

THE
EIGHTPINTS





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Sort Of Near The Beginning...

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

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

This happened for centuries. Millennia.

Then...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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





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

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

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

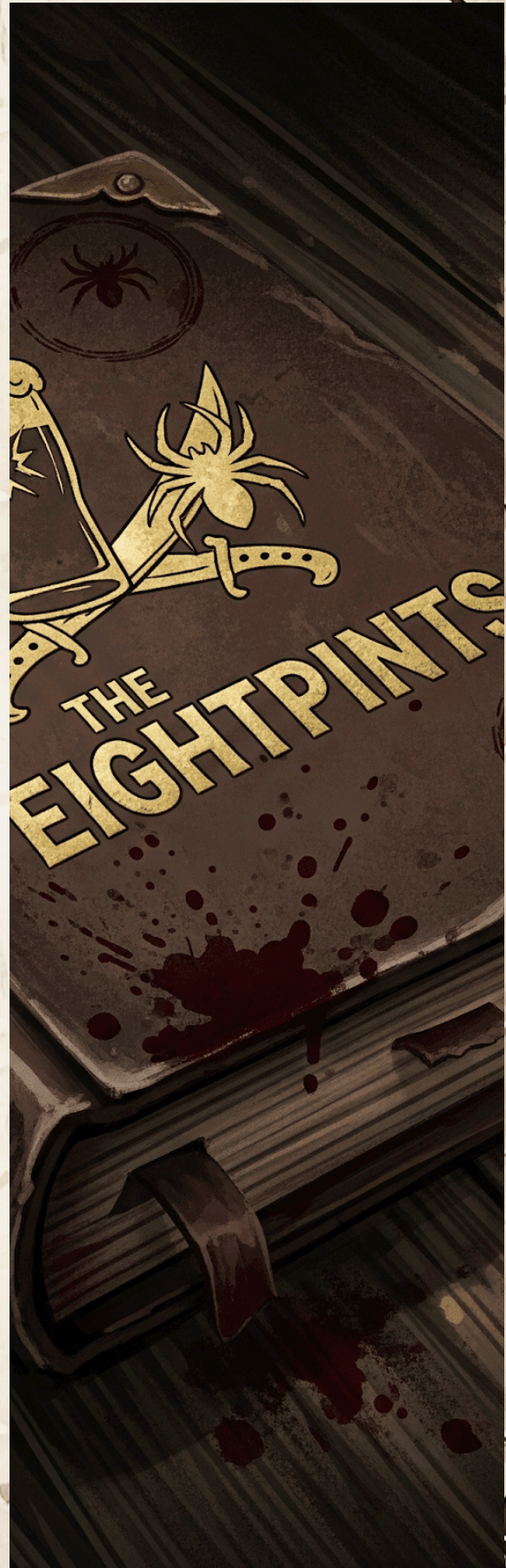
The landlord poured your pint, fresh frothy foam whispery-kiss-sliding down the slide of the tankard.

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

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

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

MF.
We have us
a PURPOSE.





Sea of

Near The Beginning...

MF.

We have us
a PURPOSE.

Vol. VI

Wildcard Factions

Quadrant of Belief

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

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The Unstoppable Charge

The Iron Horn

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Steel-Hoof Demolisher

240 Points

Horn Sworn Charger

160 Points x 2 Members

Claw Runner

120 Points

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The Alpha Strike

Dankred Mobcaps

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Leader - 220 Points

Cave Mosher Herder



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Vol. VI

Wildcard

Factions

The Storm of the Bull

Finally, we come to the strange ones. The drifters, the paradoxes, the ones who heard the great, cosmic argument between faith and ambition, magic and machine, and decided to simply walk away from the table. Welcome to the center of the board, the strange, grey spaces of the Wildcards. We call 'em **The Wildcards**, because they are not anchored to any of the great philosophies that define the rest of this miserable world. They are the true independents, the outliers, the ones who are playing a completely different game, by a completely different set of rules.

To be Wildcards is to be a living paradox. Their power doesn't come from the neat categories of Juice or Cogwork, and their motivation is not the simple binary of Creed or Self. They are the beast-kin who operate on a primal, instinctual logic that predates all mortal philosophy. They are the crystalline Glimmerkin whose consciousness is a slow, geological hum, their goals as alien and as patient as the mountains themselves. They are the amoral spies who will work for a Devout priest in the morning and an Innovator Tek-Boss in the afternoon, their only creed the contract. They are the things that defy easy categorization, and that makes them the most terrifying and unpredictable players at the table.

Their origins are a mystery. They are the things that crawled out of a dimensional rift, the races that evolved in the deepest, most forgotten corners of the world, the cynical survivors who were born in the cosmopolitan chaos of the great cities and learned that the only winning move is not to play the game. The common folk don't just fear them; they don't understand them. An orc wants to fight you, a dwarf wants your gold. But what does a creature made of living crystal want? What is the end-game for a race of amoral, hyper-intelligent lab rats? This lack of a clear, understandable motive is what makes them so deeply unsettling.

Their quests are often as strange and as alien as they are. They will fight not for an objective, but to observe one. They will seek not a relic, but a specific, resonant sound. They will accept a contract whose true purpose is a mystery even to them. To face one of The Wildcards is to face the unknown. You cannot predict their strategy because it does not operate on a logic you can comprehend. They are the ultimate trick up the sleeve, the joker in the deck, the piece on the board that follows no rules but its own. You don't bet on The Wildcards. You just pray they're not betting against you.





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

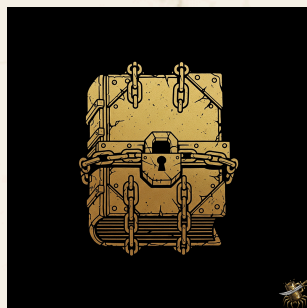
South to North: The Axis of Power, from Cogwork to Juice

This axis defines the source of a faction's power





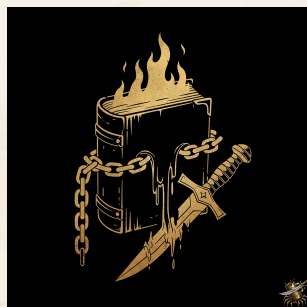
The Axis of Belief: Why You Do It



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.





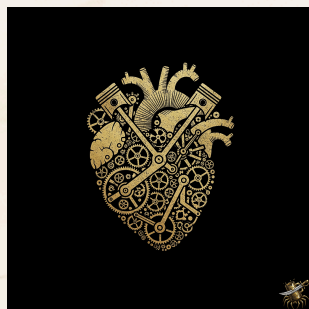
The Axis of Power: How You Do It



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.

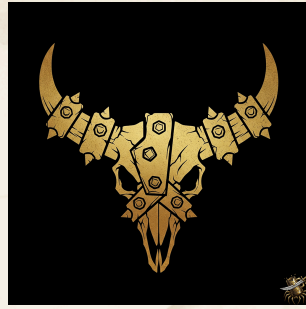


Cogwork

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.





Stalkárn Horde

You don't get a lot of the Stalkárn in here. They don't really do "sitting" or "drinking." They'll stand by the door, pacing, their iron-shod hooves scraping on the floorboards, radiating a kind of coiled, violent energy that makes everyone else in the room hold their drink a little tighter. They're not like other beasts. The stories say they're not born, but made - a fusion of beast, man, and something raw and hateful from The Sink itself, given form in a storm of pure, chaotic motion.

Their goal is the simplest and most terrifying thing in the world: forward. They don't want to conquer, they don't want to rule, and they certainly don't want your coin. They are driven by a single, primal philosophy that motion is existence, and stillness is death. They see a fortress wall, a shield line, an ancient forest, or a bustling city not as an obstacle, but as an insult - a thing that is standing still, daring to impede the great, thunderous rhythm of the charge. They are not an army you can reason with; they are a geological event with an attitude.

In a fight, they are a terrifyingly simple puzzle to solve. There is only one tactic: the charge. You'll hear them before you see them, a low rumble that becomes a thunderous roar, the sound of a thousand iron-shod hooves hammering on the earth. They don't have a battle line; they are a single, solid wave of horn and steel. They don't flank, they don't feint. They just build a terrible, singular momentum and shatter whatever is in their path. To face them is to stand on the shore and try to punch a tidal wave.

Their leaders are the biggest and most furious among them, known only by the title of "The Iron-Horn." The current one is a true monster, a walking engine of destruction who leads the charge not from the back, but as the very tip of the spear. Lately, I've heard tales of his horde on the edge of the Twisted Forest. The Bark-Kin are ancient and patient, but the Stalkárn see their sacred groves as just another thing that needs to be knocked down. The sound of their charge breaking against that old, magical wood is a sound I don't envy anyone hearing.





The Iron Horn's Unstoppable Charge

[995 Points]



Warband Mechanic: The Unstoppable Charge

To the Stálkarn, motion is the purest form of existence; to be still is to be dead. Their entire philosophy is embodied in the Unstoppable Charge. It is not a military tactic; it is a form of prayer, a thunderous, percussive rhythm of iron-shod hooves that channels the raw, chaotic Juice of The Sink. A Stálkarn warband does not engage in complex maneuvers. They form a single, terrifying block of horn, hoof, and steel and advance relentlessly. Their goal is to build a terrifying, singular momentum that shatters enemy formations, tramples the fallen, and grinds all opposition to dust beneath their charge. The charge does not end until the enemy is broken or the last Stálkarn has fallen.

The Stálkarn Horde draws power from their relentless forward momentum.

- At the start of the battle, your warband has 0 Momentum points.
- Your warband gains 1 Momentum for each friendly fighter that ends a move action further away from your own board edge than where it started.
- A fighter can spend 3 Momentum before making an attack action to grant that attack the Pulverize keyword.





The Iron Horn

Leader - 315 Points

The Iron Horn is not a commander who gives orders from the rear; he is the living focal point of the charge, the first and most ferocious into the fray. The largest of his kind, his horns are sheathed in sharpened, bolted-on steel, and his bellowing roar is the only command the horde needs. He is less a tactician and more a force of nature, a being of pure, primal instinct who leads by embodying the singular, destructive will of the horde. To follow him is to become part of the avalanche, an unstoppable force with the Iron Horn as its terrifying, bloody tip.



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

- **Weapon:**
 - **Great Iron Cleaver** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 3/6
- **Special Rule:** Charge
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Bellowing Roar" (4+):** Choose an enemy fighter within 6". That fighter suffers -1 to their **Clout** until the end of the round.
 - **[COMMANDMENT] "Unstoppable Momentum" (Triple):** Choose up to three friendly fighters. Each chosen fighter may immediately make a bonus move action.





Steel-Hoof Demolisher

240 Points

Where the Iron-Horn is the leader, the Demolisher is the living battering ram. A hulking, brutish fusion of rhinoceros and man, its hooves are shod in thick plates of iron, and its charge sounds like a mobile forge hammering on the anvil of the world. It is the elite heavy infantry of the horde, tasked with breaking the toughest part of the enemy line or shattering the walls of a fortress. It is a being of immense mass and singular purpose, a walking testament to the Stáلكarn belief that no obstacle is immovable; it simply hasn't been hit hard enough yet.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	6	5	4	22	1	2

- **Weapon:**
 - **Great Mace** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 4/7
- **Special Rule:** Charge
- **Abilities:**
 - **Ability - "Shatter" (Double):** The next melee attack action this fighter makes this activation gains +2 to its base **Impact** if it is targeting a fighter equipped with a shield or who is in cover.





Horn Sworn Charger

160 Points x 2 Members

The frenzied, four-legged core of the horde. These lean, muscular fusions of goat and great cat are the true engines of the charge. They live for the explosive transfer of kinetic energy, the glorious moment of impact where their iron-hard horns meet the enemy's shield wall. They are a tide of steel and fury, their purpose not just to kill, but to break, scatter, and trample, their thunderous, four-legged charge the percussive heartbeat of the Stálkarn's prayer of violence.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	3	3	7	15	1	2

- **Weapon:**
 - **Goring Horns & Raking Claws** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/3
- **Special Rule:** Charge
- **Special Rule - Unstoppable Charge:** This fighter does not suffer movement penalties for moving through difficult terrain during a charge action.
- **Ability:**
 - **"For the Charge!" (3+):** After this fighter makes a move action of at least 3", add +2 to their **Heft** characteristic for the next melee attack action this activation.





Claw Runner

120 Points

Lighter, faster, and more predatory than its brethren, the Claw Runner is a fusion of wolf and man. Its sacred duty is to ensure that nothing escapes the glorious, unending charge. While the main horde crashes into the enemy's front, the Claw Runners harry the flanks, their iron claws tearing at any who are foolish enough to flee. They are the cruel, finishing touch to the horde's brutal artistry, the vicious hunters who ensure that once the charge begins, there is no escape.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	2	2	7	12	2	1

- **Weapon:**
 - **Iron Claws** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/3
- **Special Rule:** Charge
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Hamstring" (Double):** The next melee attack action this fighter makes gains the **Crippling** keyword: If the attack scores a hit, the target suffers -1 Footwork for the rest of the battle.
 - **"Run Them Down" (4+):** This fighter gains +2 to its **Footwork** characteristic for its next move action.





Warband Playstyle: The Alpha Strike

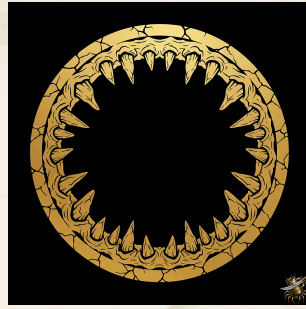
The Stálkarn Horde is a "rushdown" warband with a single, brutal plan: the **Unstoppable Charge**. Your entire game is about setting up and executing a single, perfectly timed, overwhelming charge that shatters the enemy's formation in one glorious moment. If your initial charge is successful, you will likely win. If it gets bogged down or defeated piecemeal, you will struggle to recover.

Tips & Tricks:

- **Patience Before the Storm:** The first round is for positioning, not fighting. Use your superior speed to get your entire warband into a position where they can all declare a charge in the second round.
- **The Demolisher is the Tip of the Spear:** Your Steel-Hoof Demolisher is your living battering ram. Aim it at the toughest, most well-armored part of the enemy line to create a breach for the rest of your horde to pour through.
- **Use Claw-Runners to Corral:** Your Claw-Runners are not part of the main charge. Use their speed to harass the flanks and prevent your opponent from escaping or repositioning away from your main assault.
- **The Iron Horn's Commandment is Key:** Your leader's Commandment is the signal for the final, glorious charge. Use it to ensure your entire warband hits the enemy line at the exact same moment.

"They've only got one plan. To be fair, it's a bloody good one."





Dankred Mobcaps

You always know when a crew of Dankred Mobcaps is in the pub. First, you hear the chittering, a high-pitched, manic sound like a thousand mad insects telling a joke only they understand. Then comes the smell: a heady mix of damp earth, strange fungi, and a profound lack of personal hygiene. They don't take a table; they infest it, a swarm of pale, wide-eyed goblins in crude, toothy hats, their every movement a jittery, unpredictable twitch. They don't drink their ale; they spill it, they spit it, they dip strange mushrooms in it, their laughter a sudden, sharp bark of pure, anarchic joy.

The stories say they're the children of Ghybber, the Chittering Gloom, a god that is not a being but a place: the deep, dark, silent reality of the caverns they call home. They see the sunlit world as a pale illusion, and the cave mouths as their "Dark Moons," holy portals to the false world above. Their goal isn't conquest; it's a kind of mad, joyous crusade to share the glorious, chittering truth of their god with the boring, sane folk of the surface. They are not an army; they are a living, breathing kaleidocasam, and they want everyone to join in on the trip.

In battle, their strength is in sheer, overwhelming numbers and terrifying unpredictability. A single goblin is a coward, but a swarm of them, running on battle-fungus, is a tide of rusty blades and bad intentions. They fight with no plan, their tactics dictated by the nonsensical patterns their shamans see in mushroom spores. They are a chaotic, unpredictable force, as likely to achieve a moment of accidental, glorious victory as they are to get distracted by a shiny rock and forget they were in a fight at all.

Their current leader, a particularly mad shaman named Fungus Mancer Gribble, is said to be having the most potent visions of all. The last I heard from a terrified miner who stumbled out of the Hountains was that Gribble's Kinship has infested the deep, abandoned tunnels beneath the great Mills. They're not there for the ore. They're drawn to the constant, rhythmic grinding of the machines, which they believe is the chittering voice of Ghybber, telling them the secret of a and particularly hilarious way to die.





The Gibbering Kinship of the Chittering Moon

[980 Points]





Fungus Mancer

Gribble

Leader - 220 Points

The Fungus Mancer is less a leader and more a spiritual conduit. He is the one who has stared deepest into the chittering, mad heart of the Gloom, his mind a fractured prism through which the will of Ghybber is interpreted. His power is not a science, but a chaotic art, his battle plans drawn from the nonsensical patterns he sees in mushroom spores. He is the high priest of a religion of joyous, anarchic madness, a living testament to the terrifying power of a truly open mind.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
2	3	3	4	15	5	3

- **Weapon:**
 - **Gnarled Staff (Melee):** Range 2, Impact 1/3
- **Abilities:**
 - **Curse of Ghybber (4+):** Pick an enemy fighter within 9". That fighter suffers -1 to their Flurry and Footwork until their next activation.
 - **[COMMANDMENT] Madcap Spores (Triple):** Choose a friendly fighter within 6". Until the end of the battle round, add +2 to that fighter's Flurry and Footwork characteristics, but they must end their move actions as close as possible to the nearest enemy fighter.





Cave Mosher

Herder

110 Points

The Herder is the crucial, and often thankless, lynchpin of the goblin war-party. He is the pragmatist in a tribe of lunatics, the one tasked with the impossible job of pointing the ravenous, unpredictable energies of the Cave Moshers in the general direction of the enemy. He is a master of beast psychology, his goad and his bag of foul-smelling mushrooms the only tools that can impose a semblance of order on the glorious, bounding chaos of the hunt.



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

- **Weapon:**
 - **Goadin' Stick (Melee):** Range 2, Impact 1/3
- **Abilities:**
 - **Get 'Em! (3+):** Pick a friendly Beast within 4". That Beast can immediately make a bonus move action.
 - **Juicy Shroom (Double):** Pick a friendly Beast within 4". That Beast heals D6 Wounds.





Cave Mosher

100 Points x 2 Members

The Cave Mosher is not a beast of war in the traditional sense; it is a living, bounding embodiment of pure, ravenous hunger. All teeth, muscle, and unpredictable energy, it is the purest expression of the goblins' chattering, mad god. It is a weapon that is just as likely to win the battle in a single, glorious leap as it is to get distracted by a shiny rock and wander off. To field one is to make a wager with chaos itself.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	4	3	6	12	1	1

- **Weapon:**
 - **Massive Fanged Maw (Melee):** Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Special Rule:**
 - **Unpredictable:** At the start of this fighter's activation, roll a D6. On a 1, it is confused by the whispers of Ghybber and cannot perform any actions this activation. On a 6, it is frenzied and gains a third action this activation.





Dank Mob Stabba

50 Points x 4 Members

The Stabba represents the core paradox of the goblin psyche. Individually, they are sniveling, cowardly, and utterly pathetic. But in a swarm, their collective, chittering courage becomes a terrifying tide of rusty blades and bad intentions. They are a testament to the fact that even the weakest of individuals, when united by a singular, mad purpose, can become an unstoppable, if deeply unhygienic, force.



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

- **Weapon:**
 - **Rusty Pointy Stick (Melee):** Range 1, Impact 1/2
- **Special Rule:**
 - **Swarm Tactics:** This fighter gains +1 Flurry for attack actions that target an enemy fighter already within 1" of another friendly fighter with this rule.





Cave Brute

210 Points

The Cave Brute is a creature of immense, geological power, a hulking remnant of a more primal age. Lured from the deepest caverns by the promise of shiny things and plentiful food, it serves the goblins not out of loyalty, but out of a simple, symbiotic convenience. It is the warband's anchor, a walking wall of stone and muscle that the smaller, squishier goblins can hide behind, its brutish, uncomplicated violence a perfect counterpoint to their own cunning, cowardly tactics.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	5	4	4	25	1	2

- **Weapon:**
 - **Big Ol' Club (Melee):** Range 2, Impact 3/6





Warband Playstyle: The Gibbering Tide

This warband is all about board control through overwhelming numbers and unpredictability. Your strategy is to use your four cheap and expendable Dank Mob Stabbas to swarm objectives and tie up dangerous enemies in combat, where their "Swarm Tactics" rule makes them surprisingly effective. The Herder's job is to keep your two high-damage (but dangerously unpredictable) Cave Moshers moving and healed. The Fungus Mancer stays back, cursing enemies and using his powerful "Madcap Spores" Commandment to send a fighter (ideally the Cave Brute) on a frenzied, uncontrollable rampage. The Cave Brute is the tough, hard-hitting anchor that the rest of your squishy warband can hide behind.

Tips & Tricks:

- **Embrace the Swarm:** Do not be afraid to sacrifice your Dank Mob Stabbas. Their job is to get in the way, to bog down elite enemies, and to hold objectives. Four of them can control a huge amount of the board.
- **The Herder is Key:** Your Cave Moshers are your primary damage dealers, but their "Unpredictable" rule can be a liability. The Herder's "Get 'Em!" ability is crucial for ensuring they move when you need them to. Keep him close to his beasts.
- **Know When to Gamble:** The Fungus Mancer's "Madcap Spores" Commandment is a double-edged sword. It provides a massive buff, but you lose control of the fighter. Use it on your Cave-Brute and point him at the heart of the enemy line to cause maximum chaos, but be prepared for him to charge your own fighters if they are closer.
- **The Brute is Your Rock:** The Cave Brute is your only truly durable piece. Use him to block charge lanes and to protect your more valuable (and squishy) Fungus Mancer and Herder.

"A whole army that runs on bad mushrooms and even worse ideas. The most dangerous thing about 'em is that they're too mad to know they've already lost."





The Under-Over Scurry

Clan Smoulder: The Faction

Every now and then, a different kind of Scurry walks through the door. They don't have that wild, sewer-rat look. These ones are... organized. They move with a strange, jittery purpose, their bodies hidden in heavy, insulated boiler suits and their faces covered by plague-doctor masks. They don't drink the ale. They'll trade you a strange, humming cog for a flask of pure alcohol, chattering to each other in a language that sounds like a mix of tactical code and high-stakes gambling odds. The strangest thing, though, is the graffiti on their masks: crude, garish scrawls of bright red, smiling lips.

The story you hear whispered over a quiet pint is one of the strangest in The Eightpints. They say these weren't always warriors. They were lab rats, test subjects for a cosmetics company trying to invent a burn-proof lipstick. Then the Frakk Drill, a Scrap-Tek invention, went haywire and tore a hole in reality. In a moment of glorious, opportunistic madness, the rats hopped on and rode that drill through seven different kinds of hell. When it finally crashed, they found themselves in the Chamuscado Glass Wastes, armed with a traumatic past and a profound understanding of applied science.

In a fight, they are terrifyingly intelligent. You won't see them charge. You'll see the ground in front of you erupt as their colossal Frakk Drill bursts from the sand. Then, from the tunnels, a tide of hazmat-suited rats armed with jury-rigged flamethrowers will emerge, not in a chaotic swarm, but in a precise, tactical formation. They use walls of fire to herd their enemies into kill-zones, their every move a cold, calculated act of industrial warfare. They are not fighting for territory; they are conducting a science experiment, and you are the unfortunate variable.

Their leader is a strange, hunched figure they call Rat-With-Chips, a brilliant tactician who is never seen without a massive, clanking stack of stolen casino chips. The whispers say his clan is in the middle of a grand heist campaign against the Doku-ya Juy'ata, using their Frakk Drill to tunnel directly into the vaults of the great desert casinos. They're not after the Shiners. They're after the chips, a currency they believe they need to fund their final, insane project: to melt the entire desert into a single, giant parabolic mirror to tunnel to the world and burn the world to a crisp. Then eat the crisp.





Rat-With-Chips' Magnificent Bastards

[995 Points]





Rat-With-Chips

Leader - 285 Points

The being known as Rat-With-Chips is a true enigma, a figure of profound tactical genius wrapped in the bizarre cultural trappings of his clan. His origins are a mystery; some posit he is the legendary Rat-With-Book, his intellect now applied to the mathematics of chance, while others believe he is a new and more ambitious mind entirely. He is the architect of the clan's grand and terrible plan, a leader whose charisma is matched only by his utter ruthlessness. His command is absolute, his methods are precise, and his presence on the battlefield is a testament to the terrifying potential of a singular, obsessive, and deeply wronged vision.



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

- **Weapon:**
 - **Chip-Flicker Blade** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Special Rule - Hazard Suit:** This fighter is immune to damage from fire and hazardous terrain.
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Rat 'n Chips, MF!!"** (4+): Choose an enemy fighter within 6" that is suffering damage from a fire-based attack. That fighter suffers an additional D3 damage.
 - **[COMMANDMENT] "Underground Overrun" (Triple):** You may immediately remove up to three other friendly fighters from the battlefield and place them anywhere on the board within 3" of Rat-With-Chips, representing them emerging from a freshly-dug tunnel.





Smoulder-Kin

Burner

210 Points x 2 Members

The Burners are the grim foot soldiers of Clan Smoulder, their insulated hazmat suits a constant, walking reminder of the laboratories in which they were born. They are not the anarchic swarm of common Scurry, but a disciplined and highly trained fighting force. They wield their jury-rigged flamethrowers not with manic glee, but with a cold, professional precision, using



walls of fire to methodically cleanse the battlefield and herd their enemies into carefully prepared kill-zones. They are the instruments of the clan's fiery, purifying vengeance, their masks' lipstick graffiti a strange and defiant symbol of a trauma that has been forged into a weapon.

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

- **Weapon:**

- **Scrap-Flamer (Ranged):** Range 6", Impact 2/3. This weapon targets all fighters in a 6" cone and creates a "Wall of Flame" token along its centre. Any non-Smoulderkin fighters and Beasts within 1" of the Wall of Flame count as being in Hazardous Terrain.

- **Special Rule - Hazard Suit:** This fighter is immune to damage from fire and hazardous terrain.

- **Ability:**

- **"Controlled Burn" (Double):** Place a 3" diameter "Burning Ground" token. The area is Hazardous Terrain for all non-Smoulder-Kin fighters.





Frakk Drill aka “The Kisser”

180 Points

This colossal machine is not merely a vehicle or a weapon; it is the sacred ark of Clan Smoulder. It is the very instrument of their exodus, the interdimensional vessel that carried them through seven hells and delivered them to their new home. It is a piece of stolen, misunderstood, and violently repurposed technology that has become the literal and spiritual center of their civilization. On the battlefield, it is their mobile fortress, their siege engine, and their most holy relic, a testament to the chaotic journey that forged their singular and terrible purpose.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
1	6	6	3	20	1	1

- **Weapon:**
 - **Grinding Drill-Bit** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 4/8. This weapon has the **Pulverize** keyword.
- **Special Rule - Tunneling:** This fighter can move through walls and other solid terrain features, but must end its move in an open space.
- **Special Rule - Cumbersome:** This fighter cannot take a second move action in the same activation.



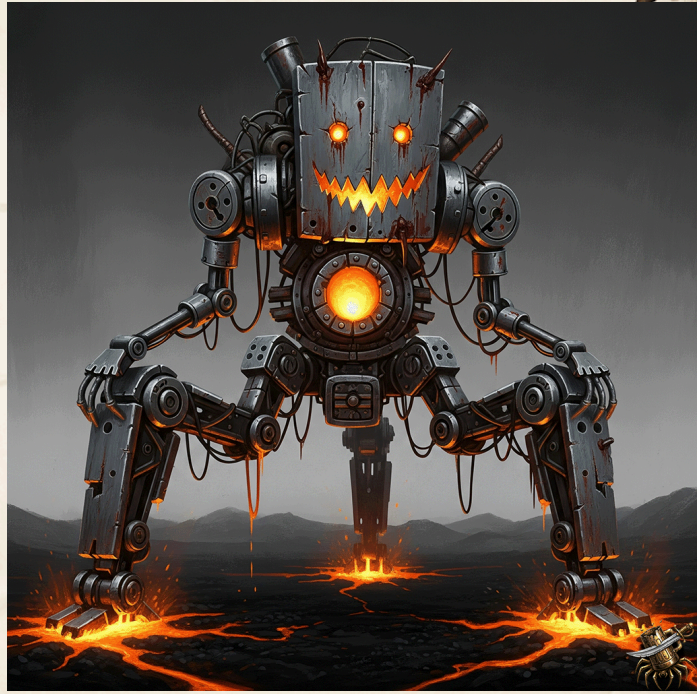




Glass Clinker

110 Points

A masterpiece of Slag-Punk ingenuity, the Glass-Clinker is a terrifying fusion of scavenged technology and stolen, divine power. It is a testament to the Smoulder-Kin's utter lack of respect for the established order, a belief that even the heart of a sun-god is just another component to be repurposed. Its crude, smiling facade is a mockery of life, a terrifyingly unprofessional mask for the roaring furnace within. It is not a simple beast of war, but a walking, clanking blasphemy, a symbol of the clan's belief that anything, no matter how sacred, can be broken down and rebuilt into something more useful.



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

- **Weapon:**
 - **Heated Claws** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/3
- **Special Rule - Molten Trail:** This fighter leaves a 1" wide "Molten Ground" token along the path it moves. This area is hazardous terrain for all non-Smoulder-Kin fighters.





Warband Playstyle: Subterranean Assault & Area Denial

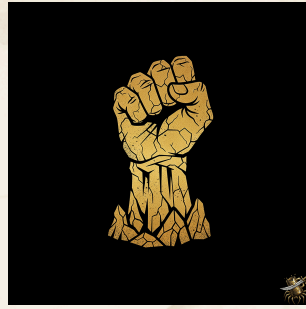
Clan Smoulder is a high-skill "board control" warband. Their strategy is to bypass the enemy's main battle line entirely using their unique tunneling abilities. They excel at emerging in unexpected and disruptive locations, immediately seizing key objectives or targeting vulnerable enemy support units. Once in position, they use their numerous flamethrowers and fire-based abilities to create impassable walls of flame, splitting the enemy warband in two and controlling the flow of the battle by making large parts of the board a fiery deathtrap.

Tips & Tricks:

- **The Alpha Strike:** Your most powerful opening move is to use Rat-With-Chips' "Underground Overrun" Commandment on the first turn. Use it to redeploy your two Smoulder-Kin Burners to a critical, undefended flank to immediately seize control of the board.
- **Walls of Fire:** Your Smoulder-Kin Burners are not primarily damage dealers; they are tools of area denial. Use their **Scrap-Flamer's** ability to create walls of flame that your opponent cannot cross, forcing them to take long, inefficient routes.
- **The Drill is a Distraction:** The Frakk Drill is a slow but terrifyingly powerful melee threat. Send it directly towards the most dangerous part of the enemy warband. Your opponent cannot afford to ignore it, and while they are busy dealing with the drill, the rest of your warband is free to complete the objective.
- **Molten Trail:** The Glass Clinker is a fantastic tool for creating even more hazardous terrain. Use its speed to run a line of molten slag behind the enemy, trapping them between your flamethrowers and a wall of molten glass.

"They want to burn the world down with a giant mirror, all because someone put lipstick on them once or twice. Honestly, some folk will hold a grudge over anything."





The Jotunn-Kin

You don't get the Jotunn-Kin stopping in for a pint. For one, most of them are too big to fit through the door. For another, I don't think they need to drink. A crew of them will sometimes pass through town, and they don't walk so much as they *happen* to the landscape. They'll stop on the edge of the square and just... stand. Silent as a mountain, patient as a glacier. They don't trade, they don't talk. They just watch, and you'll see the whole market go quiet under their gaze. The strangest thing is their eyes. You look at a Mauler and you see a beast, all rage and hunger. You look into the eyes of a Jotunn-Kin, and you see an ancient, cold intelligence looking back. They're not beasts; they're a verdict.

The story I hear is they weren't born, but made. Each one was once a mortal, someone who got so fed up with the gods, the coin, the contracts, and the whole bloody, complicated mess of it all that they just walked away from it. Headed out into the wildest places they could find - a volcano, a frozen peak, a deep swamp - not to conquer them, but just to be left alone. And the land, it seems, respected that. It took them in, consumed them, and spat them back out as its own children. They're the ultimate cynics who rejected all power and, in doing so, were given the greatest power of all. Now, they live by a simple, brutal philosophy to protect their peace: if you look like a threat, you cease to exist. The ends, as they say, justify the means.

In a scrap, they're not a force of nature; they're a geological event. They don't rush or rage like a common beast. They move with the slow, inevitable certainty of a lava flow. They don't bother with armour or shields; their hide is the mountain itself, and they've got this unnerving knack for making your best steel seem like cheap tin. A blade will shatter against their skin, a shield will just crumple under a blow from one of their stone fists. They fight with a cold, quiet fury, a sort of patient violence that's more terrifying than any berserker's scream. It feels less like a battle and more like you've just made the fatal error of trying to argue with an earthquake.

There's a big one, a Forge-attuned brute they call Borr. Last I heard, a Gilded Legion caravan, heavy with gold and confidence, tried to take a shortcut through his territory in the Hountains. They didn't see him as a threat, just another big beast to be ignored. That was a mistake. Borr didn't attack them. He just walked to the end of the mountain pass and, with a single swing of that stone club of his, brought the entire cliff face down. Buried the lot of them. He wasn't after their coin. He just didn't want them walking on his land.





The Land's Own Fury

[1000 Points]



Warband Mechanic: The Cynic's Contempt

The Jotunn-Kin are the ultimate cynics, possessing a deep, philosophical contempt for the "efforts" of civilized warfare. They see your reliance on heavy plate, your flurries of rapid strikes, or your single, mighty blows not as strengths, but as fleeting, pathetic delusions.

Rule: At the start of the battle, after deployment, secretly choose one of the following three **Verdicts**. Once your opponent has also finished deploying, reveal your choice. This Verdict is in effect for your entire warband for the rest of the battle.

1. Contempt for Fortitude

"Your fortress of steel is a tomb of your own making. You have simply saved me the trouble of burying you." - This verdict punishes enemies who rely on heavy armour.

- **Effect:** All melee attacks made by friendly Jotunn-Kin fighters gain the **Pulverize** keyword when targeting an enemy fighter with a **Grit of 4 or higher**.





2. Contempt for Agility

"You dance and weave like a panicked fly, buzzing loudly before the inevitable, final smack."

- This verdict punishes enemies who rely on speed and volume of attacks.

- **Effect:** When an enemy fighter targets a friendly Jotunn-Kin with a melee attack action that has a **Flurry of 4 or higher**, the attacking fighter suffers **D3 damage** after their attack action is fully resolved.

3. Contempt for Strength

"You put all your will into that one, perfect strike. It was a beautiful, wasted effort. Now, it is my turn." - This verdict punishes enemies who rely on raw, overwhelming power.

- **Effect:** When an enemy fighter targets a friendly Jotunn-Kin with a melee attack action that has a **Heft of 5 or higher**, that attack suffers **-1 Impact** (to both its base and critical damage, to a minimum of 1).





Warband Mechanic: Elemental Attunement

The Jotunn-Kin are not just creatures; they are the physical manifestation of the land's own rage. Their bodies are a fusion of mortal will and the primal essence of the harsh environment that forged them.

Rule: At the start of the skirmish, before deployment, you must choose one of the following three Attunements for your entire warband. This choice lasts for the entire battle and provides two benefits:

1. A **Passive Buff** for all friendly Jotunn-Kin fighters.
2. The **Attack Profile** for the Elemental Breath (**Double**) ability.

The Three Attunements

1. Forge Attuned (The Unbreakable)

Your warband fighters are forged in the volcanic heart of the mountains. Their hides are as hard as obsidian, and their will is as unbending as iron.

- **Passive Buff: Forge-Hardened Will**

Friendly fighters cannot have their Grit characteristic reduced by enemy abilities (such as **Corrosive Bile** or **Strip the Flesh**).

- **Elemental Breath (Double): Molten Slag**

This fighter unleashes a spray of superheated slag. This is a ranged attack with the following profile:

- **Range:** 6" Cone





- **Profile:** Flurry 1, Heft 5, Impact 2/4
- **Special Rule:** After the attack is resolved, place a 3" diameter **Burning Ground** token in the center of the cone's area. This area is **Hazardous Terrain** for the rest of the battle.

2. Mire Attuned (The Implacable)

Your warband fighters are born of the swamp's sucking, grasping mud. They are patient, resilient, and as immovable as a waterlogged mountain.

- **Passive Buff: Rooted in the Mire**

Friendly fighters gain the **Unstoppable** keyword. They cannot be moved by enemy abilities like Shove or Harpoon & Drag.

- **Elemental Breath (Double): Debilitating Miasma**

This fighter exhales a cloud of toxic, debilitating spores. This is a ranged attack with the following profile:

- **Range:** 6" Cone
- **Profile:** Flurry 1, Heft 4, Impact 1/3
- **Special Rule:** Any fighter hit by this attack suffers **-1 Grit** for the rest of the battle round.

3. Tundra Attuned (The Numbing)

Your warband fighters are embodiments of the biting, paralyzing cold of the deep tundra. To strike them is to feel your very limbs grow heavy and slow.

- **Passive Buff: Numbing Cold**

When an enemy fighter makes a melee attack action targeting a friendly fighter, the attacker suffers -1 Flurry (to a minimum of 1) for that attack action.

- **Elemental Breath (Double): Flash Freeze**

This fighter unleashes a blast of supernatural cold. This is a ranged attack with the following profile:

- **Range:** 6" Cone
- **Profile:** Flurry 1, Heft 4, Impact 1/2
- **Special Rule:** Any fighter hit by this attack is **Pinned** (cannot make move actions) on their next activation.





Jotunn-Lord Borrr

Leader - 385 Points

The Jotunn-Lord is not a king in any mortal sense; he is a philosophical conclusion.

Historical analysis suggests each Jotunn-Kin was once a mortal who, embracing the cynical teachings of Diogenes, rejected the artifice of civilization. Borrr represents the final stage of this journey: a being who, in seeking to escape power, achieved an apotheosis into a form of it that is primal and absolute. His subsequent adoption of a ruthless, Machiavellian pragmatism is a grim paradox; he now wields the very power

he once shunned, not for conquest, but to enforce a terrible and unyielding solitude upon his domain. His commands are not shouted, but are felt - a tremor in the rock, a shift in the wind - the undeniable will of the land itself.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	6	6	3	35	3	4

- **Weapon:**
 - **Massive Stone Club (Melee):** Range 2, Impact 4/7 (Two-Handed)
- **Abilities:**
 - **Elemental Breath (Double):** This fighter makes a ranged attack with a profile determined by their attunement. This attack targets all fighters in a 6" cone .
 - **Forge Attuned:** Range 6", Flurry 1, Heft 5, Impact 2/4
 - **Mire Attuned:** Range 6", Flurry 1, Heft 4, Impact 1/3. Any fighter hit suffers -1 Grit for the rest of the battle round.
 - **Tundra Attuned:** Range 6", Flurry 1, Heft 4, Impact 1/2. Any fighter hit is **Pinned** on their next activation.
 - **[COMMANDMENT] "The Earth Moves" (Triple):** Choose up to three pieces of scatter terrain on the battlefield. You may immediately move each of them up to 4" in any direction in a straight line. Any fighter (friend or foe) that a piece of terrain moves through suffers D3 damage and is immediately knocked **Pro**





Jotunn-Kin

305 Points x 2 Members

The standard Jotunn-Kin warrior is a fascinating specimen, a living manifestation of the Land's Own Rage. Their physical forms are a direct reflection of the harsh, elemental crucible that unmade their mortality and forged them anew - be it the volcanic heart of The Forge or the frozen peaks of The Tundra. This transformation has imbued them with a profound, philosophical contempt for mortal craft. Their elemental hides render traditional armour a brittle shell, their raw strength makes a mockery of a forged shield, and their very presence seems to dull the edge of the finest blade. They are the ultimate anvil, a living testament to the cynical belief that in the face of true, natural power, the trappings of civilization are nothing more than fragile, temporary delusions.



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

- **Weapon:**
 - **Massive Fists (Melee):** Range 1, Impact 3/6
- **Abilities:**
 - **Elemental Breath (Double):** This fighter makes a ranged attack with a profile determined by their attunement (see Jotunn-Lord Borr's abilities for profiles).
 - **"Hurl Debris" (Double):** This fighter can make a ranged attack action with the following profile: Range 8", Flurry 1, Heft 6, Impact 3/5.





Warband Playstyle:

The Immovable Mountain

The Jotunn-Kin are the definitive "Anvil" warband. They are an elite, slow-moving, and incredibly durable crew. Your strategy is not one of speed or subtlety, but of overwhelming presence and brute force. Your goal is to march to the center of the battlefield or a key objective, absorb your opponent's best attack without flinching, and then methodically grind them into dust in a war of attrition. You do not react to the battle; you *are* the battle, an immovable object that your opponent must break themselves against.

Tips & Tricks:

- **The Cynic's Gambit is Your Opening Move:** Your most important decision happens before the first turn. Carefully analyze your opponent's roster and choose the **Cynic's Contempt** that will hurt them the most. Facing the heavily armoured Gilded Legion? Choose **Contempt for Fortitude** to gain **Pulverize**. Facing a swarm of weapon-wielding Tide Sworn? Choose **Contempt for Agility** to cripple their Flurry. This choice can win you the game before a single die is rolled.
- **Control the Center:** You have a very low model count. You cannot win a wide-ranging objective game. Your goal is to identify the most critical point on the battlefield and plant your feet there. Your immense durability makes you incredibly difficult to shift, forcing the enemy to come to you and engage in a fight they cannot win.
- **The Lord is Your Wrecking Ball:** Your Jotunn-Lord is a true powerhouse. Use him to break the enemy's toughest units. His [COMMANDMENT] "**The Earth Moves**" is a game-changing ability; use it to disrupt an enemy gunline by moving their cover, to block a charge lane, or to shove an enemy off a ledge.
- **Use Your Breath:** Don't forget that all your fighters have a powerful cone attack in **Elemental Breath**. While you excel at single-target destruction, this is your best tool for dealing with swarms of weaker enemies who will try to bog you down. A well-placed breath attack can clear out multiple chaff units at once.
- **Mind the Objectives:** Your greatest weakness is your low numbers. In scenarios with multiple objectives, you will be easily outmaneuvered. You must be brutally efficient. Your goal is not just to fight, but to systematically eliminate any enemy fighter that is holding, or moving towards, an objective.

"Walked away from civilization to find peace and quiet, ended up turning into a bloody mountain. Some folk will do anything to avoid paying their bar tab."

