shaped and drove the tree into a massive humanoid form. For you are now counted as one of the Trefolk: A true embodiment of the forest's will to live, and connected to it on a level that even the Asrai can never comprehend such that you can physically merge with it at will.

Depending on your gender, your morphology may take one of two forms: That of a female Dryad, adroit shapeshifters capable of assuming unearthly elven forms with a supernatural glamour about them or more robust wooden warforms in which their bark-covered bodies can rip most mortals limb from limb; in both, their swiftness and agility often let them strike the flanks of encroaching armies before even the Asrai. If you are male you may instead be a Treeman, and while you lack the gift of changing form from your wooden appearance you do boast strength and resilience that is a near match for that of a dragon-capable of shattering stone with your blows and toppling foes simply by stomping the ground. Your more consistently arboreal form also lets you send writhing roots up from deep underground to drag foes beneath the to feast on their flesh and bone. In both cases, you boast magical powers over the forest and what lives within it that dwarf those of most elves in both experience and power. Your spiritual nature also makes you heavily resistant to both enemy spellwork and the psychological tricks practiced by mortal races, and your magic suffuses every blow your strike at the enemy .

As a final note generally Treemen are known for their wisdom and a great warmth of character somewhat alarmed by how rapidly even elves seem to return to dust in their eyes, while most Dryads are spiteful, merciless creatures with hearts of ice dedicated to exacting vengeance on Athel Loren-and to their duties as handmaidens of the Treemen. But as both Treemen and Dryads are increasingly changed by the downfall of the world, admittedly often for the worse, there is no need for you to conform to such stereotypes if you do not wish to.

Perks

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

Elfin Grace (Free, exclusive and mandatory for Kindred of the Glades, Spellsingers and Beasts if their nature is that of a shapeshifters): You are of the Asrai, and with this comes some benefits setting you above others of your kind. Where the Asur are stately and the Druchii are alluringly dangerous, yours is a feral fleetness of hand and foot as well as a body honed by relentless survival in the wilds that arguably exemplifies the elven potential for celerity even compared to your distant cousins. 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 your kind chose a bond with the sentient forests of Athel Loren which safely stows your spirits among the lifeforce of the forest. Sometimes, the elven soul slumbers. Other times, it returns as a true creature of the woodlands, lesser kin to the Treefolk.

All elves are naturally swifter and more graceful than mankind, and the Asrai exemplify not just this athleticism but the keen instincts for how to apply it in an environment far beyond the confines of civilization. Born hunters and survivalists, any Wood Elf is expected to be self-sufficient and capable of navigating the hidden paths and branch-clogged ways of the forests. And while their taste for political intrigue is far lessened by their natural isolationism, in their own way the Asrai are no less sophisticated or manipulative than either Asur or Druchii-the threats and half-lies told to enhance their mystique only another layer of defence for the forests. 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.

Playing With Tin Soldiers (100 CP): How foolish, how credulous is a human mind to fight for such trifling concepts such as honour and chivalry. It is almost laughable how willing such fools are to cast away the forge and the gun in order to build kingdoms dedicated to the first damp maiden to stride out of a lake before their eyes, but why not make the most of such opportunities? Your haunting voice and bright, inviting smile lend you a dramatic presence fitting any fae out of human folklore, making it easy for you to intimidate and manipulate humans into doing your bidding. Misrepresenting the act of dying to preserve your borders comes naturally to you, and you have a keen grasp of what to say in order to bend humans to your will. Just remember that while the entire lie Brettonian society is built on was inflicted on many generations, more sceptical or fanatical humans

such as those of the Empire or the Norscan raiders will be less open to your...convenient truths.

Lone Ranger (100 CP): In the Winterheart, the forest's spirits lie still and slumber, for the bitter, eternal cold inhibits their very being. Therefore, the Elves defending this land have learned to stand as Eternal Guard without the aid of the spirits, and for millennia have repelled all comers this way. As an Asrai, you too have learned to stand without reinforcements even in the face of overwhelming danger. Your resolve and ingenuity grow all that much greater to compensate for the lack of reinforcements when they are not forthcoming. As a forest spirit, the protection is somewhat different; the lethargy other spirits feel in winter no longer affects you as strongly, allowing you to fight on in defence of the forest. Perhaps you are the spirit of an evergreen tree? Regardless, you are filled with far more energy than most spirits and are far more driven to use it, especially in defense of that which you consider your homeland.

The Promise of Laurelorn (200 CP): Can beings of flesh truly not come to an understanding with the plants that lived when much mortal life was young? You reject this cynicism. Like the elves of Laurelorn you are proficient at devising agreements, stipulations and limitations that leave both mortals who do not understand the Asrai's ways and woodland spirits satisfied sustainably, if not quite happy. *That* is where your cheery, smooth-talking way with words comes in handy. For a fae-touched isolationist, you have a great talent for patter that can put a man at ease and win his heart, as well as translating mortal needs and limitations to Treefolk and win their friendship with pacts and assurances. Coexistence will not be easy, but with you around there is a chance for it not dependent on constant intimidations and manipulations.

Any God In A Storm (200 CP): The Asrai make little distinction in courting the favour of the Elven gods, and worship them in accord with their natures. Asuryan's righteous judgement is just as palatable as Khaine's vicious temper when circumstances allow, although their reverence of the natural order does drive them to prize Isha highly and accord just as much respect to Kurnous for embodying the will to hunt. Though subsequent events may reveal the gods to be closer than anticipated, you in particular have an unusual amount of favour from them.

Gods of all sorts both here and in future worlds not associated with all-subsuming, utterly malignant forces such as Chaos favour you more than others-a noticeable advantage over a reverent devotee, though still below that which is shown to truly direct representatives of the divine. A divine revelation may last longer and with better clarity so that you may grasp what it means, a surge of godly strength and courage may last for just under a minute where it would normally endure for only a few seconds. Their followers shall be made to understand intuitively that no harm should come to you and reasonable aid provided, and there's just a bit more beneficence on the table when you perform the usual rites or acts to earn their favour. This favour sharply rises when you act in the role of a divine instrument of punishment, or otherwise honour a god with violence so long as it is fitting there extant tenets, for it seems the gods view you as having the makings of an ideal holy warrior-such that the gods may act directly through you in support of your

actions. As Orion leads the Wild Hunt to express Kurnous' nature, as Ariel represents the more martial half of Isha's presence in this world, so too will you be feared as divine judgement incarnate.

Eight Winds In Balance (200 CP, 1 Lore free for Spellsinger): The Druchii know well the allure of destruction. The Asur pride themselves on the purity of their spellcraft. But the Asrai's magical disciplines is a mix of both the ancient tutelage predating the first daemonic invasions, and a pragmatic study of the dark magic seeded into Ariel's soul by Morathi. Unfettered by their kin's ideas of how magic should be practiced, the Asrai combined the natural elven aptitude to master all Winds of Magic with skill and insight beyond most races with a profound connection to their woodland homes, with a unique gift for communing with and reshaping the forest-changing the course of a tree's growth to create structures without ever needing to cleave wood for example, or reshaping the woodland paths to slow enemies or hasten the progress of allies with mere persuasion rather than raw power. Such intuitive wisdom, while lacking the comprehensive study of Asur or Druchii, is powerful in its own right. And with each purchase here, you may count yourself exceptionally talented and gifted in one of the following Winds of Magic:

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 its associations such as enlightenment and purification.

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

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

- Qhaysh (400 CP, discounted Spellsinger): 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 Qhayash 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.

- Dhar (400 CP, discounted Spellsinger): One lore stands above the rest in both power, and danger. A bleak perversion of the Slann's teachings invented by Morathi, Dhar represents a crude, corrupted merger of multiple Winds bent to create a desired effect. Each casting risks damaging the world and consuming the caster if it's fury is unmitigated-in exchange for far greater power surpassing that of the other Winds, and defying many of the conventional limits of conventional spellcraft. Users of Dhar have been known to call down eldritch thunderstorms and tendrils of darkness to siphon vitality from their foes-or even steal their souls outright, to use in rituals or simply as leverage over rivals. The empowering applications of Dhar can empower other spells with unstable or destabilise a nexus of magical energies to devastating effect. Even the fabric of reality can be torn asunder with Dhar, whether to unleash unspeakable creatures on foes or to unleash the famous Arnzipal's Black Horror: A black cloud of roiling energy that drags unlucky targets screaming into its depths, never to be seen again.

Beware the risks of this power, for while without her first forays into it that made her spare Morathi-and opened the door to the insidious and irrevocable corruption of her soul. It took a grave sacrifice that forever tainted Durthu's own soul to prevent her from running amok, reshaping the forests into nightmarish forms and driving many of her subjects into derangement. It is known that Morathi hid many of her best secrets, and perhaps it is the intuitive approach to magic of the Asrai that makes them particularly susceptible to Dhar's allure. Yet at the same time, it's unrivalled destructive power is undeniable. Even with her divinely touched powers and all the forces at her command, it was only by wielding Dhar that Ariel was able to breach Ghrond's walls in the first place.

Student of Daith (300 CP): Only in Torgovann is the flame considered sacred. In the Forge of Starlight, the Anvil of Vault, can the greatest smiths of the Asrai be found. The Elves of Torgovann are thus the armorers of Athel Loren, providing the enchanted shafts its archers use and the swords and spears of infantry and cavalry alike. As an Elf, you have the potential to one day match the master of this land himself, and you already have skill at the forge that would astound Men and surprise any Dawi who came thinking to correct you. While a wooden body makes smithing more difficult (though not impossible) for one of the Treefolk, your time

around the Elves' forges has vastly mitigated your physical form's natural weakness to fire. Indeed, the flame may be your ally now.

Ancient Sentinel (300 CP): In this realm where life strives harder than anywhere else to live, the hard-won skills and honed bodies of those able to survive in Athel Loren are great boons in their own right. With this twist in your fate, not only is your age extended to be deemed a senior by your race's standards but it comes at no penalty to your health-and more importantly, a significant amount of experience and accomplishments in whatever your field of experience is. If you are one of the Treeman, this confirms that you are one of the mighty Ancients among them. If you are a Wardancer, you may consider yourself a Shadowdancer-swifter than your peers while also incorporating illusion and other shadowy magics into your deadly dances. And even if you are a mere animal, your instincts and brawn make you far stronger than your younger kin. In future worlds, you may also consider yourself to be extensively experienced and accomplished within whatever the natural lifespan of whatever you are is-perhaps not to the level of a truly legendary hero, but enough so your contemporaries know you as a cut above the rest.

Kindred of the Glades

Forest Stalker (100 CP): There is silence in the forest. And then the air fills with arrows, and the bodies of unsuspecting soldiers with unseen blades. Such are the uncanny ways of the Asrai's fighting traditions in which you have trained in, eschewing the disciplined ranks of the Asur or Druchii in exchange for using the environment to their advantage as well as stealthy ambushes like any other natural predator. You are acrobatic enough to easily balance amidst any branch that can support your weight (and some many would assume could not) while fighting, and your keen aim could put a thrown knife through a man's unarmoured spine at short range.

Wanderer of Mystic Groves (100 CP): Fleet of foot and swift of hand even compared to other elves, the Asrai are accustomed to fast travel over vast expanses of the otherwise forbidding woods. As such, you too have a raw acrobatics and athleticism native to those skilled at finding their way over gnarled roots and reaching encroaching armies before they're even seen. Moreover your sense of navigation is uncanny, able to find your way even through the mysteriously time-dilated portions of Athel Loren's woods or the wending ways of the living forest with a bit of luck.

Born to Bow and Saddle (200 CP): It is one thing to be an archer and a horseman, for these things are expected of the Asrai-it is another to master the hunting arts above and beyond most of them as you have. You have tracked men over many miles without letting them know of your presence, and in the time it takes an elf of average calibre to draw their bow you could put three arrows on an unerring course towards a distant target. With spear and sword in hand, it would take a knight of great skill indeed to unseat you from your mount-and so deft is your horsemanship that the spikes and spears many infantry hope would end you can be deftly avoided. None could look upon you and doubt that there is something of the predator in your spirit.

Wardancer (200 CP): Roaming the secret ways in tightly knit troops, you are one of those who celebrate Asrai history in intricate song and dance-and as a servant of the trickster god Loec, dance also accompanies your approach to war. To a Wardancer even other elves move painfully slowly, for in forgoing armour your kind practice an instinctive pattern of lethal movements in which each leap and pirouette deftly evades your foes' blows while ending their lives with strikes so impossibly swift they seem to come quicker than conscious thought would allow. It goes without saying that you are quite the accomplished musician and dancer too. Even in times of peace, your tricks and japes keep the rest of your kin on their toes.

Attendant of Isha/Kurnous (400 CP): The gods' representatives are more in need of good help than ever, and it seems you have been found worthy. For you are counted amongst Orion's personal guard, you have become a fey, immortal and dangerous creature no longer entirely elven in spirit. Wild, impulsive and prone to deadly frenzies, you have stood at the pinnacle of martial prowess and the hunter's art among the Asrai for centuries. Though your ceremonial garments are animal hides and your weapons crude iron, yours is an otherworldliness gifted from the blessing of Kurnous empowering your might and stamina-one that inspires an unnatural fear in your foes, as well as respect in your allies. Already powerful enough in body to contend with the mightiest heroes of elven ilk, a series of talismanic tattoos also grant you tremendous protection against spell and blade alike. And last but not least, you ride a Steed of Kurnous you may summon at will-a manifest aspect of the hunt in the shape of an elk as tireless and determined as you are, swifter than any mortal mount and capable of devastating charges with its own unnatural strength.

And as a consideration for your investment here, while like your brethren you are made stronger and more ferocious in the presence of your liege, Orion, after this jump so long as you fight in defence of a natural ecosystem that same empowering presence will give you strength-as if Kurnous himself blesses your deeds.

Glade Lord (400 CP): Born to one of the noble houses of Athel Loren, yours is the responsibility of commanding it's armies and keeping your domain free from intruders even in times of peace. But with responsibility comes the wisdom of authority, and so not only are you a seasoned general by elven standards well versed in the unconventional, hit and run tactics that make the Asrai elusive yet deadly foes but you are also an adept administrator. Managing a town of mortals unversed in the ways of the forest while ensuring proper growth amongst the woodlands is a skill your house prides itself on accomplishing. And last but not least, your title grants you a specific mystic benefit: The Arrow of Kurnous. At the opening of every battle, the first arrow you let fly at a foe within line of sight flies with uncanny speed and accuracy to hit without fail. A strike so empowered by divine forces cannot be stopped by mundane armour, only supernatural forces. A fitting warning to those who would trespass on your domains.

Lileath's Favour (600 CP): Araloth was not always a hero, but you and the craven lordling he once was share at least one thing in common: A chance encounter with the goddess Lileath, who chose him for a great and mysterious purpose to defend the elves in the coming dark. And like him, it appears that this mysterious

benefactor is working to set in motion a destiny of similar scope for you. Fortune and circumstance will align to raise you up and become all that you can be, freeing your fears to unveil your steel will or even destining your children for messianic roles as Araloth's own daughter was. Typically such a role positions you as a defender of the world in its time of need-but in gentler worlds, it need not necessarily put you in danger, though you will be drawn to places and people that can speed you on your way to become capable of rising to the challenge. As Araloth found when his time came, such a role is not necessarily a combative one and you may find yourself diverted from the most climatic events of the world in certain circumstances-only to do or be the one thing that can secure the preservation of life and happiness. In this world, there is a high chance that you are intended to become the analogue of an elven god. In others, you may be working towards some other but similarly prestigious accomplishment if it is more suited to that world-though with this alone, you shall not know the hour. Only that the night is always darkest before the dawn.

Hibernating Divinity (600 CP): Ariel and Kurnous may lay claim to the greater rule of the forest and have a fair claim to being the most potent native gods within, but are they truly the only ones? The rumours about blind Lord Daith, most celebrated of elven smiths and *perhaps* he who forged Aenarion's own dragon armour, may have a great connection to Vaul than some suspect. Similarly, though you lack the awe-inspiring connection to the forest's magical energy that empowers Ariel and Kurnous to such heights you too have the shard of an elven god's soul bonded to your own. Subtle, much lessened from its ancient heights-but still gifting you with tremendous mystical power-and granting you a talent that elevates you above mere mortals. Mystically significant circumstances, tremendous magical power tied on an inherent level to one or all of the Winds of Magic and powerful artifacts may permit you to do more with your fragment of godhood than subtle empowerments both physical and mystical-though the Asrai generally bow to the course of nature in such matters.

One imbued with Ereth Khial's power would have a dreadful hold over death's energies, and be able to kill with a touch. The miracles of Mathlann would hold sway over the storms and the seas, and perhaps with great mastery of a Wind of Magic manifest sea-like conditions on the land. And yes, with this you may be a second aspect of Kurnous or a third of Isha-though if so, as mentioned earlier for whatever reason you do not have the same connection with the forest as Ariel or Orion does.

Spellsingers

Hear the Leaves (100 CP): Beyond simple spellcraft, the root of Asrai magic lines in communing with the branches around it's practitioner. Like any decent Spellsinger, you are therefore adept at joining your mind with the flora around you. It is a strange sort of consciousness to navigate even for an elf, but the tradition is long-practiced and you have grasped it as well as any who pursue the Spellsinger's calling to. It may be difficult to describe what having a conversation with a forest is like to the uninitiated, but the information it provides on encroaching outsiders is invaluable.

Blessing of the Ancients (100 CP): You draw power not from circle or sacrifice, but the foliage around you. The vital pulse of life in plants empowers your spellcraft, the rustle of the leaves calms your mind and ensures the spells you shape are less likely to go awry. It is a modest boost to your mystic capabilities, one many elven mages of non-Asrai pedigree would scoff at. Yet there is one great advantage to it: You need only be within an area that is mostly covered in foliage to access this boon.

Of Light and Darkness (200 CP): None save the Mage Queen know the true origins of pure Naestra and wild Araham, the Sisters of Twilight who speak with her authority and are acknowledged by Orion as such. But whether they are truly a splintered elf-maid, divine beings in their own right or simply Ariel's daughters you have somehow discovered a taxing rite that can perform one interpretation: The idea they are literally the darkest and lightest aspects of Ariel's spirit made manifest. Like that theory, you too are capable of splitting your passion and mercy from your soul, achieving greater clarity as well as two helpmates that resemble the type of being you are. And while they are roughly as physically and mentally capable as you are, though perhaps more youthful in form, each also has unique mystical abilities as well as mundane but finely honed skills befitting the aspect of yourself they embody. Best of all, their conjoined destiny permits each one to rapidly regenerate from all but truly supernaturally potent deaths as long as the other does not die soon.

Speaking Truth To Wood (200 CP): Spell singers are not eccentric to be confined in a tower, but the designated ambassadors between Asrai and outsiders on the rare occasions when such things are required in good faith. For yours is the deftness of tongue and wordplay required in order to talk a cantankerous forest spirit into serving the Asrai's goals not through coercion, but a convincing argument of common purpose. Your elven tongue is no less deft when it comes to assuaging or pleasing other mortals, your experience in handling trees translating surprisingly well to such tasks. This is not merely deception, but an appealingly enchanting voice that makes the things you say sound all the sweeter.

Deepwood Coven (400 CP): Yours is a high honour: To be a Sister of the Thorn. Pledged to subtlety and sorcery to serve Ariel, your exact origins are much less clear than those worthies chosen to ride at Orion's side. While you lack their ferocious might, there is much to recommend in lieu of that: Not only are you truly unageing like your queen, but you succumb to injury only briefly and heal swifter than mortal flesh should-withstanding blades and most spells alike with such

regenerative power it equals many magical wardings. And while not quite as martially inclined, you still have extensive training with javelin, knife and other forms of weaponry over many ages-as well as all the poisons of branch and briar, to turn blood to fire or snap bones from desperate convulsions. Finally, you are skilled in a form of fae-like magic that draws on the primal mysticism of nature as adroitly as the practices of more structured elven wizards. You know curses that can sap strength and induce all-consuming rage, among other things. But you also possess a mystic understanding of the balance between life and death that let you perform equivalent exchanges that are the stuff of fairytales. Imbuing young warriors with peerless battle-skill, in exchange for stealing the kindness from their

souls. Staving off death's hand in exchange for a chosen life offered as a sacrifice. Bringing love to a forlorn elf-maid, but stealing her firstborn child years later. For it is your solemn duty to enforce the balance of nature, for which you are loved and feared by the Asrai. And finally, to represent this with regards to the magic of this world should you somehow botch a spell you may will yourself to take wounds from its backlash, instead of suffer the more unpredictable consequences of a spell going awry.

And due to your investment here, if you wish you may have these powers while being male. Perhaps you have forged a strange compact with the forest to give yourself such gifts. Perhaps you simply impressed the Sisters with your dedication so much you were permitted to break tradition and join; after all, the Asrai are least concerned with tradition among the elven kingdoms.

Perfectly Balanced (400 CP): Something of the Asrai's magical practices has sparked a revelation in your soul that you may put to good use both in this and other worlds. You are now capable of wielding both corruptive and holy or otherwise purifying magics or other supernatural abilities without one interfering with the other, advancing in the ways of both. Those malign magics may still carry their usual risks on your soul and the sanctified ones lose no other restrictions-but at the very least there shall be no undue consequences of necromancy or the Lores of Chaos tarnishing your ability to study and wield Hysh, for example. Such insight also comes with a great talent for designing magics of all kind that incorporate both forces in equal measure without invalidating either force's essential power, and a modest talent in both Qhaysh and Dhar. Perhaps one day you'll forge a spear that combines all the finesse of the Stave of Avalorn with the soul-rending destruction of Heartrender.

Mage Queen To Be (600 CP): It is a fact few sworn to her care to remember, but once Ariel herself was "merely" the foremost mage of the elven colonists called to Athel Loren's shores. It was simply she that had the aptitude for magic and the reverence for the forest that allowed her to forge a connection with the mystic woods before any other. And now, there is another. You are a formidable mage of that ancient tradition predating the split between Asur, Asrai and Druchii, and while you lack the comprehensiveness of training shared by luminaries of Ulthuan or Naggaroth you also remember many ancient traditions forgotten by those who dwell amidst cities. By yourself you would "merely" be considered a great mage as opposed to a true legend of the age, but there is one thing you have over your peers: A great connection with the forest's magic that suffuses you with its immense magical energy, and a deep understanding of how to care for and bond

with such immense living beings. By practically sharing a soul with the foliage around you, not only can you draw on far greater raw power on short notice than any living mage on short notice but your awareness of all territory within the forest and the living things therein is sharply expanded too. Spells that could reshape forest paths and sculpt trees into buildings could instead grow miles of forests with a wave of your hand. In future worlds you shall be similarly adept at forging a symbiotic relationship with arboreal lifeforms of all kinds-the wilder, older and preferably more spiritually powerful the better. With such a profound

connection to the woods, it may fall to you to restore balance where others fail in the near future.

All Shall Love Me, And Despair (600 CP): But on the other hand, *to hell with balance*. What's it ever done to you? Did *balance* protect the forest from Morghur, or breach the walls of Ghrond? No. It was Ariel's reckless, desperate experiments with dark magic that gave her the destructive power to overcome both foes-and from that daring, you've gleaned opportunities for *power*. Your mystic power over flora and fauna now paradoxically empowers corruptive forces and magics of all kinds, expanding their scope and feeding them tremendous power just as the natural world nurtures the wolf as well as the fawn-and the former grants you power over the latter, albeit warped in its image. The power to corrupt and destroy in you is not only amplified by your power to heal and cultivate-you have gleaned insights into both that let you master a twisted blend of the two forces, insidiously corrupting all those under your rule without them noticing for example or created virulent magical plagues that have death's lethality but also life's capacity to adapt and overcome. Already with this alone, you have a modest aptitude for Dhar-by Druchii standards at least, though you have delved further into the art than most Asrai dare. Perhaps in time, you could transform the woods of Athel Loren into a Dhar-tainted, carnivorous swamp capable of corroding even daemons. After all, you *are* helping life survive at all costs in a sense, and even better to actually *do something* instead of decline slowly in squalid isolation...at the expense of what many consider the sacred balance that makes it worth living.

Beast

Wise Eyes (100 CP): Predator. Prey. Mount. These are the roles assigned to any creature that walks on four legs-but there is something about you that defies such judgement to huntsmen. Somehow, you have a profound means of expressing yourself through a combination of body language and your eyes. This is no true telepathy, but your feelings and the awareness that you are a sentient being will be so clearly communicated that even a human huntsman would think twice before shooting you. With a few more vocalisations and gestures, you could functionally communicate without need for the spoken world.

Two Minds As One (200 CP): There are many great riders among the elves, but only one nation of them honours their steeds with equal courtesy-and with good reason. Yours is the gift to coordinate and adapt to a fellow hunter's strengths and weaknesses in combat, no enchantment to be broken but an intuitive, instinctive tactical adaptation that sees the two of you fighting as if you had done so for most of your lives. This sensitivity towards the slightest movement or gesture of your rider or fellow hunter makes you equally adept at predicting and avoiding the strikes of your foes. Let that idiot keep his blunderbuss, you'll strike right when he needs to reload.

Nature's Strength (400 CP): Even the mightiest mage respects the raw power of life imbued into a fearsome beast. It seems you're a particularly hardy specimen of whatever lifeform you are-or perhaps, have simply had more time to grow into your strength-being between two to three times the size of what you normally are and boasting a commensurate boost in strength and resilience with no loss of

agility. Natural weapons of all kinds are enhanced by the raw power of life too, with forest dragons for example counting among the far deadlier venom dragons which are toxic and poisonous inside and out, while with this an Asrai could move swiftly enough to keep up with a vampire and dent metal armour with their blows.

White Hart (600 CP): Like that fabled beast spoken in terms almost akin to a demigod, it seems that you have become an extension of the forest's will to survive in a way that does not require you to forsake your flesh. Your hide is radiant, shining with the purity of life's radiant joy to simply *be*, awing many who look upon you-and all flaws in your body are cleansed by the life-giving energies within you. More importantly, your lifeforce is forever bolstered by that of the forest-making you many times more resilient and enduring than even a creature as sublime as you would appear to others. If slain in the woodlands without overwhelming mystical force or malign forces like Chaos or Dhar, your body shall simply reform from the earth-a process that can take weeks in the depths of Athel Loren, or months in the sparser reaches of less magical forests. And while this grants no particular faculty to use it with skill, it also grants you a great infusion of Ghyran and Ghur magic drawn from your connection to the woodlands. Even with little fine direction for such gifts, these magical energies will transform your form and perhaps develop powerful magical gifts such as spreading the forest wherever you walk or granting your horns a cleansing touch that will make you one of the forest's grandest legends.

Treefolk

Will of the Forest (100 CP): It takes a strong will to withstand all the sorrows and losses a Treeman may witness over the course of his life, but endure they have. Your resilience to emotional losses is considerable, your determination to defend all you hold dear unflagging. You may grow jaded with the world and bitter at those who once called themselves your allies, but you will retain a keen awareness of who to spare and drive to strike down your enemies even after withstanding losses no mortal can truly comprehend.

Wisdom of Eons (100 CP): Your memory is not that of an ordinary elf, able to retain all the sights and memories of times gone by. Despite the turn of seasons and the passing of years, the Treeman and their Dryads have taken the long view of events that have shaped their home-events in which the rise of the Asrai itself was a relatively brief matter. And while this does not necessarily confer great intelligence, however old you are the wisdom of your unfailing memory likely raises you in esteem among mortals.

Caring For Mayflies (200 CP): Durthu was not always the wrathful slayer he is in the present. In his younger days it was his counsel and wisdom that taught the Asrai how to commune and live in harmony with the forests-and you have his talent as a mentor. Your soothing tones and keen insight into the balance of life make you a fine orator for breaching the divide between man and flora from the forest's point of view, and it is your talent to explain the alien mentality of the forest you are connected to. Your empathy for the mortal condition also makes you an excellent advisor, able to put many problems into perspective with the greater harmony of life's natural cycles.

Natural Weaponry (200 CP): All Treefolks are deadly when roused to wrath, but it seems you have a little extra that makes you particularly dangerous in a fight. It may be that vines of poison ivy grow around your body. It may be that spiked branches can exude from your bark (or skin. Somehow) to impale those in a grapple with you. Or perhaps your leaves can somehow reshape themselves into blades at will? Regardless, it seems the forest has made you into a particularly gifted weapon against all who would threaten it.

Passion Given Life (400 CP): Many Treemen are accompanied by lesser spirits that nestle among their great forms, but not all make use of them. You, however, do and have. At will you can release some of these spirits to inhabit nearby trees, raising a small entourage of beings akin to lesser Treefolk similar to yourself to do battle against your foes-or accomplish other tasks. Moreover, an emotion you feel strongly enough can give rise to new spirits from your own substance which while generally too lesser to possess trees often have lesser magical talents to express what they embody. While some darker passions may induce what you may not always wish to feel in accord with their natures, all are ultimately devoted to your survival.

Share the Load (400 CP): In his last moments, Adanhu proved that whatever his doubts about the Asrai he would not permit the woes of the world to compromise his compassion for all life. You too are capable of similar feats of nobility, for you have the mystic ability to drain corruption into yourself. It may prove trying to remove the curses afflicting a whole forest, but if they ultimately stem from one sorcerer then taking on their malign magic could save much of the surrounding environment. As a final blessing your resistance to corruptive effects of all kinds is greatly increased. If Adanhu had your blessed invulnerability, he might have survived healing Ariel-weakened greatly in both mind and body, but not beyond her help to be rejuvenated in full.

Briarmaven of Woe (600 CP): The wretched elves...*the wretched elves*...it's their fault, all theirs, for what's becoming of the land you once ruled! Or perhaps you are one of the few Asrai that resents how certain of the Treefolk have treated your kind in turn. Regardless of what it is that has lit a fire in your soul, your spite and wrath empower your strikes and magic-lashing out with greater strength against your foes. Every wound you take only makes you hit harder, faster and leave more long-lasting wounds, and you possess an aptitude for malign magics such as the Lore of Shadows. It seems your fate is to be a bringer of disaster and calamity, because your surging hatred also seems to set in motion worst case scenarios for what you wish to see destroyed. Vile ancestral enemies seem surprisingly willing to cut short term deals, best laid plans fall apart and complex rituals short out as you approach to deliver the final blow. Your mounting rage at what has wronged you fuelling the suffering brought about by your ancient. Vengeful. Wrath.

Circle of Life and Magic (600 CP): Long before the first elven mages, the Treefolk grasped the Lore of Life in ways known to no mortal. In you, those powers are particularly well-concentrated; if you were an ordinary Treeman many would deem you to be on the cusp of being deemed an Ancient, and if you were an Ancient already you would be deemed a great power even among your peers. Your intuitive and intimate knowledge of life's energies permits you such control over the forest

that beyond it's roots and shoots, you understand how the land and even space and time can be distorted through the ancient powers embodied in plant life.

All your prowess and ability to cultivate flora is enhanced as if by a god. With no magical training you could sow a bountiful harvest in a little over than a week, with magic befitting a spellsinger of these lands you could spread a couple acres of trees in a manner akin but much lesser to what Ariel herself can accomplish with a little aid. A being as powerful as one of the Treefolk could accomplish an enviable miracle at great cost: The power to grow new outposts of Athel Loren's magical forests overnight the size of a small village, expanding their borders or perhaps creating a new enchanted, supernaturally vital woodland in distant lands. It will likely take great lengths of time and sacrifices of life force for new Treeman to emerge-if it is at all possible-from those outposts, but the promise of new life at all is a wonder to the forests in these troubled times.

Items

All items are discounted by 50% under the relevant background header. Discounted 100 CP items become free. Having disdained the fruits of civilisation, animals do not get item discounts.

General

The Hunter's Garb (Free): Primitive but surprisingly tough animal hides that impede your movement far less than any metal armour. Blades of such quality your Asur cousins would marvel at how your seemingly primitive kinfolk could create such wondrous craftsmanship. An array of different types of arrows-barbed, poisoned, adapted to pierce hide and armour alike. Everything a typical Asrai would don while patrolling Athel Loren's reaches has been provided to you so you may stand on equal footing with your kinfolk.

Calaingor's Stave (50 CP): Carved from an undying bough, the vibrant life force of Athel Loren yet thrums in this staff. By connecting you to the hearts and minds of nearby trees, even an unskilled elf can channel magic to rouse nearby woodlands to life. Urging trees to move or assail those within their mist is possible, for the staff grants you knowledge of the dead tongue of ancient days. Just remember that without proper Treeman bodies, trees aren't very fast or clever when it comes to adapting to problems more complex than attacking the nearest invader.

A Fascinating Set of Quivers (50 CP each): It seems Kurnous smiles on you today, for you've come into possession of a quiver full of one type of the many projectiles weapons the Asrai are known to use. Arcane bodkin arrows, enchanted to bypass armour. Moonfire shot, blessed under the light of a tainted moon to agonise creatures of noble heart. Trueflight arrows that seek their targets mid-flight. Starfire shafts, carved from the starwood tree that is anathema to all things unclean. Hagbane tips, dipped in a poison so deadly even a scratch can slay if the venom settles in a target's blood. Alternatively you may have a supply of blackbriar javelins, carved from bitter and malevolent trees whose wood is lethal to all blooded life, or the traditional asrai spears which have been keenly sharpened on enchanted whetstones. Regardless, some enchantment ensures that

your supply of projectiles restocks every morning if depleted, ensuring you'll never be short on the tools Asrai hunters rely on even beyond the woods of Athel Loren.

This item may be repurchased, for a different enchanted quiver full of ranged weapons each time.

Moonstone of the Hidden Ways (100 CP): Gifted by Adanhu to the elves, this ancient moonstone can unseal many of the hidden Worldroot passages otherwise inaccessible. It's bearer can thus seemingly teleport allies around a battlefield, crossing impossible distances without a trace so long as that travel happens within a forest. Some old magic must have settled heavily into this particular one, since with more magical energy channelled into it this stone can be used to open magically sealed passages of all kinds. It fares best of all for ones based on natural forces like the Worldroots, but can be attempted on any like an inexhaustible lockpick.

The Bow and the Helm (200 CP): What you have here is a pair of artifacts exemplifying the prowess and nobility of the Asrai. The bow, a gift from Ariel to the archer Galed crafted from a single perfect hair from her own head for saving her from a Druchii assassin's knife. A hunter's tool worthy of Kurnous himself, arrows fired from it are launched with supernatural swiftness. The Helm of the Hunt was Orion's last remnant of his mortal life, and the only artifact to survive the Lord of Nine Crag's journey into the Dreaming wood at the goddess Lileath's bidding. A blessed resilience and the skill of the mortal man Orion once was infuses it's wearer, and when charging his mount stampedes with awe-inspiring force.

The Pouch of Ages (200 CP): This pouch holds many Acorns of the Ages, nuts grown from the Oak of Ages only when the Wind of Ghyran reaches its height. Gathered and planted by Ariel's handmaidens in regions of the forest ravaged by war or wildfire, they grow from seed to towering oak in a matter of seconds. A skilled wielder of the magic of life may find more uses for these objects, considering the sheer concentration of life magic in them provides another reason for their harvesting. Ordinary animals that consume them can rapidly become extremely powerful, a disaster to mortals comparable to a raging elder dragon.

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 unique and potent mystical ability: Healing, gaining great wisdom and knowledge or commanding the loyalty of those around them.

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 those who watch over the jewel hidden in the Oak of Ages 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.

Kindred of the Glades

The Banner of the Hunter King (100 CP): Tattered and ancient this old cloth may be, Orion's eagerness for battle resonates well for those who fight on behalf of its bearer-as well as their steeds and beasts of war. The glory of the hunt fills them, driving them to close with the foe as fast as they able and fight to the best of their ability so as to impress Kurnous himself. Now cry havoc, and let loose the hounds of the hunt.

Daith's Little Favour (200): During a great battle, Khaine strove against Slaanesh in a battle so mighty the Dark Prince had a scar gouged into its otherwise perfect face that has never fully healed. A small shard was struck from Khaine's Widowmaker, and after landing on Athel Loren was reforged and reshaped by none other than the legendary smith Daith himself into a melee weapon of your choice. Even a fraction of the Sword of Khaine's power is a deathly, blood-chilling harbinger of death. Seemingly inconsequential scratches become dire wounds, and ordinary armour is of little effect against its supernatural edge.

Regalia of the Hunter King (400 CP): It may seem hubristic to bear the King in the Woods' weapons and armaments, but it seems a certain vision of...a future that *hopefully* will never come to pass has convinced the rulers of Athel Loren that if the worst comes to pass, it would be prudent for a legacy of his hunting prowess to live on. Thus these four artifacts have been crafted for you in defence of Athel Loren. First a replica of the Horn of the Wild Hunt, that bolsters a portion of Kurnous' wildness and hunting prowess to all who fight for the bearer and hear it's blare. Secondly, the Hawk's Talon: A bow crafted from a single smooth span of wythel-wood that is the pinnacle of the huntsman's craft, with a string so taught only Orion among the Asrai has the strength to draw this weapon-and a commensurate power imbued into its arrows. The third, a younger version of the Spear of Kurnous: A living weapon grown from Isha's birch tree, bound to return to your hand should you cast it at your foe and blessed by enchantments that repair

and renew its wooden flesh. It is the size and weight of the great bolts hurled by human ballistae, and can disembowel a mighty aurochs as easily as a man. And last but not least, the only protection Orion needs in battle: The Cloak of Isha. While this one is not woven anew each spring by Ariel herself, it does have a portion of her own strength into it. Blade and spell alike are greatly inhibited from harming you and hostile magic in general finds little purchase, while merely wearing it ensures most wounds you suffer are fleeting.

The Wilder Hunt (600 CP): The horns have sounded, and thousands of warriors have gathered-for you. Neither elven nor quite woodland spirit, each is the equal of either a Sister of the Thorn or a rider of the Wild Hunt-and whatever their demographics and appearance, they may be more like one or the other in temperament and ability at your discretion. Though primitive-seeming, their enchanted weapons and envenomed blades are deadly enough that even muskets and war machines should not take them lightly. Whether spirits of the hunt or the harvest, their steeds are equally unearthly and both mighty and swift beyond mortal measure. And even if you are not a godlike being such as Orion, they are made stronger and more ferocious by your presence-driven to enact and celebrate an aspect of the natural order with all of life's unconquerable will to live. Each gathered rider has foreseen that it is you who is to be their leader in the dark times to come, and will follow you even beyond Athel Loren's borders.

Spellsingers

The Banner of The Eternal Queen (100 CP): Woven by Ariel herself, this standard bearing her symbol is more than a statement of Athel Loren's sovereignty. Her magic lingers in each gossamer thread, creating courage in the hearts of your allies where there was none before and warding them from foul sorcery. In times of need, it is said Ariel's own voice whispers from the flag, granting courage in the face of impossible odds.

The Spirit Sword (200 CP): Crafted from the same crystals as the waystones stationed around the Wildwood, this blade holds many spirits drawn from that place. Each time the blade draws blood, the wielder can command these spirits to consume his opponent's soul, an assault from which only force of will can save him. A strong mind can withstand this sword for a while, but none in this world can with stand it off forever.

Wand of Wych Elm (400 CP): Rare and innately magical, the Wych Elm is much coveted by mages the world over for its ability to draw magical power out of the ground and store it within its wood. Any such wand may have centuries of magical power stored in it, but only a demigod or wizard of great power can unleash such power-and Ariel is both. It seems she or some other great power prepared this stave for you, because the rune etched into it is carved with such skill even a wizard of passing skill can use the torrents of power stored within. With such power to draw on from within, so long as the wand itself is not disabled you could cast magic in regions otherwise shielded from the Winds of Magic (or otherwise bypass counter magic that does not specifically target objects), or use it as a very powerful amplifier for magical techniques of all kinds. It is a fitting weapon for a demigod, and indeed is made in the image of Ariel's own wand.

The Oak of Eras (600 CP): It is the spiritual heart of Athel Loren, where the forest concentrates its immense vitality and Orion's yearly death and rebirth is conducted with solemn divinity. It is here more than anywhere that magic lies heavily, subtly changing in aspect as the Winds of Magic rise and fall, and where the legendary Acorns of the Ages fall-not merely seeds for new life, but also protective charms, lodestones for the Oak and incredibly potent sources of natural magic. So pure and untameable is the magic here, that it may be possible to don

the mantle of a god with the right rites and sacrifices as Ariel and Orion did so long ago. The wood of the tree itself is an incredibly potent magical material exceeding many artifacts in sheer concentrated mystic potency. Whether or not it governs the fate of the forest as many Asrai believe, it certainly forms a nucleus for the Worldroots: Spiritual pathways connecting to forests all over the world, from the frigid shores of Naggarth to humid Lustria, where beasts that arguably exceed Athel Loren's in ferocity hunt. And now, it seems that there are two. However it has come to pass that a second Oak of Ages has appeared, it has acknowledged you as its rightful representative and as such a great portion of Athel Loren's magical power has been directed for your use. Even if they dislike you, Treemen and Dryads alike will recognise the significance of your position-and many lesser spirits will be perfectly willing to do your bidding. Nevertheless, be careful; the grudges some spirits such as Drycha have carried have grown unimaginably bitter, and while confusion is the more likely and immediate outcome both the Mage Queen and King in the Woods are accustomed to supreme authority.

And in future worlds, this oak along with over a hundred square miles' of Athel Loren-like forest shall follow you-either as a property somewhere in the world, or as a Warehouse attachment connected by a leafy doorway that when brushed aside leads near your wooden throne beneath the Oak. Additionally while given time and care the Oak can extend the Worldroot network into future worlds, if you have any purchases of the **Foreign Forest** item they are considered automatically connected by Worldroots linking to this great tree.

Treefolk

Second Fang of Taalroth (100 CP): This dread ward dampens hostile magic, and is an equal in every way to the talisman carried by Drycha. Said by men to have once been carried by their god of nature Taal himself, whatever the truth behind it an instinctive menace echoing the wrath of the Briarmaven pervades this artifact. To look upon it is to think of nature, red in tooth and claw.

Foreign Forest (200 CP): The Wind of Life blows strong indeed! In a place at least somewhat adjacent to Athel Loren proper but distinct from the main forest, a few dozen square miles of enchanted woodland has apparently sprung up overnight. Steeped in magic, it shares it's mother forest's primitive spiritual awareness and dilation of time; a visitor could be in there a few hours and come out to find only minutes have passed, dwell there for a few minutes and come out to see a century gone by, and only a native of Athel Loren would have the navigation skills and/or mystic talent to avoid or control such anomalies. Though it seems this forest lacks any spirit strong enough to become a Treeman or Dryad, there are many magical trees identical to those from which the Asrai make their enchanted arrows, spears and staves from. And there certainly are changelings and incarnations of emotion living here, as well as beasts such as the giant hawks or intelligent stags well known to the Asrai. There is even a great Worldroot located here that can be used for swift and unseen travel by those with the knack. The spirits and beasts within instinctively acknowledge you as their ruler, being either the presiding Treeman or an individual that has somehow come into a similar level of authority. In future worlds, this territory may be available either as a forest springing up somewhere in the world-or through an enchanted door in your Warehouse. Which just so happens

to be made of living wood, somehow opening up out of the trunk of the largest oak in the forest.

This item may be repurchased for multiple such forests to spring up somewhere in the world, or to increase the size of your forest in an additive manner.

Regret of Daith (400 CP): Athel Loren's, perhaps all elvenkind's, most prestigious smith has good reason to be cautious in who he gifts his weapons to in these days. The blade you hold may be one such example, for it was forged especially for you and is scaled up to be a proportionately sized weapon for a Treeman or Dryad as a longsword would be for a man. Never-dulling and ferociously sharp as all such weapons are, you have held it for centuries and while not a naturally magical weapon long exposure has made it a decent conduit for natural magics of all kinds.

Garden of Hope (600 CP): The Treefolk either cannot replenish their numbers, or cannot do so at rates meaningful enough to arrest the depletion of their ancients. With each Elder that falls, the other Elders of their kind absorb his strength and perhaps lesser spirits return to the forest entirely. And yet, with your investment here a miracle is realised. This enchanted field of foliage is no larger than an Imperial nobleman's garden, but legend has it that it was torn from Isha's very own garden long ago-for within, a spell of divine power can turn the seeds of trees into Treemen. The natural magics grounded here are powerful in a way that rivals the Isle of Rebirth in distant Ulthuan and could conceivably be harnessed by a skilled mage, but the process of rebirth takes time; left alone, it would normally take almost a decade for young Treemen to grow and arise-assuming the tree matures like those of this world anyway, considering a healthy tree is required for the nascent spirit to inhabit it. But aha, this pot of land *isn't alone* is it? For one skilled in the Lore of Life as even a regular Treeman or a powerful Spellsinger, the natural energies here can be carefully invigorated to shorten the growth of Treemen to weeks. And at a stretch with other truly powerful fonts of life magic such as the Acorns of Ages-or much more adroitly, with power commensurate to the Mage Queen herself-dozens of Treemen can be awoken from here in moments. It cannot be stressed enough that such a natural bounty is an unimaginable source of hope for Athel Loren, and the story behind its creation the stuff of legends.

In future worlds, this Garden may follow you as a property or become a Warehouse attachment. Attached by a door covered in moss and woad, that opens up out of a small hill within.

Companions

For the Forest (50-400 CP): Under bough and branch, all are sworn in defence of the forest. For the Asrai, there is little distinction between a friend and a fellow soldier. 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.

Friends of the Forest (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 Wood Elf, another native of Athel Loren's forests of your choice or else another figure heavily involved with the Wood Elves' history-one certain to at least provide the chance to get to know each other. Please reconsider attempting to befriend Moghur. Becoming his friend is tantamount to becoming the enemy of all who dwell here.

Twilight (100 CP): Oh, look at that. It's your daughters! Or a nice young lady that through some obscure magical rite was divided into two separate individuals. Or perhaps lesser divine beings of some sort? Regardless of precisely *what* these two are, as Naestra and Arahane are to Ariel while each has the inherent skills of a well-trained Asrai each also has similar abilities to those you have gained from this jump, including the power to change form into Dryads or great beasts if that befits what you are. Moreover, not only does the life of one rapidly rejuvenate the other as long as the first is not killed but they also possess abilities skewed towards embodying the nobility and baseness in your soul. Be assured that each is infallibly dedicated to fulfilling your ambitions and defending Athel Loren at your side (or just hanging out with you, if you're a less ambitious or dutiful sort), though not above a bit of competitive snarking at each other. Who would expect the best and worst in you to see eye to eye on everything, after all?

The Woodland Hosts (200/300/400): With the coming of Ariel arrives the promise of the forest's strength being bolstered, and it seems you've been taken as a good omen by some. The Mage Queen herself has foreseen you could be vital in the defence of Athel Loren, and committed a number of its inhabitants to your service. Each purchase here shall grant you an army of Wood Elves or their allies 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 please. It should go without saying that while committed, your forces hold the defence of the woods as sacred and are generally distrusting of modern technology.

For 200 CP you have a force capable of serving as scouts, light cavalry or infantry of the more basic forms. If it is a contingent of the Glade Guard, it is made of warriors representing the basic standard of Athel Loren's fighters. If it is a flight of Wildhawk Riders, they will be relatively green when it comes to battle. Despite being unsuited for the thick of war, their mastery of the environment and predatory zeal makes them a formidable force amongst a territory they know far better than their enemies.

For 300 CP your forces include great beasts and those of heroic prowess among the Asrai. Spellweaver contingents capable of bending the forest to their wills, and stampeding herds of unicorns or great stags who strike hard to compensate for the Asrai's lack of siege warfare. You may even field Wild Riders or Sisters of the Thorn committed to your cause, and while such forces may be strange to work with and their skills are not to be underestimated. Treemen and dryads are also available in small numbers, and have an unparalleled grasp of the terrain.

And for 400 CP, you may mobilise a force such has never been seen since Ariel stormed Ghrond. It is hard to imagine the Asrai rising up in numbers, but with enough archers to populate a forest as a stampede of screaming warriors atop elk spirits lunge towards the enemy, imagination is the last thing your foes will be concerned with. It is at this level that rousing Treemen and Dryads in numbers will be feasible-or bringing the Forest Dragons to war despite their normally aloof natures. Such a great force is most definitely high in spirits and filled with the wild abandon of the hunt. No opponent of Athel Loren will make them hesitate in defence of the woods.

Drawbacks:

What If...Our Glorious Leaders Don't Spontaneously Drop Dead? (+0 CP): What's with all this absolute *hogwash*? Lileath poisoning Ariel out of nowhere with a shard of magical ice? Orion falling in battle to a Widowmaker-wielding Tyrion? The Asrai and their devotions ultimately accomplishing *nothing of value* because one of their protector goddesses had long ago given up on the elven race, and taken a select handful of individuals to start anew in a world of her own creation? While the choices presented to you here are mostly based on the 8th edition of the Wood Elves' publication, with this option you may allow any aspects of prior editions or other published material to override it. If you prefer the idea of the Wood Elves as jolly, twee folk rather than xenophobic isolationists, now's your chance to set right what was written wrong.

The Past Is Another Forest (+0 CP): Not your first visit to this old world? Well, whether you have pointy ears, bark or four legs now it's unlikely any of the Asrai would even think of you as a filthy *intruder* at first glance. If you have been to the world of Warhammer Fantasy you may take this option to make the events of this jump canon to them.

Fading Leaves of a Desolate Future (0 CP): The world fades, the forest renews less year after year-so why not go back to better times? By taking this drawback your starting date can be rolled back to a starting date before the default one-with the earliest possible start being the beginning of the Asrai's history, several years after Aenarion's death when elven colonists first stepped foot on Athel Loren. Furthermore 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 it is *strongly recommended* you ignore it with **What If...Our Glorious Leaders Don't Spontaneously Drop Dead?** if you prefer to live in a world whether everything good and hale in Athel Loren isn't burnt to miserable cinders.

Lost in the Woods (100 CP): You take isolationism to a whole other level, preferring a life more akin to that of an animal than even the structured ritualism most of the Asrai engage in. Social situations raise your hackles, and an unease with the confusing, overcomplicated conflicts between mortals risks making you lash out with your weapon and attempt to escape in the confusion. It's not impossible to overcome, but it would be preferable to have a friend to remind you not to hide behind the fireplace and try to stab people you think are here to steal your kills.

The Pre-Industrial Revolution (100): You'd expect humans and dwarfs to lay off all the logging and town building after a few lightning raids on their homes but that's not the case now. It seems that a great many frontiersmen and dwarfs have finally had it up to HERE with all this insufferably fae highhandedness, and are absolutely determined to cut down every damn tree out of spite. It's cultivated a sense of daring-do that will be very hard to cut down by force, except by actually slaying every lumberjack who sets foot in your territory.

The Stains of Time (100 CP): How much damage *did* Ariel do to the forest during her reign of terror, and Morathi on her way out? Much more than was previously assumed it seems, since now pockets of tainted Dhar are cropping up all over the woods. The corrosive stuff is powerful enough to rot the Mage Queen's own soul and driving her to ravage all she once swore to protect, so it should go without saying Asrai and Treefolk alike are suffering hideously or being warped into deranged monsters. If there's any consolation to all this, it is that with her spirit reignited Ariel herself is both haunted by guilt and motivated to do all in her power to cleanse these blights.

Literal Ecoterrorism (200 CP): Dryads don't like Asrai at the best of times, but you? You're on a whole other level. You may or may not have been caught red-handed literally burning a Treeman alive, but that's the level of hatred every Dryad for hundreds of miles seems to have for you. The Treemen are far slower to anger, but won't like what many of their violent attendants have to say about you. Whether or not it's possible to overcome this great rage, be assured that *killing* the Dryads or corrupting them with malign forces will be far easier than any peaceful resolution. And as for Drycha, suffice to say that wherever you are she is coming to kill you with every breath she takes.

THE BEASTMEN COME (200 CP): The drums of war. The pounding of hooves. The screams of beasts. The howls of man. The beastmen come, THE BEASTMEN COME, and they are gathering in numbers beyond anything seen by Athel Loren. For the Chaos Gods have spoken: Once Morghur is baptised with your blood, he will become strong enough to slay the Mage Queen and the King of the Woods at the same time. Already Morghur himself seems buoyed by the forces beyond the mortal realm, rising with Chaos magic almost bursting out of his veins stronger than ever-and reviving from death in weeks-and only coming back faster and faster.

Fractured Mind (200 CP): Orion's not the only one who's been imbibing of the memories of other hunters, it seems. In your dreams the shouts, the joys, the passions and the cries of hunting suffuse you-and in the waking world the passion of the Wild Riders haunts your every waking moment, leaving you restless and stir-crazy. There is only the chase and the feast for you now, perhaps some wild revelry in between but your restlessness will make you unfit for much else. Hunting makes your blood sing better than any wine and grants you a reprieve, even a certain nobility, but outside of mobile warfare and debauchery expect to devolve into a snarling, slaving berserker in polite society. It may be just about possible to spit out words, but good luck with social graces or strategic thinking when every instinct in your body is screaming that it's hunting season RIGHT NOW.

Transfigured (300 CP): Oh, bother. You've been turned into an animal by transgressing against Kurnous, Isha or both of them in some manner. Not even an impressive animal either, but one most Asrai view as prey. Powerless but for what strength and speed your new shape has, it is not impossible to reverse this transformation but the quests Lileath will offer for you to complete will be tasking, the places they will bring you to among the most dangerous in Athel Loren and the artifacts you must retrieve burdensome. The gods of Athel Loren prefer to

deal with mortals as if in fairytales, and you'll find yourself making treacherous choices in a particularly deadly one if you're not careful.

Everything Gets Worse (300 CP): If things have a tendency to go awry for the Asur, they can at least counsel themselves that while theirs may be a world of fleeting glory, it is glory, nonetheless. The Asrai on the other hand just *lose*, and you'll soon bear witness firsthand how quickly things can escalate. Soon after your arrival Ariel drops dead. It may be that someone decided to poison her early. It may be that, if you arrived early enough, a rock fell on her while she was mortal. Either way, for hundreds of miles around you many Asrai are convinced it was *your* fault and will stop at nothing to kill you. Abandoning all their duties right as a number of those with grudges against the Asrai set out to make another push on their forests. The destruction and deforestation will only motivate the survivors to fight all the harder. Expect Orion himself to lead the hunt for your head.

Friendly Neighbourhood Hag Queen (300 CP): **Power.** The need for it consumes you. Seeps into your every waking moment, keeps you awake at night thinking about how you **could have done more**. Well, look no further! It seems that a mysterious stranger has offered you power beyond mortal reckoning-and against all logic and reason, you keep finding reasons to heed her counsel! A trustworthy stranger. A stranger with dark locks, knowing eyes and a mysteriously sultry smirk.

That's right. You now trust the words of Morathi, Hag Queen of Ghrond, at a truly staggering level because you believe only she can unlock your true power. And she knows this, playfully inviting you to Ghrond in order to convince you to do all manner of dangerous tasks or dire concessions for the smallest crumbs of her wisdom. This is no bewitchment or seduction, but a genuine belief in the supremacy of her sorcerous skills and an deep need for power. Your loved ones themselves will only be able to convince you otherwise after great and terrible trials, and you are not above sealing them away or avoiding them if they continue to rail against your actions.

Naturally, Morathi will assure you that Naggarothe just in its cause and that Malekith is the true Phoenix King denied his rightful calling, but she is a creature out for herself first and foremost. And so, there is a dire risk that you could be sent on expendable missions to instigate war between Athel Loren and Ulthuan while shielded by plausible deniability. But how will you escape catching the blame in the ensuing crossfire, when you are still convinced that Morathi knows best?

And if by some utterly terrible twist of fate you happen to be her beloved king Aenarion in the flesh, be warned that her elation and sincere belief there is nothing you cannot accomplish together may see you both set on ambitions that threaten all you hold dear. Oh, you will not be lightly cast aside. Indeed, you will be showered with caresses and opulence at her seat of power...all the while her silken tongue cultivates resentment at the cowards you once deigned to reign, erodes any compunction you ever had her methods and her vile magic will have you see her as the queen she always wished to be in your mind. Soon you will think nothing of having Ulthuan's nobility torn apart just to hear her delighted laughter, or slaying a god such as Ursun or Hashut so that she can anoint you in its blood. *Which is clearly in the best interest of the elven peoples, to your mind.*

Scenario: Twisted, Twilight Total War

Throt the Unclean is one of the most twisted and ingenious Master Mutators of Clan Moulder and has exploited that success to position himself as one of the nine Lords of Hell Pit. The effects of a lifetime's work with warpstone can be seen, as bone spines protrude out of Throt's back and a third arm sprouts out of his bloated, but powerful frame. His left eye, torn from its socket in a struggle with a rival, has been replaced with a shard of warpstone crudely hammered into place, feeding its baleful influence directly into Throt's brain. The price for his demented insight into crafting horrifically exceptional beasts of war for the Skaven cause such as Blindwyrms and Rat Ogres is a terrible, body-ravaging hunger fierce even by Skaven standards.

And several months after your arrival to this world, the master mutator of Clan Moulder sees an opportunity to prove his mettle once and for all. The Dragon With Two Tails (or...so it appears-but put that out of mind, the Asrai care little for matters so far beyond their borders) sails in the skies, the Great Vortex destabilises and a nascent portal to the realm of Chaos opens in Naggaroth. Horrified by visions of Chaos invading the Worldroots from there into all of Athel Loren-and the whole world-Ariel has decided to send her most trusted agents to make ready the way before she comes to seal the portal herself.

And she decides to send you as a co-commander of the Asrai forces they lead, too. For while she would normally have entirely overlooked the deeds of a petty Skaven, Ariel dimly senses that amidst this disaster Throt hungers to gorge himself on the Mage Queen's flesh to satiate his eternal hunger. While she does not fully apprehend this threat, she does know that the fate of the forest will be much improved by your participation.

Already the forests in Naggaroth has been blighted by followers of Chaos gathering in anticipation of their masters' arrival-and seeking to make ready their own apertures to those horror-strewn worlds. It falls to you to lead the cleansing of such vile footholds, to slay the armies of Beastmen and Ratmen gathering here. Perhaps your greatest challenge will be to balance the recklessness and bloodthirst of Arahane with Naestra's temperance and compassion as they lead their followers forth. The sisters bicker often over their approach to battle, though one thing unites them fiercely: Their loyalty to Ariel. Both will stress the need to clear the area around the opening portal of all threats before the Mage Queen herself can safely arrive to seal it once and for all.

All the while Throt stalks Ariel, waiting for the ideal moment to strike. So skilled is he in moving unseen that even the twins cannot detect him on their own-and he has a most unpleasant hidden ally. For in her disgust and rage at elves, Drycha has formed an unholy alliance with him-feeding Throt information about Asrai battle movements and bewitching many of their number to fight alongside her spirit allies while believing they serve Ariel. Throt has deceived her into believing Ariel's recklessness threatens her beloved forests. Uncover her spiteful treachery early enough, and few would fault you for slaying the Briarmaven of Woe. But should you proceed to the portal swiftly enough, it may be possible to convince her that she

has been a fool to trust Throt-and is unwittingly aiding and abetting the desecration of all she holds dear.

Victory is met when the portal is sealed, be it by Ariel or another's hand. The Weave of life and death grows ever stronger, and as a reward for playing your part in all this your reward is **800 CP of Wood Elven forces as followers**. This may even include disgruntled Treemen and Dryads presumably very, very annoyed with Drycha's idiocy assuming the Briarmaven still lives at this point. Alas, the Mage Queen's duty to the forest shackles her greatly from personally punishing a spirit so deeply entwined with its vitality but, well...if Ariel is given definitive proof of just how close Drycha came to dooming you all, she *might* be roused to a great enough fury that while she *cannot* endorse the killing of any Dryad, it would be a real shame if Drycha were to meet an unfortunate accident somewhere distant on the battlefield. It would be an even bigger shame if some of her most trusted followers-perhaps even the Twins-were to make certain none discover what became of her.

Additionally, if you are interested in such things Ariel may teach you **the spell to seal such portals**. It is likely a feat that relies on a profound understanding of the natural magic permeating Athel Loren, which Ariel will kindly but firmly point out if say-you are a squirrel attempting to learn magic-but the woods could always use more defenders, and as a Treeman or Spellsinger she is all too happy to pass on what she knows to such a talented student.

Go home

Stay

Move on

Notes

No horses, stags, giant birds, hunting dogs, dragons or unicorns were harmed in the making of this jump.