

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.

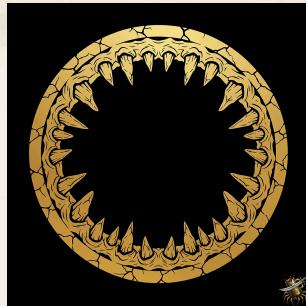
Now... you may have heard that this whole bloody mess started because some MF went and lost his dog. And you've heard right, I'm not kidding. That one ridiculous, personal quest broke a millenia of cosmic balance. Now the old gods - the Perpetuals - are awake, and they are furious at being upstaged by 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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Dank Moblins

You always know when a crew of Dank Moblins 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 hallucination, 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 Mountains 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 ~~new~~ 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-Hopper 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-Hoppers 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-Hopper

100 Points x 2 Members

The Cave-Hopper 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' chittering, 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.

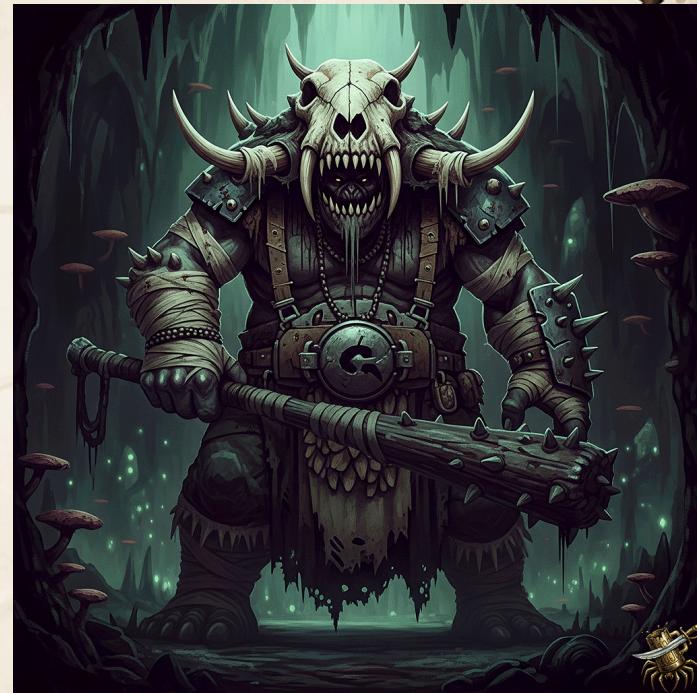




Cave Brute

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-Hoppers 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-Hoppers 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."





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