

Elven Corsairs

COMMON VIEW

"There are stories, but of course, there are always stories. Tales of whole villages that go missing, their folk never seen again. These missing towns are invariably located near the sea, which seems to be the only trait they all share in common. Never mind that the storms of the north are fierce, forcing people to move on. No, it always has to be 'phantom' raiders who no one has ever seen that did the deed, carrying off whole villages to who knows where. I say it's all nonsense to frighten children into behaving. 'Be still or I'll give you to the Dark Ones,' has hushed more than few unruly brats I'll warrant."

— EMMERICH, MERCENARY

"There are not enough words in your simple tongue to express our hatred for them, Human. Killers, despoilers, slavers and thieves we name them, but not one of these oft-earned titles begins to describe the depths of their depravity. They have neither mercy nor honour. They roam and kill in darkness called up by their foul sorceries. They are so base as to specifically target children for their depredations. The capricious folk of Ulthuan claim that they are their despised kin, exiled long ago, but truly, can one ever trust the words of an Elf?"

— HARGRIM FURGILSSON, DWARF TRADER

"I saw them once, years ago. If they have a name, I don't know what it is. I don't even want to know what it could be. They came in their dark ships and took my family away. The only reason I'm here today to tell you this tale is that I was out tending our flocks when they slipped at night into our village. I saw many more of them than I could count, yet not one of them made a sound. They stole everyone, young and old. Those that wouldn't be silent were slain, but they took all the bodies with them."

— PIETER, SHEPHERD

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

From the distant Land of Chill come raiders to the shores of the Old World, depraved warriors bent on slavery and conquest. Little is known of them in the Empire and the few Elven envoys that come from Ulthuan are loath to speak about them, ever preferring to avoid the subject when they can or answer tersely when they cannot.

"Who are they? They are sorrow. Pain. Misery. Misguided souls bound to darkness led by a damned prince who refused to accept his true destiny and will one day suffer as no other because of it. They embrace Chaos with open arms and much of their debauched society is given over to worship of Khaine, the Lord of Murder. They live in fear, comforted only by the lies they repeatedly whisper to each other as they nurse old wounds. They are terrible, seek them not. I will say no more."

— LORD ALASIR, ELVEN AMBASSADOR

The largest vessels that the Elven Corsairs command are the infamous Black Arks, vast floating fortresses capable of carrying thousands of warriors and slaves. Their sorcerers summon beasts up from the deep which fortifications are then built on. These 'living ships' always travel with a Black Ark, and drive fear into the hearts of all the corsairs would prey upon.

"I'd seen eighteen winters when first I took a berth on the Fortune's Kiss. A sturdy ship she was, speed rigged and expertly manned. Her master was Captain Reiner, a Marienburger with sea spray in his veins, if not for his skill, you wouldn't be hearing this tale. Through

some secret yet doubtless epic feat of bravery, betting on exactly what it was being a favoured pastime of the Kiss' crew, the Captain had managed to secure a full deck of Dwarf cannon and an engineer to oversee them. Logan Druminsfind was not fond of the ocean, but he'd have given his life in a second for his beloved cannon, or so

I thought soon after being introduced to him. Captain and Engineer both surprised us all before the end. On a trading voyage off the coast of Bretonnia, I saw my first, and I hope by Sigmar's grace my last, Black Ark of the Dark Ones. Sometime during third watch the entire crew was roused and called to quarters. As we stumbled to our posts, we saw it picked out by moon's light on the horizon. It moved like a mountain with sails. We could feel the swell of its passage though it was still long leagues from us. Closer by far were strange castles that sped across the surface of the deep, drawn by hideous sea serpents that still give me nightmares. They roared as they came on, their bellows echoing across the



waves, and I think many of the crew gave themselves up for lost but Reiner would hear none of it. He took the wind and held it, giving them a running battle that was to last till dawn. Time and again they would draw near and Druminsfind's gunnery would drive the beasts off. I've never seen such sailing or such shooting, yet always, they remained near us. As the sun touched the horizon, Druminsfind left his guns to speak with the Captain. I don't know what he said, but Reiner obviously didn't like it. Nevertheless, to our astonishment, four cannon and most of the ship's powder were placed in a long boat along with the Dwarf. He looked all of us in the eyes, one by one as he prepared to set off, and his final words are still etched in my heart. 'Better this, lads, than ever being caught by them.' As he rowed off, he began to sing in the hard secret language of the Dwarfs and though I didn't know the words, I knew it was a martial song. When the serpent ships drew near him, he set fire to his beloved cannon. The explosion killed one at least and caused the rest to scatter. That was all that Reiner needed to bring the Fortune's Kiss out of danger. I've never seen a Dark One, only their damned ships, but that was more than enough."

— KURLASS, SAILOR

"Poisoning a poisoner is no small feat. I suggest Black Lotus for the irony."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

OUR OWN WORDS

"To sail with a Black Ark is one of the greatest honours that any Druchii could ever aspire to. I trained long and hard to earn my berth upon the Wind of Damnation, slaying several undeserving rivals to the post along the way. It is a worthy life. I get to regularly practice my skills upon our many enemies and one tenth of the plunder that I seize is mine to keep. Slaves, gold, and fame, these too can be yours if you are bold."

— TEILANCARR, DRUCHII CORSAIR

"We dominate the seas of the world because they are ours to do with as we will. Our weak willed cousins once held all the oceans in their grasp, but allowed them to slip away as they declined into decadence. Not so, our forces. We strike where and when we will, leaving no doubt who are the true masters of the seas. We make slaves of the lesser races because they are fit for nothing else. It is only just that they should strive for their betters. What is truly insulting is how seldom any of them realises the honour we do them by enslaving them. Those we take are privileged to join something far greater than they ever would've been able to if we left them to lead their pathetic little lives. To serve the Witch King Malekith is to serve the greatest ruler the world has ever known. It is a shame that the wretches cannot see that, but what can you expect of such animals?"

— TULLARIS OF HAR GANETH

Harpies

COMMON VIEW

"I've heard tales o' their entrancing beauty. Sure'n what sailor has not? They dance among the winds ranging o'er strange isles that appear on no map, their beautiful voices calling honest sailors to forsake their shipmates and swim out to join them. Join them they do, I reckon, when they drown or get dashed to pieces on the sharp waiting rocks. Either way, they're meat for the Harpies. When you hear strange sounds at sea lads, stuff yer ears with cotton or wax and heed not the Harpy's song, for there's nothing but death in it for ye."

— EDGAR, SHIP'S MATE

"There is an ancient song from the dawn of the world that is still sung by my people. It is called the Lay of Nashara, the Mistress of Wings. Like most of our oldest songs, it is sad though fair to hear. Nashara was a priestess who attended a temple by the sea, where she fed the great sea birds that her lord loved. Though he roamed the ocean on many a trip and was gone for years at a time, she was ever faithful to him. After long years of awaiting his return, when his ship finally came into port, she rushed down to meet her love, but on his travels, he had found another and spurned her. She hid her pain, went back to her temple and began to instruct the birds as to her will. With subtle enchantments she bound them to her and she to them, mixing her very blood with theirs.

