

The cover art depicts a dark, stormy sea with several wooden sailing ships. In the background, a massive, dark, and menacing structure resembling a temple or a giant's face looms over the water. The structure has glowing red eyes and a wide, toothy mouth. The overall atmosphere is dark and ominous. A large, semi-transparent red watermark with the word "Sample" is overlaid diagonally across the center of the image.

WARHAMMER™
FANTASY™
ROLE-PLAY™
TEMPLE OF SPITE

A TITANIC WAR VESSEL OF THE DARK ELVES,
AND ITS CREW OF CORSAIRS AND MONSTROSITIES

CREDITS

- **Design and Development:** Dave Allen, Dominic McDowall, Simon Wileman
- **Writing:** Dave Allen, Naomi Hunter, Samuel Poots, Anthony Ragan, Simon Wileman
 - **Editor:** Declan Aylward
 - **Producer:** Simon Wileman
 - **Senior Producer:** Petru Bumbar
 - **Cover:** John McCambridge
- **Illustration:** Alessandro Boer, Anthony Boursier, Davide Calabrese, Çağdaş Demiralp, Jerome Huguenin, Sam Manley, John McCambridge, Moreno Paissan, Alessandro Patria, Alejo Ramos
 - **Graphic Design:** Claudio Canellas Dias, Diana Grigorescu
 - **Layout:** Diana Grigorescu
 - **Proofreading:** Nicolás Andrés Montelongo
- **Cubicle 7 Team:** Dave Allen, Declan Aylward, James Barry, Petru Bumbar, David F Chapman, Walt Ciechanowski, Calum Collins, Christopher Colston, Elaine Connolly, Claudio Canellas Dias, Michael Duxbury, Paula Graham, Bruno Grandis, Diana Grigorescu, Keith Hanrahan, Gemma Harper, TS Luikart, Dominic McDowall, Sam Manley, Katharine Monaghan, Pádraig Murphy, Eimear O'Sullivan, Neil Ogbeide, Siobhán Sheehy, Zsombor Sváb, Sam Taylor, Jim Tuohy, and Justina Zavistanavičiūtė
- **Publisher:** Dominic McDowall

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◆ THE DARK ELVES ◆

It begins with the fog. Tendrils of pale mist unfurl over the waves, disorienting the senses and shrinking the world to a grey shroud writhing with sorcerous life.

Gradually, an impossible silhouette emerges, a towering prow, carved into the snarling visage of a vengeful god. Ramparts of ancient bedrock follow, bristling with elegant crenellations and buttresses inscribed with tormented elven runes. High above, soaring towers cluster against the night sky, vast, silent, and impossibly tall, their black spires crowned with witchfire, casting an eerie amethyst light about the structures.

Few live to tell of such a sight. When the black ark comes, its cruel denizens follow, to raid, torment, and slaughter. From their inhospitable land of Naggaroth, the dark elves regard the world as a predator views its prey. They take what they want and relish in causing suffering. They feel no remorse, twisted as they are by resentment for a great historical betrayal. The Druchii hope to dominate all other species and destroy their high elf kin.

Temple of Spite provides a guide to dark elves abroad upon the world's oceans. It positions the Druchii as unique antagonists for a GM to use in their campaign. Rather than sending Characters all the way to bleak Naggaroth, the book provides inspiration for bringing dark elves to them, wherever they may be hiding.

The *Temple of Spite* is a black ark, a floating citadel roaming the oceans, carrying a population of dark elves. Their society is a microcosm of Naggaroth, with the hierarchies, rivalries, intrigues, and cruelties of Druchii playing out in the towers and halls on board.

Fleetmaster Duriath Helbane plots to despoil human lands and conquer high elf outposts, hoping to win favour with Malerion, the Dread King. The *Temple of Spite* is colossal, better considered a floating city rather than a ship. The ark is a setting where Characters can hide, infiltrate society, explore, and perhaps even destroy it from within.

Along with a description of the ark and its denizens, you will find a broad overview of the dark elves' tragic origins on Ulthuan, their homeland of frozen Naggaroth, rules for dark magic, and a host of creatures associated with Druchii civilisation.

Dark elves are as diverse as any intelligent species. A series of warbands and NPCs associated with the *Temple of Spite* illustrate the many motivations and personalities across dark elf factions. None are restricted to the ark, so Characters might encounter them in the Old World, Norsca, Lustria, or elsewhere. All are worthy adversaries in a fight, though in the right circumstances, they can be patrons or allies. While dark elves revel in murder, torture, and cruelty, they are cunning enough to set aside sadism for long-term ambitions. The NPCs and guidance on creating dark elf characters help give them depth and nuance, to make them memorable and challenging villains.

Temple of Spite requires only the core **WFRP Core Rulebook**, but combining it with rules and background from **Sea of Claws**, **Sea Wardens of Cothique**, and **The Corsairs of Captain Flariel** will open up possibilities for new adversaries, expanded rules for bringing the dark elves to life, and provide a rich setting for an epic campaign.



WHO ARE THE DARK ELVES?

'We don't fear the Druchii because they are evil, malicious, and sadistic, though they are. Nor because they are insane, for they are not. No, they terrify us because they are us.'

— Elthira Windshard, Lothern Merchant

To Old Worlders, many of whom have rarely seen any sort of elf, the dark elves, or *Druchii* as they are known in the elven tongue of Elthárin, are the stuff of nightmares, tales to scare misbehaving children. With skin of ice and teeth and nails of iron, they come during the hours of darkness to steal good people for their unholy feasts. Even in regions far from the sea, late night tales are told in taverns of elves riding daemonic horses who hunt humans for sport.

To those with experience of elves, the truth is even more disturbing. The Druchii look like any other elves and, should they want to, blend in so well that they can move amongst Asur, Eonir, or Asrai undetected. Any elf one meets could be a dark elf, plotting in secret, waiting to strike. Their skin may be paler from life in bleak Naggaroth, their hair more commonly black, and they may prefer clothes whose designs call to mind death and blood, but they are still elves like their kin. They can be as courteous, intellectual, suave, and sophisticated as any diplomat from Ulthuan, and they can be monstrosly, joyfully cruel.

In Thrall to Dark Powers

The dark elves deal with daemons and worship the *Cytharai*, the dark gods of the elven underworld. Khaine, Lord of Murder, holds a special place in their culture. Academics might debate whether dark elves love murder because they worship Khaine or worship Khaine because they love murder, but to the Druchii, such an issue is just a meaningless distinction.

Human settlements are easy pickings for dark elf raids, and many a coastal village has been found empty of its population, grisly stains and smouldering ruins being all that is left behind. From time to time, sailors or coastal patrols find someone who escaped the elven corsairs, left wild-eyed and insane, ranting about the horrific fate of their fellows. Should any sensible folk living on the coasts of the Old World discover the full horror of the Druchii, they would flee far inland.

It is not only humans hiding in their squalid towns and villages who fear 'evil elves'. Quiet rumours in Marienburg say that the head of one Elftown clan was revealed to be a dark elf, though the Exarchate says nothing. To the rulers of the great port, that silence speaks volumes. The raiders who ravage Nordland's coasts are not just Norscans, and reports have reached Elector Count Gausser that some among the Eonir have dealings with strange reavers in sleek black ships. For now, he holds his tongue, but should any hint of this reach the public, the demand for war with Laurelorn would be overwhelming, and it is a war he doubts he could win.

In Their Own Eyes

Ask a Druchii what they are and, while deciding how precisely to maim you, they might deign to explain. The dark elves, like all other elves, are the children of Ulthuan, in this case the shattered kingdom of Nagarythe. In their worldview, they are the true followers of Aenarion and the devoted subjects of his son Malerion, the rightful heir to the Phoenix Throne. They were Ulthuan's true warriors, the ones who held off Chaos, and the only ones who see the world as it really is: all the other peoples are cowards, imbeciles, or barely better than animals. They are superior and they alone are fit to rule. They are the Druchii.

