

THE EIGHTPINTS





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Sort Of Near The Beginning...

There was The Cycle of Perpetuality. The land would be wholesome, happy and glad. People would cheer and dance in the streets. They would get rich off the land and harvest great hoards of food and treasure. This was The Good Times. The Titans of Perpetuality, awoken by the thumping drums of too much revelry, would awaken, to join in "the dance". They would lay siege to the land and its peoples, eating the harvest and collecting the treasures. These were known as The Bad Times. The Titans of Perpetuality would get rich off the harvest of the people, and the people would suffer.

Then, a leader would arise, a leader who would gather together a warband of noble and ignoble attributes, who would wage war on the Titans of Perpetuality. The Titans of Perpetuality would fight, but succumb to the leader and their warband. The Titans would recede into the places from which they had awoken, and slumber again. The people would then regroup, rebuild, and the Cycle towards The Good Times would begin again.

This happened for centuries. Millennia.

Then...

Some MF went and lost his Rhames-Damed dog. Aww shizz.

So began a quest so vile, so rank and smelling of whizz, that the whole universe collapsed in

on itself, both the past and future becoming one, then separating again like the cosmic-scale parents of a dwarf sun during a particularly bad divorce. Lawyers, eh.

A literate rat, a Lord of Somefaceplacename, docks, woods, and a giant plot to rewrite the future before it happened, happened. Something about a Frakk Drill that never made the light of day. Some shizz about a plague of some colour, shape or form.

The people did not celebrate. The Titans of Perpetuality did not awaken. They slumbered through many, many cycles, and the world descended into a descent of some form of metaphorical steepness. The Titans of Perpetuality slept, but their bellies grew hungry as they lay. One day, a rumble in the belly of a Titan was so loud it caused an avalanche in the Hountains, and awakened its Titan of Perpetuality. Just one. One big enough to rip a hole straight through the side of the mountain it was sleeping in like a MF going straight through the side of a lit toaster with a sledgehammer. Sparks, MF, sparks. Maintenance bills, possibly Insurance Claims. Buildings and cities burned. People fled and took out mortgages in new neighbourhoods. The Titans of Perpetuality had awoken, and they were angry as a MF.

They scoured the land, searching for their harvest and treasure. Searching for the happy dancing people to terrorise and their bastions to lay waste to. No happiness. No dancing. Only a dog, in "Returned" format. What an airborne genital of a situation.

They learned that the Cycle of Perpetuality was over. The people were sufficient with mundanity and returned possessions. There was no bountiful harvest, and no treasure to be hoarded.





Just a dog. And a lot of whizz on a fair few trees.

The Titans of Perpetuality decided to take revenge. Like, MFkn revenge. They lay siege to city by city, region by region. The Eightpints lay in a different shape of ruin to its normal shape of ruin. People got lost on their way to work and needed to use social skills to navigate the city streets. Imagine, MF, just imagine.

And then... You. You stepped in, stepped up, and said something like, "G'day me' Landlord O'Matey. Can I order a fresh pint o' yer finest and gladdest?"

The landlord poured your pint, fresh frothy foam whispery-kiss-sliding down the slide of the tankard.

You asked something along the lines of, "How much damage?"

And he reached under the bar, grabbed something out of sight, then placed a medium-sized scroll on the bar, just next to your fresh beer as it sat there settling. He looked you square in the eye/face/eye-patch/helmet-guard and said:

"How abouts... you kills us eights of them?"

MF.
We have us
a PURPOSE





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Vol. X

The Mire

The Digestive Tract of The Bull

Right then, you lot. You think you're tough? You've won a few scraps in a nice, dry alleyway, have you? Adorable. Welcome to The Mire, the world's biggest, wettest, and most miserable graveyard. This isn't just another level to your nan's allotment, you understand. This is a place with a personality, and its personality is that it wants to kill you in the most humiliating and unpleasant way imaginable. You're not just fighting a warband here; you're fighting the bloody ground you're standing on.

First lesson: the mud is not your friend. It's a grasping, greedy thing that will suck the boots right off your feet and pull you down into a suffocating, filthy embrace if you stand still for too long. The water? Don't even think about it. It's a black, still mirror that hides more teeth than a Gnasher's family reunion. Every ripple could be a hunting Bile Leper, every log a patient Jacaré-Emboscada waiting for you to make one stupid mistake. This isn't a place you conquer; it's a place you endure.

Think the plants are pretty? Think again. The air here is thick with the sickly sweet scent of the Corpse-Lilies, a flower that only blooms when it's fed a steady diet of the dead. The ghostly glow you see in the fog? That's the Bog-Lanterns, beautiful and ethereal and almost certainly luring you into a patch of quicksand or a Bog-Strangler's nest. In the Mire, if something looks beautiful, it's probably just a more creative kind of trap.



And the things that live here... what a collection of horrors. You've got the Mire Wurm, a three-mawed worm-headed beast the size of a tavern. You've got the Bog Root Mauler, a walking, angry pile of driftwood that hits like a landslide. And if the big ones don't get you, the little ones will. The Mire is crawling with pint-sized, stilt-walking cannibals who see you as the main course in a stew they haven't quite finished preparing yet. They are the welcoming committee, and they are not friendly.

The ecosystem here is a masterclass in symbiotic violence. The Mire Stalkers, a particularly cunning branch of the Orcish family tree, don't just live in the swamp; they've made a deal with it. They grow their food from the dead, they tame the local wildlife, and they've turned the art of the patient, muddy ambush into a full-blown religion. They are the swamp's own intelligence, its most effective and dangerous appendage.

Then there are the true gods of this place. The Perpetuals. Here, that means the Great Fetish, a walking, village-sized totem built from bone, wood, and pure, concentrated spite. It's the ultimate expression of the pygmies' faith, a mobile war-camp that tramples everything in its path. It is not a beast you can fight; it is a geological event you might just survive, if you're very, very lucky.

But it's not all bad news. For the clever ones, the Mire offers opportunities. The strange, life-giving algae in the hidden pools can patch up a wound in a pinch. The thick fog can provide cover for a sneaky advance. The treacherous terrain can be used to your advantage, luring a bigger, stupider opponent into a bog they can't get out of. It's a thinker's warrior's paradise, and a fool's grave.





So that's the Mire. A wet, oppressive, and thoroughly unpleasant place that is actively trying to kill you from the moment you step into it. The odds are against you. The locals hate you. The very ground you walk on wants you dead. What's not to love? Now get in there and try not to drown. Take a straw, use it as a snorkel.





The Mire

A wet, oppressive silence hangs over the Mire, broken only by the buzz of blood-flies and the soft, sucking sound of the mud. The air is thick with the sickly sweet scent of the Corpse-Lilies and the ghostly glow of Bog-Lanterns reflecting on the black, still water. Every ripple could be a hunting Swamparoo, every log a patient Jacaré-Emboscada. Here, you don't fight the swamp; you survive it, hoping the Slow-Current doesn't decide to pull you under.



The Environment

The Mire is not a simple swamp; it is, from my own observations, a monument to a slow, creeping victory. It is a testament to the fact that in the endless war between solid ground and patient water, water will always win. The cartographical records I have managed to recover, fragmented though they are, all point to a single, terrifying conclusion: the Mire is expanding, its borders consuming miles of coastline with each passing decade. It is not merely a place, but a process, a relentless act of dissolution that seeks to return all things to a state of primal, undifferentiated sludge. To enter the Mire is to step into a realm where the laws of geography are a fluid, negotiable concept.

The ecosystem here is a masterclass in symbiotic, biological engineering. The Mire Stalkers, divergent branch of the Orcish race, have abandoned the brutish geology of their mountain





and have instead mastered a far more complex and patient form of warfare. Their floating "Lotus Paddies" are not mere villages, but colossal, living organisms, a perfect fusion of cultivated flora and ensnared fauna. They do not build their civilization; they grow it, a testament to a unique form of pragmatism forged in the sucking mud.

The fauna of the Mire is a perfect reflection of its core philosophy: the patient trap. The apex predators, like the terrifying Jacaré-Emboscada, do not hunt with speed, but with a terrifying, geological stillness, becoming a part of the landscape until the moment of their explosive, violent strike. Even the lesser beasts, from the tree-climbing Mire Screammers to the stilt-walking pygmy tribes, have mastered the art of the ambush. To be in the Mire is to be constantly watched, to be constantly measured, to be constantly walking on the trigger of a trap you cannot see.

Ultimately, the Mire represents a unique form of existence in the great philosophical war of the world. It is neither purely Creed-Bound nor purely Self-Made. It is a testament to a third way: a complete and total submission to the environment itself. The Stalkers do not seek to conquer the swamp; they have simply allowed themselves to become its most effective and intelligent appendage, a perfect, terrifying symbiosis between a people and the slow, hungry tide of their chosen home.



Hidden Algae Pools

The Mire's stagnant water is thick with strange, life-giving algae.

- **Rule:** The areas of water on the battlefield are "Algae Pools." A fighter can use an action while in an Algae Pool to make a **Metvel-Kaltos** check. On a success, they absorb the vital energies and immediately **heal D6 wounds**.





Environmental Effects

Right then, you miserable sods. You think you've got a plan? You've studied the terrain, you've memorized your enemy's stats, you've even managed to remember which end of your sword is the pointy one. Adorable. You've forgotten one thing: the battlefield itself has a say in this fight. The Barman always gets the last word, and his final call can turn a simple brawl into a full-blown nightmare. Good luck. You'll need it.

During the "**Setting up the Battlefield**" phase, after all terrain has been placed but before any fighters are deployed, the player who won the initiative roll for deployment may roll a D6 and consult the Environmental Effects Table for the region the skirmish is taking place in. The resulting effect is now active for the entire battle.

The Mire: Environmental Effects Table

D6 Roll	Battlefield Condition	Effect
1	Grasping Mud	A recent downpour has turned the entire battlefield into a sucking quagmire. At the end of every turn, each unit on ground-level must make a successful Grit Check (TN 7+), or be knocked prone as the mud tries to suck them into a sinkhole.
2	Corpse Lily Bloom	A rare and beautiful Corpse Lily has bloomed, its sickly sweet scent a potent toxin. At the start of the battle, place a 5" diameter "Pollen Cloud" token in the center of the board. The cloud blocks line of sight. Any fighter that ends their activation within the cloud suffers -1 to their Grit for the rest of the round.





3	Sudden Fog	A thick, unnatural fog rolls in from the deep swamp, clinging to the ground and obscuring everything. For the entire battle, visibility is limited to 9 inches .
4	The Slow Current	The battle is taking place over a particularly deep and treacherous part of the swamp, where the dark water is a moving, hungry thing. At the end of each round, any fighter in a water terrain feature must pass a Heft check (TN 7+) or be dragged 2" in a random direction.
5	Fever-Fly Swarm	A swarm of aggressive, biting flies has been disturbed. At the start of each round, after the Barman's Call, the player who won the initiative places a 3" diameter "Fly Swarm" token. The swarm is hazardous terrain. At the end of the round, the player who lost the initiative moves the swarm up to 6" in any direction.
6	Nightfall & The Bog Lanterns	The light is fading fast. At the start of the battle, visibility is 18". At the start of each subsequent round, visibility is reduced by a further 6". However, the swamp's strange flora awakens in the dark. All terrain features on the battlefield are now considered " Bog Lanterns ". Any fighter within 1" of a terrain feature is illuminated and can be seen and targeted as if it were daylight.

***Overheard in The Pub:** "The Alka-Haulers have found a new source of Alka-hest, and it's a terrifying one. They've been spotted in the Ancient Battlefield, trying to distill the 'Echoes of Battle'. They reckon pure, weaponized sorrow is the most potent universal solvent of all. What could possibly go wrong?"*





Environment Ingredient Table: The Mire

D6 Roll	Ingredient Found	Description
1	Murk Water (x2)	The common, brackish water of the swamp. Not potable, but a useful, neutral base for many alchemical brews.
2	Corpse Lily Petal	A pale, waxy petal from the sacred plant of the Mire Stalkers. It carries a potent, paralytic toxin.
3	Glimmer Weed	A rare, phosphorescent moss that glows with a faint, ethereal light. Often used in potions that affect the mind or senses.
4	Pygmy Death Dart	You find a quiver of darts used by the local stilt walkers. The venom on their tips is still fresh and can be carefully extracted.
5	Juice Grub Ichor	You find the carcass of a lesser Juice Grub and manage to harvest a small amount of the raw, chaotic energy it contains. A volatile but powerful ingredient.
6	Jacaré Tooth	A single, massive, serrated tooth, broken off in a recent struggle. It is as hard as iron and carries the primal fury of the Mire's apex predator.





Mire Turkeys



Seen 'em. Ugly, festerin' things, smell like a privy that's backed up for a year. You think a swamp bird's harmless? Think again, runt. These Mire ones got feathers slick with bog-rot and their beaks are always drippin' somethin' nasty. If you cut one, watch out – that green goo ain't just for show, it'll eat right through your gear, probably your skin too. They're fat, slow, until they smell blood, then they're a green blur with too many claws and too little sense. Keep clear of the big ones, they ain't worth the trouble.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	3	3	6	15	1	4

Weapon:

- **Beak & Talons (Melee):** Range 1, Impact 1/4.

Special Rules:

- **Poisonous Plumage:** Any fighter who successfully lands a melee attack against a Mire Turkey suffers 1 damage at the end of the battle round due to irritating toxins.





Ol' Gaz's Guide to Not Dying in The Mire

So, you've decided to take a holiday to The Mire. Brilliant. The leeches will be thrilled to have a fresh customer. Before you go and donate your blood to the local wildlife, here are a few hard-won bits of advice from someone who has actually come back in one piece. Mostly.

1. **DO** poke every log with a very long stick before you step on it. If the log screams and tries to bite your leg off, it's probably a Jacaré-Emboscada.
 2. **DO** assume you are being watched at all times. You are. Usually by a tribe of pint-sized, stilt-walking cannibals who are currently arguing over who gets to wear your skull as a hat.
 3. **DO** keep a spare pair of boots. The mud in the Mire is a greedy, grasping thing, and it has a particular fondness for expensive leather footwear.
 4. **DO** admire the pretty, glowing flowers from a safe distance. The Bog-Lanterns are beautiful, but the Corpse-Lilies they grow next to are poisonous enough to kill a Mauler.
 5. **DO** listen for the sound of a strange, hopping noise. That's a Swamparoo. It probably won't hurt you, but the pygmy on its back with the poison blowgun definitely will.
 6. **DO** try to stay upwind of a Bile-Leper. Trust me on this one. The smell is the fifth worst thing about it.
 7. **DO** boil the water before you drink it. Then throw that water away and drink the ale you brought with you instead.
 8. **DO** have a will. Make sure it's up to date.
-
1. **DON'T** trust the silence. The Mire is never quiet. If it is, it means something very large and very hungry is watching you.
 2. **DON'T** follow the pretty lights. The will-o'-the-wisps will lead you into a patch of quicksand, a Bog-Strangler's nest, or worse, the path of a migrating Mire Wurm.
 3. **DON'T** try to reason with a Bog Root Mauler. It is a sentient, angry pile of driftwood. Its capacity for nuanced debate is limited.
 4. **DON'T** get cornered by a Mire Screamer. They climb trees, and your fancy shield wall doesn't mean much when a monster made of twigs drops on you from forty feet up.
 5. **DON'T** splash about. The only thing that attracts a Shiner Eel faster than a dropped coin is the frantic struggling of a drowning man.
 6. **DON'T** touch the water if you can help it. It's 10% water, 40% mud, and 50% things you really, really don't want to know about.
 7. **DON'T** try to pet the giant, armoured woodlouse. The Rokakora's defensive sneeze is a high-pressure jet of concentrated filth that can blind a man at fifty paces.
 8. **DON'T** forget to pay your tab at The Eightpints before you leave. You're probably not coming back, and I'll be damned if I'm covering your bill.





The Beasts





Mire Wyrms

Threat Index 10 - 550 Points

The hulking worm-beasts you see poling the Stalker villages are but pale, sad echoes of the true horror that lurks in the deepest, oldest parts of the swamp. The Wild Mire Wyrms is a primordial force, a colossal, slithering engine of consumption that has been shaping the Mire's landscape for a thousand years. It does not know chains or goads. It knows only a deep, subterranean hunger. You don't hunt it. You simply become aware that the very ground you're standing on is moving, and then the world erupts in a

churning vortex of mud, water, and a triple-jawed maw that was ancient when the mountains were still hills.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
5	6	6	5	55	1	4

- **Weapon:**
 - **Triple-Jaw Maw** (Melee): Range 2, Impact 4/8
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Monster:** This fighter has the Monster keyword.
 - **Primal Fury:** If this fighter is able to perform a charge action, it must do so.
 - **Regenerative Hide:** At the end of any round in which this fighter suffered damage, it heals D3 wounds.
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Submerge & Ambush" (Triple):** Remove this fighter from the battlefield. At the start of the next battle round, you may place it anywhere on the battlefield, more than 5" from any enemy fighter.
 - **"Grinding Maw" (Double):** All fighters within 3" of this fighter must immediately pass an opposed **Heft** check against it or be pulled 1" directly towards it.
- **Behaviour Type:** Bruiser
- **Target Priority:** Alpha





Jacaré

Emboscada

Threat Index 9 - 350 Points

The Mire teaches you to mistrust stillness. You'll be poling your skiff through a quiet patch of water, admiring a gnarled old log covered in moss and what looks like old spear-points. You'll get a little closer, thinking it's a relic of some forgotten battle. Then the log opens a jaw wider than your boat and the world explodes in a shower of teeth, fury, and your own unfortunate limbs. The Jacaré doesn't hunt; it simply is the trap,

a patient, living snare of bone and violence that is the final, bloody lesson in the swamp's brutal curriculum.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
2	6	6	3	30	3	2

- **Weapon:**
 - **Ambush Jaws** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 5/10
- **Special Rule - Ambush Predator:** If this fighter has not made a move action this activation, its first attack action gains the **Pulverize** keyword and +1 to its **Flurry**.
- **Special Rule - Armoured Hide:** This fighter's **Grit** cannot be reduced by enemy abilities.
- **Special Rule - Dormant Predator:** This fighter cannot be the target of a charge action unless it has already made an attack action in the same round. It appears as a harmless clump of swamp detritus until it strikes.
- **Behaviour Type:** Bruiser
- **Target Priority:** Slayer





Bile Leper

Threat Index 8 - 320 Points

There are many terrible ways to die in this world. Being eaten by a beast, cut down in a fair fight, even being unwritten by a Glimmer Hound has a certain... finality to it. Being killed by a Bile Leper is just plain insulting. This thing is not a predator; it's a walking biohazard, a bloated sack of plagues and infections that is literally rotting as it moves. It doesn't bite. It vomits. A torrent of acidic, disease-ridden bile that dissolves you into a nutritious, easy-to-slurp puddle. It is the most

undignified end imaginable.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	5	6	3	40	1	2

- **Weapon:**
 - **Claws & Fangs** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Aura of Pestilence:** Any enemy fighter that ends their activation within 3" of this fighter suffers 1 damage.
 - **Schopenfester's Accelerated Decay:** When this fighter is taken out of action, it explodes in a shower of filth. All fighters within 3" suffer D3 damage.
- **Ability:**
 - **"Vomit Bile" (Double):** This fighter can make a ranged attack action with the following profile: Range 6", Flurry 1, Heft 5, Impact 3/6. This attack targets all fighters in a 6" cone.
- **Behaviour Type:** Bruiser
- **Target Priority:** Alpha





Bog Root Mauler

Threat Index 7 - 300 Points

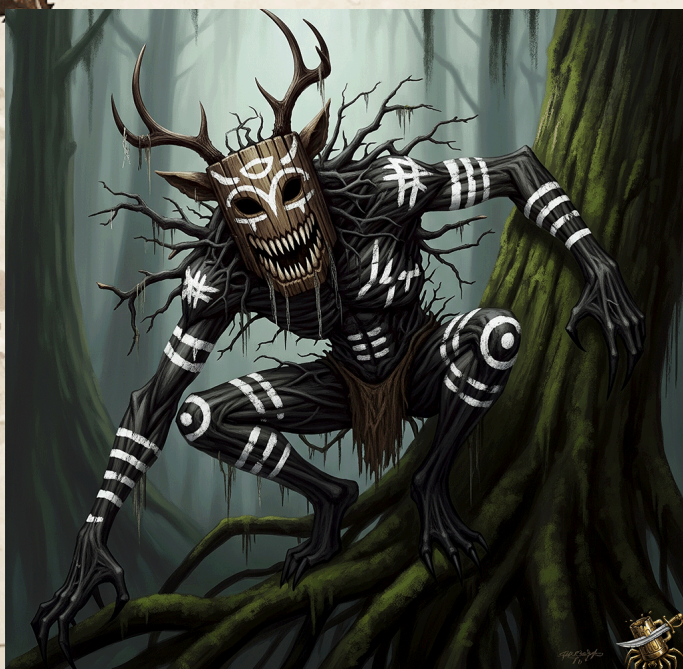
The Maulers you find elsewhere are creatures of stone and fury. But in the Mire, rock is a liability. This variant is a grim lesson in adaptation. It has fused its hide with the very essence of the swamp - waterlogged Ironwood, buoyant kelp-roots, and a thick coat of algae. It lies perfectly still in the shallows, looking for all the world like a half-submerged log. I lost a good friend to one. He stepped on what he thought was solid

ground, and the ground stood up and bludgeoned him with a club the size of a small tree.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	5	5	4	30	1	2

- **Weapon:**
 - **Root-Bulb Club** (Melee): Range 2, Impact 3/6
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Ambush Predator:** If this fighter has not made a move action this activation, its first attack action gains the **Pulverize** keyword and +1 to its **Flurry**.
 - **Swamp Camouflage:** Enemy fighters cannot target this fighter with ranged attacks if it is in water terrain and more than 6" away.
- **Ability:**
 - **"Grasping Roots" (Double):** Choose a point on the ground within 9". Place a 3" diameter "Entangling Roots" token. The area is difficult terrain for enemy fighters for the rest of the battle.
- **Behaviour Type:** Bruiser
- **Target Priority:** Guardian





Mire Screamer

Threat Index 6 - 210 Points

The pygmies don't just build their gods; they weave their sentinels. The Mire Screamer is a wendigo-sized horror of gnarled mangrove roots and swamp moss, given a hateful consciousness by some poor soul's sacrificed spirit. You won't find these things on the ground. They are unnervingly fast and silent tree-climbers, clinging to the high branches with their long, sharp claws. The first sign of one is a sudden, unsettling silence in the canopy above, followed by the sight of a half-eaten

corpse hanging from a branch. Their name isn't derived from any sound they emit - for they emit none - but from their tell-tale sign of geolocation: silence, the scream of their victim, its abrupt end, then a second terminal silence. They are the swamp's silent, vertical nightmare.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
5	3	3	6	18	3	2

- **Weapon:**
 - **Grasping Root-Claws** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/3
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Arboreal Hunter:** This fighter can climb any vertical surface (like trees or ruins) as if it were normal terrain and does not suffer damage from falling. It may end its move on vertical surfaces.
 - **Terrifying Presence:** Enemy fighters within 3" of this fighter suffer -1 to their **Clout** characteristic.
- **Ability:**
 - **"Death From Above" (Double):** If this fighter is on elevated terrain, it may perform this action. It makes a special move action, placing itself anywhere on the ground within 3" of its original position, and may then immediately make a bonus melee attack action with +1 Heft.
- **Behaviour Type:** Harrier
- **Target Priority:** Harasser





Rokakora

Threat Index 5 - 200 Points

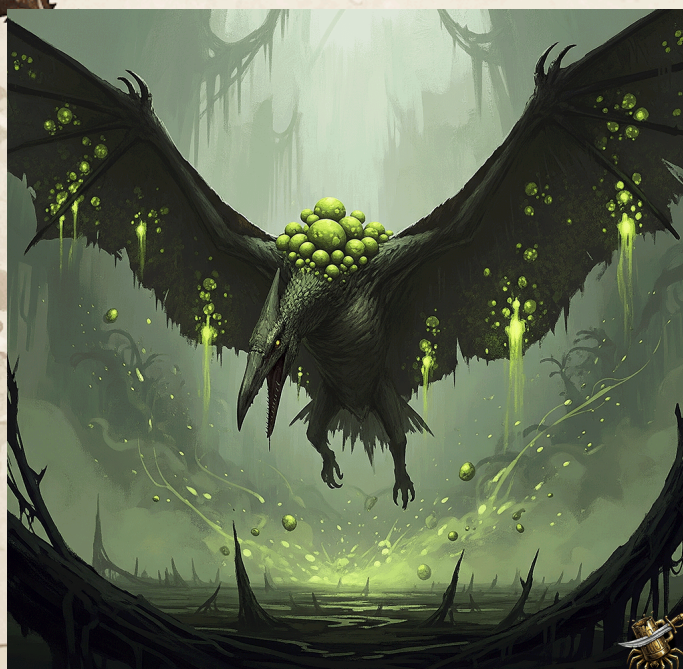
The Mire Stalkers don't have sewers; they have the Rokakora. These colossal, armored isopods cling to the roots beneath the floating villages like giant, slow-moving barnacles. They are the unsung heroes of the paddy, the living filtration system that turns a toxic cesspit into a purified sanctuary for their sacred plants. It's a marvel of symbiosis, right up until the village is attacked. Then, on a signal, the giant bugs collectively expel every toxin they've ever filtered in a high-pressure, blinding mist of pure,

chemical horror. They are the village's silent, patient, and utterly disgusting immune system.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
1	2	7	2	30	1	2

- **Weapon:**
 - **Grinding Mandibles** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/3
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Living Bastion:** This fighter is incredibly durable and its Grit characteristic cannot be reduced by enemy abilities.
 - **Symbiotic Guardian:** This fighter cannot be targeted by enemy attacks if it is within 3" of a friendly Mire Stalker fighter.
- **Ability:**
 - **"Toxin Vents" (Double):** All enemy fighters in a 6" diameter circle suffer -1 to their Flurry and Footwork until the end of the round.
- **Behaviour Type:** Bruiser
- **Target Priority:** Guardian





Spore Wing

Threat Index 4 - 190 Points

You learn to listen for danger in the Mire, but the Spore Wings teach you to look up. They are not hunted; they are grown, a testament to the Stalkers' unnatural talent for gardening. You won't hear them coming. There's just a sudden shadow, the whisper of leathery wings, and then the air is thick with a cloud of spores. One moment you're choking on a thick, disorienting fog, the next your armor is glowing with a sticky, bioluminescent paint for every archer in the village to see. They are the eyes, ears,

and artillery of the swamp, a perfect, living weapon.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	3	3	7 (Fly)	15	3	2

- **Weapon:**
 - **Beak and Talons** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Spore Cloud" (4+):** Choose one of two effects:
 - **Choking Spores:** Place a 5" diameter "Spore Cloud" token anywhere within 9" of this fighter. The area covered by the token blocks line of sight. It disperses at the end of the next battle round.
 - **Glimmer-Spores:** Pick an enemy fighter within 9". That fighter is now "Marked." For the rest of the battle round, all ranged attacks targeting that fighter ignore cover.
- **Special Rule - Scout:** During the deployment phase, after all other fighters have been placed, you may place this fighter anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 12" away from any enemy fighter.
- **Behaviour Type:** Deadeye
- **Target Priority:** Slayer





Stilt Stalker

Mire Doctor

Threat Index 3 - 140 Points

You can spot the Mire Doctor easily. They're the one with the biggest hat, the most unpleasant ideas, and they're not *teetering* on their stilts... because the stilts are *part of them*. That's not a costume. The mangrove roots have, over time, fused with their legs, anchoring them to the swamp. See, these tribes have a strange and powerful belief. They believe the Mire *is* their village, and every

gnarled, ancient mangrove tree is one of their ancestors. When a shaman dies, they reckon their body just... slows down. Puts down roots. Becomes another silent, watching guardian of the bog. That makes the Mire Doctor the tribe's living high priest, the one who is halfway between the world of flesh and the world of wood. They are the one who can still *talk* to the ancestors. They're not just casting curses; they're channeling the collective, bitter memory of the entire swamp. So yeah, it's still tempting to laugh at the little fella in the big, scary mask. But remember, you're not just laughing at him. You're laughing at his granddad, his great-granddad, and the three-thousand-year-old tree they both became. And in the Mire, the whole family tends to hold a grudge.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	2	3	5	12	4	3

- **Weapon:**
 - **Ritual Dagger** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/2
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Stilt-Walker:** This fighter treats shallow water and boggy ground as normal terrain and can move over low-lying obstacles (up to 1" high) without penalty.
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Enfeebling Curse" (4+):** Pick an enemy fighter within 12". That fighter suffers -1 to their **Grit** characteristic until the end of the battle round.
 - **"Swamp-Fever Hex" (Double):** Pick an enemy fighter within 9". That fighter's **Footwork** is halved (rounding up) until their next activation.
- **Behaviour Type:** Deadeye
- **Target Priority:** Slayer





Stilt Stalker

Threat Index 2 - 90 Points

The big monsters in the Mire will kill you quickly. It's the pygmies that make you paranoid. They have mastered their stinking home by simply rising above it on long, spindly stilts, their movements unnervingly silent as they pick their way through the grasping mud. You won't see them at first. You'll hear them. It's a strange, hollow, piping sound that cuts through the fog - a dozen off-key flutes playing a discordant, hypnotic tune. That's their war music. It's how they coordinate their hunts, a sound that

seems to come from everywhere and nowhere at once. You'll see a flicker of movement in the reeds, ten feet up. A spiked wooden mask. The music stops. The pygmy has his instrument raised to his lips, but he's not playing. He's aiming. Those aren't just pan pipes. They're a weapon. A set of poison dart pan pipes, each hollow reed a blowgun tipped with Jacaré venom. It's their culture, their music, and their weapon, all in one. You'll hear a sharp thwip, and the poison dart will be in your neck before you can even draw your blade. Then, the piping starts again, this time from all around you. The rest of the tribe is coming to collect their dinner.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	2	2	6	8	2	1

- **Weapons:**
 - **Poisoned Blowgun** (Ranged): Range 9", Impact 1/2. On a critical hit, the target suffers an additional D3 damage at the end of the round.
 - **Sacrificial Knife** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/3
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Stilt-Walker:** This fighter treats shallow water and boggy ground as normal terrain and can move over low-lying obstacles (up to 1" high) without penalty.
 - **Swamp-Cunning:** This fighter gains +1 Grit when in cover.
- **Ability:**
 - **"Poisoned Volley" (Double):** If this fighter has not moved this activation, it may make two ranged attack actions instead of one.
- **Behaviour Type:** Harrier
- **Target Priority:** Harasser





Swamparoo aka "Swampa"

Threat Index 1 - 110 Points

There's a strange sort of beauty to the Swampa. You'll see them at dawn, great herds of them, bounding between lily pads in silent, twenty-foot leaps, their powerful legs barely disturbing the water. They are a marvel of adaptation, a peaceful herbivore that has mastered this treacherous world. Then you'll see a Mire Stalker pygmy on the back of one, a poison-tipped dart in its blowgun, and you're reminded that in the Mire, even

the most serene and beautiful things are usually just a vehicle for something that wants to kill you.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
2	3	2	8	10	1	1

- **Weapon:**
 - **Clawed Feet & Eel-Tail Whip** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/3
- **Abilities:**
 - **Bounding Leap (3+):** This fighter can immediately make a bonus move action. This move ignores all intervening terrain and fighters, as long as it starts and ends on a valid surface.
- **Special Rule - Evasive:** When targeted by a ranged attack, this fighter gains +1 Grit if it has made a move action this activation.
- **Special Rule - Skittish:** This fighter must end its activation more than 3" away from any enemy fighter with the **Monster** keyword if possible.
- **Behaviour Type:** Harrier
- **Target Priority:** Survivor



Warband Skirmishing





A Suicidal Quarrel

There's an old, half-sunken temple in the heart of the Mire, and two so-called 'leaders' are having a disagreement over who gets to loot it first. They're both too stubborn to back down and too stupid to realise the swamp itself is going to kill them long before their opponent does. This isn't a battle for glory or honour. It's a petty, muddy squabble that's about to get very, very bloody. My money's on the swamp.



Assassinate the Leader

The battle ends immediately when one of the warband leaders is taken out of action. The player whose leader is still on the board is the winner, regardless of any other casualties.

Board Setup

A standard Mire board. After terrain is set up, the two players use the **Lay of the Land** deployment rules for a Multiplayer Skirmish. Each player deploys their Jury on their Home Edge and their Fury on their chosen Flank Edge.

Special Rules:

- **Headhunters:** Each player gains a bonus **2 XP** for every non-leader enemy fighter their warband takes out of action. This encourages aggressive play, even if the primary target is the leader.
- **No Reinforcements:** This is a sudden, brutal clash. Neither player gets to deploy their **Usury** group in this skirmish.





King of the Bog

In the middle of the stinking Mire, there's a single, half-sunken ruin that stays dry all year round. It's not much - a pile of old stones and misery - but in a world made of mud, the one dry patch is the kingdom. Now, two warbands have their eyes on it, and neither is in the mood to share. This isn't a fight about treasure or honour. It's a primal, territorial brawl to be the one who gets to sleep without leeches in their boots. It's a battle to be King of the Bog.



King of the Hill

The battle lasts for 4 rounds. At the end of the fourth round, the player who has the most fighters (measured by total Wounds value) on the central island is the winner.

Board Setup

A standard Mire board, but the center of the board must have a large, single piece of elevated terrain (at least 2" high), such as a large, flat-topped ruin or a bog-island. This is the "Hill." Players deploy using the **Lay of the Land** rules for a Multiplayer Skirmish.

Special Rules:

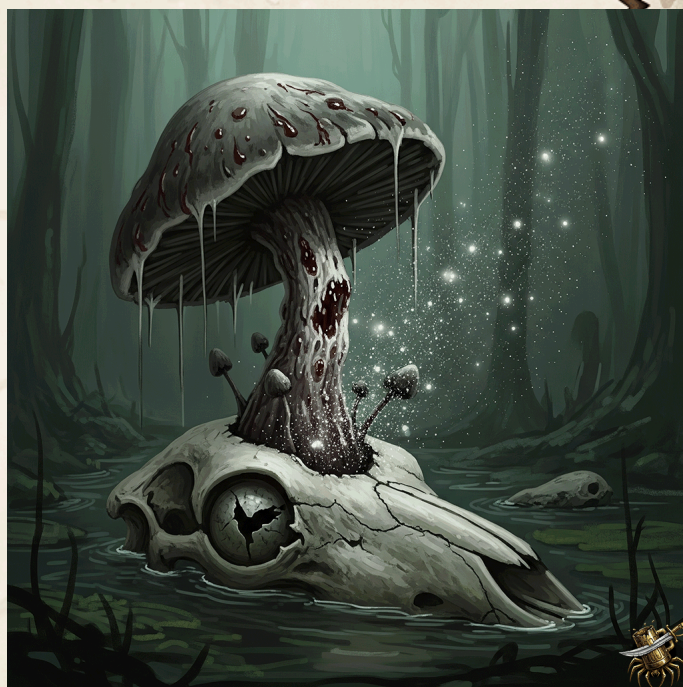
- **Sacred Ground:** The central island is an ancient site of power. Any fighter who ends their activation on the Hill immediately heals 1 wound.
- **Reinforcements Expected:** This is a battle of attrition. At the start of the second battle round, both players will bring on their **Usury** group as per "The Echoes of Blood" reinforcement rules.





The Spore Harvest

Once a year, when the twin moons are full, the Ghost-Cap mushrooms of the Mire bloom for a single night. Their spores are worth a fortune, prized by alchemists and sorcerers for their potent, reality-bending properties. The news of a fresh bloom has reached The Eightpints, and now two warbands are racing into the swamp, knives out, ready to kill each other over a bit of glowing fungus. It's the annual Spore Harvest, the deadliest and most profitable night in the Mire.



Gather the Spores

The warband that has harvested the most Spore-Blooms by the end of the fifth battle round is the winner.

Board Setup

A standard Mire board. After terrain is set up, place **five** Objective Tokens on the board, each representing a "Spore-Bloom." They must be placed on ground level and more than 6" away from any board edge or another token. Players then deploy using the **Lay of the Land** rules for a Multiplayer Skirmish.

Special Rules:

- **Harvesting:** A fighter can use an action while within 1" of a Spore-Bloom to harvest it. The token is removed from the board, and the fighter is now "Carrying Spores."
- **Bioluminescent:** A fighter Carrying Spores glows with an eerie light. They can be targeted by ranged attacks even if they are in cover.
- **Fumbled Prize:** If a fighter Carrying Spores is taken out of action, immediately place the Spore-Bloom token back on the board, within 1" of where they fell.





Escape the Bog

Right then, you miserable sods. Last night, after one too many pints of Iron Gut, two of your leaders made a bet. A simple wager: which crew is tough enough to cross the Black-Rot Fen before the sinking tide comes in? It's a straight race from one side to the other. The only thing in your way is a whole lot of grasping mud, a few territorial monsters, and the other sorry lot who were foolish enough to take the same bet. First crew to get their boys across gets the glory. The loser gets to be fish food. Simple.



Objective: Breakthrough

The battle lasts for 5 rounds. The player who has moved the most fighters off the opposing player's board edge by the end of the fifth battle round is the winner.

Board Setup

A standard Mire board. This scenario uses the **short board edges** for deployment. Players deploy their **Jury** and **Fury** groups using the **Lay of the Land** rules, but must place their nodes on their designated short board edge.

Special Rules

- **Sinking Ground:** The swamp is trying to reclaim this path. At the start of each battle round after the first, the player who lost the initiative roll must choose one piece of terrain on the battlefield. That piece of terrain has sunk into the bog and is removed from play.
- **Reinforcements Expected:** This is a desperate race where every body counts. At the start of the second battle round, both players will bring on their **Usury** group as per "The Echoes of Blood" reinforcement rules.



Side Quests





The Sunken Sinner



There's an old story in the Mire. A Tide Sworn captain, heavy with gold from a raid on a Gilded Legion pay-wagon, made a deal with a Fetish-Doctor to hide his treasure. The pygmy shaman sunk the chest in a boggy, forgotten graveyard, but the captain, being the greedy sort, tried to double-cross him. The shaman's curse was swift. The captain's body dissolved into the swamp, his soul forever bound to guard the very treasure he coveted. They say his ghost still walks the old graveyard, a sorrowful, clanking horror...



Objective

Your warband has found a map to this sunken treasure. You must venture into the old bog-graveyard and retrieve the chest.

Board Setup

The board should be a classic Mire battlefield, with plenty of murky water and gnarled trees. Place a single Objective Token in the center of the board, representing the Sunken Treasure Chest.

Beast Lineup:

- 1x **Bile-Leper** (Threat 8, 320 pts, -20%): **256 pts**
- 1x **Bog Root Mauler** (Threat 7, 300 pts, -20%): **240 pts** - *This is the spectral, clanking horror of the cursed captain.*
- 2x **Root-Wight** (Threat 6, 210 pts, -10%): **189 pts** each (378 total)
- 7x **Mire Pygmy Stilt Stalker** (Threat 2, 90 pts): **90 pts** each (630 total)

Total Beast Roster Value: 1504 points

How to Play

This is a standard skirmish. The Player wins if they can carry the Objective Token off any board edge. The Beasts win if the entire warband is taken out of action.





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The Alchemist's Folly

There's a fine line between bravery and stupidity, and an alchemist named Finnick crossed it about three miles ago. He went into the Mire chasing a rare, phosphorescent moss, convinced he could brew it into a potion that would make him rich. According to the one survivor of his party, he found his moss, but he also found a tribe of very territorial Mire

Pygmies. They've got him tied up in their village, and the Fetish-Doctor is preparing a special welcome stew. The Alchemist's Guild is paying well to get their man back, preferably in one piece.



Objective

Your warband must fight its way through the pygmy village, cut the Alchemist free, and escort him safely off the board.

Board Setup

The board should be a pygmy village, with several crude stilt-huts connected by rope bridges over murky water. In the center of the board, place an **Objective Token** representing the **Captured Alchemist**, who is tied to a post.

Beast Lineup:

- 1x **Mire Pygmy Fetish-Doctor** (Threat 3, 140 pts): **140 pts**
- 1x **Root-Wight** (Threat 6, 210 pts, -10%): **189 pts**
- 1x **Rokakora** (Threat 5, 200 pts, -10%): **180 pts**
- 2x **Spore Wing** (Threat 4, 190 pts, -10%): **171 pts** each (342 total)
- 7x **Mire Pygmy Stilt Stalker** (Threat 2, 90 pts): **90 pts** each (630 total)

How to Play

A warband fighter must move into base contact with the Alchemist and use an action to cut him free. The Alchemist is now a friendly fighter with his own stats (he cannot attack but can m





The Player wins if they can move the Alchemist off any board edge. The Beasts win if the Alchemist or the entire warband is taken out of action.

Reward

- **150 Shiners:** A straightforward and respectable payment from the Guild for services rendered.
- **Unique Recipe: "Finnick's Gratitude":** The rescued alchemist, eternally grateful, teaches the warband a unique exploding potion recipe that cannot be acquired anywhere else.





The Spore-Laden Lair

The Mire Stalkers are having a pest problem. A particularly large and aggressive Spore Wing has made its nest in an old, hollowed-out tree near one of their villages, and its brood is getting bold. The air for miles around is thick with a strange, shimmering pollen, and the Stalkers are worried the beast's territorial fury will disrupt their own careful



cultivation of the swamp. They're offering a handsome reward to any crew mad enough to go in there, smash the nests, and clear out the winged menaces.

Objective

Your warband must venture into the Spore Wing's lair and destroy the three clutches of eggs before the creatures can fully mature and overwhelm you.

Board Setup

The board should be a dense section of The Mire, with a large, hollowed-out tree or a small cave system at its center. Place three Objective Tokens inside this central terrain feature, each representing a "Spore-Clutch."

Beast Lineup

- 1x **Bile-Leper** (Threat 8, 320 pts, -20%): **256 pts**
- 1x **Bog Root Mauler** (Threat 7, 300 pts, -20%): **240 pts**
- 2x **Spore Wing** (Threat 4, 190 pts, -10%): **171 pts** each (342 total)
- 8x **Swamparoo ("Swampa")** (Threat 1, 110 pts): **110 pts** each (880 total)

How to Play

The Spore-Clutches are destructible objectives. A fighter can use an attack action to target a clutch. Each clutch has a Grit of 4 and 10 Wounds. The Player wins if they can destroy all three clutches. The Beasts win if the entire warband is taken out of action.





Reward

- 100 Shiners.
- One bottle of the rare and potent "Symbiote's Kiss" Hot Sauce.





Main Quests





The Serpent's Shadow

There's a new poison in the Mire, something fouler than the usual toxic filth. They call it the 'Serpent's Kiss.' It doesn't just kill; it paralyzes, leaving a warrior a helpless, living statue. The Mire Stalkers are terrified of it, and they're blaming a rogue Wytch Coven acolyte who has taken up residence in an old, sunken temple. They say she's trying to 'perfect' the swamp's natural toxins. The Stalkers are offering a hefty reward to any crew willing to go in there and put a stop to her grim work.





Part 1

The Poisoned Hunt

Objective

Your warband must track the rogue acolyte by following the trail of her victims. You must find and analyze three "paralyzed" beasts to learn the nature of the poison.

Board Setup

A standard Mire board. Place three Objective Tokens on the board, each representing a paralyzed Mire beast.

Beast Lineup (Total Points: ~1500):

- 1x **Jacaré-Emboscada** (Threat 10, 350 pts, -30%): **245 pts**
- 1x **Bog Root Mauler** (Threat 7, 300 pts, -20%): **240 pts**
- 2x **Root-Wight** (Threat 6, 210 pts, -10%): **189 pts** each (378 total)
- 7x **Mire Pygmy Stilt Stalker** (Threat 2, 90 pts): **90 pts** each (630 total)
- **Total Beast Roster Value: 1493 points**

How to Play

A fighter can use an action while next to a paralyzed beast to make a Metvel-Kaltos check. On a success, they have analyzed the poison. The Player wins if they can successfully analyze all three beasts.

Overheard in The Pub: "A Mire Stalker Paddy-Boss tried to hire a Scrap-Tek Mekanik to 'upgrade' his Ensnared Mire Wyrms. The Mek bolted a steam-piston to its head and replaced its teeth with whirring sawblades. The Wyrms apparently took one look at its reflection, got terribly depressed, and dragged the entire Lotus Paddy down into the deepest part of the swamp."





Part 2

The Serpent's Kiss

Objective

You have tracked the acolyte, a Wytch Coven Surgeon named Seraphina, to her lair in the sunken temple. You must defeat her before she can perfect her terrible new poison.

Board Setup

The board should represent the interior of a sunken temple, with pillars and crumbling walls.

Enemy Warband

This is a unique warband led by Seraphina.

- **Leader: Seraphina, the Serpent-Priestess** (a Wytch Coven Surgeon)
- **Followers: 2x Wytch Coven Harvesters, 4x Wytch Coven Initiates**

How to Play

This is a standard skirmish. The Player wins if they can take the enemy leader, Seraphina, out of action.

Reward for Completion

- **200 Shiners.**
- **Unique Item: "Seraphina's Stiletto."** A beautiful, needle-thin dagger that weeps a single drop of potent venom. (*Weapon Profile: Melee, Range 1, Impact 1/3. Special Rule: On a critical hit, the target is "Paralyzed" and cannot perform any actions on their next activation.*)
- **Unique Follower (BFF): A Reformed Wytch Coven Initiate.**





BFF: Lyra, the Penitent



One of Seraphina's youngest acolytes, Lyra was horrified by the cruelty of her mistress's experiments. Defeated in battle but spared by the warband, she has sworn a new oath to use her grim knowledge to help them, seeking to atone for the horrors she has witnessed.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	3	2	6	10	3	2

- **Weapon:** Ceremonial Dagger (Melee, Range 1, Impact 1/3)
- **Ability - "Counter-Venom" (Double):** Choose a friendly fighter within 3". That fighter is immune to the effects of poison for the rest of the battle.





The Sunken Song

The Mire is usually a quiet place, save for the buzzing of flies and the occasional death-rattle. Lately, though, there's been a new sound. A song, drifting out of the deep swamp on the fog. It's a beautiful, sad, and deeply unnerving tune that seems to get stuck in your head. Folks who've heard it say it makes them feel... empty. A wealthy merchant's son, a collector of rare sounds, has gone missing after going to record it. The merchant is offering a fortune for his safe return, and to silence that damned, mournful song.





Part 1

The Siren's Call

Objective

Your warband has been given three ancient "Echo-Stones" that can be used to triangulate the source of the song. You must fight your way to three specific locations in the swamp to activate them.

Board Setup

A standard Mire board. Place three Objective Tokens on the board, each representing a "Resonance Point."

Beast Lineup (Total Points: ~1500):

- 1x **Jacaré-Emboscada** (Threat 10, 350 pts, -30%): **245 pts**
- 2x **Bile-Leper** (Threat 8, 320 pts, -20%): **256 pts** each (512 total)
- 4x **Root-Wight** (Threat 6, 210 pts, -10%): **189 pts** each (756 total)
- **Total Beast Roster Value: 1513 points**

How to Play

A fighter can use an action while next to a Resonance Point to make a Metvel-Kaltos check. On a success, the Echo-Stone is activated. The Player wins if they can successfully activate all three stones.

Overheard in The Pub: *"The Perpetual of the Ancient Battlefield, the Grave-Sworn Colossus? It's not just a collection of dead soldiers. The story goes it's the animated armour of the first Titan of Perpetuality, the one that the first hero killed to start the whole bloody Cycle. It's not a ghost; it's a god's corpse, and it's still angry."*





Part 2

The Chorus of the Deep

Objective

The Echo-Stones have led you to a half-submerged amphitheater, where you find the source of the song: a single, elegant Chorus of the Final Aria Virtuoso, using her strange abilities to "tune" the local wildlife. The merchant's son is in a trance at her feet. You must defeat the Virtuoso and break her hold.

Board Setup

The board should represent a half-sunken ruin, with a raised platform in the center where the Virtuoso and the merchant's son are.

Enemy Warband

This is a unique warband led by the Virtuoso.

- **Leader: Virtuoso of the Gilded Null** (a Chorus of the Final Aria Sorcerer)
- **Followers:** 2x "Enthralled" Bog Root Maulers, 4x "Tuned" Bull Frogs

How to Play

This is a standard skirmish. The Player wins if they can take the enemy leader, the Virtuoso, out of action.

Reward

- **250 Shiners.**
- **Unique Item: "Siren's Lure."** A small, beautiful music box that plays a haunting, hypnotic tune. (*Once per battle, you may use an action to target an enemy fighter within 9". That fighter must pass a **Clout check**. On a failure, you may immediately move that fighter up to 4" in any direction.*)
- **Unique Follower (Pet): A "Tuned" Bull Frog.**





Pet: "Coda," the Tuned Bull Frog



One of the Bull Frogs enthralled by the Virtuoso's song, this creature seems to have retained a fragment of the beautiful, sad music in its soul. Freed from her control, it has imprinted on the warband's leader, following them with a quiet, melodic croak.

- **Handler:** The Warband Leader

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
2	3	3	5	8	-	-

- **Weapon:** Crushing Bite (Melee, Range 1, Impact 1/3)
- **Ability - "Sorrowful Croak":** When this Pet's Handler is targeted by a melee attack, the attacker suffers -1 to their **Flurry** for that attack action.





The Perpetual Reckoning



The March of the Great Fetish

The Mire Pygmies do not build kingdoms of stone or steel; their greatest construction is one of faith and blood. When the tribes are united by a powerful Fetish-Doctor, they can perform a ritual of profound, terrifying power. They gather the oldest bones from their swampland, the hardest ironwood from the deepest bogs, and the most potent effigies from a hundred generations of shamanic tradition. At the heart of this great pile, they place a living sacrifice, and as they chant, they awaken something vast and terrible.





Part 1

The Silent Sentinels



Objective

Your warband has entered the deep mire. Your first task is to find the source of the pygmy migration by tracking them to one of their ceremonial sites.

Board Setup

A standard Mire board. Place three Objective Tokens in a line across the center of the board, each representing a "Trail Marker."

Beast Lineup (Total Points: 801):

- **Beast Lineup:** 1x Root-Wight (189 pts), 2x Spore Wings (342 pts), 3x Stilt Stalkers (270 pts).
- **Total Value: 801 points.** (*This remains a good introductory skirmish.*)

How to Play

The Player wins if they can control two of the three Trail Markers at the end of the fourth battle round. The Beasts win if the warband is taken out of action.





Part 2

The Summoning Circle



Objective

The trail has led you to the Bog-Heart, a massive, ancient summoning circle where a powerful Fetish-Doctor is performing the final stages of a terrible ritual. You must disrupt the ritual by destroying the three lesser fetishes that power it before he can complete his work.

Board Setup

A large, circular island in the center of the board represents the Bog-Heart. Place three Objective Tokens on the island, each one a "Lesser Fetish."

Beast Lineup (Total Points: 1490):

- 1x **Mire Pygmy Fetish-Doctor** (Threat 3, 140 pts): **140 pts**
- 1x **Jacaré-Emboscada** (Threat 10, 350 pts, -30%): **245 pts** - *a bound guardian for the ritual*
- 1x **Wild Mire Wurm** (Threat 10, 550 pts, -30%): **385 pts**
- 8x **Mire Pygmy Stilt Stalker** (Threat 2, 90 pts): **90 pts** each (720 total)

How to Play

The Lesser Fetishes are destructible terrain. The Player wins if they can destroy all three before the end of the fifth battle round. If they fail, the ritual is completed, and you must immediately proceed to Part 3.





Part 3

The March of the Great Fetish



Objective

You were too late. The ritual is complete, and the ground itself heaves as the Great Fetish, the colossal war-totem of the pygmies, rises from the swamp. It begins its relentless march, and you are the only thing standing in its way.

Board Setup & Rules

This skirmish uses the full Perpetual Reckoning rules for The Great Fetish. The board represents the path of its destruction.

Beast Lineup:

- 1x **The Great Fetish** (Threat 11)

How to Play

The Player wins if they can destroy the three Ritual-Totems on the Fetish's back. The Beast wins if the Great Fetish reaches the far end of the board or the warband is taken out of action.





Rules For The March of the Great Fetish

The Great Fetish is not a god, but a vessel. It is a colossal, village-sized totem, a vaguely humanoid monstrosity of bone, wood, and sacred icons, animated by the collective, hateful will of the pygmy tribes. It is their ultimate raiding party, a walking, mobile fortress upon whose back the pygmy warriors ride, screaming their war-cries as their living god carries them to war, its massive, club-like arms smashing a path of destruction through the swamp for their lesser kin to follow.





The Great Fetish is marching towards a vital strategic location (a fortified settlement, a rare resource, etc.). The battlefield is the swamp in its path. The warband is on a desperate, moving series of platforms, trying to stop the titan.

- **Victory:** The warband must destroy the three **Ritual-Shrines** on the Fetish's body to sever the pygmies' connection to it, causing it to collapse.
- **Defeat:** The warband is defeated, or the Great Fetish reaches the end of the battlefield.

Perpetual Automated Adversary Behavior

- **Wrath Table: The Great Fetish** (See Next Page)
- **Movement Protocol:** At the end of every round, the Great Fetish performs a **Reposition** action, moving 8" directly towards the opposite end of the board.
- **Targeting Protocol:** The Fetish's attacks target the Engagement Zone with the most warband units.

The Shaman's Ire

At the start of the Cataclysm Phase (before rolling the D6), the Fetish-Doctor leader on the Primal-Shrine casts a spell. Choose one random warband fighter on the battlefield. That fighter must pass a **Metvel-Kaltos** check or suffer the effects of the "**Enfeebling Curse**" (suffer -1 to their Grit until the start of the next round).

Engagement Zones & Stats

Engagement Zone	Objective	Resolve	Description & Hazards
The Quaking Ground	N/A	N/A	The area around the Fetish's six legs. This zone is difficult terrain and is constantly shaken by tremors.
The Fore-Section	Totem of the Hunt	20	The front third of the beast's back. Contains a crude catapult and several pygmy hunters. Reaching it requires a Movement check to climb.





The Mid-Section	Totem of the Feast	20	The center of the beast's back. Contains the main pygmy nest and numerous warriors.
The Hind-Section	Primal Totem (Weak Point)	30	The rear of the beast's back, where the Fetish-Doctor leader performs his binding ritual. Only becomes accessible after the other two Totems are destroyed.

Wrath Table

At the start of each Telegraph Phase, roll a D6 and consult this table. The result is the Cataclysm Action the Great Fetish will take at the end of the round.

D6 Roll	Cataclysm Action
1-2	Crushing Stride: The Fetish stomps its massive, tree-trunk legs. All units in The Quaking Ground Zone must pass a Footwork check or suffer D6 damage and be knocked prone.
3-4	Pygmy Volley: The pygmy riders on one Section (Fore, Mid, or Hind, chosen by the player) unleash a volley of projectiles. This is a standard ranged attack against every warband unit in an adjacent ground-level Zone.
5	Shamanic Chant: The Fetish-Doctor on the Hind-Section empowers the spirit within. For the next round, the Great Fetish's Movement is increased by 2".





6

Player's Choice: The warband spots a weakness in the beast's chaotic rampage. The **player's warband** gets to choose which of the other results on this table (1-5) takes effect.


Heroic Actions

These are special actions that a fighter can perform during their activation, in the specified Engagement Zone, by making a characteristic check. They are often far more effective at reducing a Zone's **Resolve** than standard attacks.

Jam the Lurching Gait

- **Zone:** The Quaking Ground
- **Action:** A fighter can attempt to sabotage the crude, lurching leg mechanisms of the Fetish, using a crowbar to jam a joint or a well-placed explosive to shatter a load-bearing bone.
- **Check:** Make a **Metvel-Kaltos** check (TN 8+).
- **Effect on Success:** The leg is momentarily crippled, causing the entire structure to shudder violently. The Great Fetish is "Unsteady" until the end of the next round. While Unsteady, any friendly fighter attempting the "**Scale the Beast**" Heroic Action may re-roll a failed Footwork check. This action deals no direct Resolve damage but makes the entire assault easier for the rest of the warband.

Ignite the Fetish Huts

- **Zone:** The Fore-Section & The Mid-Section
 - **Action:** A fighter on the Fetish's back can use their action to set the pygmies' crude, flammable huts ablaze, turning their own homes into a weapon against them.
 - **Check:** Make a **Heft** check (TN 7+) to smash a brazier and scatter embers, or a **Metvel-Kaltos** check (TN 7+) to use an accelerant like an oil flask.
 - **Effect on Success:** The Engagement Zone is now on fire. Reduce the Resolve of the Totem in that Zone by D3. For the rest of the battle, that Engagement Zone is now **Hazardous Terrain** for any pygmy warriors (the "Falling Warriors" who are shaken loose) that land in it, who will suffer 1 damage at the end of their activation.
- 



Turn Their Guns Against Them

- **Zone:** The Fore-Section
- **Action:** The Fore-Section contains a crude pygmy catapult. A fighter can attempt to seize control of the war machine and fire it at another part of the Great Fetish.
- **Check:** Make a **Heft** check (TN 8+) to overpower the pygmy crew and swing the machine around.
- **Effect on Success:** You have control of the catapult for one shot. You may immediately make a special ranged attack targeting either **The Mid-Section** or **The Hind-Section**. The attack automatically hits and deals a massive **2D6 Resolve damage** to that Zone's Totem.

Unravel the Binding Ritual

- **Zone:** The Hind-Section (Weak Point Zone)
- **Action:** A fighter who has reached the Primal-Totem can attempt to disrupt the powerful magic that animates the entire construct, screaming their own counter-chants to break the Fetish-Doctor's concentration.
- **Check:** Make a **Metvel-Kaltos** or **Clout** check (player's choice, TN 9+).
- **Effect on Success:** You successfully unpick a thread in the great ritual. Reduce the Resolve of the Primal-Totem by 2D6. Additionally, the Fetish-Doctor is so shaken by your profane interruption that the "**Shaman's Ire**" ability does not take effect during the next Cataclysm Phase.

Falling Warriors

The battle on the titan's back is chaotic, and pygmies are frequently knocked from their perches, becoming a direct threat to the warband below.

- **Trigger:** Whenever an **Engagement Zone on the Fetish's back** (Fore, Mid, or Hind) suffers **10 or more Resolve damage in a single round**, the impact is so severe that it shakes several pygmy warriors loose.
- **Effect:** Immediately place **D3 Mire Pygmy Stilt Stalkers** in **The Quaking Ground** Zone below. These beasts are now active enemies on the battlefield and will activate as normal in the next round.

Overheard in The Pub: *"They say that when the world was new, it was a quiet, grey place. To bring life to it, eight gods came and each one poured a single pint of their own divine essence into the soil. A god of life poured a pint of pure water, a god of war poured a pint of fresh blood, a god of industry poured a pint of black oil... and so on. The world we live in is the result of those eight divine pints, all mixed up into the chaotic, beautiful, and deadly cocktail we call 'hmm'."*





Items of Legend from The March of The Great Fetish



1. The Fetish-Doctor's Staff

When you finally bring the Great Fetish crashing down, the spirit within is torn apart, but the tools of its masters remain. This is the ritual staff of the head shaman, the Fetish-Doctor who conducted the bloody symphony of its rampage. It's a gnarled, twisted thing of ironwood, topped with the skull of a rival, and it still hums with the dark, life-stealing energy of the summoning. It's not a pretty thing, but I've seen a sorcerer drain the very life from a man with a single touch of its tip.

- **Item Type:** Weapon (Staff)
- **Effect on Stats:** +1 Metvel-Kaltos
- **Special Rules:** The wielder gains the ability "**Life-Leech**" (4+): The next melee attack action this fighter makes this activation heals the attacker for half the damage dealt (rounding up).





2. The Great Club of the Fetish

When you finally break the Great Fetish, it collapses into a mountain of dead wood and shattered bone. Most of it is just junk, but sometimes, if you're lucky, you can find a piece of its very heart. This is one of its colossal finger-bones, a piece of petrified Ironwood the size of a man, still wrapped in the sinew and iron that gave it motion. To wield it is to carry a piece of the titan's own, unstoppable momentum. It's not a subtle weapon. It's a club that was once part of a hand that could topple cities.

- **Item Type:** Weapon (Great-Club)
- **Effect on Stats:** +1 Heft
- **Special Rules:** This is a two-handed weapon. It has the **Pulverize** keyword. Attacks made with this weapon gain the special rule: "**Colossal Weight.**" On a critical hit, the target is automatically knocked prone and cannot move on their next activation.





3. The Idol-Helm

The Great Fetish isn't just a beast; it's a walking temple. When it falls, the smaller, sacred icons that adorned its body are scattered across the battlefield. The bravest, or most foolish, warriors will claim the beast's very face as their own. The Idol-Helm is the central, screaming mask of the titan, ripped from its head and crudely hollowed out to be worn as a helmet. It's a heavy, unsettling thing to wear, and they say you can still hear the whispers of the pygmy shamans who gave it life, a constant, chittering reminder of its dark origins.

- **Item Type:** Armour (Helmet)
- **Effect on Stats:** +1 Grit, +1 Clout
- **Special Rules:** The wearer gains the "**Terrifying Presence**" special rule. Enemy fighters within 3" of the wearer suffer -1 to their **Clout** characteristic.



4. The Living Wall

The Great Fetish's body is made of ancient, gnarled ironwood, but its 'armor' is something else entirely. It is a living, symbiotic colony of petrified bone-barnacles, a creature that feeds on the titan's own rage. A skilled artisan can keep a piece of this living armor alive after the Fetish falls. This shield is not a dead thing; it is a colony of dormant creatures, and when you are struck, it awakens with a furious, hissing life of its own, its thousands of tiny, bony mouths lashing out to bite at the weapon that disturbed its slumber.

- **Item Type:** Armour (Shield)
- **Effect on Stats:** +1 Grit
- **Special Rules:** The wearer gains the "Living Retaliation" special rule. After this fighter is hit by a melee attack action, the attacker's weapon is momentarily ensnared by the living shield. The attacker must pass a Heft check (TN 8+) or their weapon is "Bound." A fighter with a Bound weapon cannot use it for the rest of the battle round.





5. The Chittering Rattle

This is the personal rattle of the Fetish-Doctor who led the pygmy tribe, the very one who conducted the ritual to awaken the Great Fetish. It's made from the hollowed-out skull of a Swamparoo, but it's not filled with pebbles. It's filled with the teeth of his enemies. Its sound is not a simple rattle, but a hypnotic, mind-altering rhythm that seems to get inside your head, clouding your thoughts and making it hard to focus on the simple act of staying alive. It's a subtle and deeply unnerving weapon.

- **Item Type:** Miscellaneous Gear
- **Effect on Stats:** +1 Clout
- **Special Rules:** The wielder gains the ability "Hypnotic Rhythm" (Double): Choose an enemy fighter within 9". That fighter cannot use any abilities that cost a (Double) or (Triple) during their next activation.





6. The Hunter's Quiver

When you're fighting the Great Fetish, you'll notice the pygmy hunters perched on its back, firing an endless volley of darts. This is the personal quiver of their hunt-master. It's not the quiver itself that's special, but the darts within. Each one is tipped with a unique, potent venom, a secret known only to the pygmy shamans, that doesn't kill, but leaves its victim a helpless, living statue. It is the perfect tool for a warrior who prefers to take their prizes alive.

- **Item Type:** Miscellaneous Gear
- **Effect on Stats:** None
- **Special Rules:** A fighter equipped with this quiver who is also armed with a **Blowgun** may use these darts. Their Blowgun attacks gain the "**Paralyzing Toxin**" special rule: On a critical hit, the target is **Pinned** and cannot perform any actions on their next activation.

Overhead in The Pub: "Eight Pints? You want to know where the name comes from? It's the price of a life, that's what. Back in the day, the first Resurrection Men from the Corpsewerk Consortium figured out the exact cost of bringing a stiff back from the dead. Took 'em eight pints of someone else's blood, a bit of copper wire, and a whole lot of screaming. Everything's got a price, mate, especially a second chance."





Bartholomew Buttercup's Bespoke Excursions Presents: The Mire!

Are you feeling... dry? Has the relentless predictability of solid ground left your spirit parched and your sense of adventure wanting? Then it is with immense pleasure that I, Bartholomew 'Barty' Buttercup, present a truly hydrating and deeply immersive excursion designed to cleanse the soul and revitalise the senses: a curated wellness retreat to the world's most exclusive natural spa, The Mire!

Forget everything you've heard about this misunderstood paradise! The Mire is a premier eco-tourism destination, a place of profound tranquility and character-building opportunities, where the very environment is dedicated to your personal growth. Our signature treatment begins the moment you arrive with a complimentary, full-body mud wrap, a proprietary blend that is simply teeming with essential, earthy minerals. Feel the day's tensions (and perhaps your boots) simply melt away as the grasping, authentic mud embraces you in its firm, loving hold.

This is followed by a refreshing dip in one of our many nutrient-dense, algae-rich pools, perfect for exfoliating the skin and connecting with the vibrant local ecosystem. The entire region functions as a natural steam room, its warm, humid air infused with the intoxicating aromatherapy of the native Corpse-Lilies - a truly unforgettable scent!

At our wellness retreat, you will have ample opportunity to commune with the serene local fauna. Observe the Jacaré-Emboscada, a true master of meditative stillness, as it demonstrates its deep and patient connection to the landscape. You may also be treated to a surprisingly vigorous and effective exfoliating treatment from a passing Bile Leper, whose methods are unconventional but undeniably effective at removing that stubborn outer layer of... you! . The entire region is a testament to the beautiful, symbiotic relationship between all living things.

Our hosts, the charming and resourceful Mire Stalkers, are masters of this symbiotic philosophy and are eager to share their unique culture with discerning travellers. You will also be greeted by their partners in this venture, a tribe of delightful Stilt Stalkers, whose passion for a "farm-to-table" dining experience is truly inspirational.

(A small travel advisory: the local welcoming committee is famously hospitable and may invite you to a traditional community dinner. It is customary to contribute to the pot, and they are particularly fond of ingredients that are... well-travelled. We find it best to be a generous guest!)

This bespoke package includes a number of curated activities, from exhilarating games of hide-and-seek with the local flora to a thrilling biodiversity tour where you may witness the majestic, large-scale migratory patterns of the Great Fetish perpetual.

So cast off your worries, and possibly your footwear, and let The Mire embrace you! You will emerge feeling cleansed, refreshed, and an entirely new person. Forget safety; embrace the *experience*!

Book your revitalising sojourn with Bartholomew Buttercup today, and discover the you that you were always meant to be, just beneath the surface!



Rumours Around The Eightpints



Virtuoso of the Gilded Null (Sorcerer Class)

Leader - 315 Points

To be revealed...

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	3	2	5	22	5	4

- **Weapon:**
 - **Conductor's Blade** (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Abilities:**
 - **"A Perfect Entrance" (4+):** Choose a friendly fighter within 9". That fighter may immediately make a bonus move action.
 - **[COMMANDMENT] "Crescendo" (Triple):** This ability costs 3 **Spectacle** to use. Choose one enemy fighter on the battlefield. That fighter is immediately taken out of action.





Warband Mechanic: Spectacle

The Chorus of the Final Aria measures their success in **Spectacle** points.

- The warband starts with 0 Spectacle and can accumulate up to 5.
- Your warband gains **1 Spectacle** for each of the following:
 - The first time a fighter scores a critical hit each round.
 - The first time a fighter takes an enemy out of action each round.
 - The first time a (Triple) ability is used each round.
- Certain powerful abilities can only be used by spending **Spectacle**, representing the climax of their performance.

Overheard in The Pub: "Everyone's got these grand theories-cosmic alignments, divine pacts, ancient maps... The truth, as always, is a lot simpler and a lot closer to home. The world isn't called The Eightpints. The pub is called The Eightpints, and for people like us, the pub is the only bit of the world that matters. The story goes that the first Barman, a Sindarkyn with a death wish, brewed eight distinct ales, one in the style of each of the old kingdoms. When the world went to hell and the kingdoms crumbled, the only thing left that brought anyone together was that pub and its eight pints. People started naming the world after the only landmark that still made any sense. It's not the gods or the rivers that define this place. It's the drink you have waiting for you at the end of the road. That's the only map that m

