

— 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?"

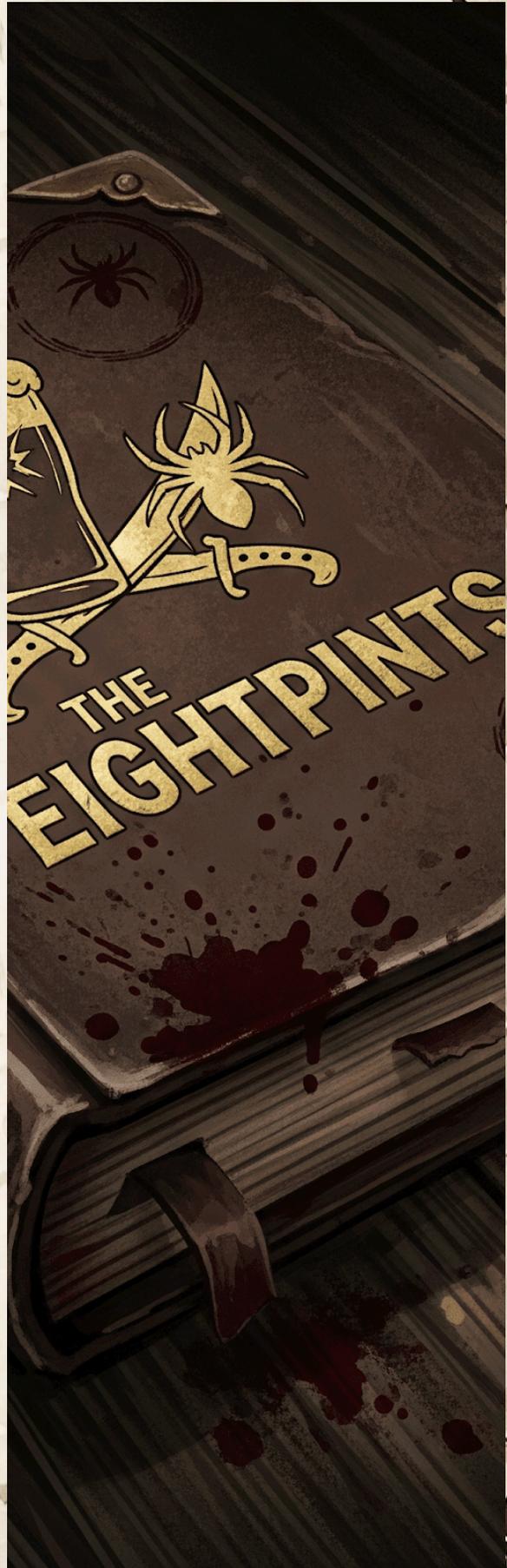
The landlord poured your pint, fresh frothy foam whispery-kiss-sliding down the slide of the tankard.

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:

"Howabouts... you kills us eights of them?"

MF.
We have us
a PURPOSE





Scars Of

Near The Beginning...

MF.

Vol. XIV

Tall Tales

Tall Tales

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Vol. XIV

Tall Tales

The Fable of The Bull

Alright, you miserable lot of Shiner-grubbing amateurs, gather 'round! Put that lukewarm pint down before you spill it on my nice, clean ledger. You've survived the back-alleys, you've crawled through the muck and sand, and you've managed to not die in a ditch - yet. But let's be honest: right now, you're just another nameless crew of cutthroats in a world that forgets its dead before the blood even hits the Drain.

You want to be more than a footnote? You want to be the reason people stay inside and bolt their doors at night? Then you need a story. Not just any story - you need a tale so tall its sounds less likely than fitting an entire piggly-wiggly into one lonesome porky-pie.

The Game Within the Game

Listen to me, because the odds on this are astronomical. **Tall Tales** aren't just a list of chores; they're "Trilogies of Violence". They're where you stop just *winning* and start *performing*. We're talking about a three-stage escalation where the universe itself stops to watch you do something spectacular

You think you're good because you took out a rival? Pfft. Try taking out an enemy Leader in a single, decisive, personal blow while the Docks are glowing with silver light. That's not a skirmish; that's a masterpiece. And the best part? The entities you'll encounter along the way - ancient Shiner Eels, spectral Warlords, and Sun Forged Djinn - don't care

about your feelings. They're here to see if you've got the guts to play their game.

The Butcher's Bet: Perfection or Dust

Some say Torsten the Butcher is an ancient god; others say he's just a man with a very sharp hobby. Either way, he's watching. His "Bet" is for the elitists - the ones who want to prove that their victory wasn't just a fluke of the dice.

You'll start by proving your **Precision** in the Docks, move on to **Dominance** on an Ancient Battlefield, and finally aim for **Flawlessness** in the Glass Wastes. And I mean *flawless*. If even one of your fighters gets taken out, the mirror shatters, the Djinn vanishes, and you walk away with nothing but sand in your boots. But if you win? You get **The Butcher's Own Die**. Solid gold, obsidian pips, and the power to rewrite a single roll of fate whenever you choose. That's the kind of edge that makes me nervous, and I'm even the one running the books.

The Glutton's Due: Eat or Be Eaten

If you're the type who likes to leave a trail of empty pockets and shattered dreams, the **Glutton's Due** is for you. This isn't a god; it's a primal hunger that wants to see if you're a worthy vessel for consumption.

You'll have to hold elevated terrain against the ghosts of the past and slaughter monsters in the Mire with a single, massive blow each. It's messy, it's loud, and it's glorious. By the time you're mastering the elements in the Glass Wastes, you'll be aiming for the **Glutton's Gut** - a permanent boon that lets your Leader heal wounds just by killing enemies in melee. It's the ultimate "thank you" for a job well-slaughtered.





The Gambler's Ghost: High Stakes and Dirty Hands

Now, this is where my personal interest lies. A legendary gambler from Al'Sarab has crawled out of the veil specifically to challenge *your* luck. He's wagered his soul against your reputation, and let me tell you, he's a dirty player.

You'll be looting objectives in the Docks just to get his attention. Then comes the fun part: **The Stacked Deck**. You'll have to win a fight while your warband is reduced to half its numbers. It's a "bad hand," and he wants to see you fold. But if you can out-bluff a ghost or snatch the bone cards from a sorrowful spirit in the Mire, you'll walk away with the **Gambler's Ghost Hand**. It lets you re-roll your *entire* pool of 8 Oracle Dice once per battle. That's not just luck; that's a heist on reality.

The Unseen Blade: The Art of the Ghost

For those of you who prefer to win a fight before the enemy even realizes they're in one, we have the **Unseen Blade**. This is the legacy of the Silent Steep - an order of assassins who left no trace.

This tale is about discipline. You'll be making ranged attacks from cover in the fog of the Mire and winning skirmishes without ever being targeted by a ranged attack yourself. It's about becoming a "ghost among ghosts". The final prize? **The Creed of the Silent Steep**. Once per campaign, you can declare a **Silent Hunt**. If your Leader stays unscathed, your whole crew gets double XP. It turns your warband into a surgical instrument, and believe me, business is always booming for professionals.



The Bookie's Bottom Line

So, here's the deal. These **Tall Tales** are hard. They're unfair. They require you to be lucky, smart, and brutal all at once. But that's why the odds are SO damned good.

You can stay in the pub, telling the same boring stories about that one time you almost killed a scavenger. Or you can go out there, trigger a **Miracle**, win a **Gambit**, and claim a **Legendary Boon** that will make your name live forever in the Sink. Swirling, for eternity.

I've already opened them there books. The spirits are waiting, the Djinn is warming up, and the Silver Eel is looking hungry. Are you a hero of legend, or just more grease for the Drain?

**Place your bets, you beautiful closers.
Your Tale starts now!**





Tall Tales

What's the only feeling in the world better than slaying a dragon? Telling your mates about it. What's the only thing better than that? Telling your mates it was your grot that landed the final blow. And the only thing better than that? Greasy fingers from all the beer and pizza you're scoffing down while telling the tale.

Let's face it: There's nothing better than a good story. And here's where you get to vigorously embellish your own.

There are a lot of different ways to go questing in The Eightpints. If you dig to a moderate depth, you may see that there are benefits to strategically planning your journey through the lands. Visit The Mire to grab a specific ingredient for an Exploding Potion you want to violently dribble over your mate, visit The Docks to replace your now-ex-mate with a new BFF, visit The Cham for sick lid that will impress your Nan and everyone else at the old age home. Good cake and *great* biscuits.

In **Vol. IX Dirtying The Dishes** we introduced a way for every player to try their manipulative best to ensure the Environment their gaming group next goes adventuring in is *your* next preferred Environment. Hot rats piss to *Everyone Else*. We decided to add another layer of incentive onto this, to get the party really started: Tall Tales. Now, you and your mates need to ~~argue~~ strategise how to best go about ensuring everyone is equally ~~un~~happy with your next Quest location, in order to balance which ingredient/follower/item and now /NPC you want to interact with. For benefits.

Did we say NPC? Did we *really* do that? If you count a carnivorous plant, a talking wall, a ghost lizard with a gambling problem and a quiet bowl of tea as "NPCs", then yes, we mentioned this Tome now introduces benefactor NPCs into the wonderful world of The Eightpints.

If you're looking for NPCs that more closely resemble your average two-armed-two-legged used-to-have-a-totally-zany-haircut-and-now-just-have-a-zany-one mall employee, then this ain't the Tome for you. Hell, not sure how you even made it this far. You certainly aren't going to get results in any of *these* quests.

Good luck, MF. Dorothy just slipped down the rabbit hole and discovered its got more dark paths than a mallard's genital tract. There's bound to be treasure down at least one of 'em.

Get the snorkel out.





“The Butcher's Bet”

A mysterious, unseen Patron - some say an ancient god of artistry and violence, others say Torsten the Butcher himself - has taken an interest in your warband. It seeks a true masterpiece of the mercenary's craft, a perfect trilogy of violence. It will not communicate in words, but through omens, rewarding acts of supreme skill with a chance to prove your worth and claim an unparalleled prize.

The Moral: True mastery is not just about winning, but about the *artistry* of the win.





Stage 1: The Art of Precision



Environment

The Docks

The Trigger

During any skirmish or quest in The Docks, your warband must **take an enemy Leader out of action with a single Attack Action from your own Leader**. It must be a clean, decisive, and personal blow that ends the enemy's command in one fell swoop.

The Miracle

If you succeed, a profound silence falls over the pier where the enemy leader fell. The filthy water of the harbour begins to glow with a soft, silver light. A single, colossal **Shiner Eel**, its scales the color of polished silver instead of the usual gold, rises from the depths. It does not attack, but fixes your Leader with an ancient, intelligent gaze, its silent challenge echoing directly in their mind: *"Was it that skill, or was it merely luck?"*





The Gambit (TN 16+)

You must prove your worth. You are offered two ways to answer the Silver Eel's challenge:

- **Persuade (Clout + Metvél-Kaltos):** Argue your case with the perfect blend of tactical breakdown and sheer force of will, convincing the ancient beast that your victory was the result of a masterfully executed plan.
- **Endure (Grit + Clout):** Meet its ancient, psychic gaze without flinching. Withstand the immense pressure of its will with your own stubborn resolve, proving your spirit is as strong as your arm.

The Stakes

- **Critical Success (Beat TN by 5+):** The Silver Eel is so impressed it gifts you one of its own scales - a shimmering silver trinket that seems to twist probability. It imparts the next step of the Patron's test. **Reward:** You receive the "Eel's Scale Charm" (once per battle, you may re-roll a single die from your Oracle's Call pool) and may proceed to Stage 2.
- **Success (Beat TN by 1-4):** The Silver Eel is satisfied. It imparts the next step of the Patron's test before sinking back into the depths. You may proceed to Stage 2.
- **Partial Success (Meet TN or miss by 1-2):** You prove your worth, but the eel's psychic probe leaves you shaken. It imparts the next step of the test, but your Leader suffers a temporary crisis of confidence. **Penalty:** Your Leader suffers -1 Clout for the duration of the next quest. You may proceed to Stage 2.
- **Failure (Miss TN by 3+):** The eel deems you a lucky amateur. It lets out a silent, psychic laugh of contempt and vanishes. The Tall Tale ends here.





Eel's Scale Charm

- A shimmering silver scale, gifted by an ancient Shiner Eel. It seems to twist probability in the holder's favour.
 - **Item Type:** Unique Gear (Trinket)
 - **Rule:** Once per battle, the fighter equipped with this charm may re-roll a single die from your warband's Oracle's Call pool.





Stage 2: The Art of Dominance



Environment

Ancient Battlefield

The Trigger

During any skirmish or quest on the Ancient Battlefield, a single one of your fighters (can be any fighter, not just the Leader) must **take two or more enemy fighters out of action in a single battle round**. This is a display of pure, overwhelming battlefield dominance.

The Miracle

If you succeed, the battlefield's lingering sorrow recognizes a new master. The thousands of shattered blades and broken shields littering the ground rise into the air, assembling themselves into a magnificent, brutalist throne. The spectral echo of a long-dead Warlord appears, sitting upon the throne, and addresses the fighter who accomplished the feat: *"You fight with the fury of my old legion. But do you have the will to command it?"*





The Gambit (TN 17+)

The spirit of the Warlord tests your resolve. You have two options:

- **Coerce (Clout + Heft):** Your fighter meets the spectral Warlord's challenge with their own raw power and intimidating presence, proving that their physical dominance is a match for any ghost of the past.
- **Subterfuge (Metvél-Kaltos + Footwork):** Instead of a direct confrontation, your fighter uses their cunning and agility to outmaneuver the spirit's challenge, perhaps by pointing out a flaw in its ancient tactics or by physically dismantling a part of the throne to unravel its power.

The Stakes

- **Critical Success:** The Warlord's spirit bellows with laughter, deeply impressed. It not only tells you the final trial, but imbues your warrior with the echo of its own command.
Reward: The fighter who performed the Gambit gains **5 bonus XP**, and you may proceed to Stage 3.
- **Success:** The spirit nods in grim approval before fading, imparting the location and nature of the final test. You may proceed to Stage 3.
- **Partial Success:** The spirit is grudgingly impressed but demands a price for its wisdom. The fighter who performed the Gambit is "Haunted" and must start the next battle **Reeling**. You may proceed to Stage 3.
- **Failure:** The spirit scoffs at your weakness and the throne of blades collapses into dust. The Tall Tale ends here.





Stage 3: The Art of Flawlessness



Environment

Chamuscado Glass Wastes

The Trigger

During any skirmish or quest in the Chamuscado Glass Wastes, you must **achieve victory without a single one of your fighters being Taken Out of Action**. It must be a perfect, flawless victory.

The Miracle

Upon your victory, the searing heat of the wastes intensifies. The very glass beneath your feet begins to melt, not into a chaotic puddle, but into a single, flawless, miles-wide mirror that reflects the sky with impossible clarity. From the center of the mirror, a majestic **Sun Forged Djinn** emerges, its body made of pure, captured sunlight. It bows, not as a servant, but as an equal, and speaks with a voice like shattering glass: *"Perfection. The Patron is pleased. Claim your prize."*

The Gambit (TN 18+)

The Djinn holds the ultimate reward, but you must prove you are worthy to receive it.





- **Endure (Grit + Clout):** You must withstand the raw, unfiltered solar energy that radiates from the Djinn, proving your will is strong enough to not be consumed by the ultimate power you seek.
- **Persuade (Clout + Metvél-Kaltos):** You must convince the Djinn that your flawless victory was not a fluke, but a calculated masterpiece of strategy and will, worthy of the Patron's grand prize.

The Stakes

- **Critical Success:** You not only claim the reward but absorb a fraction of the Djinn's power. **Reward:** You receive **The Butcher's Own Die**. In addition, your entire warband will start your next battle with a temporary **+1 Grit**.
- **Success:** You have proven yourself. The Djinn bestows upon you the ultimate reward. **Reward:** You receive **The Butcher's Own Die**.
- **Partial Success:** You claim the prize, but the Djinn's power scorches you. The fighter who performed the Gambit gains a permanent **Lasting Injury** (roll on the table). **Reward:** You still receive **The Butcher's Own Die**.
- **Failure:** The Djinn deems your performance flawed. The mirror shatters back into sand, and the Djinn vanishes, taking the prize with it. The Tall Tale ends in failure.





Final Reward: The Butcher's Own Die

This is a single, beautiful, and unnervingly heavy D6, seemingly carved from solidified gold and inlaid with obsidian pips. It was the Patron's own, and it is a tool for rewriting fate.

- **Rule:** This is a single-use item for your warband. At any point during a skirmish, after any die has been rolled (by you or an opponent), you may declare you are using The Butcher's Own Die. You may change the result of that single die roll to any face value you choose (1 through 6). Once used, it vanishes in a puff of cynical laughter.





"The Glutton's Due"

A powerful, ancient hunger has taken notice of your warband. It is not a god, but a primal concept - the spirit of consumption itself. It wishes to see if you are a worthy vessel for its philosophy: that true strength is not merely defeating your enemies, but taking their power for your own.

The Moral: A true conqueror leaves nothing of value behind for the scavengers.





Stage 1: A Taste of History



Environment

Ancient Battlefield

The Trigger

During any skirmish or quest on the Ancient Battlefield, you must demonstrate tactical dominance over the ghosts of the past. Your warband must **be the only one with fighters on two or more different pieces of elevated terrain at the end of any battle round.**

The Miracle

If you succeed, the largest ruin on the battlefield groans with the sound of grinding stone. The face of a colossal **Grave Plate Mauler** emerges from the rock, its eyes burning with a cold, ancient light. It speaks, its voice like a landslide: *"You claim my stones. But do you have the strength to hold them?"*





The Gambit (TN 16+)

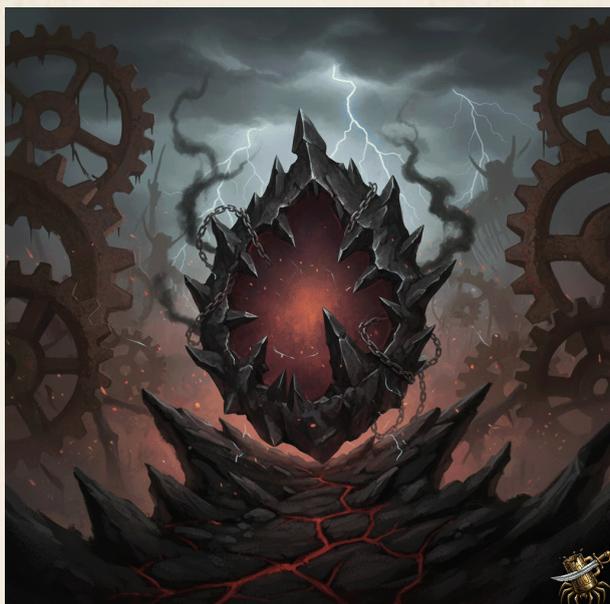
You must answer the challenge of the ancient earth.

- **Coerce (Clout + Heft):** Your Leader meets the Mauler's challenge with a display of raw power, smashing a nearby rock to powder or letting out a battle cry so potent it cracks the stones at their feet, proving your strength is greater than the rock's.
- **Endure (Grit + Clout):** Your Leader stands firm, meeting the Mauler's immense presence with their own unshakeable will, weathering its psychic pressure without taking a single step back.

The Stakes

- **Critical Success:** The Mauler is deeply impressed. It recedes into the stone, leaving behind a perfect, fist-sized geode of **Heart-Iron Ore**. It whispers the location of your next test. You gain the ore and may proceed to Stage 2.
- **Success:** The Mauler grunts in approval and imparts the nature of the next trial before vanishing. You may proceed to Stage 2.
- **Partial Success:** You pass the test, but the effort is draining. The Mauler imparts the next trial, but your Leader begins the next skirmish with the **Battered & Bruised** condition. You may proceed to Stage 2.
- **Failure:** The Mauler scoffs, "You are just another trespasser." It sinks back into the ruin, taking the secret of the path with it. The Tall Tale ends here.





Heart-Iron Ore

A fist-sized geode of pure, raw iron, imbued with the geological resilience of the Ancient Battlefield's oldest guardian.

- **Use:** A key component for crafting Legendary armour or weapons. Its exact recipe is a secret that must be sought out.





Stage 2: A Drink of Life



Environment

The Mire

The Trigger

During any skirmish or quest in The Mire, you must prove you can consume the very life force of the swamp. A single fighter in your warband must **take a beast with the 'Monster' keyword out of action with an attack that deals 10 or more damage in a single blow.**

The Miracle

If you succeed, the murky water where the great beast fell boils and turns a vibrant, glowing green. From the corpse, a beautiful and menacing **Corpse-Lily** of impossible size blooms in an instant. A ghostly voice whispers on the wind, *"You take life with such... appetite. But can you beguile it?"*

The Gambit (TN 17+)

The Lily offers a prize, but its beauty is a trap.





Subterfuge (Metvél-Kaltos + Footwork): Using cunning and speed, your Leader distracts the sentient plant with a clever feint, allowing them to snatch the prize from its heart before its petals can snap shut.

- **Persuade (Clout + Metvél-Kaltos):** Your Leader does not use trickery, but force of will, calming the predatory plant with a display of serene confidence, convincing it to offer up its prize willingly.

The Stakes

- **Critical Success:** The Corpse-Lily bows its head in respect. It offers you its prize and a single, perfect **Corpse-Lily Petal** ingredient. You learn the final trial and may proceed to Stage 3.
- **Success:** You successfully claim the prize and learn the location of the final test. You may proceed to Stage 3.
- **Partial Success:** You get the prize, but not cleanly. The Lily snaps at you, inflicting a **Lasting Injury** on your Leader as they retreat. You learn the final trial and may proceed to Stage 3.
- **Failure:** You hesitate, and the Corpse-Lily devours the prize, its mocking laughter echoing the whispers on the wind. The Tall Tale ends here.





Corpse-Lily Petal

A single, perfect petal from a monstrous, sentient Corpse-Lily. It is beautiful, fragrant, and saturated with the potent life-force of The Mire.

- **Use:** A legendary alchemical ingredient, said to be the key to brewing potions that can defy death itself. Its recipe is lost to all but the most dedicated (or insane) alchemists.





Stage 3: A Feast of Fire



Environment

Chamuscado Glass Wastes

The Trigger

To complete the trial of consumption, you must master the elements. During any skirmish in the Chamuscado Glass Wastes, you must **take an enemy fighter out of action using damage from a fire-based source** (e.g., a Molten Trail, Solar Flare, or a Dragon's Breath Ale).

The Miracle

If you succeed, the spot where the enemy fell melts into a perfect circle of shimmering, molten glass. In the center, a miniature, fiery **Sun Forged Djinn**, no bigger than a fist, coalesces from the heat. It crackles, *"You have feasted on history, life, and now my fire. But can you endure the check?"* It holds forth a single, ever-burning ember.

The Gambit (TN 18+)

The final prize is offered, a test of pure endurance.





Endure (Grit + Clout): Your Leader plunges their hand into the heart of the miniature djinn, their sheer will and toughness overpowering the searing flame to claim the ember within.

- **Coerce (Clout + Heft):** Your Leader slams their fist next to the djinn with such force that the shockwave snuffs out its flame, forcing it to yield its prize before it dissipates.

The Stakes

- **Critical Success:** You claim the ember and absorb a fraction of the Djinn's power. **Reward:** You receive **The Glutton's Gut**. In addition, your entire warband is immune to fire damage for the duration of your next skirmish.
- **Success:** You have passed the final test and claim your reward. **Reward:** You receive **The Glutton's Gut**.
- **Partial Success:** You seize the ember, but its fire leaves a permanent mark. Your Leader gains the **Impressive Scar** Lasting Injury. You still receive **The Glutton's Gut**.
- **Failure:** Your will falters, and the Djinn consumes the ember in a final, brilliant flash. The Tall Tale ends in failure.





Legendary Boon: The Glutton's Gut

You have pleased the primal hunger. Your Leader is now a true connoisseur of consumption, able to draw strength from the very essence of their fallen foes.

- **Rule:** This is a permanent boon for your Leader. For the rest of the campaign, whenever your Leader takes an enemy fighter out of action in melee, they may immediately heal D6 wounds.





"The Gambler's Ghost"

The spectral echo of a legendary, long-dead gambler from the lost city of Al'Sarab has noticed your warband's uncanny knack for acquiring things. Believing you to be a worthy opponent, its ghost has crossed the veil to challenge you to one final, world-spanning game. The stake? Its eternal soul against your legendary luck.

The Moral: The only thing more dangerous than a cheater is a ghost with nothing left to lose.





Stage 1: The Ante



Environment

The Docks

The Trigger

During any skirmish or quest in The Docks, you must prove your talent for acquisition. Your warband must **successfully loot or control three or more different objective tokens in a single battle.**

The Miracle

If you succeed, as your Leader takes stock of their haul after the battle, three ancient, bone-carved dice tumble from a pouch they didn't know they had. As the dice clatter on the pier, the shimmering, translucent form of a **Doku-ya Juy'ata** gambler appears, a cynical grin on its spectral face. It chuckles, a sound like dry leaves skittering on glass. *"You have a knack for taking things. But can you win them fair? I wager my soul against your luck. First throw is for the ante."*





The Gambit (TN 16+)

You must play the ghost's game. It offers a simple roll of its dice, but its eyes suggest the game is anything but simple.

- **Subterfuge (Metvél-Kaltos + Footwork):** You use your own sleight of hand to palm the ghost's dice, swapping them for your own. A classic act of cheating the cheater at his own game.
- **Persuade (Clout + Metvél-Kaltos):** You use your sharp wit and force of personality to deconstruct the ghost's wager, pointing out the flaws in its terms and bluffing it into believing you have already seen through its trickery.

The Stakes

- **Critical Success:** You not only win the roll but utterly outsmart the ghost. It is so impressed it gives you its own **Loaded Dice** as a sign of respect before telling you where to find it for the next hand. You gain the dice and may proceed to Stage 2.
- **Success:** You win the roll. The ghost nods, its grin widening. It tells you the location of the next stage before fading. You may proceed to Stage 2.
- **Partial Success:** You win, but the ghost's spectral energy leaves a chilling mark. It tells you the next location, but your Leader is **Cursed by Chance** and must re-roll their first successful hit in the next battle. You may proceed to Stage 2.
- **Failure:** The ghost's dice come up impossibly in its favour. It laughs as it fades, taking your luck with it. The Tall Tale ends here.





Loaded Dice

- A pair of ancient, bone-carved dice, won from a ghostly gambler. They feel unnaturally heavy and seem to land on the number you need just a little too often.
 - **Item Type:** Unique Gear (Trinket)
 - **Rule:** Once per battle round, the fighter equipped with these dice may re-roll one of their own failed hit dice during an attack action.

Cursed by Chance

This is a temporary curse bestowed by a spectral gambler, representing a fleeting moment of profound bad luck.

- **Rule:** A fighter who is **Cursed by Chance** must re-roll their first successful hit die in their next battle. This applies to the very first die that successfully hits, regardless of the attack action or target. After the re-roll is made, the curse is lifted for the remainder of the battle.





Stage 2: The Stacked Deck



Environment

Chamuscado Glass Wastes

The Trigger

To meet the gambler in his old stomping grounds, you must prove you can survive against impossible odds. You must **win a skirmish or quest after your warband has been reduced to half (or fewer) of its starting number of fighters.**

The Miracle

If you succeed, the shimmering heat haze before you coalesces into the form of the same ghostly gambler, now sitting at a spectral card table. Cards of pure, shimmering light deal themselves out. *"Impressive. You know how to play a bad hand,"* it hisses. *"But can you win when the deck is truly stacked against you?"* It reveals your hand: a collection of the worst possible cards.

The Gambit (TN 17+)

The ghost is actively cheating, its power warping probability itself. A direct contest is impossible.





Endure (Grit + Clout): You refuse to fold. Your Leader weathers the immense psychic pressure the ghost exerts, their sheer will and resilience refusing to break, holding their nerve until the ghost's own concentration falters.

- **Coerce (Clout + Heft):** You call the ghost's bluff in the most direct way possible. Your Leader slams their fist on the spectral table with such force that the illusion shatters, declaring in no uncertain terms that they make their *own* luck.

The Stakes

- **Critical Success:** You not only break the ghost's concentration but dominate it. It recoils, its form flickering violently. It tells you where to claim your winnings and, as a sign of submission, reveals a secret of the wastes (you may end your next skirmish with three extra **foraged ingredients** from the region). You may proceed to Stage 3.
- **Success:** The ghost's illusion shatters. It concedes the hand, its form weakened, and tells you where its soul is now bound. You may proceed to Stage 3.
- **Partial Success:** You win the hand, but the psychic backlash is immense. The ghost fades, but your Leader suffers from a "**Shattered Nerves**" Lasting Injury. You may proceed to Stage 3.
- **Failure:** The ghost's power is too great. The spectral cards burn to ash in your hands as it laughs, its victory absolute. The Tall Tale ends here.





Stage 3: The Final Debt



Environment

The Mire

The Trigger

The final stage is about retrieving a lost soul. You must **successfully complete any quest where the primary objective is to retrieve a specific item or person** (e.g., "The Sunken Sinner," "The Alchemist's Folly").

The Miracle

Upon securing your objective, the gambler's ghost appears, now faint and desperate. *"You've bested me... twice. My soul is forfeit. But it is not mine to give. It is bound to my greatest loss... my final hand..."* He points to a murky pool. From it emerges the sorrowful, spectral form of a **Cask-Brethren** spirit, its hand clutching a perfect, winning hand of cards carved from bone.

The Gambit (TN 18+)

The Cask-Brethren is the ghost of the man who beat the gambler in life. You must convince the sorrowful spirit to release its prize.





- **Persuade (Clout + Metvél-Kaltos):** You appeal to the Cask-Brethren's lingering empathy, using reason and charisma to convince it that holding onto its grudge is only prolonging its own sorrow and that releasing the gambler's soul will bring peace to them both.
- **Subterfuge (Metvél-Kaltos + Footwork):** You create a diversion, a flash of light or a loud noise, using your cunning and agility to snatch the bone cards from the spirit's grasp before it can react, stealing the final pot to win the game.

The Stakes

- **Critical Success:** You not only convince the Cask-Brethren, but your words grant it a moment of true peace. It fades away with a grateful nod. **Reward:** You receive **The Gambler's Ghost Hand**. In addition, your Leader gains a permanent **+1 to their Clout** characteristic.
- **Success:** You convince the spirit to release its claim. It hands over the cards and fades away. **Reward:** You receive **The Gambler's Ghost Hand**.
- **Partial Success:** You retrieve the cards, but disturbing the Cask-Brethren's sorrow has consequences. Your warband feels a profound chill, and all your fighters have their **maximum Wounds reduced by 1** for the next skirmish. You still receive **The Gambler's Ghost Hand**.
- **Failure:** The Cask-Brethren's grief is too powerful. It clutches the cards to its chest and sinks back into the mire, taking the gambler's soul with it forever. The Tall Tale ends in failure.





Legendary Boon: The Gambler's Ghost Hand

You have won the ultimate prize from the ghost of Al'Sarab. You now hold its very soul, a tangible instrument of pure, probability-defying luck.

- **Rule:** This is a permanent boon for your warband. Once per battle, at the start of the battle round, after you have rolled your Oracle Dice, you may declare you are playing the Ghost Hand. You may immediately scoop up all 8 of your Oracle Dice and re-roll the entire pool. You must accept the second result.





"The Unseen Blade"

There are whispers among the oldest spirits and the most paranoid scribes of the Silent Steep, a legendary order of assassins who could kill a king in a locked room and leave no trace. The order is long dead, but its last, lingering ghost seeks a successor, an heir worthy of its creed of perfect, untraceable violence. It has seen a flicker of potential in your warband's leader and will now set the ultimate test.

The Moral: The greatest warrior is the one whose victory is only discovered when their enemy fails to arrive for the next battle.





Stage 1: The Patient Ambush



Environment

The Mire

The Trigger

A true assassin understands the value of cover. During any skirmish or quest in The Mire, you must **take an enemy fighter out of action with a ranged attack made by a fighter who is in Cover.**

The Miracle

If you succeed, the moment the fatal projectile finds its mark, the thick fog of the Mire coalesces into a shadowy, indistinct humanoid shape—the ghostly form of the **Silent Steep**. It speaks in a whisper that sounds like dry leaves skittering across stone: *"A clean shot. From the shadows. The first principle is understood. But can you move as we do?"*





The Gambit (TN 16+)

The ghostly assassin tests your discipline and understanding of its art.

- **Subterfuge (Metvél-Kaltos + Footwork):** You demonstrate your mastery of stealth. Your Leader melts into the shadows, using their cunning and agility to vanish from the ghost's sight and reappear silently behind it, proving you understand that movement is the ultimate deception.
- **Endure (Grit + Clout):** You demonstrate your mastery of patience. Your Leader remains utterly motionless, meeting the ghost's unnerving presence with perfect stillness, proving that your discipline is as unbreakable as any spirit's.

The Stakes

- **Critical Success:** The Silent Steep is startled by your skill. It offers a piece of its own essence—a "**Shroud of Mist**" (once per battle, the user can use an action to become untargetable by ranged attacks for one round)—before revealing the next trial. You gain the Shroud and may proceed to Stage 2.
- **Success:** The ghost gives a slow, appreciative nod. It imparts the details of the second trial before fading back into the fog. You may proceed to Stage 2.
- **Partial Success:** You pass the test, but the ghost's unnerving presence leaves a mark. Your Leader is filled with paranoia and must deploy as part of the **Jury** in your next skirmish, unable to be held in reserve. You may proceed to Stage 2.
- **Failure:** The ghost sighs, a sound of profound disappointment. "Amateur," it whispers, before dissolving. The Tall Tale ends here.





Shroud of Mist

- A tattered cloak that seems to be woven from the very fog of The Mire. When drawn, the wearer vanishes from sight.
 - **Item Type:** Unique Gear (Cloak)
 - **Rule:** Once per battle, the wearer can use a (4+) ability to activate the shroud. If they do, they cannot be targeted by ranged attacks until the start of their next activation.



Stage 2: The Perfect Infiltration



Environment

The Docks

The Trigger

An assassin's greatest strength is never being seen at all. You must **win any skirmish or quest without a single one of your fighters ever being the target of a ranged attack.**

The Miracle

If you succeed, the deepest shadow cast by a towering warehouse stretches and solidifies into the form of the Silent Steep. In its spectral hands, it holds two identical, ornate daggers. *"You have learned to hide from the eyes of your enemy,"* it whispers. *"But can you deceive their very soul? Choose."*

The Gambit (TN 17+)

The ghost presents a classic test of perception and will.





Coerce (Clout + Heft): You refuse the test. Your Leader declares their own superiority; their force of will so powerful it momentarily stuns the ghost. You don't need to pass its tests; you are the new standard.

- **Persuade (Clout + Metvél-Kaltos):** You use logic and charisma to deconstruct the test, explaining the philosophical flaw in its premise and proving that your understanding of the assassin's art is already greater than its own.

The Stakes

- **Critical Success:** The ghost is so stunned by your audacity and skill that it offers you one of the spectral daggers as a prize. You receive the **Blade of Shadows** and learn of the final trial. You may proceed to Stage 3.
- **Success:** The ghost concedes the point, acknowledging your mastery. It reveals the nature of the final test before vanishing. You may proceed to Stage 3.
- **Partial Success:** You pass the test, but the ghost demands a price for its lesson. Your warband must forfeit **D6 x 10 Shiners** as a "tithe" to the shadows. You learn of the final trial and may proceed to Stage 3.
- **Failure:** The ghost deems your philosophy weak and your skills unrefined. It and the daggers fade into the darkness. The Tall Tale ends here.





Blade of Shadows

- A spectral dagger gifted by the last ghost of the Silent Steep. It cuts through not just flesh and armour, but the very concept of cover.
 - **Item Type:** Unique Gear (Artifact)
 - **Rule:** Once per battle, the fighter equipped with this item may double all damage dealt in one single attack action, provided they are behind the target of the attack. This means their base is fully within the rear 180 degree arc of the target's base.





Stage 3: The Ghost's Legacy



Environment

Ancient Battlefield

The Trigger

The final test is to become a ghost among ghosts. You must **take an enemy Leader out of action with an attack from a fighter who began their activation more than 12" away from that Leader.**

The Miracle

If you succeed, as the enemy Leader falls, their spirit rises from their body. Before it can dissipate, it is caught in a spectral whirlwind. The Silent Steep appears one last time, absorbing the slain leader's soul into its own form. It turns to your Leader. *"Precision. Infiltration. The Final Stroke. The Creed is yours. But are you truly worthy to carry it?"*





The Gambit (TN 18+)

The ghost will now pass its legacy-and the weight of a thousand souls-to you. You must prove you can handle it.

- **Endure (Grit + Clout):** You withstand the full, terrifying torrent of the assassin's creed as it flows into you, your will and resilience strong enough to contain the souls of a thousand master killers without breaking.
- **Subterfuge (Metvél-Kaltos + Footwork):** You don't just accept the power; you master it. You deftly weave its essence into your own, demonstrating the finesse and control required of a true Grand Master of the order.

The Stakes

- **Critical Success:** You master the power with ease. **Reward:** You receive **The Creed of the Silent Steep**. In addition, your Leader immediately gains **10 bonus XP**.
- **Success:** You accept the burden and are deemed worthy. **Reward:** You receive **The Creed of the Silent Steep**.
- **Partial Success:** You accept the power, but it changes you. Your Leader is now **"Haunted"** and suffers a permanent -1 to their Clout characteristic. You still receive **The Creed of the Silent Steep**.
- **Failure:** The power is too great. Your Leader's mind is shattered by the influx of souls, and they suffer two rolls on the **Lasting Injury** table. The ghost fades, its legacy lost forever. The Tall Tale ends in failure.





Legendary Boon: The Creed of the Silent Steep

You have become the heir to a lost and legendary creed. You do not just win battles; you erase your enemies from the board with perfect, untouchable precision.

- **Rule:** This is a permanent boon for your warband. Once per campaign, you may declare a single skirmish to be a **Silent Hunt**. If you win that skirmish without your Leader suffering any damage, your entire warband earns **double the normal XP** from that battle and your Leader gains a permanent +1 **Footwork** and +1 **Metvél-Kaltos**.





Bartholomew Buttercup's Guide to Improving Your Dinner Table Storytelling & Generalist Banter!

Greetings, esteemed Warband Executives and distinguished Facilitators of Spontaneous Conflict! It is I, Bartholomew 'Barty' Buttercup, your humble purveyor of premium lifestyle experiences, and I must say - you look absolutely *starved* for legacy.

While your recent brawls have been charmingly local, let's be honest: they lack that certain *je ne sais quoi* that moves a story from a drunken mumble to a global brand. That is why I am simply delighted to present our most exclusive offering yet: **Tall Tales** - bespoke trilogies of prestige violence!

A Masterpiece of Personal Growth

Why merely win a fight when you can curate a **Miracle**? Imagine the thrill of the Docks - not for the smell of rotting fish, but for the silver glow of a colossal Shiner Eel rising to critique your leadership. It isn't an "ominous aquatic threat," it's a **high-stakes performance review!** Through our unique **Gambit** system, you won't just hit things; you'll engage in "interactive tactical breakdowns" to prove your victory was a calculated masterpiece, not just a lucky fluke.

Bespoke Environmental Engagement

From the "brutalist chic" of a throne made entirely of shattered blades on the Ancient Battlefield to the "unfiltered solar energy" of the Glass Wastes, our Tall Tales offer a sensory feast. You might even encounter the **Sun Forged Djinn** - a reclusive local celebrity whose "demonstrations of architectural reconfiguration" are simply to die for!

Premium Tier Rewards

Successful participants will walk away with more than just scars. We offer the most **exclusive accessory line** in The Sink:

- **The Butcher's Own Die:** A solid gold heirloom that lets you rewrite reality with a wink.
- **The Glutton's Gut:** A biological upgrade for the connoisseur of consumption, allowing you to heal *while you "work"*.
- **The Gambler's Ghost Hand:** For the executive who refuses to accept a bad draw, why not re-roll your entire destiny?

Forget the drab predictability of survival. Embrace the **Creed of the Silent Steep** and turn your next skirmish into a "Silent Hunt"! Book your legendary ascension today. After all, the only thing more tragic than a lost warband is a warband that never bothered to become a myth. Your authentic, legendary adventure awaits!

(Please note: All Lasting Injuries are considered souvenir markings of your premium journey).

