

THE EIGHTPINTS





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Contact 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 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:

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

MF.
We have us
a PURPOSE





Scum Of

Near The Beginning...

MF.

Vol. XII

The Docks

The Docks

The Environment

Gazza's Stashes

Gazza's Stash Contents Table (Roll
D3)

Smoke Bomb

Environmental Effects

The Docks: Environmental Effects
Table

Environment Ingredient Table: The
Docks

Dockside Turkeys

Ol' Gaz's Guide to

Not Dying in The Docks

The Beasts

Jetty Rat Swarm

Threat Index 1 - 85 Points

Shiner Eel

Threat Index 2 - 100 Points

Rope Worms

Threat Index 3 - 120 Points

Bilge Crabb

Threat Index 4 - 190 Points

Crate Lurker

Threat Index 5 - 210 Points

Anchor Ghast

Threat Index 6 - 250 Points

Wharf Hauler

Threat Index 7 - 300 Points

Bilge-Hulk Mauler

Threat Index 8 - 330 Points

Hull Breaker Crabb

Threat Index 9 - 450 Points

Brine-Drowned Behemoth

Threat Index 10 - 520 Points

Warband Skirmishing

The Press Gang's Due

Objective

Board Setup

The High Stakes Wager

Objective

Board Setup

Turf War

Objective

Board Setup

The Rat Catcher's Due

Objective

Board Setup

The Ghost
of Pier 9

Objective

Board Setup

Side Quests

The Gilded Catch

Objective

Board Setup

How to Play

Reward

The Unmoored Engine

Objective

Board Setup

How to Play

Reward

The Contraband's Guardian

Objective

Board Setup

How to Play

Reward

Main Quests

The Gilded Contract

Part 1

A Trail of Shiners

Objective

Board Setup

How to Play

Part 2





The Price of a Soul	45	Part 3	
Objective	45	The Heart of the Wreckage	56
Board Setup	45	Objective	56
How to Play	45	Board Setup & Rules	56
Reward for Completion	45	How to Play	56
BFF: Elara, the Unchained	46	Rules For	
The Leviathan's Lullaby	47	The Leviathan's Toll	57
Part 1		Titan AI & Behavior	58
The Choir of the Deep	48	Engagement Zones & Stats	58
Objective	48	Wrath Table	59
Board Setup	48	Siege Engine	60
How to Play	48	Heroic Actions	60
Part 2		Harpoon Tether	60
The Conductor's Debut	49	Light a Signal Fire	60
Objective	49	Drop the Cargo	60
Board Setup	49	Shatter the Grudge-Heart	61
Reward for Completion	49	Items of Legend from	
Pet: The Lullaby Engine	50	The Leviathan of the Brine	62
The Perpetual Reckoning	51	1. The Grief Anchor	62
The Leviathan's Toll	51	2. The Drowned Captain's Cutlass	63
Part 1		3. The Carapace of a Thousand Voyages	64
The Siren's Call	52	4. The Grudge-Helm	65
Objective	52	5. The Heart of the Boiler	66
Board Setup	52	6. The Leviathan's Lure	67
How to Play	53	Bartholomew Buttercup's Bespoke	
Part 2		Excursions Presents:	
The Sunken Graveyard	54	The Docks!	68
Objective	54		
Board Setup	54		
How to Play	55		





Vol. XII

The Docks

The Lungs of The Bull

Alright, you sad sacks and future shark-bait. Listen up, because Ol' Bookie is about to give you the real lay of the land. You think you've seen it all? You've trudged through The Mire and probably got a face full of mud for your troubles. You've baked in the Chamuscado Wastes and learned that the pretty things are the ones that kill you fastest. Cute. You've survived the wilderness. Now, welcome to civilization. Welcome to **The Docks**. And let me tell you, it's a damn sight more dangerous than any swamp or desert. This is where the real monsters live, the ones that carry ledgers and smile while they stick a knife in your back.

Forget your open fields and your clear lines of sight. The Docks are a maze, a splintered, salt-stained deathtrap of rotting wood and perpetual, greasy fog. The whole place is a testament to the two great truths of this world: greed and gravity. Every pier is slick with something you don't want to identify, every warehouse is a dark, echoing tomb filled with secrets and spiders, and the water... oh, the water is a special kind of awful. It's a cold, black, and hungry thing, and it's full of creatures that have evolved for the singular purpose of preying on the clumsy and the coin-heavy. Every step here is a gamble. Will that plank hold your weight? Is that shadow just a shadow, or is it a press-gang waiting to introduce you to a life of misery on the high seas? The odds are 50/50, and I'm being generous.



This is the high-stakes table where the big philosophical arguments get settled with a hook to the jaw. This is the home turf of the **Tide Sworn**, a crew of loud, drunken lunatics who think the best way to honour their drowning god is to help you get a closer look at the harbour floor. They are a chaotic, unpredictable bet, a storm in a bottle just waiting for a reason to smash. On the other side of the ledger, you've got the **Alka-Haulers**, the suits, the corporate raiders in their fancy flying ships. They see this place not as a home, but as a series of assets to be managed. They won't stab you in a fit of passion; they'll have you quietly and efficiently garroted for violating subsection C of their shipping contract.

And the new money? Don't even get me started. **The Gilded Legion** has moved in, and they see this whole district as a hostile takeover waiting to happen. They are the professionals, the mercenaries who will kill you, your mates, and your pet dog with cold, brutal efficiency, all because someone paid them the right price. Then you've got the ghosts, the **Scoured Raiders**, the vengeful Abyss Aelves who are here to settle a score that's older than the docks themselves. They don't want your coin; they want your history, and they are more than happy to erase you from it, permanently. This isn't a simple brawl; it's a four-way theological and economic knife fight in a dark, wet alley.

Even the bloody wildlife here is a cynical joke. Drop a Shiner in the drink and a **Shiner Eel**, a blind, greedy horror with your name on it, will come to collect. Kick a pile of old rope and you might find it's a swarm of **Rope Worms** that will drain you dry before you can scream. And the big boys? The **Hull Breaker Crabbs** and the **Bilge-Hulk Maulers**? They're not just beasts; they're walking, breathing shipwrecks, animals





the collective, hateful rage of every sailor who ever went down with their vessel. They are the ghosts of a thousand failed enterprises, and they do not like competition.

So, what's the play here? This is a grinder's paradise and a sniper's hell. The fog and the warehouses mean your fancy longbows are useless. This is a place for close-quarters carnage, for shoving a poor sod off a pier, for ambushes in the dark. It's a game of angles, of patience, of knowing when to fight and when to let the other two crews bloody each other senseless. The odds are long, the payouts are high, and the water is very, very cold.



Welcome to the big leagues, you magnificent fools. Place your bets. I've got great odds on you ending up as the catch of the day.





The Docks

The Docks are a maze of splintered wood, salt-stained stone, and the perpetual stink of bilge-water and cheap ale. By day, it's a place of grim commerce, the air filled with the shouts of merchants and the groan of straining cranes. By night, it belongs to the smugglers, the press gangs, and things that crawl out of the polluted harbour. Every shadow is a threat, every crate might hold a lurking spirit, and every dropped Shiner risks attracting the attention of the things that swim in the deep, dark water below the piers.



The Environment

In the grand, often tragic, tapestry of the world's great urban centers, the Dockside Warehouse District serves as a vital and deeply paradoxical artery. It is a monument to both relentless commerce and profound, festering decay, a place where the grandest ambitions of civilization are built upon a foundation of splintered wood, salt-stained stone, and the perpetual, cloying stink of bilge-water and cheap ale. Historical records indicate that the Docks are one of the oldest continually operating commercial hubs on the continent, a testament to the enduring, unifying





power of greed. It is here that fortunes are made on a single tide and, just as often, lost to the sudden, brutal finality of a press gang's club or a thief's knife in a shadowed alleyway .



The very architecture of the district is a physical manifestation of its singular, utilitarian purpose: the storage and movement of goods. It is a labyrinth of towering, windowless warehouses, their facades streaked with grime and brine, and a chaotic network of creaking wooden piers that extend like skeletal fingers into the dark, churning water of the harbour. The air is a thick, sensory assault, a constant miasma of salt, tar, spilled spirits, and the gut-wrenching smell of rotting fish guts, all shrouded in a perpetual, damp sea fog that muffles sound and chills the bone. It is a place built for function, not for comfort, and its very design - a maze of blind corners, shadowy alleyways, and precarious, slick walkways - creates the perfect environment for the smugglers, assassins, and conspirators who conduct their true business after the sun has set.

This environment is a crucible for a specific and brutal form of philosophical conflict. It is the primary battleground where the rigid, dogmatic law of the Alka-Hauler's shipping guilds clashes with the bloody, anarchic freedom of the Tide Sworn pirates . The former see the Docks as a grand, logistical machine to be governed by the unbreakable codes of their contracts, their Alkanauts patrolling the upper gantries with a cold, corporate authority. The latter see it as a pantry, a place of endless plunder to be taken by force, their every raid a joyous, violent prayer to their drowning god, Leviakh. More recently, this age-old conflict has been complicated by the arrival of the Scoured Raiders, the vengeful Abyss Aelves who see the Docks not as a prize to be won, but as a library of stolen histories to be reclaimed or erased. This three-way ideological war makes the Docks a state of perpetual, low-level conflict, a testament to the fact that even the grandest of philosophical disputes can be reduced to a bloody, back-alley brawl over a misplaced shipping container.

The fauna of the Docks is a grotesque and horrifying reflection of its polluted and violent nature. The waters are haunted by monstrous, mutated predators, creatures born from a toxic fusion of natural life and the alchemical refuse of a hundred different civilizations. The colossal Bilge Crabbs, their carapaces a fused amalgam of shipwrecked timber and rusted iron, serve as the district's clean-up crew, their claws capable of punching through a steel shipping container. Deeper still lurk the Shiner Eels, blind, avaricious predators drawn to the sound of dropped coin, their very existence a grim tax on the careless. Even the infrastructure itself has become a source of predation, with the seemingly innocent coils of mooring rope often revealing themselves to be clusters of blood-sucking Rope Worms, a perfect and disgusting metaphor for the district's own parasitic nature. The Docks are a self-contained, violent ecosystem where everything, and everyone, is either a predator or prey.





Gazza's Stashes

Before he was a bitter old man permanently affixed to a barstool, Gazza Gristle was a smuggler, and a paranoid one at that. The stories say he never trusted a single lockbox or guard, and instead stashed his ill-gotten gains—bottles of fine whisky, a few Shiners for a rainy day, a smoke bomb for a hasty exit—in a hundred different forgotten corners of this district. He's too old to remember where he left them all now, but for a crew with a sharp eye, a quiet night's work can be surprisingly profitable. Just don't let him see you find it; he'll probably try to charge you rent.

Rule: Searching the Stash

- **The Terrain:** When setting up the battlefield, you can designate up to three small pieces of scatter terrain (such as a stack of crates, a pile of discarded nets, or a stack of barrels) as potential **Gazza's Stashes**.
- **The Action:** A fighter standing within 1" of a Stash can use one of their actions to **Search the Stash**. To do so, they must make a **Metvel-Kaltos** check (TN 7+).
- **The Reward:** On a success, the fighter has found one of Gazza's forgotten caches. Roll a D3 and consult the table below. The Stash is then considered empty and cannot be searched again.
- **The Risk:** On a failure, the fighter makes too much noise, attracting unwanted attention. The Stash is empty, and the searching fighter cannot use their second action for this activation.

Gazza's Stash Contents Table (Roll D3)

D3 Roll	Reward Found
1	A Forgotten Bottle: The fighter finds a bottle of fine, aged whisky. They may immediately heal 3D3 wounds.
2	A Pouch of Shiners: The fighter finds a small, mouldy pouch containing a handful of coins. The warband immediately gains 50 Shiners.
3	A Quick Exit: The fighter finds an old, but still functional, smoke bomb. The warband gains a single-use Smoke Bomb item in its stash.





Smoke Bomb

- **Item Type:** General Gear & Consumable
- **Effect:** A single-use item. A fighter can use an action to throw this. Place a 5" diameter **Smoke Cloud** token anywhere within 6" of the thrower. The area covered by the token blocks line of sight. It disperses at the end of the next battle round .
- **Cost:** 20 Shiners





Environmental Effects

Right then, you miserable sods. You think you've got a plan? You've studied the terrain, you've memorized your enemy's stats, you've even managed to remember which end of your sword is the pointy one. Adorable. You've forgotten one thing: the battlefield itself has a say in this fight. The Barman always gets the last word, and his final call can turn a simple brawl into a full-blown nightmare. Good luck. You'll need it.

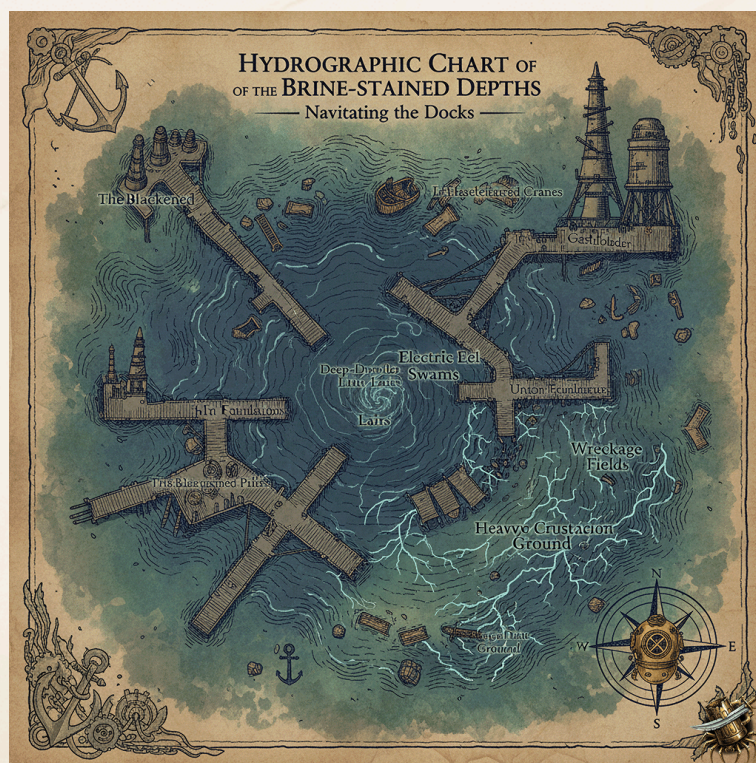
During the **Setting up the Battlefield** phase, after all terrain has been placed but before any fighters are deployed, the player who won the initiative roll for deployment may roll a D6 and consult the Environmental Effects Table for the region the skirmish is taking place in. The resulting effect is now active for the entire battle.

The Docks: Environmental Effects Table

D6 Roll	Twist	Effect
1	High Tide	A siren wails as the tide surges, flooding the lower lying alleys and piers with waist deep, churning water. Any part of the board that is not on a raised platform or inside a warehouse is now considered Difficult Terrain . At the end of each round, any fighter in the water suffers 1 damage.
2	Thick Sea Fog	A thick, supernaturally cold fog rolls in from the harbour, clinging to the ground and obscuring everything. The only sounds are the dripping of water and your own heartbeat. For the entire battle, visibility is limited to 9 inches .
3	Loose Cargo	The shriek of stressed metal echoes through the district as a cargo crane's winch snaps. At the start of each round after the first, the player who won the initiative roll must choose a point on any elevated terrain. A Falling Crate lands there. All fighters within 2" of that point must pass a Footwork check or suffer D3 damage. The crate then becomes a new piece of scatter terrain.



4	The Watch Patrol	A patrol of the Tide Watch, their lanterns cutting through the gloom, is making its rounds. At the start of each round after the first, the player who lost the initiative roll places a Watch Patrol marker anywhere on a board edge. The marker moves 6" in a straight line. Any fighter it passes over must pass a Metvél-Kaltos check or be "Spotted" and become Pinned .
5	Shiner Eel Frenzy	The scent of blood in the water has whipped the local Shiner Eels into a frenzy. For the rest of the battle, any water terrain is considered Hazardous Terrain . Additionally, any fighter carrying an Objective Token is considered a primary target for all beasts.
6	Gazza's 'Advice'	Gazza Gristle, drunk on cheap ale, leans out of a nearby tavern window and starts shouting contradictory "advice." At the start of each round, the player who won the initiative roll must choose one enemy fighter. That fighter is Distracted by Gazza's nonsense and cannot use any special abilities until their next activation - they are treated as Reeling .





Environment Ingredient Table: The Docks

D6 Roll	Ingredient Found	Description
1	Salt Crusted Barnacle (x2)	A common but tough barnacle, scraped from a pier piling. It carries the salt of the sea and the stubbornness of a creature that lives its entire life holding on.
2	Rat King Tail	The tangled, filth-matted tail of a Jetty Rat Swarm's alpha. It still twitches with a strange, collective energy.
3	A Shiner (The Coin)	You find a single, grimy Shiner that some poor sod dropped into the harbour. It's not much, but it's more than you had a minute ago.
4	Ghost Whisky Ectoplasm	A semi-congealed puddle of spectral energy left behind by a Crate Lurker. It smells of aged spirits and profound, violent regret.
5	Bilge-Hulk Plating	A shard of the strange, fused armour of a Bilge-Hulk Mauler, a grotesque fusion of wood, iron, and rage. It is incredibly dense and heavy.
6	Hull Breaker Claw Chip	A single, razor-sharp chip from the shearing claw of the legendary Hull Breaker Crabb. It is as hard as steel and hums with a sorrowful fury.





Dockside Turkeys



Heard tales of 'em. Filthy things, born of rust and forgotten rubbish. They ain't got the sense to fly right, so they just charge through the muck, screamin' like a banshee. Covered in old chains, busted bottles, anything they can scavenge to make themselves tougher. Try to get a blade in one, and you'll just snag your arm on a rusty hook or a length of chain they've glued to their back. Mean-spirited bastards, always lookin' for an easy meal among the drowned. Better off just pushin' 'em back in the water than tryin' to fight 'em fair.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	3	3	6	15	1	4

Weapon:

- **Beak & Talons (Melee):** Range 1, Impact 1/4.

Special Rules:

- **Flotsam Feathers** These Turkeys have integrated the detritus of the Docks into their very being. Their crude, reinforced plumage offers them surprising resilience against blades and bolts, while fragments of old chains or barbed wire snag unwary attackers.
- When a Docks Turkey is targeted by a melee attack, the attacking fighter's **Flurry** is reduced by 1 (to a minimum of 1) for that attack action.





Ol' Gaz's Guide to Not Dying in The Docks

So, you've survived the mud and the glass, and now you fancy yourself a proper city-slicker, eh? Let me tell you something about The Docks. It's a city, sure, but it's a city that's actively trying to drown you. It's a grimy, splintered, and treacherous place, and the only thing more crooked than the piers are the people. Forget everything you learned out in the wilds. This is a different kind of hunt.

1. **DO** keep your hand on your coin-purse. The only thing quicker than the tide in this district is a thief's knife, and you've got the look of a man who's about to learn that lesson the hard way.
 2. **DO** assume every shadow has a knife in it. Because it probably does. This is a place of ambushes and bad deals, not heroic charges.
 3. **DO** pay the Guild what they ask. The Alka-Haulers run this place with a cold, corporate efficiency. Their rules are nonsense, but their enforcers are not.
 4. **DO** listen for the sound of a roaring hippo. That's a Wharf Hauler that's missed a meal, and it's about to turn the pier you're standing on into splinters.
 5. **DO** kick a coiled rope before you step over it. Most of the time, it's just a rope. Sometimes, it's a nest of Rope Worms waiting for a warm leg to latch onto.
 6. **DO** have a drink with the Tide Sworn. They're loud, violent, and probably mad, but they tell the best jokes and they always know where the real trouble is.
 7. **DO** check your cargo. If you're hired to move a crate, make sure you know what's in it. More often than not, it's something that will get you killed.
 8. **DO** learn to swim. You won't last a day here if you can't.
-
1. **DON'T** fall in the water. Ever. It's not the drowning that'll get you; it's the Shiner Eels that are drawn to the sound of a heavy purse hitting the waves.
 2. **DON'T** open a crate you're not paid to. It might be full of gold. It might also be full of a Crate-Lurker, the vengeful ghost of a whisky so potent it gained a hateful consciousness.
 3. **DON'T** stand still for too long. This is a place of constant motion. If you're not moving, you're a target for a press-gang, a pickpocket, or a particularly ambitious seagull.
 4. **DON'T** trust a quiet warehouse. The only thing quieter than an empty warehouse is one that's about to be the site of a very loud and very final ambush.
 5. **DON'T** get between a Bilge Crabb and its dinner. It sees you as competition, and its claws can punch through a steel hull. Your ribs won't be a problem.
 6. **DON'T** follow the pretty lights. That's probably the Harpoon-Fisher Ghoul, and he's not trying to guide you to safety; he's trying to get a clean shot.
 7. **DON'T** insult the Gilded Legion. They have more coin than you, better gear than you, and a profound lack of a sense of humour. It's a fight you cannot win.
 8. **DON'T** forget to pay your tab at The Eightpints before you leave. I know a man who knows a man with a very large Crabb, and we will find you.





The Beasts





Jetty Rat Swarm

Threat Index 1 - 85 Points

Don't mistake these for common wharf-rats. These are bloated, semi-aquatic horrors that have grown fat on the alchemical runoff and the occasional drowned sailor. They infest the pilings beneath the piers in teeming, chittering swarms. They aren't brave, but they are strong in number, and their greatest weapon is the treacherous environment they call home. A single rat is a nuisance; a swarm is a living, dragging anchor determined to pull you down into the filthy depths.

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

- **Weapon:** Countless Filthy Bites (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/1
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Swarm:** This fighter can move through other fighters. Ranged attacks targeting this fighter suffer a -1 penalty to hit.
 - **Amphibious:** This fighter can move through water terrain without penalty.
- **Ability:**
 - **"Drag to the Depths" (4+):** If this fighter's melee attack action scores at least 3 hits against an enemy who is within 1" of a ledge, that enemy must pass a **Heft** check (TN 8+). On a failure, they are immediately pushed off the edge into the water.
- **Behaviour Type:** Harrier
- **Target Priority:** Scavenger





Shiner Eel

Threat Index 2 - 100 Points

There's a reason you see old, grizzled sailors count their pay in a locked room, far from the water's edge. It's because of these things. A Shiner Eel is blind as a stone, but it can hear the clink of a dropped coin from a hundred yards away. I've seen it myself. A young fool, drunk on his first big score, fumbling with his purse at the end of a pier. There was a splash, the jingle of his Shiners, and then... nothing. The eels are the harbour's tax collectors, and they always get their due.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	3	2	6 (Swim)	10	1	1

- **Weapon:** Coin-Sensing Jaws (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/3
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Amphibious:** This fighter can move through water terrain without penalty.
 - **Avaricious Predator:** This fighter must move towards and target the enemy fighter who is currently carrying the most Shiners or an objective token.
- **Behaviour Type:** Harrier
- **Target Priority:** Scavenger





Rope Worms

Threat Index 3 - 120 Points

A bit of practical advice for you. When you're walking the piers, and you see a messy, coiled pile of mooring rope, don't step on it. Kick it first. Most of the time, it's just rope. But sometimes, that pile will writhe into a swarm of thick, leech-like worms that will latch onto your leg and drain you dry before you can even scream. The Rope Worms are one of the dock's most disgusting and efficient predators, a perfect camouflage artist that has mastered the art of being fatally underestimated.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
6	2	2	5	15	1	1

- **Weapon:** Countless Bites (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/1
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Swarm:** This fighter can move through other fighters. Ranged attacks targeting this fighter suffer a -1 penalty to hit.
 - **Blood Drain:** If this fighter scores 4 or more hits in a single attack action, the target suffers -1 to their **Heft** characteristic for the rest of the battle.
- **Behaviour Type:** Harrier
- **Target Priority:** Harasser





Bilge Crabb

Threat Index 4 - 190 Points

The Dockmaster's Guild likes to call these things the "clean-up crew," which is a rather polite way of describing a walking garbage heap with claws that can punch through a steel shipping container. For the most part, they're content to scavenge, and you can walk right by one without it giving you a second look. But corner one, or get between it and a particularly appealing pile of rotting fish guts, and suddenly it takes upon you like a Michelin star chef preparing a particularly rare fish for

tonight's new menu.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	5	5	4	20	1	2

- **Weapon:** Crushing Claws (Melee): Range 1, Impact 3/5
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Amalgamated Carapace:** This fighter's Grit cannot be reduced.
 - **Scavenger:** This fighter will not attack a warband member unless it is attacked first or a fighter ends their turn within 2" of an objective token.
- **Behaviour Type:** Bruiser
- **Target Priority:** Guardian





Crate Lurker

Threat Index 5 - 210 Points

Every adventurer dreams of finding that one forgotten crate, tucked away in the back of a warehouse, filled with ancient treasures. Well, sometimes when you pry open that crate, you're met with the vengeful, angry ghost of a whisky so potent it gained a hateful consciousness. The Crate Lurker is the ultimate bad trip, a spectral horror that smells of aged spirits and violent regret. It doesn't kill you; it pulls you into the splintered, suffocating darkness of its wooden prison. It's a fine lesson in the dangers of

both looting and cheap liquor.

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

- **Weapon:** Spectral Splinters (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Ethereal:** This fighter can move through other fighters and solid terrain, and all attacks that would deal critical damage to it deal normal damage instead.
 - **Surprise Attack:** The first time this fighter makes an attack action in a battle, that attack gains +2 Flurry.
- **Behaviour Type:** Harrier
- **Target Priority:** Harasser





Anchor Ghast

Threat Index 6 - 250 Points

There are things in the harbour that the tide brings in, and there are things it refuses to let go. The Anchor Ghast is one of the latter. These are the unlucky souls who went down to the depths-sailors, pirates, press-ganged fools-their lungs full of black water and their hearts full of regret. But the abyss wasn't done with them. They claw their way back to the piers, their bodies bloated and cold, their waterlogged naval rags clinging to rotting flesh. They are driven by a single, all-consuming hunger, and they hunt in the only way they

remember. They'll hurl their heavy, rusted anchor with an unnerving accuracy, its chain rattling in the fog. They don't want to kill you on the pier; they want to drag you back down to the cold, dark place they now call home, to share their final, suffocating meal.

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

- **Weapon:** Spectral Harpoon (Ranged): Range 9", Impact 2/3
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Amphibious:** This fighter can move through water terrain without penalty.
 - **Weight of the Abyss:** This fighter is a heavy, waterlogged corpse that is difficult to shift and has a terrifying grasp. This fighter cannot be moved by enemy abilities like *Shove*. Additionally, if this fighter's **Hook and Drag** ability would cause an enemy to move over a ledge, the enemy is automatically pushed off the edge without a check.
- **Ability:**
 - **"Hook and Drag" (Double):** When this fighter makes a ranged attack with its Spectral Harpoon, it does not deal damage. Instead, if the attack scores a hit, you may immediately move the target up to D3+1 inches in any direction.
- **Behaviour Type:** Deadeye
- **Target Priority:** Harasser





Wharf Hauler

Threat Index 7 - 300 Points

You can sometimes hear them at night, when the fog is thick - the groaning of splintered masts and the shriek of a thousand rusted nails. That's a Wharf Hauler. It's not a beast; it's a grudge, a walking, stomping tantrum made of the very ship that was scuttled with its crew still aboard. Through the gaps in its crate-and-timber body, you can see its heart: a single, glowing red coal of pure, furious vengeance. It doesn't want to eat you. It just wants to smash every pier and warehouse that reminds it of the

masters who sent it to the bottom.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	6	5	4	30	1	2

- **Weapon:** Colossal Jaws (Melee): Range 2, Impact 4/7
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Unstoppable:** This fighter cannot be moved by enemy abilities like **Shove** and cannot be knocked **Prone**.
 - **Wrecking Ball:** This fighter's melee attacks deal an additional D3 damage when targeting terrain or objectives.
- **Behaviour Type:** Bruiser
- **Target Priority:** Alpha





Bilge-Hulk Mauler

Threat Index 8 - 330 Points

The common Mauler adapts to its environment. The Mauler of the docks didn't just adapt; it became a grotesque museum of the port's entire, filthy history. Its skin is a patchwork of waterlogged pier timbers bolted to its flesh, its back a fused mass of rusted anchor chains. It smells of brine, rot, and a century of spilled ale. It swings a colossal anchor like a flail, a walking, stinking collage of every shipwreck and

failed enterprise to ever grace the harbour. It is the living, breathing embodiment of a bad day at the docks.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	5	6	4	32	1	3

- **Weapon:** Colossal Anchor Flail (Melee): Range 2, Impact 3/6
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Waterlogged Hide:** This fighter is immune to fire-based damage.
 - **Barnacle Crusted Armour:** After an enemy fighter hits this fighter with a melee attack, the attacker suffers 1 damage.
- **Behaviour Type:** Bruiser
- **Target Priority:** Slayer





Hull Breaker Crabb

Threat Index 9 - 450 Points

This one's a sadder story than most, and a good deal more terrifying for it. The tale goes that the first Hull Breaker was a dockworker who betrayed his crew and was thrown into the sea for his trouble. Leviakh, in its infinite, cruel wisdom, gave him a new life. He is now a monstrous parody of what he once was, his "armour" the very wood of the ship he betrayed, fused to his flesh. He is drawn to the sound of creaking wood,

forever seeking to destroy the ships he can no longer serve. Don't mistake the sorrow in its story for a weakness in its claws.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	6	6	4	45	1	2

- **Weapons:**
 - Crushing Claw (Melee): Range 2, Impact 4/8
 - Shearing Claw (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/5. This attack has the **Pulverize** keyword.
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Armored Carapace:** This fighter is immune to critical hits from the front.
 - **Amphibious:** This fighter can move through water terrain without penalty.
- **Ability:**
 - **"Wrecking Ball" (Double):** This fighter can target a piece of destructible terrain (like a pier or building) with its Crushing Claw. The attack is automatically successful.
- **Behaviour Type:** Bruiser
- **Target Priority:** Alpha





Brine-Drowned Behemoth

Threat Index 10 - 520 Points

The legend every sailor in The Eightpints fears. The Behemoth is not just a beast; it is a mobile shipwreck, a colossal horror that has fused with the wrecks of a dozen different vessels. Its hide is a patchwork of cannon-splintered timbers, its claws are made of sharpened anchors, and its heart is the glowing, cursed boiler of a long-sunken ironclad. It slumbers in the deepest, darkest trench of the harbor, and is only awoken by the scent of blood or the sound of a truly

epic bar brawl.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
5	6	6	4 (Swim)	50	1	4

- **Weapon:** Anchor Claws & Wreckage (Melee): Range 2, Impact 4/8
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Monster:** This fighter has the **Monster** keyword.
 - **Amphibious:** This fighter can move through water terrain without penalty.
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Breach" (Triple):** Remove this fighter from the board. At the start of the next round, place it anywhere in a water terrain feature. Any terrain piece (like a pier) within 2" of where it is placed is immediately destroyed. Any fighter on that terrain falls into the water.
 - **"Capsize" (Double):** This fighter can target a single terrain piece representing a pier, walkway, or small boat within 1". The terrain piece is immediately destroyed.
- **Behaviour Type:** Bruiser
- **Target Priority:** Alpha





Warband Skirmishing





The Press Gang's Due

Alright, you worthless lot. You've had one too many pints and ended up on the wrong side of the pier after dark. A press gang from a local Tide Sworn crew has cornered you, and they've got a simple offer: sign on for a life of misery on the high seas, or get a free, personal tour of the bottom of the harbour. Looks like you'll be negotiating with your fists. Don't fall in the water; it'll save them the trouble of weighing you down.



Objective

The battle lasts for 4 rounds. This is a desperate fighting retreat. The player whose warband has the highest points value of fighters that have successfully moved off their designated **Escape Edge** of the board by the end of the fourth battle round is the winner.

Board Setup

A standard Docks board, with plenty of narrow piers and walkways. This scenario uses the long board edges for deployment. Both players roll for initiative. The winner chooses one long board edge to be their **Starting Edge**; the other long edge automatically becomes their **Escape Edge**. The losing player takes the opposite edges. Players then deploy their Jury and Fury groups using the **Lay of the Land** rules for deployment.

Special Rules:

- **High Tide:** The churning water is rising. At the start of each battle round after the first, the player who lost the initiative roll must choose one terrain piece representing a pier or walkway that is not currently occupied. That terrain piece is considered **flooded** and is now difficult terrain for the rest of the battle.
- **Nowhere to Run:** This is a desperate, close-quarters brawl. Fighters cannot be deployed as Reinforcements (Usury) in this skirmish, and instead the players' Usuries are deployed in Round 1, after the Fury deployment(s). Use the normal rules for Usury deployment.





The High Stakes Wager

Right then, you greedy sods. A Gilded Legion paymaster tried to cut corners, hiring a local crew to move a very valuable, very heavy crate of "agricultural supplies." Surprise, surprise, the deal went sour. Now the crate is swinging from a single, fraying rope on a high gantry, and two crews are fighting tooth and nail to be the one to send it crashing down to the pier below. It's a race to see who can cut the rope first and claim the prize. Just try not to be standing underneath it when it lands.



Objective

The battle is fought on a high gantry. The first player to destroy the **Winch Mechanism Objective Token** wins the skirmish and claims the loot.

Board Setup

A standard Docks board, but the majority of the playable area should be a series of elevated gantries and walkways. In the center of the highest gantry, place a single **Objective Token** representing the **Winch Mechanism**.

Special Rules:

- **Cut the Rope:** The Winch Mechanism is a destructible objective. A fighter can use an attack action to target it. It has a Grit of 6 and 15 Wounds. When it is destroyed, the crate crashes to the ground.
- **The Crash Site:** As soon as the Winch is destroyed, the game ends. The winning player's warband receives an additional **2D6 x 10 Shiners** as a reward, but any of their fighters who were on the ground-level board (not on a gantry) within 6" of the Winch suffer D6 damage from the falling crate.





Turf War

Right, you lot. This is simple. The Alka-Haulers think they own Pier 7 because they've got a piece of paper that says so. The Tide Sworn think they own it because they've got more axes than the Haulers do. They've both hired a crew of mugs like you to settle the dispute. There's no treasure, no glory. This is just a bloody, old-fashioned turf war. Last crew standing gets to control the most splintered, rat-infested patch of wood in the whole damn district. What a prize.



Objective

The battle lasts for 5 rounds. The warband that has the most fighters (measured by total Wounds value) within 3" of the center of the board at the end of the fifth battle round is the winner.

Board Setup

A standard Docks board, but the center of the board should be a large, open pier or warehouse floor.

Special Rules:

- **Contested Ground:** The central area is a chaotic mess of brawling factions. Any fighter who ends their activation within 3" of the center of the board may immediately make a free **Shove** action against an enemy fighter who is also within that area.





The Rat Catcher's Due

Listen, some jobs are glamorous. This ain't one of 'em. The Dockmaster's Guild has a rat problem. Not the normal kind, the big kind. The kind that chews through mooring ropes and drags sailors into the drink. They've hired two crews of so-called "exterminators" to clear out the nests under Pier 9. The contract is simple: the crew that brings back the most rat tails gets the coin. It's dirty, thankless work, but a Shiner spends the same no matter how much filth you had to wade through to earn it.



Objective

The battle lasts for 5 rounds. The warband that has collected the most **Rat Tail** tokens by the end of the fifth battle round is the winner.

Board Setup

A standard Docks board, but the entire ground level is considered difficult terrain representing the filthy, half-flooded under-docks. The only open ground is on the piers and walkways above. The battle is against a swarm of beasts.

Beast Lineup (Total Points: 1500):

- 8x **Jetty Rat Swarm** (Threat 1, 85 pts): 85 pts each (680 total)
- 4x **Shiner Eel** (Threat 2, 100 pts): 100 pts each (400 total)
- 3x **Bilge Crabb** (Threat 4, 190 pts, -10%): 171 pts each (513 total)
- **Total Beast Roster Value:** 1593 points

Special Rules:

- **The Bounty:** Every time a warband takes a **Jetty Rat Swarm** out of action, they gain one **Rat Tail** token. This is a virtual token tracked on your roster.
- **Thieving Gits:** If a player's fighter is taken out of action by an opposing player's fighter (not a beast), the opposing player may immediately steal one **Rat Tail** token from the





The Ghost of Pier 9

Right then. There are stories about Pier 9. Stories about a Crate Lurker, a particularly nasty one, that's haunted the same warehouse for a hundred years. They say it's the ghost of a Gilded Legion paymaster who tried to skim from the top and was... dealt with. Now two crews, both believing the ghost is guarding a hidden treasure, have broken into the warehouse at the same time. The only problem? The ghost is real, it's angry, and it doesn't like visitors.



Objective

The battle lasts for 5 rounds. The player who has the most fighters (measured by total Wounds value) within 3" of the center of the board at the end of the fifth battle round is the winner.

Board Setup

A standard Docks board, representing the cluttered interior of a vast, dark warehouse. The center of the board should be a slightly more open space.

Special Rules:

- **The Lurker:** This skirmish includes a single, hostile **Crate Lurker** beast. The Crate Lurker is not deployed at the start of the battle. Instead, at the start of each battle round after the first, the player who won the initiative roll may place the Crate Lurker model anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 6" away from any other fighter. The Crate Lurker activates as a normal beast. If it is slain, it does not return.
- **A Restless Spirit:** The Crate Lurker is a vengeful spirit. It will always use its Harrier behaviour to target the fighter who is currently closest to the center of the board.





Side Quests





The Gilded Catch

There's a story doing the rounds at the rougher taverns. A Gilded Legion paymaster, a bit too fond of the local brew, stumbled off a pier last night. He and the chest of Shiners he was carrying are now at the bottom of the harbour. The Legion is offering a handsome reward for the recovery of their property. The problem? The sound of that much coin hitting the water has attracted every Shiner Eel for miles. The water is teeming with the blind, greedy beasts. This isn't a rescue mission; it's a very dangerous and poorly-paid fishing trip.



Objective

Your warband must retrieve the **Sunken Pay-Chest** from the harbour floor, fending off the swarms of Shiner Eels drawn to the loot.

Board Setup

A standard Docks board, with at least half of the board designated as deep water. Place a single Objective Token in the center of the largest water area, representing the **Sunken Pay-Chest**.

Beast Lineup (Total Points: 1513):

- 1x "Alpha" Shiner Eel (Threat 2, 100 pts): 100 pts
 - *Special Rule: King of the Depths.* This Eel is larger and more avaricious. It gains +1 Flurry and +1 Heft.
- 8x Shiner Eel (Threat 2, 100 pts): 100 pts each (800 total)
- 3x Bilge Crabb (Threat 4, 190 pts, -10%): 171 pts each (513 total)
- **Total Beast Roster Value:** 1413 points

How to Play

- **Retrieving the Chest:** The Sunken Pay-Chest is too heavy to be simply lifted. A fighter must be in the water, within 1" of the Objective Token, and use an action to attach a rope. Once attached, another fighter on a pier or walkway can use an action to make a Heft check.





(TN 8+). On a success, they haul the chest out of the water. Place the Objective Token next to that fighter.

- **Victory:** The Player wins if they can carry the **Sunken Pay-Chest** off any board edge. The Beasts win if the entire warband is taken out of action.

Reward

- **3D6 x 10 Shiners** (The recovered pay, minus a small "finder's fee").
- **Unique Item: "The Paymaster's Ledger."** A waterlogged book containing compromising information on a local merchant guild. This can be sold to a rival guild for 75 Shiners or used once in a campaign to automatically succeed on a single Clout or Metvél-Kaltos check with a merchant.





The Unmoored Engine

Right then, you lot. There's a problem down at Pier 12. A big one. A crew of Scrap-Tek Grotz tried to 'improve' the main cargo crane by strapping a cursed engine to it. The good news is, it's a lot more powerful now. The bad news is, the engine is powered by the ghost of a particularly surly Wharf Hauler, and it's gone on a rampage. The Dockmaster's Guild is offering a fat purse to any crew who can get up there, shut the damned thing off, and put that angry ghost to rest.



Objective

Your warband must navigate the treacherous upper levels of the dockside warehouses, shut down the three power conduits fueling the rampaging crane, and defeat the enraged spirit of the Wharf Hauler.

Board Setup

A Docks board with a large, multi-level central terrain piece representing the **Crane Platform**. Place three Objective Tokens on this platform, each representing a **Power Conduit**.

Beast Lineup (Total Points: 1495):

- 1x **"Spectral" Wharf Hauler** (Threat 7, 300 pts, -20%): 240 pts
 - *Special Rule: Ghost in the Machine.* This Wharf Hauler is Ethereal and its attacks deal an additional D3 damage to terrain and objectives.
- 2x **Crate-Lurker** (Threat 5, 210 pts, -10%): 189 pts each (378 total)
- 4x **Rope Worms** (Threat 3, 120 pts): 120 pts each (480 total)
- 3x **Jetty Rat Swarm** (Threat 1, 85 pts): 85 pts each (255 total)
- 1x **Bilge Crabb** (Threat 4, 190 pts, -10%): 171 pts
- **Total Beast Roster Value:** 1524 points





How to Play

This is a two-part skirmish.

1. **Kill the Power:** The Power Conduits are destructible objectives. A fighter can use an attack action to target a Conduit. Each Conduit has a Grit of 5 and 10 Wounds.
2. **Banish the Ghost:** The "Spectral" Wharf Hauler cannot be damaged while any Power Conduits are still active. Once all three Conduits are destroyed, the Wharf Hauler becomes vulnerable. The Player wins if they can take the Wharf Hauler out of action. The Beasts win if the entire warband is taken out of action.

Reward

- **150 Shiners.**
- **Unique Item: "The Ghost-Engine Piston."** A heavy, spectral piston that still hums with the Wharf Hauler's rage. Once per battle, the wielder can use an action to grant a friendly fighter +1 Heft for the rest of the battle round. However, at the end of the round, the friendly fighter suffers 1 damage as the ghost's rage takes its toll.





The Contraband's Guardian

Right then, here's a whisper from the shadows. A crew of Under-Over Scurry smugglers were moving some very valuable, very illegal cargo through a sea cave under the main warehouse district. The deal went sour, as they often do. The buyers are dead, the rats have fled, and the cargo is just sitting there. The Grey Market has put out a contract: get in, retrieve the 'Contraband Crate,' and get out. The only problem? The 'Scurry had a guardian beast with them, a massive Hull Breaker Crabb, and it's still down there, guarding the loot with a cold and sorrowful fury.



Objective

Your warband must venture into the sea caves, defeat the enraged **Hull Breaker Crabb**, and secure the **Contraband Crate**.

Board Setup

The board should represent a large sea-cave, with a small, central island of rock connected by narrow, crumbling stone bridges to the surrounding cave walls. The rest of the board is deep water. Place an Objective Token on the central island, representing the **Contraband Crate**.

Beast Lineup (Total Points: 1548):

- 1x **"Enraged" Hull Breaker Crabb** (Threat 9, 450 pts, -20%): 360 pts
 - *Special Rule: Sorrowful Fury.* This beast is enraged by the loss of its handlers. It gains +1 to its Heft and may re-roll one failed hit die each turn.
- 1x **Wharf Hauler** (Threat 7, 300 pts, -20%): 240 pts
- 2x **Crate Lurker** (Threat 5, 210 pts, -10%): 189 pts each (378 total)
- 4x **Shiner Eel** (Threat 2, 100 pts): 100 pts each (400 total)
- 2x **Jetty Rat Swarm** (Threat 1, 85 pts): 85 pts each (170 total)
- **Total Beast Roster Value:** 1548 points





How to Play

This is a **Beast Hunt** skirmish with an objective. The Player wins if they can carry the **Contraband Crate** off any board edge. To pick up the crate, a fighter must first defeat the "Enraged" Hull Breaker Crabb, as it will not allow any creature near its final charge. The Beasts win if the entire warband is taken out of action.

Reward

- **150 Shiners** (payment from The Grey Market).
- **Unique Item: "The Rat's Whistle."** A strange, high-frequency whistle recovered from the smugglers' remains. Once per battle, the wielder can use an action to blow the whistle. Choose one enemy Beast on the board. You may immediately move that Beast up to 4" in any direction, as it is confused and agitated by the sound.





Main Quests





The Gilded Contract



There's a war brewing in the warehouses, friend. A quiet one, but no less bloody. Huskarl Valdis of the Gilded Legion has been expanding her 'assets,' leaning on the local merchant guilds with contracts that are more threat than offer. One guild master, a man named Silas, refused to sign. An admirable but, as it turns out, very foolish decision. The next day, his daughter, Elara, was taken. Valdis denies any involvement, but Silas is offering a fortune to any crew who will find his daughter and bring her back before the Legion's 'negotiations' turn fatal.





Part 1

A Trail of Shiners

Objective

The Gilded Legion are too professional to leave a trail of bodies, but their one weakness is their obsession with coin. Your warband must track Elara's kidnappers by following a trail of newly minted, and suspiciously dropped, Gilded Legion Shiners.

Board Setup

A standard Docks board. Place three Objective Tokens on the board, each representing a **Dropped Shiner**. They must be placed on ground level and more than 8" away from any board edge or another token.

Enemy Warband This is a PvP skirmish against a Gilded Legion warband of equivalent points value. For a solo or co-op game, use the following Beast lineup instead:

- 2x **Wharf Hauler** (Threat 7, 300 pts, -20%): 240 pts each (480 total)
- 3x **Bilge Crabb** (Threat 4, 190 pts, -10%): 171 pts each (513 total)
- 4x **Shiner Eel** (Threat 2, 100 pts): 100 pts each (400 total)
- **Total Beast Roster Value:** 1393 points

How to Play

A fighter can use an action while within 1" of a **Dropped Shiner** token to make a **Metvél-Kaltos** check (TN 7+). On a success, they have uncovered the next step in the trail. The Player wins if they can successfully analyze all three clues. The enemy wins if the entire warband is taken out of action.

***Overheard in The Pub:** "The Tide Sworn are getting bolder. I heard a crew of them managed to board an Alka-Hauler airship over the Docks. They didn't just take the cargo; they opened the main Alka-hest valve and tried to 'drown' a whole pier in the stuff. The Haulers are furious, not because of the lost cargo, but because someone dared to misuse their holy 'Code of Containment'."*





Part 2

The Price of a Soul

Objective

You have tracked Elara to a fortified warehouse, but you are not the only ones here. A rival warband of the Coven of the Unbound Will has also tracked the Legion, seeing their hostage-taking as a crude and inefficient form of control. They have launched their own assault, seeking to "liberate" Elara and prove the superiority of their own will. You are caught in the middle of a three-way battle. You must fight your way through the chaos, rescue Elara, and escape.

Board Setup

A Docks board representing the interior of a large, cluttered warehouse. Place a single Objective Token in the center of the board, representing **Elara**, who is chained to a cargo container.

Enemy Warbands This is a three-way battle. The player must contend with two separate, hostile warbands who will also fight each other.

- **Warband 1: The Gilded Legion.** This warband consists of **Huskarl Valdis** (Leader), a **Gilded Butcher**, and a **Hoard-Sworn Retainer**.
- **Warband 2: The Coven.** This warband consists of a **Coven of the Unbound Will Magister** and two **Gilded Acolytes**.

How to Play

- **The Rescue:** A fighter must move into base contact with **Elara** and use an action to make a **Metvél-Kaltos** check (TN 8+) to pick the lock on her chains. Once freed, **Elara** becomes a friendly fighter who must be escorted.
- **Victory:** The Player wins if they can move **Elara** off any board edge. The other two warbands win if they are the last one standing. If **Elara** is taken out of action, all players lose.

Reward for Completion

- **200 Shiners** (the full payment from a grateful Guild Master Silas).
- **Unique Follower (BFF): "Elara, the Unchained."** Freed from her captors and disillusioned with her father's world, Elara sees true strength in the warband. She offers her services, her knowledge of the merchant guilds' secrets - a potent new weapon in your arsenal.





BFF: Elara, the Unchained



No longer a pawn in a rich man's game, Elara is a master of secrets and whispers. Her time as a captive of two powerful factions has given her a unique and cynical insight into the true nature of power in The Eightpints. She is a skilled informant and a surprisingly capable fighter, her anger now forged into a cold and very personal pragmatism.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	3	3	6	15	4	3

- **Weapon:** Concealed Stiletto (Melee, Range 1, Impact 1/3)
 - **Special Rule:** This weapon has the **Subtle** keyword, granting +1 to hit when attacking an enemy already engaged with another friendly fighter.
- **Ability - "Whispers and Rumors" (Double):** Choose an enemy fighter within 9". That fighter must pass a Clout check (TN 8+) or become **Reeling** as Elara spreads a demoralizing rumour about them through the battlefield's unseen channels.





The Leviathan's Lullaby

There are songs older than the cities, friend. Songs sung in the crushing dark of the abyss. One of them is the Leviathan's Lullaby, a sound so powerful it is said to be the only thing that can soothe the rage of a Brine-Drowned Behemoth. A Maestro of the Chorus of the Final Aria, a man named Syllas, has become obsessed with this legend. He believes that if he can capture and 'perfect' this song, he can create his masterpiece: a symphony that can command the titans themselves. He has hired your crew to help him find the three 'choir-beasts' whose voices form the core of the Lullaby.





Part 1

The Choir of the Deep

Objective

Maestro Sylas has identified the three unique beasts of the harbor whose cries form the three "verses" of the Leviathan's Lullaby. Your warband must hunt down and "capture the song" from each of them using a special Resonant Music Box.

Board Setup

A standard Docks board. This quest involves three separate, smaller skirmishes, one for each beast.

Beast Lineups:

1. **The First Verse (The Percussion):** 1x "Alpha" **Bilge-Hulk Mauler** (Threat 8, 330 pts, -20%): 264 pts. Its roar is a deep, rhythmic, grinding sound and it has +3 Heft.
2. **The Second Verse (The Strings):** 1x "Ancient" **Crate Lurker** (Threat 5, 210 pts, -10%): 189 pts. Its wail is a high-pitched, sorrowful, and melodic shriek and it has +3 Flurry.
3. **The Third Verse (The Bass):** 1x "Alpha" **Wharf Hauler** (Threat 7, 300 pts, -20%): 240 pts. Its bellow is a deep, resonant, and powerful bass note and it has +3 Grit.

How to Play

- **Capture the Song:** To capture a beast's song, a fighter must get within 3" of the target beast and use an action to make a **Metvél-Kaltos** check (TN 8+). The beast must have less than half of its starting Wounds remaining for its "song" to be desperate enough to capture.
- **Victory:** The Player wins when they have successfully captured the songs of all three beasts.

***Overheard in The Pub:** "There's a panic down at The Docks. A Clan of the Resonant Steep Groove Monk set up his sound system on a pier to 'cleanse the vibe'. The beat was so deep it woke up a Brine-Drowned Behemoth. The big sod didn't attack, though. They say it just... started dancing. A colossal, shipwrecked monster, doing a two-step. The Tide Sworn are calling it a miracle."*





Part 2

The Conductor's Debut

Objective

You have brought the captured songs to Maestro Sylas at his hidden sea cave amphitheater. He has combined them into a single, perfect, and deeply unnerving symphony. Now, all that is left is the debut performance. Sylas intends to summon a Brine-Drowned Behemoth and use his perfected Lullaby to bend it to his will, creating the ultimate living weapon. Your job is to protect him during this mad concert and deal with the consequences if, or more likely when, it all goes horribly wrong.

Board Setup

A Docks board representing a large sea cave. One end of the board has a raised, flat rock platform. Place a single model representing **Maestro Sylas** on this platform. The rest of the board is a mixture of rocky ground and deep water.

The Performance

This is a unique, multi-phase skirmish.

1. **Phase 1: The Opening Act (Rounds 1-3):** Your warband must defend Maestro Sylas from waves of enraged beasts drawn by the Lullaby's discordant opening notes.
 - **Beast Lineup:** A new wave of beasts (1x **Wharf Hauler** and 2x **Jetty Rat Swarms**) arrives at the start of each of the first three rounds.
2. **Phase 2: The Crescendo (Round 4):** At the start of the fourth round, the song reaches its peak. A **Brine-Drowned Behemoth** breaches the water at the center of the board. Maestro Sylas attempts to control it. Roll a D6:
 - **On a 5-6 (Success):** The Lullaby works! The Behemoth is pacified. It will not attack your warband and will act as a friendly fighter under your control for the rest of the battle, though it can only perform basic Move and Attack actions.
 - **On a 1-4 (Failure):** The Lullaby is flawed! The Behemoth is enraged. It is a hostile beast and will attack any fighter on the board.
3. **Victory:** The Player wins if they can survive the performance and defeat all remaining hostile beasts on the board at the end of any battle round. If the Behemoth is enraged, you must defeat it to win.

Reward for Completion

- **300 Shiners** (a handsome fee from a triumphant or surprisingly-not-dead Maestro Sylas).
- **Unique Follower (Pet): "The Lullaby Engine."** Sylas, having recorded his masterpiece, gives the warband the strange, clockwork music box he used to capture the beastly c





Pet: The Lullaby Engine



A bizarre and beautiful piece of technology from the Chorus of the Final Aria. It is a complex, Crabb-like automaton made of polished brass and silver, with a large music box grafted to its back. It scuttles after its new master, constantly playing a faint, eerie, and strangely beautiful tune-the very song that can soothe the savage beasts of the deep.

- **Handler:** The Warband Leader

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
-	-	4	4	10	-	-

- **Ability - "Soothing Song":** The Lullaby Engine projects a 6" aura. Any friendly fighter within this aura gains +1 to their Clout. Any enemy Beast within this aura suffers -1 to their Flurry.





The Perpetual Reckoning



The Leviathan's Toll

There are stories the old sailors tell, whispers of a beast that is not just a monster, but a graveyard. They call it The Leviathan of the Brine. They say it's the collective, hateful soul of every ship that ever went down in the harbour, every drowned sailor, every lost cargo, all fused into a single, monstrous engine of destruction. It slumbers in the deepest, darkest trench, but lately, something has stirred it. A strange, rhythmic, and deeply unsettling music is echoing from the deep, and with every pulse of its song, another ship is dragged to the bottom. The Dockmaster's Guild is offering a king's ransom to any crew mad enough to silence the song and hunt the beast.





Part 1

The Siren's Call



Objective

Before you can hunt the Leviathan, you must first find a way to draw it to the surface and pinpoint its location. The Guild's scholars believe the beast is being agitated by a **Siren's Call**, a powerful sonic lure activated by a rogue Chorus of the Final Aria Maestro. You must find and deactivate the three Resonant Amplifiers that are broadcasting the song across the harbour.

Board Setup

A standard Docks board. Place three Objective Tokens on the board, each representing a **Resonant Amplifier**. They must be placed on elevated terrain (on top of warehouses or high gantries) and be more than 8" away from any board edge or another token.

Beast Lineup (Total Points: 1548):

- 1x **"Enraged" Hull Breaker Crabb** (Threat 9, 450 pts, -20%): 360 pts
 - *Special Rule: Sonic Fury.* This beast is enraged by the constant, high-frequency song. It gains +1 to its Flurry and is immune to the **Reeling** condition.
- 1x **Wharf Hauler** (Threat 7, 300 pts, -20%): 240 pts
- 2x **Crate-Lurker** (Threat 5, 210 pts, -10%): 189 pts each (378 total)
- 4x **Shiner Eel** (Threat 2, 100 pts): 100 pts each (400 total)
- 2x **Jetty Rat Swarm** (Threat 1, 85 pts): 85 pts each (170 total)
- **Total Beast Roster Value:** 1548 points





How to Play



The **Resonant Amplifiers** are destructible objectives. A fighter can use an attack action to target an Amplifier. Each Amplifier has a Grit of 5 and 10 Wounds. The Player wins if they can destroy all three Amplifiers. The Beasts win if the entire warband is taken out of action.

- **Special Rule - Sonic Pulse:** At the start of each battle round, the player who lost the initiative roll must choose one of their fighters. That fighter suffers 1 damage that cannot be negated as the sonic lure rattles their bones.





Part 2

The Sunken Graveyard



Objective

Silencing the Siren's Call has not pacified the Leviathan; it has only enraged it. The beast has retreated to its lair: a vast, underwater graveyard of sunken ships at the heart of the harbour. The Dockmaster's Guild has a desperate, suicidal plan. They have provided your warband with a set of powerful, jury-rigged **Scrap-Tek Depth Charges**. You must navigate the treacherous, submerged battlefield, plant the charges on the three great **Anchor-Wrecks** that form the heart of the Leviathan's nest, and get out before the entire graveyard is blown sky-high.

Board Setup

The board should represent an underwater battlefield, a graveyard of sunken ships. The entire board is considered **Deep Water** terrain (see special rules). Place three large, impassable terrain pieces on the board to represent the **Anchor-Wrecks**.

Beast Lineup (Total Points: 1533):

- 1x "**Alpha**" **Hull Breaker Crabb** (Threat 9, 450 pts, -20%): 360 pts
 - *Special Rule: Guardian of the Grave.* This Crabb is the Leviathan's alpha protector. It gains +1 Grit and its **Wrecking Ball** ability can be used as a (4+) ability instead of a (Double).
- 2x **Bilge-Hulk Mauler** (Threat 8, 330 pts, -20%): 264 pts each (528 total)
- 3x **Crate-Lurker** (Threat 5, 210 pts, -10%): 189 pts each (567 total)
- 2x **Jetty Rat Swarm** (Threat 1, 85 pts): 85 pts each (170 total)
- **Total Beast Roster Value:** 1625 points





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Part 3

The Heart of the Wreckage



Objective

Your depth charges have worked... mostly. The explosions have destroyed the Leviathan's lair and driven the enraged beast to the surface, but they have also fused its body with the wreckage of a hundred ancient warships. It is now a walking graveyard, a colossal engine of wood, iron, and abyssal rage, and it is heading for the main sea gate. You must board the beast, fight your way across its treacherous, wreckage-strewn back, and destroy the three **Grudge-Hearts** that power its unnatural existence.

Board Setup & Rules

This skirmish uses the full Perpetual Reckoning rules for The Leviathan of the Brine. The board represents the main channel of the harbour, with several small, rocky islands and the large, stone structure of the **Sea Gate** at one end.

Beast Lineup:

- 1x **The Leviathan of the Brine** (Threat 11)

How to Play

The Player wins if they can destroy the three **Grudge-Hearts** on the Leviathan's back. The Beast wins if the Leviathan destroys the **Sea Gate** or if the warband is taken out of action.





Rules For The Leviathan's Toll

The entity known as the Leviathan of the Brine represents a unique and terrifying form of Perpetual, a localised psychic agglomeration born from the harbour's own violent history. It is not a singular being, but a mobile graveyard, a colossal engine of wreckage animated by the collective, hateful rage of every sailor who ever drowned in the unforgiving waters of the Docks. Awakened by the profane symphony of a rogue Maestro, it has risen from its slumber in the abyssal trenches, its every action a sorrowful, violent reenactment of a thousand different shipwrecks.





The Leviathan is moving towards the **Sea Gate (Objective Health: 30)**. The battlefield is the harbour in its path.



- **Victory:** Overwhelm the two **Wreckage Cluster Zones** to expose the **Grudge-Hearts**, then destroy all three.
- **Defeat:** The warband is defeated, or the **Sea Gate** is destroyed.

Titan AI & Behavior

- **Wrath Table:** The Leviathan of the Brine (See Next Page)
- **Movement Protocol:** At the end of every round, the Leviathan performs a **Reposition** action, moving 8" directly towards the **Sea Gate**.
- **Targeting Protocol:** The Leviathan targets the **Engagement Zone** with the most warband units.

Engagement Zones & Stats

Engagement Zone	Resolve	Description & Hazards
The Churning Water	N/A	Hazard Zone. The area around the beast. Entering or ending a turn here requires a Footwork check to avoid being pulled under.
Wreckage Cluster (Left)	20	A treacherous platform of splintered wood and rusted cannons on its back.
Wreckage Cluster (Right)	20	A similar platform on the other side, slick with bilge-water, making it difficult terrain.
The Grudge-Hearts (x3)	15 each	Weak Point Zones. Exposed only after both Wreckage Cluster Zones are Overwhelmed. They pulse with a hateful, spectral energy.





Wrath Table



At the start of each **Telegraph Phase**, roll a D6 and consult this table. The result is the **Cataclysm Action** the Leviathan of the Brine will take at the end of the round.

D6 Roll	Cataclysm Action
1-2	Claw Smash: Targets the pier or island closest to the Sea Gate . The terrain piece is destroyed. Any unit on it is thrown into the churning water.
3	Wreckage Barrage: The Leviathan shakes its body, launching a hail of rusted debris. All units in one of the Wreckage Cluster Zones (chosen by the player if tied) suffer D6 ranged hits with an Impact of 2/4.
4-5	Submerge: The Leviathan sinks into the water. All Engagement Zones on its body vanish. It resurfaces at the start of the next round, destroying any terrain piece it emerges beneath.
6	Player's Choice: The warband spots a weakness in the beast's chaotic rampage. The player's warband gets to choose which of the other results on this table (1-5) takes effect.





Siege Engine

The Leviathan is not just a beast; it is a living battering ram. Its body, fused with the wreckage of a hundred warships, is a testament to the brutal, grinding power of the abyss. As it approaches the **Sea Gate**, it is not merely attacking; it is enacting a slow, inexorable, and utterly final siege.

At the end of the **Cataclysm Phase**, after the Leviathan has performed its telegraphed action, check its position on the battlefield.

- If the Leviathan's model is within 6 inches of the **Sea Gate** objective, it automatically deals D6+2 damage to the **Sea Gate** as its colossal, wreckage-covered body grinds against the stone foundations and its massive claws tear at the walls.

Heroic Actions

These are special actions that a fighter can perform during their activation, in the specified Engagement Zone, by making a characteristic check. They are often far more effective at reducing a Zone's **Resolve** than standard attacks.

Harpoon Tether

- **Zone:** Any Pier or Dockside Zone
- **Action:** A fighter can man one of the dock's heavy harpoon cannons, firing a thick, iron chain into the Leviathan's barnacle-encrusted hide.
- **Check:** Make a **Metvel-Kaltos** check (TN 7+).
- **Effect on Success:** The chain is successfully anchored. For the rest of the battle, the **Wreckage Cluster** Zone closest to the harpoon cannon is considered **Tethered**. The Leviathan cannot use its **Submerge** Cataclysm Action while at least one Zone is **Tethered**.

Light a Signal Fire

- **Zone:** Wreckage Cluster (Left or Right)
- **Action:** The Leviathan's back is a graveyard of old ships, their timbers soaked in flammable pitch. A fighter can use a torch or lantern to set a massive signal fire on the beast's back.
- **Check:** Make a **Metvel-Kaltos** check (TN 7+).
- **Effect on Success:** The fire rages. Reduce the Resolve of that **Wreckage Cluster** Zone by D3.

Drop the Cargo

- **Zone:** Any Pier with a Cargo Crane
- **Action:** A fighter can attempt to hotwire one of the dock's massive, half-wrecked cargo cranes, swinging its payload of heavy iron girders or stone blocks directly onto the Leviathan's back.
- **Check:** Make a **Metvel-Kaltos** check (TN 8+).





Effect on Success: You successfully operate the crane for one, final, desperate maneuver. Choose one of the **Wreckage Cluster Zones**. That Zone immediately suffers a massive **2D6 Resolve damage** as a ton of industrial scrap crashes down upon it. This action can only be performed once per crane on the battlefield.

Shatter the Grudge-Heart

- **Zone:** The Grudge-Hearts
- **Action:** A fighter who has reached the exposed Grudge-Hearts can attempt to shatter the cursed, spectral core.
- **Check:** Make a **Heft** check (TN 9+).
- **Effect on Success:** You shatter the spectral heart in a blast of abyssal energy. Reduce the Resolve of the Grudge-Heart by a massive **3D6**. However, the fighter who struck the blow is caught in the psychic backlash and must pass a Clout check (TN 8+) or become **Reeling**.





Items of Legend from The Leviathan of the Brine



1. The Grief Anchor

So, you've managed to haul a piece of the beast's very soul back from the depths. This isn't just an anchor; it's a monument to every soul that went down into the cold and the dark. You can feel the weight of it, not just in your arms, but in your heart. Every sailor's final, drowning prayer is forged into that metal. Swing this thing, and you're not just hitting them with an axe; you're hitting them with the crushing weight of the abyss itself. It's a blow that doesn't just break bones, it floods the spirit.

- **Item Type:** Two-Handed Melee Weapon (Great-Axe)
- **Effect on Stats:** +1 Heft, +1 Impact (Base & Crit)
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Two-Handed:** This fighter cannot equip a shield.
 - **Weight of Ages:** On a critical hit, the target is **Water-Logged** and suffers -2 to their Footwork characteristic until the end of the next battle round.





2. The Drowned Captain's Cutlass

A strange prize, this one. It feels cold, like it's still wet from the harbour, and it hums with a faint, sorrowful light. They say this was the blade of the first captain the Leviathan ever took, his soul now bound to the steel. It cuts through armour and flesh, sure, but it cuts through reason, too. The strangest part? Put a man down with it, and the filth of the docks answers its call. Rats, big ones, just boil up from the ground where the body falls. It's not just a weapon; it's a key to the harbour's darkest corners.

- **Item Type:** Melee Weapon (Sword)
- **Effect on Stats:** +1 Flurry
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Ghost Tide:** This weapon's attacks are considered **Juiced**.
 - **From the Depths:** Once per battle, after this fighter takes an enemy out of action with this weapon, you may immediately place a friendly **Jetty Rat Swarm** fighter within 1" of the fallen enemy.



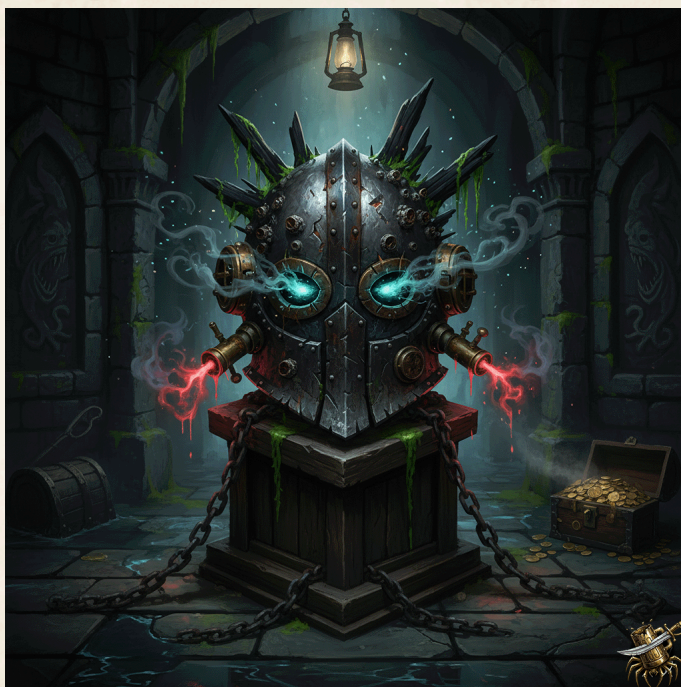


3. The Carapace of a Thousand Voyages

Wearing this... it's like wearing a graveyard. This is a piece of the Behemoth's own hide, a chaotic mess of splintered hulls, rusted chains, and petrified barnacles from a hundred different wrecks. It's not armour in the way a smith makes it; it's a story of a thousand violent endings, all fused into one. A single, perfect blow can't break it, because it's already broken in a thousand different ways. It's a heavy, clumsy thing, but the poor sod who tries to put a dent in it will find it's like trying to shatter the ocean itself.

- **Item Type:** Armour (Heavy Plate)
- **Effect on Stats:** +3 Grit, -1 Footwork
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Cumbersome:** The wearer cannot take a second move action in the same activation.
 - **Shipwreck Hide:** The wearer is immune to the **Pulverize** keyword. Their armour is a chaotic mass of hardened, barnacle-encrusted timbers that cannot be easily shattered.





4. The Grudge-Helm

Be careful with this one. You think you're wearing a helmet, but you're really wearing a scream. This was forged in the heart of the Leviathan, from the iron and the rage of every soul trapped within. You put it on, and you can hear them all, whispering their hatred of the living. It'll protect you, no doubt, but it's an angry, hateful thing. Anyone foolish enough to strike you will feel that rage firsthand, a psychic backlash of pure, abyssal fury that'll rattle their teeth and curdle their courage. It's a helm that fights back.

- **Item Type:** Armour (Helmet)
- **Effect on Stats:** +1 Grit, +1 Clout
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Abyssal Fury:** When this fighter is targeted by a melee attack, the attacker suffers 1 damage after the attack is resolved as the helmet unleashes a psychic backlash of pure, abyssal rage.





5. The Heart of the Boiler

You've managed to salvage the beast's very heart. Not the flesh and blood of it, but the engine that drove its rage. This was the boiler of a long-sunken ironclad, a furnace of fury that powered the whole monstrous wreck. It still glows with a dull, angry heat, and if you know how, you can tap into that power. A twist of a valve, a venting of that spectral steam, and you can share a piece of the monster's own unending power with your crew. It's a dangerous game, playing with a ghost's anger, but a useful one.

- **Item Type:** Miscellaneous Gear
- **Effect on Stats:** None
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Unending Steam:** The wielder gains the ability "**Vent Pressure**" (**Double**): Choose a friendly fighter within 3". That fighter gains +1 to their Heft for the rest of the battle round.





6. The Leviathan's Lure

Beautiful, isn't it? That's how it gets you. This was one of the lights that bobbed above the Leviathan's head, a hypnotic, gentle glow that looked like a ship's lantern in the fog. Captains would steer towards it, thinking it a safe harbour, right before the claws came up from the deep. Now, that power is yours. It's not a weapon that kills, but one that commands. A flash of its light, a pulse of its silent, abyssal song, and you can make a poor sod walk right off a cliff, or into the path of your friend's axe.

- **Item Type:** Miscellaneous Gear
- **Effect on Stats:** None
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Hypnotic Pulse:** The wielder gains the ability "**Siren's Call**" (**Triple**): Choose one enemy non-Leader, non-Monster fighter anywhere on the battlefield. You may immediately move that fighter up to 6" in any direction as they are hypnotized by the lure's light.





Bartholomew Buttercup's Bespoke Excursions Presents: The Docks!

Are you tired of the predictable comforts of a sanitised holiday? Does the thought of another tranquil forest clearing fill your adventurous soul with a profound sense of... ennui? Then I, Bartholomew 'Barty' Buttercup, have curated the perfect antidote for you! It is with the utmost enthusiasm that I invite you to cast off the shackles of the mundane and immerse yourself in the vibrant, off-the-beaten-path authenticity of the world-renowned Dockside Warehouse District!

Forget what you've heard! This is not merely a port; it is the very lungs of our great city, a bustling hub of commerce and culture where the symphony of opportunity is played out daily. From the moment you arrive, your senses will be captivated. Breathe deep the robust, full-bodied bouquet of history and honest trade - a complex blend of salt, tar, and generations of hard work. Feel the revitalising sea-mist on your face as it rolls in from the harbour, lending a truly atmospheric and mysterious quality to your every step. Listen to the charmingly rustic acoustics of the ancient piers, their timbers singing a historic sea shanty with every gentle sway of the tide.

Our tour offers unparalleled opportunities to engage with the permanent residents. You will be enchanted by the local artisans, such as the industrious Bilge Crabb, a dedicated curator of maritime antiquities whose entire form is a testament to a lifetime of passionate collection. Be sure not to miss the Crate-Lurker, a truly spirited piece of immersive theatre that delivers a performance with real, cask-strength impact! The Docks are a place of such thrilling biodiversity, with a welcoming committee so eager to meet newcomers. (Note: We do advise against carrying loose change near the water, as this can trigger an overly enthusiastic greeting from our aquatic financial advisors, who are very keen to help you manage your assets!)

The activities we have curated for you are designed to be truly character-building. Test your balance and nerve with a thrilling stroll along the district's famous elevated walkways, where every step is an achievement! You may even be presented with a spontaneous and life-altering career opportunity from one of the many seafaring guilds, whose recruitment methods are impressively direct and hands-on. You will also bear witness to the dynamic, multi-cultural street performances as the local philosophical societies - such as the passionate Tide Sworn and the ever-professional Gilded Legion - engage in lively, interactive debates right before your very eyes.

And for our premium guests, there is the chance for a truly unforgettable encounter with a reclusive local celebrity, the magnificent Hull Breaker Crabb! A true master of Slag-Punk design, this creature has expertly fused organic beauty with industrial chic, and its powerful demonstrations of architectural reconfiguration are simply not to be missed.

So, cast aside your concerns for mere "safety." Forget the drab predictability of "comfort." It is the *experience* that matters! It is the *story* you will tell for the rest of your (thrillingly unpredictable) life!

Book your bespoke experiential excursion to the Dockside Warehouse District with me, Bartholomew Buttercup, today. A world of authentic adventure awaits!

