

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 Mountains, and awakened its Titan of Perpetuality. Just one. One big enough to rip a hole straight through the side of the mountain it was sleeping in like a MF going straight through the side of a lit toaster with a sledgehammer. Sparks, MF, sparks. Maintenance bills, possibly Insurance Claims. Buildings and cities burned. People fled and took out mortgages in new neighbourhoods. The Titans of Perpetuality had awoken, and they were angry as a MF.

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

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





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

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

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

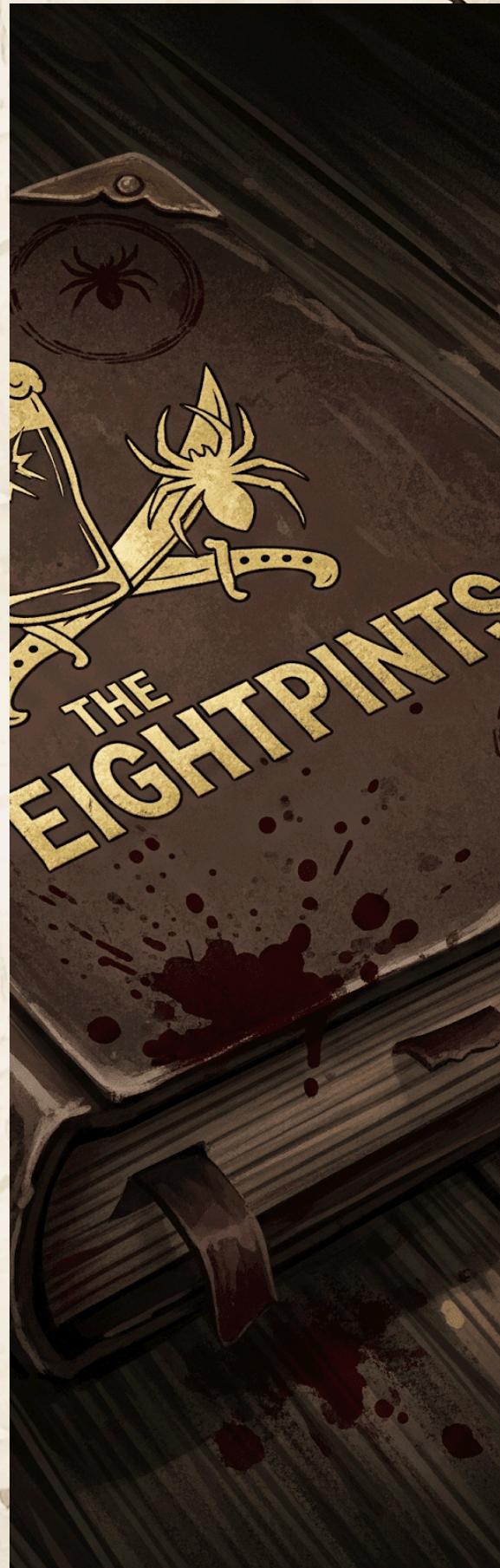
The landlord poured your pint, fresh frothy foam whispery-kiss-sliding down the slide of the tankard.

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

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

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

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





Near The Beginning...

MF.

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Vol. VIII

Treasures & Recipes

The Diet of the Bull

Right then, let's talk about the important bit. The real reason you're here. Not for the glory, not for the stories. You're here for the loot. The gear, the gold, the shiny, powerful junk that will give you a slight, temporary edge in this miserable, endless brawl. Winning is good, but getting paid is better. This is the Volume that tells you what you're fighting for, and what you can spend your hard-won Shiners on when you crawl back to the pub. Pay attention; a good bit of kit is often the only thing standing between you and a very embarrassing death.

First up, you've got your standard Armoury gear. Your swords, your axes, your bits of crude, heavy armour. This is the reliable, professional stuff. It'll cost you a fair price, but it'll do the job it says it'll do. It's the sensible choice for the sensible warrior. Of course, "sensible" is just another word for "boring," isn't it? If you want to get your hands on the really interesting stuff, you're going to have to get your hands dirty.

That brings us to Tavern-Craft. This is the desperate art of turning the pulsating organs of the beasts you've slain and the strange, glowing plants you've gathered into something useful. It is a science born of cheap ale and necessity, a chaotic experiment that can result in a life-saving Hot Sauce or a devastating Exploding Potion. It is a

testament to the grim ingenuity of the adventuring life, a reminder that in a world this hostile, you must be prepared to make your own luck.

You've got your Hot Sauces, a fine selection of liquid courage for the discerning lunatic. Fancy hitting a bit harder? There's a sauce for that, but it'll probably make your blood boil. Want to be a bit tougher? There's a sauce for that too, but it tastes like swallowing a rock. Each one is a gamble, a trade-off, a promise of temporary power with a guaranteed, unpleasant side effect. Then there are the Exploding Potions, a fine collection of bottled arguments for when you need to solve a problem from a distance, preferably a very, very long distance.

For those of you with more ambitious tastes, there's the Sinkstone Bling. These are not mere magic items; they are the strange, powerful, and often cursed artifacts that have solidified from the metaphysical filth of The Sink itself. They are trinkets that hum with a strange, dissonant energy, a ring that can cheat fate, an amulet that whispers with the fury of a forgotten god. They are dangerous, unpredictable, and indescribably valuable, a piece of raw, cosmic power that can elevate a warrior to a legend.

Beyond even these, there are the Items of Legend. These are the ultimate prizes, the unique, priceless artifacts that are left behind when a Perpetual is slain. To carry one is to carry a piece of a dead god's soul, an object of such immense power that it will make you both a hero and a target for every ambitious soul in The Eightpints. These are the relics that wars are fought over, the kind of gear that can turn a losing battle into a legendary victory.





At the very top of the pile, you have the Mythical Items. Singular objects like the Neverending Pint or the Silent Steep that are not just powerful, but are living stories in their own right. They cannot be bought or sold; they can only be won, stolen, or found at the end of the longest and bloodiest of roads.

So, that's the gear. A glorious collection of sharp things, shiny things, and things that go "boom." Your class is the story of who you

are. Your loot is the collection of exclamation points you add to that story. Make it a good one. The shinier the prize, the bigger the risk. The choice, as always, is yours. Now, get out there and earn your pint, then another one after that.



Treasure

Items of Myth

There are two kinds of people who own a Mythical Item: the one who just found it, and the one who's about to be murdered for it. Both, the same.

Every now and then, the noise in this pub just... stops. A warband will walk in, battered and bloody, but one of them will be carrying something that makes the whole room hold its breath. It's not a magic sword or a bag of Shiners. It's more than a legend. An object that has been whispered about in stories for a thousand years. These are the Mythical Items. You don't buy them from a merchant, and you don't craft them on a table. They are singular things - the Neverending Pint, the Silent Steep - that have a story of their own. To hold one is to carry the weight of all its previous owners, and to become the target of every ambitious soul who wants to write their next chapter.





The Neverending Pint

Item of Myth

No one knows who brewed the first drop, nor who forged the glass. The Neverending Pint is a legend, a myth, the ultimate quest for every thirsty soul in the land. It is not merely a mug that magically refills; it is a direct tap into a forgotten, primordial god-head of pure, unadulterated refreshment. The ale it contains is said to taste of victory, of sorrow, of every story ever told in every tavern since the beginning of time. To drink from it is to drink from the very soul of the world. It is a heavy burden to carry, for it is sought by all, and its owner will never know a moment's peace. But they will also never, ever go thirsty. The myth goes like this: even if the pint glass shatters, it remains filled to the brim.

- **Item Type:** Mythical Artifact
- **Effect:** Once per round, the wielder can choose one of two effects:
 - **"Take a Swig" (Action):** The wielder and up to two friendly fighters within 1" each heal D6 wounds.
 - **"Spill a Drop" (Action):** The wielder can pour some of the sacred ale onto the ground. Place a 3" diameter "Hallowed Ground" token. At the start of each round, any friendly fighter standing on the token heals 1 Wound. The token lasts for the rest of the battle.
- **Special Rules:**
 - **The Ultimate Prize:** In any campaign, any player may declare that their primary goal is to steal The Neverending Pint from its current owner. This can trigger unique side quests and rivalries.
- **Cost:** Priceless. Cannot be bought or sold, only won, stolen, or quested for.





The Silent Steep

Item of Myth

In the highest, most secluded mountain valleys, tended by the silent masters of the Lantern-Clans, grows a single, ancient tea bush. It is said to have been planted at the dawn of the world, and it blooms only once a century under the light of a specific, unseen star. The leaves are not plucked, but are gathered only when they fall of their own accord. When these leaves are steeped in pure, snow-melt water, they create the legendary "Silent Steep." To drink it is not an act of boisterous celebration, but of profound, inner peace. The tea does not just heal the body; it calms the mind, washes away the memory of old wounds, and grants a moment of perfect, untroubled clarity.

- **Item Type:** Mythical Artifact
- **Effect:** Once per battle, the wielder can perform the "**Tea Ceremony**" action. This costs both of the fighter's actions for that activation.
 - **Tea Ceremony (Action):** The wielder and up to three friendly fighters within 3" each heal D6+3 wounds. In addition, you may **remove one Lasting Injury** permanently from any one of the fighters who drank the tea.
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Moment of Clarity:** A fighter who drinks the Silent Steep is immune to the effects of **Clout** modifiers and fear for the rest of the battle.
- **Cost:** Priceless. Cannot be bought or sold, only gifted by a grateful Lantern Clan master or found at the end of a long and perilous quest.





The Chronomatic Percolator

Item of Myth

It is said that the Chronosynths, in their lost, perfect future, did not measure their days in the rising and falling of a sun, but in the precise, metronomic drip of a single, cosmic coffee pot. The Chronomatic Percolator is not a brewer of simple beans; it is a complex, Cogwork engine that grinds and percolates time itself, distilling moments of pure, unadulterated potential into a steaming, black, and dangerously potent liquid. The "coffee" it produces is a hyper-caffeinated temporal slurry, so powerful it can grant a mortal being a few, glorious moments of impossible speed and focus. To drink from it is to borrow time from your own future, to live a lifetime in a single battle round. It is a terrible, intoxicating power, for the body is a crude machine, and it was not designed to move *this* fast.

- **Item Type:** Mythical Artifact
- **Effect:** Once per battle, the wielder can use an action to pour a cup. They must choose one of two effects:
 - **"A Shot of Espresso" (Action):** The wielder drinks a single, concentrated shot. For the rest of this battle round, this fighter immediately gains **two additional actions** to use in their activation, and their **Footwork is doubled**.
 - **"Share the Pot" (Action):** The wielder shares the brew with their crew. For the rest of this battle round, **every friendly fighter** in the warband gains **+1 Flurry** and **+2 Footwork**.
- **Special Rules:**
 - **The Inevitable Crash:** The power of the Percolator is a loan, not a gift, and the debt always comes due. At the start of the next battle round, any fighter who drank



from the Percolator is immediately **Reeling** and suffers a **-2 penalty to their Footwork** for the entire round as their body is wracked with a catastrophic caffeine crash.

- **Cost:** Priceless. Cannot be bought or sold, only recovered from the heart of a ruined Chronosynth vault or won in a high-stakes wager against a very desperate information broker.





Armoury



On Acquiring Gear: The Three Paths

So, the fight's over and you've got a pouch full of Shiners burning a hole in your pocket. A warrior is only as good as their gear, but how you get that gear says a lot about who you are. In this world, there are three paths to a sharper blade or a sturdier shield. One is safe, one is clever, and one is stupidly dangerous. Choose wisely.

1. The Armoury

This represents buying from the pub's own well-stocked armoury or a reputable, no-nonsense vendor in the market square. You may purchase any item from the standard Armoury list at its stated cost in Shiners. There is no haggling, no risk, and no reward beyond the transaction itself. It is a simple, honest deal for those who can afford it.



2. The Tavern Merchant

Every tavern has a travelling merchant in the corner, a purveyor of rare goods with a sly grin and a flexible view on pricing. This is a battle of wits. You may declare you are haggling with the merchant for one specific item. To do so, you must make a **Metvel-Kaltos check** with a **Target Number (TN)** of 7+.

- **On a success:** Your cunning impresses the merchant. You have successfully haggled them down and may purchase the item for an **80% discount**.
- **On a failure:** You have insulted the merchant's intelligence or exposed yourself as an amateur. Offended, the merchant will **refuse to sell you that specific item** during this Pub Phase, and every member of your warband suffers -1 Clout until the next Pub Phase. You cannot buy any further items this Pub Phase.





3. The Back-Alley Contact

In the dark, rain-slicked alley behind the pub, there's always someone willing to sell you something valuable, no questions asked. This is not a negotiation; it is a test of nerve. You may declare you are "negotiating" with a back-alley contact for one specific item. To do so, you must make a **Clout** check with a **Target Number (TN)** of **8+**.

- **On a success:** Your intimidating presence or sheer force of will cows the dealer. You may purchase the item for an **80% discount**.
- **On a failure:** Your attempt to bully the dealer backfires. The deal goes sour, and violence ensues. You are driven out of the alley without the item, and the fighter who attempted the deal must immediately roll on the **Lasting Injury table** as a consequence of the brawl, and every member of your warband suffers -1 Clout until the next Pub Phase. You cannot buy any further items this Pub Phase.





The Armoury: Melee Weapons

Weapon stats modify a fighter's base characteristics when equipped.

Weapon Name	Effect on Stats	Special Rules	Cost (Shiners)
Crude Club / Improvised Weapon	---	---	5
Dagger / Shiv	---	Subtle: Grants +1 to hit when attacking an enemy already engaged with another friendly fighter.	10
Hand Axe / Machete	---	Cleave: After resolving an attack action, you may allocate one normal hit to a different enemy within 1".	15
Shortsword / Cutlass	+1 Flurry, -1 Impact (Base)	Riposte: After an enemy misses this fighter with a melee attack, you may use a (4+) Oracle Die to immediately perform a single attack back.	20
War Hammer / Mace	+1 Heft, -1 Flurry	Concussive: On a critical hit, the target is Reeling .	25
Greatsword	+1 Impact (Base & Crit)	Two-Handed: This fighter cannot equip a shield.	30

Greataxe	+2 Impact (Base), +1 Impact (Crit)	Two-Handed: This fighter cannot equip a shield. Unwieldy: The wielder suffers -1 Grit.	35
Spear	---	Reach: This weapon has a Range of 2".	15
Halberd / Polearm	+1 Heft	Reach: This weapon has a Range of 2". Two-Handed: This fighter cannot equip a shield.	25
Flail	---	Unpredictable: Ranged attacks targeting this fighter suffer a -1 penalty to hit.	20
Paired Blades (2 Daggers/Swords)	+1 Flurry	Parry: This fighter gains +1 Grit against melee attacks.	30

Overheard in The Pub: "Everyone's got a fancy, mythological story. The truth is always simpler, and a lot more disappointing. The name comes from the 'Wayfarer's Compact,' the first and only treaty that all the factions ever agreed on. It established the first pub as neutral ground and set the price of a room, a meal, and a decent ale at eight pints of clean water-the most valuable currency for any traveler. The world is named for the one piece of civilization everyone agrees is worth keeping."





The Armoury: Ranged Weapons

Weapon Name	Effect on Stats	Special Rules	Cost (Shiners)
Thrown Rock / Junk	Range 6, Impact 1/2	---	2
Throwing Knives	Range 8, Impact 1/2	Rapid Fire: Grants +1 to the wielder's Flurry characteristic for this weapon only.	15
Sling	Range 12, Impact 1/3	Humble: Most enemies won't see you as a threat. You do not count as the "closest" fighter when enemies are forced to move.	10
Shortbow	Range 18, Impact 1/3	---	20
Longbow	Range 24, Impact 2/4	Move or Fire: The wielder cannot make both a move and an attack action in the same activation.	30
Crossbow	Range 20, Impact 3/5	Heavy: -1 Footwork. Reload: This weapon can only be fired once per round.	35
Pistol	Range 9, Impact 2/4	Close Quarters: Can be used while engaged in melee (the equipped fighter cannot be a target/victim of their own	40



stray shots for the **Mind Your Heads!** rule.)

Rifle

Range 24,
Impact 3/6

Accurate: This weapon ignores the cover bonus to a target's Grit.
Two-Handed.

50



Overheard in The Pub: "They say the cry comes from the old mercenary contracts. A warband leader, taking on a new job, would be given half their pay up front-enough to buy their crew a drink before the fight. He'd raise his glass and declare, "First Round's on me!" The final payment, the "last round," was only given after the job was done and the final bill was settled in blood. The crew would roar back, "Last Round's on you!"-a promise to their enemies that they were the ones who would pay the final price."





The Armoury: Armour & Shields

Armour and Shields are separate items. A fighter can wear one type of armour and carry one shield.

Item Name	Effect on Stats	Special Rules	Cost (Shiners)
Tattered Robes / Leathers	---	---	5
Padded Armour	+1 Grit	---	20
Chainmail	+2 Grit, -1 Footwork	Noisy: The wearer suffers a -1 penalty on all checks to sneak or hide.	40
Heavy Plate	+3 Grit, -1 Footwork	Cumbersome: The wearer cannot take a second move action in the same activation.	60
Buckler	---	Parry: Grants +1 Grit against melee attacks only. Does not count as a shield for "Two-Handed" weapon rules.	15
Shield	---	Shieldwall: Grants +1 Grit against both melee and ranged attacks.	25
Tower Shield	---	Cover: Grants +2 Grit against ranged attacks, +1 Grit against melee. Bulky: The wielder suffers -1 Flurry.	40



The Armoury: General Gear & Consumables

Item Name	Effect	Cost (Shiners)
Rope (30 ft)	A simple, sturdy rope. Can be used to climb or descend vertical surfaces safely without a check, or to restrain a captured target.	10
Healing Draught	A single-use item. A fighter can use an action to drink this draught or administer it to an adjacent friendly fighter. The fighter who drinks it immediately heals D6+2 Wounds.	25
Trapper's Kit	A single-use item. During a skirmish, a fighter can use an action to place a Trap Token within 1" of them. The next enemy fighter to move within 1" of the token suffers D6 damage and is Pinned (cannot move) until their next activation.	30
Caltrops	A single-use item. A fighter can use an action to scatter caltrops in a 3" diameter area. The area becomes Difficult Terrain for the rest of the battle.	15
Smoke Bomb	A single-use item. A fighter can use an action to throw this. Place a 5" diameter Smoke Cloud token. The area covered by the token blocks line of sight. It disperses at the end of the next battle round.	20
Lockpicks	Allows a fighter to attempt to open locked chests or doors found during exploration. Requires a Metvél-Kaltos check.	35





Lantern

Illuminates a 6" area, allowing a fighter to see in dark environments and negating any penalties for fighting in darkness.

12





Sinkstone Bling

It's the prettiest piece of garbage you'll ever find. Just remember that it's still garbage.

Every now and then, a piece of The Sink's cosmic filth gets stuck in The Drain and solidifies. It falls through reality and lands in our world, still humming with a strange, dissonant energy. This is Sinkstone Bling. It's not like the trinkets you buy from a merchant; these things have a mind of their own. A ring that lets you cheat fate, boots that walk on shadows, an amulet that screams with the fury of a forgotten god. When you find one, you'll feel its power calling to you, a cold, greasy promise of a short and glorious life. Be careful what you pick up. Some treasures are heavier than they look.

If a leader is to "Roll on the Sinkstone Bling Table", 1-5 is the corresponding item on the following 5 pages, a roll of 6 allows the leader to choose.





Ring of the Scoundrel

Sinkstone Bling

This simple, unassuming band is carved from a single, solidified piece of pure, distilled abyss matter from The Sink. It is cool to the touch and seems to drink the light from the room. It is said to have been worn by a legendary gambler in the lost city of Al'Sarab, a man who never lost a hand. The ring does not guarantee victory, but it whispers probabilities to its wearer, allowing them to see the one, desperate, million-to-one shot and turn it into a sure thing.

- **Item Type:** Sinkstone Bling (Ring)
- **Special Rules:**
 - **The House Always Wins:** The first time you make a roll during your turn (be it an attack roll, a Characteristic Check, or any other roll), if you roll a natural 1, you may treat it as a natural 6 instead.
 - **The Price of Chance:** The first time an opponent makes a roll during their turn, if they roll a natural 1, they may also treat it as a natural 6.
- **Cost:** 650 Shiners

Overheard in The Pub: “It's a fool's boast, is what it is. The loudmouth with enough coin to buy the first round is usually the first one to catch a knife in the back for it. Pride's a heavy purse for a man with a weak spine.”



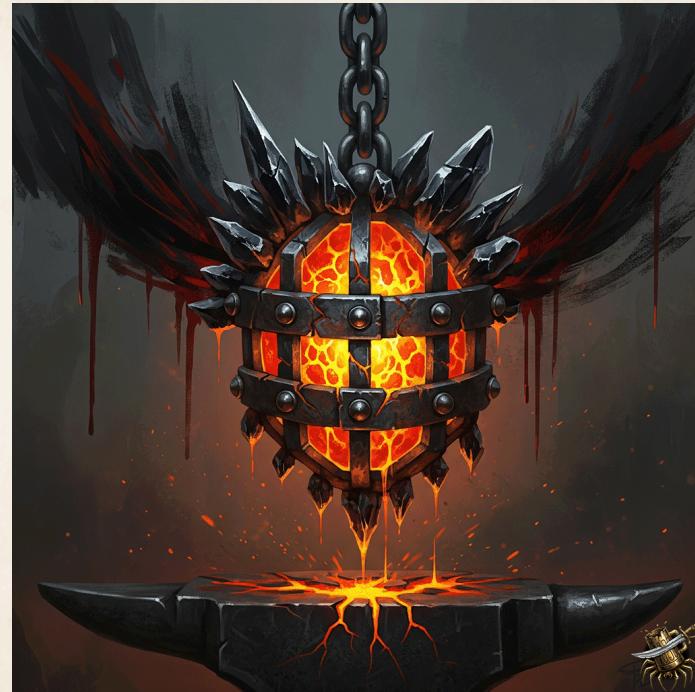


Flask of The Sink

Sinkstone Bling

Not all Sinkstone is solid. This small, unassuming flask is crafted from a single, unholy geode that was found to be still-liquid at its core. It is sealed with a living, screaming cork that must be wrestled open. To drink from it is to take the ultimate gamble, to invite the pure, unfiltered, and maddening chaos of the cosmic drain directly into your soul. The results are... unpredictable.

- **Item Type:** Sinkstone Bling (Trinket)
- **Effect:** Once per battle, a fighter can use an action to drink from the flask. Roll a D6 and immediately apply the result from the "**Taste of Chaos**" table.
 - **1-2 (The Filth Rejects You):** The fighter is violently ill. They suffer D3 damage.
 - **3-4 (The Grime Sustains You):** The fighter is infused with a disgusting vitality. They heal D6 wounds.
 - **5-6 (The Chaos Uncages You):** The fighter's mind is shattered and remade by pure chaos. They gain a third action for this activation.
- **Cost:** 750 Shiners



Heart of the Forge

Sinkstone Bling

This is not a piece of jewellery, but a living, smouldering ember of a Sindarkyn's soul, encased in a cage of obsidian and iron. It is a relic taken from the chest of a legendary Sindarkyn champion who held a pass for three days and three nights against an unending tide of greenskins. The ember still burns with his final, defiant rage. To carry it is to be imbued with that same unstoppable fury, a fire that burns brightest in the face of certain death.

- **Item Type:** Sinkstone Bling (Amulet)
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Unending Fury:** When this fighter is reduced to half of their starting Wounds or less, they gain +1 to their **Flurry** and **Heft** characteristics for the rest of the battle.
 - **The Final Blaze:** If this fighter is taken out of action, they may immediately make one final attack action before being removed.
- **Cost:** 700 Shiners



The Shepherd's Medallion

Sinkstone Bling

This is not a holy symbol, but a grim reminder. The medallion is a heavy, cast-iron disc bearing the simple, stark image of a shepherd's crook. It is cool to the touch, and in moments of great stress, it is said to whisper the final, furious words of The Shepherd Grimm's famous verdict. It is a focus for the righteous, a conduit for the fury that comes when a flock is threatened. To wear it is to declare that you are the shepherd, and the tyranny of evil men will not be suffered to stand.

- **Item Type:** Sinkstone Bling (Amulet)
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Righteous Fury:** The first time a friendly fighter is taken out of action in a skirmish, the wearer of this medallion immediately gains a bonus action that can only be used to make an attack.
 - **The Shepherd's Path:** The wearer of this medallion automatically succeeds on any **Clout** checks made to resist fear or intimidation.
- **Cost:** 600 Shiners



The Amulet of the Iron Will

Sinkstone Bling

Forged in the heart of a Sindarkyn forge, this amulet is not made of metal, but of pure, solidified willpower. It is said that a Forge Warden, in his final act of unmaking, hammered his own unyielding resolve into a single, perfect ingot of obsidian. The amulet is cold to the touch and unnaturally heavy, not with physical weight, but with the sheer, stubborn refusal to yield. To wear it is to carry the weight of an unbreakable, sorrowful will.

- **Special Rules:**
 - **Unbreakable:** This fighter is immune to the **Reeling** status from any source that has a lower or equal **Clout** to this fighter.
 - **Iron Resolve:** Once per battle, as a reaction when this fighter would suffer damage, they may reduce the damage to 0.
- **Cost:** 700 Shiners

Overheard in The Pub: "The name is a cartographical reference, a remnant of the Gilded Legions' first attempts to map the continent. Their survey was divided into eight primary sectors, or 'pints,' a military slang term for a measurement of territory. They only ever successfully mapped and subjugated the first of these eight regions before their campaign collapsed into ruin and civil war. The name 'The Eightpints' is therefore a monument to a grand, unfinished ambition."



Items of Legend

Congratulations, you've killed a god and stolen its favourite toy. Try not to choke on it.

So, you've done the impossible. You've faced down a Perpetual in its full, incandescent rage and somehow lived to tell the tale. The good news is, you're now a living legend. The bad news is, the world is full of things that enjoy killing legends. But sometimes, when one of these ancient beings finally falls, it leaves something behind - a piece of its own impossible power, a tangible echo of its existence. These are not mere magic items; they are Items of Legend, artifacts so saturated with raw power that they can change the course of a campaign. They are prizes of immense value and, more often than not, a terrible burden. To carry one is to paint a target on your back for every ambitious fool and jealous rival in The Eightpints.





Mawgar's Maw

Item of Legend

It is said that when the great god Mawgar consumes a mountain range, he occasionally chips a tooth on a particularly stubborn peak. These fallen "teeth" - each one a colossal shard of living rock and raw iron ore - are the most sacred artifacts sought by the Earth Gnashers. The greatest of their Gnaw-Smiths hollow out these god-teeth and fashion them into impossibly heavy, jaw-like greatmauls. To wield the Maw of Mawgar is to carry a piece of your god's own hunger, a weapon that does not just crush, but utterly consumes.

- **Weapon Type:** Greataxe (Melee)
- **Effect on Stats:** +2 Heft, +2 Impact (Base & Crit)
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Two-Handed:** This fighter cannot equip a shield.
 - **World-Chewer:** This weapon always has the **Pulverize** keyword, regardless of the target's Grit.
 - **Divine Hunger:** If the wielder takes an enemy out of action with this weapon, they immediately heal D6 wounds as the weapon consumes the victim's essence.





The Gilded Aegis

Item of Legend

This is not merely a shield; it is a vault. Forged by the master artisans of the Gilded Legion, the Gilded Aegis is a masterpiece of defensive engineering. It is crafted from the melted-down Shiners of a thousand victories, its surface a flawless, gleaming testament to the power of pure, unadulterated wealth. It is said that the shield is so dense with the weight of these transactions that it can turn aside not just blades and arrows, but the very whims of fate itself. To carry it is to be protected by the undeniable authority of a paid contract.

- **Item Type:** Shield
- **Effect on Stats:** +2 Grit
- **Special Rules:**
 - **The Price of Safety:** When the wielder is hit by a critical hit, they may choose to negate all of its damage. If they do, the warband immediately loses 20 **Shiners** from their stash as the shield magically drains their funds to repair itself.
 - **Heavy:** The wielder suffers -1 to their Footwork characteristic.





Mire-Drege Mantle

Item of Legend

They say the oldest Jacaré-Emboscada are not hunted, but are simply mistaken for small, overgrown islands in the deepest parts of the Mire. This heavy mantle was crafted from the spine-covered hide of one such ancient beast. It is a foul and dripping thing, still covered in the swamp detritus - the broken branches, dead reeds, and murky algae - that served as the creature's camouflage for a thousand years. To wear it is to carry the weight and the stench of the swamp, but it also grants the wearer the same patient, terrifying invisibility as the predator it came from.

- **Item Type:** Armour (Cloak)
- **Effect on Stats:** +1 Grit
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Perfect Camouflage:** If this fighter is in cover, they cannot be targeted by any enemy fighter that is more than 6" away.
 - **Heavy:** The wearer suffers -1 to their Footwork characteristic.





The Landlord's Argument

Item of Legend

There are a thousand stories about the original owner of The Eightpints Pub, but they all agree on one thing: he knew how to end a disagreement. This colossal, two-handed club, carved from the single, petrified branch of an ancient Ironwood tree, was his final word in any debate. It is covered in the dents, nicks, and dark stains of a hundred bar-room brawls, each one a testament to a point made and an argument won. It is not a subtle weapon, but it is brutally effective at ensuring that when you make your closing statement, everyone listens.

- **Item Type:** Two-Handed Melee Weapon
- **Effect on Stats:** +2 Heft
- **Impact:** 4/8
- **Special Rules:**
 - **"Last Call":** When this weapon is used to take an enemy fighter out of action, all other enemy fighters within 6" must pass a **Clout** check (TN 8+) or become **Reeling**.
 - **Unwieldy:** The wielder suffers -1 Grit.





The Cackling Jester

Item of Legend

They say this is a relic from a long-dead, forgotten chaos god of cosmic jokes. It appears to be a simple, battered rubber chicken, its yellow paint faded and cracked. But its smile is a little too wide, its eyes a little too manic. When squeezed, it doesn't just squeak; it lets out a cackling, reality-bending laugh that echoes with the chaotic energies of The Sink. Most warriors are too terrified to use it, but in a desperate brawl, a bit of madness can be the sharpest blade of all.

- **Item Type:** Comical Gear
- **Effect:** Once per battle, a fighter can use an action to squeeze The Cackling Jester. Roll a D6 and apply the result from the "**Cosmic Punchline**" table to the **nearest fighter** (friend or foe, excluding the user).
 - **1: Sudden Poultry-morph:** The target is turned into a simple Chicken (use stats for a weak creature) until the end of the next round.
 - **2: Uncontrollable Laughter:** The target is overcome with a fit of maddening laughter and cannot perform any actions during their next activation.
 - **3: A Terrible Joke:** A shower of spectral, rotten tomatoes rains down on the target, making them **Reeling**.
 - **4: The Ol' Switcheroo:** The user and the target fighter must immediately swap places on the battlefield.
 - **5: Slapstick Slip:** The ground around the target becomes impossibly slippery. The target is immediately knocked down.
 - **6: The Jester's Favour:** The Jester is pleased. The target fighter immediately gains 2D6 wounds.





Briefcase of the Gilded Proprietor

Item of Legend

This is not the original, of course. To possess the true briefcase of Lord Vincel Rhames would be to hold his very soul. This is a copy, a simulacrum, crafted by a terrified but brilliant artisan of the Gilded Legion who once caught a glimpse of the real thing. It is a simple, stark black briefcase, but it hums with a profound, metaphysical weight. Those who carry it find that their promises and threats take on an undeniable, terrifying authority. The world itself seems to bend to the will of the one who holds it, for all things instinctively recognize and fear the Mandate it represents.

- **Item Type:** Official Gear
- **Effect on Stats:** +2 Clout
- **Special Rules:**
 - **The Mandate:** Once per battle, the wielder can use an action to present the briefcase. Choose one of the two following effects:
 1. **"Unbreakable Contract":** Choose a friendly fighter. That fighter gains +2 Grit until the end of the battle round.
 2. **"Hostile Takeover":** Choose an enemy fighter. That fighter suffers -2 to their Clout until the end of the battle round.





Mucking About At The Pub, aka “Tavern Craf”



Welcome to the fine art of alchemical malpractice, conducted on a sticky table in the back of the world's least reputable pub.

Crafting takes place during The Pub Phase between quests. During this phase, a warband may attempt to craft items using the ingredients they have collected in their Stash.





The Crafting Mechanic

This is where you'll take the pulsating organ of some beast you barely survived fighting and try to turn it into a zesty condiment. Tavern Craf is what happens when questionable ingredients meet even more questionable life choices.

It is a science born of desperation and cheap ale, a chaotic experiment where the primary tools are a rusty knife, a stolen cauldron, and a profound disrespect for the laws of nature. You'll be mixing volatile Juice Grubs with explosive fungi, praying you've remembered the recipe correctly, all while the Barman yells at you for getting toxic entrails on his good tables.

Will you create a potion that melts armour, or one that merely gives you a chemically-induced sense of regret? There's only one way to find out.

Do try not to lose a finger.

To craft an item, a player must:

1. **Declare a Recipe:** Announce which item from their list of known recipes they are attempting to make.
2. **Consume Ingredients:** The player must have the required ingredients in their warband's Stash. These ingredients are now considered "used," regardless of the outcome.
3. **Make a Crafting Check:** The player chooses one of their fighters to perform the crafting and makes a Metvél-Kaltos check (rolling a D6 + the fighter's Metvél-Kaltos score). The Target Number (TN) is determined by the recipe's complexity.
 - **On a Success:** The item is successfully created and added to the Stash.
 - **On a Failure:** The ingredients are wasted, and no item is created.
 - **On a Critical Failure (a natural roll of a 1):** The attempt goes horribly wrong. The ingredients are wasted, and the players can introduce a negative consequence - perhaps a minor explosion that deals 1 damage to the crafter, or the player has to down their beer.

Overheard in The Pub: "It means something else entirely when you hear it out in the wilds. There's no ale, no laughter. It's a promise, and a threat. When you hear an enemy leader roar "First Round!" across a muddy battlefield, they're not offering you a drink. They're telling you that they're about to draw first blood. And the roar that comes back from their crew- "Last Round!" - is a promise that they intend to be the ones to..."





Foraging For Crafting Ingredients

The wilds are not just a place of monsters and mud; they are a larder, a pantry of potent and often dangerous ingredients for those with the eye to see them. A common flower in the hands of a fool is just a flower. But in the hands of a master, that same flower can be turned into a courage-inducing hot sauce or a flesh-melting bomb. After the battle is done, and before you limp back to the pub, the wise warrior takes a moment to look around. The battlefield is not just a graveyard; it is a garden.

How it Works

During the **Post-Quest Sequence**, after collecting your main rewards, your warband may attempt to forage for ingredients from the environment.

1. **The Check:** Your Leader (or a designated fighter with the highest **Metvel-Kaltos**) may make a **Metvel-Kaltos check (TN 5+)**. A warband may only make one forage check per skirmish.
2. **Success:** On a success, your warband has found a number of useful ingredients. Roll a **D3+1** to see how many ingredients you have gathered, and you may choose up to the value of the roll +1 from the environment's Ingredients List.
3. **Failure:** On a failed check, you find nothing of value.
4. **Critical Failure:** If the Metvel-Kaltos check roll is a natural 1, your forager has stumbled into something nasty (a poison ivy equivalent, a nest of biting insects, etc.). That fighter immediately suffers **D3 damage**. If this takes them out of action, roll on the appropriate table during the Pub phase.





Recipes

Consumable recipes are pieces of equipment and exist **outside** of the Oracle's Call system. They do not cost Oracle Dice to use. Instead, they require a fighter to use one of their two actions for the turn.

- **Hot Sauce:** A fighter can use an action to consume a **Hot Sauce** from the warband's stash. The effect, as described by the specific Hot Sauce recipe, applies immediately to that fighter. The Hot Sauce is then removed from your stash.
- **Exploding Potions:** A fighter can use an action to throw an **Exploding Potion** from the warband's stash. The player picks a point on the battlefield within range, and the potion's effect occurs in an area around that point. The Potion is then removed from your stash.



Hot Sauce

They call it a hot sauce. I call it a furious argument between your tongue and your brain, but the punchline is that its neither of those organs that ends up being the ultimate loser.

You'll see them behind the bar, a row of mismatched bottles and corked flasks, each one glowing with a faint, malevolent light. Don't mistake them for simple condiments. These aren't just peppers and vinegar. Each bottle is a potent, alchemical brew, a distilled shot of pure, reckless potential. There's a sauce in there made from the fury of a Sabre-Tusk, another that holds the chilling silence of the grave, and one that tastes of pure, chaotic luck. To drink one is to make a dangerous bargain, a toast to a temporary, glorious, and almost certainly painful new reality. The choice is yours. Drink deep, and hope you don't explode.

Hot Sauces are single-use items. A fighter must use an action to consume one.





Iron Gut Hot Sauce

Hot Sauce

Brewed by the Sindarkyn in their volcanic forges, this thick, gritty sauce is less a condiment and more a geological event. It's made from powdered obsidian, magma-ripened peppers, and a healthy dose of pure, liquid stubbornness. It tastes like swallowing a whetstone. Those who can keep it down find their insides coated with a temporary layer of rock and iron, making them as tough as the mountains themselves.

- **Complexity:** Hard (TN 9+)
- **Ingredients:** 1x Gnaw-Forged Rock Dust, 1x Magma Peppers
- **Effect:** The fighter who consumes this gains **+1 Grit** for the rest of the battle.
- **Cost:** 40 Shiners



Cogwork Precision Oil

Hot Sauce

This is not a drink for the living, but for the machine. "Brewed" by the master alchemists of the Alka-Haulers, this so-called "hot sauce" is actually a complex, alchemical lubricant. It's a shimmering, silver liquid with a clean, metallic smell, served in a perfectly calibrated glass vial. When applied to the joints of a suit of armour or the mechanism of a Cogwork weapon, it allows the machine to operate with a terrifying, supernatural precision, momentarily transcending the normal limits of its design.

- **Complexity:** Hard (TN 9+)
- **Ingredients:** 1x Alka-Hest Hauler Gear-Cog, 1x Scrap-Tek Wiring
- **Effect:** A fighter can use an action to apply this oil. For the rest of the battle, that fighter's **critical hits are scored on a 5 or a 6**, instead of just a 6.
- **Cost:** 90 Shiners





Grave Chill Concoction

Hot Sauce

Brewed by the sorrowful Cask-Brethren, this is not a drink for the living. It's a cold, viscous, and unnervingly smooth liquid, distilled from the essence of pure regret and the dust of ancient tombstones. It has a faint, sweet smell of old paper and dried flowers. To drink it is to swallow a piece of the grave itself, imbuing the drinker with the chilling, terrifying presence of the dead. For a few precious moments, you don't just feel like a ghost; you are one.

- **Complexity:** Hard (TN 9+)
- **Ingredients:** 1x Grave-Root, 1x Tears of Eleonara
- **Effect:** A fighter can use an action to consume this Hot Sauce. For the rest of the battle, the fighter gains the "**Aura of Dread**" special rule: The first time an enemy fighter activates within 3" of the drinker, that enemy must pass a **Clout** check (TN 7+) or be unable to target the drinker with an attack action that activation.
- **Cost:** 60 Shiners



Liquid Fury

Hot Sauce

Brewed by the shamanistic Marrow Gnashers, this sauce is not made, but hunted. Its primary ingredient is the adrenal gland of a Sabre Tusk Beast, harvested at the very peak of its battle rage. The gland is pulped and mixed with a cocktail of potent, mind-altering Savannah herbs. The resulting concoction is a thick, blood-red paste that tastes of raw meat and pure, undiluted fury. To consume it is to borrow the beast's rage, sacrificing all thought for a few moments of perfect, savage clarity.

- **Complexity:** Hard (TN 9+)
- **Ingredients:** 1x Sabre Tusk Heart, 1x Cave Fungus





Effect: A fighter can use an action to consume this Hot Sauce. For the rest of the battle, the fighter gains +2 Flurry, but their **Metvél-Kaltos** and **Clout** characteristics are reduced to 1.

- **Cost:** 75 Shiners



Phase-Pepper Tincture

Hot Sauce

Nobody knows who first brewed this substance, only that the key ingredient, the "Phase-Pepper," sometimes materializes in the warped reality surrounding the Defiled Ruins. The tincture is a thin, oily liquid that seems to flicker in and out of focus. To drink it is to untether your soul from the normal laws of physics. For a few precious moments, solid matter becomes a mere suggestion, allowing the drinker to pass through walls and weapons as if they were a ghost.

- **Complexity:** Very Hard (TN 11+)
- **Ingredients:** 1x Dust from the Defiled Ruins, 1x Glimmer-Weed
- **Effect:** The fighter who consumes this gains the "**Phase-Walker**" special rule for the rest of the battle. The first time each round that this fighter would suffer damage from a melee or ranged attack, roll a D6. On a 4+, the attack phases through them, and they ignore the damage completely.



Sonic Sting Serum

Hot Sauce

"Brewed" by the master acousticians of the Harmonious Conclave, this so-called "hot sauce" is actually a complex, alchemical lubricant. It's a shimmering, silver liquid with a clean, metallic smell and a faint, high-pitched hum, served in a perfectly calibrated glass vial. When applied to the joints,





of a suit of armour or the mechanism of a Cogwork weapon, it allows the machine to operate with a terrifying, supernatural precision, momentarily transcending the normal limits of its design.

- **Complexity:** Hard (TN 9+)
- **Ingredients:** 1x Sky-Baron Gear-Cog, 1x Grave-Root
- **Effect:** A fighter can use an action to apply this serum to their wargear. For the rest of the battle, that fighter's **critical hits are scored on a 5 or a 6**, instead of just a 6.



Symbiote's Kiss

Hot Sauce

A specialty of the K'tharr Symbiotes, this sauce is not brewed but milked directly from the venom glands of their most volatile Juice Grubs. It is a thick, glowing, and unpleasantly pulsating liquid. To consume it is to invite the parasite's alien metabolism into your own body. The drinker is gifted with an incredible, supernatural burst of speed and agility as the grub's energy floods their system, but this comes at a price, as the venom slowly eats away at them from the inside.

- **Complexity:** Hard (TN 9+)
- **Ingredients:** 1x Spider Ichor, 1x Sink-Stone Dust
- **Effect:** The fighter who consumes this gains **+2 Footwork** for the rest of the battle. However, at the start of each of their activations, they suffer 1 damage as the venom takes its toll.



Grave-Chill Tincture

Hot Sauce

Brewed by the sorrowful Hollowed Host, this is a tincture for those who wish to bargain with the dead. It is made from the spectral tears of their last queen, Eleonara, mixed with the dust of





Slyrwood's crypts. It does not burn the tongue but chills the soul, filling the drinker with the absolute, unnerving confidence of a ghost. For a short time, you carry the very aura of the grave, a presence so unnatural it can make even the most frenzied berserker hesitate.

- **Complexity:** Hard (TN 9+)
- **Ingredients:** 1x Grave-Root, 1x Tears of Eleonara (Quest-specific ingredient)
- **Effect:** The fighter who consumes this gains the "**Aura of Dread**" special rule for the rest of the battle. Enemy fighters must pass a **Clout check (TN 7+)** to be able to target this fighter with a melee attack action. If they fail, they can still perform other actions, but cannot attack the drinker that activation.



Dragon's Breath Ale

Brewed by the legendary Cinder-Dwarf Brewmaster, Boric Fire-Hand, this is less a beverage and more a weapon. It's crafted using the pollen of the rare Ashen Bloom, a flower that grows only in the superheated steam of volcanic geysers. The resulting ale is so volatile it ignites on contact with the air. To drink it is an act of supreme confidence, a way of telling your enemies that you are so certain of your victory, you are willing to carry a fire in your very belly.

- **Complexity:** Hard (TN 9+)
- **Ingredients:** 1x Ashen Bloom Pollen, 1x Heart-Iron Ore
- **Effect:** A fighter can use an action to consume this Hot Sauce. For the rest of the battle, the fighter gains the "**Fiery Belch**" ability:
 - "**Fiery Belch**" (4+): The fighter can use an action to make a ranged attack with the following profile: Range 6", Flurry 3, Heft 4, Impact 2/4. This attack targets all fighters in a 6" cone.
- **Cost:** 80 Shiners





Ghybber's Gamble

Hot Sauce

- **Complexity:** Hard (TN 9+)
- **Ingredients:** 1x Cave Fungus, 1x Sink-Stone Dust
- **Effect:** A fighter can use an action to consume this Hot Sauce. For the rest of the battle, the fighter gains the "**Unpredictable**" special rule:
 - **"Unpredictable":** At the start of this fighter's activation, roll a D6. On a 1, they are confused by the whispers of Ghybber and cannot perform any actions this activation. On a 6, they are frenzied and gain a third action this activation.
- **Cost:** 60 Shiners





Exploding Potions

A fine way to solve a problem from a distance, assuming the problem isn't that you've just dropped it on your own foot.

A sword is an honest weapon. You know what it does, and you see it coming. A potion is something else entirely. It's a secret, a story, a moment of pure, bottled chaos waiting for you to pull the cork. You'll see them on the alchemist's shelf, each one a different promise. One might hold the fury of a trapped ghost, another the filth of the swamp, a third the blinding light of a fallen star. When you hold one in your hand, you can feel the unstable power sloshing within, a pocket full of trouble. To throw one is to rewrite the battlefield, a single, shattering moment that can turn a desperate defeat into a glorious, explosive victory.

Throwing an Exploding Potion

Throwing an Exploding Potion is a special action that requires a warband member to tempt fate, embracing the unpredictable nature of tavern-brewed alchemy. An exploding potion can be thrown at a target up to 6" away from the thrower.

The Unstable Concoction Rule

1. **Action Cost:** To throw an Exploding Potion, a fighter must spend a **(Double)** from the Oracle's Call pool.
2. **The Re-Roll:** Take the two dice you used to pay the cost and re-roll them together. The outcome of this re-roll determines the success and accuracy of the throw.
3. **Determine the Outcome:**
 - **On a Double 1 (Catastrophic Failure):** The potion is a dud or ignites prematurely! It explodes in the thrower's hands. The thrower is immediately **Taken Out of Action**.
 - **On a Double 6 (Spectacular Success):** A perfect throw! The potion has its standard effect, but it is immensely more powerful. You may either **double the diameter of its area of effect** (e.g., a 5" circle becomes a 10" circle) **OR double the damage** it inflicts. Your choice.
 - **On Any Other Result:** A standard, successful throw. The potion has its normal effect as described in its profile.

Overheard in The Pub: *You'll hear it sometimes, when a big contract comes in. A warband leader, flush with a fresh advance of Shiners, will stand up, raise their glass, and the whole pub will quiet down. They'll look their crew in the eyes and give the toast: "First Round's on me!" A moment of hope, of camaraderie, of the promise of what's to come. It's the calm before the storm, the one clean moment before the blood starts to flow.*





Null Flask

Exploding Potion

Designed by the pragmatic Alka-Haulers who see "Juice" as a dangerous, volatile force to be contained, this flask is filled with a fine, silver dust. When dispersed, it creates a temporary zone of absolute magical silence, anathema to any sorcerer.

- **Complexity:** Hard (TN 9+)
- **Ingredients:** 1x Sky-Baron Gear-Cog, 1x Dust from the Defiled Ruins
- **Effect:** Place a 5" diameter "Null Zone" token. For the next two rounds, no fighter may use any **Juice**-based abilities (e.g. spells or supernatural powers) while within this zone.



Sludge Pot

Exploding Potion

This is a direct, if crude, imitation of a Sorcerer's power. By mixing ingredients from The Mire with those found in the unhallowed soil of the Ancient Battlefield, the crafter creates a small pocket of The Sink's grasping, oily filth.

- **Complexity:** Standard (TN 7+)
- **Ingredients:** 1x Hydra Venom Gland, 1x Grave-Root
- **Effect:** Place a 5" diameter "Sludge Pool" token. The area is treacherous terrain. Any fighter entering or ending their turn in the pool must pass a **Movement** check or be **Pinned**. The pool lasts for the rest of the battle.





Primal Roar Flask

Exploding Potion

The Marrow Gnashers believe true strength comes from consuming the essence of great beasts. This potion is a crude, distilled version of that philosophy - a volatile brew containing the heart of a Sabre-Tusk. Those caught in its blast are filled with a borrowed, mindless rage.

- **Complexity:** Hard (TN 9+)
- **Ingredients:** 1x Sabre-Tusk Heart, 1x Cave Fungus
- **Effect:** This potion deals no damage. Instead, every fighter (friend and foe) within 3" of the impact point is "Frenzied." On their next activation, a Frenzied fighter MUST move towards the nearest fighter (regardless of faction) and make a melee attack action if able.



Scrap Melt Bomb

Exploding Potion

A favorite of the Scrap-Tek Horde, this is less an alchemical creation and more a crime against chemistry. It is a rusty can filled with a slurry of corrosive sludge from The Mire and hooked up to a volatile power cell. It doesn't explode as much as it violently dissolves whatever it hits.

- **Complexity:** Standard (TN 7+)
- **Ingredients:** 1x Scrap-Tek Wiring, 1x Hydra Venom Gland
- **Effect:** All fighters within 3" of the impact point suffer no immediate damage, but their armor is compromised. For the rest of the battle, they suffer a permanent **-1 Grit**. This effect is cumulative.





The Pub Brawler

Exploding Potion

The simplest of concoctions, this is less a potion and more a heavily weighted bottle filled with pressurized gas and ball bearings. It's a favorite starting point for any would-be alchemist at The Eightpints.

- **Complexity:** Easy (TN 5+)
- **Ingredients:** 1x Scrap-Tek Wiring, 1x Sky-Baron Gear-Cog
- **Effect:** A simple concussive blast. All fighters within 3" of the impact point are pushed 1" directly away.



Fester Bomb

Exploding Potion

Brewed by the Mire Stalkers from the toxic flora of their swampy home, this fragile clay pot is filled with a foul-smelling, sticky ichor that clings to everything it touches, rotting leather and hampering movement.

- **Complexity:** Standard (TN 7+)
- **Ingredients:** 1x Glimmer-Weed, 1x Spider Ichor
- **Effect:** All fighters within 3" of the impact point suffer D3 damage and -1 Footwork for the next round.





Flash Pot

Exploding Potion

A Sindarkyn invention, this polished metal flask contains powdered Magma-Hops and refined Sink-Stone Dust. When shattered, it releases a blinding flash of incandescent light, leaving foes dazed and disoriented.

- **Complexity:** Hard (TN 9+)
- **Ingredients:** 1x Magma-Hops, 1x Sink-Stone Dust
- **Effect:** All fighters within 3" of the impact point are **Reeling**.



Screamer Flask

Exploding Potion

The Wytch Coven are experts at trapping tormented spirits in specially prepared vessels. This flask, etched with runes of binding, unleashes the terrifying shriek of a soul torn from its body, forcing even hardened warriors to recoil in supernatural fear.

- **Complexity:** Hard (TN 9+)
- **Ingredients:** 1x Grave-Root, 1x Sink-Stone Dust
- **Effect:** All fighters within 3" of the impact point must pass a **Clout** check or be forced to make a disengage action on their next activation.





Finnick's Gratitude

Exploding Potion Recipe

This is not a weapon, but a miracle. A gift from a grateful alchemist who you pulled from a pygmy cooking pot. It doesn't explode with fire or shrapnel, but with a soft, gentle hiss, releasing a swirling, silver mist that smells of old herbs and forgotten memories. It is a moment of pure, unadulterated relief in the middle of a bloody, desperate brawl.

- **Complexity:** Hard (TN 9+)
- **Ingredients:** 1x Glimmer-Weed, 1x Cave Fungus
- **Effect:** A fighter can use an action to throw this potion. It is not an attack. Place a 5" diameter "Restorative Mist" token on the battlefield. Any friendly fighter who is wholly within the mist at the start of their activation immediately **heals D3 wounds**. The mist lasts for one full battle round.

