

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](http://www.TheEightpints.com). Try not to lose everything on your first night.

**Welcome to The Eightpints.**





# Frost-Still Clans

## The Faction

You don't see the Frost-Still Clans often. They keep to their frozen tundra, and a trip to the pub for them is a journey of months, not days. When they do arrive, they bring the cold with them. They're a quiet, slow-moving folk, built like mountains, their beards thick with frost. They'll take a table, order a single, neat spirit, and then sit there for three days, saying nothing, just watching the room with an unnerving, geological patience. They are not a people in a hurry.

The stories say they're the oldest of all the clans, the first to walk the world, and they're waiting for a prophecy they call "The Long Thaw." They believe that one day, the great glaciers won't just melt, but will erupt in a world-spanning font of perfectly aged whisky, and they intend to be there to host the greatest party the universe has ever known. Their entire existence is a slow, methodical preparation for this single, glorious event. They are not warriors; they are brewers, and the world is their distillery.

In a fight, they are a glacier. They are slow, deliberate, and utterly unstoppable. They will form a shield wall and simply walk forward, weathering a storm of arrows and spells with a kind of grim, patient indifference. They don't have the fire of a berserker; they have the cold, crushing certainty of an avalanche. Their goal is not a quick victory, but a slow, grinding, and inevitable one, wearing their opponents down until they simply break against their unyielding advance.

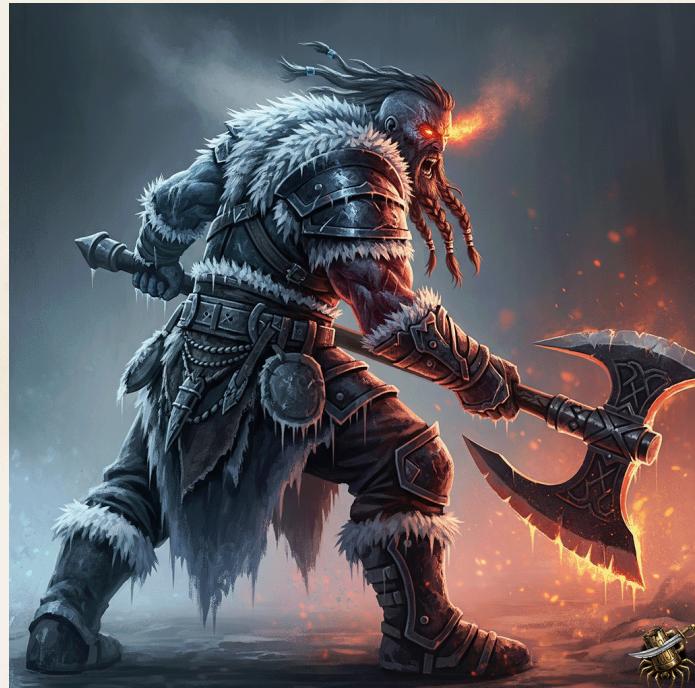
Their leader, an ancient brewer named Thul, is a true master of his craft. I've heard his clan has been seen on the borders of the Chamuscado Glass Wastes lately. They're not there for a fight. They're there for an ingredient. The whispers say they believe the super-heated sand of the wastes, when combined with their ancient ice, will create the final, perfect spirit, the one that will finally usher in the age of The Long Thaw.





# Master Distiller Thul's Long Thaw

[995 Points]



## Warband Mechanic: The Long Thaw

The Frost-Still Clans embody the philosophy of their sacred craft: true power, like a fine spirit, needs time to mature in the absolute cold. Their battles are a slow, deliberate process of endurance. In the early stages of a fight, they are a defensive glacier, their movements patient, their resolve unbreakable, weathering the enemy's frantic, initial assault. But as the battle rages on, the inner fire that sustains them begins to surface. This is **The Long Thaw**. Their chilled muscles warm, their ancient spirits awaken, and the stoic defenders transform into an unstoppable avalanche of vengeful fury, ready to deliver the final, perfectly aged, and devastating blow.

The Frost-Still Clans grow more powerful as the battle progresses. Their fighters gain the following cumulative bonuses:

- At the start of the **third battle round**, all friendly Frost-Still Clan fighters gain a permanent **+1 to their Heft** characteristic for the rest of the battle.
- At the start of the **fifth battle round**, all friendly Frost-Still Clan fighters gain a permanent **+1 to their Flurry** characteristic for the rest of the battle.





# Master Distiller

## Thul

### Leader - 285 Points

Thul is as ancient and patient as the glaciers themselves. His long, frost-rimed beard is a testament to the centuries he has spent perfecting his craft, a unique alchemy of brewing and warfare. He wields his massive copper ladle not as a crude weapon, but as a master's tool, using it to serve his warriors potent, millennia-old herbs that awaken their strength, or to smash aside foes with the calm, deliberate force of a slow-moving avalanche. He is the anchor of the clan, his commands are rare but absolute, and his presence on the battlefield is a grim promise: they can endure any storm, and their vengeance, when it comes, will be absolute.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	4	5	3	28	4	4

- **Weapon:**
  - **Great Copper Ladle** (Melee): Range 2, Impact 2/5
- **Abilities:**
  - **"Taste the Ages" (4+)**: Choose a friendly fighter within 3". That fighter gains +1 **Heft** until the end of the battle round as Thul feeds them a millennia-old herb.
  - **[COMMANDMENT] "Glacial Advance" (Triple)**: Choose up to three friendly fighters. Each chosen fighter may immediately make a bonus move action. They cannot run, but they can move through other fighters during this move.





## Ice Vintner

### 230 Points x 2 Members

The Ice Vintners are the elite of the Frost-Still Clans, warriors tasked with the sacred duty of harvesting thousand-year-old glacial ice. They are masters of the cold, their bodies hardened against the most brutal tundra winds. In battle, they are the hammer to the clan's anvil. They wield massive, heavy ice-picks with the deliberate, crushing force required to shatter a glacier - or a shield wall. They are the personification of the Clan's offensive power, the final, brutal step in the brewing process where the stubborn ice is violently broken and harvested.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	5	5	3	20	1	2

- **Weapon:**
  - **Great Ice-Pick** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 3/7
- **Abilities:**
  - **"Shatter" (Double):** The next melee attack action this fighter makes this activation gains +2 to its base **Impact** if it is targeting a fighter equipped with a shield or who is in cover.
  - **"Unstoppable Mass" (3+):** This fighter cannot be knocked down or pushed for the rest of the battle round.





## Tundra Guard

### 115 Points x 2 Members

The Tundra Guard are the steadfast, unyielding core of the clan. On their backs, they carry massive casks of "prospecting ale," a potent, herb-infused brew that numbs the pain of battle and hardens their resolve. They are the living embodiment of the clan's defensive philosophy, a shield wall of iron and stubbornness. They plant their feet, share a dram of their fortifying ale with their shield-sisters, and absorb the enemy's charge, their absolute refusal to yield buying the precious time needed for The Long Thaw to reach its devastating conclusion.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	4	4	3	16	2	2

- **Weapon:**
  - **Tundra-Axe** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Special Rule - Prospecting Ale:** While this fighter is within 1" of another friendly fighter, both fighters gain +1 **Grit**.
- **Abilities:**
  - **"Serve a Dram" (4+):** This fighter and one adjacent friendly fighter each heal D3 wounds.





# Warband Playstyle: The Inexorable Glacier

The Frost-Still Clans are the ultimate "anvil" warband. You are slow, methodical, and incredibly durable. Your playstyle is one of pure attrition. Your goal is to survive the early game, weathering your opponent's initial assault, and then, as your **Long Thaw** mechanic kicks in in the later rounds, you transform from a defensive glacier into an unstoppable, vengeful avalanche.

## Tips & Tricks:

- **Form the Shield Wall:** Your Tundra-Guards are the core of your defense. Keep them together to maximize their "Prospecting Ale" rule, creating an almost unbreakable wall of high-Grit warriors.
- **The Vintners are Your Can-Openers:** Your Ice Vintners are designed to kill high-Grit, heavily-armored foes. Use them to methodically dismantle your opponent's toughest fighters while your Tundra-Guards hold the line.
- **Survive to Round 3:** Your warband's power spikes significantly in the third and fifth rounds. Your entire strategy should be focused on minimizing your losses and surviving until these crucial turning points.

*"They've been waiting ten thousand years for a drink. I'd be in a bad mood too."*





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Contact [theeightpints@gmail.com](mailto:theeightpints@gmail.com) for inquiries.

