

# THE EIGHTPINTS





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Contact [theeightpints@gmail.com](mailto:theeightpints@gmail.com) for inquiries.





# 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 Mountains, 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?"

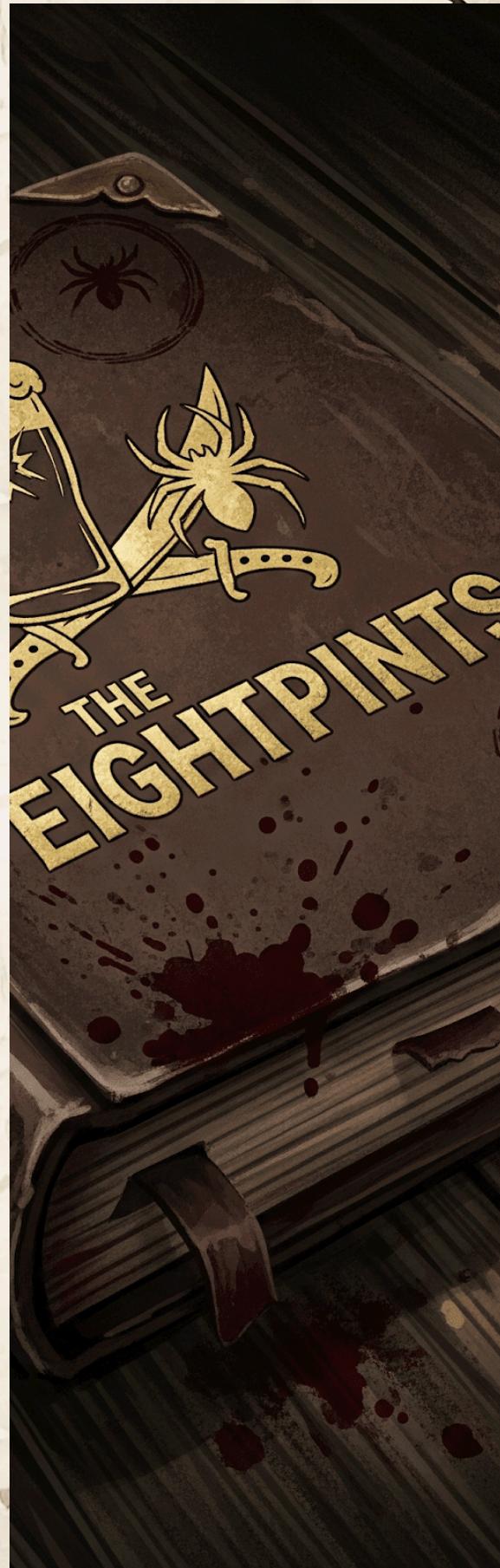
The landlord poured your pint, fresh frothy foam whispery-kiss-sliding down the slide of the tankard.

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:

"How abouts... you kills us eights of thems?"

**MF.  
We have us  
a PURPOSE.**





## Sons Of Near The Beginning...

MF.

We have us  
a PURPOSE.

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Foreman-King Ghart

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# Vol. V

## Fac<sup>t</sup>ions of Innovation

*The Innovation of the Bull*

Now, for the grease-monkeys, the junk-divers, the glorious, mad bastards who look at a perfect machine and think, "I can make it explode louder." Welcome to the bottom-right of the board, the home of the Self-Made Cogwork factions. We call 'em **The Innovators**, and they are the ultimate pragmatists, the apostles of the wrench and the blowtorch. They've seen the beautiful, perfect designs of The Codified, and they've decided they're boring. Their philosophy is simple: salvation isn't a thing you're given; it's a thing you build, right here and now, with whatever junk is lying around and a healthy disrespect for the manufacturer's warranty.

Their power is "Cogwork," but it's a different breed entirely. This is "Slag-Punk," the technology of the desperate and the brilliant. It's not about tradition; it's about results. It's the loud, greasy, and gloriously unreliable power of a jury-rigged engine, a leaking power cell, and a cannon that has a fifty-fifty chance of firing in the right direction. An Innovator's creation is a testament to their creed: a machine isn't working properly unless it's belching black smoke and is in constant, imminent danger of a spectacular, hilarious, and probably fatal explosion. Their every invention is a chaotic, beautiful, and deeply personal argument against the boring tyranny of a perfect design.

The Innovators are the children of the scrap-heap. They are the orcish Tek-Bosses who see a pile of junk not as refuse, but as a cathedral waiting to be built. They are the undead engineers, their bodies a patchwork of rotting flesh and sparking, bionic replacements, animated by a singular, obsessive will to see their final, terrible project through to completion. They are the vengeful alchemists who have turned the art of the hunt into a grim science, their potions not magic, but a repeatable, chemical formula for turning a man into a monster. The common folk see them as dangerous lunatics, and they're not wrong. But they are the lunatics who get things done, who can turn a broken-down cart into a war machine with nothing but a bit of wire and a whole lot of spite.

Their quests are the most pragmatic of all. They will fight for a rare power source, a lost blueprint, or a simple, heavy pouch of Shiners to fund their next gloriously unstable creation. They are the ultimate problem-solvers, and their solution to every problem, from a locked door to a heavily armoured knight, is usually a bigger, louder, and more interesting kind of explosion. Betting on The Innovators is a true long shot. They might blow themselves up on the first turn. They might create a machine so powerful it wins the battle for them. They might do both at the same time. It's a chaotic, beautiful, and deeply entertaining gamble, and the only certainty is that it will be one hell of a show.





# 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.*





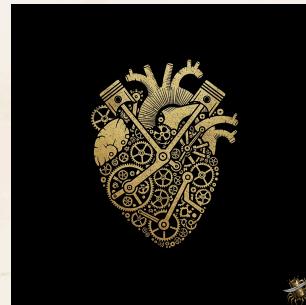
# The Axis of Power: How You Do It



## 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.*





# Scrap-Tek Horde

## The Faction

The Scrap-Tek Horde's table is the most dangerous and chaotic place in the pub. They are loud, boisterous, and inveterate pranksters. You'll hear the sudden ZAP of a hand-buzzer, followed by a roar of greenskin laughter. They'll gamble with dice they've "improved" to have seven sides, and their drinking games often involve a sputtering, jury-rigged contraption that's just as likely to dispense cheap ale as it is to explode. To sit near them is to accept that you will be the butt of a very loud, very dangerous practical joke.

Their goal isn't to conquer land or win glory; it's to "violently improve" everything they can get their greasy hands on. They'll steal a finely-crafted Alka-Hest Hauler rifle, a thing of beauty and precision, and they'll see it as a flawed first draft. They'll bolt a second barrel to it, hook it up to a leaking power cell, and declare it "betta," which is their word for "perfect." To them, a machine isn't working properly unless it's belching black smoke and is in constant, imminent danger of exploding.

In a fight, they are a rolling, clanking catastrophe. They go to war armed with cannons that fire crackling arcs of raw electricity, saws that run on pure, screaming fury, and a profound disrespect for the concept of "health and safety." Their machinery is just as likely to blow up in their own faces as it is to hit the enemy, but you'll never see them complain. To the followers of Krank, a spectacular, crew-ending explosion on their own side of the battlefield isn't a failure; it's just a more interesting way to end the workday.

Their most infamous leader, Tek-Boss Grimlug, is a true artist of the Slag-Punk aesthetic, a hulking Orc covered in so many sparking, mismatched bionics it's a miracle he can still stand. His "Wreckin' Krew" are a constant menace in the Scrapyard Shanties, but lately, I've heard whispers of them picking over the bones of the Ancient Battlefield. They're not there for the ghosts; they're there for the old, forgotten war machines, looking for new and exciting ways to make something beautiful, deadly, and almost certainly explosive.





# Grimlug's Wreckin' Krew

[995 Points]



## Warband Mechanic: Jury Rig

The Scrap-Tek Horde's philosophy is one of "violent improvement." They believe that any problem can be solved with the right application of scrap metal, a welding torch, and a sufficiently large hammer. This manifests on the battlefield as Jury-Rigging. While lesser warriors are fighting, a Tek-Boss is working, turning battlefield debris into a deadly new weapon in a shower of sparks and shouted curses. To the Horde, a pile of junk is not an obstacle; it's an opportunity, a temporary inconvenience on the path to creating something much louder, much more dangerous, and almost certainly on the verge of a spectacular, hilarious explosion.

The warband gains **1 Scrap Token** for each piece of destructible terrain that is destroyed. A **Tek-Boss** can use an action and spend **2 Scrap Tokens** to build a new friendly "**Sentry Turret**" fighter and place it on the board within 3" of them.

**Reclaim the Scrap:** When a friendly "**Sentry Turret**" is taken out of action, the warband immediately reclaims **1 Scrap Token**.

See the **Rules for Destructible Terrain** section in Vol. I Rules & Lore to see the rules for destroying terrain.





# Tek-Boss Grimlug

## Leader - 270 Points

Grimlug is a hulking testament to Slag-Punk ingenuity. His body is a chaotic canvas of sparking bionics, leaking pistons, and crudely welded armor plates. He is a master of "percussive maintenance" - the art of fixing a complex machine by hitting it very hard with a very large wrench. He leads his Wreckin' Krew with a series of guttural bellows, his mind a whirlwind of flawed but brilliant schematics. Every battle is a field test for his latest, most dangerous creations, and every fallen foe is just a fresh source of spare parts for his next great work.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	4	5	4	28	4	4

- **Weapons:**
  - **Big Klaw-Wrench** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 3/6
  - **Custom Slugga** (Ranged): Range 6, Impact 2/4
- **Abilities:**
  - **Patch Job (4+):** Choose a friendly fighter within 3". That fighter heals D6 Wounds.
  - **[COMMANDMENT] GET IT WORKIN'! (Triple):** Choose a friendly fighter within 6" (can be Grimlug himself). Until the end of the battle round, that fighter may re-roll any failed hit rolls for attack actions.





# "Boom Boy" Grolsch

## 200 Points

Grolsch is a pyromaniac with a singular, all-consuming love: the Scrap-Kannon. He carries the crew's pride and joy, a ridiculously oversized cannon cobbled together from a drainpipe and the volatile engine of a stolen Alka-Hauler vessel. He doesn't see it as a weapon, but as a masterpiece. The bone-shattering recoil that would cripple another Orc is, to Grolsch, a loving embrace. He lives for the flash, the smoke, and the glorious, deafening "BOOM" that signals another one of Krank's mechanical blessings has been delivered to the enemy.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
2	5	4	3	18	1	2

- **Weapon:**
  - **Scrap-Kannon** (Ranged): Range 15, Impact 4/8
- **Abilities:**
  - **Overcharge (5+):** Make a bonus ranged attack action with the Scrap-Kannon. After the attack is resolved, Grolsch suffers 3 damage.
  - **More Dakka! (Double):** This fighter can immediately make another attack action targeting the same fighter.

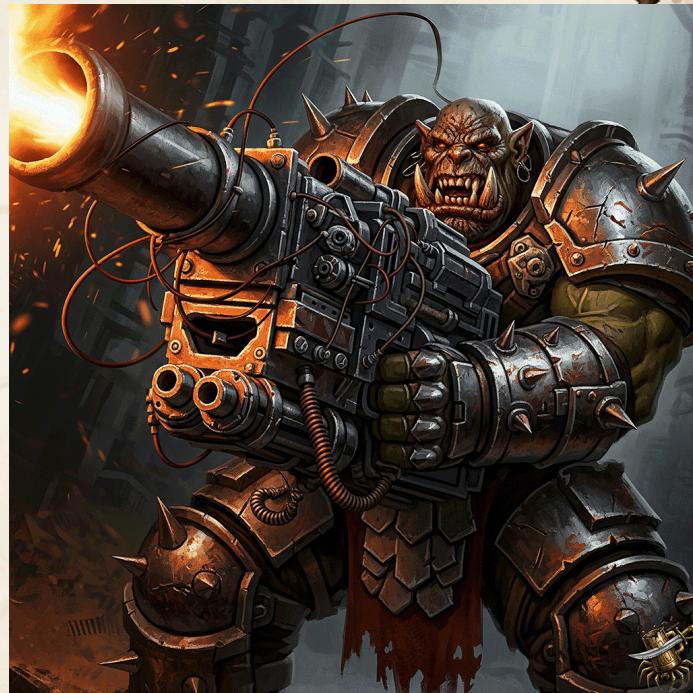




# "Nail Spitta" Bork

200 Points

Bork is a pragmatist with a singular, all-consuming purpose: efficiency. He carries the crew's workhorse, a jury-rigged nail gun cobbled together from a stolen industrial press and a high-torque engine. He sees it not as a masterpiece, but as a tool for a dirty job. The deafening, high-speed THUNK-THUNK-THUNK that Grolsh finds so boring is, to Bork, the satisfying sound of a problem being solved with brutal, repetitive precision. He lives for the clean shot, the perfectly placed nail, and the quiet, professional satisfaction of another one of Krank's blessings being delivered directly to the enemy's skull.



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

- **Weapon:**
  - **"Nail Spitta" Rig (Ranged):** Range 12", Impact 1/3
- **Special Rule:**
  - **Armour Piercing:** This weapon's attacks gain the "Armour Piercing" special rule, ignoring any bonus to a target's Grit from shields
- **Abilities:**
  - **"Pin 'Em Down" (4+):** The next ranged attack action this fighter makes this activation gains the following rule: If this attack scores at least two hits against a single target, that target is **Pinned** and cannot make move actions during their next activation.
  - **"Overcharge" (Double):** This fighter can immediately make a bonus ranged attack action with the "Nail Spitta" Rig. After this attack is resolved, roll a D6. On a 1 or 2, the weapon jams and cannot be used during this fighter's next activation.





# "Rivet Head" Skab

## 165 Points

Faster and more frenzied than his comrades, Skab is a whirlwind of barely controlled violence. Believing his own hands were too slow and inefficient, he replaced them both with sputtering, high-torque buzz-saws that never seem to fully turn off, filling the air with a constant, menacing hum. He is the first into the fray, a living embodiment of the Horde's love for close-quarters mechanical carnage. He doesn't just kill his enemies; he dismantles them, the screech of his saws on armor a joyous hymn to the God of the Wrench.



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

- **Weapon:**
  - **Paired Buzz-Saws** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Abilities:**
  - **Full Throttle (3+):** This fighter can make a bonus move action.
  - **Grind 'Em Down! (Double):** Add +2 to the base Impact of the next melee attack action this activation.





## Sump Grot

80 Points x 2 Members

Small, cowardly, and perpetually covered in a thick layer of grease and grime, the Sump Grotz are the unsung heroes of the Scrap-Tek Horde. They are the assistants, the tool-carriers, the "volunteers" for testing new and probably fatal inventions, and, most importantly, the living shields. A Tek-Boss knows that the best way to survive a sniper's bullet is to have a loyal Grot standing in front of you. They scurry across the battlefield, tightening bolts and applying grease, their sniveling terror the essential lubricant that keeps the whole chaotic war machine from grinding to a halt.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
2	2	2	5	8	2	1

- **Weapon:**
  - **Shiv** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/2
- **Abilities:**
  - **Grease Monkey (3+):** Choose a friendly Orc fighter within 1". That fighter gains +2 Footwork for their next move action.
  - **GET DOWN! (Double):** Use this ability as a reaction when a friendly Orc fighter within 3" is targeted by a ranged attack. This Sump-Grot becomes the target of that attack instead.

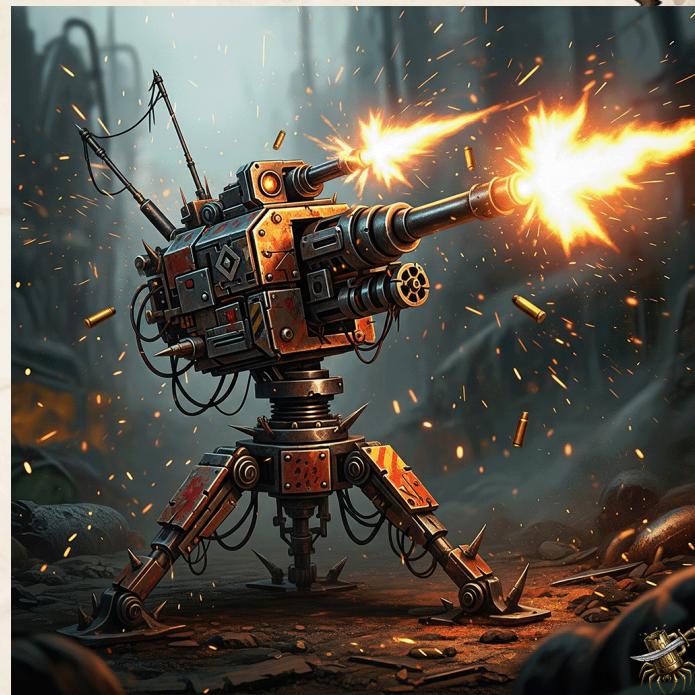




# Sentry Turret

Points Cost N/A

The Sentry Turret is the ultimate expression of the Scrap-Tek Horde's chaotic and pragmatic philosophy of "violent improvement." It is not a machine that is designed and manufactured in a traditional forge; it is a temporary, furious consciousness given form in the heat of battle. A Tek-Boss does not see a pile of battlefield refuse as debris; they see it as a collection of dormant, aggressive potential. The act of "Jury-Rigging" is a form of industrial necromancy, a ritual of percussive maintenance and frantic welding that breathes a brief, violent life into the inanimate. The resulting turret is a testament to their creed: that from the chaotic wreckage of the old, a new, and invariably more explosive, purpose can always be born.



A Sentry Turret cannot be included in a warband during recruitment. It can only be brought into a skirmish by the **"Jury-Rig"** warband mechanic.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	3	2	0	8	1	1

- **Weapon:**
  - **Scrap-Spitter** (Ranged): Range 9", Impact 1/2
- **Special Rules:**
  - **Scrap-Tek Overwatch (Reaction):** The first time in a battle round that an enemy fighter's move takes them within 9" of this fighter, the Sentry Turret immediately performs a free attack action targeting that fighter. After the moving fighter's activation ends, this Sentry Turret must be the next fighter to activate.
  - **Mindless:** This fighter cannot use abilities, pick up or carry objectives, or be affected by any abilities that target a fighter's mind.
  - **Immobile:** This fighter cannot make move actions.
  - **Unstable Power Core:** At the start of this fighter's activation, roll a D6. On a 1, its power cell overloads. The Sentry Turret is immediately taken out of action, and all fighters within 3" suffer D3 damage.





# Warband Playstyle: Chaotic Area Denial

The Scrap-Tek Horde is a "Chaotic Combined Arms" force that excels at **dynamic area denial** and **automated board control**. Your playstyle is built on a simple, effective foundation: your cheap, expendable Sump-Grotz create a living shield to protect your powerful (and valuable) Ork specialists.

Behind this screen, your specialists establish a killzone. Your "Boom Boy" Grolsch provides long-range artillery, while your "Nail Spitta" Bork cripples heavy targets, setting them up for the kill. Your Tek-Boss acts as a "Slagganeer" pet master, using the Jury Rig mechanic to build, reclaim, and redeploy Sentry Turrets that create a responsive network of automated fire. All the while, your "Rivet Head" Skab, a dedicated melee powerhouse, acts as a hidden bodyguard, ready to counter-charge and annihilate anyone who breaks through your line.

## Tips & Tricks:

- **The Turret is a Refundable Asset:** The Jury Rig mechanic costs **2 Scrap Tokens**, but you **reclaim 1 Token** when the turret is destroyed. This means the *net cost is only 1 Scrap*. This is a fantastic deal. Be aggressive. Build turrets in forward, annoying positions. If your opponent wastes a powerful activation to destroy it, you've won the trade.
- **Create "Leapfrogging" Overwatch:** The Scrap-Tek Overwatch rule creates a 9" "no-go" bubble around your Sentry Turret. As your Tek-Boss moves up the board, deploy turrets in sequence to create a "leapfrogging" line of automated fire, forcing your opponent to navigate a minefield of triggers.
- **The Grot is the Shield:** The Sump-Grotz's primary job is to stand in front of your Orks and die. Use their GET DOWN! ability to intercept high-impact shots aimed at your Tek-Boss or Boom Boy.
- **Find a Perch for the Boom Boy:** Your "Boom Boy" Grolsch is your most powerful ranged asset. Your first turn should be dedicated to getting him to a safe, elevated vantage point with a clear line of sight.
- **Bork is Your Can-Opener:** "Nail Spitta" Bork is your specialist-killer. His job is to use his Armour Piercing ranged attack to neutralize the enemy's toughest, shield-carrying fighter. Use his Pin 'Em Down ability to lock a key target in place, making them a sitting duck for Grolsch's cannon.
- **The Rivet Head is Your Bodyguard:** "Rivet Head" Skab is your counter-punch. Keep him hidden behind your Grotz or a piece of terrain, close to your valuable gunline. If an enemy fighter gets brave and charges your Boom Boy, Skab uses his high Footwork and devastating Paired Buzz-Saws to intercept and dismantle the threat.

*"Never trust an Orc who tells you he's 'fixed' something. It usually just means he's found a way to make it explode louder."*





# The Gilded Legion

You always know when the Gilded Legion is in town. They don't skulk in the shadows; they buy the whole pub a round of the good stuff. They are loud, confident, and professional, their magnificent, golden armor a shining testament to a thousand victories and a million paid contracts. They don't get into bar-room brawls; they conduct business, their every word a negotiation, their every glance a measure of your worth. They are not heroes or villains; they are the most successful and ruthless mercenary corporation in the world.

The Gilded Legion has no gods and no ancient creed. Their philosophy is simple, brutal, and forged from the one thing they truly believe in: cold, hard coin. They are the ultimate expression of the Self-Made warrior, a legion whose power comes from the tangible, undeniable authority of wealth. Their goal is not conquest or glory, but the simple, clean execution of a contract and the heavy pouch of Shiners that comes at the end of it. They are living proof that in this world, gold is the only king that truly matters.

In a battle, they are a terrifying spectacle of pure, expensive efficiency. They fight with a methodical, disciplined fury, their gilded armor turning aside blows that would kill a lesser warrior. Their true strength, however, is their willingness to "spend" their value for a tactical advantage. They can push their priceless wargear to its absolute limits, drawing on its inherent worth to land a devastating, super-charged blow or to shrug off a fatal wound. They call it "The Price of Victory," and it is a testament to their belief that everything, and everyone, has a price.

Their leader is a formidable, battle-scarred woman named Huskarl Valdis, a warrior whose personal fortune is said to be forged into the very plates of her magnificent armor. Her Legion has been a common sight in the Dockside Warehouse District lately, not as simple guards, but as enforcers. The word is they've been hired to conduct a "hostile takeover" of a rival merchant guild's assets, and they have been re-negotiating the terms of their contracts with the locals, one bloody axe-stroke at a time.





# The Gilded Legion of the Gersemi Hoard

[990 Points]



## Warband Mechanic: The Price of Victory

*You see the gear on a Legionnaire? That's not just armour; it's a bloody vault on legs, a ledger of every contract they've ever fulfilled. They don't pray to gods for a miracle when the fight gets tight. They're pragmatists. They make a withdrawal. You'll be in the thick of it, thinking you've got one of 'em on the ropes, and then there's a strange, shimmering sound, like a king's ransom being melted down in a heartbeat. That's 'The Price of Victory'. They can spend the very value of their wargear for a moment of impossible power - a 'Costly Assault' that hits with the weight of a thousand Shiners, or a 'Gilded Aegis' that turns a fatal blow into a minor expense. They're buying their victory, plain and simple. Just remember, they always have enough coin for one more round.*

The Gilded Legion begins each skirmish with a number of **Gilt Tokens** equal to the number of fighters in their warband. These tokens represent the immense value of their gilded equipment, which can be pushed to its limits for a price. Certain powerful abilities require you to **Spend** a Gilt Token.





# Huskarl Valdis

## Leader - 320 Points

Huskarl Valdis is the ultimate expression of the Self-Made Cogwork philosophy, a leader whose authority is not granted by a divine mandate but is forged from the tangible, undeniable power of wealth. Her magnificent, gilded plate armor is not merely a suit of wargear; it is her ledger, her history, and her throne, each plate a contract fulfilled, each layer of gold a victory paid for in blood and coin. She is a veteran of a thousand battles and a million transactions, a living testament to the belief that in a world of fleeting faith, the only true and lasting power is a full coffer.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	5	6	4	28	3	5

- **Weapon:**
  - **Gilded Greataxe** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 3/7
- **Abilities:**
  - **"Invest Wisely" (4+):** Choose a friendly fighter within 6". That fighter gains +1 Grit until the end of the battle round.
  - **[COMMANDMENT] "MELT THE RAIN!!" (Triple):** Your warband immediately gains D3 Gilt Tokens.





# Gilded Butcher

## Torsten

### 280 Points

Torsten is the brutal, physical manifestation of a contract's most violent clause. He is the legion's enforcer, an unstoppable juggernaut of muscle and gilded iron whose purpose is to shatter an opponent's resolve through the sheer, overwhelming application of "expensive" force. He is not a frenzied berserker, but a methodical and terrifyingly efficient instrument of his captain's will. His twin gilded war hammers are not just weapons; they are the final, percussive signature on a hostile takeover, the grim and bloody seal on a deal concluded.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	6	5	3	25	1	3

- **Weapon:**
  - **Twin Gilded War Hammers** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 3/5
- **Abilities:**
  - **"Sunder the Unworthy" (Double):** The next melee attack action this fighter makes this activation ignores the target's bonus to Grit from shields.
  - **"Costly Assault" (Cost: Spend 1 Gilt Token):** This fighter may immediately make a bonus attack action.





# Hoard Sworn Retainer

## 190 Points

The Retainers are the professional and disciplined heart of the Gilded Legion. They are not fanatics or zealots; they are pragmatists, their loyalty bound not by a creed, but by a contract. Their gilded armour is their resume, a clear and visible statement of their experience, their worth, and their success on the battlefield. They fight with a cold, calculated efficiency, their every action a testament to a simple and brutal truth: they are very, very good at their job, and they are paid very, very well for it.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	4	4	4	16	2	2

- **Weapon:**
  - **Gilded Longsword** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Abilities:**
  - **"Calculated Risk" (4+):** This fighter may re-roll one failed hit die on their next attack action.
  - **"Gilded Aegis" (Cost: Spend 1 Gilt Token):** Use this ability as a reaction when this fighter is hit by an attack. You may ignore all damage from one normal hit from that attack action.





## Gilded Arbalist

### 200 Points

The Gilded Arbalist is the Legion's asset protector, a master of the battlefield from afar. She is a sharpshooter whose role is to eliminate threats to the Hoard's interests with a cold and ruthless efficiency. Her gilded repeater crossbow is a masterpiece of pragmatic engineering, a beautiful and deadly tool for dispatching any who would dare to interfere with the Legion's business. Every bolt she fires is a calculated expense, a carefully aimed investment that is expected to yield a swift, and brutally profitable, dividend.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	3	3	4	16	3	2

- **Weapon:**
  - **Gilded Repeater Crossbow** (Ranged): Range 18", Impact 2/3
- **Abilities:**
  - **"Covering Fire" (4+):** Pick an enemy fighter within 18". That fighter cannot make charge actions during their next activation.
  - **"Coin-Shot" (Cost: Spend 1 Gilt Token):** The next ranged attack action this fighter makes this activation gains the **Pulverize** keyword.





# Warband Playstyle: The Hostile Takeover

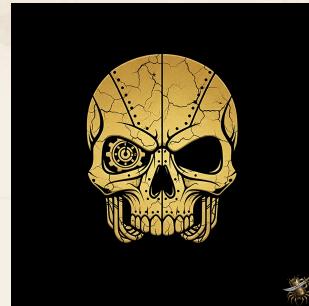
The Gilded Legion is an elite, durable, and methodical force. They are a slow-moving wall of gold and iron, designed to win a war of attrition through their superior wargear and unbreakable discipline. Their unique **Gilt Token** mechanic allows them to "spend" the inherent value of their priceless gear for a sudden, temporary burst of power. Your strategy is to be a patient predator, absorbing the enemy's initial assault and then, when the moment is right, liquidating your assets for a single, decisive, and brutally profitable final push.

## Tips & Tricks:

- **Your Gilt is Your Ace:** Gilt Tokens are your most valuable resource. Do not spend them lightly. Save them for the critical, game-changing moments of the battle, such as a "Costly Assault" to finish off a leader or a "Gilded Aegis" to save your own.
- **The Butcher is Your Finisher:** Your Gilded Butcher, Torsten, is a terrifying melee threat. His "Costly Assault" ability, allowing him to attack twice in one turn, can single-handedly eliminate almost any target in the game. Save a Gilt Token for him.
- **The Retainer is Unbreakable:** The Hoard Sworn Retainer's "Gilded Aegis" reaction is one of the best defensive abilities in the game. Use it to frustrate your opponent, forcing them to waste their most powerful attacks on a warrior who simply refuses to die.
- **The Arbalist is Your Can-Opener:** Your warband can struggle against extremely high-Grit enemies. The Gilded Arbalist's "Coin-Shot" ability, which grants her attack the **Pulverize** keyword, is your solution. Use her to soften up the toughest targets before your melee fighters move in.

*"A bunch of rich sods who think they can solve any problem by throwing money at it. To be fair, it usually works."*





# The Corpsewerk Consortium

When a crew from the Consortium comes in, it costs me a fortune in repairs. They're not like other undead, all silent and sorrowful. They're... busy. You'll hear them nattering away in a corner, a constant stream of technical jargon and half-finished ideas, their voices a dry, rattling whisper. They're constantly tinkering. One will be trying to 'improve' the light fittings with a bit of sparking wire, another will be unscrewing a chair leg to see if its tensile strength is up to code. I've seen them build magnificent, intricate towers out of their empty pint mugs, just to see how high they can get before the whole thing collapses. They're a strange sort of social, always passing around their 'good' set of teeth so everyone in the crew gets a chance to chew their stale bread. You can bet that by the time they leave, at least one other patron has woken up from a drunken stupor to find they've been gifted a new, unsolicited, and probably very painful bionic eye.

The story you hear whispered by the architects and the guild-masons is a strange one. They say every last one of 'em was once a mortal engineer, a master of their craft so obsessed with their work that they simply... forgot to die. Their minds are still sharp, but their bodies are animated by a single, terrifyingly pragmatic force of will they call the 'Vow of the Blueprint'. Their goal isn't conquest or coin; it's completion. They are the ultimate project managers, and they have an eternity to see their grand, terrible designs through to the end. They are the grim, logical conclusion of the Self-Made Cogwork philosophy: a people who have literally worked themselves to death, and then kept on working.

In a fight, they are a terrifyingly efficient and dispassionate force. They move like a slow, grinding glacier of rust and bone, a methodical and unbreakable wall. They don't fight with rage or fury; they dissect. Their Laborers will create openings with their 'Efficient Tasking', granting their more powerful brethren extra actions, while the Lead Draughtsmen use their knowledge of structural mechanics to 'Deconstruct' enemy cover and 'Exploit the Weakness' in an opponent's armour. To face them is to be treated not as a warrior, but as an inefficient organic machine that is scheduled for a swift and permanent disassembly.

Their leader, a hulking brute named Foreman-King Ghart, is the most obsessive of them all, his own body a masterpiece of crude, bionic self-repair. The last I heard, his Grand Consortium had been seen in the Scrapyard Shanties. They weren't there for the usual scrap and salvage. The whispers say they were there on a 'resource acquisition' mission, methodically dismantling a Rust-Welded Tyrant, not for scrap, but to harvest its still-functioning magnetic core for some grand, new, and almost certainly horrifying project of their own.





# Foreman-King Ghart's Grand Consortium

[985 Points]





# Foreman-King Ghart

Leader - 275 Points

The Foreman-King is the ultimate expression of a will that has refused to yield to the finality of death. His authority is derived not from a divine mandate, but from the sheer, obsessive force of his own unfinished ambitions. His body, a patchwork of decaying flesh and crude, functional bionics, is a testament to his singular creed: the project must be completed. He sees the battlefield as a worksite, his enemies as obstacles, and his warband as a crew to be managed with cold, dispassionate, and brutal efficiency.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	4	4	4	26	5	3

- **Weapon:**
  - Heavy Wrench (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/5
- **Abilities:**
  - **"Measure Twice, Cut Once" (4+):** Pick a friendly fighter within 6". That fighter may re-roll one failed hit die on their next attack action this activation.
  - **[COMMANDMENT] "The Blueprint Demands It!" (Triple):** Until the end of the battle round, all friendly fighters in this warband gain +1 Grit and cannot be moved by enemy abilities like Shove.

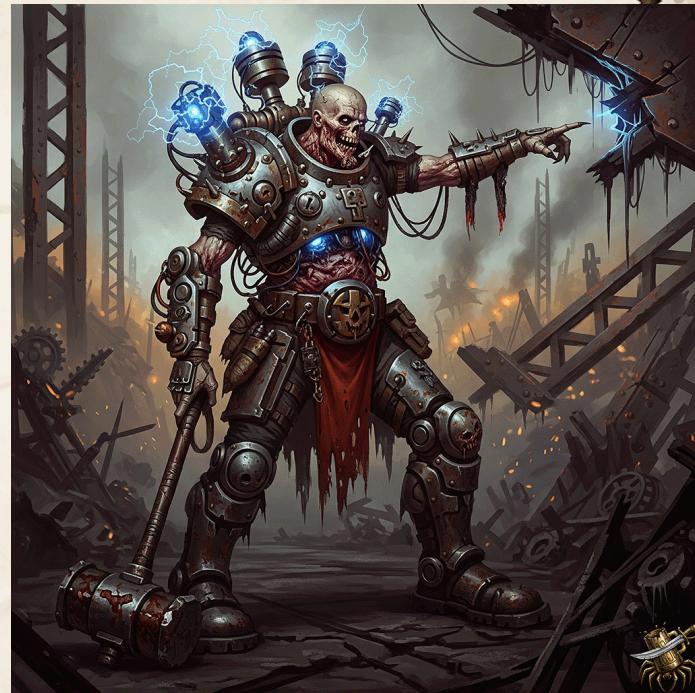




# Lead Draughtsman

190 Points x 2 Members

The Draughtsmen are the project managers of the Consortium, the elite engineers responsible for executing the Foreman-King's grand designs. Their knowledge of stress points, structural weaknesses, and the brutal mathematics of demolition makes them formidable opponents. They do not fight with the fury of a warrior, but with the cold, precise, and analytical gaze of a master craftsman who sees an enemy's armour not as a defense, but as a flawed blueprint waiting to be deconstructed



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

- **Weapon:**
  - Surveyor's Mallet (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Abilities:**
  - **"Exploit Weakness" (4+):** The next melee attack action this fighter makes gains +2 to its Heft.
  - **"Deconstruct" (Double):** This fighter can use an action to target a piece of terrain within 1". The terrain piece is damaged and can no longer be climbed on or used for cover.

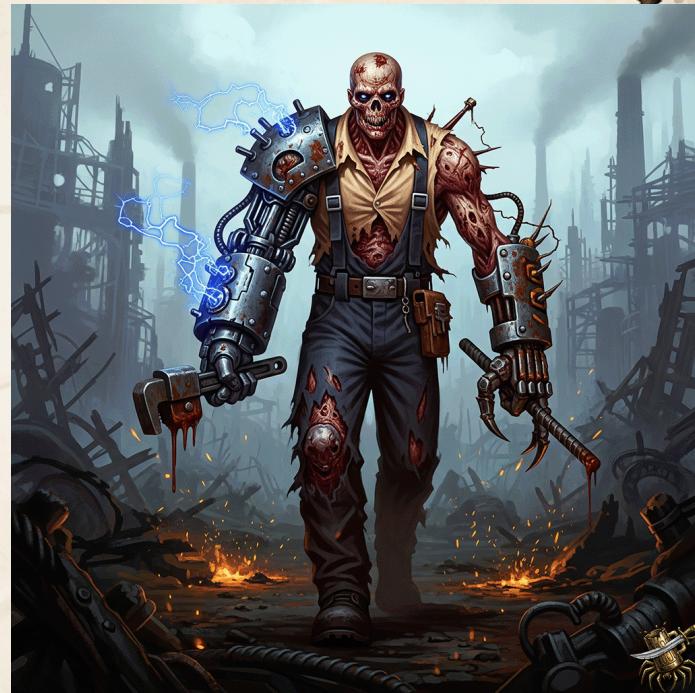




# Consortium Laborer

**110 Points x 3 Members**

The Laborers are the tireless, shambling workforce of the Consortium, their minds focused only on the task at hand. They are not individuals, but a collective, their every action dictated by the needs of the greater project. They are the living embodiment of pure, uncomplicated function, their purpose not to win battles in the traditional sense, but to provide the crucial support, the extra action, the physical barrier that allows the grand, terrible designs of their masters to be brought to their inevitable and grim completion .



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	3	3	4	12	2	1

- **Weapon:**
  - Makeshift Tools (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/3
- **Abilities:**
  - **"Efficient Tasking" (Double):** Instead of making an attack action, this fighter can use both of their actions to immediately allow another friendly fighter within 3" to make a single move or attack action.





# Warband Playstyle: The Grinding Horde

The Corpsewerk Consortium is a mid-speed, durable, and highly tactical warband that excels at board control and action efficiency. They are not the fastest crew, but their resilience and unique abilities allow them to create a slow-moving, grinding advance that can outlast and overwhelm their opponents. Their playstyle is a unique hybrid of the "Horde" and "Anvil" archetypes. They win by using their numerous, expendable Laborers to control the board and fuel the actions of their more powerful elites, methodically dismantling the enemy warband piece by piece like a well-planned demolition project.

## Tips & Tricks:

- **Task Efficiency is Your Core Mechanic:** Your Consortium Laborers are the engine of your warband. Their "Efficient Tasking" ability is your most powerful tool. Use it every turn to grant extra actions to your hard-hitting Lead Draughtsmen or your tough Foreman-King. This allows your key fighters to move and attack in the same turn, creating a huge advantage in positioning and damage output.
- **The Draughtsmen are Your Scalpels:** Your Lead Draughtsmen are your elite killers and utility pieces. Use their "Exploit Weakness" ability to punch through heavy armour and take down high-priority targets. Don't forget their "Deconstruct" ability; destroying a key piece of enemy cover can leave a powerful ranged fighter completely exposed to your advance.
- **The Foreman is Your Anvil:** Foreman-King Ghart is the durable center of your warband. Keep him protected by your Laborers and use his "Measure Twice, Cut Once" ability to ensure your Draughtsmen's crucial attacks find their mark. His "The Blueprint Demands It!" Commandment is the ultimate defensive tool, perfect for turning your entire warband into an immovable fortress on a key objective.
- **Embrace the Grind:** You are not a fast "alpha strike" warband. Your strength lies in a slow, inexorable advance. Form a wall with your Laborers, support them with your Draughtsmen, and use your action advantage from "Efficient Tasking" to outlast and overwhelm your opponent in a prolonged, grinding war of attrition.

*"A bunch of dead engineers who think they can improve the world. Leave your pint unattended for a minute and they'll have it hooked up to a power cell, trying to make the bubbles 'more efficient'. Pathetic."*





# The Foxglove Syndicate

When the Syndicate comes in, you don't notice at first. There's no grand entrance, no booming laughter. They just... appear. A quiet woman with fiery red hair, a grim-faced companion with a heavy-looking bag, and a large, bald man who seems to radiate a quiet menace. They'll take a corner booth, speak in low, precise tones, and drink their ale with the focused air of professionals conducting business. They don't look for trouble, but there's a cold, coiled stillness about them that tells you they are trouble of a very particular and very final kind. They are the quiet, patient predators of this pub, and you get the feeling their hunt never truly ends.

The rumours about them are strange, half-whispered tales you hear from nervous trappers and black-market fur traders. They say the leader, the woman with the red hair they call Isolde, was once a simple girl whose only friend was a fox. When some local lordling hunted it for sport, it broke something in her. She turned to the old ways, to the alchemy of the deep woods, and concocted something terrible: a tincture that doesn't kill, but *unmakes*. It turns a living soul into a savage beast, a horrifying, twisted parody of what it once was. Her goal isn't profit, not really. It's revenge, a cold, methodical war against any who would profit from the suffering of the innocent.

In a fight, they are a terrifyingly efficient and cruel machine. Isolde doesn't fight to kill; she fights to capture. Her ultimate weapon is to force-feed an enemy her Lycanthropic Tincture, turning them into a slavering beast that she then hunts, slays, and skins. These unnatural pelts are her calling card on the black market, a way to gain access to the very people she despises. Her two companions are the tools of this grim trade: the shotgun-wielding Annelise is the executioner, and the hulking Bastien is the willing monster, a man who took the tincture by choice and can become the very beast they hunt at a moment's notice.

The last I heard, Isolde's strange and terrible hunt had brought her to the edges of the Twisted Forest. The Bark-Kin are not fond of trespassers, but the word is Isolde isn't there for the trees. She's hunting a specific target, a wealthy merchant-lord known for his collection of rare and exotic furs, who has fled into the deep woods to escape her cold and very, very personal justice.





# Isolde's Vengeful Hunt

[995 Points]





# Isolde, the Foxglove Alchemist

Leader - 385 Points

A grim and determined woman with fiery red hair, Isolde's gaze is as sharp as her alchemical knowledge is deep. She moves with the silent confidence of a master hunter, her leather coat lined with vials of potent, transformative chemicals.



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

- **Weapon:**
  - **Alchemist's Blade (Melee):** Range 1, Impact 2/3. On a critical hit, the target is Poisoned and suffers 1 damage at the end of the round.
- **Abilities:**
  - **"Enraging Fumes" (4+):** Choose an enemy fighter within 6". That fighter gains +1 Heft but suffers -1 Grit until the end of the battle round.
  - **[COMMANDMENT] "The Unwilling Transformation" (Triple):** Choose one enemy non-Leader, non-Monster fighter within 3". That fighter is immediately removed from the board and replaced by a "Transformed Beast" friendly fighter under your control.





# Annelise, the Keeper

**280 Points**

Isolde's oldest friend and unwavering conscience. Annelise is a grim-faced woman clad in heavy leather, her eyes scanning the battlefield for threats. She carries a heavy, slag-punk blunderbuss, its brass fittings lovingly maintained - a crude but effective tool for putting down beasts that have strayed too far.



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

- **Weapon:**

- **"Mercy" Blunderbuss (Ranged):** Range 8", Impact 4/6. This weapon targets all fighters in a 3" cone. After firing, it must be reloaded (costs 1 action).

- **Abilities:**

- **"Putting Down a Stray" (4+):** This fighter's ranged attacks gain +2 Impact when targeting a fighter with the Beast keyword.
- **"Stand Guard" (Double):** Until the start of her next activation, Annelise gains +2 Grit and cannot be pushed.





# Bastien "Pizza Cutter" Notelli

**330 Points**

A quiet, powerfully built man with a deep loyalty to Isolde. He was the first human to willingly take the tincture, and has since mastered its chaotic power. He can transform at will, becoming the very monster they hunt. In his human form, he is the warband's stoic protector.



## Human Form

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	5	5	4	22	2	3

- **Weapon: Woodsman's Pizza Cutter (Melee):** Range 1, Impact 3/7. (One-Handed)

## Beast Form

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
5	6	4	6	22	1	1

- **Weapon: Savage Claws & Fangs (Melee):** Range 1, Impact 3/5
- **Abilities:**
  - **"Unleash the Beast" / "Regain Control" (Double):** This fighter may switch between their Human Form and Beast Form stat profiles. This is the only way to transform.
- **Special Rules (Beast Form Only):**
  - **Bestial Rage:** At the start of this fighter's activation, roll a D6. On a 1, it must Charge the nearest fighter (friend or foe).
  - **Charge:** This fighter can perform a move and attack for a single action.





## Summoned Fighter: Transformed Beast

*This fighter can only be brought into the game via Isolde's Commandment.*

- **Stats:** Use the stat profile of the original fighter that was transformed, but apply the following permanent modifications:
  - All Ranged weapons become unusable.
  - +1 Heft
  - +1 Footwork
  - -1 Grit
  - -1 Metvél-Kaltos
- **Special Rules:**
  - **Mindless:** This fighter cannot use abilities or pick up objectives.
  - **Bestial Rage:** At the start of this fighter's activation, roll a D6. On a 1, it must Charge the nearest fighter (friend or foe).





# Warband Playstyle: The Hostile Takeover

The Foxglove Syndicate is an elite, low-model-count "control" warband. Their strategy revolves around their leader, Isolde, and her game-changing Commandment, "The Unwilling Transformation." The entire warband is designed to control the flow of battle, isolate a key target, and then permanently remove it from the board, turning it into a new, expendable asset for your own crew. Annelise provides heavy fire support and can put down beasts (including the ones you create), while Bastien is a flexible powerhouse, able to switch from a durable defender in his human form to a terrifying monster in his beast form.

## Tips & Tricks:

- **The Commandment is Your Win Condition:** Your entire strategy should be built around setting up Isolde's Commandment. Identify the most valuable non-leader enemy fighter - a brute, a specialist, or an expensive elite - and make it your primary goal to get Isolde within 3" of them to unleash her tincture.
- **Bastien is a Multi-Tool:** Use Bastien's two forms strategically. In human form, his high Grit and powerful greataxe make him a fantastic bodyguard for Isolde. When you need raw aggression, use his "Unleash the Beast" ability to turn him into a high-Flurry, high-Heft monster to tear a hole in the enemy line.
- **Annelise Controls the Board:** Annelise's blunderbuss is a powerful tool for clearing out clumps of weaker enemies. Use her "Putting Down a Stray" ability to make short work of any enemy beasts, or even to eliminate a "Transformed Beast" you've created once it has served its purpose.
- **Isolate, Transform, Dominate:** Use your three elite fighters to create a localized advantage. Isolate a single, powerful enemy, transform them into a "Transformed Beast," and then use that new, mindless creature as a disposable shield or a chaotic missile to charge into the remaining enemies, creating even more disruption.

*"All that fuss... turning people into beasts, selling their hides, just to kill the customer. Seems like a lot of work when a simple knife in the back would get the job done cheaper."*

