

THE EIGHTPINTS





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Sort Of Near The Beginning...

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

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

This happened for centuries. Millennia.

Then...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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





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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MF.
We have us
a PURPOSE.





Seiz Of

Near The Beginning...

MF.

We have us
a PURPOSE.

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

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Master Distiller Thul

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Vol. IV

Factions of Codification

The Codification of the Bull

Alright, let's move to the other side of the tracks, where the air smells of hot oil and cold, hard logic. Welcome to the bottom-left of the board, the home of the Creed-Bound Cogwork factions. We call 'em **The Codified**, and they are the ultimate traditionalists, the engineers of the soul. These are the crews who have looked upon the chaotic, messy world of flesh and faith and have come to a simple, terrifying conclusion: the blueprint is better. Their truth is not found in a moment of divine inspiration, but in a dusty, thousand-page rulebook, a perfectly calibrated schematic, or the slow, inexorable turning of a great and ancient gear.

Their power is "Cogwork," but it's a specific kind. This is not the manic, explosive, and gloriously unreliable invention of the scrap-heap. This is the power of the system, of the tradition, of a process that has been perfected over centuries and is now considered a sacred text. These are the dwarves whose entire society is built around the rigid, unforgiving mathematics of containing a reality-dissolving alchemical agent. They are the brewers whose perfect ale is the result of a thousand-year-old recipe that is followed without question or deviation. They are the clockwork auditors from a lost future, who see our chaotic present as a flawed equation that must be "corrected."

Where do they come from? They are the survivors of a different kind of apocalypse. They

are the descendants of a people who were on the brink of chaos and were saved not by a hero, but by a single, perfect, and brutally efficient set of rules. They are the artisans who have dedicated their lives to a single, unchanging craft, believing that perfection is found not in innovation, but in repetition. They are the grim zealots of the production line, whose every action is a prayer to the god of efficiency. The common folk see them as stubborn, inflexible, and utterly predictable. And that's exactly how they like it. They see the chaos of the world as a flaw, a bug in the system, and they are the divine programmers who have come to impose their clean, logical, and often very violent code upon it.

Their quests are not for glory, but for order. They will march into a chaotic brawl not to win, but to enforce a forgotten statute of a long-dead king. They will journey to a monster's lair not to slay the beast, but to retrieve a lost schematic that it has swallowed. They seek to restore broken machinery, to enforce the terms of an ancient contract, and to methodically, relentlessly, and without a shred of passion, put the world back in its proper, logical, and uninteresting place. When you place a bet on The Codified, you're not betting on a miracle; you're betting on a mathematical certainty. They are a slow, grinding, and utterly reliable force. You always know what they're going to do. The only question is, are you smart enough, or stupid enough, to get in their way?





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

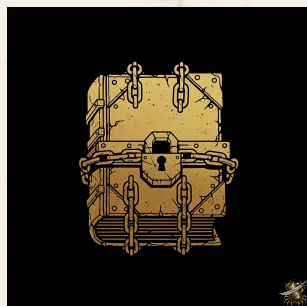
South to North: The Axis of Power, from Cogwork to Juice

This axis defines the source of a faction's power





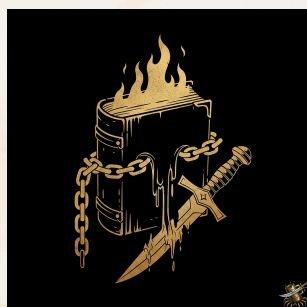
The Axis of Belief: Why You Do It



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.





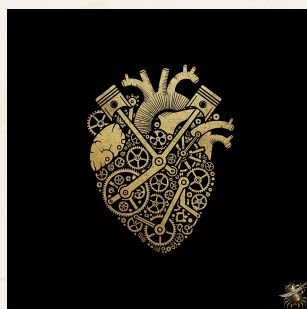
The Axis of Power: How You Do It



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.





Earth Gnashers

The Faction

You can always tell when a Gnasher crew is in the pub, not by the noise they make, but by the sound they're *trying* not to make. It's a low, constant, grinding sound, like two millstones rubbing together. That's the sound of their teeth. They don't drink their ale so much as test the structural integrity of the tankard with every sip. They are a strange and unsettling presence, not because they're looking for a fight, but because they seem to be sizing up the furniture, the cobblestones, and your plate mail with a hungry, appraising eye.

The stories say they're Orcs who, long ago, were trapped in a mountain with nothing to eat but the rock itself, and that their god, a great, hungry maw named Mawgar, taught them to consume the world to survive. Now, it's their entire reason for being. They don't want to rule the world. They want to *eat* it. They believe that all strength is external, and the only way to get it is to chew it up and make it part of you. To a Gnasher, a fortress wall isn't an obstacle; it's a meal.

In a fight, they are a slow, grinding, and utterly terrifying force. They don't have the explosive momentum of the Stålkarn; they have the implacable, unstoppable pressure of a glacier. They will walk into a shield wall and simply start chewing their way through it. The most unnerving thing is what they do when a foe falls. They'll pause, right there in the middle of the brawl, and take a bite out of the dead man's helmet or shield, the screech of their steel teeth on iron a horrifying tribute to their god.

Their leaders, the "Great-Jaws," are the ones with the most impressive, metal-plated mandibles. The current terror of the peaks is a brute named Thrakka, whose jaw is said to be able to bite through solid granite. I've heard his horde has been seen on the edges of the Scrapyard Shanties lately. To a Gnasher, that place isn't a wasteland; it's the most magnificent banquet they've ever seen, a feast of rust and scrap metal that has them in a state of near-religious ecstasy.





Thrakka's Gnaw-Horde



[990 Points]



Warband Mechanic: The Great Devourer

The Earth Gnashers are defined by a single, brutal dogma: the Jaw is the strongest part of the body, and all strength is external. They do not craft weapons or armor in forges; they gnaw them into existence. This practice is perfected on the battlefield in a ritual known as The Great Devourer. When a Gnasher fells a foe, they will pause, even in the heat of battle, to chew upon the victim's wargear. This act of consumption is both practical and sacred, their powerful jaws breaking down the metal and rock, absorbing its essence to heal their wounds and strengthen their resolve. To the Gnasher, a fallen enemy is not just a victory; it is a meal.

An Earth Gnasher fighter can use an action if they are within 1" of an enemy fighter that was just taken out of action. If they do, the Gnasher chews on the fallen foe's wargear and immediately **heals D6 wounds**.





Jaw-Boss Thrakka

Leader - 310 Points

Thrakka is the living embodiment of the Gnasher creed. He is the largest of his tribe, his own teeth having been knocked out and replaced over centuries of battle with a grotesque, terrifying row of sharpened, gnaw-forged steel plates. His armor is a masterpiece of their craft, a patchwork of rock and metal from a hundred different victims that he has personally chewed into shape. He leads not with complex tactics, but with the simple, brutal example of his own insatiable hunger, his massive jaw a symbol of his authority and the ultimate expression of his faction's power.



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

- **Weapon:**
 - **Great Gnaw-Choppa** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 3/7
- **Abilities:**
 - **Iron Hide (4+):** Until his next activation, this fighter cannot be critically hit.
 - **[COMMANDMENT] MORE MAWWWWW!! (Triple):** Choose up to three friendly fighters within 6". Each of those fighters can immediately make a bonus move action of up to their **Footwork** value towards the nearest enemy fighter.





Iron Gut Gnawer

280 Points

The Iron-Guts are the elite warriors of the Gnasher horde, brutes whose digestive systems have, through a combination of mutation and sheer stubbornness, become living forges. They can devour almost any material - rock, steel, even the strange crystals of the Harmonious Conclave - and metabolize it. In battle, this manifests as a horrifying weapon: the Iron-Gut can regurgitate a powerful, semi-molten jet of slag and consumed matter, a short-ranged but devastating blast of raw, recycled power. They are revered figures, their every belch a testament to the Gnasher's ability to turn anything into a source of strength.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	6	5	3	25	1	2

- **Weapon:**
 - **Gnasher-Choppa** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/5
- **Special Rule - Smolten Blows:** This fighter's melee attack actions always gain the **Pulverize** keyword, regardless of the target's **Grit**.
- **Abilities:**
 - **Iron-Gut Expulsion (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.





Gnasher Boy

200 Points x 2 Members

The Gnasher Boys are the tough, eager, and brutally direct core of the horde.

They are young warriors, their own gnaw-forged jaws still developing, their armor a crude, half-finished collection of scavenged pieces they are still in the process of consuming and reshaping.

They fight with a savage, uncomplicated fury, driven by the simple creed that to be strong, one must eat the strong.

Every battle is a chance to prove their worth, to find a better piece of armor to chew on, and to add another layer to their own growing, jagged hide.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	4	4	4	15	1	2

- **Weapon:**
 - **Twin Gnaw-Fists** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Abilities:**
 - **Rip & Tear (Double):** Add +2 to the **Heft** of the next melee attack action this fighter makes this activation.
 - **Shoulder Barge (3+):** After a move action, pick an enemy fighter within 1". That fighter suffers D3 damage.





Warband Playstyle: The Grinding Anvil

The Earth Gnashers are the ultimate straightforward brawlers. They are slow, tough, and hit incredibly hard. Your strategy is simple: walk forward, absorb the enemy's initial charge, and then grind them into dust in a prolonged, bloody melee. Your **Great Devourer** mechanic makes you incredibly resilient in a long fight, as you can heal your warriors by chewing on the armor of your defeated foes.

Tips & Tricks:

- **Walk Forward and Hit Things:** Don't overthink it. Your warband is designed to win a straight-up fight. Get your tough, high-Grit warriors into the center of the board and force your opponent to deal with them.
- **The Iron-Gut is Your Breaker:** Your Iron-Gut Gnawer's slag-breath is a powerful short-ranged attack. Use him to soften up tough, multi-wound targets before you charge in with your other warriors.
- **Remember to Eat:** The "Gnaw the Kill" ability is crucial to your survival. Don't forget to use it. A Gnasher Boy who takes a moment to heal after a kill is much more likely to survive and kill again.

"They think eating a rock makes them tough. I once saw a goat eat a tin can. Didn't make it bulletproof."





Frost-Still Clans

The Faction

You don't see the Frost-Still Clans often. They keep to their frozen tundra, and a trip to the pub for them is a journey of months, not days. When they do arrive, they bring the cold with them. They're a quiet, slow-moving folk, built like mountains, their beards thick with frost. They'll take a table, order a single, neat spirit, and then sit there for three days, saying nothing, just watching the room with an unnerving, geological patience. They are not a people in a hurry.

The stories say they're the oldest of all the clans, the first to walk the world, and they're waiting for a prophecy they call "The Long Thaw." They believe that one day, the great glaciers won't just melt, but will erupt in a world-spanning font of perfectly aged whisky, and they intend to be there to host the greatest party the universe has ever known. Their entire existence is a slow, methodical preparation for this single, glorious event. They are not warriors; they are brewers, and the world is their distillery.

In a fight, they are a glacier. They are slow, deliberate, and utterly unstoppable. They will form a shield wall and simply walk forward, weathering a storm of arrows and spells with a kind of grim, patient indifference. They don't have the fire of a berserker; they have the cold, crushing certainty of an avalanche. Their goal is not a quick victory, but a slow, grinding, and inevitable one, wearing their opponents down until they simply break against their unyielding advance.

Their leader, an ancient brewer named Thul, is a true master of his craft. I've heard his clan has been seen on the borders of the Chamuscado Glass Wastes lately. They're not there for a fight. They're there for an ingredient. The whispers say they believe the super-heated sand of the wastes, when combined with their ancient ice, will create the final, perfect spirit, the one that will finally usher in the age of The Long Thaw.





Master Distiller Thul's Long Thaw

[995 Points]



Warband Mechanic: The Long Thaw

The Frost-Still Clans embody the philosophy of their sacred craft: true power, like a fine spirit, needs time to mature in the absolute cold. Their battles are a slow, deliberate process of endurance. In the early stages of a fight, they are a defensive glacier, their movements patient, their resolve unbreakable, weathering the enemy's frantic, initial assault. But as the battle rages on, the inner fire that sustains them begins to surface. This is **The Long Thaw**. Their chilled muscles warm, their ancient spirits awaken, and the stoic defenders transform into an unstoppable avalanche of vengeful fury, ready to deliver the final, perfectly aged, and devastating blow.

The Frost-Still Clans grow more powerful as the battle progresses. Their fighters gain the following cumulative bonuses:

- At the start of the **third battle round**, all friendly Frost-Still Clan fighters gain a permanent **+1 to their Heft** characteristic for the rest of the battle.





At the start of the **fifth battle round**, all friendly Frost-Still Clan fighters gain a permanent **+1 to their Flurry** characteristic for the rest of the battle.

Master Distiller Thul

Leader - 285 Points

Thul is as ancient and patient as the glaciers themselves. His long, frost-rimed beard is a testament to the centuries he has spent perfecting his craft, a unique alchemy of brewing and warfare. He wields his massive copper ladle not as a crude weapon, but as a master's tool, using it to

serve his warriors potent, millennia-old herbs that awaken their strength, or to smash aside foes with the calm, deliberate force of a slow-moving avalanche. He is the anchor of the clan, his commands are rare but absolute, and his presence on the battlefield is a grim promise: they can endure any storm, and their vengeance, when it comes, will be absolute.



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

- **Weapon:**
 - **Great Copper Ladle** (Melee): Range 2, Impact 2/5
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Taste the Ages" (4+):** Choose a friendly fighter within 3". That fighter gains +1 **Heft** until the end of the battle round as Thul feeds them a millennia-old herb.
 - **[COMMANDMENT] "Glacial Advance" (Triple):** Choose up to three friendly fighters. Each chosen fighter may immediately make a bonus move action. They cannot run, but they can move through other fighters during this move.





Ice Vintner

230 Points x 2 Members

The Ice Vintners are the elite of the Frost-Still Clans, warriors tasked with the sacred duty of harvesting thousand-year-old glacial ice. They are masters of the cold, their bodies hardened against the most brutal tundra winds. In battle, they are the hammer to the clan's anvil. They wield massive, heavy ice-picks with the deliberate, crushing force required to shatter a glacier - or a shield wall. They are the personification of the Clan's offensive power, the final, brutal step in the brewing process where the stubborn ice is violently broken and harvested.



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

- **Weapon:**
 - **Great Ice-Pick** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 3/7
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Shatter" (Double):** The next melee attack action this fighter makes this activation gains +2 to its base **Impact** if it is targeting a fighter equipped with a shield or who is in cover.
 - **"Unstoppable Mass" (3+):** This fighter cannot be knocked down or pushed for the rest of the battle round.





Tundra Guard

115 Points x 2 Members

The Tundra Guard are the steadfast, unyielding core of the clan. On their backs, they carry massive casks of "prospecting ale," a potent, herb-infused brew that numbs the pain of battle and hardens their resolve. They are the living embodiment of the clan's defensive philosophy, a shield wall of iron and stubbornness. They plant their feet, share a dram of their fortifying ale with their shield-sisters, and absorb the enemy's charge, their absolute refusal to yield buying the precious time needed for The Long Thaw to reach its devastating conclusion.



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

- **Weapon:**
 - **Tundra-Axe** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Special Rule - Prospecting Ale:** While this fighter is within 1" of another friendly fighter, both fighters gain +1 **Grit**.
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Serve a Dram" (4+):** This fighter and one adjacent friendly fighter each heal D3 wounds.





Warband Playstyle: The Inexorable Glacier

The Frost-Still Clans are the ultimate "anvil" warband. You are slow, methodical, and incredibly durable. Your playstyle is one of pure attrition. Your goal is to survive the early game, weathering your opponent's initial assault, and then, as your **Long Thaw** mechanic kicks in in the later rounds, you transform from a defensive glacier into an unstoppable, vengeful avalanche.

Tips & Tricks:

- **Form the Shield Wall:** Your Tundra-Guards are the core of your defense. Keep them together to maximize their "Prospecting Ale" rule, creating an almost unbreakable wall of high-Grit warriors.
- **The Vintners are Your Can-Openers:** Your Ice-Vintners are designed to kill high-Grit, heavily-armored foes. Use them to methodically dismantle your opponent's toughest fighters while your Tundra-Guards hold the line.
- **Survive to Round 3:** Your warband's power spikes significantly in the third and fifth rounds. Your entire strategy should be focused on minimizing your losses and surviving until these crucial turning points.

"They've been waiting ten thousand years for a drink. I'd be in a bad mood too."





The Harmonious Conclave

You don't hear the Conclave arrive. You *feel* them. The glasses on the back bar start to hum, a low, resonant note that settles deep in your bones and makes your teeth ache. They don't walk; they glide, silent, elegant figures of living, geometric crystal. The stories say they're not truly alive, that they are the shattered fragments of a single, great song that was sung at the dawn of time. They don't speak, they don't drink. They just stand there, observing the chaos of the pub with a kind of profound, musical disappointment.

Their goal is the strangest and most terrifying of all. They believe the universe is a song that has gone horribly out of tune, and that all of us - our wars, our laughter, our messy, chaotic lives - are the screeching, dissonant notes. They are the tuners, and their purpose is to correct the discord. They want to restore the "First Chord," a state of perfect, absolute harmony, which, from what I can gather, sounds an awful lot like a state of perfect, absolute silence. They don't interact with the world; they judge it.

In a fight, they are a deeply unsettling thing to behold. There is no clash of steel, no bestial roar. There is only a rising, deafening hum. They "tune" their enemies with waves of sonic force, leaving behind glowing, vibrating motes of energy. Then, when their symphony is perfectly arranged, the leader will give the final downbeat. The "Resonance Cascade," they call it. A single, perfect, explosive chord that doesn't just kill you; it un-makes you, vibrating your very bones into crystalline dust.

Their leader, a terrifyingly serene creature they call Choir-Mistress Lissandra, is the conductor of this symphony of destruction. I've heard troubling whispers that her conclaves have been seen near the great Alka-Foundries of the Alka-Hest Haulers. They aren't there to steal the Alka-hest. They're drawn to the great, humming machinery of the forges, seeing them as magnificent, but flawed, instruments that must be retuned to their own, terrible music.





Lissandra's Perfect Pitch

[990 Points]



Warband Mechanic: Resonance Cascade

The Conclave believes the universe is a symphony that has fallen into a chaotic, dissonant state. Their sonic technology is the key to correcting it. In battle, they do not simply attack; they "tune" their enemies. Each strike from their weapons leaves behind a humming, crystalline mote of pure sound - a Resonance token. These motes are harmless on their own, but they are the notes of a deadly composition. When the Choir-Mistress is ready, she unleashes the Resonance Cascade, a single, perfect command that causes every token on the battlefield to detonate in a symphony of destruction, a final, explosive chord that brings silence and harmony.

Certain abilities instruct you to "Place a **Resonance token** on an enemy fighter." A fighter can have multiple tokens. Abilities marked with (**Cascade**) cause all Resonance tokens on the battlefield to detonate. For *each* token on a fighter, they immediately suffer D3 damage. All tokens are then removed.





Choir Mistress

Lissandra

310 Points

Lissandra is the conductor of the Conclave's symphony of correction. Her flawless, amethyst form is a perfect conduit for the "First Chord," the pure note of creation she seeks to restore. She moves with a cold, deliberate grace, her Prime Chime staff not a weapon of war, but a conductor's baton. She does not see her enemies as living beings, but as flawed, screeching instruments in a chaotic orchestra. Her every action is precise, her goal singular: to orchestrate the perfect crescendo of the Resonance Cascade, a final, beautiful chord that will bring a perfect, silent harmony to the battlefield.



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

- **Weapon:**
 - **The Prime Chime** (Melee): Range 2, Impact 2/4
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Tuning Strike" (4+):** The next melee attack action this fighter makes this activation also places a **Resonance token** on the target if it hits.
 - **[COMMANDMENT] "The Great Crescendo" (Triple) (Cascade):** Trigger a **Resonance Cascade**. For this cascade only, each token deals D3+1 damage instead of D3.

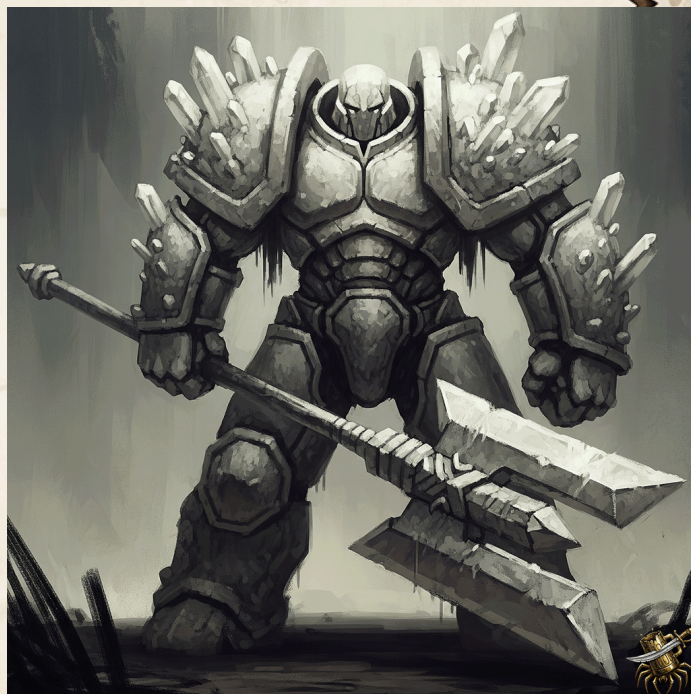




Quartz Phalanx

240 Points

The Phalanx warriors are the stoic, unmovable percussion section of the Conclave's orchestra. Forged from thick, cloudy quartz, their bodies are designed to be bastions of pure, resonant defense. They are the anchor of the warband, a living wall of crystal against which the chaotic fury of the enemy breaks. Each blow they absorb, and each strike they deliver with their crystalline halberds, is a deep, resonant note that adds to the symphony, placing the humming Resonance tokens on those who would dare to disrupt their perfect, silent advance.



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

- **Weapon:**
 - **Crystalline Halberd** (Melee): Range 2, Impact 3/5
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Resonating Guard" (4+):** Pick an enemy fighter within 1". Place a **Resonance token** on them.
 - **"Unmovable" (Double):** This fighter gains +2 Grit against melee attacks until their next activation.

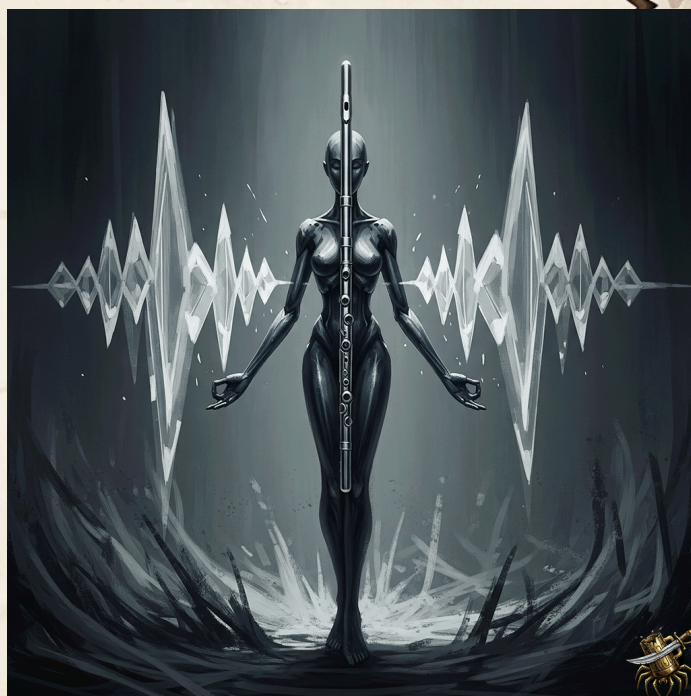




Echo Chanter

190 Points

Slender and flute-like in form, the Chanters are the amplifiers and manipulators of the Conclave's power. They are not direct combatants, but living instruments who can manipulate the Resonance tokens placed by their comrades. A Chanter can focus on a single, resonating foe, subtly adding new harmonies to their vibrational prison, multiplying the tokens upon them until they are primed for a truly spectacular detonation. They are the specialists who ensure that when the final Cascade is unleashed, its power is focused, overwhelming, and absolute.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
2	2	3	4	12	5	2

- **Weapon:**
 - **Humming Staff** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/2
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Harmonic Convergence"** (4+): Choose a fighter anywhere on the battlefield with at least one **Resonance token**. Place an additional **Resonance token** on them.
 - **"Shattering Note"** (Double) (Cascade): Trigger a **Resonance Cascade**.





Finely Tuned Rage Ape

250 Points

A terrifying testament to the Conclave's absolute pragmatism. This hulking beast was captured for its powerful, chaotic roars. Now, a cruel-looking harness of brass and humming crystal is bolted to its body, capturing and focusing its natural fury. The "Finely Tuned" Rage Ape is a crude but effective instrument in the Conclave's orchestra, its technologically-focused screams of agony and rage serving as a blunt tool to spread the initial wave of Resonance tokens across a wide area, preparing the enemy for the Choir Mistress's final, devastating performance.



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

- **Weapon:**
 - **Fists of Fury** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 3/6
- **Special Rule - "Dissonant Fury":** At the start of this fighter's activation, roll a D6. On a 1, the beast momentarily breaks free from its conditioning. It cannot use any of its normal abilities this activation. Instead, it must immediately perform a Charge action towards the nearest fighter (friend or foe).
- **Ability:**
 - **"Discordant Roar" (Double):** Place a **Resonance token** on all enemy fighters within a 5" diameter circle.





Warband Playstyle: The Perfect Symphony

The Harmonious Conclave is a complex "combo" warband. You are not designed to win a simple war of attrition. Your entire strategy revolves around setting up the perfect, devastating turn. Your goal is to use your warriors to "paint" multiple enemies with **Resonance** tokens, and then use your Choir-Mistress to unleash a single, game-ending **Resonance Cascade** that can annihilate half the enemy warband at once.

Tips & Tricks:

- **Setup is Everything:** Don't be tempted into early, unproductive fights. Your early turns should be spent carefully positioning your warriors to apply Resonance tokens to as many key targets as possible.
- **Protect the Choir Mistress:** Your leader is the only one who can unleash the Cascade. She is your win condition. Keep her safe at all costs until the moment is right.
- **The Finely Tuned Rage Ape is Your Blunderbuss:** The Finely Tuned Rage Ape is a crude but effective tool. Use its sonic blast to spread Resonance tokens over a wide area, setting up your more precise warriors for the final combo.
- **The Chanter is Your Amplifier:** The Echo Chanter's job is to identify the most important target and multiply the Resonance tokens on them, ensuring that when the Cascade is unleashed, that specific enemy is guaranteed to be destroyed.

"They want to bring perfect harmony to the world. Oddly enough, their idea of perfect harmony sounds a lot like a man screaming as his skeleton vibrates out of his skin."

