THE IX AGE
FANTASY BATTLES



SYLVAN ELVES

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2nd Edition, Rules Only version 2023

ARDENT ARBOREALISTS

Through the trees you may witness the sylvan guardians who cultivated this work. We'd also like to thank all the community members and other staff who contributed with their suggestions, feedback and support.

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TALES OF THE FEY

TOME I
BENEATH THE BOUGHS

An account by Thomas the Bard

By the hand of Mathys Dufour

Commissioned by Duke Regnaut of Aven

957 A.S.



Repeatedly asked by the young of our great court to recount my tales, I have burdened my old age with the task of recording them for posterity, so they may live when I am gone. This I do to repay the kindness Duke Regnaut has shown me these long years.

You may have heard songs, you may have heard stories and you may know the legends of the woodland fey, who dwell in hidden groves beyond the reach of men. A veil of mystery lies upon them from the frozen taiga of Oskland, through the dry shrublands of Arcalea, to the steaming jungles of Taphria. What testimonies exist are mired in superstition and fear, for glamours lie on the elven lands, and but a simple whisper of the horned hunters can drive a common man insane. So hearken closely to these words and doubt not their truth for they recount what I have seen. To that I swear by all the gods.



The Allfather

Cadaron, the Hunter.
Yema, the Tempter.
Wymaig, the King.

Three faces of the one god: Amhair, the Allfather. Ruling over the Sylvan pantheon alongside his Queen, he personifies the struggles of temptation which assail all Elves. Torn between duty, the call of the wild and the thrills of the flesh, he spends much of his time away from his throne, yet returns to greet Moritaur as the seasons turn.

—A Study of the Gods by Emerentius,
Narrenwald Press, 907 A.S.



Many years ago, before fame, before fortune, I earned my coin in the service of Duke Matéo of Corante. My skill was sublime, but my patron's tastes were unrefined, so the silver harp I plucked in vain. Yet fate changed when he came, Henry Lionhelm, Prince of Equitaine. At the feast in his honour I performed with such vigour, such flair, that the Lay of Perceval did his mind ensnare.

Against all counsel he declared a quest against the dreaded forest king. He would find a legend and slay a god. When I was told I would accompany him and his knights to make an account of the deed my heart leapt. I did not care for the warnings of my elders; if I made that song, gold, women and wine would all be mine. With great pomp we rode east into the shadow of the White Mountains, to the wall of trees which marked the border of Wyscan.



Bravado made us blind to danger, and we paid little notice to the bleached bones protruding here and there from the ground, and empty sockets of skulls long since flayed staring at us from the boughs. The sun was setting as we entered the shadow beneath the eaves, our spirits bright as the sword of Uther. The mood did not last; in the eerie silence of the forest twilight men became silent and horses skittish. An ominous feeling came upon me as we lit the torches and the woods groaned. Eyes were upon us. Eyes we could not see, but whose gaze bore into our very souls. With the Lady's Prayer upon our lips we edged forward, blades drawn.

Upon midsummer's eve as the moon
hung pregnant and low,
the drums woke the woods,
the drums and glow.
From oaken throne the king did rise,
horn and hoof and emerald eyes.
Spear he lifted, great bow too,
finest, supple, reddest yew.

To brave Perceval's line,
a grave end had come;
the monster bellowed 'let him run'!
Clarions called, the wild fey rode,
answering the hunter's code;
Moor to valley, fen onto glade,
knightly quarry to be flayed!

—Extract from the Lay of Perceval

MAP OF THE ELVEN KINGDOM



How long we travelled I cannot say. It must have been days; four times we made camp, yet the sun never came. Hemmed on the trail we became prey. Andre was the first to go as he charged after a light among the trees, never to return. Isidore and Mathias disappeared on the next watch, leaving their armour and weapons behind. Renart, Marcel, Eudes and Serge cut each other down, overcome by terrible visions, screaming in a tongue most unsettling. Many more noble houses lost their scions before our tormentors showed their faces.



Of the hundred knights that followed Henry on his quest, less than half reached the meadow bathed in the silver rays of the full moon. We took shelter, if it could be called such, among standing stones carved with curving patterns that stood proudly on a hummock in the clearing's heart. There we would wait for dawn and the emboldening light of day. But such was not to be our fate.

With a whistle, death came from the tall grass. Men and horses were struck down by black fletched arrows as riders burst from the foliage bearing down upon us. To my great shame I hid in a hollow of the central stone watching my countrymen die battling the elves of the forest. I was mesmerised by the scene unravelling before me for it was like no battle I have ever witnessed. These woodland savages, they did not fight the brave knights, they hunted them.

Seeing this was my final hour, the muse gifted me with words I can no longer recall, compelling me to step forward and pay homage upon my harp to the passing of the flower of Equitan knighthood. I was like a candle in the eye of a storm, driving all who could hear my voice to ever greater feats of valour until only the Prince remained, locked in combat with a warrior bedecked in garments the colour of jade and an antlered helm to rival the white hart of legend.

The lion and the stag clashed beneath the moon and though my every sense screamed to turn and run, I could not avert my gaze from the confrontation, tirelessly pouring verse after verse.

Suddenly the last word escaped my lips and I collapsed to the ground. Before all went dark, my eyes were treated to one last sorrow. Henry the Brave, the Lion of the Lady, the pride of Equitaine, was slain before me.



The world was young and time was new,
When the fey danced on the dew.
Then scaleclad came with claw and blade,
To visit sorrow on the glade.

Put to flight by scaleclad might;
Fey prayed to gods for future bright.
Night to day the sky did turn;
As scaleclad hosts the gods did burn.

LORDS OF THE FOREST

I awoke to learn my fate, surprised to have woken at all. Of all the horrors I pictured, to become an overgrown nightingale in a briar cage never crossed my mind. It seemed to my captor I was just another exotic acquisition meant to entertain him, another trophy joining dozens hanging from the beams of his hall. There was no doubt my new master was a lord among the fey and for a time I even believed he might be the dreaded forest king – a creature of myth and fear. He held court in an enormous willow that dwarfed the keep of Aven, and elves from afar, to judge from their strange garb, paid him homage. I never learned the Lord's name in my time in the forest. The only term I came to recognise in those addresses to him was "Bringer", some elven honorific the significance of which I did not then grasp.

During this time, I wracked my memory hoping to remember something, anything, which might preserve my life. I knew songs about the forest elves, but were they true or fiction? So rarely were they encountered in the wider world, unlike their meddlesome cousins from beyond the sea.

The songs claimed the elves were the first to sing; that they disliked dwarves, and cared little about what went on beyond the borders of their secluded domains. They were also portrayed as mischievous, capricious and vicious; with my life hanging by a thread whatever I knew was woefully inadequate. Yet the sound of my captors' voices was strangely soothing and the grace of their movement brought joy completely incongruous to my predicament.

Short would have been this book had I been alone, and little would I know were it not for the lost children of the forest. Seemingly ageless, they had been abducted from the surrounding lands to serve the elven nobility and perform the more menial tasks the fey saw beneath them. It was from them I learned the first words of the elven language, so unlike my own. From my thorny prison I watched and I learned, each day believing I understood a little more of my captors.



These people, or Trewi as they named themselves, were utterly alien yet strangely familiar. Much like our own, their noble folk are tall, proud, and handsome, but in a people as fair as the fey it was not that which separated them from the commons, nor was it their dress. It was the deference that was shown to them and the panoply of arms they bore which set them apart. To my eyes they were more like first among equals, leaders of a deadly pack, than entitled nobles born of mortal lands.

As the time passed I came to know there were many such lords and ladies – for gender plays little part in the elven lands – both in Wyscan and the world beyond. Most answer to the King and Queen of the forest, but some follow their own path, even warring among themselves just as men do.





SYLVAN ENCHANTERS

To see a sylvan sorceress at work is to risk losing one's heart. The way they move, the sounds they make, these memories will haunt my dreams to the end of my days. From gently weaving the trees around them into shapes and forms limited only by their imagination, to summoning the fury of a mother bear defending her cubs, there are few who can match their skill.

Other spells at their command will confound an intruder, invade his mind and make him hallucinate, driving some to suicide or worse. Those lucky enough to enter a web of lesser enchantments will merely perceive the passage of time at a much slower rate and believe days or weeks have passed instead of hours. Myriad are the sorcerous dangers lurking on the approaches to elven groves, with these tales and more whispered to me by the lost children.

But the true power of these forest wizards lies in the charms they cast upon the lands in which they dwell. Spells older than time stop the passage of the seasons in their glades and groves: pockets of eternal spring scattered through the forests of the world. In the heart of my first winter of captivity, during a long hunt, I was permitted to rest for a time in a clearing, watching snow falling from overcast skies, never reaching the warm, flower-strewn glade. Dumbfounded, I wondered how bountiful would be the harvests of Equitaine if our damsels possessed this knowledge. Yet such powers are not without danger and stories of eternal winter are used to warn the rash and callous from attempting to harness these secrets before their teacher's approval.

Yet the strangest power I came to know was performed by a sombre enchanter when time came to return to my captor's court. Calling upon secrets bound to his kindred, he summoned a fog from nowhere, into which I was led. The sensation of walking through cloud was astonishing. I felt my feet leave the ground and all sense of orientation was lost. When next I felt earth beneath my feet, we had returned to Yshwythal, the Lord's hall, a return journey of days accomplished in mere moments.

The Phantom Queen

Moritaur, the Phantom Queen, represents all that elves have to offer their society. As Naram, the Mother, she brings the promise of fertility and hope for rebirth. Tula, the Crone, proffers the wisdom of millennia, of elves long since passed beyond the Veil. And Beccam, the Warrior, whose power defends the heart of the forest against all assailants. She loves and longs for her King's return, yet in his absence she preserves their home through the harsh winter.

—A Study of the Gods by Emerentius, Narrenwald Press, 907 A.S.


TK 16

SYLVAN MILITIA

We were three days march west of Pontefreddo, returning from the sack of the Monte Falcone monastery and its silver apple tree.Chests filled with over five score of the magical fruit kept spirits high in the scorching summer afternoon – a true king's ransom. But good things never last in my field. Of a sudden, an unnatural fog rolled across the plains from the south. Wind carrying the sound of clarions and the baying of hounds chilled brave men to their core. The veterans among us knew what was coming. They turned their horses and fled, leaving the column in disarray.

Several heartbeats later, olive-garbed fey were upon us. Captain Cosimo tried to order a battle line, but it was too late. Bands of archers advanced while swift horsemen weaved between the men, taking their deadly toll. A few of us formed a testudo and tried to fight back, but we might have fought the wind for all the good it did us. Where we advanced the enemy retreated, where they struck we died. It was like swinging a sword at the smoke devils of Qassar, all the while being pelted by iron hail.

I survived by hiding beneath the bodies of my fallen comrades. When I dared to rise upon the next morning, to my great surprise the chests remained. Why they attacked us I never learned, but the fear lent me strength to haul those chests back to Pontefreddo.

I learned that day, if you hear an elven clarion, best have a battle line ready or a horse at hand.

—The Tools of the Trade by Captain Andrea Barbiano, 948 A.S



PROTECTORS OF THE WOODS

It took time, but eventually my master allowed me to wander beyond my cage. In the first days there were always eyes upon me. From my amblings through the nearby groves I learned that elves are not warlike by nature, yet some hear the "Song of Nyb" stronger than others and embark upon the path of the spear. These elves devote their lives to protection of their kin from the dangers of the world. They are the guards in halls of the lords, keepers of peace in the groves and the spearwall on the field of battle. Though respected and honoured for their service, most Trewi keep their distance for it is vested in these elves to uphold the unwritten laws of the forest and carry out sentences no matter how grim they may be.

I never laid eyes upon the guardian elite, but was told at length of their exploits. For reasons I know not, an elf will forsake his spear, the company of his kin, abandon the groves and take up the glaive to stand guard over the most dangerous parts of the forest. It falls upon these dauntless warriors to stem the tide of an invasion while the rest of the fey gather for war, and when the Sylvan Elves march upon foreign lands a lord will anchor his battle line around them.

One night, after hearing the stories of these elves living apart from their kin in service to a song of the gods, I wrote a melody of my own, echoing the emotions I imagined such noble warriors to represent. I am not overburdened with modesty, but I can honestly say it was a fine work, one I have never shared with any audience since its first and only recital. With the smattering of Elvish I had learned, I introduced the piece to the Lord's court and launched into a haunting and mournful chant. I cannot say which halted the work quicker, the gales of laughter from the gathered elves or the stony stare of the Forest Lord. I slunk away, lost all over again. What could I hope to offer my captors, if not my art?



EYES IN THE WILD

It is natural that all the Sylvan Elves, born and bred beneath the forest canopy, are gifted trackers and wondrous archers, capable of venturing alone into the wild forest for weeks at a time. For all this skill, the common elf pales in comparison to those few known as Sentinels.

Ultimate survivalists and masters of the forest world, they are taken from the best archer militia and trained as brave monster hunters and guerrilla fighters. They often carry virulent poisons and coat the tips of their arrows with these in order to bring down those enemies that might in-





spire fear and break the lines of the forces behind them. This also allows them to apply their skill as hunters on behalf of their kin; Sentinels sharpen their talents against the great beasts from within the forest as often as interlopers from without. They are a doughty force to meet in battle: true veterans and a peerless example of the unorthodox tactics of the Sylvan Elves honed to frightening lethality.

The rare few who survive and flourish in the long days within the forest may be sponsored by a Pathfinder band to join their ranks and become the very epitome of silent death from afar. Pathfinders quickly become elves for whom even the merest facade of civilisation is unnatural. They live a life far more akin to a pack of wolves than other elves – a nomadic existence, sleeping in dens or in the boughs of trees. Despite this feral bearing, they hold a place of great esteem in the community during those rare times when they do make an appearance at a grove or noble's court.

Descriptions of marksmen always watching, who could pick out an eye at a hundred paces filled my nightmares, yet in my waking life, I observed my guards becoming more lax with each passing day. I seized the opportunity to make my escape, and fled the hall one dark night. Hurrying along the small trails winding through the dense forest, I began to believe I was truly free.

Half an hour along the path, with my best guess as to North, I stopped dead. A single white fletched arrow lay across the track before me. *I raised a foot to cross this discarded projectile, but the hairs prickling on the back of my neck made me lower it again. Turning, another arrow lay across the path behind me, where none had been mere moments before. No living being could move so swiftly, so silently, without leaving another trace. Shuddering, I knew the truth. I was permitted to escape, but my sojourn ended here. I was certain mirthful laughter shadowed me everywhere in the days that followed my return.



Earthly Descendants

Even to most elves, the Gods are distant and celestial beings. Yet among the trees walk some whose feet rest upon the same earth, even as their blood sings with heavenly power. Cadaron, the Forest King, leader of the Wild Hunt and avatar of the Hunter, or perhaps the God himself clothed in flesh. He rules the forests aside his Queen Amryl, and from their union sprang forth the twins, Sura, Bringer of Spring and Cyma, the Winter Princess.

—A Study of the Gods by Emerentius, Narrenwald Press, 907 A.S.

KESTREL KNIGHTS

Ever since I was a boy I had dreamed of the heavenly magic of flight, the sublime knowledge of the pure freedom granted to those whose feet have never been bound to the earth. I had never thought to experience it beyond such idle reveries, until one strange day among my captors. My master had seen fit to have me in attendance during a skirmish, when his forces engaged a much more numerous beast herd. He gave strict instructions that I was to be kept hidden among the trees, but I yearned to witness the events of the battle first hand.

There is a class of knight among the Trewi who favour airborne steeds. These enormous raptors appear to be grotesquely enlarged kestrels, bred and trained for the single purpose of war. Their size and speed make them terrifying foes, even without the deadly accuracy of their bow-wielding riders, and I witnessed the psychological toll of these giant creatures falling amidst the enemy.

One such knight had been left as my escort during the battle. I chafed under her gaze, until it was suddenly drawn by the bellowing of a great minotaur, riddled with arrows, on a directionless rampage through the woods. Quick as lightning, my guard was on her mount and above the trees. She rode while standing as though the fury of the high winds and the lithe flitting of the bird were no more than a gentle rocking. I did not watch to see her stalk and slay the beast, choosing instead to move closer to the battle itself.

I thought myself stealthy as I moved towards the sounds of baying and bloodshed. But suddenly I turned at the hideous sound of feral panting. A man-beast was upon me, its great cleaver raised. Just as I believed my end had arrived, a white-tipped shaft sprouted from the creature's chest. My guard had saved me with a flawless arrow to the heart. Moments later, her kestrel took me in its mighty talons and immediately we were aloft,

Divine Daughters

Three daughters have been born of the love between King and Queen, and each has found a place in the hearts of the forest elves. Amryl, the Forest Queen begat of Yema and Naram, who reigns over Wyscan, returning only to the Veiled Realm in the height of winter. Meladys, Grand Mistress and child of Wymaig and Tula, who thirsts for knowledge that she be fit to ascend her father's throne. Nyb, War Crow and sired by Cadaron and Beccam, under whose auspice the great elven forces march to war.

—A Study of the Gods by Emerentius, Narrenwald Press, 907 A.S.

spiralling to an unfathomable distance above the forest and the conflict below, as the last of the beasts fell.

I gasped at the view. Closer than I could have believed lay Equitaine, filling me with longing for home. I could see Corante itself and just beyond the river Guêon glinting like the jewelled brow of the Lady herself. We passed so low by the edge of the forest I could see the road we had taken to enter these woods, what seemed like years before. Later we crossed a clearing, dominated by a great stone carved like a boar and with a stepped dais behind. I planned to ask more of this, until such thoughts were swept away in the thrill of soaring.

My childhood daydreams were fulfilled and surpassed as we soared among the clouds and swooped just inches above the treetops. Of all my experiences among the fey, the glory of flight contained perhaps the purest joy for me. It is this transcendent moment, above all others, that I recall in times of danger to this day.




Thomas Karlsson 16

BLADE DANCERS

In Equitaine dance is a glorious frippery – we dance to feel the thrill of movement, to excel at an art, to seduce one another. For the Trewi it is a different matter entirely. Where bards like myself might pluck a lute, their performers use sharpened blades. They dance both in court and on the battlefield – although while I am, for the most part, a respected guest in noble halls, these Blade Dancers were an alien presence. They carried a sacred blessing from one of the elven gods – perhaps all of them. Their dances did not merely communicate information, but somehow made it real and true in a way even the sweetest song cannot. There was fey magic in their movement.

Though I never beheld them on the battlefield, I did witness their dance one night in the forest court. No explanation of the occasion was given to me, yet the very air that eve felt portentous. Silence reigned through the hall as the dance began. For a time I was lost in the grace of their movements, the tangle of supple limbs which seemed to etch a story upon my eyes. The depth of winter was marked by sombre patterns, only to be replaced by the joy of spring's light steps and high leaps. When the sensual heat of summer filled bodies as they entwined, my faced burned crimson with voyeuristic pleasure.



They spun all manner of dances – swift and slow, joyful and tragic. They rarely communicated in words, though they were capable of it. Their speech was quiet and their looks pensive. All treated them with respect, honour, and even fear, though I never witnessed a scene that would justify it. The several occasions I saw a Blade Dancer in the flesh, they were nothing but gentle in their limited personal interactions – as if they understood everything they saw to be fragile and passing.

Finally Autumn, and the dance turned. Gestures which had moments before raised the pulse now felt sinister. As the dance reached its climax, one of the children, my constant companions in captivity, was led out. Shepherded this way and that, her face was a picture of terror as she came to an altar of elven flesh. As the motion of drawing a knife across her throat was performed, I all but screamed, utterly immersed in the ritual. Long moments passed before I saw the child was unharmed, the dancer's hand empty. Yet the dread of that moment lingered with me, and I resolved once more to find a way to depart these troubling woods.

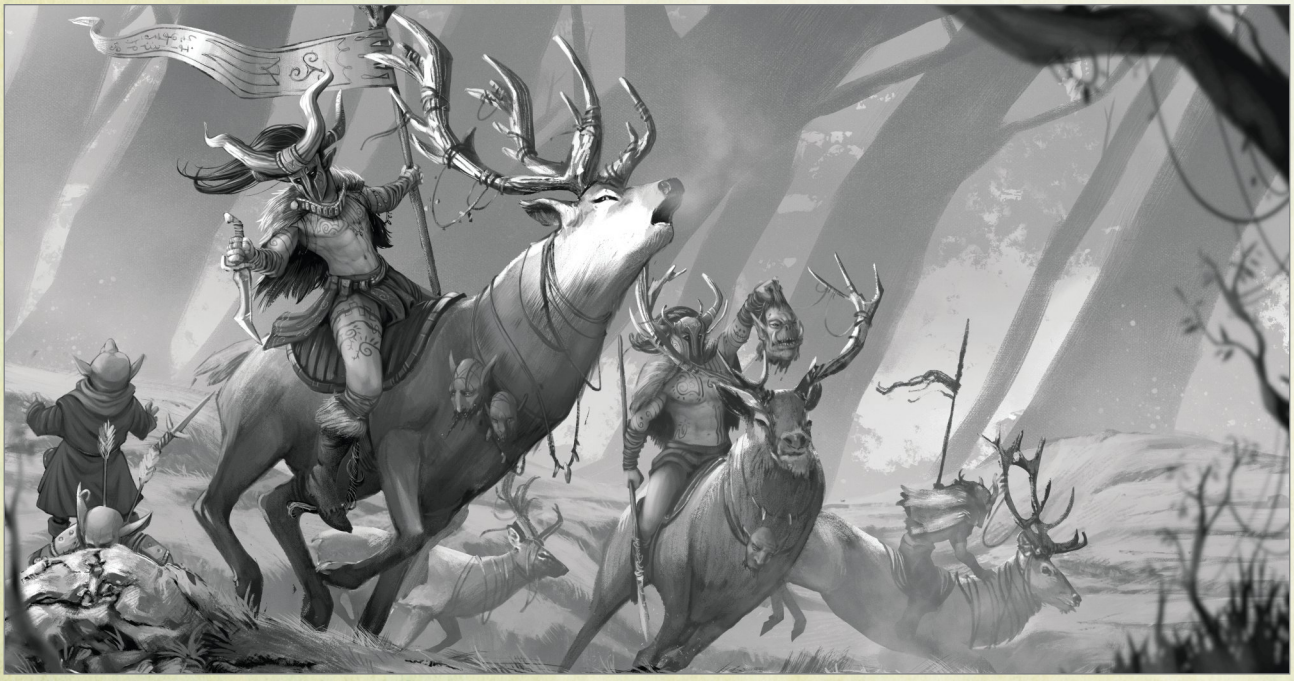
WILD HUNTSMEN

Of all those elves encountered in my captivity none were so strange or so fierce as the sworn huntsmen of the forest king. They seem to suffer no female membership within their ranks: an odd arrangement for the Sylvan Elves, though not dissimilar to our chivalric orders. This appears to be the only similarity, for in temperament they are mercurial and belligerent even by the standards of other elves, and in appearance they are wild to the point of barbarism.

They go about their day bare-chested and carry bone and horn fetishes that they scrimshaw themselves. When called to ride forth, I was told they wear terrifying masks and communicate only in the growls and bellows of beasts. Their skill with the lance is such that it is said that no prey, once spotted, escapes the Wild Hunt. Certainly the common elves, even those of the aristocracy, treated them with a level of wariness that spoke of caution around these wild warriors; only those strange Blade Dancers and the heralds of the Forest Queen would long hold the gaze of one of the King's Hunters.

They seemed to possess no inherent nobility as a man would judge such things, save for that which one might expect in a good hound, and they seem ill-suited to any work not involving battle or prey. Firsthand I saw their frequent feasting and the great bonfires on which they lazily roasted meat. Around such flames they would sit and drink of copper-red mead while recounting crude tales with great animation to the hoots and jeers of their fellows.

It was to these Trewi I turned my thoughts of escape, believing they possessed some of the avarice which makes men malleable. I spun a tale of lost Equitan riches awaiting in the haunted ruins of Doum-Corin. They seemed to care little for my presence, but listened to my story with every appearance of interest. I answered their questions, stretching my Elvish vocabulary until I realised they were jesting with me, flashing wolfish grins at this game. They even dubbed me 'Delyn' in their own tongue, clearly thinking me a jolly fellow. It was only later that one of my captors explained the term to mean boar.



BRIAR MAIDENS

Twice and twice alone did I encounter the rarest and fairest of forest maidens. Though in truth it was only on later review I could attribute them with earthly origin, for on beholding them I was certain the heavens had opened and goddesses fallen from the skies.

They rode into a dew-covered spring morning, stealing through the forest as gently and silently as twilight. Startled though I was by their approach, so very different from the Hunt, my alarm swiftly faded to be replaced with awe. As they advanced, the forests themselves seemed to reach for those celestial beings; new buds appeared and bloomed, grasses sprouted from bare earth and tree limbs thickened and writhed as if in ecstasy.

I found myself held fast by plant and root, yet it was a playful captivity with none of the hostility of my first such experience. As I struggled to free myself and they drifted away again as mysteriously as they had arrived, one flashed a look over her shoulder. A more mischievous and alluring smile I have never witnessed – were I to write for a thousand years, I could not do it justice in words.

Filled with desire, I attempted to learn more of these beguiling fairies. The responses to my queries ranged from dismissal to stern warning, which I could not comprehend. Fear was not an emotion I could associate with the vision in the spring wood. I resolved to see again for myself. It was autumn before I had my second and last opportunity, pursuing a half glimpsed apparition as quietly as I could through the falling red-gold leaves.

Only when they turned did I realise my mistake. Only when they ringed me tight with eyes that flashed like the gathering autumn storms and the tips of their thorny spears pressed in close did I understand the danger. Terror gripped me: those beautiful faces were filled with an alien temper, one that told me I was as easily snapped as a brittle twig. My eyes closed, expecting to never open again. Next I knew I had fallen to my knees in an empty clearing, trembling with uncontrolled relief. Beware, traveller beneath the trees, and know that beauty and danger oft entwine.`



GUARDIANS OF NATURE



Matéo craved his father's attention. The Duke had never showed him kindness and Matéo yearned to earn his respect. While we courted, he set his heart on the notion that if he could catch a great elk of Wyscan, he would finally be worthy of his father's regard.

The hunt was a disaster. We never heard anything of the trackers he sent and it was soon we who were the prey. The arrows of unseen elven bowmen forced me to turn our skin to stone. An hour into the 'hunt' there was a deep bellowing ahead and Matéo pushed the group still harder. Eventually we came upon a clearing with a pair of saplings in the centre. It was clearly some kind of sacred grove – what fools we were.

A roar shook our party, so loud I could barely breathe. On the far side of the grove I saw him.



A Treefather, a gut-wrenching fusion of elf and dendron, emerged from the wood. It was impossible to know whether he was a mortal clothed in wood or an oak imbued with life. I have seen hippogriffs tear through a battalion, yet before this being I quailed in fear. His hands, with their huge, gnarled knuckles, balled into fists as he strode towards us. Matéo, brave Matéo, charged forward on his horse.

They met in the centre of the grove. We followed, spreading out behind him. The Treefather brought back his hand for a mighty swipe. Matéo brandished his father's blade of ensorcelled steel.

"Stop!" Matéo cried, his tenor voice cutting through the clear air. To our amazement, the Treefather stopped, his arm still held up, an overhanging branch poised to crash down. "If you come any closer, your children will die." I realised with horror that the saplings to which Matéo's blade was levelled were divided into the same humanoid proportions as their father.

I have rarely seen such rage and grief. The living tree lowered its mighty form before Matéo, its deep, dark eyes boring into the man before him. Matéo's blade flashed down, severing several of the creature's fingers. "Flaming arrows! Now!"

With the discipline of trained soldiers, his retinue had bows unslung and arrows prepared. A torch was lit and the first few arrows loosed, which burned brightly in the skin of the forest giant. The ground beneath us was rent as roots erupted and impaled the men near me. Stung to even greater wrath, the Treefather dealt Matéo a brutal backhand swipe that sent him flying across the grass. The wooden giant surged forward, standing astride the two saplings and swinging his arms like scythes across the assembled archers, knights, and huntsmen. The flames continued to burn across his body but he stood firm, roots punching all around him to form a natural barricade.

We fled. Matéo's horse brought him out safely, but most of the party weren't so lucky. We passed the bodies of some of the scouts we sent in advance, impaled on the edge of the forest; likely they were dead before we even entered. Somehow, in all the mayhem of the encounter, Matéo had grabbed one of the Treefather's fingers. He presented it to his father as some kind of prize and was roundly ignored. I saw true fatherhood that day, but not in the realm of men.

—A tale of the summer of 894 A.S.,
recorded by Thomas the Bard, from the account of
the Maiden of the White Rose, 919 A.S.


Thomas Karlsson 16

DRYADS

Three times in my adult life have I openly wept. Once upon the passing of my father, the great Duke. Once as I consoled my son over the loss of his mother and my dear wife.

And this day, when a court bard turned a bawdy rabble to silent statues, as mournful notes plucked heartstrings like his gittern. Not a dry eye was left anywhere in my hall.

I thank you Thomas, for awakening the hearts of so many.

—Duke Guillaume of Brezanne

Kind words from Duke Guillaume, for whom I performed the Watcher's Lament. The greatest feat of musical craft I have ever achieved and I find myself unable to play it more than once in a year. My heart throbs with the first notes and closing my eyes against the tears is the only way I can finish. Yet in doing so, I am transported back to the moment of inspiration for the requiem, a story I have never told before.

Tree Dryads are the most curious of creatures. Their form is not fixed as for mortals, and the trunks of great forest trees are like curtains to them, a mere ripple to mark their passing. On the fateful day they appeared as lithe and beautiful elven maidens, with leaf-green skin and uncanny grace. My guide's description of their activity as "hunting" made me chuckle; the humour of the Trewi was still foreign to me. My scepticism must have been apparent, as our route shifted to follow the forest beings. Only when they reached their prey did I understand the nature of Dryads.

The interloper was not hard to find. A dwarf on the fringes of the forest, lost no doubt, an axe across his knees and a pile of fresh-cut wood beside his campfire. I could not say what garnered the most fury: the cutting of the wood, the axe itself, the fire or the very creature responsible for all three. I know the fire was the first to die, smashed apart in a furious shower of sparks. After that, darkness robbed much of the detail from me, for which I am eternally grateful.

The dwarf's bravery in the face of the bloody sport that followed was undeniable. Axe in hand and back straight, he met death with honour. But death was long in coming as the Dryads toyed with him. Twice it seemed he must escape, twice more that he was dead already. Each time he lived a little longer. I begged my guard to end the torment, swiftly if it must be done. Yet the mercy I was shown by my captors was not present on that day. With his back to a rock, the dwarf seemed to accept his fate in that moment. His blood smeared that stone, running in rivulets along every groove.

"A fitting fate for treekillers." These words, spoken with grim detachment, filled my mind as I began composing that night. Sleep did not come for two days and by the time it did, I had written a fine work, and prayed to have forgotten it come morning. I knew in those moments that my days among the elves of the forest were coming to an end, one way or another.





THICKET BEASTS

"I really don't think you should be doing that," muttered Nervous Tim, rubbing his hands together helplessly as he watched Guillaume and Josette gather up brushwood.

"Maybe if you hadn't slowed us down so much we wouldn't have had to spend the night in this oh-so-lovely forest in the middle of gods know where," Josette returned testily, shaking a branch at Tim's quivering frame. "I for one am freezing, and I'll be damned if I go without fire tonight."

I decided it wasn't worth taking sides, although if truth be told I shared Tim's concerns. The wood felt decidedly unfriendly. I didn't like how some of the trees seemed to glower at me.

As our companions built up the kindling, we settled down with our backs to an impenetrable thicket of thorns and vines – our first mistake. The second and greater error began when Guillaume withdrew a tinderbox, preparing to light a fire.



"Wait!" cried Tim.

"Oh what now?" snapped Josette.

"The trees..." whimpered the boy. "Look at them. They hate us. They hate fire."

Guillaume snorted with laughter. "You want me to ask them nicely?"

I was certainly tense, but Tim was on the point of tears. He bit his lip and said nothing. It was at this moment that – shaking his head in disbelief – Guillaume struck the flint. As soon as the faint flame appeared, there was an immediate stirring of the forest, like a distant roaring, growing rapidly louder. Even Guillaume and Josette looked worried now.

The lit tinder fell from his fingers to the fire below. Light sprang up around us as the flames began to grow. But instead of illumination, it only provided deeper shadows... shadows that were shifting, gathering. Terrified, we turned slowly to face the thicket behind.

It was no longer a jumbled collection of wood. The branches had formed into a ghastly ...beast. At least twice the size of a man, it had ogreish limbs of bulging, sinuous lumber. And it emanated a pure, primal fury that I shall never forget.

It was all over in an instant. We were too petrified to move. Tim seemed to be in the throes of some terrible illness. Guillaume let out a hideous shriek of dismay, cut short as the creature took two swift steps, carrying it across the entire clearing. The first crushed the poor man's skull like an eggshell. The second obliterated the small fire.

After that, it was impossible to see clearly. From her painful gurgling, it sounded like Josette was the next to receive a mortal wound. But what became of Nervous Tim I never discovered.

I was already running for open ground.

—From the True and Marvellous Tales of Samuel Le Pepin, professional pilgrim and storyteller



ELVEN STEEDS

ELVEN HORSE

Some say the steeds of the Sylvan Elves are the forefathers of all horses, others say they are the result of an ancient alliance between human knights of old and the fey children of the forest. Regardless of which tale is true, they are as fine-boned as any equine mount in the realms of men, as fleet as foxes and sure of stride whether galloping through a tangled mess of roots or the open meadows of the world outside. With an elven rider upon their back they become a terror to the enemies of the forest, allowing eagle-eyed archers to streak deep behind the lines of battle and swift spearmen to harass the flanks of their enemy like wolves among a flock of sheep.

Such is the intelligence, endurance, agility and beauty of these creatures that many young knights of Equitaine would risk the wrath of the elves to claim a foal and add the fey blood of the forest herds to their own. An intrepid fellow could make quite a fortune this way, but such is the love the elves bear for all the animals in their realm that to do so would risk the ire of the great lords of the forest.



FOREST EAGLE

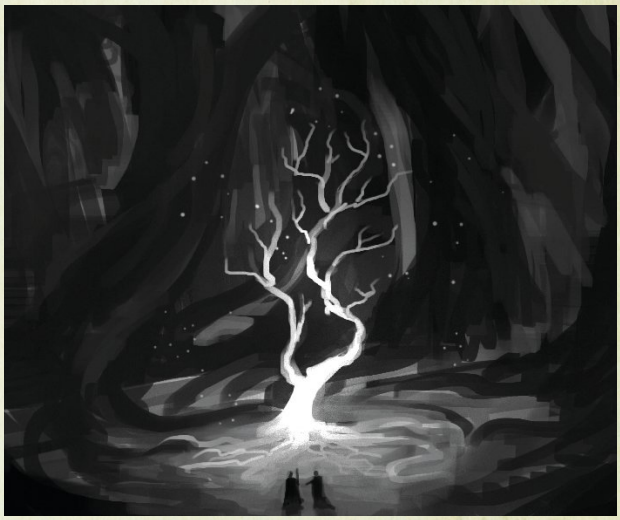
'Wherever there is sky, there is an eagle.' This old proverb among the Sylvan Elves holds true from the craggy mountain peaks of their realm, to the open groves, to the spaces beneath the canopy of the most ancient corners of the forest. Their colouration and stature varies from place to place, reflecting the needs of a predator in that environment. Some are great and broad while others are slender and agile, but they are universally identifiable by their wedge-shaped tail, powerful talons and cruel hooked beak. It is said that they can understand the speech of the elves and that they will carry great warriors upon their back in times of need. Such partnerships are rarer than those made between common warriors and the smaller forest kestrels; those who are accepted upon these proud raptors are most often leaders and councillors for the small community that makes their home above the forest floor. Regardless, whether ridden as a mount or under their own direction, all forest eagles are canny hunters, more than able to find an unsuspecting target for their talons, fall upon it unseen and carry it to distant perches.

GREAT ELK

It is true that on occasion some elves ride upon deer as men do upon horses: including the Huntsmen of the Forest King or the handmaidens of the Queen. These creatures bear little resemblance to the Great Elk chosen by the most powerful and wild lords; the same resemblance a pedigree hound bears to a wolf. They move silent and ghostly through the forest but are terrifying to behold when battle is upon them: powerful bodies straining, eyes gleaming, their vast racks of antlers sharpened to razors of bone, with great bugles heralding their approach. The bloodlines of these mighty beasts are as protected and secretive as any Duke's steed and there is great prestige in their taming. The charge of even a single Great Elk on the battlefield can break the hardest of defensive lines, and the stampede of the Wild Hunt led by blood-mad elves on the backs of roaring elk is a sight most terrible to behold.

UNICORN

Unicorns live on the boundary between two worlds; half in our mundane one and half in the Veiled Realm. It seems that only in the forests of the elves does the blend of these two worlds offer a home to such mythical animals. The population and diversity of unicorns living side by side with the Sylvan Elves is a transcendent sight: every shade from the purest white to the blackest void, every colour of the natural world and many colours only dreamt of. Coats that show the very cosmos or the crashing of waves upon distant shores, and ivory horns gleaming with barely contained power; only the mightiest of elven mages could hope to form a bond with these equine spirits and maintain it.

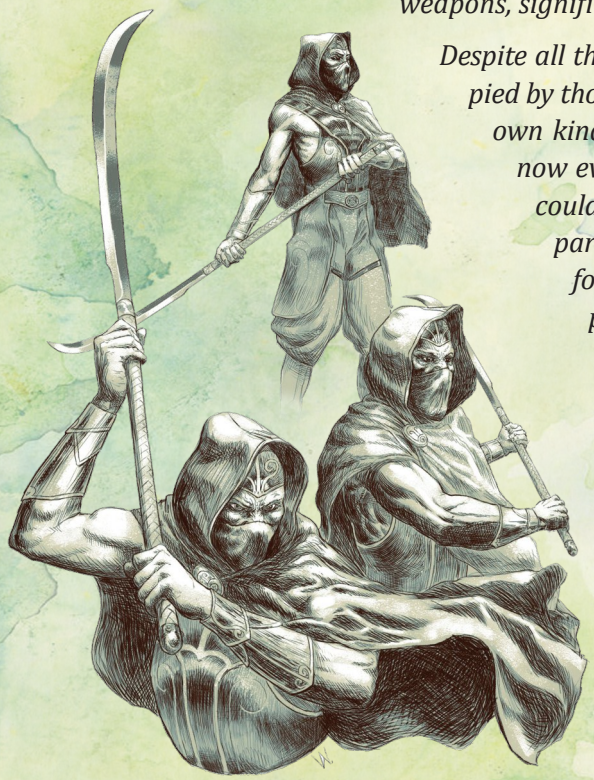


For as much as a unicorn may graze upon the grass, it is raw magic that sustains its life, and close proximity to such a beast for a prolonged period can draw away they very soul of a sorcerer bound to it. Nevertheless, many are the elves who will make the sacrifice to tame such a beast, for the prestige of their friendship and the protection they afford against hostile spells, but still there are dark rumours whispered of ancient unicorns which can speak as elves or men and possess countless memories of lives eons past. As with all in the realm of the Sylvan Elves it seems, a price must be paid for the friendship of a unicorn.

My last night in the forest came in the Autumn, as the Trewi came together in a great Moot. Gatherings of elves materialise throughout the year, but this one seemed of particular importance, marking their celebration of the time of Waryba. The entire community gathered at a great stone henge for a week. As with so many other visions during my stay, the Moot took my breath away.

The myriad crowds were bewildering. As I ambled amid the trees and tents, there was no way to grasp the scale of their conclave – I walked for an entire day and each moment brought a new group of elves talking, singing, trading or sparring. It was like a great market, an opulent ball and the most exotic of fairs all thrown together. In the forest near the henge, a ropework cathedral hung high in the canopy, formed from a thousand interwoven threads, around which the elves climbed, sat and sang. My heart could hardly bear to see so many beautiful people in one place, the very lifeblood of their realm laid bare for me to witness.

Many of the tree spirits, normally so reclusive, joined in the festivities of that time. I watched in awe as they mingled among the lithe elves. I saw treefathers with the white bark of birches and dryads forming themselves from ferns. Every new form surprised me, their verdant variety beyond even that of the elves. There is little more beautiful than a flowering matriarch singing to the trees in bloom, nor more otherworldly than the thicket shepherd as he leads his shambling flock through the mist. As mistletoe grows in the branches of greater trees I saw many spirits formed of one tree with small plants clinging to them. Occasionally these passengers appeared to form weapons, signifiers of rank or even peculiar garments.



Despite all the wonder of that occasion, my mind was still occupied by thoughts of escape and a burning need to return to my own kind. Where I normally felt the weight of unseen eyes, now even the Pathfinders mingled with the other Trewi. I could imagine no better opportunity, as the elves prepared to launch a ritual hunt, the "Blaut-Delyn". In a foolhardy and desperate moment, I took one of the prized elven steeds and galloped towards the forest's edge. It was only as I neared Equitaine and passed the clearing I had seen before that I understood. The Hunt of the Boar, the clearing with the stone – I somehow knew the Hunt was coming this way. I redoubled my efforts, and the speed of that graceful mount through the trees covered leagues in mere minutes. As I reached the edge of the forest and salvation, the horse mocked my supposed mastery and threw me to the ground, vanishing back into the trees.

DRAGON

Of all the great hunters in the elven kingdom, there is but one that sits upon the apex: the Dragon. Even the forest lords must pay their respects to these terrible beasts. Unlike their greedy and vainglorious kin in the world beyond the boughs, they are intelligent and dedicated caretakers of the natural order. This is not to say that they are without the hubris of their kind altogether; often I heard tales of tribute made to placate their pride, including treasures and live sacrifice. Only the mightiest of lords or sorcerers could hope to court the attention of the forest wyrms and survive.

Their scales are hard as diamonds and can reputedly change hue to match the terrain. They possess teeth as large as broadswords, talons capable of felling castle walls, and their breath is a thing of nightmare. Even a small fire can cause discomfort among the forest residents, and a dragon's exhalation can ignite blazes which tear through the forest with alarming speed. Yet from the ashes of such blazes arise the tendrils of growth, and so do the forest dragons create new life from the death of the old.






Thomas Karlsson 16

Impaling Roots – Shooting Weapon

Range 12″, Shots D6+1, Str 4, AP 1, **March and Shoot**, **Quick to Fire**, ignores to-hit modifiers from Cover. If its target is in contact with a Forest, the Strength is **set** to 5 and Armour Penetration to 2.

Sylvan Longbow – Shooting Weapon

0-55 Models with Sylvan Longbow per Army.
Longbow. Attacks made with a Sylvan Longbow gain Armour Penetration 1 and **Quick to Fire**. Also, when made from Short Range, they gain Str 4.

Sylvan Blades – Close Combat Weapon

Paired Weapons. Attacks made with Sylvan Blades gain +1 Armour Penetration.

Sylvan Lance – Close Combat Weapon

Light Lance. Attacks made with a Sylvan Lance gain +1 Armour Penetration.

Hereditary Spell

Casting Value	*Range*	*Type*	*Duration*	*Effect*
H Forest Embrace ⟨**4+**⟩ {**7+**}	**18″**	Augment	One Turn	Place a Forest Terrain Feature underneath the target (this can be substituted by placing a marker next to the unit). This Forest always extends to the edges of the target's Unit Boundary (even if the unit moves or changes formation). {**Enemy units in base contact with the target must reroll natural to-hit rolls of '6'.**}

Kindreds

Kindreds may be duplicated within an army.

Pathfinder
0–2 per Army. Models on foot only. Cannot be taken by the Battle Standard Bearer.
The model gains **Master Archer** and **Scout**.
The Shots of a Sylvan Longbow wielded by the model are **set** to 3. If wielded by a Forest Prince, its Shots are **set** to 4 instead.

Wild Hunter
Models on Elven Horse or Great Elk only.
The Forest Prince or Chieftain model part gains **Battle Focus**, **Devastating Charge (+2 Att)**, **Fearless**, **Frenzy**, and **Light Troops**.

Shapeshifter
Models on foot only.
The model gains **Exclusive**, **Fortitude (4+)**, and **Vanguard**, and its March Rate is **set** to 20″.

Blade Dancer
Models on foot only.
The model gains **Aegis (6+)**, **Dances of Cenyrn** (see Blade Dancer unit), **Exclusive (Blade Dancer Kindred, Blade Dancers)**, and **Fearless**. The model's unit gains **Swiftstride**. The model cannot use any Shooting Weapons nor benefit from Armour (neither mundane nor enchanted).

Forest Guardian
Models on foot only.
The model gains **Hatred** and +1 Armour.

Aspects of Nature

Each Aspect of Nature is One of a Kind.

Entangling Vines
In a Duel, opponents **must** reroll successful to-hit rolls against the model.

Scarred Bark
All Dryads in the model's unit gain **Hatred**.

Toxic Spores
The model's unit gains **Lethal Strike**.

Oaken Crown
The model gains **Swift Reform**.



Special Items

Weapon Enchantments

Bough Of Wyscan
Enchantment: Sylvan Longbow.
Shots **always** set to 1, Str 4 [6], AP 2 [10], **Area Attack (1×5)**, [**Multiple Wounds (2)**], **Reload!**.

Hunter's Honour
Enchantment: Spear.
Attacks made with this weapon gain +1 Strength and +1 Armour Penetration. If the wielder causes at least one unsaved wound with this weapon, the wielder and all R&F models in the wielder's unit gain **Distracting** until the end of the Melee Phase.

Oaken Might
Enchantment: Close Combat Weapon.
Attacks made with this weapon gain +3 Strength.

Watcher's Woe
Cannot be taken by Wizards.
Enchantment: Sylvan Longbow.
Shots **always** set to 4. Shooting Attacks made with this weapon become **Poison Attacks**.

Spirit of the Whirlwind
Enchantment: Sylvan Blades.
The wielder gains +1 Attack Value, and attacks made with this weapon gain +1 Strength and **Lethal Strike**.

Armour Enchantments

Shielding Bark
Infantry models only.
Enchantment: Light Armour.
The wearer gains +1 Armour, **Aegis (5+)**, **Fearless**, **Flammable**, and **Magical Attacks**.

Banner Enchantments

Banner of Deception
At the end of step 4 of the Deployment Phase Sequence (before deploying Scouts), the owner may remove the bearer's unit from the Battlefield and deploy it again elsewhere (any Characters joined to the unit must remain in the unit; this does not affect the number of Undeployed Units for calculating the starting roll-off bonus).

Predator Pennant
The bearer's unit gains **Devastating Charge (Distracting)**.

Banner of Silent Mist
0–2 per Army.
The bearer's unit gains Soft Cover. Enemy units within 3″ of the bearer's unit may not gain any benefit from a Musician.

Artefacts

Hail Shot

Forest Princes and Chieftains only.

One use only. When this Artefact is used, it is a Shooting Weapon with the following profile:
Range 30″, Shots 3D6, Str 4, AP 1, **Magical Attacks**. Aim is **set** to 2+. When fired from Short Range, it gains +1 Armour Penetration. Master Archer cannot be used in conjunction with Hail Shot.

Mist Walker's Mirror

Models on foot only.

One use only. May be activated at the end of any friendly Movement Phase if the bearer's unit consists entirely of Standard Height Infantry models, is unengaged, and is fully inside a Forest Terrain Feature that doesn't contain any enemy models. Apply the following rules:

1. The bearer's unit loses Scoring until the start of the next phase.
2. Remove the bearer's unit from the Battlefield.
3. Immediately place it back on the Battlefield with Special Ambush (centre of a Forest Terrain Feature). If the unit cannot be placed, it is considered destroyed where it was removed.

Sacred Seeds

Models on foot only.

One use only. The player may activate this Artefact at the end of any friendly Movement Phase and place a Forest Terrain Feature in contact with the bearer and at least 1″ away from any enemy units and other Terrain Features. The Forest **must** fit within a circle with a diameter of 6″.

Horn of the Wild Hunt

One use only. May be activated when a friendly unit within 8″ fails a roll for Charge Range. The roll may be rerolled.

Glyph of Amryl

Cannot be taken by models with Sylvan Spirit.

The bearer gains **Cannot be Stomped**. When fighting a Duel, the bearer gains +3 Defensive Skill.

Drums of Cenyrn

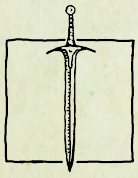
Models on foot only.

One use only. May be activated when the bearer's unit declares a Charge. The target of the Charge may only declare Hold as its Charge Reaction unless it is already Fleeing. The enemy unit may still declare Charge Reactions as normal if it is subsequently Charged by other units.

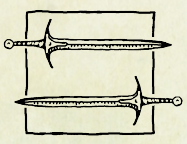
Army Organisation



Characters
Max. 40%



Core
Min. 25%



Special
No limit



Unseen Arrows
Max. 35%

Characters (Max. 40%)

Forest Prince

single model

Height Standard
Type Infantry
Base 20×20 mm

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	5″	**10″**	**9**			Forest Walker
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	3	**7**	**3**	**0**		
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Forest Prince	**4**	**7**	**4**	**2**	**9**	Accurate, Lightning Reflexes

Options

A single Kindred
Special Items
Light Armour
Shield
Elven Cloak
Sylvan Longbow (0+)
One choice only:
- Spear
- Great Weapon
- Lance

- Sylvan Blades
- Sylvan Lance

Mount Options

Elven Horse with Light Troops
Eagle King
Great Elk
Dragon

Chieftain

single model

Height Standard
Type Infantry
Base 20×20 mm

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	5″	**10″**	**9**			Forest Walker
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	3	**6**	**3**	**0**		
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Chieftain	**3**	**6**	**4**	**1**	**7**	Lightning Reflexes

Options

Battle Standard Bearer
A single Kindred
Special Items
Light Armour
Shield
Elven Cloak
Sylvan Longbow (1+)
One choice only:
- Spear
- Great Weapon
- Lance

- Sylvan Blades
- Sylvan Lance

Mount Options

Elven Horse with Light Troops
Great Elk
Eagle King

Druid

single model

Height Standard
Type Infantry
Base 20×20 mm

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	5″	**10″**	**8**			Forest Walker, Tree Singing, Wizard Apprentice
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	3	**4**	**3**	**0**		
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Druid	**1**	**4**	**3**	**0**	**5**	Lightning Reflexes

Magic Options

Wizard Adept
Wizard Master

Cosmology
Druidism
Shamanism

Options

Special Items
If Wizard Master
Sylvan Longbow (3+)
Sylvan Blades

Mount Options

Elven Horse
Eagle King
Sylvan Unicorn
Dragon (Wizard Master only)

Treefather Ancient

single model

0–1 Units/Army

Height Gigantic
Type Infantry
Base 75×50 mm

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	5″	**10″**	**9**			Forest Walker, Stubborn, Sylvan Spirit, Tree Singing
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	6	**4**	**6**	**4**		Aegis (5+), Flammable
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Treefather Ancient	**3**	**4**	**5**	**2**	**2**	Crush Attack, Impaling Roots (4+)

Magic Options

Wizard Apprentice
Wizard Adept
Wizard Master

Divination
Druidism

Options

A single Aspect of Nature
A single Artefact* (Wizard only)
*Cannot take Dragonfire Gem

Avatar of Nature

single model | 0–1 Units/Army

Height Gigantic
Type Infantry
Base 75×50 mm

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	5″	**10″**	**9**			Forest Walker, Stubborn, Sylvan Spirit, Tree Singing
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	6	**6**	**6**	**4**		Aegis (5+), Flammable
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Avatar of Nature	**6**	**6**	**7**	**4**	**3**	Crush Attack, Impaling Roots (3+)

Options

A single Aspect of Nature

Dryad Ancient

single model

Height Standard
Type Infantry
Base 25×25 mm

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	5″	**10″**	**9**			Forest Walker, Sylvan Spirit, Tree Singing
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	3	**6**	**4**	**0**		Aegis (5+)
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Dryad Ancient	**3**	**6**	**4**	**1**	**7**	Hatred

Magic Options

Wizard Apprentice
Wizard Adept



Divination



Druidism

Options

A single Aspect of Nature

Thicket Shepherd

single model | 0–2 Units/Army

Height Large
Type Infantry
Base 40×40 mm

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	5″	**10″**	**9**			**A Shepherd and its Flock**, Emboldening Boughs, Forest Walker, Sylvan Spirit
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	4	**5**	**5**	**3**		Aegis (5+), Flammable
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Thicket Shepherd	**4**	**5**	**5**	**3**	**4**	

Options

Battle Standard Bearer
A single Aspect of Nature

Model Rules

A Shepherd and its Flock: Universal Rule.
The model cannot join a unit that contains another model with this rule.

Character Mounts

Elven Horse

Height Standard
Type Cavalry
Base 25×50 mm

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	9″	**18″**	C			
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	C	C	C	C+1		
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Elven Horse	**1**	**3**	**3**	**0**	**4**	Harnessed

Great Elk

Height Standard
Type Cavalry
Base 50×50 mm

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	8″	**16″**	C			
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	C	C	**5**	C+1		
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Great Elk	**2**	**4**	**4**	**1**	**4**	Harnessed

Sylvan Unicorn

Height Standard
Type Cavalry
Base 25×50 mm

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	10″	**20″**	C			**Herald of Sura**, Magic Resistance (1), Strider
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	C	C	**4**	C+1		
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Sylvan Unicorn	**2**	**5**	**4**	**1**	**5**	Harnessed, Magical Attacks

Model Rules

Herald of Sura: Universal Rule.
While the model's unit consists entirely of Cavalry models, place a Forest Terrain Feature underneath the unit (this can be substituted by placing a marker next to the unit). This Forest **always** extends to the edges of unit's Unit Boundary (even if the unit moves or changes formation).

Eagle King

0–2 Mounts/Army

Height Large
Type Cavalry
Base 50×50 mm

Global		*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	Ground	**2″**	**4″**	C			Fly (9″, 18″), Light Troops
	Fly	**9″**	**18″**				
Defensive		*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
		4	C	**4**	**C+1**		Hard Target (1)
Offensive		*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Eagle King		**3**	**5**	**5**	**1**	**4**	Harnessed

Dragon

0–1 Mounts/Army

Height Gigantic
Type Beast
Base 50×100 mm

Global		*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	Ground	**7″**	**14″**	C			Fly (7″, 14″), Light Troops, **Meeting of Minds**
	Fly	**7″**	**14″**				
Defensive		*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
		6	**5**	**6**	**4**		
Offensive		*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Dragon		**5**	**5**	**6**	**3**	**3**	Breath Attack (Str 4, AP 1, Flaming Attacks), Harnessed

Model Rules

Meeting of Minds: Universal Rule.
The model gains **Tree Singing**. In addition, if the model starts a Round of Combat with the centre of its base inside a Forest, then the mount **must** reroll to-wound rolls of '1' with its Close Combat Attacks for the duration of that Round of Combat.

Core (Min. 25%)

Forest Guard

15–50 models

Height Standard
Type Infantry
Base 20×20 mm

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	5″	**10″**	**8**			Forest Walker, Scoring
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	1	**5**	**3**	**0**		Light Armour
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Forest Guard	**1**	**5**	**3**	**0**	**5**	Lightning Reflexes

Options

Must choose (one choice only):
- Elven Cloak and Sylvan Blades
- Spear and Shield

Command Group Options

- Champion
- Musician
- Standard Bearer
  - Banner Enchantment

Sylvan Archers

10–30 models

Height Standard
Type Infantry
Base 20×20 mm

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	5″	**10″**	**8**			Forest Walker, Scoring
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	1	**4**	**3**	**0**		
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Sylvan Archer	**1**	**4**	**3**	**0**	**5**	Lightning Reflexes, Sylvan Longbow (3+)

Command Group Options

- Champion
- Musician

Command Group Options

- Standard Bearer
  - Banner Enchantment



Heath Riders

5–15 models

0–3 Units/Army

Height Standard
Type Cavalry
Base 25×50 mm

Units with an upgrade marked with [UA] also count towards Unseen Arrows.

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	9″	**18″**	**8**			Forest Walker, Scoring
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	1	**4**	**3**	**1**		Light Armour
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Heath Rider	**1**	**4**	**3**	**0**	**5**	Devastating Charge (+1 Str, +1 AP), Lightning Reflexes, Sylvan Lance
Elven Horse	**1**	**3**	**3**	**0**	**4**	Harnessed

Options

Must choose (one choice only):
- Shield
- **Heath Hunters** (0–10 Models/Unit) [UA]

Ambush (**Heath Hunters** only)

Command Group Options

Champion
Musician
Standard Bearer
- Banner Enchantment

Optional Model Rules

Heath Hunters: Universal Rule.
The model loses Devastating Charge (+1 Str, +1 AP) and Scoring, and gains Sylvan Longbow (3+), **Feigned Flight**, **Light Troops**, and **Vanguard**.

Dryads

8–26 models

0–4 Units/Army

Height Standard
Type Infantry
Base 25×25 mm

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	5″	**10″**	**8**			Forest Walker, Scoring, Sylvan Spirit
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	1	**4**	**4**	**0**		Aegis (5+)
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Dryad	**2**	**4**	**4**	**1**	**5**	

Options

Clearing Spirits (0–15 Models/Unit)

Command Group Options

Champion

Optional Model Rules

Clearing Spirits: Universal Rule.
The model gains **Hard Target (1)**, **Light Troops**, and **Skirmisher**, and loses Scoring.

Special (No limit)



Forest Rangers

10–30 models

0–5 Units/Army

Height Standard
Type Infantry
Base 20×20 mm

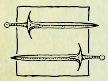
Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	5″	**10″**	**9**			Fearless, Forest Walker, Scoring
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	1	**5**	**3**	**0**		Elven Cloak, Light Armour
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Forest Ranger	**2**	**5**	**3**	**1**	**5**	Lightning Reflexes, Great Weapon

Options

Vanguard*
*Characters with Forest Guardian joined to this unit gain Vanguard.

Command Group Options

Champion
Musician
Standard Bearer
Banner Enchantment



Thicket Beasts

4–6 models

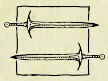
0–3 Units/Army

Height Large
Type Infantry
Base 40×40 mm

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	5″	**10″**	**8**			Bodyguard (Thicket Shepherd), Emboldening Boughs, Forest Walker, Scoring, Sylvan Spirit
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	3	**4**	**5**	**3**		Aegis (5+), Flammable
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Thicket Beast	**3**	**4**	**5**	**2**	**3**	

Command Group Options

Champion



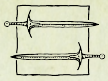
Forest Eagles

1–5 models

0–2 Units/Army

Height Large
Type Beast
Base 50×50 mm

Global		*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	Ground	**2″**	**4″**	**8**			Fly (9″, 18″), Light Troops, Strider (Forest)
	Fly	**9″**	**18″**				
Defensive		*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
		3	**5**	**4**	**0**		
Offensive		*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Forest Eagle		**2**	**5**	**4**	**1**	**4**	



Blade Dancers

7–15 models

0–3 Units/Army

Height Standard
Type Infantry
Base 20×20 mm

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	5″	**10″**	**8**			**Dances of Cenyrn**, Fearless, Forest Walker, Light Troops, Magic Resistance (1)
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	1	**6**	**3**	**0**		Aegis (6+), Hard Target (1)
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Blade Dancer	**1**	**5**	**4**	**1**	**6**	Lightning Reflexes, Sylvan Blades

Model Rules

Dances of Cenyrn: Universal Rule.

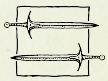
At the start of each Round of Combat, units consisting entirely of models with this rule **must** choose one of the dances listed below and apply its effects until the end of the Round of Combat. The unit cannot choose this dance again until after one of the following has happened:

- The unit is no longer Engaged in Combat.
- The unit has chosen a different dance.

Command Group Options

Champion
Musician
Standard Bearer
    Banner Enchantment

Dance of Bedevilments	**Fear**, and enemy units in base contact with the model always have a Rank Bonus of 0.
Dance of Biting Wind	+1 Armour Penetration and **Lethal Strike**.
Dance of the Parting Mists	**Aegis (3+)**, –1 Strength, and –1 Armour Penetration.
Dance of Whirling Blades	+1 Attack Value.



Treefather

single model

0–2 Units/Army*

Height Gigantic
Type Infantry
Base 75×50 mm

*0–1 Units/Army if the army includes two or more Avatar of Nature, Dragon, or Treefather Ancient.

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	5″	**10″**	**8**			Forest Walker, Stubborn, Sylvan Spirit, Tree Singing
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	5	**5**	**6**	**4**		Aegis (5+), Flammable
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Treefather	**5**	**5**	**6**	**3**	**2**	Crush Attack, Impaling Roots (3+)



Wild Huntsmen

5–12 models

0–3 Units/Army

Height Standard
Type Cavalry
Base 25×50 mm

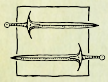
Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	9″	**18″**	**9**			Fearless, Forest Walker, Frenzy, Light Troops
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	1	**3**	**3**	**1**		Aegis (6+), Light Armour
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Wild Huntsman	**2**	**5**	**4**	**1**	**6**	Battle Focus, Devastating Charge (+1 Att), Lightning Reflexes
Elven Deer	**1**	**3**	**4**	**1**	**4**	Harnessed

Options

Shield
Must choose (one choice only):
- Sylvan Blades
- Sylvan Lance

Command Group Options

Champion
Musician
Standard Bearer
- Banner Enchantment



Kestrel Knights

3–6 models

0–2 Units/Army

Height Large
Type Cavalry
Base 40×40 mm

Global		*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	Ground	**2″**	**4″**	**9**			Feigned Flight, Fly (9″, 18″), Forest Walker, Light Troops, Vanguard
	Fly	**9″**	**18″**				
Defensive		*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
		2	**5**	**4**	**1**		Hard Target (1), Light Armour
Offensive		*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Kestrel Knight		**1**	**5**	**4**	**1**	**5**	Devastating Charge (+1 Att), Lightning Reflexes, Sylvan Lance
Kestrel		**2**	**5**	**4**	**2**	**4**	Harnessed

Options

Must choose (one choice only):
- Skirmisher and Sylvan Longbow (3+)
- Shield

Command Group Options

Champion
Musician
Standard Bearer
- Banner Enchantment

Unseen Arrows (Max. 35%)



Briar Maidens

5–10 models

0–2 Units/Army

Height Standard
Type Cavalry
Base 25×50 mm

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	9″	**18″**	**9**			Forest Walker, Light Troops, Wizard Conclave
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	1	**4**	**3**	**1**		Aegis (4+)
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Briar Maiden	**1**	**4**	**3**	**0**	**5**	Lightning Reflexes, Poison Attacks, **Poisoned Thorn (2+)**
Elven Deer	**1**	**3**	**4**	**1**	**4**	Harnessed

Model Rules

Poisoned Thorn: Shooting Weapon.
Range 12″, Shots 1, Str 3, AP 1, **Quick to Fire**.

Wizard Conclave

Must select 2 spells from:

- *Truth of Time* (Cosmology)
- *Master of Earth* (Druidism)
- *Break the Spirit* (Shamanism)
- *Forest Embrace* (Hereditary Spell)

Command Group Options

Champion
Musician
Standard Bearer
  Banner Enchantment



Sylvan Sentinels

5–10 models

0–2 Units/Army*

Height Standard
Type Infantry
Base 20×20 mm

*0–1 Units/Army if the army includes two or more units of Pathfinders.

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	5″	**10″**	**8**			Forest Walker, Light Troops, Skirmisher
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	1	**4**	**3**	**0**		Hard Target (1)
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Sylvan Sentinel	**1**	**4**	**3**	**0**	**5**	Lightning Reflexes, Poison Attacks, Sylvan Longbow (3+)

Options

Scout (0–1 Units/Army)
Sylvan Blades

Command Group Options

Champion

Pathfinders

5–10 models

0–2 Units/Army

Height Standard
Type Infantry
Base 20×20 mm

Global	*Adv*	*Mar*	*Dis*			*Model Rules*
	5″	**10″**	**8**			Forest Walker, Light Troops, Scout, Skirmisher
Defensive	*HP*	*Def*	*Res*	*Arm*		
	1	**5**	**3**	**0**		Hard Target (1)
Offensive	*Att*	*Off*	*Str*	*AP*	*Agi*	
Pathfinder	**1**	**4**	**3**	**0**	**5**	Lightning Reflexes, Master Archer, Sylvan Blades, Sylvan Longbow (2+)

Command Group Options

Champion



Quick Reference Sheet

Characters

Forest Prince	*Adv*	**5″**	*Mar*	**10″**	*Dis*	**9**					Forest Walker
Standard, Infantry	*HP*	**3**	*Def*	**7**	*Res*	**3**	*Arm*	**0**			
Forest Prince	*Att*	**4**	*Off*	**7**	*Str*	**4**	*AP*	**2**	*Agi*	**9**	Accurate, Lightning Reflexes
Chieftain	*Adv*	**5″**	*Mar*	**10″**	*Dis*	**9**					Forest Walker
Standard, Infantry	*HP*	**3**	*Def*	**6**	*Res*	**3**	*Arm*	**0**			
Chieftain	*Att*	**3**	*Off*	**6**	*Str*	**4**	*AP*	**1**	*Agi*	**7**	Lightning Reflexes
Druid	*Adv*	**5″**	*Mar*	**10″**	*Dis*	**8**					Forest Walker, Tree Singing, Wizard Apprentice
Standard, Infantry	*HP*	**3**	*Def*	**4**	*Res*	**3**	*Arm*	**0**			
Druid	*Att*	**1**	*Off*	**4**	*Str*	**3**	*AP*	**0**	*Agi*	**5**	Lightning Reflexes
Treefather Ancient	*Adv*	**5″**	*Mar*	**10″**	*Dis*	**9**					Forest Walker, Stubborn, Sylvan Spirit, Tree Singing
Gigantic, Infantry	*HP*	**6**	*Def*	**4**	*Res*	**6**	*Arm*	**4**			Aegis (5+), Flammable
Treefather Ancient	*Att*	**3**	*Off*	**4**	*Str*	**5**	*AP*	**2**	*Agi*	**2**	Crush Attack, Impaling Roots (4+)
Avatar of Nature	*Adv*	**5″**	*Mar*	**10″**	*Dis*	**9**					Forest Walker, Stubborn, Sylvan Spirit, Tree Singing
Gigantic, Infantry	*HP*	**6**	*Def*	**6**	*Res*	**6**	*Arm*	**4**			Aegis (5+), Flammable
Avatar of Nature	*Att*	**6**	*Off*	**6**	*Str*	**7**	*AP*	**4**	*Agi*	**3**	Crush Attack, Impaling Roots (3+)
Dryad Ancient	*Adv*	**5″**	*Mar*	**10″**	*Dis*	**9**					Forest Walker, Sylvan Spirit, Tree Singing
Standard, Infantry	*HP*	**3**	*Def*	**6**	*Res*	**4**	*Arm*	**0**			Aegis (5+)
Dryad Ancient	*Att*	**3**	*Off*	**6**	*Str*	**4**	*AP*	**1**	*Agi*	**7**	Hatred
Thicket Shepherd	*Adv*	**5″**	*Mar*	**10″**	*Dis*	**9**					A Shepherd and its Flock, Emboldening Boughs, Forest Walker, Sylvan Spirit
Large, Infantry	*HP*	**4**	*Def*	**5**	*Res*	**5**	*Arm*	**3**			Aegis (5+), Flammable
Thicket Shepherd	*Att*	**4**	*Off*	**5**	*Str*	**5**	*AP*	**3**	*Agi*	**4**	

Character Mounts

Elven Horse	*Adv*	**9″**	*Mar*	**18″**	*Dis*	C					
Standard, Cavalry	*HP*	C	*Def*	C	*Res*	C	*Arm*	**C+1**			
Elven Horse	*Att*	**1**	*Off*	**3**	*Str*	**3**	*AP*	**0**	*Agi*	**4**	Harnessed
Great Elk	*Adv*	**8″**	*Mar*	**16″**	*Dis*	C					
Standard, Cavalry	*HP*	C	*Def*	C	*Res*	**5**	*Arm*	**C+1**			
Great Elk	*Att*	**2**	*Off*	**4**	*Str*	**4**	*AP*	**1**	*Agi*	**4**	Harnessed
Sylvan Unicorn	*Adv*	**10″**	*Mar*	**20″**	*Dis*	C					**Herald of Sura**, Magic Resistance (1), Strider
Standard, Cavalry	*HP*	C	*Def*	C	*Res*	**4**	*Arm*	**C+1**			
Sylvan Unicorn	*Att*	**2**	*Off*	**5**	*Str*	**4**	*AP*	**1**	*Agi*	**5**	Harnessed, Magical Attacks
Eagle King	*Adv*	**2″**	*Mar*	**4″**	*Dis*	C					Fly (9″, 18″), Light Troops
Large, Cavalry	*HP*	**4**	*Def*	C	*Res*	**4**	*Arm*	**C+1**			Hard Target (1)
Eagle King	*Att*	**3**	*Off*	**5**	*Str*	**5**	*AP*	**1**	*Agi*	**4**	Harnessed
Dragon	*Adv*	**7″**	*Mar*	**14″**	*Dis*	C					Fly (7″, 14″), Light Troops, **Meeting of Minds**
Gigantic, Beast	*HP*	**6**	*Def*	**5**	*Res*	**6**	*Arm*	**4**			
Dragon	*Att*	**5**	*Off*	**5**	*Str*	**6**	*AP*	**3**	*Agi*	**3**	Breath Attack (Str 4, AP 1, Flaming Attacks), Harnessed

Core

Forest Guard	*Adv*	**5″**	*Mar*	**10″**	*Dis*	**8**					Forest Walker, Scoring
Standard, Infantry	*HP*	**1**	*Def*	**5**	*Res*	**3**	*Arm*	**0**			Light Armour
Forest Guard	*Att*	**1**	*Off*	**5**	*Str*	**3**	*AP*	**0**	*Agi*	**5**	Lightning Reflexes
Sylvan Archers	*Adv*	**5″**	*Mar*	**10″**	*Dis*	**8**					Forest Walker, Scoring
Standard, Infantry	*HP*	**1**	*Def*	**4**	*Res*	**3**	*Arm*	**0**			
Sylvan Archer	*Att*	**1**	*Off*	**4**	*Str*	**3**	*AP*	**0**	*Agi*	**5**	Lightning Reflexes, Sylvan Longbow (3+)
Heath Riders	*Adv*	**9″**	*Mar*	**18″**	*Dis*	**8**					Forest Walker, Scoring
Standard, Cavalry	*HP*	**1**	*Def*	**4**	*Res*	**3**	*Arm*	**1**			Light Armour
Heath Rider	*Att*	**1**	*Off*	**4**	*Str*	**3**	*AP*	**0**	*Agi*	**5**	Devastating Charge (+1 Str, +1 AP), Lightning Reflexes, Sylvan Lance
Elven Horse	*Att*	**1**	*Off*	**3**	*Str*	**3**	*AP*	**0**	*Agi*	**4**	Harnessed

Dryads	*Adv*	5″	*Mar*	10″	*Dis*	8					Forest Walker, Scoring, Sylvan Spirit
Standard, Infantry	*HP*	1	*Def*	4	*Res*	4	*Arm*	0			Aegis (5+)
Dryad	*Att*	2	*Off*	4	*Str*	4	*AP*	1	*Agi*	5	

Special

Forest Rangers	*Adv*	5″	*Mar*	10″	*Dis*	9					Fearless, Forest Walker, Scoring
Standard, Infantry	*HP*	1	*Def*	5	*Res*	3	*Arm*	0			Elven Cloak, Light Armour
Forest Ranger	*Att*	2	*Off*	5	*Str*	3	*AP*	1	*Agi*	5	Lightning Reflexes, Great Weapon
Thicket Beasts	*Adv*	5″	*Mar*	10″	*Dis*	8					Bodyguard (Thicket Shepherd), Emboldening Boughs, Forest Walker, Scoring, Sylvan Spirit
Large, Infantry	*HP*	3	*Def*	4	*Res*	5	*Arm*	3			Aegis (5+), Flammable
Thicket Beast	*Att*	3	*Off*	4	*Str*	5	*AP*	2	*Agi*	3	
Forest Eagles	*Adv*	2″	*Mar*	4″	*Dis*	8					Fly (9″, 18″), Light Troops, Strider (Forest)
Large, Beast	*HP*	3	*Def*	5	*Res*	4	*Arm*	0			
Forest Eagle	*Att*	2	*Off*	5	*Str*	4	*AP*	1	*Agi*	4	
Blade Dancers	*Adv*	5″	*Mar*	10″	*Dis*	8					Dances of Cenyrn, Fearless, Forest Walker, Light Troops, Magic Resistance (1)
Standard, Infantry	*HP*	1	*Def*	6	*Res*	3	*Arm*	0			Aegis (6+), Hard Target (1)
Blade Dancer	*Att*	1	*Off*	5	*Str*	4	*AP*	1	*Agi*	6	Lightning Reflexes, Sylvan Blades
Treefather	*Adv*	5″	*Mar*	10″	*Dis*	8					Forest Walker, Stubborn, Sylvan Spirit, Tree Singing
Gigantic, Infantry	*HP*	5	*Def*	5	*Res*	6	*Arm*	4			Aegis (5+), Flammable
Treefather	*Att*	5	*Off*	5	*Str*	6	*AP*	3	*Agi*	2	Crush Attack, Impaling Roots (3+)
Wild Huntsmen	*Adv*	9″	*Mar*	18″	*Dis*	9					Fearless, Forest Walker, Frenzy, Light Troops
Standard, Cavalry	*HP*	1	*Def*	3	*Res*	3	*Arm*	1			Aegis (6+), Light Armour
Wild Huntsman	*Att*	2	*Off*	5	*Str*	4	*AP*	1	*Agi*	6	Battle Focus, Devastating Charge (+1 Att), Lightning Reflexes
Elven Deer	*Att*	1	*Off*	3	*Str*	4	*AP*	1	*Agi*	4	Harnessed
Kestrel Knights	*Adv*	2″	*Mar*	4″	*Dis*	9					Feigned Flight, Fly (9″, 18″), Forest Walker, Light Troops, Vanguard
Large, Cavalry	*HP*	2	*Def*	5	*Res*	4	*Arm*	1			Hard Target (1), Light Armour
Kestrel Knight	*Att*	1	*Off*	5	*Str*	4	*AP*	1	*Agi*	5	Devastating Charge (+1 Att), Lightning Reflexes, Sylvan Lance
Kestrel	*Att*	2	*Off*	5	*Str*	4	*AP*	2	*Agi*	4	Harnessed

Unseen Arrows

Briar Maidens	*Adv*	9″	*Mar*	18″	*Dis*	9					Forest Walker, Light Troops, Wizard Conclave
Standard, Cavalry	*HP*	1	*Def*	4	*Res*	3	*Arm*	1			Aegis (4+)
Briar Maiden	*Att*	1	*Off*	4	*Str*	3	*AP*	0	*Agi*	5	Lightning Reflexes, Poison Attacks, Poisoned Thorn (2+)
Elven Deer	*Att*	1	*Off*	3	*Str*	4	*AP*	1	*Agi*	4	Harnessed
Sylvan Sentinels	*Adv*	5″	*Mar*	10″	*Dis*	8					Forest Walker, Light Troops, Skirmisher
Standard, Infantry	*HP*	1	*Def*	4	*Res*	3	*Arm*	0			Hard Target (1)
Sylvan Sentinel	*Att*	1	*Off*	4	*Str*	3	*AP*	0	*Agi*	5	Lightning Reflexes, Poison Attacks, Sylvan Longbow (3+)
Pathfinders	*Adv*	5″	*Mar*	10″	*Dis*	8					Forest Walker, Light Troops, Scout, Skirmisher
Standard, Infantry	*HP*	1	*Def*	5	*Res*	3	*Arm*	0			Hard Target (1)
Pathfinder	*Att*	1	*Off*	4	*Str*	3	*AP*	0	*Agi*	5	Lightning Reflexes, Master Archer, Sylvan Blades, Sylvan Longbow (2+)

Shooting Weapons

Name	Artillery	Range	Str	AP	Shots	Rules
Impaling Roots	-	12″	4	1	D6+1	March and Shoot Quick to Fire Ignores Cover Str 5 AP 2 when target in Forest
Sylvan Longbow	-	30″	3/4	1	1	Quick to Fire Volley Fire Str 4 at Short Range
Watcher's Woe	-	30″	3	1	4	Poison Attacks
Bough Of Wyscan	-	30″	4 [6]	2 [10]	1	Area Attack (1×5) [Multiple Wounds (2)] Reload!
Hail Shot	-	30″	4	1	3D6	Magical Attacks Aim **set** to 2+ +1 AP at Short Range
Poisoned Thorn	-	12″	3	1	1	Poison Attacks Quick to Fire

Aim Table

Name	Aim	Shooting Model
Hail Shot	2+	Characters
Sylvan Longbow	0+	Forest Prince
	1+	Chieftain
	2+	Pathfinder
	3+	Druid, Sylvan Archer, Heath Rider, Kestrel Knight, Sylvan Sentinel
Impaling Roots	3+	Avatar of Nature, Treefather
	4+	Treefather Ancient
Poisoned Thorn	2+	Briar Maiden


G VEAULÉGER 16


G.VEAULÉGER 16

EPILOGUE

I stumbled my way to the walls of Corante as the sun began to fall, with visions of the Hunt bearing down on my back. I felt an itch between my shoulder blades long after the woods were nothing but a distant blur. Still it was only when I knelt before the Duke in halls of stone made by men that I truly believed myself free.

Eighteen months had passed since the departure of our ill-fated hunt and the death of so many fine men. I had returned upon the eve of Roudastenat, under the red light of the Blood Moon, and some more superstitious members of court believed me a spectre. No doubt I seemed so too, wild eyed and unkempt as my journey had left me.



Yet my tale dispelled their doubts, then brought tears of grief and frustration to all. The Duke himself was enraged by the pains inflicted by the elves. Musing aloud, I spoke of the hunt which would soon pass this way – and immediately wished I could recall those words, as aimless anguish became a call to arms. Worst of all, I was pressed into leading the attackers to the clearing, returning to the very prison I had just escaped. I pleaded to be excused, but my words fell on deaf ears, lost in the cacophony of armour and weaponry being gathered.

So it was, mere hours after my liberation, in the gathering dusk, I rode at the head of a column of the finest knights in the Dukedom. Dread filled my heart, yet I hoped the might of human steel could break an elven hunting party. At least the advantage of surprise should be with us. We passed beneath the boughs of the first trees and even that slim hope faded. I felt those unseen eyes once more, though my hoarse warnings were promptly hushed. The moment we broke into the clearing, my worst fears were confirmed. It was ringed with elves and tree spirits, and the ring closed behind the last of the knights. A trap, which I had unwittingly led my brethren to. Only now I realised that every glimpse of the elven world led to this moment, every word learned, even my escape, orchestrated by an alien intellect to this end.

Two knights broke for the smallest of gaps in the encircling ambushers, only to be feathered with a dozen arrows well short of their goal. The rest formed a defensive circle around the Duke and awaited the onslaught. Slowly, the grim resolve of our party began to give way to nervous whispers and wide-eyed stares. Just as we felt the tension must break, the Forest Lord stepped into the clearing. This was not the Lord I knew, distant and formally attired. Now stripped to the waist, he was covered in painted glyphs and moved with a feline grace. He might have been preparing to join one of the Trewi dances I

had witnessed, save for the five foot glaive he held lightly in one hand.

The duel was a display of humanity at its best. At first I could not imagine the Lord being defeated, his glaive still coated in the blood of two bold knights. Yet the Duke, despite advancing years, fought like a man possessed. His armour turned aside the cruel glaive twice, and his own blade blurred through the glow of the torches we carried. Three times he pressed the Lord into deadly positions, only for the elf to twist aside, but the fourth hit home and elven blood flew.

The gash across the Lord's side seemed to spur him on, and the Duke's shield rang with blow after blow. In the end, the slightest of stumbles from the tiring man created the smallest of openings. It took elven grace to leap over shield and man, to strike from behind, the two warriors locked in a final embrace. Duke Matéo appeared to mouth unheard words, even as blood coated his lips. The man slumped to the floor, and two elven warriors dragged him to the boar stone, splaying him across the carved rock. The human survivors bristled at this treatment, yet what could we do? A ritual knife was produced, yet the Lord paused for a moment, then gave a small gesture.

A breach in the surrounding forces opened, and a path to safety was suddenly available. The assembled knights were wary, torn between thoughts of freedom and duty to their fallen leader. Tendrils of mist that began to creep through the clearing decided the matter, and as a disorganised mass we galloped wildly from that place of death, even as the Lord began to cut upon the Duke's body.

A solitary trumpet note rang through the woods at our back, and I turned to take in one last glimpse of the wildest and most awe-inspiring creatures I have ever known. There, upon the steps behind the boar stone, stood a being of myth. The Forest King, in all his splendour, and at his back the Wild Hunt amid a gathering storm. The braying of hounds filled the air, and I could look no longer, but bent over my horse's mane. Every foot of the ride I heard galloping hooves behind us; every moment I expected a spear in my back. I did not stop at Corante, instead riding without pause until I reached the sea – how little I knew then of what that calming ocean held for me!

Maiden fair
I know not where
You turned away from me
Roots entwined
Once souls combined
Names carved upon our tree
Love's first seed
Grew into need
Now Maiden hear my plea

The fire remains
The heat, the flames
Still burning strong
Where you belong
My search for you
It only grew
Where passion burned
So pain was learned

Like leaves whose time has come to fall
Long absence leaves an empty hall
The woods no longer hold your heart
And now you hold yourself apart
Winds, tides, ocean leagues
Towers, powers, court intrigues
What harvest reap you from the stone
Of this new world, your island home

Cold waves, cold rock
The gale lashed dock
Where once you came
And spoke my name
One more year, another frost
Now I fear, a future lost
The tree we carved with love's refrains
Now count the rings on its remains

—A Sylvan Elf lament translated,
by Thomas the Bard

THE 9TH AGE
FANTASY BATTLES

SYLVAN ELVES



From the greatest forests to the humblest desert oasis, wherever trees take root, there you may feel the weight of unseen eyes, or sense a tremor of movement among the boughs. Yet raise a blade to those sacred groves and you may feel the wrath of their protectors – the Sylvan Elves.

The 9th Age: Fantasy Battles is a community made miniatures wargame
All rules and feedback can be found/given at www.the-ninth-age.com

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