

This is the first article in a two part series detailing the epic War of the Beard. This was fought in the mists of time before the rise of Man. Anthony Reynolds tells us of this dire age.

THE WAR OF THE BEARD

Dwarf versus High Elf in bitter conflict

In an era long past, more than 2,000 years before the birth of Sigmar, the renowned Phoenix King Caledor I steered Ulthuan through its time of turbulence, the vicious civil war that tore the Elven nation apart.

As brother fought brother for control of the isle and the Phoenix Crown itself, Caledor led those loyal to his cause against the traitorous Malekith, eventually driving him from Ulthuan. Despite the troubles that had befallen the Elves, they were still a mighty nation, their magic at its pinnacle and dragon-riders soaring through the skies above Ulthuan.

The streets of Ulthuan were filled with the sounds of despair and much lamentation when the time came for Caledor to pass away. Caledor had left his successor, his son Caledor II, with a strong army and the most powerful navy in the world, but the folly of hereditary kingship was soon to be learned.

Caledor II, though sharing the blood of his father, had none of his good sense and wisdom. The young Phoenix King was rash and impetuous, vain and pompous. He was a mighty warrior, but with Ulthuan desperate for stability, far more was needed in a leader than he could provide.

Early in his reign, trade routes with the Dwarfs which had been closed during the times of Elven civil war were reopened. The Dwarfs were at the peak of their power, and their runesmiths had a far greater knowledge of their art than is present today. Dwarf-forged steel was the finest in the world, and their intricate

clockwork toys were the delight of Elven children. Great underground roads linked the flourishing Dwarf strongholds, and the Dwarfs knew little of the strife the Elves had suffered, believing themselves to be far removed from any danger.

As the Elves of Ulthuan forged friendships with the Dwarfs, Malekith the Witch King continued to plot against the Phoenix King. Garbed as warriors of Ulthuan, Dark Elves began

to strike brutally against the trade routes, slaughtering countless Dwarfs and seizing their wares. Suspicion naturally fell on the High Elves of Ulthuan.

King Gotrek demanded recompense from the Elves. When word of this demand reached the Phoenix King his reply was immediate and undiplomatic. He sent a message saying that the Phoenix King did not

answer demands but granted pleas. Dwarfs are a touchy, proud race and to suggest to a Dwarf King that he should beg for anything was almost as bad as suggesting he shave off his beard. King Gotrek sent a blunt reply to Caledor saying he made pleas to neither Elf nor god and demanded twice the recompense originally asked because of the implied insult. Caledor sent the Dwarf ambassador back with his beard shaved off and said that if Gotrek wanted compensation, he should come to Ulthuan and collect it himself. While all this was going on, agents of Naggaroth were abroad throughout the Old World stirring up trouble. Now it was a matter of honor, and there could now be only one outcome: war.

Dwarf armies marched down on the trading city of Tor Alessi (present day L'Anguille in Bretonnia) and laid siege to it. King Gotrek swore an oath that he would have his money or its weregeld price in Elf blood, or he would shave his head. It was a mighty oath. His ambassador had already become a Trollslayer from the shame of having his beard shaved, and the Dwarfs were determined that their king should not endure a similar fate.

Upon hearing of the Dwarf attack Caledor was outraged. He instantly dispatched an expedition to relieve Tor Alessi. It was a mighty fleet and a great

army. As they watched the towering ships sail forth, his advisors were dismayed because they feared that the dispatch of such a force would leave Ulthuan almost defenseless. Caledor flew into a towering rage and dismissed their fears as groundless.

In the Old World the war dragged on. Neither side was strong enough to overcome the other. The fortress cities of the Dwarfs were virtually impregnable. The dour, stalwart Dwarf troops were quite unlike any foe the Elves had faced before and they simply refused to give up or admit defeat, even when hopelessly outnumbered. This was not the berserker fury of the Chaos Hordes; this incredible tenacity was allied to tactical cunning and consummate military skill. For their part, the Dwarfs were astonished by the power of the Elf forces. They had judged the strength of Ulthuan by that of the least of its provinces. The huge armies of mailed knights and disciplined infantry was not what they had expected. Still, in true Dwarf fashion, they were not about to admit to a mistake.

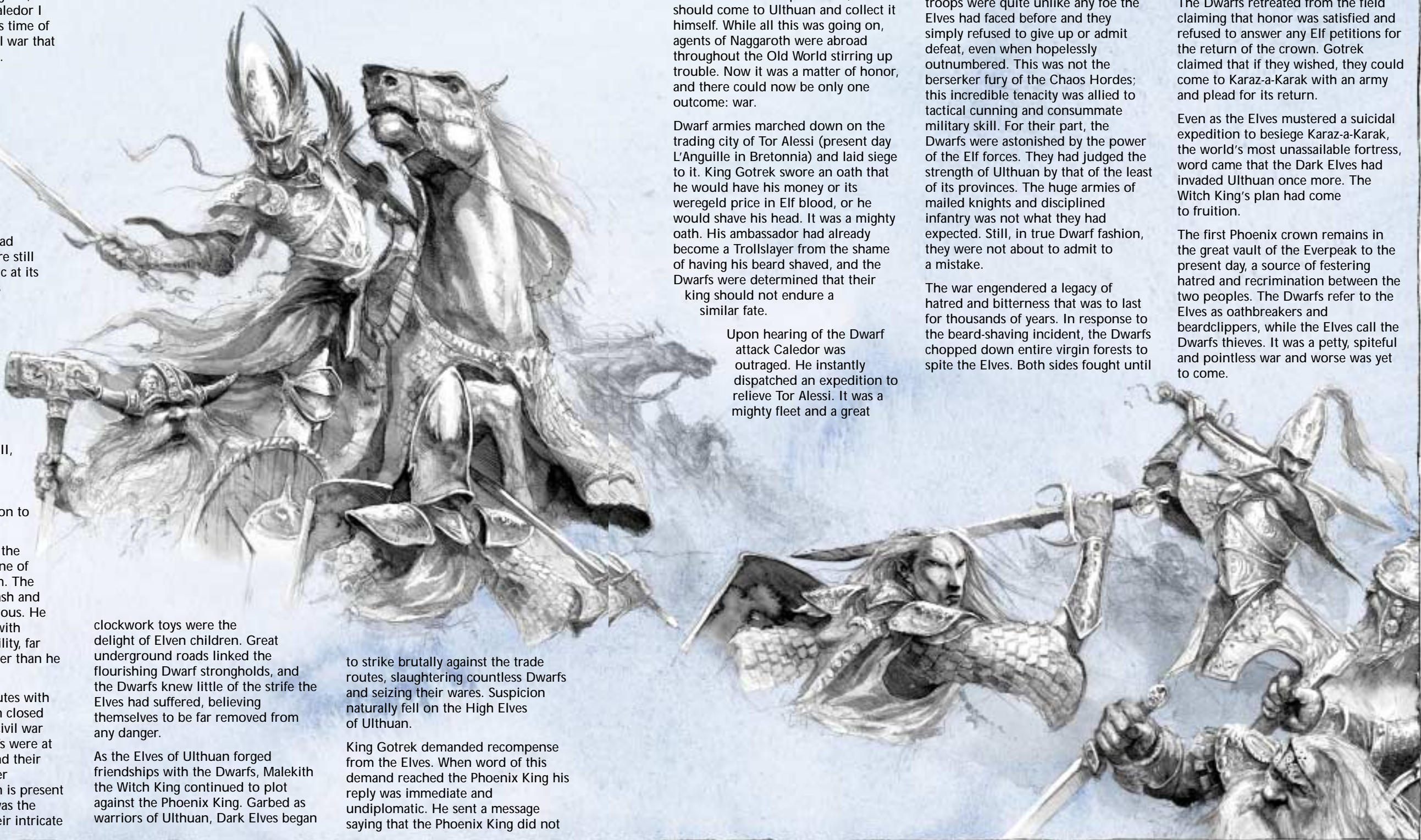
The war engendered a legacy of hatred and bitterness that was to last for thousands of years. In response to the beard-shaving incident, the Dwarfs chopped down entire virgin forests to spite the Elves. Both sides fought until

almost their entire military strength was spent. Tired of their lack of success, Caledor II dismissed his generals and took command personally. It was his last great mistake. At the fourteenth siege of Tor Alessi he charged right into the heart of the Dwarf infantry and was cut down by King Gotrek who snatched the Phoenix Crown from his corpse and took it in payment for the Elves' insolence.

The Dwarfs retreated from the field claiming that honor was satisfied and refused to answer any Elf petitions for the return of the crown. Gotrek claimed that if they wished, they could come to Karaz-a-Karak with an army and plead for its return.

Even as the Elves mustered a suicidal expedition to besiege Karaz-a-Karak, the world's most unassailable fortress, word came that the Dark Elves had invaded Ulthuan once more. The Witch King's plan had come to fruition.

The first Phoenix crown remains in the great vault of the Everpeak to the present day, a source of festering hatred and recrimination between the two peoples. The Dwarfs refer to the Elves as oathbreakers and beardclippers, while the Elves call the Dwarfs thieves. It was a petty, spiteful and pointless war and worse was yet to come.



WAR OF THE BEARD
HIGH ELVES ARMY LIST

This army has been designed so that you can recreate the War of the Beard, a tragic time of epic battle between the proud races of the High Elves and the Dwarfs at the height of their power. This army list may only be used when fighting an army chosen from the Dwarf War of the Beard army list, featured in next month's White Dwarf – these armies would be far too lethal to play against a regular army! The magical items here may ONLY be used in War of the Beard armies, as they have been lost in time and cannot be used in 'modern' battles.

CHOOSING CHARACTERS

Army Value	Maximum Characters	Maximum Lords
< 2,000	0-4	1
2,000-2,999	0-5	up to 2
3,000-3,999	0-7	up to 3
4,000-4,999	0-9	up to 4
each +1000	+2	+1

CHOOSING TROOPS

Army Value	Core	Special	Rare
< 2,000	1+	0-4	0-2
2,000-2,999	2+	0-5	0-3
3,000-3,999	2+	0-6	0-4
4,000-4,999	4+	0-7	0-5
each +1000	+1	+0-1	+0-1

HIGH ELF WAR OF THE BEARD SPECIAL RULES

- There is a +1 to all casting attempts made using High Magic.
- Lord choices may take up to 150 points of magical items.
- Hero choices may take up to 75 points of magical items.
- Spearmen, Lothorn Sea Guard and Silver Helms may take a magical banner worth up to 50 points.
- Swordmasters, Phoenix Guard and White Lions may take a magical banner worth up to 100 points.
- No Dogs of War units are to be used.
- Champions of Spearmen, Lothorn Sea Guard and Silver Helms may take magical items worth up to 25 points.
- Swordmasters, Phoenix Guard and White Lions are 0-2 choices.
- A Dragon ridden by a Lord (so NOT a Drake ridden by a Dragon Prince) may be upgraded to a Lvl 1 Wizard for 50 points. The Dragon may only use Fire Magic.
- Dragon Princes as they are in the High Elf armies book cannot be taken at all but are replaced by the following new unit.

DRAGON PRINCES OF CALEDOR

Points/Model: 270

Rare Unit 0-1 choice (takes up two Rare choices)*

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dragon Prince	5	5	5	4	3	3	6	2	9
Drake	6	5	0	5	5	5	3	4	7

*You may take 1-3 Dragon Princes as a single choice.

Unit Size: Each Dragon Prince is a single unit.

Weapons & Armor: Hand weapon, lance, dragon armor and shield.

Options:

- Each Dragon Prince may be equipped with magical items worth up to 25 pts.

Special Rules:

- Dragon Prince: Dragon Armor
- Drake: Fly, Cause terror, Large Target, Breathe Fire (S3), Scaly Skin (4+ save).



Chapter IV. Caledor II

The Varqi, King of
Shorri Halfhand

The year 2240 of Caledor II

So it is recorded that this day the mighty Phoenix King Caledor II did slay the treacherous Dwarf prince Shorri Halfhand, son of High King Gtsek Stabeske in noble combat. With his sword and brilliant armor, Caledor challenged the prince to an honorable duel to see the loss of so many lives on the field of battle that day. Reluctant, the cowardly Dwarf prince was stepping

forwards to face our Lord's wrath, his tiny heart heavy with fear. The sun sank over the mountainous horizon as the two warriors fought. Caledor's speed and skill as a warrior proved to be a formidable force. The Dwarf prince's sword appeared slow and cumbersome as such he was, wielding an axe felled with ease. Where he struck, the Phoenix King's sword did not, our noble Lord moving with swiftness away from the Dwarf's clumsy blows. Caledor's sword was a masterpiece of art, a sword of Shorri Halfhand, King Caledor's blazing sword striking blows that should have been fatal. And time again, only to have them turned aside by our noble Lord's deft fighting with great honor, allowing the Dwarf to rise to his

feet when knocked to the ground, and allowing him to retrieve his weapon when it fell from his hands. Most of our Phoenix King also proved to be a formidable force. Caledor called out to their gods in despair, Caledor allowed them to carry their fallen prince from the field of battle, and he then gave him a proper burial, proclaiming that no more battle would be fought that day for the Elves would mourn the Dwarf's loss and of his death with them. For this, the Dwarf said, and they slunk away from the battle field, swearing oaths of vengeance against our noble Lord and to avenge our Lord's death.

His horse stamping its hooves impatiently, commander Fierann of Ulthuan gazed over the open field towards the tight ranks of Dwarfs arrayed before his army. Today their treacheries would be repaid, he vowed, as he raised his finely wrought blade high into the air, its tip crackling with barely contained magic. He swept his blade down in a chopping motion, and the Elves of Ulthuan let out a great roar, surging across the grass towards their hated enemy. Fierann kicked his mount into a gallop, his proud unit of Silver Helms a step behind him.

A trio of great blue-scaled dragons leapt from the ground, weaving gracefully into the air. The Dragon Princes of Caledor borne on the backs of the drakes hefted their ornate lances.

Resplendent armor
gleaming brightly

in the sun, they soared overhead as the Silver Helms thundered over the hard, sun-baked field. As Fierann approached the Dwarf line, he picked his target; an impressive figure with an exceptionally long beard, wielding a large axe bedecked with runes. The Dwarfs stood unflinching before the Silver Helms, their faces grim and resolute. Lances were lowered as the Elves closed on their foe, and the ranks of bearded warriors let out a deep-throated war cry of defiance.

The Silver Helms crashed into the tightly packed Dwarfs with brutal force, their lances punching through sturdy armor, horses kicking out with flashing hooves.

Keeping his eye on his opponent, Fierann slashed downwards with his crackling blade. His foe raised his ornate battle-axe before him, and the two weapons clashed in a great burst of light and sparks. Letting fury wash over him, Fierann struck out repeatedly with his flashing sword.

Barely able to follow the blurring movements of the Elven

commander, the Dwarf nevertheless managed to fend off most of the blows. Those attacks that slipped past his defense rebounded forcefully off his gleaming armor, leaving faint smoking traces where they struck.

Hatred was etched on the faces of the combatants, Elf and Dwarf battling murderously. The resolute Dwarfs struck out savagely with axe and hammer, felling the steeds of the Silver Helms, and dragging them from their saddles. The Elves fought with great finesse, their elegant blades weaving deadly patterns through the air, slicing through armor and flesh. Sorcerous blasts of energy ripped through the ranks of Dwarfs, tossing them into the air like dolls, and Fierann smiled grimly. His brother Danalon had shown great magical prowess even when they were children.

Feinting to the left, Fierann turned his blade in mid air to sweep the weapon towards his enemy's exposed neck. Satisfaction burned in the Elven

commander's ice-blue eyes as his blade sliced into Dwarf flesh, cutting through bone and tendon with ease. The sickly smell of charred meat rose into the air as sparks danced over the Dwarf's nearly decapitated body.

With a tremendous roar that made Fierann's ears ache, one of the drakes landed in the midst of the battle. A Dwarf was impaled on the lance of the Dragon Prince, crying out in pain as he was hefted high into the air, his struggling form sliding slowly down the shaft. The drake lashed out with an immense clawed hand, swatting a number of foes to the ground, and roared again. Fierann raised his blade in salute to the Dragon Knight. As he turned back to the fierce battle, the Elven commander smiled grimly.

Today, Elven pride would be restored.



Two regiments of Archers defend their temple from attack.

New Magical Items

MAGICAL WEAPONS

Sword of Ages: 80 Points

This ancient and powerful blade is said to have been forged by the crippled god Vault the Maker. It guides the arm of its wielder, striking at the enemy with unerring skill and power.

Confers a +1 to hit, +1 A and +2 S to all attacks made by the wielder in Close Combat.

Blade of the Phoenix: 60 Points

This sacred blade is housed within the Shrine of Asuryan. In times of particular strife, the keepers of the Shrine will present the blade to a warrior of purity and honor, to wield in the name of the great god Asuryan.

No armor saves are allowed against hits made by the Blade of the Phoenix. Once per battle, at the start of any Close Combat phase the wielder will attack first and will fight with an additional D6 Attacks. This effect only lasts for the one Close Combat phase. The blade can only be used by a character who has the Pure of Heart honor.

TALISMANS

Cloak of Stars: 60 Points

The Cloak of Stars is thickly woven with enchantments, sapping the power of blows struck against it.

All shooting and hand-to-hand attacks struck against the bearer are resolved at -2 Strength.

Stone of Midnight: 45 Points

Stolen from the Dark Elf Hag Sorceress Morathi by Alith Anar, the enigmatic Shadow King of Nagarythe, the Stone of Midnight exudes a cloying mist of darkness, disorienting the bearers foes and filling their minds with terrifying visions and waking dreams.

In hand to hand combat any successful rolls to hit and to wound targeted at the bearer must be re-rolled. The second roll stands.

ENCHANTED ITEMS

The Crown of the Phoenix King: 150 Points

The Crown of the Phoenix King was worn by Aenarion himself, and is one of the most revered symbols of the High Elves.

The model wearing the Crown of the Phoenix King and the unit it is with is Unbreakable. In addition, all friendly models within 6" of the model become stubborn.

Horn of Isha: 35 Points

Made from a pearl-colored sea shell, the Horn of Isha summons the blessing of the Elven Mother Goddess.

Once per battle the horn may be used, at the beginning of any Close Combat or Shooting phase. The bearer and the unit he is with may make an additional Attack in close combat, or may shoot twice in the shooting phase.

Dragonheart Pendant: 20 Points

The Dragonheart Pendant symbolizes the spiritual bond that the bearer shares with his mount.

If the character wearing the Dragonheart Pendant is slain whilst riding a monstrous creature, the monster will automatically pass its Leadership test and can fight on as normal. In addition, the creature will suffer hatred towards the enemy model or unit that killed the character. In the same manner, if the creature itself is slain, the rider will suffer hatred towards the enemy model or unit that killed it.

MAGIC BANNERS

Sacred Banner of Avelorn: 30 Points

Woven from living leaves and the hair of the fairest Elven maidens, the Sacred Banner of Avelorn is a stunningly beautiful creation that inspires awe in all who see it.

Any enemy wishing to charge the unit must first pass a Leadership test. If failed, the unit does not move, transfixed by the beauty of the banner. The unit holding the banner must make their charge reaction before the Leadership test is taken.

