

THE EIGHTPINTS





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Sort Of Near The Beginning...

There was The Cycle of Perpetuality. The land would be wholesome, happy and glad. People would cheer and dance in the streets. They would get rich off the land and harvest great hoards of food and treasure. This was The Good Times. The Titans of Perpetuality, awoken by the thumping drums of too much revelry, would awaken, to join in "the dance". They would lay siege to the land and its peoples, eating the harvest and collecting the treasures. These were known as The Bad Times. The Titans of Perpetuality would get rich off the harvest of the people, and the people would suffer.

Then, a leader would arise, a leader who would gather together a warband of noble and ignoble attributes, who would wage war on the Titans of Perpetuality. The Titans of Perpetuality would fight, but succumb to the leader and their warband. The Titans would recede into the places from which they had awoken, and slumber again. The people would then regroup, rebuild, and the Cycle towards The Good Times would begin again.

This happened for centuries. Millennia.

Then...

Some MF went and lost his Rhames-Damed dog. Aww shizz.

So began a quest so vile, so rank and smelling of whizz, that the whole universe collapsed in

on itself, both the past and future becoming one, then separating again like the cosmic-scale parents of a dwarf sun during a particularly bad divorce. Lawyers, eh.

A literate rat, a Lord of Somefaceplacename, docks, woods, and a giant plot to rewrite the future before it happened, happened. Something about a Frakk Drill that never made the light of day. Some shizz about a plague of some colour, shape or form.

The people did not celebrate. The Titans of Perpetuality did not awaken. They slumbered through many, many cycles, and the world descended into a descent of some form of metaphorical steepness. The Titans of Perpetuality slept, but their bellies grew hungry as they lay. One day, a rumble in the belly of a Titan was so loud it caused an avalanche in the Hountains, and awakened its Titan of Perpetuality. Just one. One big enough to rip a hole straight through the side of the mountain it was sleeping in like a MF going straight through the side of a lit toaster with a sledgehammer. Sparks, MF, sparks. Maintenance bills, possibly Insurance Claims. Buildings and cities burned. People fled and took out mortgages in new neighbourhoods. The Titans of Perpetuality had awoken, and they were angry as a MF.

They scoured the land, searching for their harvest and treasure. Searching for the happy dancing people to terrorise and their bastions to lay waste to. No happiness. No dancing. Only a dog, in "Returned" format. What an airborne genital of a situation.

They learned that the Cycle of Perpetuality was over. The people were sufficient with mundanity and returned possessions. There was no bountiful harvest, and no treasure to be hoarded.





Just a dog. And a lot of whizz on a fair few trees.

The Titans of Perpetuality decided to take revenge. Like, MFkn revenge. They lay siege to city by city, region by region. The Eightpints lay in a different shape of ruin to its normal shape of ruin. People got lost on their way to work and needed to use social skills to navigate the city streets. Imagine, MF, just imagine.

And then... You. You stepped in, stepped up, and said something like, "G'day me'Landlord O'Matey. Can I order a fresh pint o' yer finest and gladdest?"

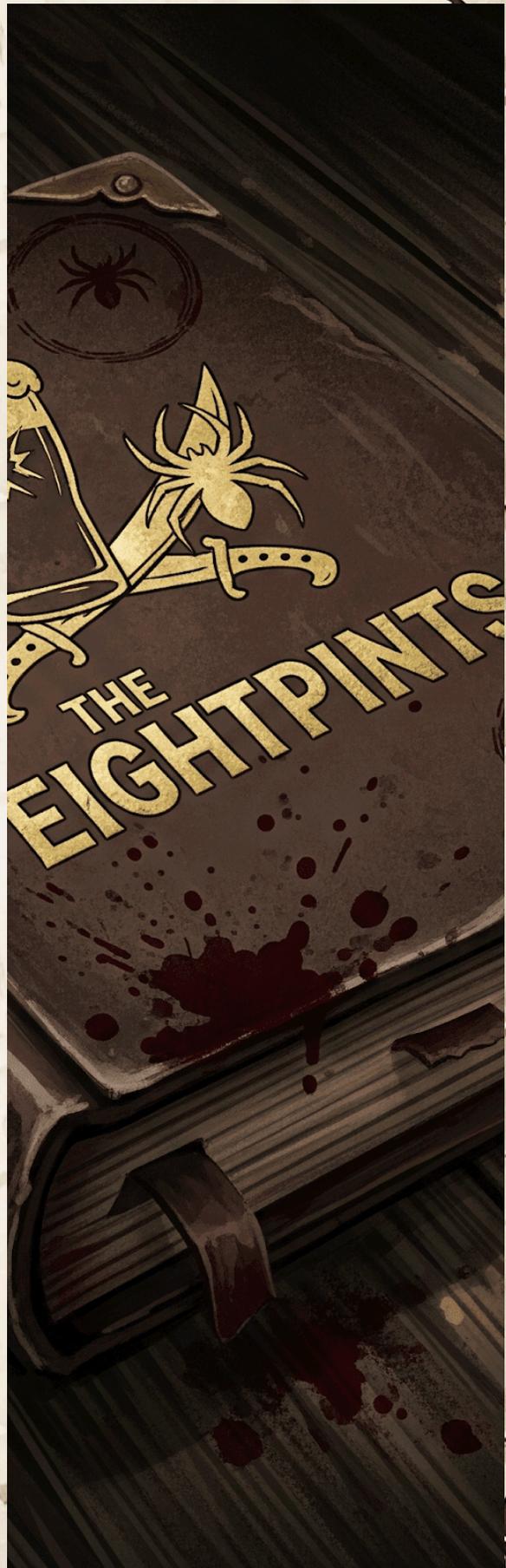
The landlord poured your pint, fresh frothy foam whispery-kiss-sliding down the slide of the tankard.

You asked something along the lines of, "How much damage?"

And he reached under the bar, grabbed something out of sight, then placed a medium-sized scroll on the bar, just next to your fresh beer as it sat there settling. He looked you square in the eye/face/eye-patch/helmet-guard and said:

"Howabouts... you kills us eights of them?"

MF.
We have us
a PURPOSE.





Sea of

Near The Beginning...

MF.

We have us
a PURPOSE.

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Vol. III

Factions of Ascension

The Ascension of the Bull

Now, for the other side of the magical coin. The ambitious ones, the artists, the ones who saw what The Devout were doing and thought, "That's a nice god you've got there. I think I can do better." Welcome to the top-right of the board, the home of the Self-Made Juice factions. We call 'em **The Ascendant**, and they are the most arrogant and terrifyingly individualistic players in the game. They've looked at the raw, chaotic power of The Sink, and where others see a force to be worshipped or feared, they see a tool, a raw material, a lump of cosmic clay waiting to be sculpted by a superior will: Their own.

Their power is still "Juice," but it's a different flavour. It's not the passive, prayer-answered power of The Devout. It's the active, wrestled-from-the-abys power of a master craftsman. These are the sorcerers who see reality as a flawed text and themselves as its destined editors. They are the shamans who consume the souls of beasts not out of faith, but to fuel their own, personal furnace of primal rage. They are the artists who have learned to wield emotion itself as a weapon, who can craft a performance so beautiful and so tragic that it can literally stop a heart. Their magic is not a gift; it's a conquest, a testament to their unshakeable belief in their own, superior will.

Where do they come from? They are the heretics, the prodigies, and the profoundly traumatized.

They are the survivors of a people whose history was stolen, their sorrow now forged into a cold, cruel magic of the abyss. They are the artists who have seen the beautiful emptiness at the heart of the world and have decided to fill it with their own, perfect, terrible creations. They are the warriors who have looked upon their own flesh and seen it not as a temple, but as a canvas, to be tattooed, scarred, and burned in the pursuit of a single, perfect, and excruciatingly beautiful moment of power. The common folk see them as monsters, as madmen, as cautionary tales. They are the ones who dared to reach for the power of the gods, and in doing so, often became something far worse.

Their quests are the most personal and the most ambitious. They will hunt a legendary beast not for its spirit, but for a rare alchemical component that will complete their magnum opus. They will delve into the Defiled Ruins not for relics, but to study the very fabric of a broken reality, hoping to learn how to tear it and reweave it to their own design. They seek forbidden knowledge, they hunt their rivals with a cold, intellectual fury, and their ultimate goal is often a form of terrifying apotheosis. They're not playing against the house; they're trying to *buy* the house, to burn it down, and to build a newer, better, and more interesting casino on its ashes. Betting on one of The Ascendant is a bet on a single, brilliant, and probably insane mind. It's a long shot, but if it pays off, you'll be telling the story for the rest of your short, miserable life.





Quadrant of Belief

What matters is not just what is believed, but also how it is manifested.



West to East: The Axis of Belief, from Creed-Bound to Self-Made

This axis defines the motivation and source of truth for a faction

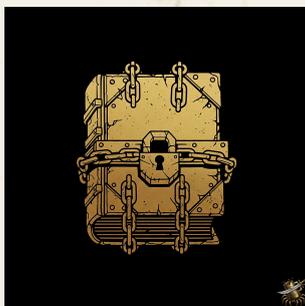
South to North: The Axis of Power, from Cogwork to Juice

This axis defines the source of a faction's power





The Axis of Belief: Why You Do It



Creed-Bound

You can always spot them when they walk in. There's a look in their eyes, a kind of unshakeable, terrifying certainty. These are the Creed-Bound. For them, the truth isn't something you find; it's something you're given. It might come from a screaming god, a dusty old book, or the simple, brutal traditions of their clan. It doesn't matter. The path is already written for them, and they will walk it to the bitter end, dragging the rest of the world with them. Never try to reason with a true believer; their faith is a fortress, and you are just a storm breaking against its walls.

A faction is "Creed-Bound" if their truth comes from an external source they are bound to follow. This could be a demanding god, a rigid legal code, or an unshakeable cultural tradition.



Self-Made

Then you have the others. Their eyes don't have that holy fire; they have a cynical, calculating glint. These are the Self-Made. They've seen the gods and their grand plans, and they've decided they'd rather trust the truth they can hold in their own scarred hands. Their power doesn't come from a dusty book; it comes from their own will, their own ingenuity, and their own refusal to kneel. They are the survivors, the pragmatists, the inventors, and the heretics. They don't believe in fate; they believe in a well-placed blade and a better contract.

A "Self-Made" faction believes that truth and power are forged from within. Their philosophy is built on pragmatism, personal experience, and the strength of their own will. They make their own rules and are not beholden to any god or external dogma.





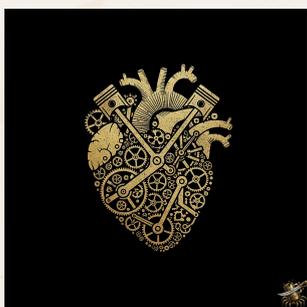
The Axis of Power: How You Do It



Juice

You feel that low hum in the air? The taste of ozone and old blood at the back of your throat? That's what the old hands call "Juice." It's the raw, chaotic magic of the world, the stuff that seeps up from The Sink. It's not the clean, elegant magic of the storybooks. It's a messy, unpredictable, and deeply personal thing. It smells of strange herbs, of blood, of old, forgotten rituals. It is the power of belief, of rage, of sorrow, and of life itself, and those who learn to channel it are playing with a fire that can just as easily forge a legend as it can burn them to a cinder.

Juice can refer to the chaotic filth of The Sink, the primal energy of the greenskins, or the divine power of the Pantheon. "Juice" is the unpredictable, often dangerous energy that you channel.



Cogwork

You'll hear Cogwork before you see it. It's the hiss of a piston, the steady click-clack of a gear-driven limb, the sharp smell of hot oil and scorched metal. This isn't the wild, unpredictable power of Juice. This is the power of the world dragged into the light, measured, cut, and hammered into a new and terrible shape. It is the power of the wrench, the gear, and the perfectly calibrated explosion. It's a loud, greasy, and brutal kind of power, but it's an honest one. You can always trust a machine to do what it was built for, and in this world, most machines are built to kill.

"Cogwork" represents power derived from understandable, repeatable, and mechanical systems. It's the logic of the gear, the precision of the machine, and the power of invention.





K'Tharr Symbiotes

Every now and then, the door to the pub will open and something... else will walk in. The K'tharr don't talk much. They move with a silent, insectoid grace, their multifaceted eyes taking in everything at once. They're a strange sight, their pale, chitinous skin covered in a collection of softly glowing, pulsating grubs. The stories say they're not from this world, that they crawled out of a Sink-hole a long time ago. They don't order ale or food; they'll just stand by the wall, watching, their very presence a quiet, humming reminder that there are older and stranger things in this world than just Orcs and men.

Their goal is not land or gold, but something far more bizarre. They don't worship the chaotic power of The Sink like a Sorcerer does; they see it as a farm. Their entire existence is a dangerous, symbiotic pact with the parasitic "Juice Grubs" they graft onto their own bodies. They are farmers of a chaotic, life-giving energy, and their own bodies are the soil. To them, a body covered in these glowing parasites is not a sign of infestation, but of a bountiful harvest, a testament to their power and their willingness to pay its terrible price.

In a fight, they are a terrifying and beautiful spectacle of self-destruction. You'll see a K'tharr warrior, frail and slender, suddenly unleash a torrent of acid that can melt steel. But the power doesn't come for free. As the acid flies, you'll see the grub on their back glow with a furious, sickly light, and the K'tharr themselves will wither, their body cracking and spasming as their own life force is burned as fuel. They call it the "Bio-Burn," a constant, agonizing trade of their own life for a moment of incredible power.

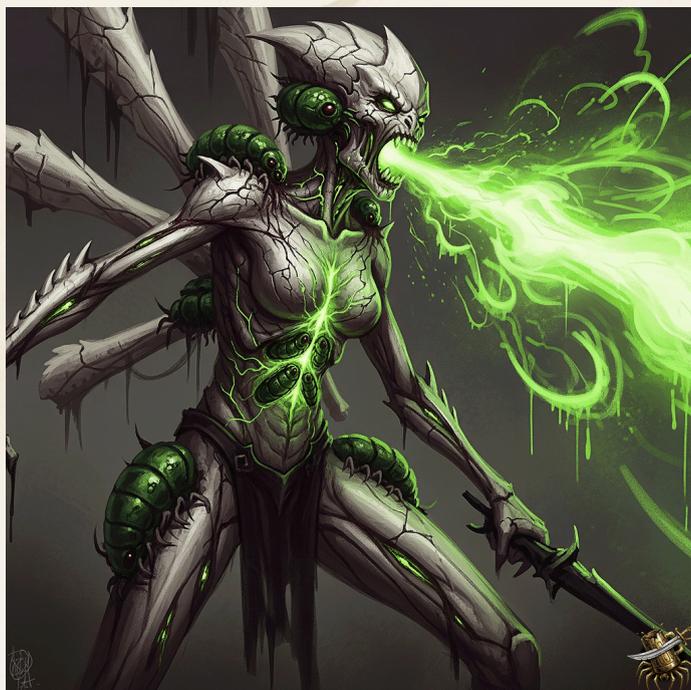
Their leader is a creature they call the Brood-Matron, an ancient and withered thing named Z'thra, who is said to be more parasite than person now. I've heard whispers that her brood has been seen deep within the Defiled Ruins, a place where reality is thin. They're not there for the treasure. They're there to harvest, to find new and more powerful strains of parasites from the raw, chaotic filth of The Sink itself, a grim and terrifying pilgrimage for their strange and hungry gods.





Z'thra's Pulsing Brood

[995 Points]



Warband Mechanic: Bio-Burn

The K'tharr do not wield magic; they wear it. Their power is a dangerous transaction, a symbiotic relationship with the parasitic Juice Grubs they graft onto their own bodies. This is the Bio-Burn. When a Symbiote needs to unleash its true power, it allows the grub to feed directly on its own life force, a moment of agonizing pain that fuels a spectacular display of chaotic energy. To the K'tharr, self-harm is not a weakness, but the ultimate expression of control - a pragmatic choice to sacrifice a piece of themselves for a guaranteed and devastating result. Every battle is a careful balancing act between power and self-destruction.

A fighter with this rule can choose to use an ability marked with **(Bio-Burn)** without spending an Oracle Die. If they do, they immediately suffer D3 wounds after the ability resolves. This damage cannot be negated.





Brood-Matron

Z'thra

Leader - 315 Points

Z'thra is the architect of her brood's living arsenal. As the oldest and most heavily infested of her kind, her frail, insectoid body is a living canvas of ancient, glowing parasites. The massive "Queen Grub" fused to her spine is both her source of immense power and a constant, agonizing drain on her life. She is not a warrior who leads with brute force, but a sorcerer-queen who sees her own followers - and their parasites - as extensions of her will. With a gesture, she can share the burden of the Bio-Burn, shunting her own pain into a lesser host to preserve herself, a testament to the cold, pragmatic logic that has allowed her to survive for so long.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	4	3	5	22	5	3

- **Weapon:**
 - **Chitinous Claws** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Acidic Spew" (4+) (Bio-Burn):** Pick an enemy fighter within 8". That fighter suffers D6 damage.
 - **"Parasitic Haste" (Double) (Bio-Burn):** This fighter may immediately make a bonus move action.
 - **[COMMANDMENT] "Share the Burden" (Triple):** Choose another friendly fighter. Until the start of your next turn, any wounds this fighter would suffer from using the **Bio-Burn** mechanic may be allocated to that chosen fighter instead.





K'tharr Grub

Bearer

240 Points

The Grub Bearers are the elite warriors of the Symbiote nests. Each one has undergone the ritual of bonding, having one of their limbs amputated and replaced by a massive, muscular parasite that serves as a living weapon. The "Grub-Maw Gauntlet" is a grotesque and powerful tool, capable of crushing armor or devouring the flesh of the fallen to regenerate its host. The Grub Bearer and her parasite are a perfect, horrifying partnership, a warrior who can refuel her own violent crusade by feeding her symbiotic weapon.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	5	4	5	18	1	2

- **Weapon:**
 - **Grub-Maw Gauntlet** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 3/6
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Devour" (4+) (Bio-Burn):** If the next melee attack action this fighter makes takes an enemy out of action, this fighter heals D6 wounds.
 - **"Overwhelming Force" (Double) (Bio-Burn):** Add +2 to the base **Impact** of the next melee attack action this activation.





Bloated Husk

220 Points

This unfortunate Orc is a testament to the K'tharr's horrifying ingenuity. Captured on a raid, he was deemed a worthy, if crude, vessel for a particularly volatile and unstable Juice Grub. He is now a mindless, walking bomb, his body grotesquely swollen with chaotic energy that leaks from weeping sores. The Symbiotes do not see him as a slave, but as a single-use alchemical weapon, an organic artillery shell to be aimed at the enemy's strongest point. His inevitable, violent detonation is, to the K'tharr, the ultimate expression of pragmatic, efficient warfare.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	5	5	4	25	1	1

- **Weapon:**
 - **Slam** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Special Rule - Unstable Host:** This fighter cannot use the **Bio-Burn** mechanic. At the start of this fighter's activation, roll a D6. On a 1, the grub's energy surges uncontrollably, and this fighter suffers D3 damage.
- **Ability:**
 - **"Chaotic Detonation" (Triple):** This fighter is immediately taken out of action. All fighters (friend and foe) within 5" suffer D6 damage with a Heft of 5.





K'tharr Spore Host



220 Points

Where the Grub Bearer is a weapon of direct force, the Spore Host is a master of battlefield control. This specialist has bonded not with a grub, but with a unique, semi-sentient fungal parasite that has fused to her back and respiratory system. On her command, the fungus releases dense clouds of debilitating, psychotropic spores. The Spore Host is a living censor, a warrior who can obscure the battlefield in a kaleidocastic haze or cripple a foe with a puff of exhaustion spores, all to prepare the way for the brood's more direct and deadly members.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
2	2	3	5	14	4	2

- **Weapon:**
 - **Spore-Dusted Dagger** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/3
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Exhaustion Spores" (4+) (Bio-Burn):** Pick an enemy fighter within 9". That fighter suffers -1 **Flurry** until the end of the battle round.
 - **"Choking Cloud" (Double) (Bio-Burn):** Place a 3" diameter **Spore Cloud** token. The area covered by the token blocks line of sight. It lasts until the start of your next turn.





Warband Playstyle: The Glass Cannon

The K'tharr Symbiotes are a high-risk, high-reward "glass cannon" warband. Your power lies in your **Bio-Burn** mechanic, which allows you to unleash an incredible number of powerful abilities in a single round at the cost of your own life force. Your goal is to deliver a swift, devastating blow that cripples your opponent before your own self-destructive power consumes you.

Tips & Tricks:

- **Don't Be Afraid to Burn:** You must use your Bio-Burn mechanic to win. A K'tharr warrior at full health is a wasted resource. The key is to know when to push your luck and when to hold back.
- **The Brood-Matron is Your Battery:** Your leader's "Share the Burden" Commandment is the key to your survival. Use it to shunt the damage from your most valuable glass cannons onto the more disposable Bloated Husk.
- **The Husk is a Weapon:** The Bloated Husk is not a warrior; it is a guided missile. Its only purpose is to walk towards the most dangerous part of the enemy warband and detonate.
- **The Spore Host is Your Controller:** Use your Spore Host's abilities to control the flow of battle, creating smokescreens to protect your fragile warriors and weakening key enemies to set them up for the kill.

"They keep a pet that's actively eating them alive, and they call it a 'symbiotic relationship'. I call it a bloody stupid arrangement, but it does make for a good show."





Scoured Raiders

When a crew of Scoured Raiders walks in, the air grows cold and tastes of salt and old blood. They move with a silent, predatory grace, their pale blue skin covered in swirling, tattooed histories, their eyes holding the cold, lightless dark of the deepest ocean abyss. They don't drink or laugh; they watch, their gaze a constant, unnerving measure of your worth. They are not here for camaraderie; they are here for information, for whispers of a past that was stolen from them, and their very presence is a promise of a cold and sudden violence.

The story you hear is one of the most tragic in The Eightpints. Ages ago, they were a proud coastal people whose entire history was carved into vast libraries of Tidal Stone. But their last king, in a foolish bargain with the cosmic collector, Arkhotek, sold their entire history for a pittance. The Tithe-Forged Legion arrived and scoured every stone, erasing their past and leaving them a people without a soul. Rather than submit to servitude, they cast themselves into the deepest, darkest trenches of the ocean, where they were reformed by the crushing pressure and the cold, cruel Juice of the abyss.

Now, they have returned with a vicious, two-pronged vengeance: to reclaim any fragment of their own stolen history, and to obliterate the histories of all other races. They are the ultimate iconoclasts, who believe that if they cannot have a past, then no one can. In battle, they are a terrifyingly fast and lethal "alpha strike" warband, a tide of vengeful fury that hits with the force of a tidal wave. They use their fearsome Abyssal Surge to unleash a single, explosive burst of speed and violence, their every strike aimed not just at the body, but at the legacy of their foes.

Their leader, the Huntress-Queen Xylia, is the embodiment of their cold, silent rage. The last I heard, her fleet had been sighted in the Dreg-Keels, locked in a full-scale naval war with the Tide Sworn. They are not fighting for territory, but for a single, priceless artifact the Tide Sworn have stolen: a Tidal Stone, one of the last surviving fragments of their lost and stolen history. For that, they are willing to drown the world.





The Vengeful Tide

[995 Points]



Warband Mechanic: Abyssal Surge

The Raiders fight with the patience of the deep ocean. They're all cold, silent, and methodical, moving like predators in the gloom. You'll think you have the measure of them. You'll think it's just another brawl. And then... the tide comes in. They call it the 'Abyssal Surge'. It's a once-per-battle trick, and it's terrifying to behold. It's like the crushing pressure of the deepest trench, all that cold and silent fury they carry in their souls, is unleashed in a single, explosive heartbeat. A warrior who was just holding a line suddenly moves with the speed of a striking eel, their blade a blur of impossible speed and violence. And when their Queen gives the order for a 'Tidal Fury'? The whole crew does it at once. It's an all-or-nothing gamble. If you survive that single, overwhelming wave, you might just win. But I've yet to see anyone who has.

The Scoured Raiders carry the cold, crushing pressure of the abyss within their souls, and they can unleash it in a single, explosive burst of speed and violence.

- **Rule:** Once per battle, at the start of any of your activations, you may declare an "Abyssal Surge". For the rest of this activation, this fighter gains +2 Flurry and +2 Footwork.





Huntress-Queen

Xylia



Leader - 305 Points

Xylia represents the apex of her people's transformation, a living testament to a history reformed in the crushing abyss. As the leader of the Scoured Raiders, her authority is absolute, her every command a reflection of the cold, patient, and utterly ruthless logic of the deep ocean predators she emulates. The swirling, bio-luminescent tattoos that cover her form are not mere decoration; they are the rewritten annals of her people, a new history carved not in stone, but in the very flesh of the one who would lead them in their two-pronged vengeance against the world.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
5	4	3	7	22	4	3

- **Weapon:**
 - Trident of the Deep (Melee): Range 2, Impact 2/5
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Pressure Spike" (4+):** Choose an enemy fighter within 1". That fighter cannot make move actions during their next activation as they are pinned by a crushing wave of unseen force.
 - **[COMMANDMENT] "Tidal Fury" (Triple):** Until the start of your next turn, all friendly fighters may use their "Abyssal Surge" ability without it counting as their once per battle use.





Deep Sorcerer

220 Points

The Deep Sorcerers are the spiritual heart of the Scoured Raiders, their magic a grim departure from the esoteric arts of their surface-dwelling kin. They do not channel the chaotic energies of The Sink, but the cold, oppressive, and silent power of the deepest ocean trenches. They are masters of the crushing deep and the ink-black veil, their abilities a reflection of the hostile environment that has become their sanctuary. In battle, they are a terrifying force of control, their every spell a reminder of the abyss's patient, inevitable, and all-consuming power.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
2	2	2	5	15	5	2

- **Weapon:**
 - Ritual Dagger (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/2
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Crushing Depths" (4+):** Pick an enemy fighter within 9". That fighter suffers D3 damage and -1 Grit until the end of the battle round.
 - **"Ink-Black Veil" (Double):** Place a 5" diameter "Veil of Darkness" token. The area covered by the token blocks line of sight. It lasts until the start of your next turn.





Trident Reaver

235 Points x 2 Members

The Trident Reavers are the swift and vengeful core of the warband, the first and most furious wave of the abyssal tide. They are the embodiment of their people's new creed: a philosophy of swift, overwhelming violence designed to shatter an enemy's legacy in a single, glorious moment. They move as a predatory shoal, their barbed tridents a wall of cold, unforgiving steel, their every charge an act of pure, cathartic rage against a world that has stolen their past and left them with nothing but the hunt.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	4	3	6	18	1	2

- **Weapon:**
 - Barbed Trident (Melee): Range 2, Impact 2/4
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Impaling Charge" (4+):** If this fighter made a charge action this activation, add +1 to the base Impact of their next melee attack.





Warband Playstyle: The Alpha Strike

The Scoured Raiders are a high-speed, high-lethality "alpha strike" warband. They are fragile but possess some of the highest damage potential and mobility in the game. Their strategy revolves around their "Abyssal Surge" mechanic, which allows any of their fighters to become a terrifying missile of destruction for a single turn. The goal is to endure the opponent's opening moves and then unleash a perfectly coordinated "Tidal Fury" turn, using the multiple empowered Surges to overwhelm and cripple the enemy warband in one decisive, bloody wave of attacks. Success requires careful positioning and a killer instinct for identifying the perfect moment to strike.

Tips & Tricks:

- **The Surge is Everything:** Your entire game plan revolves around the Abyssal Surge. Do not waste it. In the early turns, focus on positioning your fighters for a devastating, coordinated strike.
- **The Commandment is Your Trigger:** Huntress Queen Xylia's "Tidal Fury" Commandment is the signal for your main assault. Use it on a turn where all of your fighters are in a position to charge and attack, allowing your entire warband to gain the benefits of the Surge at once.
- **The Sorcerer Controls the Engagement:** Your Deep Sorcerer is a crucial support piece. Use their "Ink-Black Veil" ability to create smokescreens that protect your fragile Glimmerkin from ranged attacks as they advance into position.
- **Hit and Run:** Your Trident Reavers are fast and hit hard on the charge with their "Impaling Charge" ability, but they cannot survive a prolonged melee. Use their high Footwork to charge in, deliver a devastating blow, and then, if possible, retreat to safety.

"They're angry someone burned their library, so now they're going 'round burning everyone else's. An eye for an eye just makes the whole world blind... and illiterate."





Marrow Gnashers

You can smell a crew of Marrow Gnashers before you see 'em. It's the scent of the open savannah, of woodsmoke, blood, and something else... something sharp and primal that makes the hairs on your arms stand up. They don't take a table so much as they conquer it, planting their crude, bone-hewn weapons on the wood with a thump that makes the bottles rattle. They're a loud, boisterous lot, all bone tusks and savage grins, their laughter a guttural roar that's more of a challenge than a celebration. They don't drink the ale for the taste; they drink it for the argument, and they see every conversation as a hunt.

The stories you hear whispered by the traders who brave the great plains are strange ones. They say the Gnashers aren't like the other greenskins. They don't worship a god of rock or iron, but a primal, hungry spirit they call Grolnok the All-Gorged. Their whole philosophy is that true strength isn't in what you build, but in what you consume. They believe that by eating the heart of a Sabre Tusk Beast or cracking open the femur of a fallen enemy, they can steal its courage, its fury, and its very soul, adding it to their own. Theirs is not a path of conquest, but of consumption, a constant, bloody hunt to become the ultimate predator.

In a fight, they are a terrifying spectacle of pure, unadulterated frenzy. They wear no armour but for the thick hides of beasts they've personally hunted, and their every warrior is a glass cannon, a berserker who hits with the force of a landslide but shatters just as easily. Their strategy is simple: an overwhelming alpha strike, a roar of "More Maw!" that is both a prayer and a promise, hoping to shatter the enemy's will before their own fragile bodies give out. To watch them fight is to watch a force of nature, a brief and glorious storm of violence that either wins in a heartbeat or blows itself out.

I've seen their leader, Brew Shaman Grokk, in here once or twice. He's a wiry old orc whose eyes have the wild, unnerving look of a man who has seen the other side of things. His second, a true monster they call Ghorok Bone-Tusk, is a sight to behold, his very bones having erupted through his flesh to form a cage of jagged armour. The last I heard, their clan was seen deep in the Savannah, hunting a beast of truly legendary size, not for the meat or the hide, but because they believe its heart contains a new and terrible flavour of rage they have yet to taste.





Grokk's Bone-Drinkers

[990 Points]





Brew Shaman

Grokk

Leader - 270 Points

The Brew Shaman is the spiritual and chemical heart of the Marrow Gnasher clan. He is a conduit for the primal power of Grolnok, interpreting the will of his god not through prayer, but through the consumption of potent, kaleidocastic brews. His shamanism is a pragmatic and dangerous art, a form of spiritual alchemy that grants his followers terrifying bursts of strength and fury. He is the keeper of the tribe's sacred recipes and the master of their singular, all-consuming purpose.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	4	3	5	24	4	3

- **Weapon:**
 - **Marrow-Staff (Melee):** Range 2, Impact 2/4
- **Abilities:**
 - **Grolnok's Fury (4+):** Choose a friendly fighter within 6" (can be this one). Add +1 to that fighter's Heft and Flurry until the end of the battle round.
 - **[COMMANDMENT] Primal Roar (Triple):** Until the end of the battle round, all friendly fighters in this warband gain +1 Flurry, but also suffer -1 Grit.



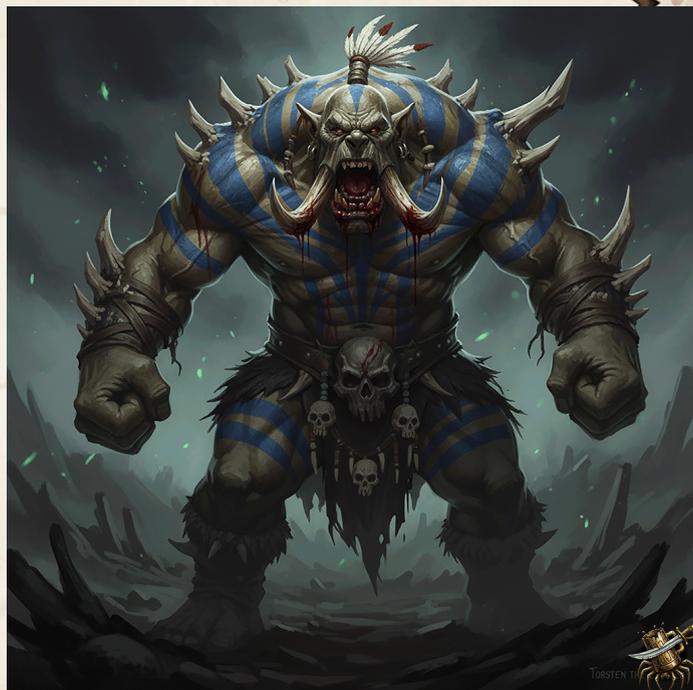


Ghorok

Bone-Tusk

240 Points

Ghorok is the ultimate expression of the Marrow Path philosophy made manifest. He has consumed the marrow of so many great beasts that his own, supernaturally fortified skeleton has erupted through his flesh, forming a terrifying cage of jagged tusks and razor sharp blades. He is not merely a warrior; he is a living testament to his creed, a walking monument to the belief that true strength is not worn, but grown, and that the greatest weapon an orc can possess is its own, unbreakable will made bone.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	5	3	4	22	1	3

- **Weapon:**
 - **Bone-Tusks (Melee):** Range 1, Impact 3/6
- **Abilities:**
 - **Unstoppable Frenzy (Double):** This fighter can immediately make a bonus move action followed by a bonus attack action. After this activation, this fighter suffers D3 damage.
 - **Taste of Marrow (Reaction - Cost 4+):** Use this ability after this fighter takes down an enemy fighter in melee. This fighter immediately heals D6 Wounds.





Marrow Gnasher

Bone-Harpoon

Huntress

190 Points

Where the Gnasher Boy embodies the chaotic charge of the hunt, the Huntress represents its cunning and tactical precision. She has adapted the clan's core philosophy of "bone as the blade" to a more refined purpose. Her weapon, a spear carved from the tusk of a Sabre Tusk and tethered with its sinew, is a tool not just for killing, but for control. She is a master of the patient stalk and the single, decisive strike, her role to isolate key prey and drag it, kicking and screaming, into the waiting maw of her frenzied kin.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	3	3	5	14	1	2

- **Weapons:** The Jagged Bone-Spear has two profiles, depending on how it is used.
 - **Jagged Bone-Spear (Melee):** Range 1, Impact 2/4
 - **Jagged Bone-Spear (Harpoon):** Range 8", Impact 1/2
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Hunter's Instinct:** This fighter may re-roll one failed hit die when making a ranged attack action.
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Harpoon & Drag" (Double):** Make a ranged attack action with the Jagged Bone-Spear (Harpoon). If this attack scores at least one hit, the target is immediately pulled D3+1 inches directly towards this fighter. The target must stop if they come into contact with another fighter or impassable terrain.





Marrow Gnasher Boy

150 Points

The Gnasher Boys are the frenzied, savage heart of the warband. They are the true believers in the creed of consumption, warriors who adorn their bodies not with steel, but with the blood of their kills. They fight with a wild and reckless abandon, their every charge a prayer to Grolnok, their every kill a new ingredient for the shaman's brew. They are the engine of the hunt, the pure, uncomplicated fury that drives the clan forward.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	4	2	5	12	1	2

- **Weapon:**
 - **Bone-Choppa (Melee):** Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Abilities:**
 - **Wild Charge (3+):** After this fighter makes a move action of at least 3", add +1 to their Heft characteristic for their next melee attack action this activation.





Sabre Tusk Beast

150 Points

The Sabre Tusk is not a mere beast of war, but a sacred vessel. Captured from the savannah, it is driven into a killing frenzy by the shaman's brews, its natural predatory instincts amplified to a terrifying degree. To the Marrow Gnashers, it is not a slave, but a temporary avatar of their god's own fury, a living shock weapon whose every kill is a testament to the primal power they seek to consume and understand.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	5	3	6	18	1	1

- **Weapon:**
 - **Tusks and Claws (Melee):** Range 1, Impact 3/5
- **Abilities:**
 - **Pounce (4+):** This fighter can make a bonus move action. This move must end within 1" of an enemy fighter if possible.
 - **Brewer's Fury:** At the start of this fighter's activation, roll a D6. On a 1, it is overcome by the shaman's maddening brews. This fighter must immediately perform a Charge action towards the nearest fighter (friend or foe) and make a melee attack action if able. It cannot perform any other actions this activation.





Warband Playstyle: The Berserker Rush

This is an all out assault warband. The Marrow Gnashers are the definitive "berserker" crew, fragile but capable of incredible bursts of damage. Their strategy is to hit the enemy fast and hard, relying on overwhelming offense to shatter their opponents before their own low defenses cause them to crumble. Your Sabre Tusk Beast and Marrow Gnasher Boys are the frontline, using high Footwork to engage immediately. Brew Shaman Grokk is the crucial support piece, staying just behind the main fight to buff his warriors with "Grolnok's Fury" and unleash his "Primal Roar" Commandment for a devastating alpha strike. Ghorok Bone-Tusk is the elite killer, tasked with hunting down and eliminating the toughest enemy fighter with his "Unstoppable Frenzy".

Tips & Tricks:

- **Go All-In on the Alpha Strike:** Your warband is built to win in the first two rounds. Use Grokk's "Primal Roar" Commandment on a turn where all your fighters can charge. The combination of buffs can create a wave of violence that your opponent may not recover from.
- **The Shaman is Your Core:** While Grokk isn't a frontline fighter, he is the engine of your warband. Protect him. Use his "Grolnok's Fury" ability every turn to empower your key hitters like Ghorok.
- **Know Your Target:** Ghorok Bone-Tusk is your elite killer. Don't waste his "Unstoppable Frenzy" on a weak target. Identify the enemy's most dangerous fighter and send Ghorok to deal with them. His "Taste of Marrow" ability also makes him an excellent duelist, as he can heal after securing a kill.
- **Embrace the Glass Cannon:** Your fighters are not built to last. Do not engage in prolonged, grinding combats. Every activation should be focused on maximizing damage. If a Gnasher Boy can trade his life to take out a more valuable enemy piece, that's a victory for the Marrow Path.

"They think eating a monster's heart gives 'em its courage. I ate a whole pie once. Didn't make me a bloody baker, did it?"





The Coven of the Unbound Will

The Coven doesn't come here to drink; they come here to test their theories. You'll find them in a corner booth, not watching the room, but engaged in an impossibly high-stakes game of cards or dice. They are not gambling for coin; they are playing for something far more valuable: a proof of concept. They are constantly testing their ability to manipulate probability, to rewrite fate on a small scale. Their corner of the pub is a bubble of intense, intellectual focus, a silent, high-stakes laboratory where they practice their reality-bending craft before taking it out onto the battlefield.

The story you hear whispered in the darker corners of Diagonfolly Alley is that the Coven are the true disciples of Nzzetche, the Will-Shaper. Their only faith is in the power of their own, unshakable will, and they believe that the messy, chaotic rules of reality are a flawed text that is waiting to be rewritten. Their goal is not conquest or wealth, but a kind of terrifying apotheosis. They seek to gather enough power and knowledge to impose their own, singular will upon the world, to edit out the bits they don't like, and to become the new authors of existence.

In a fight, they are the ultimate puppet masters. They don't engage in messy brawls; they fight a clean, precise war of pure magic and psychological manipulation. You'll see their Gilded Acolyte hold a line with unnatural resilience, while their Scribe of Lies literally rewrites the odds in their favour. Their leader, the Magister, will teleport his warriors across the field like chess pieces, all while unleashing bolts of pure, unmaking energy. To fight the Coven is to play a game against a master who is not just one step ahead of you, but is actively cheating.

Their leader, a tall, arrogant sorcerer named Magister Vorlag, is a man who looks at the world with a profound sense of disappointment, as if it were a poorly written book. I've heard his Coven has recently taken a keen interest in the Defiled Ruins, a place where reality is already thin and frayed at the edges. They're not there for the treasure. They're there to study, to experiment, and, if the whispers are true, to find the perfect place to begin their grand and terrible edit of the world.





Vorlag's Coven of the Unbound Will

[940 Points]





Magister Vorlag

Leader - 290 Points

Magister Vorlag is the ultimate expression of the Self-Made Juice philosophy, a being of profound arrogance and terrifying power who seeks to supplant the gods themselves. He views reality not as a fixed state, but as a flawed, poorly written text, and sees himself as its destined editor. His every action is an act of violent scholarship, a grand experiment in the pursuit of a singular goal: to master the raw, chaotic "Juice" of The Sink and use it as the ink with which he will rewrite existence in his own, perfect image. He does not seek to rule the world; he seeks to unmake it and begin anew.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
2	3	3	4	20	5	3

- **Weapon:**
 - **Sink-Staff** (Melee): Range 2, Impact 1/3
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Bolt of Change" (4+):** Pick an enemy fighter within 12". That fighter suffers D6 damage.
 - **"Twist Fate" (Double):** Pick a fighter (friend or foe) within 12". You may re-roll one die of your choice from that fighter's next roll.
 - **[COMMANDMENT] "Master of The Sink" (Triple):** Choose another friendly fighter anywhere on the battlefield. You may immediately remove them from the battlefield and place them anywhere else, more than 5" from any enemy fighter.





The Gilded Acolyte

220 Points

The Gilded Acolyte is a living testament to both the power and the terrible, paradoxical price of devotion to the Coven. Their flesh has been partially and imperfectly transmuted into living, shifting metal, a "gift" from their Magister that serves as both a mark of honour and a terrifying, cautionary tale. They are the Coven's unyielding shield, a being whose very body is a canvas for their master's reality-bending experiments. They stand as a silent, stoic symbol of a will that has been so completely surrendered, it has allowed its own physical form to be sacrificed for the sake of a grander, more ambitious design.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	4	4	4	18	2	2

- **Weapon:**
 - **Transmuted Blade** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/5
- **Special Rule - Aether-Plated:** After this fighter suffers damage from an attack action, roll a D6. On a 6, you ignore all damage from that attack action.
- **Ability:**
 - **"Harden Form" (3+):** Add +1 to this fighter's **Grit** characteristic until their next activation.





Scribe of Lies

150 Points

The Scribe of Lies is the quiet, paranoid engine that drives the Coven's metaphysical machinations. This hunched and gaunt figure is not a warrior, but a scholar of forbidden, paradoxical mathematics. They understand the secret architecture of fate, the underlying probabilities that govern the chaos of the battlefield. Their scrolls are not just for recording history; they are tools for actively altering it. In battle, the Scribe does not fight with a blade, but with a quill, subtly rewriting the rules of reality to ensure that the Coven's will is not just a possibility, but an inevitability.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
1	2	2	4	8	4	1

- **Weapon:**
 - **Pointy Stick** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/1
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Rewrite the Call" (4+):** Choose one of your available Oracle Dice. You may change its face value by +1 or -1.
 - **"Unravel the Weave" (Double):** Pick an enemy leader within 12". That leader cannot use a Commandment during this battle round.





Coven Acolyte

140 Points x 2

The junior members of the Coven are apprentices in the dangerous art of reality-bending. They have learned just enough of the forbidden lore to be a danger to both themselves and their enemies. Their connection to The Sink is a raw, untamed, and often unpredictable thing, their spells a chaotic expression of their burgeoning, ambitious wills. They are the footsoldiers in a war of pure ideology, their every action a desperate and often spectacular attempt to prove their worth to their Magister and to impose their own, flawed, and terrifyingly powerful will upon the world.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
2	3	2	5	10	3	2

- **Weapon:**
 - **Ritual Dagger** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/3
- **Ability:**
 - **"Illusory Double" (Double):** Place a token within 1" of this fighter. The next time this fighter is targeted by an attack action, that attack action targets the token instead (and is wasted). The token is then removed.





Warband Playstyle: The Chess Masters

The Coven of the Unbound Will is the ultimate "control" warband. They are physically fragile but wield an unprecedented ability to manipulate the battlefield and the very rules of the game. Your strategy is not to win through brute force, but by playing a perfect game of chess. You will keep your squishy but powerful sorcerers safe, using their disruptive abilities to unravel your opponent's strategy, while your single, durable Gilded Acolyte holds the line. Victory is achieved through a single, decisive, and perfectly executed checkmate.

Tips & Tricks:

- **The Scribe is Your Engine:** The Scribe of Lies is the most important piece in your warband. His ability to "Rewrite the Call" is what fuels all of your other, more powerful abilities. Keep him protected in the backline at all costs; if he dies, your entire strategy will fall apart.
- **The Gilded Acolyte is Your Castle:** The Gilded Acolyte is your only truly durable fighter. Use them as a mobile fortress, to block charge lanes, hold objectives, and to physically shield your Magister from harm. Their job is to buy you the time you need to enact your grand plan.
- **Acolytes are an Annoying Illusion:** Your Coven Acolytes are incredibly fragile. Their primary function is to use their "Illusory Double" ability to survive for longer than they have any right to, bogging down enemy fighters who are forced to waste attacks on their phantom duplicates.
- **Vorlag is Your Checkmate:** Your leader, Magister Vorlag, wins the game. His "Master of The Sink" Commandment is one of the most powerful objective-playing abilities in the game. Use it in the final round to teleport a fighter across the entire board and snatch an objective from under your opponent's nose for a surprise victory.

"A bunch of squishy bookworms who think they're too clever to get into a proper fight. The first time a Bruiser actually manages to land a punch on one of 'em, they tend to fold like a wet piece of parchment."

