

THE EIGHTPINTS





Welcome to The Eightpints

Right then. So, you got your hands on one of my fighters. Feels good, doesn't it? Full of potential. Or maybe it's just another piece of cannon fodder about to end up as a story and a stain on the tavern floor. The odds aren't in your favour, and I love witnessing the action. This model you're about to print? That's your first bet in the only game that matters: Good times with good mates.

Don't get the wrong idea. This isn't some grand crusade of good versus evil. That's a sucker's bet. This world is a four-way brawl, a cosmic betting board I call the Quadrant of Belief. Every crew, every fighter, is driven by a simple question: Is your truth given to you by a god or a dusty rulebook, or did you forge it yourself in the mud and the blood? And how do you enforce that truth? With the raw, chaotic filth of the magic we call Juice, or with the cold, hard logic of a Cogwork machine? Every skirmish is a philosophical argument, and the winning side is the one with the bigger axe.

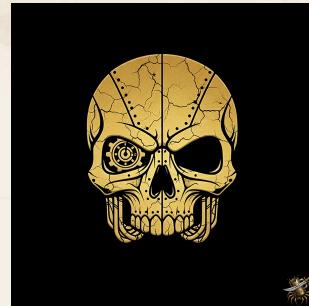
Now... you may have heard that this whole bloody mess started because some MF went and lost his dog. And you've heard right, I'm not kidding. That one ridiculous, personal quest broke a millenia of cosmic balance. Now the old gods - the Perpetuals - are awake, and they are furious at being upstaged by a yappy mutt. They're here to remind the world what a real boss battle looks like, and you're caught in the middle. The only thing that matters now is the story you leave behind, the one they'll tell about you back at The Eightpints Pub.

That model in your hand is your entry fee. Your job now is to read the lore that came with it. Figure out who they are. Figure out what they're willing to die for. When you're ready to see the full roster of contenders, has-beens, and glorious long-shots, you know where to find me.

The house is now open at www.TheEightpints.com. Try not to lose everything on your first night.

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The Corpsewerk Consortium

When a crew from the Consortium comes in, it costs me a fortune in repairs. They're not like other undead, all silent and sorrowful. They're... busy. You'll hear them nattering away in a corner, a constant stream of technical jargon and half-finished ideas, their voices a dry, rattling whisper. They're constantly tinkering. One will be trying to 'improve' the light fittings with a bit of sparking wire, another will be unscrewing a chair leg to see if its tensile strength is up to code. I've seen them build magnificent, intricate towers out of their empty pint mugs, just to see how high they can get before the whole thing collapses. They're a strange sort of social, always passing around their 'good' set of teeth so everyone in the crew gets a chance to chew their stale bread. You can bet that by the time they leave, at least one other patron has woken up from a drunken stupor to find they've been gifted a new, unsolicited, and probably very painful bionic eye.

The story you hear whispered by the architects and the guild-masons is a strange one. They say every last one of 'em was once a mortal engineer, a master of their craft so obsessed with their work that they simply... forgot to die. Their minds are still sharp, but their bodies are animated by a single, terrifyingly pragmatic force of will they call the 'Vow of the Blueprint'. Their goal isn't conquest or coin; it's completion. They are the ultimate project managers, and they have an eternity to see their grand, terrible designs through to the end. They are the grim, logical conclusion of the Self-Made Cogwork philosophy: a people who have literally worked themselves to death, and then kept on working.

In a fight, they are a terrifyingly efficient and dispassionate force. They move like a slow, grinding glacier of rust and bone, a methodical and unbreakable wall. They don't fight with rage or fury; they dissect. Their Laborers will create openings with their 'Efficient Tasking', granting their more powerful brethren extra actions, while the Lead Draughtsmen use their knowledge of structural mechanics to 'Deconstruct' enemy cover and 'Exploit the Weakness' in an opponent's armour. To face them is to be treated not as a warrior, but as an inefficient organic machine that is scheduled for a swift and permanent disassembly.

Their leader, a hulking brute named Foreman-King Ghart, is the most obsessive of them all, his own body a masterpiece of crude, bionic self-repair. The last I heard, his Grand Consortium had been seen in the Scrapyard Shanties. They weren't there for the usual scrap and salvage. The whispers say they were there on a 'resource acquisition' mission, methodically dismantling a Rust-Welded Tyrant, not for scrap, but to harvest its still-functioning magnetic core for some grand, new, and almost certainly horrifying project of their own.





Foreman-King Ghart's Grand Consortium

[985 Points]





Foreman-King Ghart

Leader - 275 Points

The Foreman-King is the ultimate expression of a will that has refused to yield to the finality of death. His authority is derived not from a divine mandate, but from the sheer, obsessive force of his own unfinished ambitions. His body, a patchwork of decaying flesh and crude, functional bionics, is a testament to his singular creed: the project must be completed. He sees the battlefield as a worksite, his enemies as obstacles, and his warband as a crew to be managed with cold, dispassionate, and brutal efficiency.



| Flurry | Heft | Grit | Footwork | Wounds | Metvél-Kaltos | Clout |
|--------|------|------|----------|--------|---------------|-------|
| 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 26 | 5 | 3 |

- **Weapon:**
 - Heavy Wrench (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/5
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Measure Twice, Cut Once" (4+):** Pick a friendly fighter within 6". That fighter may re-roll one failed hit die on their next attack action this activation.
 - **[COMMANDMENT] "The Blueprint Demands It!" (Triple):** Until the end of the battle round, all friendly fighters in this warband gain +1 Grit and cannot be moved by enemy abilities like Shove .

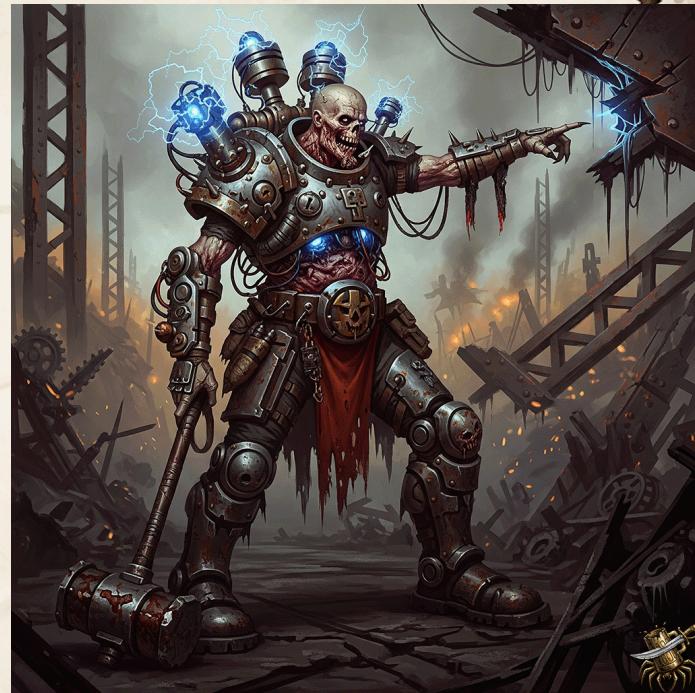




Lead Draughtsman

190 Points x 2 Members

The Draughtsmen are the project managers of the Consortium, the elite engineers responsible for executing the Foreman-King's grand designs. Their knowledge of stress points, structural weaknesses, and the brutal mathematics of demolition makes them formidable opponents. They do not fight with the fury of a warrior, but with the cold, precise, and analytical gaze of a master craftsman who sees an enemy's armour not as a defense, but as a flawed blueprint waiting to be deconstructed.



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

- **Weapon:**
 - Surveyor's Mallet (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Exploit Weakness" (4+):** The next melee attack action this fighter makes gains +2 to its Heft.
 - **"Deconstruct" (Double):** This fighter can use an action to target a piece of terrain within 1". The terrain piece is damaged and can no longer be climbed on or used for cover.

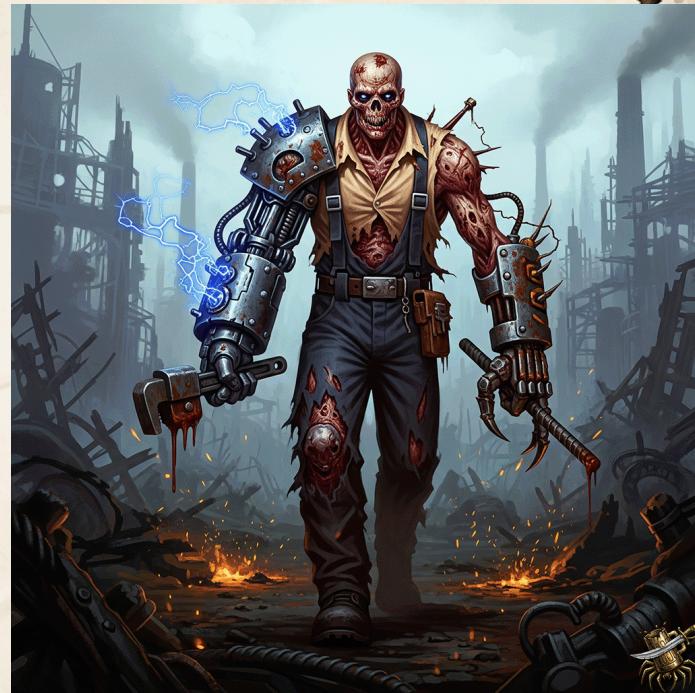




Consortium Laborer

110 Points x 3 Members

The Laborers are the tireless, shambling workforce of the Consortium, their minds focused only on the task at hand. They are not individuals, but a collective, their every action dictated by the needs of the greater project. They are the living embodiment of pure, uncomplicated function, their purpose not to win battles in the traditional sense, but to provide the crucial support, the extra action, the physical barrier that allows the grand, terrible designs of their masters to be brought to their inevitable and grim completion .



| Flurry | Heft | Grit | Footwork | Wounds | Metvél-Kaltos | Clout |
|--------|------|------|----------|--------|---------------|-------|
| 3 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 12 | 2 | 1 |

- **Weapon:**
 - Makeshift Tools (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/3
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Efficient Tasking" (Double):** Instead of making an attack action, this fighter can use both of their actions to immediately allow another friendly fighter within 3" to make a single move or attack action.





Warband Playstyle: The Grinding Horde

The Corpsewerk Consortium is a mid-speed, durable, and highly tactical warband that excels at board control and action efficiency. They are not the fastest crew, but their resilience and unique abilities allow them to create a slow-moving, grinding advance that can outlast and overwhelm their opponents. Their playstyle is a unique hybrid of the "Horde" and "Anvil" archetypes. They win by using their numerous, expendable Laborers to control the board and fuel the actions of their more powerful elites, methodically dismantling the enemy warband piece by piece like a well-planned demolition project.

Tips & Tricks:

- **Task Efficiency is Your Core Mechanic:** Your Consortium Laborers are the engine of your warband. Their "Efficient Tasking" ability is your most powerful tool. Use it every turn to grant extra actions to your hard-hitting Lead Draughtsmen or your tough Foreman-King. This allows your key fighters to move and attack in the same turn, creating a huge advantage in positioning and damage output.
- **The Draughtsmen are Your Scalpels:** Your Lead Draughtsmen are your elite killers and utility pieces. Use their "Exploit Weakness" ability to punch through heavy armour and take down high-priority targets. Don't forget their "Deconstruct" ability; destroying a key piece of enemy cover can leave a powerful ranged fighter completely exposed to your advance.
- **The Foreman is Your Anvil:** Foreman-King Ghart is the durable center of your warband. Keep him protected by your Laborers and use his "Measure Twice, Cut Once" ability to ensure your Draughtsmen's crucial attacks find their mark. His "The Blueprint Demands It!" Commandment is the ultimate defensive tool, perfect for turning your entire warband into an immovable fortress on a key objective.
- **Embrace the Grind:** You are not a fast "alpha strike" warband. Your strength lies in a slow, inexorable advance. Form a wall with your Laborers, support them with your Draughtsmen, and use your action advantage from "Efficient Tasking" to outlast and overwhelm your opponent in a prolonged, grinding war of attrition.

"A bunch of dead engineers who think they can improve the world. Leave your pint unattended for a minute and they'll have it hooked up to a power cell, trying to make the bubbles 'more efficient'. Pathetic."





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