

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.

Welcome to The Eightpints.





The Under-Over Scurry

Clan Smoulder: The Faction

Every now and then, a different kind of Scurry walks through the door. They don't have that wild, sewer-rat look. These ones are... organized. They move with a strange, jittery purpose, their bodies hidden in heavy, insulated boiler suits and their faces covered by plague-doctor masks. They don't drink the ale. They'll trade you a strange, humming cog for a flask of pure alcohol, chittering to each other in a language that sounds like a mix of tactical code and high-stakes gambling odds. The strangest thing, though, is the graffiti on their masks: crude, garish scrawls of bright red, smiling lips.

The story you hear whispered over a quiet pint is one of the strangest in The Eightpints. They say these weren't always warriors. They were lab rats, test subjects for a cosmetics company trying to invent a burn-proof lipstick. Then the Frakk Drill, a Scrap-Tek invention, went haywire and tore a hole in reality. In a moment of glorious, opportunistic madness, the rats hopped on and rode that drill through seven different kinds of hell. When it finally crashed, they found themselves in the Chamuscado Glass Wastes, armed with a traumatic past and a profound understanding of applied science.

In a fight, they are terrifyingly intelligent. You won't see them charge. You'll see the ground in front of you erupt as their colossal Frakk Drill bursts from the sand. Then, from the tunnels, a tide of hazmat-suited rats armed with jury-rigged flamethrowers will emerge, not in a chaotic swarm, but in a precise, tactical formation. They use walls of fire to herd their enemies into kill-zones, their every move a cold, calculated act of industrial warfare. They are not fighting for territory; they are conducting a science experiment, and you are the unfortunate variable.

Their leader is a strange, hunched figure they call Rat-With-Chips, a brilliant tactician who is never seen without a massive, clanking stack of stolen casino chips. The whispers say his clan is in the middle of a grand heist campaign against the Doku-ya Juy'ata, using their Frakk Drill to tunnel directly into the vaults of the great desert casinos. They're not after the Shiners. They're after the chips, a currency they believe they need to fund their final, insane project: to melt the entire desert into a single, giant parabolic mirror to turn on the world and burn the world to a crisp. Then eat the crisp.





Rat-With-Chips' Magnificent Bastards

[995 Points]





Rat-With-Chips

Leader - 285 Points

The being known as Rat-With-Chips is a true enigma, a figure of profound tactical genius wrapped in the bizarre cultural trappings of his clan. His origins are a mystery; some posit he is the legendary Rat-With-Book, his intellect now applied to the mathematics of chance, while others believe he is a new and more ambitious mind entirely. He is the architect of the clan's grand and terrible plan, a leader whose charisma is matched only by his utter ruthlessness. His command is absolute, his methods are precise, and his presence on the battlefield is a testament to the terrifying potential of a singular, obsessive, and deeply wronged vision.



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

- **Weapon:**
 - **Chip-Flicker Blade** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Special Rule - Hazard Suit:** This fighter is immune to damage from fire and hazardous terrain.
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Rat 'n Chips, MF!!" (4+):** Choose an enemy fighter within 6" that is suffering damage from a fire-based attack. That fighter suffers an additional D3 damage.
 - **[COMMANDMENT] "Underground Overrun" (Triple):** You may immediately remove up to three other friendly fighters from the battlefield and place them anywhere on the board within 3" of Rat-With-Chips, representing them emerging from a freshly-dug tunnel.





Smoulder-Kin Burner

210 Points x 2 Members

The Burners are the grim foot soldiers of Clan Smoulder, their insulated hazmat suits a constant, walking reminder of the laboratories in which they were born. They are not the anarchic swarm of common Scurry, but a disciplined and highly trained fighting force. They wield their jury-rigged flamethrowers not with manic glee, but with a cold, professional precision, using walls of fire to methodically cleanse the battlefield and herd their enemies into carefully prepared kill-zones. They are the instruments of the clan's fiery, purifying vengeance, their masks' lipstick graffiti a strange and defiant symbol of a trauma that has been forged into a weapon.



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

- **Weapon:**
 - **Scrap-Flamer** (Ranged): Range 6", Impact 2/3. This weapon targets all fighters in a 6" cone and creates a "Wall of Flame" token along its edge.
- **Special Rule - Hazard Suit:** This fighter is immune to damage from fire and hazardous terrain.
- **Ability:**
 - **"Controlled Burn" (Double):** Place a 3" diameter "Burning Ground" token. The area is hazardous terrain for all non-Smoulder-Kin fighters.

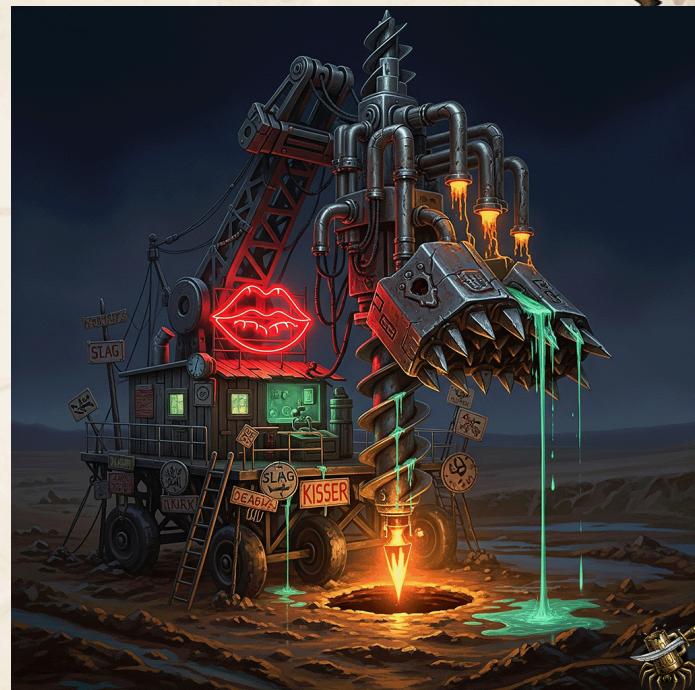




Frakk Drill aka “The Kissler”

180 Points

This colossal machine is not merely a vehicle or a weapon; it is the sacred ark of Clan Smoulder. It is the very instrument of their exodus, the interdimensional vessel that carried them through seven hells and delivered them to their new home. It is a piece of stolen, misunderstood, and violently repurposed technology that has become the literal and spiritual center of their civilization. On the battlefield, it is their mobile fortress, their siege engine, and their most holy relic, a testament to the chaotic journey that forged their singular and terrible purpose.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
1	6	6	3	20	1	1

- **Weapon:**
 - **Grinding Drill-Bit** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 4/8. This weapon has the **Pulverize** keyword.
- **Special Rule - Tunneling:** This fighter can move through walls and other solid terrain features, but must end its move in an open space.
- **Special Rule - Cumbersome:** This fighter cannot take a second move action in the same activation.

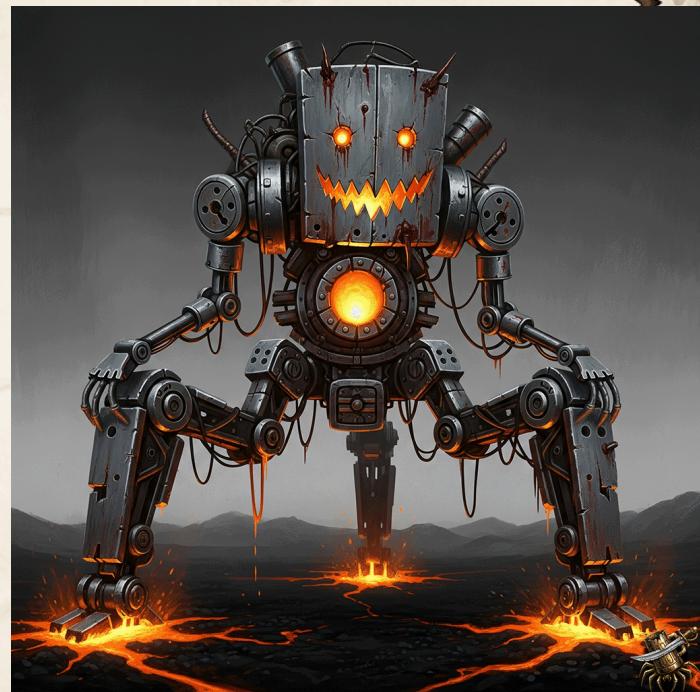




Glass Clinker

110 Points

A masterpiece of Slag-Punk ingenuity, the Glass-Clinker is a terrifying fusion of scavenged technology and stolen, divine power. It is a testament to the Smoulder-Kin's utter lack of respect for the established order, a belief that even the heart of a sun-god is just another component to be repurposed. Its crude, smiling facade is a mockery of life, a terrifyingly unprofessional mask for the roaring furnace within. It is not a simple beast of war, but a walking, clanking blasphemy, a symbol of the clan's belief that anything, no matter how sacred, can be broken down and rebuilt into something more useful.



Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	4	4	5	10	1	1

- **Weapon:**
 - **Heated Claws** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/3
- **Special Rule - Molten Trail:** This fighter leaves a 1" wide "Molten Ground" token along the path it moves. This area is hazardous terrain for all non-Smoulder-Kin fighters.





Warband Playstyle: Subterranean Assault & Area Denial

Clan Smoulder is a high-skill "board control" warband. Their strategy is to bypass the enemy's main battle line entirely using their unique tunneling abilities. They excel at emerging in unexpected and disruptive locations, immediately seizing key objectives or targeting vulnerable enemy support units. Once in position, they use their numerous flamethrowers and fire-based abilities to create impassable walls of flame, splitting the enemy warband in two and controlling the flow of the battle by making large parts of the board a fiery deathtrap.

Tips & Tricks:

- **The Alpha Strike:** Your most powerful opening move is to use Rat-With-Chips' "**Underground Overrun**" Commandment on the first turn. Use it to redeploy your two Smoulder-Kin Burners to a critical, undefended flank to immediately seize control of the board.
- **Walls of Fire:** Your Smoulder-Kin Burners are not primarily damage dealers; they are tools of area denial. Use their **Scrap-Flamer**'s ability to create walls of flame that your opponent cannot cross, forcing them to take long, inefficient routes.
- **The Drill is a Distraction:** The Frakk Drill is a slow but terrifyingly powerful melee threat. Send it directly towards the most dangerous part of the enemy warband. Your opponent cannot afford to ignore it, and while they are busy dealing with the drill, the rest of your warband is free to complete the objective.
- **Molten Trail:** The Glass Clinker is a fantastic tool for creating even more hazardous terrain. Use its speed to run a line of molten slag behind the enemy, trapping them between your flamethrowers and a wall of molten glass.

"They want to burn the world down with a giant mirror, all because someone put lipstick on them once or twice. Honestly, some folk will hold a grudge over anything."





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