THE EIGHTPINTS

Copyright © 2026 by The Eightpints Oracle
All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted without prior written permission, with exceptions for brief quotations in reviews and other noncommercial uses.

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.

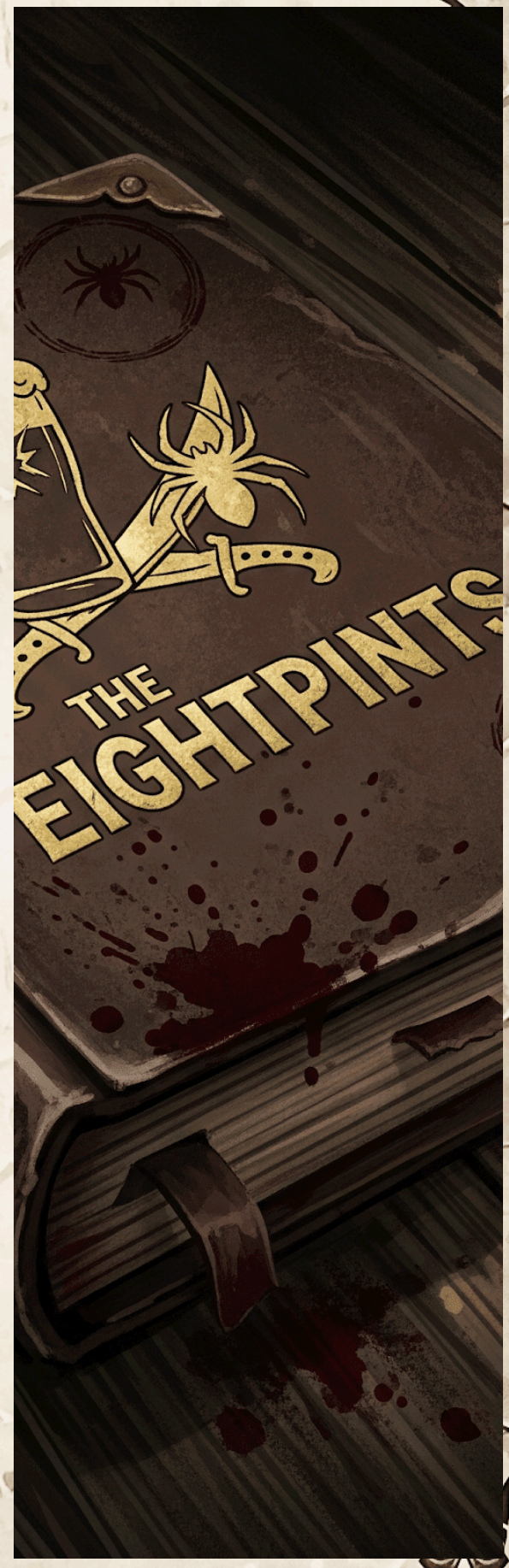
And then... You. You stepped in, stepped up, and said something like, "G'day me'Landlord O'Matey. Can I order a fresh pint o' yer finest and gladdest?"

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 thems?"



MF.
We have us a PURPOSE.

Son Of
Near The Beginning... 3
MF. 4
We have us
a PURPOSE. 4
Vol. II
Factions of Devotion 7
Quadrant of Belief 8
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 8
South to North: The Axis of Power, from Cogwork to Juice
This axis defines the source of a faction's power 8
The Axis of Belief: Why You Do It 9
Creed-Bound 9
Self-Made 9
The Axis of Power: How You Do It 10
Juice 10
Cogwork 10
Tide Sworn 11
Kor'gath's Tide Sworn 12
Warband Mechanic: The Blood-Tithe 12
Tide Lord Kor'gath 13
Leader - 290 Points 13
Gore Priest Malak 13
190 Points 14
Tide Reaver Crew 15
130 Points x 4 Members 15
Warband Playstyle:
The Rising Tide 16
Wytch Coven 17
Coven of the Final Threshold
[980 Points] 18
Warband Mechanic: The Great Unmaking 18
Matron Vexia,
the Soul Scourge 19
Leader - 320 Points 19
Harvester of the Threshold
220 Points

Coven Initiate 21
110 Points x 4 Members 21
Skeleton Animate 23
Points Cost N/A 23
Warband Playstyle:
The Surgical Snowball 24
The Hollowed Host 25
Eleonara's Mourning Guard 26
Warband Mechanic: Channel Echo 26
Lady Eleonara,
the Archivist of Sorrows 27
Leader - 340 Points 27
Host of the Royal Guard 28
250 Points 28
The Vengeful Echo 29
230 Points 29
Host of
the Court Sage 30
180 Points 30
Warband Playstyle:
The Unseen Legion 31
Cask Brethren
of the Angel's Share 32
The Last Round 33
Warband Mechanic: The Vibe Track 33
The Dram Lord 34
320 Points 34
Cask Wright 35
240 Points 35
The Weeping Spirit 36
210 Points x 2 Members 36
Warband Playstyle:
The Mood Swing 37

Vol. II Factions of Devotion

The Devotion of the Bull

Let's start with the true believers, the holy rollers, the ones who walk into the pub with a look in their eyes that says they've got a direct line to God, and He's just told them to burn the whole place down. Welcome to the top-left of the board, the home of the Creed-Bound Juice factions. We call 'em **The Devout**, and you need to understand something about them right now: you cannot reason with these people. Their truth doesn't come from a clever idea or a good plan; it comes from a screaming god, a dusty old book, or a ghost whispering sweet nothings in their ear. They are not fighting for Shiners or territory. They are fighting for their faith, and that makes them the most dangerous and unpredictable bastards on the board.

When you're looking at a crew from this quadrant, you're looking at pure, unadulterated "Juice." This isn't the clean, elegant magic of the storybooks. This is the raw, chaotic, and often disgusting power that seeps up from the metaphysical cesspit of The Sink. It is the rage of a forgotten god, the sorrow of a restless spirit, the very lifeblood of a living forest. A Devout warband doesn't use this power; they *are* this power. They are living conduits for a force that is as likely to grant them a glorious victory as it is to burn them to a cinder from the inside out. Betting on a Devout crew is a high-risk, high-reward proposition. They can pull off miracles that will make your jaw drop, but their faith is a fickle and often fatal thing.

Their origins are always soaked in tragedy or fanaticism. You'll find crews born from the ashes of a fallen kingdom, their every action a sorrowful prayer to a history that only they remember. You'll find zealots who have stared into the abyss, seen a drowning god beckon, and have decided to help him flood the world. They are the swamp's own immune system, the ghosts of a bad death, the last, lonely paladins of a forgotten oath. To the common folk, they are terrifying. They are the missionaries who knock on your door with a holy text in one hand and a sacrificial knife in the other. They are the living saints and the weeping ghosts, and most people can't tell the difference until it's too late.

So, what are they after? Their quests are not for coin, but for conviction. They will march into a haunted ruin not for the loot, but to “pacify” a spirit that offends their god. They will hunt a legendary beast not for the glory, but to anoint a new altar with its blood. They seek to reclaim lost relics, to desecrate the temples of rival faiths, and to prove, in a spectacular and often very bloody fashion, that their story is the only one that matters. To face them is to face a wall of unshakeable, often illogical, certainty. The odds are always long, the payout is always high, and the outcome is never, ever boring. Place your bets, you magnificent fools. It's going to be a hell of a show.

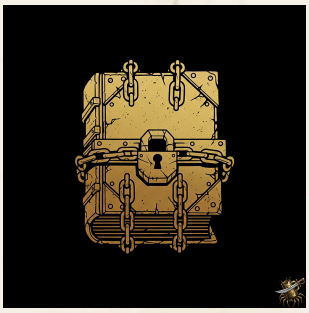
Quadrant of Belief

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

West to East: The Axis of Belief, from Creed-Bound to Self-Made
This axis defines the motivation and source of truth for a faction

South to North: The Axis of Power, from Cogwork to Juice
This axis defines the source of a faction's power

The Axis of Belief: Why You Do It



Creed-Bound

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

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

Self-Made

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

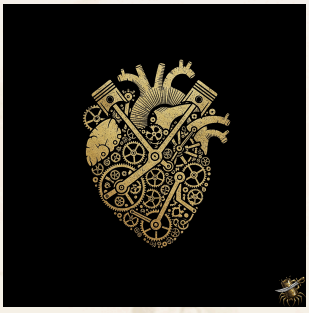
A "Self-Made" faction believes that truth and power are forged from within. Their philosophy is built on pragmatism, personal experience, and the strength of their own will. They make their own rules and are not beholden to any god or external dogma.

The Axis of Power: How You Do It

Juice

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

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



Cogwork

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

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

Tide Sworn

You always know when the Tide Sworn are in port because you can *hear* them. Their laughter is a great, booming sound like a cannonade, and they tell the darkest, funniest jokes you've ever heard. They'll buy a round for the whole pub with a cursed gold doubloon, tell a grand and probably untrue story about wrestling a Hull-Breaker Crab, and then get into a vicious brawl over a spilled drink. They are loud, fatalistic, and full of a grim, gallows humour,

No one knows for sure where they came from. Some say they're the ghosts of a drowned navy, forever cursed to sail the seas. Others whisper they're born from the sea itself, spawned in the abyssal trenches where their drowning god, Leviakh, sleeps and dreams of a silent, orderly world. Their goal, if you can call it that, is a strange and terrifying one. They call it the "Saturation Doctrine." They believe the only way to bring true peace to the world is to first drown it in a tide of absolute, unrelenting chaos and violence.

In a fight, they are a terrifying sight. They begin as a disciplined shield wall, but as the blood starts to flow - theirs, yours, it doesn't matter - they are whipped into a delirious frenzy. Every death, friend or foe, fuels their power in a ritual they call the Blood-Tithe. They get stronger as the battle gets bloodier, turning a chaotic brawl into a tidal wave of pure, screaming carnage. They are not just fighting to win; they are fighting to reach that perfect, terrible saturation point where there is nothing left but the blood.

I've seen their most infamous leader, the hulking Tide Lord Kor'gath, in here a few times. He's got a wild look in his eye, a fanatic's smile. Lately, the whispers say his fleet has been seen out in the Dreg-Keels, those cursed, volcanic islands far out at sea. They're not just raiding anymore. They're fighting a full-scale naval war with the Scoured Raiders, and the water for miles around is said to be running red. It seems the Tithe is good this season.

Kor'gath's Tide Sworn

[1000 Points]

Warband Mechanic: The Blood-Tithe

To the Tide Sworn, the battlefield is a crucible and blood is the catalyst. Their core philosophy, the Saturation Doctrine, teaches that every drop of blood spilled - friend or foe, it matters not - is a contribution to the great work. This is the Blood-Tithe, the sacred currency of carnage paid to their drowning god, Leviakh. It is not just a measure of violence, but a tangible resource. As the Tithe rises, the Gore Priests channel its raw power, the Reavers are whipped into a delirious frenzy, and the Tide Lord unleashes acts of spectacular slaughter. A Tide Sworn warband is at its most dangerous not when the battle is going their way, but when the field is slick with the gore of both sides, for every death only serves to swell the unstoppable, bloody tide.

This warband uses a special resource called **Blood-Tithe** tokens.

- Your warband gains **1 Blood-Tithe token** whenever an enemy fighter is taken down.
- Your warband gains **1 Blood-Tithe token** whenever a friendly fighter is taken down.

These tokens can be spent to activate certain powerful abilities.

Tide Lord Kor'gath

Leader - 290 Points

Kor'gath is the eye of his own hurricane. A hulking brute of a man, his laughter is a terrifying sound like the grinding of ships' hulls in a storm. He is a true believer in the Saturation Doctrine, seeing every battle not as a struggle for territory or wealth, but as a joyous act of worship. On his back, he carries the splintered figurehead of the first warship he ever captured, now a sacred icon of his faith. He leads from the front, two massive barnacled cutlasses carving a path of chaos, his every kill a prayer to the great Leviathan below. He is the charismatic, terrifying heart of the warband, a Warlord who inspires his crew to acts of reckless violence, knowing that their glorious deaths will only make him stronger.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	5	4	4	28	1	4

- **Weapon:**
  - **Great Brine-Axe** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 3/6
- **Abilities:**
  - **Unending Slaughter (Cost: 1 Blood-Tithe):** This fighter can make a bonus attack action.
  - **[COMMANDMENT] Toll the Tithe! (Triple):** Your warband immediately gains D3 Blood-Tithe tokens.

Gore Priest Malak

190 Points

Where Kor'gath is the roaring storm, Malak is the unnerving, dark water that rises beneath. Adorned with bone charms and shrunken heads, his fighting style is less that of a warrior and more a ritualistic dance. He is the keeper of the Tithe, the one who feels the ebb and flow of the battle's lifeblood. With a whisper and a gesture, he can make an enemy's blood boil in their veins, a gift from Leviakh for his devotion. He doesn't seek personal glory, only the perfect calculation of the carnage. He tallies each death with a guttural chant, a grim accountant balancing the books of slaughter to ensure the great work is completed.

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

- **Weapon:**
  - **Paired Hack-Blades** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/3
- **Abilities:**
  - **Blood Boil (Cost: 1 Blood-Tithe):** Pick an enemy fighter within 6". That fighter suffers D6 damage.
  - **Gift of the Drowning God (Double):** Add +2 to this fighter's **Grit** characteristic until their next activation.
  - **Aura of Slaughter:** Whenever a friendly or enemy fighter is taken out of action within 6" of this fighter, your warband gains one **additional** Blood-Tithe token.

Tide Reaver Crew

130 Points x 4 Members

The Tide Reavers are the frenzied, shirtless heart of the Tide Sworn. They fight with a reckless abandon that borders on suicidal, for they have been taught that their lives are merely fuel for a greater purpose. They are the first into the fray and often the first to die, but their deaths are not mourned; they are celebrated. Each Reaver who falls adds to the Blood-Tithe, their sacrifice visibly invigorating their comrades who fight on with renewed, terrifying ferocity. They are the breaking wave, the expendable front line whose purpose is to crash against the enemy, to bleed and die, and in doing so, to begin the inexorable rise of the bloody tide.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	3	2	5	10	1	2

- **Weapon:**
  - **Paired Reaver-Axes** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/3
- **Special Rule - Blood-Frenzy:** This fighter gains +1 to their **Heft** characteristic for each Blood-Tithe token your warband currently has (to a maximum of +2).
- **Abilities:**
  - **For the Tide! (Cost: 1 Blood-Tithe):** This fighter can make a bonus move action.

Warband Playstyle: The Rising Tide

The Tide Sworn are a "snowball" warband. They begin the battle as a relatively standard fighting force, but as the bodies start to fall - on both sides - they become an unstoppable tidal wave of carnage. Your goal is to manage the early game, survive the initial clashes, and then use your accumulated **Blood-Tithe** to fuel a devastating late-game rampage where your empowered warriors can sweep the remaining enemies from the board.

Tips & Tricks:

- **Sacrifice is a Virtue:** Don't be afraid to trade one of your Tide Reaver Crew for an enemy piece early on. A Reaver's death is not a loss; it is an investment that immediately starts fueling your Blood-Tithe.
- **The Priest is Your Centre:** The Gore Priest is the heart of your warband. Keep him safe but central, ensuring as much of the battle as possible happens within his Tithe-generating aura.
- **Unleash the Tide Lord:** Your Tide Lord is a powerful combatant from the start, but he becomes a true monster when the Blood-Tithe is high. Hold him back for a turn or two, then unleash him as a decisive finisher in the mid-to-late game.

"They want to drown the world in blood to make it a better place. Ambitious, I'll give 'em that. And certifiably insane."

Wytch Coven

When a Wytch Coven enters the pub, a strange, analytical silence falls over their chosen corner. They don't drink; they *observe*. You'll see them watching a loud brawl not with disapproval, but with an intense, anatomical curiosity, their heads cocked as if listening to the sound a bone makes when it snaps. They are unnerving, not because they are menacing, but because you get the distinct feeling you are a fascinating specimen in their ongoing study of life's messy, fleshy imperfections.

The stories say they're the chosen handmaidens of Arkhotek, the Silent Architect, a grim god of undeath. They don't have a kingdom or a territory; their domain is the final, infinitesimal moment between one breath and the next. Their goal isn't to conquer the world, but to perfect it. They see us, all of us, as crude, unfinished art projects trapped in messy, fleshy prisons. Their grand design is to liberate every living soul, to strip away the imperfections of blood and skin and reveal the clean, geometric, and silent elegance of the skeleton beneath.

In a fight, they are terrifyingly precise. They don't brawl; they dissect. Their scythes and blades are like a surgeon's tools, used to weaken and immobilize their target. Their true work begins when a foe falls. They call it the "Great Unmaking," a horrific ritual where they use their dark magic to strip the flesh from the bone in a whirlwind of spectral energy. The battlefield in their wake is not a scene of bloody carnage, but a silent, ordered gallery of perfectly articulated skeletons, standing at attention, awaiting their next command.

Their high-priestess, Matron Vexia, is a true terror, a being of profound, chilling purpose. The last I heard, her Coven had taken a keen interest in the Ancient Battlefield. They're not there for the loot or the glory. They're there to study the "art," to collect the bones of the greatest warriors who ever lived, and, I suspect, to find the perfect raw materials for their most ambitious and horrifying masterpiece yet.

Coven of the Final Threshold [980 Points]

Warband Mechanic: The Great Unmaking

To the Wytch Coven, a living being is a flawed, chaotic sculpture trapped in the messy prison of flesh. Their sacred work, The Great Unmaking, is not an act of murder, but of divine artistry. Through their grim necromantic power, they can strip the flesh from a foe, revealing the perfect, clean, and elegant skeleton beneath. This is not the end for the victim, but a rebirth. The Coven can then bind the newly perfected skeleton to their will, raising it as Skeleton Animate. A Wytch Coven warband grows in number as the battle progresses, replacing the chaotic living with the silent, ordered dead, a perfect reflection of their god Arkhotek's grand design.

The Wytch Coven's ultimate goal is to "perfect" their enemies by reducing them to their essential, skeletal forms.

The Unmaking Ritual: Certain powerful abilities allow the Wytch Coven to target a living, non-undead enemy. If this ability takes the target out of action, the Wytch Coven player may immediately place a friendly **Skeleton Animate** fighter within 1" of the fallen enemy's last position.

Skeleton Animate: This is a special fighter that can only be brought into the game through the Unmaking Ritual.

Matron Vexia, the Soul Scourge

Leader - 320 Points

Vexia does not see a battlefield; she sees a quarry, rich with the raw materials for her art. As the high-priestess of the final moment, her eyes burn with a cold, fanatical light, viewing her living opponents with the detached, critical gaze of a master sculptor. She moves with a terrifying serenity, her ritual scythe not a weapon of rage but a divine scalpel, used to make the first, perfect cut. Her authority is absolute, her purpose singular: to witness, judge, and ultimately, to perfect all life by bringing it to its beautiful, skeletal conclusion.

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

- **Weapon:**
  - **Ritual Scythe** (Melee): Range 2, Impact 2/4
- **Abilities:**
  - **"Strip the Flesh" (Double):** Pick an enemy fighter within 9". That fighter suffers D3 damage and -1 Grit until the end of the battle round.
  - **"Lesser Unmaking" (Double):** Pick an enemy fighter within 1". That fighter suffers D6 damage. If this damage takes the fighter out of action, you may perform the **Unmaking Ritual**. That fighter may not perform a Last Stand.
  - **[COMMANDMENT] "The Great Unmaking" (Triple):** Pick an enemy fighter within 6". That fighter suffers 5 damage. If this damage takes the fighter out of action, you may perform the **Unmaking Ritual**. That fighter may not perform a Last Stand.

Harvester of the Threshold

220 Points

The Harvesters are the zealous acolytes who carry out the Coven's most sacred and hands-on work. Where the Matron is the serene artist, the Harvester is the grim artisan, caked in the gore of her craft. Her sacred duty is to prepare the living for their final perfection. She fights with a pair of cruel, hook-like flensing blades, her style a whirlwind of precise cuts designed to weaken the body and terrorize the soul. She is the first to engage and the last to leave the side of a fallen foe, her fanatical devotion driving her to prepare the way for the Matron's final, glorious ritual.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	4	3	5	16	3	2

- **Weapon:**
  - **Paired Flensing Blades** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/3
- **Abilities:**
  - **"The First Cut" (4+):** The next melee attack action this fighter makes this activation gains the **Pulverize** keyword.
  - **"Lesser Unmaking" (Double):** Pick an enemy fighter within 1". That fighter suffers D6 damage. If this damage takes the fighter out of action, you may perform the **Unmaking Ritual**. That fighter may not perform a Last Stand.

Coven Initiate

110 Points x 4 Members

The Initiates are the swift and silent followers of the Coven, their purpose twofold. In battle, they are the hands of the Matron, their ceremonial daggers used not for killing, but for binding and holding enemies in place for the ritual. They are a living cage, their movements a fluid dance designed to surround and immobilize a target. Their second purpose is to shepherd the flock of newly created Animate Skeletons, their will a conduit for the Matron's commands, directing the silent, bony tide to overwhelm the remaining, flawed pockets of life on the battlefield.

Coven Initiates come in four flavours and the roster can be flexed as per Leader preference.

The Ritualist

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	3	2	6	8	2	2

- **Weapon:**
  - **Ceremonial Dagger** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/3
- **Abilities:**
  - **"Bind for the Ritual" (4+):** Pick an enemy fighter within 1". That fighter cannot make disengage actions for the rest of the battle round.
  - **"Shepherd the Flock" (Double):** Choose a friendly **Animate Skeleton** within 6". That Skeleton may immediately make a bonus move action.

The Aggressor

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	3	2	6	8	2	2

- **Weapon:**
  - **Paired Ceremonial Blades** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/3

- **Abilities:**
  - **"Bind for the Ritual" (4+):** Pick an enemy fighter within 1". That fighter cannot make disengage actions for the rest of the battle round.
  - **"Flurry of Steel" (Double):** This fighter may immediately make a bonus attack action.

The Enforcer

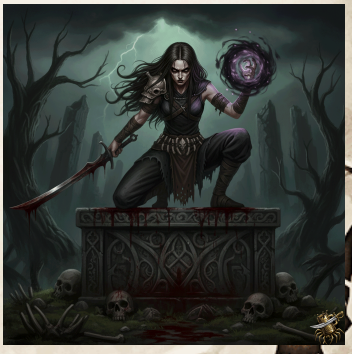
Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	4	3	4	9	2	2

- **Weapon:**
  - **Ritual Greatsword** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/5
- **Abilities:**
  - **"Reaping Blow" (4+):** The next melee attack action this fighter makes this activation gains +1 to its base Impact.

The Acolyte

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
2	3	2	5	8	3	2

- **Weapon:**
  - **Ritual Blade** (Melee): Range 2, Impact 1/2
- **Abilities:**
  - **"Bind for the Ritual" (4+):** Pick an enemy fighter within 1". That fighter cannot make disengage actions for the rest of the battle round.
  - **"Shepherd the Flock" (Double):** Choose a friendly **Animate Skeleton** within 6". That Skeleton may immediately make a bonus move action.
  - **Grave-Bolt (Action):** This fighter makes a ranged attack with the following profile: Range 12", Flurry 2, Heft 3, Impact 1/3.



Skeleton Animate

Points Cost N/A

This is not a resurrected corpse; it is a masterpiece. It is the final product of the Great Unmaking, a soul liberated from the chaotic, fleshy prison of life. Stripped of the messy imperfections of blood and skin, its form is now the clean, geometric elegance that Arkhotek's grand design demands. It no longer feels pain, fear, or doubt. It is a silent, beautiful, and utterly obedient instrument, its every action a testament to the Coven's grim art. It does not fight for itself; it is simply a perfect form, enacting the perfect will of its creators.

- **Points Cost:** N/A

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	2	3	4	5	N/A	N/A

- **Weapon:**
  - **Bony Claws** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/2
- **Special Rule - Mindless:** This fighter cannot use abilities, pick up objectives, or be given any complex commands. It exists only to move and attack.

Warband Playstyle: The Surgical Snowball

The Wytch Coven is a "Surgical Strike" warband defined by **modular precision**. While physically fragile, their true strength lies in pre-battle flexibility. Your strategy revolves around customizing your Coven Initiates to create a bespoke toolkit perfectly suited to the hunt.

In battle, your goal is to "snowball" your power. You must use your specialists - the Harvester and Matron Vexia - to surgically isolate a single, high-value enemy target. Once they secure a kill, you will use your The Great Unmaking mechanic to raise a new Skeleton Animate . This new thrall, commanded by your Initiates' Shepherd the Flock ability, becomes a disposable shield, allowing your fragile killers to move on to their next victim.

Tips & Tricks:

- **Build Your Initiates for the Hunt:** Your most important decisions happen before deployment. Analyze your opponent's roster and build your Initiates accordingly:
    - **Facing a Horde?** Take Initiates with **Paired Blades**. Their Flurry 4 and bonus attack are perfect for clearing cheap, low-Grit fighters.
    - **Facing an "Anvil"?** Take Initiates with **Ritual Greatswords**. Their Impact 2/5 and Reaping Blow ability give your warband the high-damage "can-opener" it needs to crack high-Grit targets.
    - **Facing a Ranged "Gunline"?** Take the basic **Ceremonial Dagger** Initiates. Their Footwork 6 is your best tool for closing the distance fast and tying up enemy shooters.
- **Protect Your Coven Initiate Acolyte:** The **Acolyte Initiate** is your most valuable support piece. It is the *only* unit that can perform the crucial Shepherd the Flock ability from the safety of your backline. Keep it protected and use its Grave-Bolt to add chip damage while you command your Skeletons from afar.
- **The "Anvil" Bodyguard:** The **Ritual Greatsword Initiate** is significantly more durable (Grit 3, 9 Wounds) than the rest of your warband. Use this fighter as a bodyguard for your Matron, creating a safe "operating theatre" behind them where your leader can safely conduct her Lesser Unmaking ritual .
- **Isolate and Annihilate:** Never engage on multiple fronts. Your warband will crumble. Focus all your efforts on a single, weak target to guarantee a kill and trigger your The Great Unmaking summoning mechanic.

"They're not trying to kill you. They're trying to redecorate you. And trust me, you won't like the finished product."

The Hollowed Host

When the Hollowed Host comes in, a different kind of quiet falls over the pub. It's not the tense silence of an impending brawl, but a deep, sorrowful chill that seems to suck the warmth right out of the hearth. They move with an elegant, mournful grace, their silver-inlaid armor making no sound. They don't order drinks; they'll just stand by a window, staring out at the rain, and you get the feeling they're not really seeing the world outside, but a memory of a kingdom that's long since turned to dust.

The story you hear whispered is a sad one. They say they're the last remnants of a beautiful, ancient city called Silverwood, a place that was wiped from the face of the earth in a single, terrible night. They're not truly alive, but they're not truly dead, either. Their bodies are just vessels, walking archives for the souls of their entire fallen kingdom. Their goal isn't land or gold; it's a sorrowful, endless quest to find and preserve the lost echoes of their people, a grim and lonely vigil in a world that has forgotten them.

In a fight, they are a strange and unpredictable thing to behold. A single knight might start the battle as a stoic, unbreachable wall of steel, and then, in the blink of an eye, they'll be fighting with the furious, bestial rage of a long-dead barbarian or casting spells with the wisdom of a forgotten court sage. They call it "Channeling Echoes," a constant, shifting communion with the dead souls they carry within them. You're never fighting one warrior; you're fighting a whole kingdom's worth of ghosts.

Their leader is a woman named Lady Eleonara, the Archivist of Sorrows, and they say she carries the spirits of the entire royal line within her. I've heard whispers that her Host has been seen on the fringes of the Ancient Battlefield. They're not there for the loot. They're there for the souls. A place so rich in powerful, forgotten warriors is, for them, not a graveyard, but a library, and they are the most patient and sorrowful of librarians.

Eleonara's Mourning Guard

[1000 Points]

Warband Mechanic: Channel Echo

There's a cold that follows the Host, a quiet that ain't peaceful. When you fight them, you learn why. You're not fighting one warrior; you're fighting a whole damned committee of ghosts wearing one suit of armour. They call it 'Channel Echo'. One moment, you're trying to break your axe on a knight who's become an unbreakable 'Shield-Wall', tougher than the pub's foundations. You blink, and that same knight is gone. In his place is a 'Vindicator', a whirlwind of pure, sorrowful fury fighting with the skill of a long-dead champion. Every warrior they have is a library of dead soldiers, and they can change the book they're reading from one heartbeat to the next. It’s a terrifying thing to face, trying to win a fight when your opponent can change the rules on you whenever they please.

At the start of its activation, a fighter with this rule may choose to **Channel** one of the **Echoes** listed on its profile. The effects of the chosen Echo last until the start of that fighter's next activation. A fighter is always channeling one Echo.

Lady Eleonara, the Archivist of Sorrows

Leader - 340 Points

Lady Eleonara is not a queen in the traditional sense; she is a living library, the final, sorrowful archive of a dead kingdom. As the last of Silverwood's royal line, her own identity has become a whisper beneath the collective chorus of a thousand lost souls she is sworn to preserve. Her power is not her own, but is a direct and potent communion with the heroes of her past. In battle, she is a vessel for their skill, her every action a perfect, tragic echo of a history that only she can now remember.

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

- **Weapon:**
  - **Greatsword of the Silverwood Kings** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 3/6
- **Echoes (Starts in Echo of the General):**
  - **Echo of the Monarch (Double):** Choose one of the other Echoes on this fighter's card ("General" or "Archmage"). Until the start of your next activation, all other friendly fighters on the battlefield count as channeling that chosen Echo, and Lady Eleonara does not count as channeling that Echo..
  - **Echo of the General:** Friendly fighters within 6" of this fighter gain +2 to their **Clout**. A fighter does not benefit from this Echo themselves, unless within 6" of another friendly fighter that is itself channeling this Echo.
  - **Echo of the Archmage:** This fighter gains the ability **"Soul-fire" (4+):** Pick an enemy fighter within 9". That fighter suffers D6 damage.
- **[COMMANDMENT] "We Are Legion" (Triple):** Lady Eleonara and all other friendly fighters may immediately **Channel** a new Echo.

Host of the Royal Guard

250 Points

The Royal Guard of Silverwood were legendary, an unbreachable wall of silver-inlaid steel and unwavering loyalty. The Host who channels their echo is the living embodiment of that singular, defensive purpose. They are not an individual warrior, but the very concept of the shield wall made manifest. Their every stance, every blow, is a perfect reflection of a forgotten martial doctrine. They are the anchor of the warband, a silent, sorrowful, and utterly unbreakable testament to a duty that did not end with death.

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

- **Weapon:**
  - **Tower Shield & Longsword** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Echoes (Starts in Echo of the Shield-Wall):**
  - **Echo of the Shield-Wall:** +2 Grit.
  - **Echo of the Vindicator:** +1 Flurry, +1 Heft.
- **Ability:**
  - **"Hold the Line!" (Double):** While channeling the **Echo of the Shield-Wall**, this fighter cannot be pushed, and enemies engaged with them cannot make disengage actions.

The Vengeful Echo

230 Points

This warrior is a fascinating and dangerous anomaly within the otherwise serene ranks of the Hollowed Host. They are a vessel for a sorrowful soul, but one that has chosen to accept the furious, bestial echo of a fallen Stálkarn warrior. This has created a paradoxical fusion: the cold, disciplined form of the Host, filled with the hot, chaotic rage of a primal beast. They are a volatile and unpredictable asset, a constant, internal war between sorrowful duty and borrowed, vengeful fury.

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

- **Weapon:**
  - **Paired Ghost-Axes** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Echoes (Starts in Echo of the Beast):**
  - **Echo of the Beast:** +1 Flurry, +1 Footwork.
  - **Echo of Sorrow:** The first time this fighter is taken down, all enemy fighters within 3" suffer D3 damage as the spirit explodes outwards.
- **Ability:**
  - **"Primal Roar" (4+):** While channeling the **Echo of the Beast**, choose an enemy fighter within 6". That fighter suffers -1 to their **Clout** until the end of the round.

Host of the Court Sage

180 Points

Where the Royal Guard represents the body of the lost kingdom, the Court Sage is its mind. This warrior is a conduit for the collective wisdom of Silverwood's scholars, healers, and loremakers. They are not a frontline combatant, but a powerful support unit whose greatest weapon is a history that their enemies have forgotten. They will mend the wounds of their allies with the knowledge of a long-dead master physician, or unmake a foe by exposing a weakness recorded in a text that has long since turned to dust.

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

- **Weapon:**
  - **Ceremonial Staff** (Melee): Range 2, Impact 1/2
- **Echoes (Starts in Echo of the Healer):**
  - **Echo of the Healer:** This fighter gains the ability **"Mend the Soul" (4+):** Choose a friendly fighter within 6". That fighter heals D3 wounds.
  - **Echo of the Scribe:** This fighter gains the ability **"Expose Weakness" (Double):** Choose an enemy fighter within 12". That fighter suffers -1 Grit until the end of the battle round.

Warband Playstyle: The Unseen Legion

The Hollowed Host is a highly versatile and tactical "stance-dancing" warband. Your strength lies not in raw power, but in perfect adaptability. Your entire strategy revolves around the masterful use of your **"Channel Echo"** mechanic, allowing each of your fighters to shift their role on the battlefield from one turn to the next. You will spend the game reading your opponent's strategy and countering it, transforming your warband from a defensive shield wall into an aggressive hammer or a magical support unit at the perfect, decisive moment.

Tips & Tricks:

- **Know Your Echoes:** Mastering the Hollowed Host means mastering their Echoes. Knowing when your Royal Guard needs to be an unbreakable "Shield-Wall" and when he needs to be a hard-hitting "Vindicator" is the key to victory.
- **The Royal Guard is Your Anvil:** The Host of the Royal Guard, while channeling the **Echo of the Shield-Wall**, is one of the most durable fighters in the game. Use them to hold the center of the board and absorb your opponent's most powerful charges.
- **The Vengeful Echo is Your Hammer:** Your Vengeful Echo is a terrifying and unpredictable damage dealer. Use their aggressive "Echo of the Beast" to hunt down and eliminate your opponent's key fighters.
- **Eleonara is a Legion in One:** Your leader, Lady Eleonara, is the ultimate multi-tool. Use her **"We Are Legion"** Commandment for a massive, game-swinging turn, allowing your entire warband to shift their strategy at once to perfectly counter your opponent's plans.

"A bunch of miserable ghosts who can't even decide what they want to be. One minute they're a wall, the next they're hitting you with an axe. Make up your bloody minds!"

Cask Brethren of the Angel's Share

You feel the Cask Brethren arrive before you see them. A sudden, unnatural chill fills the air, and you get the faint, ghostly scent of a thousand-year-old whisky on the breeze. They are a sad and surprisingly social folk. The great Dram Lord will drift to the bar, silently order a round for a table of strangers, and then, in a voice that sounds like cracking ice, will tell the tragic, final story of one of his fallen brethren. They do not seek to be left alone; they seek to share the immense, heavy weight of their sorrow with any who will listen.

The stories say they were all great heroes, artisans, and kings in their mortal lives, but each one was brought down by a single, spectacular failure, a final, drunken mistake that cost them everything. Now, their spectral forms are bound to the shattered remains of the very whisky casks that were their undoing. They are not here for conquest or coin. They are on a sorrowful pilgrimage, forever drawn to places of great loss and regret, seeking... well, no one's quite sure what they're seeking. Penance? Absolution? Or maybe just one last, scrumptious drink.

In a fight, they are a strange and unpredictable tide. They begin the battle in a state of deep sorrow, their very presence a debilitating aura of grief that seems to slow the enemy and chill their soul. They will absorb blows with a kind of weary indifference, a silent, weeping wall of pure regret. But then, when the moment is right, their leader, the Dram Lord, will let out a silent scream, and their sorrow will flash-boil into a burning, vengeful rage. Their ghostly forms become wreathed in blue and orange whisky flames, their quiet grief transformed into a furious, roaring inferno.

Their leader is the oldest and most sorrowful of them all, a being they call the Dram Lord, whose head is adorned with a perpetually burning crown of spectral whisky flames. I've heard his sorrowful congregation has been seen drifting through the great Graveyards lately. They're not there for the bodies. They're drawn to the stories, to the endless, silent tales of loss and regret etched into every tombstone. It is a holy place for them, a library of sorrow, and they do not take kindly to trespassers.

The Last Round

[980 Points]

Warband Mechanic: The Vibe Track

The Cask Brethren are creatures of profound emotion, and their power is tied to the collective **vibe** of the battle.

- The Last Round warband has a warband mechanic called **The Vibe Track**.
- The track has two states: **Sorrowful** and **Vengeful**.
- At the start of the skirmish, place a marker on the **Sorrowful** space of your warband's **Vibe Track**.
- Certain abilities will instruct you to **Shift the Vibe.** When you do, move the marker to the opposite state. Your entire warband immediately loses the benefits of the old vibe and gains the benefits of the new one.

The Dram Lord

320 Points

The Dram Lord is a study in paradox: a being of immense power forged from a moment of profound, spectacular failure. It is believed they are the spirits of ancient kings and heroes who, in their mortal lives, were brought to ruin by their own hubris and love for fine spirits. Now, in undeath, they are both king and prisoner, their spectral forms forever bound to the shattered remnants of the very casks that were their undoing. The crown of burning whisky that flickers above their head is not a symbol of their authority, but of their eternal, agonizing torment, a constant reminder of the single, glorious mistake that cost them everything.

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

- **Weapon: Broken Bottle** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Abilities:**
  - **"A Toast to the Fallen" (4+):** If the Vibe is **Sorrowful**, choose a friendly fighter. That fighter heals D6 wounds.
  - **"Spilled Spirits" (4+):** If the Vibe is **Vengeful**, choose an enemy fighter. That fighter suffers D3 damage.
  - **[COMMANDMENT] "Bottom of the Barrel" (Triple):** You may immediately **Shift the Vibe**.

Cask Wright

240 Points

The Cask Wright is the literal and metaphorical anchor of the Brethren's battle line. It is a massive, hollowed-out spirit whose sorrow and rage were so immense that they could not be contained by a mere spectral form. Instead, they are permanently encased within the colossal whisky cask that was the instrument of their mortal demise. This cask is both their prison and their armour, a slow-moving, ponderous, and incredibly durable shell that can withstand all but the most devastating of blows. It is a walking coffin, a living tomb, and a testament to a sorrow so profound it has become a physical wall against the world.

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

- **Weapon: Barrel Fists** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 3/5
- **Special Rules:**
  - **Sorrowful Vibe:** This fighter gains the **Unstoppable** special rule.
  - **Vengeful Vibe:** This fighter's attacks gain the **Pulverize** keyword.

The Weeping Spirit

210 Points x 2 Members

The Weeping Spirits are the mournful chorus of the warband, the less powerful but no less tragic souls who are drawn to the Dram Lord's immense grief. They are beings of pure, unadulterated emotion, their spectral forms constantly weeping a translucent, alcoholic ectoplasm. In their "Sorrowful" state, their very presence is a debilitating aura of grief that can chill the hearts of their foes. But when the vibe of the battle shifts to "Vengeful," their tears of sorrow flash-boil into jets of burning, spectral flame, their grief momentarily transformed into a furious, roaring inferno.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	3	3	5	16	3	3

- **Weapon: Spectral Touch** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/3
- **Special Rules:**
  - **Sorrowful Vibe:** Enemy fighters that end their turn within 3" of this fighter suffer -1 to their **Footwork** for their next activation.
  - **Vengeful Vibe:** This fighter gains a permanent **+1 to its Flurry** characteristic.

Warband Playstyle: The Mood Swing

The Cask Brethren are a unique and high-skill "stance-dancing" warband. Their entire strategy revolves around the masterful use of their **Vibe Track**, shifting the entire warband's function from a defensive anvil to an aggressive hammer. Your goal is to absorb your opponent's initial assault while in your incredibly durable **Sorrowful Vibe**, bogging them down with debilitating effects. Then, at the single, perfect, decisive moment, you will **Shift the Vibe** to **Vengeful** and unleash a devastating, fiery counter-attack that can shatter an unprepared foe.

Tips & Tricks:

- **Master the Shift:** Your Dram Lord's **Bottom of the Barrel** Commandment is the single most important ability in your warband. Knowing when to shift from defense to offense is the absolute key to victory. Wasting your **Vengeful** turn is often a fatal mistake.
- **Sorrowful is for Survival:** Start the game in the **Sorrowful Vibe**. This makes your already tough Cask Wright nearly indestructible and allows your Weeping Spirits to slow and control the enemy's advance with their debilitating auras. Use this phase to absorb the enemy's best punch.
- **Vengeful is for the Kill: Shift the Vibe** when the enemy has overextended and is vulnerable. The sudden activation of the Cask Wright's **Pulverize** keyword and the extra **Flurry** for your Weeping Spirits can deliver a shocking amount of damage in a single round.
- **Don't Get Caught in a Bad Mood:** The **Vengeful Vibe** makes you a glass cannon. If you **Shift the Vibe** and fail to cripple your opponent, you will be left incredibly vulnerable. Your **Vengeful** turn must be the decisive one.

"A whole warband of miserable ghosts who have to be in the right mood to fight properly. Utterly ridiculous. Just kick their favourite barrel over and they'll probably burst into tears."