

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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Alka-Haulers

When a crew of Alka-Haulers comes in, you know it. Not because they're loud, but because they're not. They move like a well-oiled machine, taking a table in the corner and speaking in low, clipped tones, all business. They're a strange sight, a crew made up of every race under the sun; you'll see a grim-faced Dwarf sharing a table with a lithe Aelf and a hulking Orc, and they're not arguing - they're checking pressure gauges on their rifles. They're all leather coats and brass fittings, with heavy gas masks hanging off their belts or pushed up on their heads. They don't order ale; they order clean water and maybe a shot of something pure and strong. They're professionals, and this pub is just another, slightly less hazardous, worksite.

They're not a race; they're a guild, born from the most dangerous job in the world. The story goes the Dwarves found this stuff, Alka-hest, that leaks from the highest peaks and eats through anything it touches. Solid rock, pure steel, a Gnasher's pride... gone, like it was never there. They were stumped until a human alchemist, an elven artisan, and an orc engineer put their heads together and figured out how to cage the stuff in the sky, in these swirling vortexes of its own vapour. That's their creed, "The Code of Containment." Not some dusty book about gods, but a thousand pages of engineering specs. One mistake, one loose bolt, and your whole city-in-the-sky dissolves into a fine mist.

A fight with the 'Haulers is less a brawl and more a lesson in applied science. They don't charge. They set up firing lines, check their angles, and execute a plan. It's all "Focus Fire Protocol this" and "Calibrated Barrage that." You'll be pinned down by a dwarf with a gatling gun that sounds like a sewing machine, while an orc specialist is setting up these little containment fields that'll turn you into soup if you step too close. Every move they make is precise, professional, and utterly without passion. They're not trying to kill you out of anger; they're just solving a complex chemical equation, and you're the variable that needs to be removed.

Their crews are a mix of all sorts, but I hear a lot about a human captain, Valya. Sharp as a tack, they say, with a wry smile that tells you she's already calculated five ways for the fight to end, and four of them are in her favour. Last I heard, her crew was sighted over the Chamuscado Glass Wastes. They weren't raiding or fighting. They were... harvesting. Lowering drills and siphons from their airship. Some say the Mirage-Weavers that plague the wastes are made of solidified Alka-hest, and Valya's trying to figure out how to bottle a mirage. If anyone can do it, it's her and her crew.





Captain Valya's Alka-Haulers

[995 Points]





Alka-Khemist

Valya

Leader - 265 Points

Valya represents the pinnacle of the Alka-Hauler meritocracy. As a human, she lacks the innate resilience of a Dwarf or the keen senses of an Aelf, yet she commands them all through a mastery of the Guild's most sacred text: The Code of Containment. Her leadership is a function of pure, dispassionate intellect. In the field, she is the final arbiter of protocol, her mind a repository of a thousand different emergency procedures and chemical equations. Every command she issues is a calculated risk, weighed against the constant, existential threat of a containment failure that could dissolve her entire crew into mist. She is not a queen or a general in the traditional sense, but the chief technician on a precipice, her authority derived solely from her ability to keep the abyss at bay for one more cycle.



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

- **Weapon:** Alka-hest Regulator (Ranged): Range 9", Impact 2/3. On a critical hit, the target suffers -1 Grit for the rest of the battle.
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Vent Pressure" (4+):** Choose a friendly fighter within 4". That fighter gains +1 to the base Impact of their ranged weapons for the rest of the battle round.
 - **[COMMANDMENT] "Code of Containment" (Triple):** Choose up to three friendly fighters within 6". Each of those fighters may immediately make a bonus move action, ignoring difficult terrain as they use their suit's stabilisers.



Vortex Warden Grolnok

210 Points

The presence of an Orc in a role requiring such meticulous technical precision is a testament to the Guild's foundational philosophy: aptitude transcends race. Grolnok's immense Orcish strength and steady nerve, typically assets for a berserker, have been repurposed for the delicate and physically demanding task of maintaining unstable containment fields. He is a specialist who uses his knowledge not just for maintenance, but for warfare, turning the miniature, swirling vortexes of Alka-hest into deadly, proximity-triggered traps. He represents a fascinating socio-industrial adaptation, a living example of how the rigid doctrines of The Code can reforge even the most primal warrior into a disciplined and indispensable technician.



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

- **Weapon:** Vulcanizer Pistol (Ranged): Range 6, Impact 2/4
- **Special Rule - Sky-Hook:** This fighter can use an action to move up to 6" vertically up or down any surface. They do not suffer damage from falling.
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Deploy Containment Field" (Double):** Place a token within 1" of this fighter. The next enemy fighter to move within 1" of the token suffers D6 damage as they breach the unstable field. The token is then removed.





Master Gunner

Drek

220 Points

The Dwarven instinct for engineering and unyielding defense finds a unique expression in Master Gunner Drek. His stout, resilient frame provides the perfect, stable platform required to operate the crew's notoriously volatile Alka-Gatling Gun. He is not merely a soldier but a living siege emplacement, his role to lay down withering, precise hails of fire as dictated by the rigid combat protocols of The Code. His presence on the battlefield is a study in Dwarven pragmatism adapted to the age of Alka-hest: the traditional shield wall has been replaced by a wall of suppressive fire, but the core principle of intractable, stubborn defiance remains unchanged.



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

- **Weapon:** Alka-Gatling Gun (Ranged): Range 12", Impact 1/3
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Calibrated Barrage" (4+):** Add +2 to the Flurry of the next ranged attack action this fighter makes this activation.
 - **"Pinning Fire" (Double):** Pick an enemy fighter within 12". That fighter cannot make move actions on their next activation.
 - **"Incinerator Jet" (Triple):** Drek unleashes a torrent of ignited Alka-hest from the gun's central barrel. This is a ranged attack that targets all fighters in a 6" cone with the following profile: Flurry 1, Heft 5, Impact 3/6. After this attack is resolved, place a "Burning Ground" token along the cone's path. This area is hazardous terrain for the rest of the battle.





Guild-Sworn

Alkanaut

150 Points x 2 Members

The Aelven contingent of the Alka-Haulers are the surgical scalpels of the Guild's military operations. Valued for their keen eyesight and steady hands, they serve as exceptional sharpshooters, executing their combat protocols with a flawless, detached precision that is both admirable and chilling. An Alkanaut does not fight with passion, but with the cold logic of a marksman solving a complex geometric problem. Their adherence to doctrines like the "Focus Fire Protocol" and the defensive formations of "By the Code!" makes them a perfect example of the Guild's ideal soldier: an individual whose natural talents are subsumed and perfected by the unyielding logic of the greater, collective machine.



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

- **Weapon:** Privateer Rifle (Ranged): Range 18", Impact 2/4
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Focus Fire Protocol" (3+):** This fighter may re-roll one attack die during their next ranged attack action this activation.
 - **"By the Code!" (Double):** If this fighter is within 3" of another friendly fighter, they gain +1 to their Grit characteristic until their next activation.





Warband Playstyle: The Professional's Toolkit

The Alka-Haulers are a tactical, ranged "Control" warband. You are not designed to win a straight-up brawl, but to control the engagement from a distance. Your playstyle should be that of a team of highly-trained hazmat specialists: methodical, precise, and utterly professional. Your strategy revolves around establishing a strong firing position, using your synergistic abilities to buff your own firepower and disrupt the enemy's advance, and dismantling your opponent's plan piece by piece with overwhelming, coordinated fire.

Tips & Tricks:

- **Establish a Killzone:** Your primary strength is ranged combat. Your first turn should be dedicated to getting your gunline - Master Gunner Drek and the two Guild-Sworn Alkanauts - into a strong, defensible position, preferably on high ground with clear lines of sight.
- **Valya is the Foreman, Not the Hammer:** Your leader, Alka-Khemist Valya, is a crucial support piece. Keep her safe behind your frontline and use her "**Vent Pressure**" ability every turn to boost the Impact of your key shooters. Her **[COMMANDMENT]** "**Code of Containment**" is your get-out-of-jail-free card, perfect for a mass reposition to escape a charge or to get better firing angles in a critical turn.
- **Drek is Your Suppression System:** Master Gunner Drek's job is to control the most dangerous threats. Use his "**Pinning Fire**" ability to lock down the enemy's scariest melee fighter and stop them from charging. Use "**Calibrated Barrage**" to pour a huge number of shots into a single, high-Grit target to wear them down.
- **Grolnok is Your Troubleshooter:** The Orc Vortex-Warden is your most mobile and flexible warrior. Use his **Sky-Hook** to get to unexpected places, seize objectives, or drop a "**Containment Field**" in a narrow alley to block a charge lane or punish an advancing enemy.
- **Adhere to the Code (Stick Together!):** The Guild-Sworn Alkanauts' "**By the Code!**" ability rewards them for maintaining formation. A tight-knit Alka-Hauler gunline, with each member within 3" of another, is significantly tougher to break than isolated individuals. Keep them grouped to maximize their durability.

"An Orc, an Aelf, and a Dwarf walk into a bar... and they all start arguing about valve pressure. The most boring crew you'll ever meet, but they make a mean cocktail."





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