

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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K'Tharr Symbiotes

Every now and then, the door to the pub will open and something... else will walk in. The K'tharr don't talk much. They move with a silent, insectoid grace, their multifaceted eyes taking in everything at once. They're a strange sight, their pale, chitinous skin covered in a collection of softly glowing, pulsating grubs. The stories say they're not from this world, that they crawled out of a Sink-hole a long time ago. They don't order ale or food; they'll just stand by the wall, watching, their very presence a quiet, humming reminder that there are older and stranger things in this world than just Orcs and men.

Their goal is not land or gold, but something far more bizarre. They don't worship the chaotic power of The Sink like a Sorcerer does; they see it as a farm. Their entire existence is a dangerous, symbiotic pact with the parasitic "Juice Grubs" they graft onto their own bodies. They are farmers of a chaotic, life-giving energy, and their own bodies are the soil. To them, a body covered in these glowing parasites is not a sign of infestation, but of a bountiful harvest, a testament to their power and their willingness to pay its terrible price.

In a fight, they are a terrifying and beautiful spectacle of self-destruction. You'll see a K'tharr warrior, frail and slender, suddenly unleash a torrent of acid that can melt steel. But the power doesn't come for free. As the acid flies, you'll see the grub on their back glow with a furious, sickly light, and the K'tharr themselves will wither, their body cracking and spasming as their own life force is burned as fuel. They call it the "Bio-Burn," a constant, agonizing trade of their own life for a moment of incredible power.

Their leader is a creature they call the Brood-Matron, an ancient and withered thing named Z'thra, who is said to be more parasite than person now. I've heard whispers that her brood has been seen deep within the Defiled Ruins, a place where reality is thin. They're not there for the treasure. They're there to harvest, to find new and more powerful strains of parasites from the raw, chaotic filth of The Sink itself, a grim and terrifying pilgrimage for their strange and hungry gods.





Z'thra's Pulsing Brood

[995 Points]



Warband Mechanic: Bio-Burn

The K'tharr do not wield magic; they wear it. Their power is a dangerous transaction, a symbiotic relationship with the parasitic Juice Grubs they graft onto their own bodies. This is the Bio-Burn. When a Symbiote needs to unleash its true power, it allows the grub to feed directly on its own life force, a moment of agonizing pain that fuels a spectacular display of chaotic energy. To the K'tharr, self-harm is not a weakness, but the ultimate expression of control - a pragmatic choice to sacrifice a piece of themselves for a guaranteed and devastating result. Every battle is a careful balancing act between power and self-destruction.

A fighter with this rule can choose to use an ability marked with **(Bio-Burn)** without spending an Oracle Die. If they do, they immediately suffer D3 wounds after the ability resolves. This damage cannot be negated.





Brood-Matron Z'thra

Leader - 315 Points

Z'thra is the architect of her brood's living arsenal. As the oldest and most heavily infested of her kind, her frail, insectoid body is a living canvas of ancient, glowing parasites. The massive "Queen Grub" fused to her spine is both her source of immense power and a constant, agonizing drain on her life. She is not a warrior who leads with brute force, but a sorcerer-queen who sees her own followers - and their parasites - as extensions of her will. With a gesture, she can share the burden of the Bio-Burn, shunting her own pain into a lesser host to preserve herself, a testament to the cold, pragmatic logic that has allowed her to survive for so long.



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

- **Weapon:**
 - **Chitinous Claws** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Acidic Spew" (4+) (Bio-Burn):** Pick an enemy fighter within 8". That fighter suffers D6 damage.
 - **"Parasitic Haste" (Double) (Bio-Burn):** This fighter may immediately make a bonus move action.
 - **[COMMANDMENT] "Share the Burden" (Triple):** Choose another friendly fighter. Until the start of your next turn, any wounds this fighter would suffer from using the **Bio-Burn** mechanic may be allocated to that chosen fighter instead.





K'tharr Grub Bearer

240 Points

The Grub Bearers are the elite warriors of the Symbiote nests. Each one has undergone the ritual of bonding, having one of their limbs amputated and replaced by a massive, muscular parasite that serves as a living weapon. The "Grub-Maw Gauntlet" is a grotesque and powerful tool, capable of crushing armor or devouring the flesh of the fallen to regenerate its host. The Grub Bearer and her parasite are a perfect, horrifying partnership, a warrior who can refuel her own violent crusade by feeding her symbiotic weapon.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	5	4	5	18	1	2

- **Weapon:**
 - **Grub-Maw Gauntlet** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 3/6
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Devour" (4+) (Bio-Burn):** If the next melee attack action this fighter makes takes an enemy out of action, this fighter heals D6 wounds.
 - **"Overwhelming Force" (Double) (Bio-Burn):** Add +2 to the base **Impact** of the next melee attack action this activation.





Bloated Husk

220 Points

This unfortunate Orc is a testament to the K'tharr's horrifying ingenuity. Captured on a raid, he was deemed a worthy, if crude, vessel for a particularly volatile and unstable Juice Grub. He is now a mindless, walking bomb, his body grotesquely swollen with chaotic energy that leaks from weeping sores. The Symbiotes do not see him as a slave, but as a single-use alchemical weapon, an organic artillery shell to be aimed at the enemy's strongest point. His inevitable, violent detonation is, to the K'tharr, the ultimate expression of pragmatic, efficient warfare.



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

- **Weapon:**
 - **Slam** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Special Rule - Unstable Host:** This fighter cannot use the **Bio-Burn** mechanic. At the start of this fighter's activation, roll a D6. On a 1, the grub's energy surges uncontrollably, and this fighter suffers D3 damage.
- **Ability:**
 - **"Chaotic Detonation" (Triple):** This fighter is immediately taken out of action. All fighters (friend and foe) within 5" suffer D6 damage with a Heft of 5.





K'tharr Spore Host

220 Points

Where the Grub Bearer is a weapon of direct force, the Spore Host is a master of battlefield control. This specialist has bonded not with a grub, but with a unique, semi-sentient fungal parasite that has fused to her back and respiratory system. On her command, the fungus releases dense clouds of debilitating, psychotropic spores. The Spore Host is a living censor, a warrior who can obscure the battlefield in a hallucinogenic haze or cripple a foe with a puff of exhaustion spores, all to prepare the way for the brood's more direct and deadly members.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
2	2	3	5	14	4	2

- **Weapon:**
 - **Spore-Dusted Dagger** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/3
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Exhaustion Spores" (4+) (Bio-Burn):** Pick an enemy fighter within 9". That fighter suffers -1 **Flurry** until the end of the battle round.
 - **"Choking Cloud" (Double) (Bio-Burn):** Place a 3" diameter "Spore Cloud" token. The area covered by the token blocks line of sight. It lasts until the start of your next turn.





Warband Playstyle: The Glass Cannon

The K'tharr Symbiotes are a high-risk, high-reward "glass cannon" warband. Your power lies in your **Bio-Burn** mechanic, which allows you to unleash an incredible number of powerful abilities in a single round at the cost of your own life force. Your goal is to deliver a swift, devastating blow that cripples your opponent before your own self-destructive power consumes you.

Tips & Tricks:

- **Don't Be Afraid to Burn:** You must use your Bio-Burn mechanic to win. A K'tharr warrior at full health is a wasted resource. The key is to know when to push your luck and when to hold back.
- **The Brood-Matron is Your Battery:** Your leader's "Share the Burden" Commandment is the key to your survival. Use it to shunt the damage from your most valuable glass cannons onto the more disposable Bloated Husk.
- **The Husk is a Weapon:** The Bloated Husk is not a warrior; it is a guided missile. Its only purpose is to walk towards the most dangerous part of the enemy warband and detonate.
- **The Spore Host is Your Controller:** Use your Spore Host's abilities to control the flow of battle, creating smokescreens to protect your fragile warriors and weakening key enemies to set them up for the kill.

"They keep a pet that's actively eating them alive, and they call it a 'symbiotic relationship'. I call it a bloody stupid arrangement, but it does make for a good show."





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Contact theeightpints@gmail.com for inquiries.

