Malifaux 2E

Crossroads



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Malifaux 2E
Malifaux 2E: Crossroads

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THE GUILD

A Night At The Races

By: Matthew Farrer

The first Saturday night of the quarter, Open Carnival Night, and the Malifaux Hippodrome was in gaudy, excited, slightly drunken bedlam.

If you wanted to take cognac and snuff with Malifaux's rich and powerful, you wangled an invitation to the Prospero Club on the Old Spire Road. If you wanted bohemia, velvet coats and flamboyant poses, poetry and politics, coffee and absinthe, then the salons around the Star Theater would consume all the nights you had to spare. Wanted to slum it? The current venue of choice was Foxhound Mews, just outside the northern Quarantine Zone, where taverns and bawdy theaters catered to daring silvertails who wanted to boast they'd seen Malifaux's dark underbelly.

But if you wanted to flash your looks and your jewels and your finest imported party clothes, you went to the Hippodrome for the Open Carnival.

You'd make yourself gossip-fodder, of course, but wasn't that the fun? Everyone wanted to see which young cad would flirt most dashingly while he was sober and disgrace himself the worst when he got drunk, and which normally-demure society girl would come sashaying along the Red Pavilion promenade with a neckline that belonged in the Succubus Club. Who'd be calling on friends tomorrow for favors and loans after a drunken betting spree tonight? And who'd be slipping away in a discreetly-hired gyro-hansom, and who would they be slipping away with?

There was a reason people called it “Fast-and-Loose Night”, archly pretending they meant the races. As if anyone was fooled.

Charles Hoffman was in the Hippodrome for the Open Carnival. He was not there to mingle, drink, or gossip. He was not even there for the races, strictly speaking. Duty called.

He stood at the rail at the front of the Red Pavilion's balcony, looking around. Directly below was the crowded public area where the regular racegoers haggled with bookies and shouted themselves hoarse whenever a race charged past. At the opposite end of the 'drome was the Governor-General's private Blue Pavilion, curtained and closed tonight: the Viceroy didn't much care for the races, apparently. Three massive chandeliers hung from the vaulted and mirrored ceiling, lighting the whole space midday-bright. That was impressive in itself. The Hippodrome wasn't the largest building in the city, but Hoffman thought it might well be the largest enclosed space.

The *ka-chunk* of the starting gates brought a roar from the stands and Hoffman leaned forward to watch. It was a wildly eclectic pack of racing constructs: animal-analogues, arachnids, bipeds; one on so many jointed legs it seemed to be trailing an undulating silver skirt. Barely in the lead was a blocky creation like an animated sawhorse, lower legs moving in a blur and hard India-rubber feet beating an impossibly fast tattoo on the parquetry racetrack. Pacing it was an egg-shaped bipedal machine bounding on chicken-like legs, trying to crowd its rival without actually colliding.

Hoffman thought back to races at home, the horses' hooves making low, soft thunder on the turf, but here the racers came around the curve and passed his vantage point with the most unholy metallic clatter and crash Hoffman had ever heard. He winced and glanced about, but nobody else seemed to mind. Most people were shouting and cheering too much to notice.

The bounding bipedal egg lost ground around the second lap. It was well-equipped for the straights but couldn't corner without skidding and staggering. Its boxy rival was now fighting for the lead with a gaudy red-and-green arachnid. Hoffman watched this new machine and his eyes narrowed as the pack clamored and bashed its way to the post.

“*Summer Hubris!*” blared the announcer horns. “Congratulations to *Summer Hubris* for the win, *Bayou Louise* for place, *Second Marquess* for show. *Summer Hubris* for the win, constructed by Mister Magnus Campbell of Breachside Mechanical Works, conditioned by the same.” Hoffman gave a small nod, to no-one in particular. “Would all racers for the Pembroke Memorial Trophy please assemble in marshalling yard one. We remind

our spectators that all wagers for the Trophy must be made five minutes before gates-down."

Hoffman unfolded a set of miniature binoculars and sought out the winners' circle. *Summer Hubris* was the red-and-green spider, which had overtaken the over-energetic sawhorse in the last few yards. No surprise. The sawhorse wasted far too much energy with so much transmission gear that far down the legs. Inefficient and horribly accident-prone. Not a design he'd ever have entertained for his own works.

Ryle probably would have. Ryle loved to mess with things, even impractical things. He used to insist that the built product could surprise you in ways that weren't predictable on paper. And even when they didn't work, he could still smile and clap when he watched them. For Charles, engineering was a cerebral process, chilly and grinding, but for his brother it had always been an adventure and a joy. It was why their mechanics respectfully touched their cap-brims when one of Hoffman's designs came to fruition, but threw their caps in the air with a huzzah when it was Ryle's.

Hoffman became aware that he was biting his lip. Too much had happened too fast for him to be able to think about his brother with equanimity. Too much.

He sighed and re-folded the binoculars. Around him the other spectators were all holding similar miniature race-glasses, fancily ornamented and held on slender rods of brass or steel. He felt a momentary, ridiculous urge to assure the people around him that his weren't race-glasses, he wasn't here for frivolous things.

He managed to chuckle at himself for that. Earnest to the point of prissiness, as Ryle had always teased him about. Anyway, the fact that he was here on duty would be obvious to everyone soon. That was part of the point of tonight. A public example had to be made.

The binoculars went into a little case fastened to the heavy brass hoop sitting snugly over his hips, and Hoffman dropped his frock-coat back down to cover it. Every coat he owned had been tailored to hide the lines of the heavy, lumpy brace that supported his torso and legs. As he looked out over the track again his right hand stole down to his right hip and massaged the harsh edges of the frame-joint there. It was a mannerism he had grown so used to that he was unaware of it. His thumb and outside forefinger were hard with callus from it.

Race attendants in long olive-drab smocks were out on the track, setting up bright yellow wooden frames. Interesting. A hurdles event would require variations in design. Legs would need to be sprung for heavy shocks as well as motive power, and cortices would need extra proprioception capacity to judge position in the air and correct when it hit ground. Fluid valves wouldn't work for balance – or would they? Surely there was time to stay and watch one more-

"Sir?"

Or not. Ah, well.

"Yes, Demir?"

"Observations from all three races match your predictions. Our mark has no further entries for tonight, but since the objective is to move while he is still in the Carnival proper..."

"So he hasn't tried to leave yet? Come around the front, please, Demir, I dislike talking over my shoulder."

The frame that supported Hoffman's polio-withered legs made it hard for him to twist on the spot. People always forgot, assuming he was as light on his feet as they were. Ryle had never forgotten. He had always fitted his movements in so naturally with his little brother's, with never a word said.

You're at work, Hoffman reminded himself. Grieve when you're home.

Demir stepped up to stand by him, staring out over the track. Hoffman, looking at his Lieutenant's angular profile and then past it along the Pavilion, noticed the sideways glances from the young ladies and the sour looks from the men. Demir had held a commission in the Ottoman Republican Cavalry before he had come to Malifaux, and he wore the rather plain Guild Guard Lieutenant's uniform with as much flourish as though he had just left a white charger waiting outside.

"He spent some time having his hand shaken and his back slapped in the winners' circle," Demir said, his dark eyes staying on the track. "He is now moving into the Members' Enclosure. He has asked for champagne. Sergeant Allardeck reports his words as being 'Better open a case, you fellows, I have a lot of friends here tonight'. We are in position."

Below them the gates crashed down and the Pembroke Memorial began. These constructs were immediately

and obviously different: heavily-sprung hindcarriages, humpbacked gyroscope mountings, raked head assemblies to carry multiple eyes for better depth perception. They cleared the first hurdle with a sound like a scrap-pile collapsing into a lumber-yard, and raced for the second.

“Very well, then.”

Hoffman willed life into his leg callipers, turned and walked into the crowd. Carnival-goers parted before his heavy, metal shod tread. His personal assistant, a sleek three-foot-high arachnid of polished brass and brushed steel, joined him at the stairs in calm defiance of Pavilion rules.

“Who's with our man tonight, then? Hindle and Sanderson, as usual?” Hoffman asked.

“And several more out in the workshops. Roustabout types. We don't have their names yet.”

“Doesn't matter, we will.”

“As you say, sir. And yes, they are guarding the stalls where Mister Campbell's constructs are waiting to be transported home.”

“I imagine they're busy. Three wins out of three races. People are bound to want to see such impressive handiwork up close.”

“Just so. These men have been discouraging such close attention in quite forceful terms.” Demir said with a glint in his eye.

“Hmm. Discouraging Guild as well?”

“We have not sent anyone in uniform to inspect the stalls, as per your instructions, sir. One of our irregular informants found a pretext to wander by the stall and now has a black eye for his trouble.”

“Write him a little extra scrip for that trouble, please, Demir. You know the amounts I prefer.”

“Certainly, sir. Shall we go to the Members' Enclosure and meet with our mark?”

“Oh, you know me, Demir. I'm far better with machines than with people.” Hoffman turned his head in time to see Demir arch an eyebrow. “I should like a closer look at these marvellous pieces of winning design. Mister Campbell will find us soon enough, if he feels we're worth interrupting his champagne for.”



The workshops filled the role of racetrack stables, more or less. Instead of hay-lined horse-stalls, water-troughs and manure-heaps, there were wide machine-shop bays surrounded by tool lockers and brightly-lit workbenches. Overhead rails carried mechanised carriages with chain-hoists or powerful magically-wound clockwork motors for exotic mechanized tools. At the far end broad doors led to the marshalling square, the Stewards' station and the track.

The whole place was alive with clinks, jangles and clangs, overlaid with a fruity serve of verbal obscenities as the mechanics and shop-hands shouted and argued. When Hoffman and the Guild Guards came down the stairs, quiet rippled out in front of them as though the workshop shed were a pool they had just splashed down into. After a moment the sounds of tools on metal resumed, and men who had been bellowing a moment before instead muttered to themselves and turned their backs to the central aisle.

Magnus Campbell had a standing reservation for the biggest and best-equipped workshop bays. It was expensive – Hoffman had requisitioned the Hippodrome's ledgers and knew exactly how expensive – but expense meant less and less to Campbell with every race meet he attended, every new list of wins he racked up. The wins, and what came from them. Guild contracts, private commissions, consultancies. Campbell would soon be able to sell his stake in Breachside and retire as a wealthy man.

Hoffman's lips tightened at that thought.

Five men blocked the entrance to Campbell's bays, unsmiling types with the beefy builds that came from hauling metal around a machine-works all day. The sort of men who'd always made Hoffman especially conscious of his emaciated legs and the ponderous gait of his walking frame.

He made himself push that thought away. Time to work.

“Help you, gentlemen?” Sanderson asked, sauntering out through his line of bruisers. He caught sight of Sergeant Allardeck. “And ladies?” He preened his red-blond beard at her and grinned.

“Not yet, thank you Mister Sanderson,” Hoffman answered smoothly. Both of Campbell's senior

accomplices were here tonight – Hindle must be in the bay somewhere. "But we may have some questions for you. Please remain where you are."

"At your service, of course, Mister Hoffman," Sanderson said cheerfully. "Just bear with us for a moment while we make sure there's nothing in there to cause you an accident while you poke around. Mister Hindle!" he shouted over his shoulder. "Is everything secured so that that nice Mister Hoffman might come in and see His Nibs' handiwork? I know we were told no admittance but I'm sure Mister C would make an exception if he knew who his guest was."

"One moment, please, Mister Sanderson, and we shall have everything stowed and out of the way," came the reply. Behind Sanderson's muscle men, Hoffman could see the three racing constructs shifting and repositioning.

He felt queasy. He had no taste for this next part of the job, none at all. He wondered how people like the Ortegas did it.

Still, nothing for it.

"Draw weapons and go in," he told Demir. "Station two Guards at each of those constructs and immobilise them. Have the mechanics down tools immediately."

The bruisers had shifted on their feet and doubled up their fists, but they were unsure. They were looking to each other, to Sanderson, and then at Demir's drawn saber and Allardeck's rapid-repeater carbine. Only Sanderson appeared unruffled.

"Now, *sir,* I think you'll find those constructs are the private property of a certain Mister Magnus Campbell, who 'appens to be a close friend of a certain Governor-General of Malifaux, if you understand my meaning, there."

"Governor-General?" Hoffman asked. "You mean the man whose signature is on the warrant that my Lieutenant is holding? Carry on, Sergeant."

"Aye, Mister Hoffman." Allardeck walked forward and looked up into the stubbled, jowly face in the center of the line of thugs. She motioned him aside with her head, her curt black ponytail flipping, and when he simply leered at her she broke his kneecap with a brisk jab of her carbine stock and stepped around his crumpling, yowling form.

Hindle was crouched under *Summer Hubris* with screwdriver in hand. He pushed himself back on his haunches as the Guard moved in, paunch wobbling in time with the clay pipe jutting out of his mouth.

"A moment," he cried out to them, "a moment, these are delicate precision instruments! Step back and let us *yipe!*" Hoffman's personal construct had darted forward and plucked the screwdriver from his fingers. Without missing a beat it began unscrewing the panel he had been locking in place.

"Stop them!" shouted Sanderson. "Don't let them into the chassis! Get in their way while we-" At that point he had the wit to catch himself, and to notice that none of his men were moving.

"These ain't spies or sightseers, boss," said one of them. "'s Guild, i'case ye didn't see 'em. Every'un knows that cripple in the braces."

"He knows perfectly well who we are," Demir said. "He thinks he can bluster out of this. Be assured that he cannot." He had drawn his pistol. "And be further assured we shall shoot dead any man who interferes with Mister Hoffman in his duties."

"Our racers are precision machinery, like m'colleague said," Sanderson told him. His hands were spread in deference to Demir's gun, but his expression was sharp and calculating. "Bespoke pieces, works of art, they are, not something off a fact'ry line. Better tell your crew to watch 'emselves, Mister, case they set off some delicate machinery they don't know how to stop."

"The threat directed at Guild officers has been noted for the record," Demir replied. "A second one will be considered overtly hostile and met with force. Consider that your final warning."

"Not me you should be warning, sir, it's them." Sanderson jutted his beard past Demir, and when the Lieutenant glanced at the Guards around the racing constructs, he made a furious gesture to Hindle. Pale with fright, the older mechanic shook a silver whistle out of his cuff.

He blew a peculiar staccato blast on it, and moments later the bay was bedlam.

Summer Hubris started up to the full extension of its legs and leapt for the center aisle. Its hanging belly-panel knocked Hoffman's construct sprawling and sent a yelling Hindle after it.

Duckworth's Comet, a low-slung bullet-headed sprinter that had won the Straight Hundred Dash earlier that night, exploded into a flat run, sending Guards flying and punching through the bay partition as though the hardwood were paper. Within heartbeats it had galloped through two more partitions and crashed shoulder-first into the stairwell doorway when it couldn't turn in time, jamming its forequarters into the doorframe. Its splayed feet began to flap and scrabble against the flagstones as it worked to free itself.

The *Corsican* was Campbell's most complex creation, and the most sinister. Broad-shouldered, slate-gray, it did not flee at the signal but reared back and surveyed the humans in front of it with three bulbous aquamarine eyes. *Corsican* was a cunning racer, and now it made a tactical analysis. It sprang free of the Guards, hunched for a moment to let a salvo of pistol rounds bounced off its curved shoulder, then absently swatted a heavy steel-topped workbench aside and reached the center aisle in two strides. Sanderson ducked towards it, grabbing for its shoulder.

"Hindle!" he shouted. "Get on board! Hah, the bastards aren't fast en-" Then he stopped, looked down to see what had thumped into his chest, saw the welling hole Demir's bullet had made, and pitched over, dead. *Corsican* didn't wait: it bunched its thick hind legs and bounded for the doors.

"Can you not stop them, sir?" demanded Demir over the chaos. All around them the Guild men were tackling shouting Campbell mechanics, piling on with boots and truncheons. Many of the other crews had bolted, leaving twitching constructs in deserted bays; others had dived for the floor or taken cover behind the machines they had been tending.

"Well, no," Hoffman said mildly. "That's sort of the point." *Summer Hubris* was staggering through the trashed remains of the neighbouring bay, belly still hanging open. Behind them *Duckworth's Comet* had pried itself loose from the stairwell and now shuffled in a circle, aimed itself at the doors, and once again burst into a sprinting blur.

Hoffman looked at it, framed it in his mind. In a split-second he understood it completely, felt its weight and momentum, the friction-heat in its mechanisms, glimpsed a distorted view of the workshop aisle through its eye...

...but he could not control it. Its essence squirted through his mental grip and left him fighting for balance. He would have staggered if not for the heavy frame around his legs planted firmly on the floor.

There was the final proof. Not that he had needed any.

With metal-on-metal squeals two chain-hoist carriages came hurtling along the overhead rail, leaving trails of sparks. They beat *Duckworth's Comet* to the doors with seconds to spare and the racer slammed into their hanging loops of chain, hard enough to wrench them halfway off their rail. Hoffman shook his head as if in rebuke and the hoists rocked back, snapping their wheels back into place. *Duckworth's Comet* swung beneath them, pawing at the air, tangling itself firmly in place.



Summer Hubris had finally got itself turned around and into the aisle. Demir and Allardeck had shot out two of its eyes and it was noticeably hobbling. It was a racer, not a war machine, but it still had the weight and power to crush a human to paste.

"Leave off, I think," said Hoffman, but Demir and Allardeck fired off another volley. What was it they said? "Cease fire!" he shouted, and that worked. They both looked at him.

"My way won't risk ricochets," he said. Allardeck shrugged. Hoffman pretended not to see that and glanced around the workshop again.

Everywhere his gaze fell, constructs came alive. A long-limbed hurdler unbundled itself and leapt from its dormant crouch to block the aisle, to the alarmed shouts of the three mechanics who'd been sheltering behind it. Two thick-legged biped sprinters accelerated past it and scythed *Summer Hubris'* legs out from under it like rugby players, their round iron hulls ringing like kettledrums. As the rogue construct reeled, a roustabout machine stepped from the utility bay, grappled *Summer Hubris* in a steel cable lifting-sling and settled a heavy hydraulic clamp around its front left shoulder. With a groan of rupturing metal the mounting gave out and the whole row of limbs tore loose. *Summer Hubris* crashed onto its side, twitching and sparking.

"One to go, then," said Hoffman. With a tread like a drop-hammer he marched for the doors, passed under the ensnared *Duckworth's Comet* and out into the marshalling square.

Corsican was fast and smart, but not smart enough to know how to escape. It was blundering among herds of panicking racegoers, shattering rail fences, tearing down marquees and knocking bewildered constructs off their feet. The winners' podium where Magnus Campbell had collected his medals and ribbons had been stamped into splinters. Hoffman counted at least half a dozen human forms sprawled on the ground, injured or dead.

"Enough," he said aloud. Out of sheer reflex he reached out with his mind, but his thoughts skated off the wet red thing cocooned in *Corsican's* chest. But still there was something, some connection through the wires, the bellows, the implants. *Corsican* felt his touch, and understood what it felt.

His eyes closed, Hoffman felt it surge toward him, feet clawing the gravel, building unstoppable speed.

Then he crashed onto his side and yelled in pain as his walking-frame dug into his flank. Demir was lying across him, breathless from the running jump he had taken to knock Hoffman out of *Corsican's* path.

"Sir! Quickly!" He tried to drag Hoffman upright but the weight of the harness baulked him as *Corsican* came about for another rush. Allardeck was methodically puncturing its hip with carbine rounds but they weren't slowing it. Hoffman's eyes half-closed again. He could feel the hard shocks as slugs punched through the metal skin. Good Guild doctrine, deform the joint with bullet hits and impede its movement.

Corsican launched the charge that would trample him into red ruin. Hoffman let his eyes close all the way. He could distantly feel the pull on his shoulder as Demir tried to drag him out of the thing's path, but too slow. He heard Allardeck shooting, but *Corsican* was too heavy for carbine rounds.

That was fine. He was fine.

Hoffman reached out again. It didn't take much to give him a hold. Any mechanism. Any metal on metal. He remembered train wheels answering his thought, leaping back onto the rails they had come loose from, snapping into place and gripping. That day through the Breach. The day he had lost Ryle.

He took hold of *Corsican* as it bore down on him.

He felt the joints at its hips and knees. Good bearings, well lubricated, but the friction was there. He amplified it. The hot steel guts of its motor, moving just so. He made it move differently. He grasped the forces at play in its balance and suspension, yanked them out of alignment, set them against one another. He slammed the focusing rings around those aquamarine eyes at speeds their designers had never allowed for. He gripped the spinal drive-shaft and reversed it with a single wrenching thought, not bothering to adjust any of the mechanisms around it.

Four great strides into its charge, three strides away from Hoffman and the wild-eyed Demir, *Corsican* shrieked, juddered and tore itself apart.



Hoffman opened his eyes, and his vision was filled with gray. It took a moment before he realised that that was the Corsican's head, which had crashed to the gravel less than a foot from his face.

With a wince, he pushed himself up into a sitting position, ignoring the twangs from his crooked legs, and looked around. Everyone near the workshop doors and the marshalling square was standing still, staring at him.

“Well, then,” he said to Demir, who was up on one knee with his pistol still trained on the Corsican's head. Even panting and covered in dust, the man still looked infuriatingly dashing. Hoffman suspected a few society belles' diaries would acquire florid new entries tonight.

“What in the *BLAZES* went on here?” came a shout, and Hoffman actually smiled.

Magnus Campbell stormed out of the crowd in a powder-blue evening coat and shimmering Bayou silk cravat, his face flushed from anger and alcohol.

“You there! Hoffman! And whoever you are, you in the uniform, you can be sure I'll have your bloody commission for this. I am on highly personable terms with the Governor-General himself. What d'you make of *that*, eh?”

“Well, nothing we didn't make of it when we heard it the first time,” Hoffman said. He felt rather tired all of a sudden. He waved away Demir's proffered hand and gripped his leg frames with his mind. “Which of them told us that, Lieutenant, Sanderson or Hindle?”

“Sanderson, I think, sir. Before I shot him.”

That won them a brief silence. Hoffman spent it pulling his braces through a series of precise movements, scowling at the pain. Left leg lift just so, right leg bend in. Shift weight to right hand and push forward, get centered, push up... Standing again, his ears ringing a little, he looked glumly at the gravel rash on his hands and up his forearms.

“Yes, well, whatever you rabble think you're doing, I'll be taking possession of my constructs now, thank you. Where's Hindle?”

“Lieutenant, could you possibly find out- but no, here is our answer.”

Hindle was shuffling out of the workshop doors with two Guards at his back, something ugly and dripping cradled in his arms and a pair of leg-cuffs secured at his ankles. When he dropped the thing in the gravel a gasp went around crowd. Someone screamed.

It had once been a dog, before its limbs had been severed and the back of its head flayed and opened like a trapdoor. Most of its jaws were gone. Its ears, pitifully, were intact, but wet and limp in death. Brass fittings had been screwed over its eyes and the stumps of its legs. Its rear was caked with excrement, and the whole thing stank.

Hoffman's mouth worked in distaste. Ryle had loved dogs.

“From *Summer Hubris*, was it, Sergeant? I thought so. Clever, *clever* Mister Campbell. Creating the controller is the hardest part of constructs, isn't it, sir? Breachside Machine Works has always produced very fine components, but you were never known for your complete constructs. Not until this year. And suddenly you were making self-guiding machines for, oh, the mines, the Freikorps,” he gestured with his hand, “the races. There's been talk late into the night at the Prospero Club about how you managed it. Apparently I was the best person to find out.” He glanced up at the quivering Campbell, then over at Allardeck, standing under the swinging corpse of *Duckworth's Comet*. Two engineers were standing next to her, and the Comet's torso had hinged open. From the look on their faces Hoffman guessed it stank as badly as the poor creature that had been sealed into *Summer Hubris*.

“We think this one used to be a horse, sir,” she called.

“Thank you, Sergeant.”

He had to hand it to Campbell, the man didn't simply try to run. He whirled dramatically on the spot, flicked his hand in dismissive contempt, and made to stride off. The drama was short-circuited by the three burly Guild Guards who had quietly moved up behind him. A moment later he was spluttering in fury and dismay as he was frog-marched to where Hoffman stood.

“Using animals was sick enough, Campbell. We'd have got to you eventually for that. And from now on we'll treat animal disappearances around construct works as an automatic warning sign. But you overreached.” He looked down at the hulk of *Corsican*. “We'll cut it open later. We'll do our best to find out who the poor wretch

was, if you don't see fit to tell us. But I can sense the shape. You shouldn't have used a human, Campbell."

Demir held out the warrant, but Hoffman didn't need to see it to recite it.

"Magnus Campbell. By the authority of the Guild and the office of the Governor-General of the Colony of Malifaux, you have forfeited your freedom and citizenship of that same Colony by virtue of the crime of Amalgamation, to which other crimes will be added at the Vice-Regal pleasure. Is that enough, Demir?"

"Certainly, sir, if you insist on the formalities."

"Another character flaw of mine. Sergeant, do your duty by Mister Campbell and his men, please. The usual."

"Aye, Mister Hoffman."

Hoffman looked around at the wreckage, the trashed yards, the workshop full of debris and ruined constructs, and the shocked, quiet crowd.

"Well, Demir, we had discussed making a public example of Mister Campbell and co."

"I think we can consider ourselves successful on that score, sir."

Hoffman's ears were no longer ringing. He touched a finger to his nose and it came away dry. Time was, a strain like killing *Corsican* would have had it bleeding freely. Perhaps Ramos had been right, and he was getting stronger.

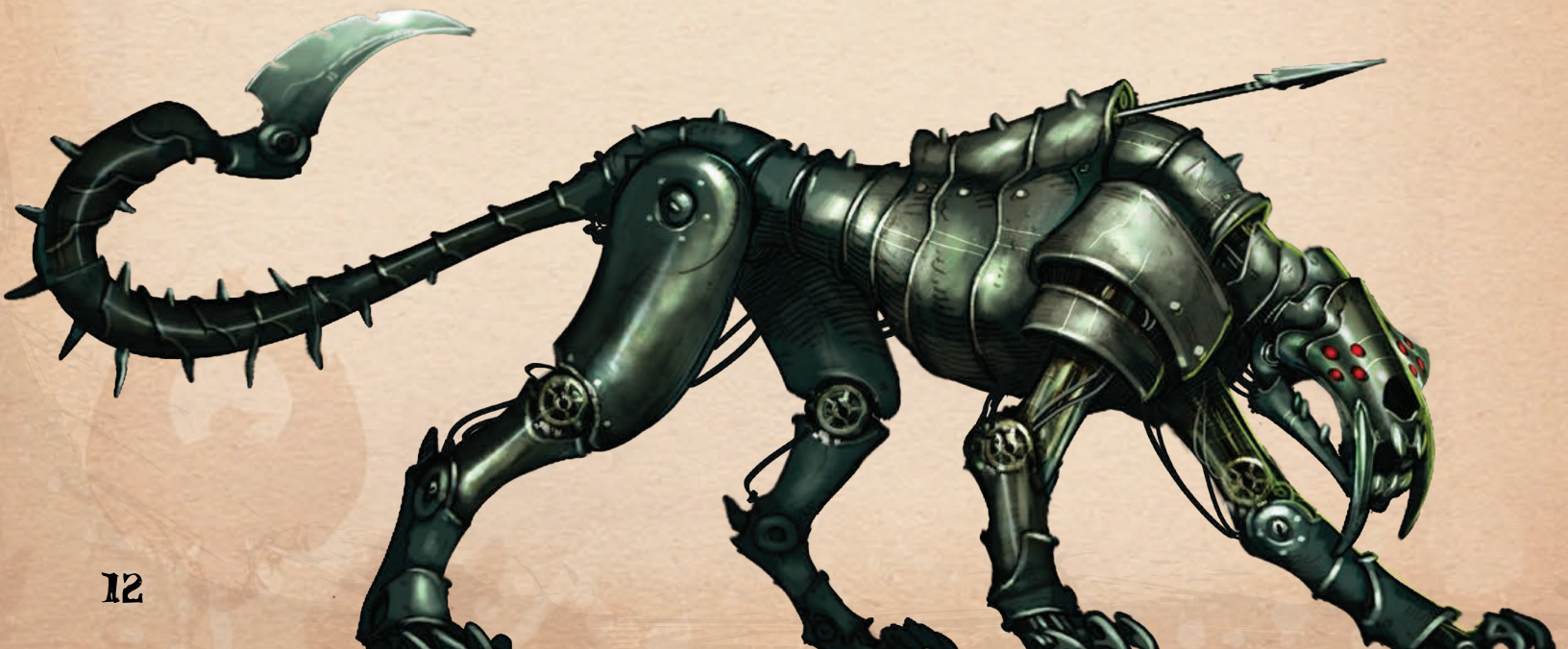
"Well," he said, and looked around again. "I don't suppose we'll be very welcome to stay for the carriage races, will we?"

"In strictest confidence, Mister Hoffman, I think I'd rather see the evening out at Guild Headquarters with a glass of that Kentish port you keep at the back of your valet-stand."

"It's hard to keep secrets from you, isn't it, Lieutenant?"

"Don't say that to me, sir, do me a favor and tell the promotions board."

The two men walked away through the enclosure, the crowd parting before them and the hulk of the *Corsican* sprawled motionless at their backs.



THE RACE BEGINS



DESCRIPTION

One of these rich, race track snobs has been committing the crime of amalgamation. Time to bring him down, but best not interrupt the race-goers, at least not right away.

SET UP

Place a Hunter (Pg. 30) in the center of the table and randomly determine one player to be the Attacker and the other the Defender. The Hunter is a member of the Defender's Crew. This scenario uses the Shindig rules (M2E Core Rulebook pg. 89).

DEPLOYMENT

The Defender deploys first within 6" of the Hunter, this area is the Defender's Deployment Zone. Then the Attacker chooses a table edge and deploys within 6" of it, this is the Attacker's Deployment Zone.

SPECIAL

The Hunter placed at the start of the game may not Activate until the Shindig is over (this happens when any model deals damage to an enemy with an Attack Action, see the Shindig rules). At the end of any Turn in which the Shindig is still going on, the Hunter may push up to 6" in any direction.

VICTORY

The Attacker earns 1 **VP** every time one of her models ends in base contact with the Hunter using the **Mingle** Action. The Attacker may also earn 2 **VP** if the Hunter is removed from play. The Defender earns 1 **VP** at the end of every Turn the Hunter is still in play. Neither player may earn more than 4 **VP** from this scenario.

The Portrait

By: N. A. Wolf

"Please sir, you mustn't fidget. The shadows move when you do, and it becomes impossible for me to capture the essence of your-"

Niccolò's faint stammers shrunk away into nothingness as the man posing haughtily on the stool opposite interrupted him with a strident rebuke. "I'm paying you to paint my portrait, not to force me to sit on my backside all evening! How much longer must I endure this torturous escapade?"

Niccolò sighed but looked down at his palette to mix a new shade with a grunt. The two hour painting sessions often passed in agonizing silence, broken only by the occasional criticism from his client. Niccolò's charge grew increasingly more impatient each session, but Niccolò remained unperturbed. He was accustomed to capturing the countenances of Malifaux's elite and powerful – and to enduring their pomp.

The extravagance of the foyer he had come to know so well over the past few weeks was not lost upon Niccolò, but it no longer registered with him as deeply. It was the same in every property Downtown - the lavish oaken paneling, the crimson silk carpets from the Three Kingdoms, and the burnished brass lamps dripping with fragrant lavender wax. All were so agonizingly institutionalized that they failed to provoke even the slightest reaction from him anymore. Their inviting hearths smoldering with the warmth of Soulstone-powered flames simply swirled around him as a meaningless, colorless distraction. What mattered most was always the portrait.

For Niccolò had a gift.

After he crossed the Breach, Niccolò could see what other painters could not. In his perception, each person always had an aura – a shimmering haze of color that was almost imperceptible, but very, very real. When he used that color as a shade for the tones in their portraits, the portrait would become spectacularly beautiful, almost alive.

"Were you paying attention to anything that I just said?" The man barked before standing up and taking off his coat with a shrug. "We're done for the evening."

"Thank you sir," Niccolò offered with a grimace, packing up his brushes and paints before giving a brief bow. "What do you think of the work thus far? I think I captured your spirit nicely." He was not entirely truthful; had he been, the portrait would have been painted a decaying gray to match the dull aura which only he could see. He turned the canvas towards his client hesitantly.

"It is quite magnificent, as expected." *He has no idea.* "Why else do you think I am paying you? Good night." He gesticulated towards the door with a foreboding finger.

Niccolò showed himself out. The crimson wallpaper in the shadowy vestibule was patterned with pale white frills, palmettes, and fleur-de-les. The bright colors and designs passed from his memory like a dying dream. He had seen too much like it before.

Three authoritative knocks rang through the entryway, shattering the meek silence.

Niccolò paused before opening the door hesitantly, only to come face to face with a diamond-shaped, burnished golden mask with glowing, emerald-green eye slits. A white-gloved hand pushed him aside brusquely with surprising strength. Niccolò was knocked to the floor as the masked man entered the vestibule with a retinue of two attendants wearing death-gray coats. Their well cobbled boots shone smugly in the pale candle light, while their elegant boater hats glimmered with badges of office.

The masked man stared intently at Niccolò, before saying, as though bored, "I've always enjoyed the wallpaper in these houses. Don't you?" His voice was predatory – spidery and soft, yet authoritative and domineering. It threatened violence in every well-defined syllable, reminding Niccolò of the sound vipers made when slithering through tall grass.

Upon catching sight of the visitor, Niccolò's client immediately arose from his armchair with a stammer of surprise. "Secretary Matheson," he began weakly, "To what do I owe the pleasure of your company at such a late hour? May I offer you a drink? I have brandy, or mulled wine, or-"

The masked man cut him off curtly with a gesture. Silence fell like the shadow of a coming storm. "You know why I am here, Hermann."

Still in the vestibule, Niccolò was mesmerized by the gravitas of the Secretary's every, silky word. Hermann's voice was trembling; even from the other room Niccolò could hear the nervous patter of his cobbled shoes muffled by the fine Oriental rug before the hearth. "I don't know what you mean," he stammered.

"Oh, I'm afraid you *do*." The masked man gave a short chuckle before saying, "Have a seat. My associate, Mr. Birmingham, has evidence tying you to the embezzlement of Guild script from the Governor's treasury." The Secretary cast a sideways, imperious glance at one of his retinue.

One of Lucius' attendants stepped forward with a toothy smile, pointing his cane straight at Hermann with a flourish. His voice was high pitched and sing-song. To Niccolò it almost seemed like a squeal of contempt. "Did you honestly think that we wouldn't notice as hundreds of thousands worth of script went missing after being registered as 'miscellaneous charges' from your department?"

The Secretary crossed his legs dispassionately, and, cocking his masked glance mockingly to one side, laid half of his gilded countenance to rest in his hand. He began strumming his masked cheek with long, spidery fingers. It was as if the entire meeting was an exercise to him, pedantic and mundane.

Niccolò heard the sound of ruffled pages as Birmingham pulled out his notebook. He began to read in a shrill voice. "Testimony from your assistant, Marshal Walters, given April the twenty-ninth. He stated the following: 'I was coerced by Hermann to alter the miscellaneous expenses in the treasury account books to increase the amounts of script allocated to each line item. Miscellaneous expenses would not cost all of the allocated script; the remainder went into Hermann's pocket. Hermann said that if I refused to participate and log the books accordingly, he would make my daughter disappear.'"

"What is this nonsense?" Herman shouted.

"I believe," Birmingham offered with jeer, "That this is a clear instance of embezzlement, which is a felony under the Lex Pecuniae, Paragraph C, Subclause Seventy-Three. Punishment-" Hermann's knuckles were gripping the arms of his chair "-Death."

"He's lying!" Hermann interjected sheepishly, standing up violently. "Marshal Walters was a disobedient oaf who harbored a grudge against me. His testimony is fallacious and cannot be verified by – "

"Oh," chirped Birmingham delightedly, "But it can. Now *sit down*." Birmingham's simpering tone transformed into a manic bark. "Your chief of staff, Mathieu Monastas, offered me evidence on April the thirtieth, saying that Mr. Walters came to him in the late hours of the previous evening seeking advice after you made your proposition. In turn, Mr. Monastas then spoke with Minister Melius from the Guild's internal affairs investigation unit, which has been watching your movements for the past few months ever since. They noticed the continued misappropriation of Guild funds within your department. They concluded early this morning that the evidence was strong enough for a conviction." He cackled, and returned his notebook to his coat pocket with an exaggerated flourish before twirling his cane excitedly in one hand.

"*Lies! Damn Lies!*" Herman was sweating profusely now, beside himself and writhing in his seat.

"Please, you must let me finish," chuckled Birmingham. "You haven't heard everything. As they say, always listen to your lawyer!"

"Nobody says that!"

"Well, I just did. Now, if you continue to interrupt me, I'll have to restrain you," he said nastily. His companion, who had previously sat motionless on the couch next to the Secretary, rose menacingly. Hermann fell silent. "Now, where were we... ah, yes. Not only did you violate the Lex Pecuniae under Paragraph C, Subclause Seventy-three, but you also threatened a fellow high-ranking Guild officer with familial harm." He giggled at this nonsensically, before continuing, "Specifically, the disappearance of his daughter, which we interpret as a threat of premeditated murder." He gave a mock sigh, before changing tact at lightning speed and saying with glee, "This is a violation of the Ius Paidos under the Statute of Civilian Protection, Clause 14, Subclause 3 Alpha. Punishment" – Hermann gave a sharp intake of breath – "also death. Hermann, have you anything to say in your defense?"

Niccolò's client simply sat motionless in his chair. The game was up.

Hermann stared plainly at Lucius. "Are you going to execute me, Mr. Secretary?"

Lucius uncrossed his legs with a dark chuckle. The emerald green lenses of his golden mask flickered wickedly. "Oh, heavens no, Hermann."

Hermann gave a massive sigh of relief, as though a huge weight had been lifted from his chest. "Thank you sir,

thank you! Please, tell me what I need to do, anything for the Guild, I promise! Please, let me –"

But the Secretary interrupted him again, holding up a commanding hand. Hermann's stammers faltered. "*I* won't execute you. *He* will." Lucius cast a sideways glance at Birmingham's twin.

The second henchman grabbed Hermann forcibly by the neck. Like a cornered animal chosen for sacrifice, Hermann began kicking and wailing against the bulk of the man restraining him. Tears streamed from his eyes, but he could not break away from the vice-like grip of his executioner. Niccolò's stomach sank. He couldn't bear to watch or listen, but he couldn't look away or cover his ears. Hermann was forced closer and closer to the dancing remnant flames of his own hearth in agonizing slowness. At last, he gave in and struggled no longer; the henchman buried his head deep in the burning coals and held it there.

Niccolò would never forget the screaming and the smell of smoking flesh. It went on for almost an entire minute. All the while, the Secretary sat on the couch calmly, twiddling his fingers idly as he listened to Hermann's death throes as though savoring a fine symphony. At last, Hermann's struggling form went limp as life left his body in a wave of final agony. Niccolò wretched and almost vomited. No hearth could be welcoming or beautiful to him ever again.

The Secretary looked up when it was over. "You can come out now, Niccolò. I know you've been watching from the vestibule." Niccolò's blood turned to ice in his veins. Resigned to his fate, he crept into the foyer nervously. The Secretary stretched out an imperious hand. "My name is Lucius Matheson."

Niccolò shook it numbly. He could not think of nothing else to say except "How do you know *my* name?"

"You are a popular artist with many of our executives who have commissioned work from you." Lucius put a hand on Niccolò's shoulder before pointing at the half-completed portrait in the foyer. Even with the barrier of the Secretary's silken gloves, Niccolò could feel the sharp points of Lucius' nails dig into his flesh hungrily. "You have quite a talent, it seems, and a proclivity for capturing the way light falls within your portraits. *As if you can see things others cannot.*"

Niccolò said nothing to this. He stared into the Secretary's green eyes... and almost gasped. There was no aura there. Only emptiness. No other person had ever seen exhibited such a vacuum.

Lucius gestured at the incomplete portrait of Hermann with his cane, shaking Niccolò from his thoughts. "That would have been beautiful. Not your best work by far though. Have you done something different than usual? The shade seems off..." Niccolò's blood ran cold. *Did he know?* "What a shame." In one fluid motion, Lucius drew a gleaming blade from the inside of his cane. Niccolò flinched, expecting the end. He closed his eyes...

And heard only the acute sound of a canvas ripped in twain. Opening them, he saw that his work had a large gash across the subject's throat. "Rats have to be terminated," Lucius concluded. With a mirthless chuckle, he added "Or, smoked out, it seems. But no matter," he said, returning the gleaming blade to its sheath. "I have a request."

Niccolò was dumbfounded. "Anything, sir."

"I want to be your next subject. You will paint my portrait. My office lacks one, it seems. This must be rectified at once."

With a gulp and at a total loss for words, Niccolò said, "It would be an honor, Secretary Matheson." He bowed his head.

"Quite," Lucius replied. "My office in the Guild enclave, tomorrow evening at eight. It will be your finest masterpiece to date, I think."

"Yes, Mr. Secretary."

"Do show up, or I may change my mind about whether or not I should exterminate you too." He turned his back to Niccolò, and before beckoning to his retinue, warned, "Paint *exactly* what you see this time. Nothing more, nothing less, painter."

As Lucius exited through the vestibule with his two cronies in tow, he ran into the maid, who had rushed down after she heard the commotion. With a coy nod, Lucius looked her straight in the eyes and said, "To the drawing room. There's a mess that needs cleaning."



When Niccolo arrived before the great oaken doors of Lucius' office the next evening, a bronze, birdlike creature with a telescopic device in place of a head hovered above him menacingly. It gave a strident squawk of disapproval, as though he was unworthy to grace Lucius' presence. Niccolò cringed, but recovered himself in time to hear Lucius' silky, menacing voice grating at him through an aethervox speaker in the creature's chest.

"I am pleased that you accepted my offer, Niccolò." The watcher flapped impatiently before perching atop Niccolò's shoulder, just where Lucius had dug his claws in the night before. Its talons dug in deep and tore rips in his fine shirt. He felt the bloody scratches sting and smart. The office doors swung open with a mechanical hiss, a puff of steam, and the clicking of gears. Niccolò's heart almost stopped.

The space was massive, but it was almost empty. A lone, antique desk with a single, flickering lamp stood proudly in the center. The most rigid chair Niccolò had ever seen, made of a hard, gnarled wood of different shades, was parked neatly behind it.

The vast space of the entire room dwarfed these sole pieces of furniture; they stood arrogantly in the center of the room, unabashed and impervious to their own presence. The desk faced one of the largest windows Niccolò had ever seen. It had an elegant view of the square Downtown. Niccolò could see the lights glimmering from the Star Theater a few blocks away. The window itself was curved to fit the natural shape of the office; it was so wide that it offered an almost panoramic view of the main street.

Lucius sat in his chair patiently, drumming his fingers on the desk. He did not so much as look at Niccolò, but said, "What do you think?"

Niccolò paused, choosing his words carefully. "It's beautiful, sir. But I had no idea this room was here. Surely it can be seen from the outside?"

"It's enchanted. This window looks like a brick wall to the untrained eye."

"It's not what I expected," concluded Niccolò.

"And what was it that you expected?"

"Well..." stuttered Niccolò feebly, cursing himself for not having chosen his words more carefully, "I thought of bookshelves, red carpeting, and a hearth, at the very least. This resembles none of the studies of some of the subjects I have painted over the past few years. It's modest," he concluded, before hurriedly adding, "In the best possible sense, of course."

Lucius gave a dark chuckle. He put the tips of his spidery fingers together, and still not looking at Niccolò, continued, "I don't need any of those things, painter. I can see the whole city for myself. My office is a space where I am obligated to sit, nothing more. The decisions I make on the Governor-General's behalf have absolutely no effect on this room, but," he added, getting up and looking at Niccolò at last, "They make all the difference *out there.*" He strutted towards the window. "Malifaux is what really matters, and consequently, I have need of little else but to see my own handiwork."



"But I don't understand, sir," Niccolò responded cautiously. "You are the Governor's Secretary. You must have books, ledgers, accounts, records? Where are all of the instruments of your work?"

Lucius turned back to Niccolò sinisterly. "*Secretary,*" he said, "is a loosely defined word." Niccolò shuddered as he made eye-contact with the glowing green abysses of mask. It only took him a moment to realize that they were Soulstone fragments. Was Lucius blind? No human eye could see through the haze swirling inside them. "My work," Lucius said, unfazed but deeply interested in Niccolò's apparent ignorance, "is in my head. There is nothing I do not know, Niccolò, nothing at all. Once I understand it, *internalize it*, it can never be taken back. It is with me forever. Paper is for fools. A superior mind manages everything without external aides; anything less than this faculty is intolerable and inconceivable to me."

Niccolò was at a loss for words. Thinking of nothing else, he said, "Shall we start, Secretary Mattheson?"

Lucius gestured curtly at the watcher, before barking, "Leave us. The Governor needs word of Birmingham's report and the paperwork for Hermann's... accident. Tell McMourning to fill in the forms appropriately; remind him of our previous arrangement. Now, away." The watcher squawked obediently before flying through the double doors. They closed sharply behind it, the wood screeching against the marble floor in harsh rebuke.

Niccolò unpacked a collapsing easel from his bag and neatly placed his canvas astride it. "How would you like me to portray you, sir? Sitting, standing?"

Lucius paused, as if the question were one of an idiot. "Do you not remember the condition I gave you yesterday evening? *Paint exactly what you see,* Niccolò."

"I don't understand."

"Paint me as you see me."

Utterly nonplussed, Niccolò decided he would paint Lucius standing regally with his cane in one hand. "Standing, then."

"And how did you come to that decision so swiftly?"

"Because the idea of you sitting down at a desk would not accurately portray the authority of your presence."

Lucius gave yet another sinister chuckle. In his silky, menacing voice, he said, "Indeed. This is what I am talking about, Niccolò, and why a man of your talents should be the one to paint my portrait. Do not paint what others want to see. Paint what *is*."



The first hour passed in silence. Lucius stood regally in front of the window, balanced on his cane. The lenses of his mask glimmered mockingly as Niccolò struggled agonizingly to capture the arrogance, the conceit, the intellect, the authority - everything - in one pose.

Lucius was the first to break the silence. "Tell me of Genoa, Niccolò."

"Genoa? Why?"

"Because you are from there."

How could he possibly –

"I know you are from Genoa because your shoes are made by Carmen Disforenza, a cobbler who is renowned for her fine craftsmanship yet to be replicated elsewhere. It's a shame she perished."

Niccolò's blood went ice cold. "You don't know that for certain, I... how –"

"Because, as I told you, it is my job to know. I do not waste time with books when there is a city out there that is mine to govern."

"Genoa has changed, Mr. Secretary. It hasn't been the same since – " he stopped abruptly again.

"You do not need to remind me that the Guild sacked your city, Niccolò. I was there during the takeover. The people fought bravely, but when they continually refused to submit to Guild jurisdiction following the Black Powder Wars and the reassertion of Guild control, the situation was unacceptable to us."

"Well then, you know that the city lies in ruin. Her people... their spirit is broken. They will never be the same, never. The Guild watches over them, but it is a dynamic of power, a relationship of necessity void of mutual respect or trust."

"Is that why you are here, Niccolò?"

"You already know. *It's your job to know,*" Niccolò said. The lines of his pencil penetrated deeper in the canvas than he anticipated. His hand was shaking.

"Of course I do. I just want to see if you are lying to me. Go on."

"After Genoa, I was a refugee. I had nowhere else to go; my clients and family were dead, executed, many of

them, after the Guild gained control of the city. Where else but Malifaux could be a destination for misplaced souls?"

"You are aware that the people you despise – that is to say, people like myself – are more powerful here than we ever could be Earthside. Why do you work for our executives if you hate the Guild so?"

Niccolò said nothing to this.

"You don't have to answer. I know why, painter. Because you are a paradox and a hypocrite. Whom you work for is irrelevant; the coin is good, the satisfaction sufficient. You drift from Guild estate to estate, pretending to notice nothing of what's inside. The luxury is stifling, the arrogance palpable. But you ignore it all. You ignore the very people who invaded your city, who killed your cobbler – these are the people whom you serve. And you take their coin willingly. You are no less a turncoat than any of the Guild sympathizers of your country whom you judge so harshly."

"It is not in my nature to hate, only to survive."

"That is why you have been thriving so well here, it seems." Lucius turned his back on Niccolò again and stared out his great window. He rapped his cane on the glass smugly. "The people Earthside talk of Heaven and Hell, but there is no paradise or inferno, no matter how vividly your Dante might describe one. Only a purgatory of misery, deceit, and misplaced senses of righteousness that are too deeply internalized for humans to realize that they are just as bad as the forces they seek to destroy. Malifaux is only about survival."

"I had heard that it didn't always use to be like that."

"Oh? What do you know of Malifaux, refugee?"

"That there were beings here before we were."

Lucius turned abruptly to face Niccolò now. He walked very slowly towards him, cane in hand. "And what do you know of those beings?"

"You call them the Neverborn."

"Yes, I suppose they are called that."

"They were here before the Breach opened. We are usurpers to them who entered their land, took their resources – Soulstones. They want to see us leave... there are times when I can hardly blame them." Niccolò took a deep breath before offering a sigh and returning to his sketch. He had to choose his words more carefully; He was only half focused on the art, and Lucius' immediate interest in the mysterious Neverborn intrigued him. What did the Secretary know?

"From the way you speak of them," Lucius said, coyly, "It seems that in fact you know very little."

"Tell me more... I'm intrigued. You know my story already, and it is a waste of our time for me to repeat what you already know."

"A casual discussion of the very force that seeks to destroy you to pass the tedium? Enchanting. Where should we begin?" Lucius tapped his cane on the ground.

Niccolò thought carefully, scratching his chin. "Their language. I want to know about their language."

"And why would you assume that I know anything about that, painter? It's the job of academics to know."

"Are you saying you don't, then?"

"Have you learned nothing? I asked only *why you assumed*." Lucius snapped. "There is nothing I don't know. Some people are not always right, but they are never in doubt. Let me assure that in my case, only one of those two things is true."

Niccolò's hand darted across the canvas now. Lucius' presence and his deep, silky voice were rattling inside his head. Feverishly, he was inspired to draw the man more than ever before; to capture the conceit in a way that had never been done. Infinite possibilities filled his head as the graphite touched the canvas. The form of Lucius Matheson began to materialize more quickly – sinister, menacing, and swirling in the scrawls of his strokes.

"Their language is an inflected one."

"It's tonal?" Niccolò asked between frantic scribbles.

"A common misconception. Inflected in this context merely means the endings of its words change."

"Describe it to me."

"You were educated in Genoa, were you not? You would know the language of the Romani in that case. Think of these two languages – that of the Romani and that of the Neverborn - as existing under a similar set of rules and guidelines. For the Romani, the function of each word in the language is dictated by the suffix. In the language of the Romani, I could say one word around seven different ways, but depending on the last few letters, it could fulfil a completely different function in the sentence than its six companions. The language of the Neverborn is similar. Do you understand?"

Niccolò nodded. Lucius continued, "The language of the Romani has seven categories, or cases, of suffixes. The language of the Neverborn has ten. But that's not what you care about. You really want to know how I know of the Neverborn. It's inference, Niccolò. What do you think it says about a people if their language is nearly impossible for outsiders to learn... if it morphs and shapes, dynamically and organically to keep the unworthy from understanding? They want nothing to do with humans. *Nothing to do with you at all."*

"You speak of the language as though... it's alive."

"Why of course it is. The language lives and breathes; it is shapeless and labyrinthine."

"The language seems impossible..." Niccolò responded.

"To untrained *humans*, yes." Lucius' profile was becoming more and more defined on the canvas. Niccolò's preliminary sketch was nearly complete. The lithe image of Lucius Matheson was staring back at him menacingly. Even in black and white, it was suitably unnerving. But the image seemed to flicker in his mind's eye; in one second, the proud form of Lucius would leer back at him, in another, he thought he saw only blank scribbles on a white background. Niccolò shook his head. He was tired, that was all.

"Tell me of the Neverborn themselves," Niccolò asked.

Lucius paused, evidently choosing his words carefully. He turned his back and walked over to his desk. From the top right drawer, he pulled out a light wooden box with an ornate bronze latch. It smelled of pinewood. "Have you ever heard of Lepidopterology?"

"I don't follow," said Niccolò impatiently. His own sketch was leering at him; the graphite seemed to flicker and move with the flame from the lamp on Lucius' desk. He was being foolish.

"It's the study of butterflies." Lucius opened the box. The bottom part was hollowed, with a glass pane covering the contents inside. Lucius held up the box, and Niccolò saw four dead lilac butterflies nestled inside. Preserved beautifully with their wings suspended in mid motion by some adhesive Niccolò could not begin to fathom, they looked quite alive. Lucius said, "This was a gift from an acquaintance of mine, a devout Lepidopterist who was ironically a friend of the late Hermann. I keep few possessions, but I keep this particular one because it reminds me of the forces we seek to destroy. Imagine the Neverborn like these poor creatures trapped behind the glass."

"How do you mean?" It was growing harder and harder to follow Lucius every minute; it was as if Niccolò were drowsy. The sketch glared at him in protest, it seemed.

"Well, to an insect, the world is unfathomably huge; an infinite space for expansion accompanied by a blissful lack of awareness for the other forces that reside within it. So too was Malifaux for the Neverborn. Before humanity entered it."

"But they say that the Neverborn were oppressed by entities... *Tyrants*."

Lucius tapped his cane excitedly on the ground and looked straight at Niccolò as though he had made a faux pas. "Tyrants... powerful entities. Almost like gods, beings that rule even the Neverborn. Yes, they are very real. Yet the Neverborn texts say that the Tyrants were overthrown. But back to the analogy. Humanity entered this realm during an era of peace. The Neverborn thrived – like these creatures before someone caught them and dealt with them accordingly for study." He tapped the glass of the box agitatedly.

Niccolò noticed that Lucius' voice was growing more urgent. It was still silky and soft, but his tone was ardent. Niccolò asked, "These monsters take many forms. How can they thrive together? I have heard stories of the Nephilim in the badlands, of sick creatures that look like child's daydreams stalking the streets at night, of dopplegangers and *skin walkers* in disguise. They are all so different." Niccolò thought he saw Lucius fidget ever so slightly. His outline seemed to shimmer faintly.

Lucius responded snidely, "Isn't it obvious, painter? The Neverborn are powerful, magical beings. Some are uniform entities, like the Nephilim. Yet others can be any form they choose; they may look like different horrors, but this is by choice. These entities choose a form that is most pleasing to them alone, either because it matches the psyche of the individual or because the form is considered terrifying to enemies or rivals within the group. Although each member is independent, and many harbor deep resentment of each other, they are unified at least in their hatred of the human race, I assure you."

"I think I understand."

"No, Niccolò, you don't," Lucius replied bitterly. "Not until you are like one of these butterflies trapped behind glass with no escape."

Niccolò's eyes were growing heavier; he cast a glance at the canvas. His heart nearly stopped.

"Is something wrong, painter?"

The form of Lucius which he had drawn with his own hand was hideous, distended, and grotesque. Its proportions were all wrong. *But how?* He had thought he captured the arrogance, the threat of violence, and the swaggering confidence in a way that no other artist could. But he was staring only at a hazy mess of scribbles, each line as indistinguishable as the next. Sinuous and lithe, each stroke was entwined in a winding tangle of chaos. "I..." Niccolò's head grew light. He felt like he was going to faint.

Lucius stood up smugly, snatched the canvas, and then gazed at the mess printed atop with a course laugh. "As I expected." He snorted, and then tossed the canvas aside dispassionately. "You ask all of these questions about the Neverborn. Let me tell you something else about them: *We* can't be painted by humans." With Lucius' silky tones assaulting his senses, Niccolò collapsed on the ground. A flaring pain shot up his shoulder like wildfire. He screamed in agony.

"You know, my watcher seems to have poisoned you." Lucius leant in close, before whispering, "You see, I asked you to draw what *is, not what people want to see,* because you have a unique power, Niccolò. You see with your eyes what everyone else sees, but with your mind, you see *truth.* This"- Lucius gestured haughtily at the canvas - "is truth."

Niccolò was writhing in pain. Lucius continued, "I called you here this evening as a test. I have seen your work. You clearly have some magical talent for painting that defies common skill because you can capture the spirit and soul of your subject in every work through their auras; perhaps such an ability graced you when you crossed the Breach. I wanted to know if you could depict the real truth when it came to creatures like *us.* Evidently you can. My form deceives your eyes, but clearly not your mind. . . You see one thing but, for reasons that you cannot control, paint another, for is art not just the transference of what the mind perceives onto a canvas?"

Niccolò began foaming at the mouth. Lucius prodded him lazily with his cane, as though testing a specimen before dissection, continuing, "You see us for what we really are by some accident, and your art shows it. You had to be dispatched. What good fortune that our paths crossed last evening."

The voice echoed in his head like a violent symphony. Niccolò was becoming numb; Lucius' whispers were ensnaring him utterly. He tried to scream and cry, but couldn't. It was as though his bloodstream was being doused with icy water. The same sense of nihilism, the lack of any color or aura which he had experienced when he saw Lucius for the first time, came crashing down upon him again.



"Niccolò, for someone who can see *truth*, I am shocked that you are so blind. How did you think that I have such intimate knowledge to answer the questions you asked? I really should thank you for our chat, though. I was simply planning to kill you... instead we had a very fruitful discussion!" Lucius clapped his hands excitedly with a dark chuckle. "For the first time painting a non-human subject, this was a success. This swirling chaos defines us quite nicely. But no matter. People like you, who turn their backs so idly in search of profit, who flee instead of taking responsibility, who end up *working for the enemy* in their own territory, are the worst of humanity. As I told you, rats have to be terminated, one at a time... to set a few butterflies free."

Niccolò was gasping his last. "They... will... k-know. They... will... s-see *truth*."

"No," said Lucius, raising his cane for a fatal blow, "What was it that your namesake once said? 'Men are so simple and so much inclined to obey immediate needs that a deceiver will never lack victims for his deceptions.' Ah, human literature is so primitive, but strikingly truthful. Goodbye, Niccolò. You, like the rest of this world soon, will be *ours*."

The Governor-General stared into the depths of Lucius' mask, a look of bemused consternation lining his chiseled, aged features. "I take it that Hermann has been dealt with accordingly."

"He has been... fired, so to speak, yes." Lucius gazed lazily back at him.

The Governor-General stood up angrily. "The entire city is under damned martial law but we can't control our own people?"

"More than you know." Lucius chuckled. "Hermann is perhaps only *one* of several people who are working out of their own interests, and not for the greater good of the Guild. They are everywhere, lurking, hiding, and waiting to make you seem like a fool."

"Lucius, do what you must to rid us of this filth. I give you full authority to enact whatever measures you see fit."

"Excellent." Lucius stood up to his full height and made to depart.

"Is there anything else to report, Mr. Matheson?"

"Oh, there is one thing." Lucius snapped his fingers, and with an eager squawk, his watcher fluttered into the room, an ornate wooden box nestled in its talons. "I want you to have this." The watcher deposited the box on the Governor's desk. Inside, trapped behind a clear glass pane, were five lilac butterflies. "A friend of mine left me this, but as you know, I have little use for material trifles."

"They're beautiful. Thank you Lucius. But why the gift?"

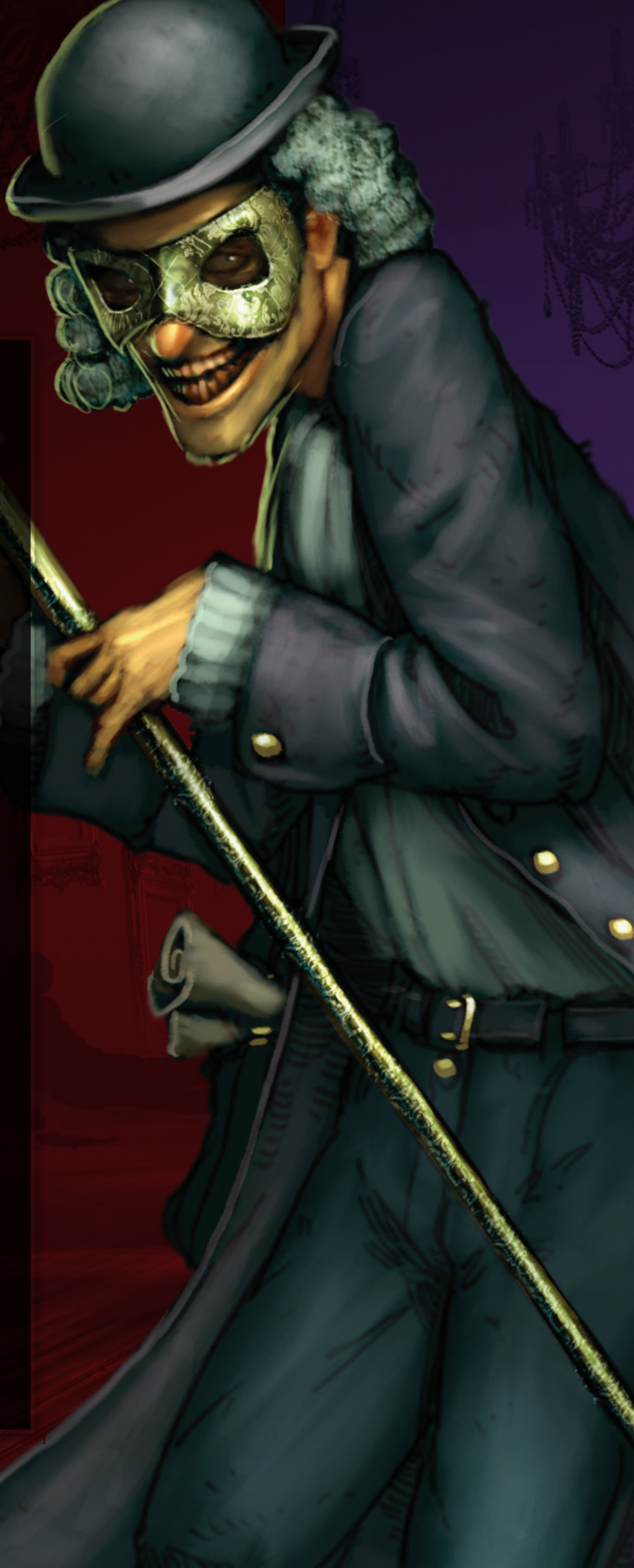
"As a reminder, Governor, of how I intend to do the Guild justice." He chucked again.

"I don't know what to say. Perhaps only that I hope your collection of these may keep growing, I suppose. The last one is especially vibrant... it looks fresher than the other four."

"Oh," said Lucius, turning his back to exit the Governor's study, "Yes, a recent... *artistic* addition of mine. I'm glad you enjoy it." Lucius and the watcher departed, closing the door behind them. Had it not been for the whirling gears and the continued squawking of Lucius' mechanical companion, the Governor-General would have heard a perverse, inhuman cackle from the hallway.



TRUE COLORS



DESCRIPTION

Niccolo has a habit of painting things in their true form. Time to go find him and figure out the true nature of some of your associates.

SET UP

After hiring Crews but before deploying, each player secretly notes down two models in her own Crew. Place a 30mm Niccolo Marker in the center of the board. This model is **Ht** 2 and impassable. Each player places her notes underneath the Niccolo model.

DEPLOYMENT

This scenario uses Corner Deployment.

SPECIAL

Any model within 2" of Niccolo may take a (1) Interact Action to push him up to 4" in any direction.

Any model within 2" of Niccolo may take a (1) Interact Action with Niccolo and name an enemy model. Niccolo paints a portrait of the named model and reveals its true nature. The model's controller selects one of the opponent's notes from beneath Niccolo and reveals it. If the noted model is the one the player named, she gains control of that model permanently.

VICTORY

At the end of every Turn after the first, any player with at least two non-Peon models within 3" of Niccolo scores 1 **VP**. If a model switches sides due to Niccolo and is killed by the Crew which originally hired it, that Crew earns 2 **VP.** A Crew may gain up to 8 **VP** from this scenario.

C. Hoffman

Lady Justice has her blindfold, sword and scales, Sonnia Criid her metal mask and flames, the Ortegas their gunplay and white-hot family pride.

Charles Hoffman has an office. A small, tidy office, with his name on the frosted-glass door. C. HOFFMAN. DIRECTOR, AMALGAMATION CHARTER ENFORCEMENT. He likes it in there. It's a tiny pocket of calm in the madness that's been his life ever since he came through the Breach.

Hoffman is barely recognizable as the painfully shy, physically crippled young engineer who followed his brother onto the Malifaux train. Too much has happened: the Breachfire flare that wrecked Ryle's body and mind, their abduction by Viktor Ramos and the flowering of his uncanny magical bond with machinery, his careening path through the Arcanist movement and into the arms of the Guild, and above all his new role as his maimed brother's keeper.

Hoffman is a man of authority now, a senior Guild official with a remit to shut down Amalgamation, the burgeoning secret industry in creating construct-organism hybrids. That this strictly speaking includes his brother Ryle is irrelevant: Hoffman isn't in this for the purity of the calling. He's here because the Guild has the resources and knowledge to perhaps one day bring Ryle back.
Or perhaps the Arcanists do. Hoffman keeps his lines of communication to Viktor Ramos open, letting Ramos think he's infiltrated the Guild while he lets the Guild think he's infiltrating the Arcanists. Hoffman knows that sooner or later these interlocking, recursive deceptions will unravel on him. But not today. Today there's his brother to think of, and work to be done.



C. Hoffman

Master, Living, Construct
M&SU

CACHE 3

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
3	6	10	4	—	2

Abilities

Magnetic: This model may not declare more than two Walk Actions per Activation. When a friendly Construct in ❶3 declares a Walk Action, this model may push into base contact with the Construct after the Action is complete.

Df (📖) Protection: Reduce all damage this model suffers by a value equal to the **Armor** value of target friendly Construct model within 4". This may not reduce the damage below 1.

Feedback: When this model Activates, this model and target Construct within 3" receive this Condition until this model's next Activation: "**Power Loop:** At the start of a duel, this model may use the printed numerical **Df**, **Wp**, **Ca**, **Sh**, or **MI** (ignoring suits) from another friendly model with **Power Loop** instead of its own."

Empower: This model gains +1 **Ca** (max of +2) for each other friendly Construct within ❶4.

C. Hoffman

Attack Actions

(1) Soulstone Torch (**MI** 6🎲 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 3/4/6 damage.
🎲📖 ***Exploit Design Flaw***: The damage from this Attack Action may not be reduced by **Armor**.

Tactical Actions

(1) Machine Puppet (**Ca** 6🎲 / TN: 12🎲 / Rg: 6): Target friendly Construct takes a (1) Action which cannot declare any Triggers.
🎲 ***Take New Position***: After succeeding, push the target up to 2" in any direction before it takes the Action.
🎲🎲 ***Repeat Program***: After succeeding, the target suffers 2 damage which may not be reduced and gains the **Fast** Condition.

(1) Redirect Power (**Ca** 6🎲 / TN: 14🎲 / Rg: 4): Target Construct gains the following Condition until the start of this model's next Activation: "**Power Loop:** At the start of a duel, this model may use the printed numerical **Df**, **Wp**, **Ca**, **Sh**, or **MI** (ignoring suits) from another friendly model with **Power Loop** instead of its own."
🎲📖 ***Power Overload***: After succeeding, take this Action again. This Action may not declare Triggers.

(0) Shakedown (**Ca** 6🎲 / TN: 10🎲 / Rg: 12): Place a Scrap Marker in base contact with target Construct.

30mm

Lucius

The Right Honorable Lucius Gustavius FitzWilliam Mattheson. Here he comes, gliding through the Vice-Regal manor like a perfectly-groomed shadow, his voice as soft as his footsteps, as smooth as the cognac he pours for his most favored visitors. A Master of Letters from Geneva, a Doctorate of Laws from Salzburg, Empire Day honors for services to the realm. And by all accounts a capable fencer and polo player and a rather fine violinist, too. What brought such a sophisticate out of the halls of Parliament and into a world like Malifaux?

So those, sir, are the facts available to us, and if you- ah, just so. A wise decision, Your Excellency. If I might take the liberty of arranging the details on your behalf?

Nobody knows. No-one truly understands what's behind that perpetual expression of polite, chilly amusement carved into his bronze mask. Lucius has no friends, lovers, confidants.

No need to trouble His Excellency directly. I assure you I shall represent your concerns to him with utmost faith and discretion.

No-one realizes exactly how much influence Lucius wields, or how many in Malifaux are now loyal directly to him instead of to their duties. Nobody knows how many spies he has, how far his reach extends. Nobody knows who comes to speak with him in dead of night, or the company he keeps when he vanishes into the Quarantine Zones or the Neverborn-haunted wilderness.

I speak with the Governor's voice, and the Governor's voice will be obeyed. Now.

Nobody knows. And that fills Lucius with quiet glee.





LUCIUS
Master, Living
MIMIC

CACHE 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	7	10	4	6	2

ABILITIES

Devil's Deal: After this model spends a Soulstone, it may deal 3 damage which may not be reduced to a friendly model within ❶6 to add 1 Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool after resolving the current Action.

Highest Authority: When targeted with an Attack Action, this model may discard a card to make the Attack flip suffer ⊟.

Elite Training: Friendly Minion models within ❶3 gain ↯ to the Attack flip of **MI** Attack Actions.

Commanding Presence: After completing a Walk Action, this model may target a friendly Minion model within 18" and LoS. The target must pass a TN 13 Horror Duel. If it succeeds, the target may immediately take a (1) Action.

LUCIUS

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Sword Cane (**MI** 6🎲 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ▰ 1): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
🎲🎲 ***Governor's Authority:*** After damaging, target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Red Tape**: This model suffers ⊟⊟ on Attack flips against Minion and Mimic models."

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) What Lackeys Are For (**Ca** 7🜏 / TN: 12🜏🜏): Place a Scheme Marker in base contact with this model. Then, place this model into base contact with target friendly model within 10", and place the target in base contact with the Scheme Marker which this Action placed. This Action may only be taken once per Turn.

(1) Guild Intelligence (**Ca** 7🜏 / TN: 16🜏): Until the end of the Turn, friendly Minion models within ❶6 may take Interact Actions while engaged.

(1) Issue Command (**Ca** 7🜏 / TN: 14🜏 / Rg: 8): Target friendly non-Austringer Minion model which has not been targeted by this Action this Turn may immediately take a (1) Action. If the target is a Guardsman or Mimic, increase this Action's range to 14.
🎲 ***Take Aim!:*** After succeeding, but before the target takes the (1) Action, the target gains **Focused +1** until the end of the Turn.
🖃 ***Subterfuge:*** After succeeding, the target may take a (1) Interact Action.
🜏🜏 ***Get Down!:*** After succeeding, the target gains **Defensive +1** until the start of its next Activation.

30mm

Mechanical Attendant

The trademark metal tramp of Charles Hoffman's walking harness has recently acquired a lighter, faster counterpoint in the *tap-tap-tapping* footsteps of his Mechanical Attendant, a special project of his private workshop. It's such a steadfast companion to him now that when it's not by his side people start looking nervously around for where it might be lurking.

Although Hoffman treats it with his usual practicality, the thing is a small marvel of machine-craft that any other engineer would strut and crow over. Its movements create no click of gears or buzz of motors, and it never fumbles or tangles its complex arrays of arms and tools. Speaking of which, where does it fit them all? The Attendant has more cutters, needles, lock picks, telescopes, torches, grippers, stowed in itself than should ever be able to fit in there.

Rumor says several wealthy mechanists have bounties on the Attendant, eager to cut it apart and reverse-engineer Hoffman's secrets. Of course, Hoffman's recent addition of a gun-limb carrying a Mauser 9 must only be a coincidence...



Mechanical Attendant

Peon, Construct, Totem (C. Hoffman)

Cost 2

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	4	4	5	6	1

Abilities

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

Null Field: No Blast Marker may be placed within ❶3 of this model, and no ❶ or (❶) effects may originate from other models within ❶3 of this model, except for the friendly Leader model.

Integrated Systems: When this model Activates it gains the following Condition until its next Activation: "**Power Loop:** At the start of a duel, this model may use the printed numerical **Df**, **Wp**, **Ca**, **Sh**, or **MI** (ignoring suits) from another friendly model with **Power Loop** instead of its own."

Attack Actions

(1) Mauser 9 (**Sh** 4🂱 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐10): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.
🂱🂠 ***Exploit Design Flaw***: The damage from this Attack Action may not be reduced by **Armor**.

Tactical Actions

(1) Scan: This model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Relay Information:** The friendly Leader model may draw LoS (but not range) from this model to its target."

(1) Your Goggles, Sir (**Ca** 5 / TN: 10🂠 / Rg: 3): Target friendly Leader removes one Condition of this model's choice.

Mechanical Attendant

30mm

The Scribe

Certainly there was another person at that meeting, visitors think as they hurry away from the Governor-General's mansion, glad to be out from under Lucius Mattheson's gaze. Of course there was. Didn't Mattheson motion for his seal and wax, and with a murmur there they were in front of him? Didn't he snap his fingers for the deeds we were discussing, and there were quick footsteps and a figure beside him and they were laid out on the desk, open at exactly the right page? And I know for a fact that when he asked for the record of the meeting there was a flutter of paper and a sound like a hundred pens scratching at once, and there it was? Handed to him by someone I didn't quite see? In beautiful copperplate writing, dated and marked? Not just minutes, an exact transcript of our conversation, though we spoke for over an hour?

So surely there was someone else in the room with us.

So why can't I remember what they looked like?



The Scribe

Peon, Living, Totem (Lucius)
MIMIC

Cost 2

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	4	4	6	1

Abilities

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

Butler: Other friendly Mimics within ❶3 gain +1 **Df**.

Companion: After a friendly model ends its Activation within 6" of this model, this model may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

Attack Actions

(1) Glove Slap (**MI** 5🂱🂱 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫽ 1): Target suffers 1/1/2 damage.
🂱🂱 ***Governor's Authority***: After damaging, target gains the following Condition until the end of the turn: "**Red Tape**: This model suffers ⊟⊟ on Attack flips against Minion and Mimic models."

Tactical Actions

(2) Flurry: This model may discard a card. If it does, this model may make 3 **MI** Attack Actions with an AP cost of 1 against a single target.

(1) Your Mask, Sir (**Ca** 5🂽 / TN: 10🂽 / Rg: 3): Target friendly Leader removes one Condition of this model's choice.

The Scribe

30mm

Ryle

It's common knowledge that the Guild has a new enforcer, a great battering-ram of human muscle and military-grade construct machinery that that damned hypocrite in the Manor insists has the Guild's dispensation even as they use it to destroy every other Amalgamation they can find. What is very carefully guarded knowledge is that the human component in this creation is Ryle Hoffman, KBKE, the brilliant and charismatic engineer, adventurer and inventor.

Or what's left of him.

Passage through the Breach all but killed Ryle. The corposant flare that derailed the train and ignited his brother's magical potential earthed itself in Ryle's brain and left a comatose, dying husk. Viktor Ramos rescued the brothers from the wreck and installed Ryle in the shell that Charles Hoffman then built into the combat machine it is now, but no-one has been able to reawaken that brilliant mind into the wreckage of its body – or even be sure how much of Ryle Hoffman is left to wake up.



RYLE
Henchman, Construct, Rare 1
M&SU

COST 10 CACHE 3

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	10	4	6	3

ABILITIES

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Df (⌨) Grind To a Halt: This model immediately gains an additional **Armor +2** for the duration of the Action.

Breach Psychosis: This model is immune to Horror Duels.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Hydraulic Fist (**Ml** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 3/5/7 damage.
- ***Critical Strike***: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each ◆ in the final duel total.

(1) Modified Steam Gatling (**Sh** 5◆ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐10): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. This Action's Attack flip gains ◆.
- ◆ ***Concentrated Burst***: While damaging, the damage flip gains ◆.
- ◆◆ ***Raking Fire***: After damaging, immediately take this Action against a different target which was not targeted by this Action during this Activation.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Socially Repressed: Push this model 4" away from target model within 12".

(0) Field Repairs: This model may discard a card to heal 1/2/3 damage on target Construct within 3".

RYLE

40mm

Captain Dashel

Check the Guild paymaster's dossier on Dashel Barker and he's on the roll as a Captain. Now ask around any Guard barracks and try finding anyone who'll call him that without being reminded to. To a whole generation of Guild troopers he's Drill Sergeant Dashel. Or "Sarge." Or "that brutal old bastard I hope to hell I never cross paths with again."

A sergeant's life suited Dashel just fine. "I'm no officer," he'd snarl happily at recruits who'd misread his rank, "I work for a damn living." It was just his bad luck to come to Lucius Mattheson's notice as a man of fearsome reputation, limited ambition and equally limited imagination. Captains are easier than sergeants to maneuver into special assignments without raising questions, and so Dashel got a new uniform and rank pins. Those special assignments often reflect Lucius' personal priorities more than official Guild ones, and so Dashel gets a little extra in his pay-packet for his trouble, and his discretion.

Life, he supposes, could be worse.



CAPTAIN DASHEL
Henchman, Living, Rare 1
GUARDSMAN

COST 9 CACHE 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	9	5	6	2

ABILITIES

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

"Ready! Aim!": Other friendly non-Austringer Guardsman models within ❶6 may take the Focus Action as a (0) Action.

"Fire!": Other friendly Guardsman models within ❶6 gain ◆ to the Attack flip of ⌐ Attack Actions when they are targeting an enemy model within 12" and LoS of them.

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Baton (**Ml** 6✕◆ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 2/2/3 damage.
- ***Critical Strike***: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each ◆ in the final duel total.
- ✕ ***Crack Skull***: After damaging, the target gains the **Slow** Condition.

(1) Collier Army (**Sh** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐12): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) On Yer Feet! (**Ca** 5 / TN: 12 / Rg: 12): Target friendly Minion gains the **Reactivate** Condition. Sacrifice the target at the end of the Turn. This Action may only be taken once per Turn.

CAPTAIN DASHEL

30mm

Guardian

Everyone in Malifaux knows the stories of reclaiming the Quarantine Zones, street by nightmare-haunted street, and how the turning point of that work came when the first detachments of Guardians lumbered through the barricades side by side with the Guild Guards. And every veteran of the Zones has a tale of how they owe their skin to a Guardian who stepped between them and some predatory obscenity, weathered its rage without a single backward step and put an end to it with a shearing stroke of its greatsword.

The Guards' affection for their Guardians shows in the way they diligently clean and maintain their mechanical companions, decorating them in Guild livery or painting on kill-marks, mottoes or nicknames. But affection or no, the Guardian constructs are getting older, more battered and more erratic, and it's only a matter of time before these loyal machines are relegated to simpler duties or broken up altogether.



Guardian

Minion, Construct

Cost 8

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	8	4	6	2

Abilities

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Df (📖) Grind To a Halt: This model immediately gains an additional **Armor +2** for the duration of the Action.

Relentless: This model is immune to Horror Duels.

Attack Actions

(1) Flatblade (**Ml** 7🎲 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 3): Target suffers 1/3/4 damage.
🎲📖 ***Exploit Design Flaw***: The damage from this Attack Action may not be reduced by **Armor**.

(1) Shield (**Ml** 5🎲 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.
🎲🐺 ***Shield Bash***: After succeeding, all enemy models within (↑)2 are pushed 4" away from this model and the target of this Attack gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Stunned:** This model may not declare Charge Actions."
🎲✕ ***Shield Press***: After failing, target suffers 1 damage.

Tactical Actions

(0) Protect (**Ca** 5 / TN: 12 / Rg: 4): Target friendly model gains the **Defensive +2** Condition until the start of this model's next Activation, or until this model is removed from play.
🎲 ***Mend***: After succeeding, the target heals 2 damage.
🐺 ***Vigilance***: After succeeding, push this model into base contact with the target.

40mm

Abuela Ortega

How old is Abuela Ortega? Is she the Ortega siblings' mother? Aunt? Grandmother? Would that mean Papa Loco is her son? Speculation over cards and drink in the Latigo workers' quarters at night holds such fascination because it involves trying to imagine a young Abuela, an Abuela with babies, with... a husband? Trying to reconcile those imaginings with the reality of the ferocious old woman prowling the compound, battering the laziness, clumsiness or backtalk out of her workforce with stinging whacks from a wooden spoon or red-hot salvoes of scolding and insults... well, there's not enough booze in Latigo for any of them to manage that.

At the Ortega family table each evening Abuela distributes gloriously-prepared meals as she grills the youngsters about their missions, snappishly correcting them on points of Neverborn hunting technique and battle tactics. And anyone who finds that odd has never seen the alacrity with which Abuela grabs the shotgun from the side of her chair and puts herself on the firing line when the Neverborn come calling.



Abuela Ortega

Enforcer, Living, Rare 1
Family

Cost 7

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6🎲	6🎲	7	5	—	2

Abilities

"Play Nice!": Enemy models within (↑)6 may not declare Charge Actions.

Df/Wp (🎲) Matriarch: After this model is damaged by an enemy model, target friendly Family model within 12" and LoS suffers 1 damage and pushes 3" towards this model to reduce the damage dealt to this model by 1.

"Roll Me Closer, Dear": Other friendly models within (↑)3 gain the following Action: "**(0) Polite Push:** Push target friendly Abuela Ortega within 3" up to 5" in any direction." Only one friendly model may take this Action per Turn.

Attack Actions

(1) Sawed-Off Shotgun (**Sh** 7✕ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐6): Target suffers 2/3🎲/4🎲🎲 damage.
✕ ***Slug:*** This Attack places no Blast Markers. After damaging, perform a 2/3/4 damage flip against the target which may not be cheated. This model may not take the **Sawed-Off Shotgun** Action again this Turn.
🐺 ***Roll Backwards***: After damaging, push this model 4" away from the target.

(1) A Well Deserved Whoopin' (**Ml** 6🐺 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.
🐺 ***Roll Backwards***: After damaging, push this model 4" away from the target.

Tactical Actions

(0) Shotgun Wedding: One per game, target friendly model within 6" gains the following Condition for the rest of the game: "**Wedded Uh... Bliss?**: This model gains the Family Characteristic."

(0) "Listen Up, Young'un" (**Ca** 6🐺 / TN: 14🐺 / Rg: 12): Target other friendly non-Leader model immediately performs a (1) Action.

30mm

Guild Hound

Guild Hounds, big, powerful, well-trained and fearless, were one of the earliest weapons in enforcing the peace as Malifaux's population swelled. They tracked outlaws and escapees, faced down rioters and stood guard against human and inhuman threats alike. The Guild kennels became famous for their animals, and their hounds and handlers were respected and feared. And then, things started to get... odd.

Nothing that comes to Malifaux escapes the creeping malignity of the place, and the Guild has bred generations of Hounds this side of the Breach – plenty of time for Malifaux to get deep into the animals' bones and souls. With each generation the Hounds get larger, faster, fiercer and craftier, but wilder, more savage, harder to rein in. Breeders see pups turn on one another before they're even weaned, and grown Hounds eye their masters with a disturbing, mutinous gleam in their eye. And rumor says physical deformities are starting to appear: taloned feet, venomous fangs, prehensile tails, or rows of bone quills.

The Guild, of course, denies everything.



Guild Hound

Minion, Living, Rare 4

Beast, Hound, Guardsman

Cost 3

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	5	4	6	9	1

Abilities

Companion: After a friendly model ends its Activation within 6" of this model, this model may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

Pack Mentality: This model may ignore the **Insignificant** Ability while within ❶5 of another friendly Hound model.

Scent of Evidence: This model may take the (2) Charge Action as a (1) Action when targeting an enemy model within ❶2 of a Scheme Marker.

Attack Actions

(1) Snapping Jaws (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/3/4 damage.
Critical Strike: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each ✦ in the final duel total.

Guild Hound

30mm

Guard Sergeant

Early in the Resettlement, the Guild didn't need much from its paramilitary: uniformed strikebreaking muscle, shipment guards, basic backup for their more talented special agents, nothing more. But as the city is slowly reclaimed, new towns are founded and the Guild has an ever larger and more fractious population to control, they've bowed to the inevitable. The Governor-General has sanctioned the first field promotions, with Sergeants taking up their posts.

The rush for promotions has been frankly undignified, but the Guild isn't fooled. For every capable promotion from the enlisted Guild, or experienced Earthside veteran lured in with promises of wealth and adventure, there's a hanger-on reaping the benefits of patronage or bribery, not to mention outright infiltrators from the Arcanist underground, the Ten Thunders or various Earthside powers. Gratifyingly, it turns out the Sergeants don't last long if they can't handle a fight and command respect from their Guards. For a Sergeant who can deliver results, much can be forgiven.



Guard Sergeant

Enforcer, Living, Rare 2

Guardsman

Cost 6

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	6	5	5	2

Abilities

Accomplice: After this model ends its Activation a friendly model within 6" may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Frightening Authority: Other friendly Guardsman models within ❶6 of one or more models with this Ability gain ✦ to all **Wp** duels.

Lead the Patrol: Other friendly Guardsman models which begin an Activation within ❶3 of one or more models with this Ability gain +1 **Wk** for the duration of the Activation.

Attack Actions

(1) Breaching Axe (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
Critical Strike: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each ✦ in the final duel total.

(1) Collier Army (**Sh** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐12): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
Critical Strike: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each ✦ in the final duel total.

Tactical Actions

(0) Issue New Orders: Target a friendly Scheme Marker within 6" and LoS. Place the target up to 4" from its current location.

Guard Sergeant

30mm

Hunter

Hunters are the newest construct designs to win a full Guild production charter, to the horror of outlaws and subversives for whom the handful of operational prototypes are already frightening enough. Smaller, lighter and leaner than its brutal cousin the Peacekeeper, the Hunter's segmented body and specially-sprung legs couple with its complex instruction codes to turn it into an agile and stealthy predator rather than a charging war-beast. Hunters are sent out from prison compounds or labor camps to track escapees, and hunt smugglers and bandits unerringly through the most malevolent badlands.

When the Hunter's intricate mechanical senses detect its prey it closes in swiftly to capture or kill, spearing targets with its chain harpoon or leaping forward to bear them down and pin them to the ground with its armored mass and steel claws. Hunters are crafty, capable of setting ambushes, using darkness and cover to hide themselves, and working in a team with humans or other constructs.



Hunter — Minion, Construct, Rare 2 — Cost 7

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	5	7	5	7	2

Abilities

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Prowl: This model may push up to 3" in any direction at the end of the Turn.

Prey on the Unaware: This model's Attack flips gain a against targets that have not Activated during this Turn.

Attack Actions

(1) Steel Claws (**Ml** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.
Critical Strike: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each in the final duel total.

(1) Chain Harpoon (**Sh** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 10): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage and gains the **Slow** Condition.
Drag: After damaging, target is pushed 8" towards this model.

(0) Pounce on Chest (**Ca** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 3): Push this model into base contact with target enemy model which is not engaged with this model. Then, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Wild Eyes**: This model suffers -1 **Ml**."
Rip and Tear: After succeeding, immediately take a (1) **Ml** Attack Action against the target. This Action receives to the Attack flip.

Hunter

50mm

Guild Lawyer

Magic is a popular metaphor for the practice of law: the great libraries, the rituals and strange words, esoteric concepts mastered by years of study, the clash of finely-honed wills with the power of life and death vested in verdicts and decrees. But Malifaux doesn't do metaphor. Malifaux does power.

As Guild lawyers graduate from wrangling mundane proceedings, they begin to notice that what they used to only accomplish symbolically – shredding testimonies, redefining meanings, challenging and remaking the facts themselves – is spilling out of the courtroom and into their lives. With gleeful sophistry and only a little surgically-applied willpower they can redefine the reality going on around them, and impose their definition over what was there before. For what's reality but a pattern, what's a law but a pattern to define and control other patterns, what's a lawyer but something that defines and controls the law?

And it's after that epiphany that the senior partners escort them to Mattheson's office to sign a very special contract, and their true training begins.



Guild Lawyer — Minion, Living, Rare 2 — Mimic — Cost 6

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	6	6	5	6	2

Abilities

Highest Authority: When targeted with an Attack Action, this model may discard a card to make the Attack flip suffer .

Reminder of a Worse Fate: Friendly models within 6 gain to Horror Duels.

Finish the Job: When this model is killed, it may place a Scheme Marker in base contact with itself before it is removed.

Attack Actions

(1) OBJECTION!!! (**Ca** 6 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 2/2/2 damage. If Moderate damage is flipped or cheated target gains **Slow**, or **Paralyzed** in the case of Severe.
Fruit of the Poisonous Tree: After succeeding, the target gains the **Poison +2** Condition.

(1) Special Damages (**Ca** 6 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 12): Target non-Leader gains the following Condition for the rest of the game: "**Fees +1:** After completing an Attack Action which dealt damage to another model, this model suffers +1 damage."
Fruit of the Poisonous Tree: After succeeding, the target gains the **Poison +2** Condition.

Tactical Actions

(0) Impassioned Defense (**Ca** 6 / TN: 12 / Rg: 10): Target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Hard to Wound +1**: Damage flips against this model suffer ."
Multiple Defendants: After succeeding, take this Action again. This Action may not declare Triggers.

Guild Lawyer

30mm

Watcher

"What the Guild don't see can't hang you on the Tree." So the saying goes among thieves, smugglers, seditionists, Arcanists and the sundry undesirables who choose a life outside the Guild's laws. It's a saying the creators of the Guild Watcher are trying to make obsolete.

Adapted from the crude scouting and prospecting constructs of the Resettlement and lately refined by Charles Hoffman, the Watcher is a striking creation. A paper-thin carapace, reinforced by engraved wards, encloses a skeleton of pencil-thin brass rods and whirling gears, the whole supported by broad hide wings pinioned in metal or hardwood. The mechanism moves to a heartbeat of super-compressed steam from a Soulstone-powered pump, and the great crystal lens that dominates its face is magically twinned to a second lens that merges its gaze with the vision of its allies on the ground.

And that's why cocky rhymes about what the Guild don't see have given way among Malifaux's criminal class to regular nervous glances at the sky.



WATCHER — COST 4

Minion, Construct

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	4	6	—	1

ABILITIES

Flight: This model is immune to falling damage and may ignore any terrain or models while moving.

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Stubborn: Enemy models suffer a ▯ to the Attack flip of Attack Actions that are resisted by this model's **Wp**.

Always Watching: Enemy models within ❶3 may not benefit from cover. Friendly models do not flip a card for this model when shooting into an engagement.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Sky-Eye (**Sh** 6● / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 14): Target suffers 0/1/1 damage and gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Exposed**: Attacks targeting this model ignore cover."

●▤ ***Forward Observer***: After succeeding, look at the top card of either Fate Deck and put it on the top or bottom of that Fate Deck.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(2) View From Up High: This model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Relay Information:** The friendly Leader model may draw LoS (but not range) from this model to its target."

WATCHER

30mm

Exorcist

Sooner or later the news was bound to reach home that in Malifaux there were dead who would not stay dead. Even for a world long accustomed to magic, the news that that particular old fireside tale had come true was a chilling shock. The Guild works hard to suppress the ghoulish details and weed out unsavory travelers drawn in by them, but they've come to make exceptions for the self-appointed abomination-hunters known as Exorcists.

Exorcists were originally recruited, funded and trained like missionaries, although the fashion now is for firebrand preachers to form a congregational society specifically to equip them and send them through the Breach to battle the unhallowed dead. At first dismissing them as a noisy nuisance, Guild policy changed when they saw the disarray and destruction the Exorcists' zealous aggression and blazing oratory could sow amongst the Resurrectionists' foot soldiers. So the Guild gave a collective shrug, studiously ignored the Exorcists' more extreme practices and began licensing them as its own agents. No sense in wasting a resource, after all.



EXORCIST — COST 7

Enforcer, Living, Rare 2

GUILD MARSHAL

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	6	7	5	6	2

ABILITIES

Damning Oratory: Undead and Spirit models within ❶3 may not declare Triggers.

Hard to Wound +1: Damage flips against this model suffer ▯.

Finish the Job: When this model is killed, it may place a Scheme Marker in base contact with itself before it is removed.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Symbol of Office (**Ca** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫽1): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.

✕ ***Banish to Oblivion***: After damaging, if the target is an Undead or Spirit, immediately kill the target unless it discards two cards or two Soulstones.

● ***Critical Strike***: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each ● in the final duel total.

(1) Sanctified Crossbow (**Sh** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐10): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. This Attack ignores **Incorporeal** and **Hard to Wound**.

● ***Critical Strike***: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each ● in the final duel total.

▤ ***Pinned to the Ground:*** After succeeding, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Pinned:** This model may not declare Walk or Charge Actions. At the start of its Activation, this model may discard two cards to end this Condition."

(0) False Accusation (**Ca** 6✖ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Target enemy model gains the Undead characteristic until the end of the Turn.

✖ ***Spreading Paranoia***: After succeeding, immediately take this Action again. This Action may not declare Triggers.

EXORCIST

30mm

Pistolero De Latigo

Ranches don't run themselves, and the Ortega family's sprawling fortified homestead of Latigo does a brisk hiring business in ranch hands, blacksmiths, tanners, carpenters, armorers, and all the folk needed to support the Ortega posse in the field, and to keep their home as self-sufficient as possible. Those who last under the punishing workload and Abuela Ortega's fierce scrutiny may earn the privilege of riding out as Pistoleros.

Released from their former labors, Pistoleros practice relentlessly and the Ortegas encourage them to outdo one another in feats of marksmanship, horsemanship and strength. In town they adopt a swagger befitting those chosen to ride with the Guild's famous monster hunters; in battle they are an explosive combination of youth, skill and reckless pride, determined to show that that swagger is no empty display.

The dangers of their work make for frightening casualties in their ranks, but every Pistolero buckles on their gun belt convinced that they will be the exception who earns a permanent place in the Ortega crew.



Pistolero De Latigo

Minion, Living
FAMILY

COST 5

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	5	5	5	6	2

ABILITIES

Ruthless: This model is immune to **Wp** duels during its Activation.

Press the Advantage: This model's Attack Actions gain ◪ to the Attack flip against targets which have already Activated this Turn.

"Look Out!": If this model has not Activated during this Turn, other friendly models within ❶3 of one or more models with this Ability gain ◪ to **Df** flips.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Latigo Knife (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.
- ***Critical Strike***: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each ◉ in the final duel total.
- ***Precision***: Immediately increase this model's final duel total by 1 for each ◉ in the final duel total.

(1) Modified Collier (**Sh** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐10): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
- ***Critical Strike***: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each ◉ in the final duel total.
- ***Precision***: Immediately increase this model's final duel total by 1 for each ◉ in the final duel total.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Shrug Off: This model may discard a card to remove one Condition from this model.

PISTOLERO DE LATIGO

30mm

Pale Rider

I'm telling you this 'cos I trust you. You need to know I'm serious, alright?

First time we saw the Pale Rider we were following a Silurid 'round the edge o'the Bayou. We came down one riverbank, and there he was on t'other, staring at us. Looked just like they say.

Davey saw him first, and next day the Silurid saw Davey first, and 'twas only two of us rode back.

Second time, Chang saw him first, and it was Chang we buried week after, after that dead thing in the City boneyard that wouldn't die proper.

And last night, as we left the city gates, there he was ridin' next to me. Thin as the gallows, bleached like a corpse in the desert, ridin' something like a madman's dream of a horse. Kitted out like a Death Marshal, though he ain't no Marshal the Lady's ever sworn in.

So I know this fight'll be my last. You got to give this letter to my darling Beth. You understand? I trust you.



Pale Rider

Enforcer, Undead, Rare 1
HORSEMAN

COST 12

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	10	6	10	3

ABILITIES

Df (◉) Testament: Reduce damage suffered by this model during this Action by 1 for each ◉ in its final duel total, to a minimum of 1.

Stubborn: Enemy models suffer a ◱ to the Attack flip of Attack Actions that are resisted by this model's **Wp**.

Chasing Death: This model adds a number of +◉ to all of its final duel totals equal to the Turn number minus one.

Unimpeded: This model ignores penalties for severe terrain when moving.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Final Moments (**Sh** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐12 or ⫻ 2): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
- ***Death Comes to All:*** When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each ◉ in the final duel total to a maximum of +2. This Trigger may only be declared once per Turn.
- ***Last Words***: After damaging an enemy model within 2", this model heals 1 damage for each ◉ in the final duel total, up to a maximum of 2 damage. This Trigger may only be declared once per Turn.

(0) The Last Crossing (**Ml** 6 / TN: 12◉◉◉◉◉ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 9/10/12 damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Revel in Death (**Ca** 6 / TN: 12◉◉): Push this model up to 4" in any direction and then place a Scheme Marker in base contact with it.

PALE RIDER

50mm

Warden

When the Guild took bids for an even tougher and more powerful version of the Guardian fighting construct for Malifaux's large and vicious prisons, there was much shaking of heads. The Guild has never been short of money to splash around, but this much? For that?

But the Wardens fit the Guild's ruthless profit calculus perfectly. Their hulking iron bodies form a cordon when the gates must be opened, their restraint claws pluck prisoners out of the heaving mob when it's time to fill an order for new laborers for the foundries or railroads, and their metal fists can beat the defiance out of the most starvation- and violence-crazed convicts. And every one sent into a jail can replace five regular wardens, men who can take bribes, need paying and feeding, and might even feel pity sometimes.

Wardens are sometimes brought out of the jails, too, for special missions and as object lessons. Behave yourself out *here*, their presence seems to say, and you'll never have to meet us in *there*.



Warden
Minion, Construct
Guardsman

Cost 6

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	5	6	5	7	2

Abilities

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Df (📖) Grind To a Halt: This model immediately gains an additional **Armor +2** for the duration of the Action.

Seen it All: This model gains 🃏 to Horror Duels.

Pursue: This model adds +🎲 to its final duel total against models that have already Activated this turn.

Attack Actions

(1) Mechanical Fist (**MI** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
- 🎲🎲 ***Send Flying***: After damaging, push the target a number of inches in any direction equal to the damage it suffered (after any prevention and reduction).
- 🎲 ***Critical Strike***: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each 🎲 in the final duel total.

(1) Restraint Claw (**Sh** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 10): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.
- 🎲🎲 ***Restrain:*** After damaging, the target gains the **Paralyzed** Condition.
- 🎲 ***Critical Strike***: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each 🎲 in the final duel total.

Warden

40mm

Witchling Handler

When Sonnia Criid takes captured witches into the Yellow Crypt her fires sear their old selves away, leaving their thoughts and personalities in ashes. The Guild mages known as Witchling Handlers work with the ashes.

Handlers bond with their charges through the gift of greatsword and skin-brand, the runes on each resonating with the Handler's own runesword and tattoos like the inaudible note of a tuning fork. In the cells, painstaking as an archaeologist working on a shattered pot, the Handler coaxes together just enough of the Witchling's mind to allow it to follow orders, hunt and fight.

Then the true conditioning begins, as intimate as taking a lover and cold-blooded as an autopsy. The Handler binds the remnants of the Witchling's personality together with lies, half-truths and Guild maxims, making merciless use of the target's old life to shape the conditioning. This triple role – trainer, nurturer, torturer – takes its toll on the Handlers, who strive to emulate Criid's unfeeling detachment so as not to burn out and go mad in their own turn.



Witchling Handler
Enforcer, Living
Witch Hunter

Cost 8

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6🎲	6🃏	8	6	6	2

Abilities

Df (🎲) On My Orders: After succeeding against an enemy model, push a friendly Minion that is within 12" and LoS of this model up to 4" towards this model.

Df/Wp (🎲🃏) Reflect Magic: After a **Ca** Attack fails against this model, this model deals damage 2/3🎲/5🎲🎲 to the Attacker. This damage flip receives a 🂠.

Goad Witchling: Friendly Witchling Stalker models that Activate within ❶4 of this model gain +1 **Wk** and +2 **Cg** until the end of their Activation.

Attack Actions

(1) Runed Greatsword (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. This damage flip gains 🃏 if this model did not Charge during this Activation.
- ✕ ***Drain Magic***: After damaging, the target must discard 1 card if able.
- 📖 ***The Consuming Flames***: After reducing a non-Peon enemy model to 0 Wounds, this model may discard one Soulstone to summon a Witching Stalker into base contact with the model before removing it. The Witchling Stalker suffers 3 damage that may not be reduced.

(1) Collier Pistol (**Sh** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 10): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
- 🎲 ***Critical Strike***: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each 🎲 in the final duel total.

Tactical Actions

(0) Follow the Flock: Push target friendly Minion model within 12" up to 4" towards any friendly model within the target's LoS.

(0) Burn Them, Burn Them All! (**Ca** 6 / TN: 12): Until the end of the Turn, the Attack Actions of friendly models within ❶4 apply the **Burning +1** Condition to the target after damaging, so long as the target is within 10" and LoS of the Attacking model.

Witchling Handler

30mm

Brutal Effigy

When the Brutal Effigy was first spotted clip-clopping about Malifaux City the Governor-General's reaction was to put out a bounty for its destruction, and a reward for the arrest of its creator. Lucius Mattheson stayed that order, sensing that the strange little creation had secrets better studied than destroyed, and set his spies to tracking the Effigy instead.

Their reports showed that the Effigy was not an invader, a spy or some seditious lampoon of the Death Marshals. Bizarrely it seemed to be a Guild ally, trotting into the fray on sturdy legs, sword waving, the little boxwood coffin bouncing on its back in imitation of the Marshals it caricatures. Guild crews have come to think of Brutal as a mascot or a good luck charm but their leaders know it is more: they can sense the knot of power within it and how it draws and shifts the currents to help the crew it has joined.

And still nobody knows what it really is, or really wants.

Guild Rifleman

Another step in the Guild Guard's transformation from picket-line breakers and night watchmen to a genuine military, the Rifleman corps skims off Guard troopers with outstanding marksmanship and discipline and drills them intensively with the heavy Jenkins-Jarlsson Field Rifle, a design commissioned by the Guild based on the best (or anyway the most expensive) Earthside military designs it could get hold of.

Now, workers filing through their factory gates in the Industrial Zone at dawn can clearly hear the rapid crack of gunfire from the range and assault course outside the northern city walls. Initially the Riflemen learned the fixed gun lines that characterize current Earthside doctrine, but quickly evolved a more mobile and flexible style for Malifaux, where there are no neat battle lines and a hundred kinds of enemy could be lurking anywhere around you. Many a Guard's resolve has been steeled when they can see the gunmetal glint on the high ground and know that a Rifleman has taken position to cover them.



Brutal Effigy

Minion, Construct, Rare 1

PUPPET, EFFIGY

COST 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	4	5	-	1

ABILITIES

Accomplice: After this model ends its Activation a friendly model within 6" may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

Finish the Job: When this model is killed, it may place a Scheme Marker in base contact with itself before it is removed.

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.



Guild Rifleman

Minion, Living, Rare 3

GUARDSMAN

COST 5

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	5	4	6	2

ABILITIES

Companion: After a friendly model ends its Activation within 6" of this model, this model may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

Firing Line: This model gains +1 **Sh** if there are one or more other friendly Guardsman models within 4 that have already Activated during this Turn.

Stand and Fire: If this model is unengaged when an enemy model within 14" and LoS of this model declares a Charge Action, this model may reduce its **Focused** Condition Value by exactly 1 to immediately deal 2 damage to the model which declared the Charge.

Hold!: The **Focused** Condition on this model does not end during the Upkeep Step.

BRUTAL EFFIGY

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Chastiser (**Sh** 4 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 10): Target suffers 1/3/4 damage.

Pause for Thought: After damaging, the target gains the **Slow** Condition.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Fear Not the Sword: Target friendly Leader within 8" gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Fear Not the Sword:** After damaging an enemy model with an Attack Action, this model heals 1 damage. After killing an enemy model, this model draws 1 card."

30mm

GUILD RIFLEMAN

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Knife (**Ml** 4 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.

(1) Guard Rifle (**Sh** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 14): Target suffers 1/2/4 damage. When this Attack Action gains the benefits of the **Focused** Condition, it gains +1 to the final duel total.

Critical Strike: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each 1 in the final duel total.

30mm

Clockwork Trap

Clockwork traps (or gear-traps, springjaws, tick-snares or any of their other army of nicknames) probably tie only with the humble pocket-watch for the most numerous and widely-distributed mechanical device in Malifaux. Trappers and Pathfinders use the simple and traditional Earthside model of serrated jaws snapping shut over a pressure-plate, while game hunters and town militias with better budgets use more sophisticated versions that launch themselves toward anything that brushes a tripwire or hanging trigger-weight. The flashiest of all are almost constructs in their own right, lying dormant in cover until they can seize a hapless enemy in a toothed and tethered spring-clamp, or send a barbed-wire noose whipping out from an extending arm.

Such devices are dangerous, and hard to sneak past or disarm, but also expensive and complex to maintain. They are most often found guarding the paths to Soulstone mines or Guild depots, or the homes of Malifaux's wealthy. Considerable ingenuity has gone into designing self-arming versions that skirmishers can quickly sow across an ambush site for their enemies to blunder across.



Clockwork Trap

Peon, Rare 4

COST 2

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	3	—	—	1

Abilities

Armor +2: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2, to a minimum of 1.

Clamp Down: Enemy models which begin their Activation within ❶2 of this model must immediately pass a TN 13 **Wk** duel or gain the **Slow** Condition. If the model passes the **Wk** duel, it is immune to this Ability for the remainder of the Turn.

From the Shadows: This model may be deployed anywhere on the board that is at least 6" away from the enemy Deployment Zone. This model may not take Interact Actions on the first Turn.

Inanimate: This model may not Activate. This model is always considered to have already Activated during the current Turn. This model is immune to Conditions.

Attack Actions

(1) Trapping Jaw (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. This Attack may be made against enemy models which end a move, push, or placement within range after resolving the current Action.

Clamp Shut: After damaging an enemy, push this model into base contact with the target. This model gains the following Ability until the end of the next Turn: "**Clamped On:** If an enemy model begins its Activation in base contact with this model, this model may be placed into base contact with the enemy model at the end of the Activation."

Clockwork Trap

30mm

Guild Pathfinder

Everywhere there's a wilderness, there are folk who want nothing more than to disappear into it. It's no surprise that the strangest and most dangerous frontier humankind has ever found draws the strangest and most dangerous people out to it.

Some want to test themselves against the dangers of the uncharted wilds. For some, escaping to Malifaux wasn't enough and they need to escape from it. Some simply decide a hard life and unmarked death out beyond the edge of the map is a fair price for the solitude they crave.

Even so, most of these silent recluses still brush up against society from time to time, trading for the few needs they can't meet themselves. It's a trade that Guild posts are always happy to take them up on. Anyone who can fend for themselves in the Malifaux badlands for months or years at a time has skills well worth the bag or two of supplies they're after before they disappear back into the wild.



Guild Pathfinder

Minion, Living
GUARDSMAN

COST 6

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	6	5	6	2

Abilities

From the Shadows: This model may be deployed anywhere on the board that is at least 6" away from the enemy Deployment Zone. This model may not take Interact Actions on the first Turn.

Scavenge Supplies: Once per Turn, when another model is killed in ❶6, this model may draw a card and then discard a card.

Attack Actions

(1) Skinning Knife (**Ml** 4 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 2/2/3 damage. Increase the final duel total of this Attack by 1 for each friendly Clockwork Trap within ❶2 of the target.

(1) Hunting Musket (**Sh** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 12): Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. This Attack does not flip a card for friendly Clockwork Traps when shooting into an engagement. Increase the final duel total of this Attack by 1 for each friendly Clockwork Trap within ❶2 of the target.

Precise Shot: When damaging, this Attack ignores **Hard to Wound** and **Armor**.

In the Vitals: After damaging, the target gains the **Slow** Condition.

Tactical Actions

(0) Set the Trap (**Ca** 5 / TN: 11 / Rg: 4): Summon a Clockwork Trap within 4".

(0) Reset Trap: Target a friendly Clockwork Trap within 6". Place the target within 6" of its current location.

Guild Pathfinder

30mm

Lucius Upgrades

Surprisingly Loyal

Cost: 1 SS

This model gains the following Abilities:

Df (🎲🗡) Secret Service: After an Attack Action succeeds against this model, target friendly Guardsman or Mimic within ❶3 suffers the effects of the Action as if it had been the target instead of this model, including any Triggers.

Personal Retinue: Crews led by this model may hire up to 4 models with the Guardsman or Mimic Characteristic that are not the Crew's declared Faction.



RESTRICTIONS

Lucius

Secret Objectives

Cost: 1 SS

This model gains the following Tactical Action:

(0) Hidden Weapons (**Ca** 7🗡 / TN: 12🗡): Discard all friendly Scheme Markers in (❶)3. This model immediately makes a number of (1) **MI** Actions equal to the number of Scheme Markers discarded in this way.



RESTRICTIONS

Lucius

Legalese

Cost: 1 SS

This model gains the following Abilities:

Purposeful Misinterpretation: At the end of the game, all enemy Scheme Markers within ❶4 of this model become friendly Scheme Markers instead.

Loop Holes: This model may choose to count as friendly to the enemy Crew for the purposes of ❶ and (❶) effects generated by enemy models.



RESTRICTIONS

Lucius

Secret Assets

Cost: 2 SS

This model gains the following Attack Action:

(0) Hidden Sniper (**Sh** 6 / TN: 12🎲 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 12): Target suffers 2/3/4 Damage. If the target is within 3" and LoS of a Scheme Marker, this Attack flip gains a ✚ and ignores LoS and cover.

🎲 ***Critical Strike***: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each 🎲 in the final duel total.

🗡 ***Purposeful Strike:*** After damaging the target, discard a Scheme Marker within 3" and LoS of the target or place a friendly Scheme Marker within 3" and LoS of the target



RESTRICTIONS

Lucius

Watch My Back

Cost: 2 SS

- Friendly Guardsman models in play gain the following Ability:

  Accomplice: After this model ends its Activation a friendly model within 6" may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.



Restrictions

Lucius or Guardsman, Rare 1

Useless Duplications

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Useless Duplications: Whenever an enemy model takes a ⌐ Attack Action against an unengaged friendly Mimic model within this model's LoS, the enemy model must randomly determine its target between all models within 2" of the target as if it were shooting into an engagement.

  Seeing Double: When a friendly Mimic within 3" and LoS is targeted by a ⫻ Attack Action, this model may discard a card to give the Attacking model ⍈ to the Attack flip.



Restrictions

Mimic, Rare 1

Hoffman Upgrades

Arcanist Assets

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

  Arcanist Ties: Crews led by this model may hire up to 4 Arcanist Construct models with the M&SU Characteristic that are not the Crew's declared Faction.

  (0) Frantic Repairs: Discard an Upgrade from target friendly model within 8". If this happens, heal 2 damage on this model or the target and place a Scrap Marker within 8" and LoS of this model.



RESTRICTIONS

C. Hoffman

On Site Assimiliation

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Tap Power: When this model Activates, it may make target friendly Construct within 3" gain **Slow** to grant this model **Fast**.

- This model gains the following Attack Action:

  (1) O.S.A. (**Ca**: 6 / TN: 14 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): This Action may only target non-Leader Constructs. Select one of the target's (0) or (1) AP Actions which does not list a model by name. This model immediately takes that Action, but may not declare Triggers. This Action may only be taken once per Turn.



RESTRICTIONS

C. Hoffman

Field Mechanic

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Tactical Actions:

  (1) Improvised Repairs: Target a Scrap Marker within 8". All friendly Constructs within (↕)3 of the Scrap Marker heal 1/2/3 damage. Then, discard the Scrap Marker.

  (1) Update Hardware (**Ca** 6 / TN: 14 / Rg: 8): Target another friendly Construct which does not already have a Modification Upgrade. Select an Upgrade with the restriction Modification which is not already attached to any models in this Crew and attach it to the target, ignoring the usual restrictions for attaching Upgrades.

  Power Overload: After succeeding, take this Action again. This Action may not declare Triggers.



RESTRICTIONS

C. Hoffman, Limited

Remote Mines

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Improvised Genius: This model may not be moved or pushed by the Actions or Abilities of enemy models.

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (1) Detonate (**Ca** 6 / TN: 12 / Rg: 8): Models within (↕)3 of target Scrap Marker must succeed on a TN 12 **Wk** duel or suffer 3 damage. Then, discard the Scrap Marker.

  Chain Reaction: After succeeding, take this Action again.



RESTRICTIONS

C. Hoffman



PIECES OF MYSELF

COST: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Tactical Actions:

  (0) A Memory Stirs: Discard target Scrap Marker within 6" and LoS to gain the following Condition for the rest of the game: "**Something Lost +1:** This model gains +1 **Wp**."

  (1) Whispers of Genius: Remove the **Something Lost** Condition from this model. If the Condition's value was 3 or higher, target other non-Leader Construct within 6" and LoS gains the **Reactivate** Condition.

RESTRICTIONS

Ryle

General Guild Upgrades

Dampening Field

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Power Override: At the start of this model's Activation, it may discard this Upgrade. If it does, until the end of the Turn, enemy models within ❶8 may not heal damage.

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (0) Dampening Field: Target a non-Leader enemy model within 8". No ❶ may originate from the model until the end of the next Turn.

Restrictions

Henchman or Master, Rare 1

Expert Sleuth

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Small Favor: Before flipping for Initiative, this model may discard this Upgrade to add +2 to this Crew's Initiative flip.

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (0) Proven Guilty: Target an enemy Scheme Marker within 10". Push this model up to 4" towards the target.

Restrictions

Rare 3

Tessellating Magnet

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Tessellating Magnet: Other friendly Constructs that end a Walk Action within ❶4 of this model may be pushed into base contact with this model after completing the Action.

Restrictions

Construct, Rare 1



PATCHWORK PLATING

COST: 0 SS

- This Upgrade may not be purchased at the start of the game. When this Upgrade is attached, this model must discard 1 Scrap Marker within 6" and LoS or this Upgrade is immediately discarded.
- This model gains the following Ability:

  Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.



RESTRICTIONS

Modification

PROGRAMMED DIRECTIVE

COST: 0 SS

- This Upgrade may not be purchased at the start of the game.
- This model gains the following Abilities:

  Directive: This model may take (1) Interact Actions as (0) Actions, and (2) Interact Actions as (1) Actions.

  Mission At All Costs: At the start of this model's Activation, it may choose to lose the **Insignificant** Ability. If it does, sacrifice this model at the end of the Activation.



RESTRICTIONS

Modification

HYDRAULICS

COST: 0 SS

- This Upgrade may not be purchased at the start of the game. When this Upgrade is attached, this model must discard 1 Scrap Marker within 6" and LoS or this Upgrade is immediately discarded.
- This model gains the following Ability:

  Nimble: This model generates 1 additional AP which may only be used to take Walk Actions.



RESTRICTIONS

Modification

TARGETING SYSTEMS

COST: 0 SS

- This Upgrade may not be purchased at the start of the game. This Upgrade may only be attached to Guild Constructs.
- This model gains the following Ability:

  Precise Circuitry: At the start of this model's Activation, it may discard this Upgrade to gain +1 to all **MI** and **Sh** Actions for the duration of the Activation.



RESTRICTIONS

Modification


RESURRECTIONISTS

Last Call At The Gray Lord

By: Graeme Stevenson

It was dark and dank and miserable, which suited Molly perfectly.

Where a hard and vigorous rain might have washed the streets and alleys of Malifaux clean, all the brooding clouds had managed to produce was an insipid feathery shimmer that gradually soaked into the old city's brickwork, turning cobbles slimy underfoot and drawing a ripe fecund stench from the gutters and side streets.

Molly's normally explosive hair had wilted into a sodden heap about her neck and shoulders and even her defiant optimism had grown wet and despondent as day rolled into night. She didn't really feel the cold any more, which was probably the only positive thing one could take from being undead, but the pall of misery she would normally have resisted vigorously had grown heavier of late and she was finding it increasingly difficult to remain upbeat.

One reason for this was the collection of misfits and surgical rejects that tended to follow her around at a respectful distance. She wasn't certain when it had first started, but had begun to notice them more and more frequently when she walked the city streets at night. If she was attracting them it certainly wasn't something she was doing consciously, but each night there seemed to be more of them.

They kept to the shadows, perhaps from fear of rejection should their misshapen forms be revealed by gas-light, and all of them exuded the same despondent air, like a cluster of beaten dogs all hovering nervously for a recalcitrant lick of a master's hand. At times, the bashful gazes that followed her progress through the night held an almost Messianic air, which troubled her.

It was evident from their behavior that they regarded her as a champion of their cause, which somehow made her feel worse. Though she felt sympathy for their plight and their terrible, secretive existences in the shadows thrown by the living world, she also felt some alarm that they clearly viewed her as being in the same boat, which in turn made her feel deluded and miserable.

The real problem, though, was Philip.

He hadn't spoken to her for three days on account of his new body. Molly couldn't see what the problem was. It had started as a wooly hat, but Molly had discovered a tremendous sense of purpose and well-being from crafting something beneficial for a friend and she began to elaborate. Although her knitting ability was mediocre at best, she went on to create an entire small knitted body that hung from the brim of the hat, complete with little arms and legs which were stuffed with newspaper.

When she showed the finished article to him, Philip declared in no uncertain terms that he would be seen dead (again) before he would be seen wearing "that grotesque carbuncle." Molly reasoned that he would probably warm to it after a bit and, even if he didn't, she had put a lot of effort into making it and the least he could do was wear it for one day. Besides, voicing your dislike for something was all very well when you were a disembodied head, but that's about the limit of your resistance. It's not like you can take it off yourself.

So, Molly had stuffed him into the knitted hat/body and settled him in the tatty old pram she kept for rattling him around the city. She thought he looked rather cute with his little woolen legs and feet sticking out under his chin, but Philip was positively mortified. He clamped his jaw shut and refused to say another word, instead shooting Molly glares filled with venomous reproach.

In the end she had taken the hat/body off him and thrown it away, but Philip refused to relent and maintained his stubborn silence. She was hurt by his callous rejection of her gift and for the last few days their friendship, normally a stable and dependable thing in Molly's otherwise erratic and unpredictable life, had been strained. She had given up trying to speak to him and, with nothing better to do, silently wheeled him around the streets each night like the world's gloomiest nursemaid tending the world's ugliest baby.

Tonight's meandering ramble had taken her to a knot of narrow alleys behind the slaughterhouse district and glints of white animal bone poked from the refuse piled against the alley walls. Bold, sleek rats moved openly through these alleys, grown huge and muscular from generations reared on raw beef and mutton; more than a match for any enterprising cat. They paused in their foraging to watch Molly and her pram squeak by but showed little interest.

Molly stopped at a star-shaped intersection marked by the hanging remnants of a poster mottled with lichen and age. The rain (such as it was) still fell in soft misty billows, beading on the pram's rusty metal frame and the bare flesh of her forearms.

"Well, where do you want to go now?" she asked the pram.

The dark interior remained silent and somehow still managed to convey a sense of disapproval.

"What about down to the river?" she asked. "You like it there. We could sit and watch the bodies floating past."

More silence from the pram.

"Or Curmudgeon Square," she continued. "There might be some flowers left over. That would brighten things up, wouldn't it?"

Philip said nothing.

Molly sighed. "Oh, come on, Philip. Don't be such a baby."

The silence was suddenly impregnated with a sense of scoffing indignation that reminded Molly she had been wheeling him around in a pram for the last three days.

A slender, willowy girl walked past the alley mouth some thirty yards in front of them. She was so pale skinned and wore such diaphanous robes that Molly first took her for a specter. The girl vanished out of sight and Molly was left with an after-image of flowing silks, long ebony hair and a heart-shaped Asian face made of porcelain.

She was still staring at the empty alley mouth when three more figures appeared. No grace or elegance this time; three heavy grubby men in scuffed work boots and thick overcoats with collars turned up against the night chill. One gripped a bottle of spirits that was mostly empty and he wiped at his mouth with the back of a hand as he followed the girl, an unpleasant glitter in his eyes. His friends followed suit, a short one with a vast gut and a burly man-bull with no neck and tight curly hair that grew down into thick lamb-chops across his cheeks. As this last intruder left the other side of the alley, his alcohol-flushed face rotated one way and then the other in the time honored manner of hoodlums everywhere – scoping for eyewitnesses before performing an ugly deed. As he twisted, the glint of a knife appeared in his belt.

Molly's expression hardened. It took no stretch of the imagination to understand that the Asian girl was in immediate and life-threatening peril. Seemingly in response to this recognition, a patient shadow detached itself from the alley behind her and lumbered closer – the largest of her faithful followers. She didn't need to look to feel the strength in the tree-trunk sized arms or sense the layers of stitching that snaked like ivy over the creature's body, holding the musculature of a dozen men together in a single monstrous form.

Unbidden, the flesh titan began to stride after the three men, opening and closing its massive hands in anticipation. Grabbing Philip's pram, Molly followed, determined to mete out punishment befitting the three villains.

A high pitched squeal echoed down the alley and Molly broke into a run, overtaking her ponderous associate. She hadn't expected the men to attack so soon, but there was still time to intervene before the girl was harmed.

She swerved around the corner in pursuit of the assailants, Philip's pram up on two wheels, and found a violent turmoil engulfing the alley ahead. It was not the girl being assailed by three burly men, however. It was two men hanging in the air, kicking and squealing like pigs while they were eviscerated by...something.

It had no clear shape – an incorporeal whirlwind formed of knives, teeth and eyes filled with rage. Organs, flesh, blood and bone flew the length of the alley as the two screaming thugs disintegrated, spraying their innards in all directions for fifty feet. The third man, the lamb-chopped bull, was running back along the alley towards Molly, his expression that of someone whose grasp of reality had temporarily slipped.

In his derangement, he made the mistake of running more or less directly at Molly, which her looming agent evidently considered too immediate a threat to be ignored. A flesh fist the size of an anvil swooped over Molly's head and the third man was smashed into the brick wall of the alley with enough force to pulp his innards and burst him like a blood-gorged mosquito.

Blood slopped into Philip's pram and, finally breaking his three day silence, the disembodied head voiced his disgust. "I say," he moaned. "What's going on out there? Was that really necessary?"

Molly wiped at her face, patted her huge charge reassuringly, and focused on events in the alley.

The whirlwind was losing its force, diminishing steadily until the girl became visible once more, her arms upraised, her eyes the color of albumen. As the gnashing spirit shapes evaporated, the girl's lashing hair and clothing settled and her dark chestnut pupils returned.

In seconds, she was just a slim Asian girl once again, albeit standing in ankle-deep human chum.

It was at this point that Molly realized the alley ended in a loading dock behind them – the girl had led the three men into a dead-end. It had been an ambush right enough, but the men had made the mistake of thinking that they were the predators.

The girl lifted her blood-spattered kimono and began to pick her way through the gore on tiny bare feet with no more concern than one would display while using stepping stones to cross a shallow stream.

Molly watched this dainty figure make her way unhurriedly out of the alley mouth, rather envious of her inherent poise and dignity. She glanced down at her ratty dress and scuffed shoes, very conscious of her poor cloth in the presence of this silk vision, blood-spattered or otherwise.

The girl came to a halt a few feet away, looking up at Molly. She was a full head shorter, tiny actually, with perfectly formed doll features, but the specks of warm blood on her neck and cheek were stark against her milky flesh and Molly could sense the turmoil and fury that paced behind those big placid brown eyes.

"Hello," Molly said, uncertain of how to proceed.

"Konbanwa," the girl said in response with a slight nod of her head. Her gleaming black hair moved imperceptibly. Her face was very still, almost apathetic.

"Are you alright?" Molly asked, then "those men didn't hurt you?" was out of her mouth before she realized the absurdity of the question.

"Watashi wa genkidesu," the girl said with another bob of her head.

Molly hesitated. It was possible that this girl knew no English, in which case further conversation was going to prove difficult.

The girl leaned over and looked into Molly's pram. To her credit, her expression didn't change when she found a blood-splattered severed head scowling back at her instead of the expected infant.

Philip was so startled that he babbled "Oh – how very nice to meet you, miss! Please excuse my appearance – I was most unfortunately drenched."



Next, she regarded the hulking shape over Molly's shoulder, which shrank back at the passive scrutiny. Finally, the girl turned her attention back to Molly.

"I like your friends," she said.

Gart Ward held the cheroot between the first and second fingers of his right hand and picked a fleck of tobacco from between his teeth with his left. He liked the Burmese cheroots best and, because this was known, a box always came through the Breach with each month's delivery from his associates Earthside. This lot was especially fresh and fragrant.

"These're good," he said.

Eli looked pleased. He was a dutiful son and tried hard to earn his father's favor, to the extent of making regular trips back through the Breach to make sure Ward's influence and legacy were maintained. One of those trips had caused his face to blister and crease like celluloid film over a lit match as the train thundered through the Breach, but Eli hadn't seemed particularly concerned. He'd never been what you might have called handsome to begin with and in his father's line of work there was never a shortage of female companionship who knew better than to show their revulsion.

"How about the rest of the cargo?"

"A good haul this month, Pa," Eli said. "Three twisted and another two popped, but we got three keepers and another nine that'll go down fine in the likes of White Reach or Jamestown."

Ward senior nodded – a respectable haul. There was the inevitable wastage when live cargo was brought through the Breach, the twisters and aptly-named "poppers" were unavoidable, but three keepers was good for a single delivery. Slim, fine-featured and smooth-skinned, they'd bring in a good profit once they'd been cleaned up and properly instructed – his regulars routinely went into a bidding frenzy when new girls first went on the books.

The plain, heavy-limbed women went straight to the mining towns, sold in batches to the inevitable "hospitality houses" and "billiard rooms" that always materialized out of thin air in the wake of prospectors and railway laborers across the country, where the customers were less discerning.

The mining towns made him a reasonable profit but the real money was made in the city. Two or three well-trained girls with the right looks and sass would turn over more scrip in a month than Gart could make in a year of cattle-trading with the miners. He had spent many years making the right sort of connections that kept him in touch with the real movers and shakers of Malifaux, men that carried the bureaucratic weight of the city on their shoulders and liked more than a cigar and a brandy to help them relax for an evening.

Ward had found himself unofficially appointed as a "director of entertainment" in several influential gentlemen's clubs in the city and his club The Gray Lord kept its doors open 365 days of the year to ensure there was always alcohol, gambling and women to be had at any hour of the day or night.

Not that any riff-raff could wander in off the street, of course. The Gray Lord kept its clientele respectable through ruthless door staff and hefty prices at the bar and only the obscenely wealthy would even consider venturing near one of the poker or roulette tables. Which was just the way Ward liked it.

There were frequently private parties – closed-door invite-only affairs where some of the very highest echelons of Malifaux society could meet and savor the specific delights of The Gray Lord without discovery or recrimination. These events were where Ward garnered his real power, gained through accommodation without accusation.

He had even hosted a few events attended by the Governor-General himself, which seemed to have placed an unspoken seal of approval on Ward's activities and The Gray Lord's business had strengthened significantly.

Ward was careful to avoid the authorities and involvement in any messy public debacles. He employed his own men for every aspect of his industry and kept the women out of the public eye at all times; they were neither seen nor heard until they had been properly conditioned and even then it was only within the walls of The Gray Lord until they were sold off elsewhere.

He understood that his business, though massively illegal and reprehensible, was tolerated because of this discretion, and of course because of the services he provided for those with the scrip to afford them. Which was also just the way Ward liked it.

"Where are they now?" Ward asked, rolling the cheroot in his fingers to test its springiness.

"They're off the train and in wagons," Eli responded. "They'll be here within the hour."

Ward's office and private apartments were on the top

floor of The Gray Lord, an arrangement that suited him very well. He liked to keep a close eye on his club and leave the more menial tasks to his deputies and his son, and rarely left now for any reason other than to meet a new client.

The club itself was sprawled over four floors with gambling dens, bars, a restaurant and multiple private function rooms. The basement levels were restricted access, where only his employees were permitted. This is where the storage cellars and the women's residences were located, and the holding cells for new girls who hadn't completed their training.

"Make sure the loading bay is ready," Ward said. This was quite unnecessary – Eli had inherited his father's caution and was as, if not more, thorough in matters of preparation and discretion, but Gart believed that it never hurt to reinforce good business practice.

His son nodded and headed for the door, his heavy boots silent on the thick plush carpeting. He paused at the door and looked back.

"Any preference for the demonstration this time?" he asked.

Ward Senior had given this some thought. "Gertrude," he said.

Gertrude was one of the oldest women left in The Gray Lord, past thirty and starting to lose her looks. The girls burned out fast with the long nights, the cigarettes and the alcohol and the false smiles, and Gertrude was quickly falling out of favor. She frequently got sloppy from the drink and had embarrassed a few of his more well-connected clients, which was bad for his reputation. It was only a matter of time before she became a liability. She would be more useful now as a demonstration to the newcomers.

Ward had developed a routine where one of the serving girls had her throat slit in front of the new blood – it was the first thing they saw when they arrived at The Gray Lord. It served to illustrate how business was conducted at the club while getting rid of the tired flesh that was nearing the end of its usefulness. Besides, it kept the other girls on their toes, knowing that if they didn't keep the clients happy it might be them on the end of Eli's straight razor next time.

Three birds with one stone. Ward's business model was a master class in economy.



They had walked together through the midnight lanes of Malifaux, Molly with her pram and vast shadow and Kirai with her solemnity and poise.

They talked – at first only a few stilted pleasantries, but as Molly realized her tiny companion's English was quite excellent, the trickle of conversation became a torrent. Kirai listened politely while the pale woman spoke about herself, about the grumpy head in her pram, about the huge shape tailing her loyally, and eventually about her former Master, Seamus.

Kirai had not expected much from this strange vision in a soiled dress and bedraggled hair and so she was surprised when everything Molly told her rang true. She listened with growing interest to the woman's tragic story, shared her anger at the selfish and reprehensible Seamus, felt her pain when Molly talked of the life she could have had, and knew the depths of her longing when she hinted at the loneliness and despair that threatened to engulf her at every turn.

Since the death of her lover, Kirai had thought all the humanity was burned out of her; she had been certain that the remaining shell held nothing but hate and vengeance. Listening now to Molly's earnest account, she felt twinges of empathy and an all-too-familiar ache as Molly talked about never having had someone to call her own.

Always undemonstrative and controlled, Kirai made no outward indication she had been affected, but she felt a growing kinship with this unfortunate woman, and saw her as a fellow refugee of the emotional maelstrom that was Malifaux.

When, eventually, Molly had talked herself out, they just walked. Kirai found she enjoyed this companionable silence with no agenda or purpose. It felt good simply to be with someone she could relate to.

Finally, as the dawn was beginning to creep over the rooftops and they had walked far into the slums past huddled clusters of street sleepers, Kirai spoke.

"I loved a man, once," she said. "He was taken from me. His father ordered him killed because he perceived our union was wrong. Because I disgraced him."

Molly said nothing, but Kirai could tell the other woman was listening.

“I had a life worth living, once. I had love. But that love died with him, and all I have left is anger.”

“I’m sorry, Kirai.”

The girl regarded her new-found friend, her expression neutral.

“They say it is better to have loved and lost,” she said while terrible shadows moved behind her eyes. “They lie.”

“That they do,” Molly nodded.

The sun inched higher into the sky and the first tendrils of warmth curled around their bare flesh. The misty rain had withered away at some point before dawn though neither of them could recall exactly when and now they stood by the river, which was swollen from the wet night.

“I suppose I had better get going,” Molly said, not really wanting to.

Kirai nodded. “Mochiron,” she said.

“Will you be around later? I thought we could maybe meet up this evening.”

Kirai considered this. Molly’s company had been most welcome, and besides, she had nothing better to do.

“I would like that,” she said.



Molly beamed and clapped her hands.

They hadn’t meant to get involved. It just happened that way.

Molly and Kirai had met by the river as the sun was going down, and had taken a pleasant stroll through the city. Molly had chatted about her work as a journalist and Kirai, having nothing comparable to discuss, enjoyed the pleasant fiction of imagining herself in that role.

They were interrupted by a scowling vulture-like man hauling a sobbing child from a shanty doorway by one arm. A sturdy woman came bustling out behind them, her face pale, hands flapping with impotent concern.

“You leave her be, Jonah,” the woman said with mock-threat. “You leave her be, now.”

“Shut yer trap!” the man snarled, raising a gnarly hand as if to slap her. The woman shied away. “She’s of an age. She can hold a broom.”

“Another year, for pity’s sake,” the woman pleaded, hovering nearby. “She’s not even five years, yet.”

“You’ll work, eh?” the man said, shaking the girl, who continued to bawl. “You’ll work hard for your Uncle Jonah, eh? Squirm up them chimneys like a good ‘un, you will. Earn your old Uncle some scrip.”

“The soot, Jonah,” the woman was saying. “It gets all inside ‘em. Chokes ‘em up. I seen it, Jonah. Let her be, won’t you? Let her be another year.”

“Bah,” said Jonah, turning his back. “Another year and she’ll have grown. Can’t fit up a chimney when you’re all knees and elbows. Nah, she starts now, while she’s little enough.”

The woman looked distraught, but made no move to try and wrestle what was presumably her daughter away from the beaky man.

“Why don’t you let the girl go,” Molly said, frowning at the man. He turned a yellowy eye on her and barked a single laugh.

“Why don’t you f-mmmmmpphhh!” said Jonah, the latter half of his sentence being cut off by the enormous seven-fingered hand that closed over his head, lifting him into the air while the girl and her mother gawped.

Molly smiled up at the giant flesh construct standing in the shadows, who she had decided to name “Archie”. He certainly looked like an Archie.

“Thanks, Archie,” she said. “Would you mind” She gestured at the woman’s house.

They waited while the huge construct ducked under the low door, taking the kicking and squirming Jonah with him.

“What’s your name, sweetling?” Molly asked, leaning over and smoothing the hair of the startled girl.

“Emily, miss,” said Emily, remembering her manners and offering a short curtsey.

“Well, Emily,” said Molly, while crunching and snapping noises came through the squint doorway behind them. “I don’t think you and your momma need to worry about cleaning any chimneys for a while. Except for one, maybe.”

Archie ducked back out onto the street, wiping his massive hands with Jonah’s coat.

Emily’s mother simply gave a wide-eyed stare and trembled.

"Sorry about any mess," Molly said as they moved on. She suspected that it would take substantial effort and no small amount of scrubbing to get Uncle Jonah cleaned out of their chimney flue. It sounded as though Archie had rammed him up there pretty good.

Pinky had suspected it was going to be a slow night, but even he was surprised at how dead the streets were.

There had been a persistent rumor over the last week or so about some of the slum locals going missing or meeting a sticky end at the hands of an unknown party. Fast Pete and Big Mike had turned up in an alley behind a lumber yard a few nights ago, reduced to chunks no bigger than a man's fist. Fortunately, both of Big Mike's fists were tattooed which made his identification easier and, as the pair were inseparable and four boots had been found (with the feet still in them), it was generally agreed that both men had met their collective maker. He'd also heard that Del Ray the loan shark had been pureed in a similar manner, along with most of his goons, over at Wright Peak.

Three other pimps had also met sticky ends in various parts of the slums, most of whom Pinky knew personally. It seemed that all kinds of low-life in the slums were being targeted. Some of the rumors suggested two women were responsible, but that was just absurd.

Even old beaky Jonah Clough, the nasty sweep master who kept an iron grip over the trade through most of the Guild district, had apparently been folded in half and stuffed up one of his own chimneys. While an ironic demise, it was still one that Pinky was anxious to avoid.

And he wasn't the only one, judging by how quiet the streets were tonight. His whores stood around, cold and wrapped in shawls, looking miserable and bored. Hardly a gent had gone by in the last half hour that wasn't in a hurry to get somewhere else fast.

"Don't just stand there," he snapped, stepping down from the gas streetlight where he habitually slouched and watched his girls at work. "If you think you're not paying your cut for tonight, think again. I'll have my money one way or another, so you'd best get out there and earn it."

The women, pale-faced to start with through application of powder, turned paler still.

"But, Pinky – there's not a single feller out here from Red Street to Curmudgeon Square," one of them protested. "If there's no fellers, there's no work and no scrip to be had!"

Pinky rested his thumbs on his stout leather belt and the woman blanched. He wasn't above taking his belt to them if he thought they were holding out or not working hard enough, and for repeat offenders, a sharp knife hung from that belt. They could see the horn handle now, jutting out under the hem of his short wool coat.

"That's because you 'int looking hard enough," Pinky growled. "You expect me to do everything for you? You want business dropped in your lap?"



"It ain't me who expects it dropped in their lap," the woman said by way of retort. "You want us to pull scrip out of thin air, you do."

Pinky raised his eyebrows.

"That so?" he said amiably, but the woman sensed she had gone too far and tried to make amends.

"I'll get your money, Pinky, love," she said. "Just give me a little time, is all."

"You'll get my money," he agreed, unbuckling his thick belt. "You just need a proper incentive."

"Are you going to beat that woman?" a small, precise voice asked him.

There was an Asian woman standing behind him, wearing an elaborate silk kimono. Her black hair was straight as a plumb line and hung down around her shoulders, framing a pale face and huge eyes.

"Clear off out of it," he said, half-amused. "Less you want me to beat you too."

"You are welcome to try," the little woman said.

He drew his belt slowly and wrapped it around his fist, leaving about two feet hanging to a heavy engraved buckle.

"You're a sweet looking little thing," he said. "I'll try not to mess up your face. Then maybe we'll talk about you workin' for me."

The girl didn't react, nor did she move. Her hands were behind her back, as if clasped together.

Pinky was slightly unnerved by this slender vision of composure, but he swung at her just the same, determined not to lose face with his women watching.

The newcomer moved quickly, sliding back out of reach of his belt and delivering a quick counter-attack where metal flashed. He watched in dismay as his belt buckle spun off to clatter into the middle of the street.

She must have cut through the belt with a knife from somewhere. Only, he could see the belt was still attached to the buckle, laying on the cobbles like a flat brown snake. And there at the end was the loop he'd wrapped around his fist, with his fist still in it.

He looked down at his arm and saw red meat and white bone.

"My...my hand," he murmured.

The slender woman was holding a huge pair of gardening shears, evidently sharpened to a razor edge from the way they glinted in the gas light. There was barely a smear of blood on them.

"What goes next?" she asked in that same deadpan tone. "Watashi wa kinishinai. You choose."

"No, wait...wait..." He backed away on suddenly infirm legs, gripping his stump tightly to try and stem the pumping blood. "Wait a minute..."

"Don't be shy," the little woman said, following him step for step. Under the kimono, her feet were tiny and bare. "Shall I choose?"

"Wait," Pinky croaked, backing into a narrow alcove where the door had long since been bricked up. "Wait, it's not me you want."

"It's not?" she asked. "I must be mistaken. Was it someone else that threatened to beat me a moment ago?"

"Not me, I'm a nobody," he babbled. He knew that if he uttered his next words, it was merely a stay of execution, that if it this crazy Asian woman didn't kill him, the man he was about to name would. "You want who I get the whores from. You want the man at the top."

"And who would that be?" she asked in that same incurious tone, still advancing.

"Ward," he said, head spinning from shock and blood loss. "Gart Ward. That's the man you want."

"Never heard of him," the woman said dismissively.

"Of course not," Pinky continued with a tinge of desperation creeping into his tone. "He pays a lot of people a whole lot of scrip to keep it that way."

Finally, the woman stopped. She seemed to be listening.

"Keep talking."

"He brings them in from Earthside, wagons full of them. He has clients, see? Powerful Guild men, industrialists – he makes big money. Has a whole operation going on."

"Brings what in?" There was a suggestion of annoyance in the woman's perfect porcelain features.

"Women," Pinky said. "He kidnaps them, smuggles them through the Breach, puts them to work in his club. Dozens of them. Hundreds. I buy the wasters."

"Wasters?" she echoed.

"Too old or worn out to meet his standards. He sells them to guys like me for a discount price. I can get a good few years out of them before the drink or disease kills them. Either that or they get shipped off to the mining towns."

The woman was still for a long time while he panted, watching those gleaming shears.

"Where can I find this Gart Ward," she asked eventually.

"The Gray Lord. That's his place. But you won't get within a hundred yards of him. He's got a whole private army, and the ear of just about every official in the city. Even the Governor-General himself." Pinky couldn't help a touch of pride creeping into his voice at being associated with such a man.

Something rippled across the woman's face at the mention of the Governor-General, then it went as still as a pond.

"Okay? Okay?" Pinky continued, thinking that he had probably just enough strength left to stagger to Quincy Melville's place, a veterinarian in Farrier's Way, before he passed out from blood loss. Then, the first train out of Malifaux before Ward discovered he'd opened his mouth. "Now leave me alone, you crazy bitch."

"Tachimachi," she said. "I haven't finished killing you, yet."

Pinky's eyes widened as the woman lunged and her razor shears snapped shut. His own decapitated torso spun past his eyes and then the world began wheeling around and around like a Catherine wheel.

The last sound he heard was the screaming of his whores.



"How many?" Gart Ward asked again.

He was leaning on a polished walnut rail near the Station Bar, deep within The Gray Lord. Behind him and gently illuminated by colored gas lamps was a triple shelved bar stocking every spirit, wine and champagne that could be obtained in Malifaux. Immaculate women in lace underthings served behind it, floating from one patron to the next with the same welcoming smile. Only their eyes suggested anything different.

On the other side of the rail was a recessed floor covered in red shag carpeting, where gaming tables were arrayed in a horseshoe pattern. Wealthy men in various states of inebriation shouted, laughed and swigged from crystal glasses while their pocket books were gradually emptied by the dealers at the tables and the smiling women that cruised through the smoky crowds.

It was a busy night.

"Four," Marcellus said at his elbow, watching the floor.

Four buyers from the slum district had turned up dead over the last few nights, dismembered or mangled by someone that apparently held a grudge. They were useful for shifting some of the rougher stock when Ward no longer felt they were of sufficient caliber to represent his club.

"Should I be worried?" he asked.

"Pimps are like rats," Marcellus said. "Kill one and there's two more in its place come the next day."

"Any word on why?"

Marcellus shrugged in a way that suggested it wasn't anything to be concerned about. "Some sort of territorial dispute, most likely. There's been a lot of unrest in the slum district recently. Probably a new gang carving out a patch for itself."

"Well, I don't like it. We bring our deliveries through the slum district. I don't want some gang of yahoos disrupting my business. Send a couple of boys over – find out who's kicking up all the dust and settle them down. I don't care who holds what street, just so long as my supply runs aren't disrupted."

Marcellus nodded and was about to leave when Ward stopped him.

"Send Eli," he said. "He spends so much time Earthside, I don't want the locals forgetting who he is. He'll run this place one day and for that he'll need respect."

Marcellus nodded again and vanished into the crowd of revelers.



Molly was sitting on a wooden loading dock, swinging her legs and humming to herself. Kirai stood a short distance away, sharpening her shears.

They had dispatched so many villains and ner-do-wells now that neither could deny it had become the primary purpose of their nightly meetings, although they would probably have tried to. What they were doing felt right, they were just uncomfortable coming out and saying it.

"I don't think they're sharp enough," Molly commented dryly. "You've only been at it for half an hour."

Kirai cocked her head to one side in what Molly now interpreted as amusement, and continued to sharpen.

Molly wasn't sure she'd ever met a more traumatized individual than little Kirai Ankoku. Her voice never changed pitch or tone, her facial expression never changed more than a fraction. It was difficult to read what she was thinking and even now after several weeks, Molly was still mostly in the dark about her companion's emotional state.

Her thoughts wandered to what Kirai had told her about the pimp from the other night, and the man called Gart Ward. She was astonished that such barbarity had been going on in Malifaux for so long and she had known nothing about it.

She knew what Kirai was thinking; that she wanted to go to this Gray Lord club and cut Ward off at the knee, but the pimp's warning about his contacts and the simple fact that he had kept such a dreadful enterprise completely subterranean for so long made her wary. It would have taken either a lot of scrip or a lot of influence to sweep such an operation under the carpet and she wondered what can of worms they would be opening if they tangled with him.

Flying in the face of this caution was Molly's outrage that women could be treated so inhumanely; traded and sold like cattle. She itched to bring this man Ward to account.

She became aware of two heavily-built men walking into the loading area from an alley to her left. Another two came down the adjoining alley from the right. Three more men appeared from straight ahead, all of them strolling with fake casualness, as though each had been out for an evening saunter and all arrived at this juncture at the same time out of sheer happenstance.

All, bar one, looked like hired thugs, and competent ones at that. Only the eighth man seemed an individual, slighter than his companions though just as tall, and with a badly scarred face that might have been burned at some point in the past.

The men all stopped in a rough semi-circle around Molly and Kirai, who had her back to them and was continuing to sharpen her shears, either oblivious to or unconcerned by their appearance.

"Evening, ladies," the burned man said, tipping his hat. Molly could see that the quality of his clothing was substantially better than his companions' and his nails were clean. Some sort of gentry, although his manners suggested otherwise. "How are we this evening?"

Kirai finally turned to look, her shears held in one hand, the whet stone in the other. The burned man laughed when he saw them.

"My word," he said. "I'd heard it from more than a few mouths already, but I still didn't quite believe it until this moment. This little one here," he said, looking at his assembled bodyguards, "this little one took the head off Pinky Greer. In one snip, they say."

The other men chuckled, not unkindly. It appeared that Pinky Greer was not well thought of among the burned man's peers.

"Ladies, allow me to introduce myself," the burned man said. "My name is Eli Ward."

Molly sat up straighter. Ward, he'd said. A brother, possibly even a son, although it was difficult to place his age with such a mottled face. Kirai, conversely, returned to sharpening her shears.

"And you are..?" Eli prompted.

"Confused," Molly said. "What are you doing here, Mr. Ward?"

"I'm here representing a business concern," he replied, replacing his hat. "You ladies have been causing quite a stir in the slums over the last few weeks and we have a vested interest in the district."

"Oh?"

"We make regular shipments through this area and it would be unfortunate if they were disrupted for any reason. I'm here to ensure that doesn't happen."

Molly was well aware what these shipments consisted of, but she kept her face neutral.

"And how do you propose to do that?" she asked.

Eli Ward made a placating gesture. "Whatever disputes you have in the slum are your business, of course. My only concern is the safe passage of our shipments. I'd be more than happy to arrange compensation for your time if you could guarantee it. Added to which you'd have the gratitude of Mr. Ward, who, although you may not know it, is a very influential man."

"I have heard the name of Gart Ward before," Kirai said, turning to face the men. "Another pimp told me about him. Perhaps your friend Pinky."

"*Another* pimp," Eli repeated, his smile evaporating.

"Did you just..?"

"You made a mistake in coming here," Kirai cut in, opening her shears like a hungry mouth. "None of you will leave alive."

"You're out of your mind," Eli scoffed.

"Do not worry, Eli Ward," she continued, sliding forward on bare feet. "I will tell your father how you died. Just before I kill him."

Eli was no longer listening. "Try not to damage the face," he was telling his brutes. "She'll be a nice little earner once we've knocked some sense into her."

"What about that one?" one of the thugs asked, pointing at the smiling Molly, who was still swinging her legs.

Eli turned and gave the undead girl a professional look. "Pretty face," he conceded. "A bit pale, though. Bring her along – I'll decide later."

"Thank you kindly," Molly said. She was happy to accept any compliment on her looks, however back-handed. "I'll let you buy me a drink if you survive."

A grim shadow with Kirai's face descended on the men, lopping off limbs and heads almost faster than Molly's eye could follow. When the shadow was finished it dissipated and Kirai arranged all the heads in a little pile with Eli's on top, an expression of astonishment fixed on his face.

"Pity," Molly said to no one in particular as Kirai surveyed the blood spattered down the length of her kimono. "I rather liked that one."

With the death of Eli, Molly understood that it was only a matter of time before they banged heads with his father, and the weight of his entire organization. Given the time to marshal his forces, Ward would undoubtedly bring his bureaucratic influence into the fray. It was no secret that the Guild was rife with corruption; enough scrip in enough pockets and they would be hunted down by the full might of the Governor-General, and that was a battle with only one winner no matter how determined Kirai was.

Which is why they were standing across the street from The Gray Lord at midnight, watching the door. They had agreed that a pre-emptive strike was the only satisfactory way to conclude this affair.

There were two enormous doormen in black suits and coat tails framing it, touching the brim of their top hats as various gentry and noblemen came and went in a constant procession of black cabs. While the men wouldn't present a huge obstacle, the entrance was much too public with the constant traffic and it was a foregone conclusion that there would be more men waiting out of sight should an altercation occur. That sort of thing would be bad for business and Ward would make sure there was a contingent of gorillas nearby to quash any unruly behavior before it was noticed by the clientele.

So, they prowled around the side and then the rear of the club where a ramp was excavated from the narrow lane that fed down into the belly of the building.

The double-door at the base of the ramp was unwatched, but consisted of thick steel that was re-painted frequently enough to ward off rust. The frame it was hinged into looked equally impregnable. There was no visible lock mechanism, which was presumably only operable from the inside.

"Archie?" Molly called. "Quietly please, if you would."

Her massive shadow sized up the door. His fingers slid across the double surface, across the hinges and the frame looking for purchase, but the door had been well made and would not even rock in place when he leaned against it. He turned back to Molly with a shrug.

"Well, noisily, then," she said.

Archie took a half-step back and lunged at the door. The impact rang all the way back up the alley and no doubt through the interior of the building as well, but to her satisfaction she noticed the right-hand door had buckled inward as though hit by a charging rhino. Archie wedged one of his huge hands into the gap and hauled. Muscles bunched and worked across his chest and shoulders, and the door gave out with a horrendous metallic shriek – snapping off at the hinges and toppling over with a bass thump.

"There we go," she said cheerily. "Well done, Archie."

They moved through the doorway into a darkened loading area. To their right were stacks of branded barrels and wicker lattices holding hundreds of dusty bottles wrapped in brown paper. To their left was a bare stone wall studded with manacles along its full length. The dark wall was smeared black in places and Molly didn't need to take a closer look to recognize it as blood.

"Animal," she muttered.

There was a staircase up ahead on the left, lit by a

succession of gas lanterns and directly ahead another double-door, this time of wood.

The door flew open and three men burst into the store room; two sported well-cut jackets, starched white cuffs and bowler hats, while the third wore a stained chef's apron and carried a meat cleaver. Employees, the three of them.

"What the..." started the chef, until his eyes clamped onto Archie standing to one side and his protestation dwindled into an emasculated wheeze.

Kirai turned and asked an unspoken question with her placid, unchanging face.

Molly shrugged. "They work for him," she said. "As far as I'm concerned they're just as bad."

"Now just a minute there, girl," the chef barked, pointing in an authoritative manner as the slender woman headed straight for them. She slashed once, twice, and two bowler hatted heads bounced across the stone floor.

"I didn't do anything!" pleaded the chef as he backpedalled desperately, his apron misted with fresh blood.

"Which is why you deserve to die," Kirai told him dispassionately, and lopped off his head.



Ward was in his office when he heard the boom. It sounded rather like distant cannon fire, but when it echoed up through the floors of the club, he realized it was much closer to home.

Marcellus appeared around the varnished door of his office, his expression as casual as ever.

"I'm checking it out," he said immediately.

"Do that," Ward said, shifting restlessly in his chair. "And find out if Eli is back yet. He's been gone too long for my liking."

Marcellus vanished and the door closed soundlessly behind him.

Rather than returning to the ledgers on his desk, Ward got up and paced his room slowly. He had an uneasy feeling that whatever catastrophe that had been sweeping slowly through the slum district had somehow rolled all the way up to his door.

He wasn't worried so much for himself - he had more than fifty men in the building whose morals and retainers guaranteed they'd follow any order to the letter and asked no questions – but his son still hadn't returned and that made him nervous.

He poured himself a glass of brandy from a crystal decanter, sniffed it, and left the shot on the counter top. It didn't feel right to drink now. He'd wait and share it with his son.



Marcellus trotted down the wide carpeted staircase with a half-dozen men in tow. It was probably some idiot servant who'd loosened the chocks on the wrong beer cask and a row of barrels had collapsed, but Marcellus was well paid to be as cautious as his boss in matters of security and he'd see it with his own eyes before he was satisfied.

He became aware of a great quantity of noise on the floor below and hurried his pace. He threw open the stairwell door and stopped short, goggling at the anarchy beyond.

The casino was in ruins. The roulette and poker tables had either been tipped over or smashed in half; chips and cards flew in all directions. A massive burly shape lifted the last intact roulette table and hurled it the length of the room, where it annihilated the split-level bar. Everywhere he looked, he saw the wealthy elite of Malifaux falling over each other to escape a nightmarish stream of creatures that were pouring through from the restaurant kitchens. Twisted corpse-men were leaping on the dignitaries and industrialists and biting them with bone-yellow teeth. A legless trunk with the arms of an ape was throttling Commissioner Berthold up against the walnut railing, his rotund face turning puce, his monocle popping off in surprise.

His men ran into his back as they stumbled to a halt, as shocked as he was at the sight of a ten-legged spider thing made of human body parts that charged into the fray, kicking wildly while each of its five heads bit the screaming clients.

Two unlikely figures were making their way through the chaos. One was a short and lovely Asian woman who he would have assumed worked here were it not for her blood-drenched kimono and the huge gleaming shears she used to casually decapitate Lord Fothering.

A taller and less striking woman came behind her, sporting a heavily-stained empire line dress and a wiry mass of black hair hauled into bunches. She was too pale

to be living, and he could sense that she was the catalyst for the tidal wave of fleshy horrors that were decimating the gambling floor.

"There!" he pointed. "Those two!"

The men surged into the room, drawing cudgels, knives and pistols, running at the two intruders. He watched the undead woman take two bullets to her chest before one of his men drove his knife into her stomach and knocked her back against the shattered bar. An instant later, the massive thing that had wrecked the gaming tables came down on the knife wielder with both gigantic fists and smashed him to a red puddle.

The men attacking the diminutive Asian woman somehow fared even worse. Though she never lifted a finger to defend herself, a swirling vortex of ghastly images and blades burst from her and shredded them. The wraithlike shapes surged through the room, ripping open abdomens and necks, tearing hunks of flesh from cowering socialites and henchmen alike. The only people left untouched by this howling tempest were the women, huddled in small islands of terror throughout the room.

The undead woman clambered to her feet, drew the knife from her stomach and looked at it, shrugged, and dropped it into one of the pockets of her dress.

Marcellus ran.



Ward was standing with his sword cane drawn when his office door burst open. He had heard the ruckus and the shouting and crashing and had for a moment thought he'd been double-crossed by the Governor-General and it was the Guild that was storming his club.

When the screaming started, he knew that retribution had finally caught up with him. He had often speculated when something like this might happen; all those hundreds of young women over the last twenty years – someone would eventually come knocking at his door.

He was surprised at how calm he felt as heavy footsteps came up the staircase. It was unlikely he'd live much longer, but at least Eli wasn't here to suffer the same fate. He would succeed his father and, knowing Eli, avenge him. He knew enough of the family business to re-affirm contacts with the corridors of power and get things up and running again.

He grinned fiercely at the thought that The Gray Lord wouldn't be out of business for long.

Surprisingly, it was Marcellus that burst in. "Out!" he shouted, slamming the door behind him and started to haul a heavy leather chair across the rug to block it. "Out! Get out!"

This behavior unnerved Ward much more than the sounds from downstairs. He'd worked with Marcellus for fifteen years and had never seen the man lose his composure once.

"What?" he asked, his sword cane wavering with sudden uncertainty. "What is it?"

A huge seven-fingered hand crunched through the locked door and gripped Marcellus around the middle. His associate emitted a horrendous ripping belch as the giant hand squeezed, then hauled him out into the corridor, smashing away most of the door and snapping him almost in half in the process.

Ward staggered back in shock, knocking the brandy decanter and its silver tray to the floor, where six months' worth of a working man's salary glugged into the shag.

Instead of the brutish owner of that huge hand, a slim and very pale woman stepped through the ruined doorway. She wore a shabby antique dress that was more holes than fabric and scuffed boots that were splattered with blood. She looked around with interest, taking in the rich furnishings.

Moments later, a petite Asian woman followed suit. Her silk kimono was a saturated crimson mess and wisps of errant hair stuck to her cheeks. She carried a huge pair of gardening shears in hands that were red to the elbow.

Ward's gaze darted from one woman to the other but recognized neither. They might have been sisters of some of the captives downstairs, but neither looked old enough to be a parent.

"Hello, Gart," the pale woman said. He could tell that she was undead; the bullet and knife holes were immediate giveaways, but there was something more indefinable about her, a faint aura of spectral authority that she wore very lightly.

He raised the sword cane again, setting his jaw.

"I know why you're here so spare me the monologue," he growled. "I don't care who you are. Sister, mother, aunt: it doesn't make any difference. I knew this day would come eventually."

The pale woman smiled disarmingly. "That's nice."

"Know this," he warned. "Your victory won't last long.

I have connections you wouldn't believe. There has always been a demand for the services I provide and even without me, the Ward legacy will go on."

The pale woman applauded sarcastically. "Lovely. Oh, and by the Ward legacy I think you mean your son, Eli."

Something cold curled in the pit of Gart's stomach.

The Asian woman, up to this moment silent and motionless, unslung a fabric sash across her shoulders and threw something heavy onto the plush carpet at his feet. It took Gart a long time to realize he was staring at the severed head of his boy.

"Oh," he said eventually, struggling to absorb this new development.

"I should point out that I'm not usually this cruel," the pale woman said, perching herself on the desk. "I'd always believed in live and let live, you know? Always tried to find the positive side of every situation." Her voice hardened. "But there's no positive side to you, Gart Ward. You're a monster, and for the sakes of the hundreds of lives you destroyed I can't allow myself the luxury of compassion. Not tonight."

The image of Gart's dead son doubled, then tripled. He realized belatedly that he was sobbing. The future he had always imagined for his boy was gone, dragged down and ruined by these two vengeful harridans.

"Just get it over with," he said, sinking to his knees to stroke the hair out of his son's open eyes.

"Oh no, Gart," the woman said as her small companion slid forward silently on bare feet, the jaws of her shears yawning open. "You're too good a job to rush."



It was almost dawn and Molly and Kirai stood once more by the river, watching the very first tints of orange starting to reflect off the water.

In the end, Kirai had killed Ward with a single savage blow that had spun his head clear out the door and down the staircase. It had occurred to Molly later that nothing Kirai could have done to him with a blade could have caused him more pain than the sight of his dead son.

It seemed incredible to her that a man who had made a living of kidnapping, enslaving and murdering women was capable of demonstrating such affection for his own son. Or perhaps he had finally felt firsthand the despair he had inflicted on hundreds of parents, sisters and daughters and it had disarmed him.

Molly was too tired to contemplate it any further. She had dried blood in her hair, her best dress was utterly ruined and Philip *still* wasn't talking to her.

Kirai had been silent since they had left The Gray Lord and Molly had the suspicion that the redemption she had hoped to find in vanquishing Ward's empire had eluded her.

"We should probably lay low for a while," Molly said. "The Governor-General can't afford to appear connected to the The Gray Lord, but there will be repercussions and we'd be better off somewhere else until it all blows over."

Kirai said nothing and Molly marveled once again at her companion's ability to convey agreement without actually doing anything.

"You could come and stay with me for a while," she offered. "If you wanted."

"Please do," called a muffled voice from the pram. "I need someone to defend me from that crocheting maniac."

"Oh phooey, you old stick-in-the-mud," Molly said. "You looked like a little gentleman in that outfit."

"Kirai, would you please inform this wire-haired lunatic that I looked nothing of the sort," the pram retorted testily. "If she had even a modicum of talent she would have realized that for herself."

Ignoring this, Molly put a hand on Kirai's shoulder. "You really would be welcome."

The little Asian woman looked up with that same placid, infinite gaze and Molly thought for a second that she was going to dismiss the offer out of hand, or worse still, ignore it completely.

Incredibly, a tiny mischievous smile formed in one corner of her plump mouth.

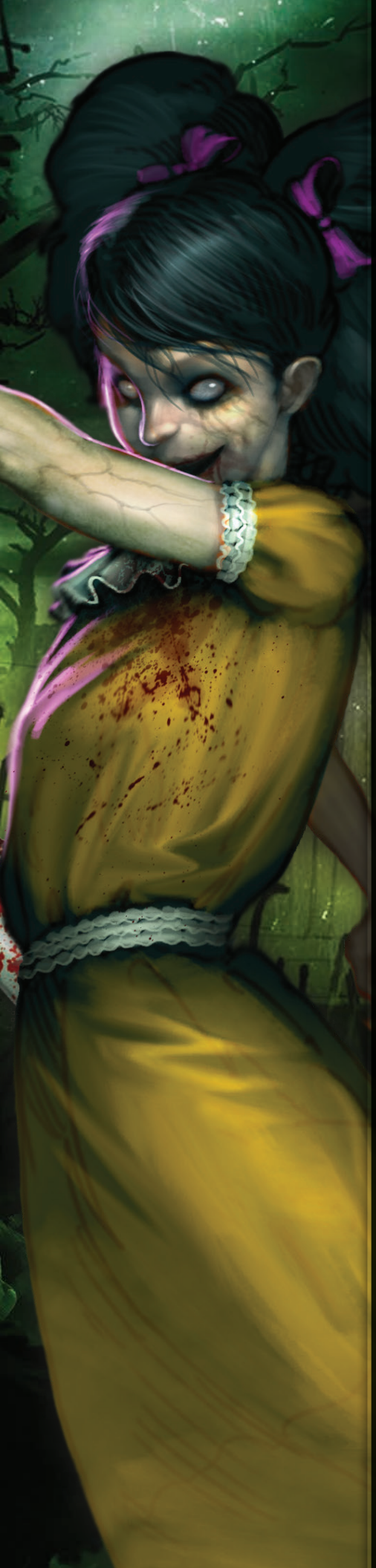
"I sew," she said.

Molly's eyes lit up. "Perfect! You could make him a bonnet with some lace and maybe a butterfly!"

"No she could not!" cried the indignant pram as Kirai's smile widened.

They began walking back the way they'd come with Molly chatting excitedly when she suddenly stopped dead and grabbed Kirai's arm. "A little sailor suit!" she exclaimed.

Philip Tomber's wail echoed the length of the city.



ASSAULT ON THE GRAY LORD

DESCRIPTION

Team up, bust in, rescue the girls, and introduce the patrons to your legions of undead monstrosities. What else could a girl want from a night on the town?

SET UP

Randomly choose one player to be the Attacker and the other to be the Defender. The Attacker may hire two Masters, but must select one of them to be the Leader. Otherwise, Crews are hired normally. This scenario uses the Saloon special rules (M2E Core Rulebook pg. 79).

DEPLOYMENT

The Defender deploys her Crew within 6" of the center of the table; this is the Defender's Deployment Zone. The Attacker chooses a table edge and deploys within 6" of it, this is the Attacker's Deployment Zone. Then, the Defender places 4 Serving Girl Markers anywhere within 6" of her Deployment Zone.

SPECIAL

Any non-Peon model may make a (1) Interact Action targeting a Serving Girl Marker in base contact to push it up to 6" in any direction. If a Serving Girl Marker comes into contact with a table edge, remove it from play.

At the end of the third Turn, the Defender receives reinforcements. The Defender chooses up to 15 Soulstones worth of Minion models which it could have hired at the start of the game and places them within 6" of any table edge.

VICTORY

The Attacker earns 1 **VP** for every Serving Girl removed from the table, up to a maximum of 2. The Attacker scores an additional 2 **VP** if the Defending Leader is not in play at the end of the game.

At the end of the game, the Defender earns 1 **VP** for every Serving Girl still in play.



Molly

Miss Squidpiddge was an up and coming journalist when the Breach reopened. Her intelligence and gift for ferreting out the truth made her a household name in Malifaux, particularly on the day that Seamus brutally murdered her. She made headlines again mere days later, when he crashed her funeral to publicly resurrect, and then steal, her body. From then on, she followed him obediently as one of his girls.

Seamus was not aware of the deeper truth to Molly's resurrection though. She has been killed on at least one future occasion, but reanimated by his continued use of the cursed Gorgon's Tear. Her long term connection to the Gorgon restored her mind and some of her will, allowing her old personality to surface more. She has even been able to publish investigative articles in the Malifaux Times, despite the reluctance the editors have to publish material from the dead.

Her returning intelligence has also brought independence to Molly, and in recent times she has bucked Seamus's commands and set out on her own. Even Seamus' belles, normally unswervingly loyal to him, can be convinced to obey her. So far, she has used this freedom to build as much of a "life" for herself as she can. She is even able to enjoy the company of the living occasionally, if she is sufficiently careful.

Molly has become a symbol to those undead who have some semblance of will. Feared by humanity and rejected by their creators, they flock to her side.

In the shadows, the Gorgon watches and waits. Molly's unusual resurrection was no accident.



Molly Squidpiddge — Cache 3

Master, Undead

Belle, Horror

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	6	10	5	—	2

Abilities

Black Blood: All models without **Black Blood** within (1) suffer 1 damage when this model suffers damage.

Accomplice: After this model ends its Activation a friendly model within 6" may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

Df/Wp (1) Masterful Dead: After this model suffers damage, it may discard two cards to reduce the damage to 1.

Impossible to Wound: Damage flips against this model suffer . Damage flips against this model may not be cheated.

Molly Squidpiddge

Attack Actions

(1) Whispered Secret (**Ca** 6 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): The target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: **"Terrible Truth:** This model suffers on all duels." This Action may only be taken once per Turn.

(1) Revelation (**Ca** 7 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 8): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. If Moderate damage is flipped or cheated, target gains **Slow**; or **Paralyzed** in the case of Severe.

- ***Lost Toys:*** After damaging, draw a card and then discard a card.
- ***I'll Be There***: After damaging, push this model up to 5" in any direction.
- ***Intensity:*** After damaging an enemy, this model heals 2 damage.

Tactical Actions

(1) The Ones Left Behind (**Ca** 6 / TN: * / Rg: 6): Name a Resurrectionist Belle Minion model. The TN of this action is 10 plus the Soulstone Cost of the named model. Summon the named model within range and LoS; it suffers damage equal to its **Wd** which may not be reduced, ignoring **Hard to Kill** and **Black Blood**. The summoned model prevents 1 damage for each enemy model within (3) of it, then every enemy model within (3) of the summoned model must pass a TN 15 **Wp** duel or suffer 1 damage.

(0) Imbue Vigor (**Ca** 6 / TN: 15 / Rg: 6): Target Minion model gains the **Reactivate** Condition.

- ***Carry On:*** After succeeding, if the target is a Horror, Spirit, or Belle, push it up to 3" in any direction.

30mm

Kirai

Kirai's ability to control the spirit world was unlocked when her fiancé was killed protecting her from an assassination attempt ordered by his father. His final gift to her, a serpent ring with emerald scales, was all she had left of her old life. Though neither of them knew it, this ring was connected to the ancient entity known as the Gorgon. Through this, her grief and sense of hopelessness was able to break through the barrier to the afterlife and call on the spirits that dwelt there. She was even able to hurl part of her own soul, twisted by her desire for revenge and fuelled by the Gorgon's influence, into the physical world to take her revenge.

While she was initially unaware of her abilities, Nicodem realized the truth after seeing the brutalized remains of her victims. He took great care to ensure she accepted his tutelage, hoping to use her to summon sentient spirits back into his own creations. His plans were interrupted when The Plagued arrived to claim the Gorgon's ring and release the Red Cage.

Since then, Kirai has begun to understand her own powers much more. She now no longer feels the pain of her loss so deeply, and with her immediate need for revenge sated, she has turned her mind to other plans. She has been unwelcome and cast aside since birth, her given name a permanent reminder of her family's rejection, but she now feels she has the power to reshape her destiny.

Malifaux makes for strange allies, and Kirai has since found more acceptance and friendship from the dead than she ever got from the living...



Kirai Ankoku

Master, Living

Cache 3

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	6	10	5	-	2

Abilities

Df/Wp (↤) Of Pity and Wind: After an Attack Action succeeds against this model, target friendly Spirit within 2" and LoS suffers the effects of the Action as if it had been the target instead of this model, including any Triggers.

Malevolence: After a friendly Living or Undead model within ❶6 suffers damage from an enemy Attack Action, this model may discard a Soulstone or a card to summon Ikiryo into base contact with the Attacking model.

Manipulative 12: If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, when an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 12 **Wp** duel or the Action immediately fails.

Entwine Spirit: When this model declares a **Ca** Action, it may sacrifice exactly one friendly Spirit within 2" and LoS to gain +2 **Ca** for the duration of the Action.

Kirai Ankoku

Attack Actions

(1) Sundering (**Ca** 6✕ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐12): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. This Attack is not randomized when shooting into an engagement.

✕ ***Mark:*** After succeeding, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Adversary:** Spirits gain ✋ to Attack flips targeting this model."

✕✕ ***Feast***: After succeeding, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Devour Soul:** When this model is killed, the opposing player may summon a Gaki into base contact with this model."

Tactical Actions

(0) Call Forth (**Ca** 6✕ / TN: 12✕ / Rg: 6): Summon a Seishin within 6" and LoS.

(1) Blood and Wind (**Ca** 6✕ / TN: * / Rg: 6): Name a Resurrectionist Spirit Minion model. The TN of this Action is 10✕✕ plus the Soulstone Cost of the named model. Summon the named model into base contact with target friendly model, then the summoned model and the target each suffer damage equal to half the summoned model's **Wd** (rounded up). This damage cannot be reduced and ignores **Hard to Kill**.

(1) Swirling Spirits (**Ca** 7✕ / TN: 14✕): Target friendly Spirit within 2" is placed in base contact with a friendly Spirit within 12" and LoS. Then the friendly Spirit within 12" and LoS is placed within 2" of this model.

30mm

Necrotic Machine

The Necrotic Machine is a relic of Old Malifaux, left behind to slumber as the aether it drew power from faded. Since humans have returned to Malifaux, bringing fresh energy to the aether, it has stirred to action once more. When Molly found the creature, they both recognized a strange combination of physical being, necromantic power, and ancient energies in each other. The Necrotic Machine saw Molly as an intriguing reminder of the ancient directives in its memory, and a possible way to restore some of Old Malifaux.

Molly saw the Machine as adorable, naming it Ponto and treating it like an oversized mechanical pet. She even gave it a pink bow, as she felt it needed a feminine touch. Ponto seems quite happy with its bow and its new mistress, obeying Molly without question. It even bites on command, though that bite comes in the form of gleaming syringes filled with necromantic oils capable of providing either endless unlife or swift death, depending on what its mistress wishes.

Lost Love

Francis is dead. He remembers the icy pain of the bullet hitting his chest too well to deny it. One moment he was the Governor's son, holding his beloved Kirai in his arms. Seconds later, he was a spirit watching his life's blood spread across the floor. He had willingly given his life to save his love, but the pain of being separated from her was enough to stop his spirit dissolving peacefully into the aether.

He can still feel her grief to this day, keeping him whole and calling him to her side. Though his pain still echoes as strongly as it did the moment he lost her, he can see that time has tempered her grief somewhat. While he knows this is both inevitable and necessary, he fears the day that her heart no longer calls to him across the veil between life and death. Without her grief and love, will he be able to resist the pull of the aether any longer? Will he even wish to?



Necrotic Machine

Minion, Construct, Totem (Molly), Rare 1

HORROR, SPIRIT

Cost 2

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	4	4	5	5	2

Abilities

The Crawling Terror: At the start of this model's Activation it may discard a card, or a Corpse Marker within 6" and LoS, to add +✗ to all of its final duel totals for the remainder of the Activation.

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

Molly's Little Secret: Only Molly may summon this model. When this model is summoned by **The Ones Left Behind** Action, it is placed within 10" instead of 6", then all other friendly Totems are sacrificed.

Favorite Toy: After a friendly Molly in play finishes its Activation, this model may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.



Lost Love

Peon, Undead, Totem (Kirai)

SPIRIT

Cost 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	3	5	—	2

Abilities

Malevolence: After a friendly Living or Undead model within ❶6 suffers damage from an enemy Attack Action, this model may discard a Soulstone or a card to summon Ikiryo into base contact with the Attacking model.

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

Incorporeal: This model ignores, and is ignored by, other models and terrain during any movement or push. Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Sh** and **MI** Attack Actions by half.

Necrotic Machine

Attack Actions

(1) Necrotic Injection (**MI** 5✗ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/1/6 damage.

✗ ***Infect***: After succeeding, target gains the **Poison +1** Condition a number of times equal to the number of ✗ in the final duel total.

✗✗ ***Foul Injection***: After succeeding, target gains the following Condition until the end of the game: "**Black Blood:** All models without **Black Blood** within ❶1 suffer 1 damage when this model suffers damage."

✗✗ ***Infectious Fluid***: After succeeding, the target must discard a card and suffer 1 damage, or gain the **Paralyzed** Condition.

Tactical Actions

(0) Brethren (**Ca** 4✗ / TN: 11✗✗ / Rg: ❶8): All friendly Belle, Spirit, and Horror models in range may push up to 4" towards this model.

30mm

Lost Love

Attack Actions

(1) Cold Embrace (**MI** 4 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.

Tactical Actions

(1) I Will Never Leave You: Place this model in base contact with target friendly Master or Henchman within 12".

(1) Soothe Spirit (**Ca** 4 / TN: 11 / Rg: 6): Target other Spirit or Leader heals 1/2/3 damage.

30mm

Datsue Ba

Before the dead from the Three Kingdoms can cross into the afterlife by crossing the river Sanzu, they must first face the judge of souls. Though she shuffles along like a withered old crone, the Datsue-Ba is quite capable of catching the most reluctant of souls waiting for her judgment. Her bond with the river means that a hissed curse leaves her victims unable to flee as she draws near them.

With a cruel looking blade she peels away skin and and cloth alike to be weighed. She use to take great delight in punishing her victims for their crimes. Few souls escaped her clutches unscathed.

Since being drawn to Kirai, who she sees as a living embodiment of judgment, the Datsue-Ba has begun judging souls before they are dead. She flays innocent and guilty alike, trapping the guilty in the Soulstones empowering her lantern, while condemning the innocent to roam the world as tormented spirits, unable to slake the thirsts they had in life.



Datsue Ba
Henchman, Undead, Rare 1
SPIRIT

Cost 8 Cache 5

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	6	5	8	2

ABILITIES

Incorporeal: This model ignores, and is ignored by, other models and terrain during any movement or push. Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Sh** and **MI** Attack Actions by half.

Face Your Sins: After killing this model, the model which killed it must discard two cards, if able.

Terrifying (All) 12: Enemy models must pass a TN 12 Horror Duel if they end a Walk Action within this model's engagement range or target this model with an Action.

Datsue Ba

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Judgment (**MI** 6✕ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage, ignoring **Armor**.
✕ 🕮 ***Skinned Alive***: After damaging, immediately take the **Weigh Sins** Action against the same target.

(1) Weigh Sins (**Ca** 6✕ / TN: 15✕ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Target suffers 1/2/6 damage, ignoring **Armor**.
✕ ***Mark:*** After succeeding, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Adversary:** Spirits gain 1 to Attack flips targeting this model."
✕ ***Condemned***: After killing an enemy model, summon a Gaki into base contact with the target before removing it.
✕ 🐺 ***Wrongfully Judged***: After killing an enemy model, summon an Onryo into base contact with the target before removing it.

(0) Denial of Sanzu (**Ca** 6✕ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Target model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Denial of Sanzu:** This model may not take Walk Actions."

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Guide Spirits: Target other friendly Spirit within 8" takes a Walk Action.

30mm

Philip and the Nanny

Philip Tombers was one of the first people to experience the horrors of Kythera, on an ill-fated academic expedition. He was also the only survivor, though his mind was shattered by the experience. After his untimely death, his head was stolen by Seamus and forced back into life to provide information on the Grave Spirit; he still bears the crow shaped scarring on his forehead from the device Seamus used.

The reanimation restored Philip's mind somewhat, and over time his ravings have become more coherent. Molly has always served as his porter, at first carrying him in a bag, and then later wheeling him around in a pram to stop him complaining about how he can't see or hear what's going on. Since he rarely stays quiet for long, Molly has taken to handing the pram to one of her undead associates. Philip regularly complains they make for poor conversation, but not too loudly. He enjoys talking with everyone they meet as he is rolled along.



Philip and the Nanny
Henchman, Undead, Rare 1
SPIRIT, HORROR

Cost 8 Cache 5

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	7	6	-	2

ABILITIES

Pram: When this model is moved or pushed by another friendly model, it may be moved or pushed 2 additional inches.

Hard to Wound +1: Damage flips against this model suffer ⌸.

Manipulative 13: If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, when an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 13 **Wp** duel or the Action immediately fails.

Philip and the Nanny

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Protect My Philip (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
✕ ***Infect***: After succeeding, target gains the **Poison +1** Condition a number of times equal to the number of ✕ in the final duel total.
🕮 ***Touched***: After succeeding, place a friendly Scheme Marker in base contact with the target.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) "So, What Brings You To These Parts...?": This model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Chatty:** Enemy models within 6 may not take Interact Actions."

(1) Lost Knowledge: Discard target friendly Scheme Marker within 6" to draw two cards and then discard one card.

(0) New Friends To Talk To (**Ca** 6 / TN: 10 / Rg: 6): Target an enemy Scheme Marker. Place a Corpse Marker in base contact with the target, then discard the target.
✕ "***Hello, You...***": After succeeding, take this Action again. This Action may not declare Triggers.

50mm

The Valedictorian

In the crumbling, mold ridden subterranean classrooms of the University of Transmortis, the Valedictorian stands at the head of the class. Professor Von Schtook's most gifted student does not excel in just one field of study, but in all of them. Many hours of careful study and personal tuition have given the Valedictorian a wealth of information on the limitations of flesh and steel, as well as extensive alterations to her body. Her ability to fly was a personal milestone for the Professor, though saner minds have declined to publish his notes.

Able to speak, albeit with a limited degree of sentience, the Valedictorian often leads the Professor's recruitment drives when he needs a new class of students. Her enthusiasm for others to learn at the feet of her eminent teacher inspires her fellow students, pleases the Professor, and horrifies the citizens of Malifaux. Those that refuse face the wrath of the Valedictorian's scalpel-sharp weapons, only dying after she has finished dismantling them. Compared to those she enrolls, the dead are the lucky ones.



THE VALEDICTORIAN

Henchman, Construct, Undead, Rare 1

HORROR, ACADEMIC

COST 10 CACHE 3

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	5	10	6	6	2

ABILITIES

Flight: This model is immune to falling damage and may ignore any terrain or models while moving.

Hard to Wound +1: Damage flips against this model suffer -1.

Terrifying (All) 12: Enemy models must pass a TN 12 Horror Duel if they end a Walk Action within this model's engagement range or target this model with an Action.

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Sharpened Dissectors (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 3): Target suffers 2/3/6 damage.

- ***Star Pupil***: The damage flip gains +1 +1.
- ***Transfer Student***: After damaging an enemy, push the target up to 4" in any direction, then push this model into base contact with the target.

(0) Lecture Notes (**Ca** 7 / TN: 10 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Target model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Teacher's Pet**: This model may not declare Triggers."

- ***Made an Example***: After succeeding, this model may immediately make a **Sharpened Dissectors** Attack Action against the target if the target is within range and LoS. This Attack Action receives -2 **MI**.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(2) Flurry: This model may discard a card. If it does, this model may make 3 **MI** Attack Actions with an AP cost of 1 against a single target.

50mm

Ikiryo

Ikiryo is Kirai's inner demon brought into the physical world. The Gorgon's hidden power enabled Kirai to effectively split off the part of her soul that was filled with rage and pain, sending it forth to wreak brutal vengeance on those Kirai felt had wronged her. Initially, Ikiryo was hidden even from Kirai and was free to act as she pleased when loosed. Since Kirai has accepted her existence and learned to release her consciously, there is a fragile balance between Kirai's wish to only harm a few, and Ikiryo's desire to slaughter freely.

Even after completing Kirai's revenge on all those directly responsible for Francis' death, Ikiryo has not dissipated or weakened. In fact, she can now influence Kirai more directly. Kirai keeps her within to avoid the worst of the bloodshed, but when her anger flares Ikiryo bursts forth, razor sharp claws slicing into her unfortunate target as she calls down a storm of enraged spirits onto those she considers threats to Kirai. Unfortunately, Ikiryo often makes no distinction between bystanders and threats.



IKIRYO

Enforcer, Rare 1

SPIRIT

COST 0

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
3	5	5	2	9	3

ABILITIES

Kirai's Soul: This model may never be hired into a Crew. This model may only be summoned by the **Malevolence** Ability. This model is immune to **Slow** and **Paralyzed**.

Wronged: When this model is summoned, all models in base contact with it gain the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Adversary:** Spirits gain +1 to Attack flips targeting this model."

Incorporeal: This model ignores, and is ignored by, other models and terrain during any movement or push. Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Sh** and **MI** Attack Actions by half.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Razor Sharp Fingernails (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** or **Wp** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 3/4/5 damage. This Attack Action ignores **Armor**. When this Action is declared, this model chooses if the resist is **Df** or **Wp**.

- ***Tear to Shreds***: The damage flip gains +1 +1.
- ***Feast of Vengeance***: After reducing a model with the **Adversary** Condition to 0 **Wd**, a friendly Leader in play may heal 1/2/3 damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Call Spirits: Friendly Spirits within 8 may be pushed 4" towards this model.

(1) On the Wind: Sacrifice this model. This Action may only be taken during this model's Activation.

50mm

Guild Autopsy

Amongst the many things Guardsmen face in Malifaux, seeing their dead comrades shuffling towards them is one of the more unsettling. Their flesh rotting under their tattered and stained uniforms, these unfortunate corpses stumble forth, clumsily wielding their duty weapons in decaying hands. It is a disturbing thing to have to kill your former friends and partners, but the undead have no such hesitations. Their movements may be unsteady and lurching, but their skills survive well enough to make them a threat. The Guild investigates and destroys these wretched souls as swiftly as possible, hiding the truth as best they can.

The big question is where these horrors come from. Investigation after investigation has failed to identify when the bodies of fallen Guardsmen go missing. On the journey from death to morgue to grave there are many signatures and documents, but despite suspicion falling on the morgue staff, their paperwork is usually the best kept. Even the Guild's chief coroner has been under watch, but the bodies have kept vanishing somewhere along the chain.

Rogue Necromancy

While many of the Resurrectionists in Malifaux only use human bodies in their experiments, McMourning is not so choosy. His early studies in necromancy, carried out in an effort to aid the Guild's war on the undead, used dogs. As he progressed and his good intentions gave way to the feverish desire for knowledge at any cost, he began to replace damaged parts with ones harvested from other bodies. Soon, he was stitching together composite monstrosities from whatever he could get hold of.

In his hidden lab, McMourning's less successful experiments crawl about ignored by their creator. Many of them are fed to his proudest creation, the Rogue Necromancy. This beast possesses the strengths of many animals, and none of their weaknesses. Strangely, it recognizes McMourning as its master, allowing him to safely release it at times, both to feed and to collect fresh parts for him. The fact that it eats the rest of the body, before returning with a few scattered limbs as a gift, doesn't bother McMourning in the least.



Guild Autopsy

Minion, Undead
HORROR

Cost 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	4	5	5	5	2

Abilities

Embalmed: When this model would suffer damage due to the **Poison** Condition, instead, it heals 1 damage. When this model is deployed or summoned, it gains the **Poison +5** Condition.

Hard to Wound +1: Damage flips against this model suffer ⊟.

Ceaseless Advance: When a friendly model ends its Activation, if the opposing player has 0 cards in hand, this model gains the **Reactivate** Condition.



Rogue Necromancy

Enforcer, Undead, Construct
BEAST, HORROR

Cost 10

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	10	5	6	3

Abilities

Three Headed: This model gains ↯ to Attack and damage flips it makes when it has 5 or more Wounds remaining.

Terrifying (All) 13: Enemy models must pass a TN 13 Horror Duel if they end a Walk Action within this model's engagement range or target this model with an Action.

Smell Fear: Once per Turn, when an enemy model within 6" loses a **Wp** duel, this model may immediately take a (1) **MI** Action after resolving the current Action.

Impossible to Wound: Damage flips against this model suffer ⊟. Damage flips against this model may not be cheated.

Guild Autopsy

Attack Actions

(1) Corrupted Sword (**MI** 4✗ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
✗ ***Infect***: After succeeding, target gains the **Poison +1** Condition a number of times equal to the number of ✗ in the final duel total.

(1) Corrupted Pistol (**Sh** 5✗ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐12): Target suffers 1/3/4 damage.
✗ ***Infect***: After succeeding, target gains the **Poison +1** Condition a number of times equal to the number of ✗ in the final duel total.

Tactical Actions

(0) Leak Necromantic Fluids (**Ca** 5 / TN: 9✗ / Rg: 1): Reduce the value of the **Poison** Condition on this model by one to summon a Mindless Zombie into base contact with target Corpse Marker, then discard the Corpse Marker. Mindless Zombies do not count as Corpse Markers for this Action.

30mm

Rogue Necromancy

Attack Actions

(1) Monstrous Claws (**MI** 7✗ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 3/5/6 damage.
✗ ***Rend Flesh***: The damage flip gains ↯.
✗ ***Infect***: After succeeding, target gains the **Poison +1** Condition a number of times equal to the number of ✗ in the final duel total.

(1) Acid Breath (**Ca** 5✗ / TN: 10✗ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐12): Target suffers 3/3🌢/4🌢 damage. This Action may only be taken once per Activation.
✗ ***Infect***: After succeeding, target gains the **Poison +1** Condition a number of times equal to the number of ✗ in the final duel total.

Tactical Actions

(0) Stalk: This model may discard a card. If it does, target enemy model within LoS gains the following Condition until this model takes this Action again: "**Stalked**: At the end of any Activation in which this model took a Walk or Charge Action, one opposing model with the **Stalk** Action may take a Walk Action that must end the move as close to this model as possible."

50mm

Seishin

As the spirits of the departed dissolve into the aether, the scraps of sentience swirling away can be drawn into the physical world as Seishin.

Swirling and howling, they are torn from what should have been finality to serve one, last purpose.

These spirits often appear as small dragons, though this may be because they are most often called on by Kirai, who prefers that form. They are not able to function as fully independent entities, being too limited in both intelligence and spiritual power. They can however be used as simple messengers and scouts, returning to their master when threatened, or having completed their assigned task.

They are also used as sacrificial tools in various rituals. Seishin live brief, servile existences before boiling away into the aether again, their inglorious ends often coming at the hands of their own master.



SEISHIN — COST 0

Peon, Rare 5

SPIRIT

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	4	2	4	-	2

ABILITIES

Enslaved Soul: At the start of a friendly Leader's Activation, this model may be placed into base contact with that Leader.

Incorporeal: This model ignores, and is ignored by, other models and terrain during any movement or push. Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Sh** and **MI** Attack Actions by half.

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

Only Aether: This model is immune to the effects of ❶ generated by other models.

Unhirable: This model may not be hired, it may only be summoned.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Howling Fury (**MI** 4✕ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Spirit Protection: All friendly models within (❶)3 gain the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Spiritual Protection:** This model is immune to damage caused by (❶) and ☗ effects." Sacrifice this model.

(1) Cure Spirit (**Ca** 4 / TN: 10 / Rg: 3): Sacrifice this model to make target model heal 1/2/2 damage.

SEISHIN

30mm

Dead Rider

Where the Dead Rider came from is a mystery. It seems likely someone created it, but as none of the Resurrectionists encountered by the Guild thus far have the necessary skill for such a feat, it is likely to be a product of Old Malifaux. This terrifying being attacks convoys, slaughtering anyone too slow to escape with an ancient looking scythe. The Guild know it only attacks Soulstone transports, beginning with a lightning attack on the guards before cutting through to the cargo and making its escape. Often it takes several bodies too, snatching them up with the scythe blade to sling them across its saddle.

While the Guild's response has been to send more guards, this has had limited effect; it only results in more deaths, which seems to invigorate the Rider. He still claims his prize every time, taking more bodies in exchange for the fiercer resistance. What exactly the Rider does with the Soulstones is uncertain, but the corpses seem to be used to repair the Rider after each battle.



DEAD RIDER — COST 12

Enforcer, Undead, Rare 1

HORSEMAN

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	10	6	10	3

ABILITIES

Df (✕) Grave Whispers: Reduce damage suffered by this model during this Action by 1 for each ✕ in its final duel total, to a minimum of 1.

Stubborn: Enemy models suffer a ⍈ to the Attack flip of Attack Actions that are resisted by this model's **Wp**.

Chasing Pain: This model adds a number of +✕ to all of its final duel totals equal to the Turn number minus one.

Unimpeded: This model ignores penalties for severe terrain when moving.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Scythe (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 3): Target suffers 3/4/5 damage.

✕ ***Reap***: After damaging an enemy model, push this model up to 2" for each ✕ in the final duel total in any direction, up to a maximum of 6". Then, push the target into base contact with this model.

✕ ***Soulfire***: After succeeding against an enemy model, the target must make a Horror Duel with a TN of 11 plus 1 for each ✕ in the final duel total.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Revel in Pain (**Ca** 6 / TN: 12✕✕): Perform an Attack Action.

(0) Claim Souls (**Ca** 6 / TN: 12✕✕✕✕✕): All enemy models within (❶)3 must make a TN 17 Horror Duel.

DEAD RIDER

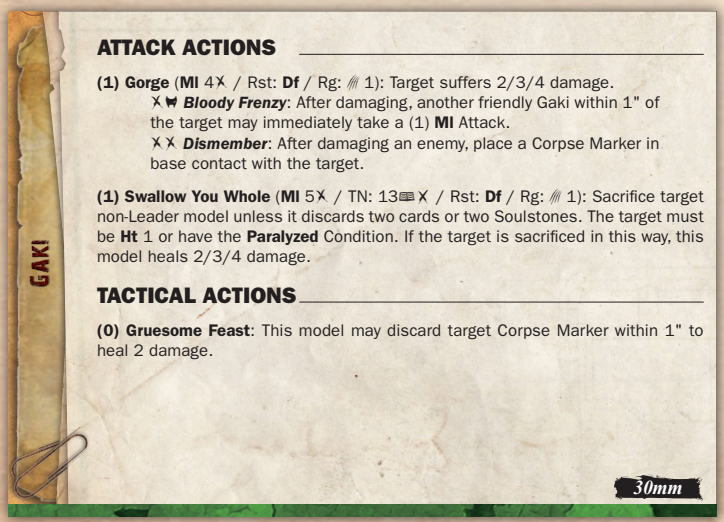
50mm

Gaki

The punishments that the Datsue-Ba inflicts on souls that fail her test are many and varied, but always cruelly specific to someone's sins. Those she deems exceptionally greedy, jealous or materialistic are cursed to walk the earth as Gaki. Every desire they had in life is twisted into an insatiable hunger for flesh, torn from the living or the dead. The most tortuous part of their punishment is that their giant mouths and swollen stomachs are joined by a narrow throat; they can gorge nonstop, but can never swallow enough to satisfy their monstrous appetite.

Gaki can often be found where there is likely to be bloodshed and death, as it provides them with plenty of easy food. While they are unable to work as a coherent pack due to their all-consuming obsession with feeding, they are often found in groups simply because they all sense food nearby. Once one attacks someone there are inevitably more nearby that will swarm the unfortunate prey, tearing them apart in a frenzy of hunger.



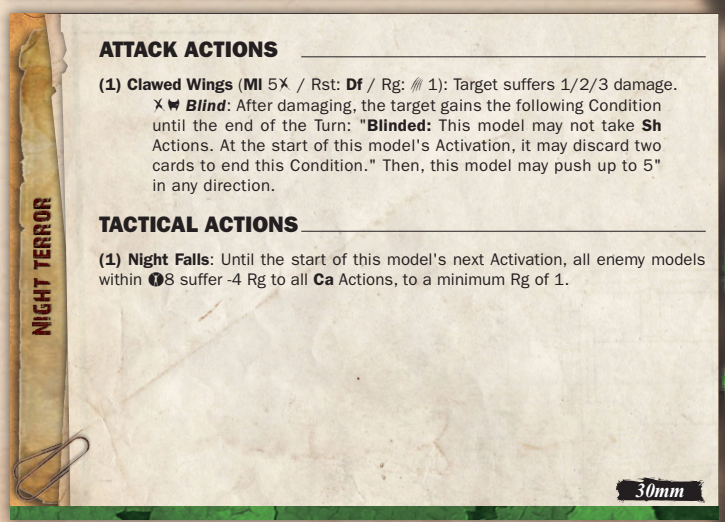


Night Terror

While humans regularly become caught in the tangle between life and death, they are not the first denizens of Malifaux to do so. The Night Terrors are such creatures, still trapped between life and death from when they died out during the fall of Old Malifaux. In times past, these winged beasts would bear their prey to the ground, sink curved fangs into the struggling victim and feed on the blood that flowed forth.

Decades of spectral existence has left them wreathed in darkness that follows them as they hunt. They no longer feed on blood, but on their prey's vitality, leaving a drained and lifeless corpse behind. This makes them very valuable to Resurrectionists, as the body of someone slain by Night Terrors is physically unharmed. If a Resurrectionist can bind these shadowy hunters to his will, they will provide a steady supply of intact bodies for experimentation. Of course, failing to keep them regularly fed can result in the Resurrectionist themselves being drained before the Night Terrors vanish back into the shadows.





Onryo

Most souls leave the physical world and drift gently into the aether. A few are so obsessed and enraged by the injustices they suffered in life that they become trapped on the boundary between worlds, a spirit of vengeance and fury. If the boundary is weak enough, and their hatred strong enough, these souls can tear their way back into the world of the living as Onryo. It is said that a broken heart is one of the few things strong enough to break the barrier that holds them in the afterlife.

These spirits leave a trail of destruction in their wake as they hunt down the people that wronged them, haunting their victims relentlessly until their death. Onryo are often drawn to those among the living who have suffered great wrongs, as their grief and rage is a familiar siren call to these vengeful spirits. Those that enter the world in that way can confuse their pain with that of their caller, hounding their summoner's foes as they would their own.



ONRYO — COST 5

Minion
SPIRIT, RETAINER

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	5	4	6	2

ABILITIES

Haunt: When this model is killed or sacrificed, all enemy models within (↑)2 must pass a TN 13 **Wp** duel or receive **Slow**.

Persecuted: When this model suffers damage from an enemy model, all enemy models within (↑)2 gain the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Adversary:** Spirits gain ▮ to Attack flips targeting this model."

Incorporeal: This model ignores, and is ignored by, other models and terrain during any movement or push. Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Sh** and **Mi** Attack Actions by half.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Clawed Hands (**Mi** 5✕ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ▰ 2): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.
- ✕ ***Cut to Ribbons***: The damage flip gains ▮.
- ✕ ***Rend:*** This Attack ignores **Armor**.
- ✕ ***Feast of Vengeance***: After reducing a model with the **Adversary** Condition to 0 **Wd**, a friendly Leader in play may heal 1/2/3 damage.

(1) Mark of Jigoku (**Ca** 5✕ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Target enemy model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Adversary:** Spirits gain ▮ to Attack flips targeting this model."

(1) Vengeful Shriek (**Ca** 5✕ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: ◤12): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.
- ✕ ***Infect***: After succeeding, target gains the **Poison +1** Condition a number of times equal to the number of ✕ in the final duel total.

ONRYO

30mm

Shikome

These deadly predators stalk the boundaries of the world beyond, hunting for those touched by the grave. To those that can summon and direct them, the Shikome are valuable if somewhat dangerous allies. To those facing them, they are a merciless storm of fang and talon. They are said to have been created from the most deadly women in the underworld, to bring those that have earned death's judgment into the afterlife.

Often hunting in pairs, the Shikome stalk their prey from above, waiting for the right moment to swoop down with talons outstretched. Their hapless victim is hauled into the sky, often being torn apart as the hunters fight over their prize. What is left to fall to the ground can be nearly impossible to identify.

Some have tried to hide and wait for the Shikome to lose interest. What few people realize is that the Shikome never grow tired, and the scent of fate upon someone never fades. There is only one escape once they are on your trail; to die.



SHIKOME — COST 8

Minion, Undead, Rare 2
BEAST, SPIRIT

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	5	8	6	6	2

ABILITIES

Hard to Wound +1: Damage flips against this model suffer ▯.

Scent of Death: This model may take the (2) Charge Action as a (1) Action when targeting a model affected by the **Poison** Condition.

Flight: This model is immune to falling damage and may ignore any terrain or models while moving.

Long Memory: When targeting a model with the **Adversary** Condition with an Attack Action, this model may choose for the Attack to be resisted with **Wp** instead of **Df**.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Vengeful Talons (**Mi** 6✕ ▭ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ▰ 1): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. This Attack deals +1 damage against models with the **Adversary** Condition.
- ✕ ***Tear to Shreds***: The damage flip gains ▮▮.
- ✕ ▭ ***Rend:*** This Attack ignores **Armor**.
- ✕ ***Infect***: After succeeding, the target gains the **Poison +1** Condition a number of times equal to the number of ✕ in the final duel total.

(0) Shrieking Challenge (**Ca** 6✕ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 8): Target enemy model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Adversary:** Spirits gain ▮ to Attack flips targeting this model."

(0) Taken By The Sky (**Ca** 6✕ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 8): Place this model into base contact with target enemy model with the **Adversary** Condition.

SHIKOME

30mm

Crooligan

It weren't me, I tells ya! It was a bunch o' kids! No, I'm not mad. You gots to listen. Came right o' the fog they did. Not a damn thing either of us could do.

Cutting and tearing they came, then they was gone. I know the blood's on my hands, but I tried to save him, I did! But they just kept cutting and cutting and tearing. I couldn't hold 'em together, he just fell apart right there, guts spillin' in the street. And the whole time they was giggling. Giggling and, and singing...

One, two,
Cut them through;
Three, four,
Blood's on the floor;
Five, six,
Dice 'em up quick;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight:
Nine, ten,
Do it again!



Abilities

From the Shadows: This model may be deployed anywhere on the board that is at least 6" away from the enemy Deployment Zone. This model may not take Interact Actions on the first turn.

Creepy: Enemy models within ❶1 suffer -1 **Wp**.

Always on the Move: After taking an Interact Action, this model may be placed anywhere within 5". If this model is placed in this way, it may not take another Interact Action this Activation.

Attack Actions

(1) Infected Dagger (**MI** 4✗ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.
✗ ***Infect***: After succeeding, target gains the **Poison +1** Condition a number of times equal to the number of ✗ in the final duel total.

Tactical Actions

(1) The Mist (**Ca** 4✗ / TN: 12✗): Until the start of this model's next Activation, the area within ❶4 of this model is considered **Ht** 3 soft cover.

(0) Blistering Fog (**Ca** 4✗ / TN: 13✗): Until the start of this model's next Activation, enemy models suffering damage within ❶4 from (ɪ) or 🌪 effects suffer 1 additional damage.

Crooligan

30mm

Dead Doxy

When Seamus took over Madame Sybelle's Saloon and started his collection of undead companions, he was pleased with his handiwork. Soon enough though, he decided his little group needed some extra razzle dazzle. It did not take him long to entice several naïve young chorus girls from the Star Theater, who were only too keen to visit the famous Sebastian Baker, Dream Maker. Everyone in the business knew his reputation as an agent, and the fame and fortune his girls always received. His calling card always offered them the chance to be 'immortalized on the stage'.

They do indeed get immortality, although at a terrible price. Despite everyone knowing of Sebastian Baker, he is just a name Seamus picked out of his hat. The girls only realize the truth when Seamus slashes their throats with an expert flourish, severing their vocal cords so they bleed out in silence. Once he raises them, they dance endlessly for his enthusiastic applause on a little stage he built. They can't sing, but Seamus doesn't hold that against them.



Abilities

Hard to Wound +1: Damage flips against this model suffer ⍈.

Pounce: When an enemy model ends a push or move within this model's engagement range that is not part of a Walk or Charge Action, this model may immediately take a 1 AP **MI** Attack Action against the model without spending AP.

Df/Wp (🐈) **Hands Off!**: After this model is damaged by an enemy Attack Action, push this model 4" in any direction.

Final Encore: When this model is killed by an enemy model, this model may make target model within 4" gain the **Fast** Condition.

Attack Actions

(1) Fancy Cane (**MI** 6✗ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
✗ 🔪 ***Cut to Ribbons***: The damage flip gains ⍈.

(0) Take the Lead (**Ca** 6✗ / TN: 13✗ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 10): Push this model up to its **Wk** towards the target, then push the target up to its **Wk** in any direction.
🐈 ***Confusing Feelings***: After succeeding, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Confusing Feelings:** This model suffers ⍈ on all Opposed Duels in which it is the Defender."

Dead Doxy

30mm

The Drowned

Bodies floating face down in the river are not uncommon in Malifaux. Both the Guild and Arcanists like to make people vanish beneath the murky waters. Typically, they are not even killed first, so there is no evidence linking anyone to the tragic 'accident'. This callous cruelty leaves a devastated soul trapped in a rotting and bloated body, unable to come to terms with its death. Over and over it remembers the burning pain of suffocation, followed by that one last gasp that flooded its lungs before the body died in dark solitude.

Resurrectionists can raise these unfortunates, but controlling them is a different matter. They will seek out their murderers regardless of other instructions, water bubbling endlessly from their mouths. Clasping the weights they were tied to, they will pursue their targets ceaselessly until their revenge is complete. Only once this is done can the person that raised them take control, giving their own orders to the tortured spirit within.

Jaakuna Ubume

Help! Sir, kind sir! It's my boy! My precious baby boy. He can't swim…

Thank you! Thank you. I am forever in your debt. Help me get him to the riverbank, please. These waters are so swift, we never should have tried to cross.

Yes, he has always been so heavy. Heavier with each passing step. Such a burden. It's why the waters needed to claim him. He just wouldn't. Stop. Screaming.

Screeching and clawing. Such a spoiled little runt. It had to be done. It just had to be done.

Don't worry, your heavy burden will be over soon. Just let the waters wash over you. Let them fill you. Breath them in. That's it. Just a little longer, just a little longer…

That's it, good. Isn't this so much better? Safe beneath the rolling waves. Come with me, my child...



The Drowned

Minion, Undead
HORROR, SPIRIT, TORMENTED

Cost 6

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	6	6	4	6	2

Abilities

Finish the Job: When this model is killed, it may place a Scheme Marker in base contact with itself before it is removed.

Resilient +2: Reduce all damage suffered from **Ml** Attack Actions by this model by +2, to a minimum of 1.



Jaakuna Ubume

Enforcer, Rare 1
SPIRIT, TORMENTED

Cost 6

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	6	4	—	2

Abilities

Drowning in My Wake: Enemy models consider the area within ❶3 of this model hazardous terrain.

Incorporeal: This model ignores, and is ignored by, other models and terrain during any movement or push. Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Sh** and **Ml** Attack Actions by half.

Manipulative 12: If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, when an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 12 **Wp** duel or the Action immediately fails.

THE DROWNED

Attack Actions

(1) Anchor (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.
- ✕ ***Suffocating Demise***: After damaging, the target receives **Slow**.
- ✕ ***Watery Grave***: After damaging a target with the **Slow** Condition, the target receives **Paralyzed**.

(1) Drag Under (**Ca** 5✕ / TN: 11 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐8): Target suffers 2 damage.
- ✕ ***Undertow***: After damaging, push the target up to 4" towards terrain which it considers hazardous.
- ✕ ***Drag Them With Me***: After damaging, all models within (❶)2 of the target must succeed on a TN 11 **Df** duel or suffer 2 damage.

Tactical Actions

(0) Riptide (**Ca** 5✕ / TN: 12✕): Until the end of the Turn, enemy models within ❶4 which suffer damage due to hazardous terrain suffer 1 additional damage. This effect does not stack.

30mm

JAAKUNA UBUME

Attack Actions

(1) Stay With Me (**Ml** 7 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: ⫻ 3): Target suffers 1 damage.
- ✕ ***Only Silence in My Wake***: After succeeding, the target receives **Slow**.

(1) Hideous Screech (**Ca** 4✕ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐10): Target suffers 2/3/4🌩 damage.
- ✕🜏 ***Cower***: After damaging, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Cowering:** This model may not declare Charge Actions."

(1) Lure (**Ca** 6✕🜏 / TN: 12✕🜏 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 18): Move target model its **Wk**. The target must end the move as close to this model as possible.

(0) Denial of Sanzu (**Ca** 6✕ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Target model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Denial of Sanzu:** This model may not declare Walk Actions."

50mm

Rafkin

As a boy, Thomas Rafkin was fascinated by the progression of a living, healthy body to a decayed and lifeless husk. He experimented secretly on stray animals, studying their slow deaths and decomposition. When he was accepted to medical school, he felt his calling was at hand. He soon discovered he was wrong; medicine was obsessed with futile efforts to preserve life. Rafkin knew this was temporary at best, and longed to study the ways to restore lost vitality to a body. He stole equipment and bought bodies from unscrupulous grave tenders, but still had learned nothing by the time he was discovered and expelled.

When he started work in the Malifaux mortuary, it did not take Rafkin long to discover his employer could also be his necromantic mentor. He spends his days perfecting embalming processes and running errands between the mortuary and coroner's office, the model of a studious worker. His nights are spent studying Nicodem's magics, at last combining his expertly preserved bodies with his mentor's dark rituals for restoring life to the dead.



RAFKIN — COST 7

Enforcer, Living, Rare 1

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	5	10	5	6	2

ABILITIES

Scent of Death: This model may take the (2) Charge Action as a (1) Action when targeting a model affected by the **Poison** Condition.

My Own Concoction: Enemy models within ❶6 with the **Poison** Condition which suffer damage from an Attack Action suffer 1 additional damage.

Mithridization: When this model would suffer damage due to the **Poison** Condition, instead it heals 1 damage.

RAFKIN

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Liston Knife (**MI** 6✗ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.
✗ ***Infect***: After succeeding, target gains the **Poison +1** Condition a number of times equal to the number of ✗ in the final duel total.

(1) Flask of Formaldehyde (**Sh** 5✗ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐6): Target suffers 1/1☠/1☠☠ damage. All models damaged by this Attack gain the **Poison +1** Condition.

(0) Unnecessary Surgery (**MI** 5✗ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/3/5 damage. This Action may only target models with the **Poison** Condition.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Preserve: Remove the **Poison** Condition from target model within 6" to heal 1/2/3 damage on that model.

30mm

Carrion Effigy

Life and death always exist in a delicate balance, flowing endlessly from one to the other in a cycle. Carrion sees this flux everywhere, and maintains it with gentle pressure where needed.

Humans have severely disrupted the balance, first with their use of magics and then with the falling of the Red Cage. Now, the fulcrum shifts wildly from one moment to the next, causing things to exist in both life and death at the same time. The balance will be restored, if Carrion must work forever. Even if it must use the Resurrectionists to help.

The humans try so hard to deny death, defying it at every turn. Each one going about its petty little life like it will never end. But Carrion can always see the end, always sense the encroaching chaos and decay that must swallow all things.

Carrion strips away the petty illusions the humans use to get through their short lives, showing them the balance as it was meant to be...



CARRION EFFIGY — COST 4

Minion, Construct, Rare 1
PUPPET, EFFIGY

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	4	5	6	1

ABILITIES

Accomplice: After this model ends its Activation a friendly model within 6" may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

CARRION EFFIGY

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Diseased Beak (**MI** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/1/2 damage.
✗ ***Only Silence in My Wake***: After succeeding, the target receives **Slow**.
✗ ***Infect***: After succeeding, target gains the **Poison +1** Condition a number of times equal to the number of ✗ in the final duel total.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Diminished Resistance: Until the start of this model's next Activation, enemy models within ❶5 lose all immunities to Horror Duels, **Slow**, **Paralyzed**, and **Poison**, except for immunity to Horror Duels which was gained by passing a Horror Duel.

(0) Horrific Feasting: Target friendly Leader within 8" gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Horrific Feast:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may discard a card from its hand or a Corpse Marker within 4" and LoS to heal 1/2/3 damage."

30mm

Ashigaru

When the armies of the Katanaka rebelled at the end of a particularly bloody massacre, the surviving clan members were forced to flee the battlefield. The final battles for the survival of the clan were fought not in open fields, but in the palatial houses they owned. There, the attackers were met by the Katanaka's House Guards. Compelled by dark magics to fight to the death, and unable to give ground or surrender, the House Guard had to be cut down to a man.

Though their bodies were dismembered and scattered across the kingdoms decades ago, the same compulsion still lingers in their bones. Yan Lo has spent a great deal of time searching out these lost graves and the skeletal remains within. If enough pieces are brought together, the ashigaru's trapped soul can take control of the long dead body once again. Their free will long gone, they can do nothing but take up their yari once again, forced to serve the clan in death by the curse placed upon them in life.



ASHIGARU — COST 5

Minion, Undead

RETAINER

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	6	5	3	2

ABILITIES

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Guard: This model gains +▭ **MI** while within 3" of one or more friendly Ancestor models.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Rusted Yari (**MI** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
✕ ***Infect***: After succeeding, target gains the **Poison +1** Condition a number of times equal to the number of ✕ in the final duel total.
▭ ***Wall of Steel***: After succeeding, target is pushed until it is 3" away from this model.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Lunge: This model may discard a card to take a Charge Action.

(1) Brace: This model gains the following Condition until it moves, is pushed, is placed, or it takes another Action: "**Braced For the Charge**: Enemy models that target a friendly model within ❶3 of this model with a Charge Action immediately suffer 4 damage."

ASHIGARU

30mm

Student of Sinew

The academic path, as the Professor tells his more reluctant students, is not for everyone. There are many lesser teachers in the advanced sciences, he explains, whose students are not fit to enroll at the University of Transmortis. The Professor has instituted a system of hall monitors to prevent such undesirables wandering into the lectures, giving extra classes in the diplomacy needed to deal with other academics' pupils.

The Students of Sinew are the recipients of this tuition, expertly prepared to handle these rivals and interlopers. Each student vies to prove their suitability for the vaunted position, making the classes fiercely competitive. The Professor welcomes their dedication to the maintenance of the University's standards, stating firmly that education would only be wasted on those without minds to open.

The students often undertake extra credit assignments in the sewers and cisterns of the undercity, where the primitive protégées of lesser academics wander aimlessly. Their knowledge of the undead outshines even the Death Marshals, and they use it without hesitation.



STUDENT OF SINEW — COST 7

Minion, Construct, Undead

HORROR, ACADEMIC

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	4	8	4	6	2

ABILITIES

Terrifying (Undead) 12: Enemy Undead models must pass a TN 12 Horror Duel if they end a Walk Action within this model's engagement range or target this model with an Action.

Hard to Wound +1: Damage flips against this model suffer ▯.

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Filthy Dissectors (**MI** 6✕ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage, ignoring **Hard to Wound**.
✕✕ ***Sinew Studies***: The damage flip gains ▯▯ against Undead.

(0) Lecture Notes (**Ca** 6✕ / TN: 10✕ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Target model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Teacher's Pet**: This model may not declare Triggers."

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(2) Flurry: This model may discard a card. If it does, this model may make 3 **MI** Attack Actions with an AP cost of 1 against a single target.

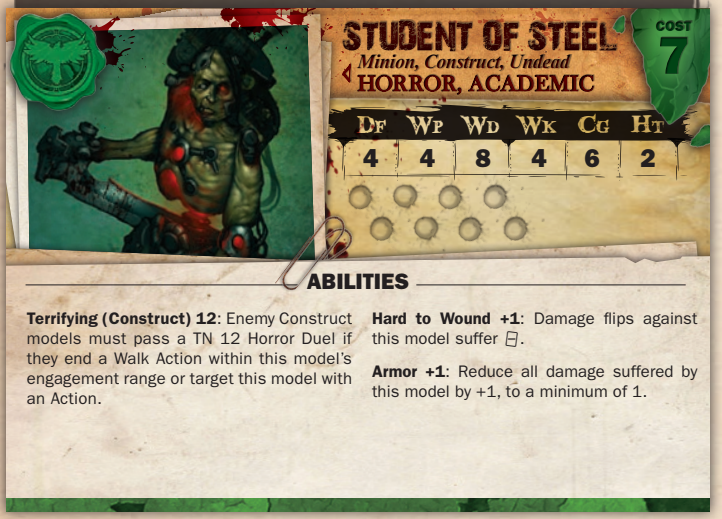
STUDENT OF SINEW

40mm

Student of Steel

The engineering course at the University of Transmortis covers the design and construction of a wide range of constructs. The Professor extols the virtues of certain alloys, the importance of considering rust and wear, and the use of the right power supply for the construct's frame. He encourages his students to follow his example and study these concepts practically whenever possible. New students are tasked with examining the construction flaws of their classmates, while the graduates undertake field studies on the surface. These students proudly present their research to Von Schtook on their return, the piles of split plating and torn gears testament to the quality of their education.

The Students of Steel concern the citizens of Malifaux far less than they concern the upper ranks of the Miners and Steamfitters Union, whom use constructs as tools and symbols of might. Despite their somewhat stilted walk and the archaic engines that power them, a single student can dismantle the most powerful and expensive constructs this organization possesses with frustrating ease.



STUDENT OF STEEL COST 7

Minion, Construct, Undead

HORROR, ACADEMIC

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	4	8	4	6	2

ABILITIES

Terrifying (Construct) 12: Enemy Construct models must pass a TN 12 Horror Duel if they end a Walk Action within this model's engagement range or target this model with an Action.

Hard to Wound +1: Damage flips against this model suffer ☐.

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

STUDENT OF STEEL

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Rusty Dissectors (**MI** 6✕ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage, ignoring **Armor**.

✕ ▤ ***Steel Studies***: The damage flip gains ☐☐ against Constructs.

(0) Lecture Notes (**Ca** 6✕ / TN: 10✕ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Target model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Teacher's Pet**: This model may not declare Triggers."

TACTICAL ACTIONS

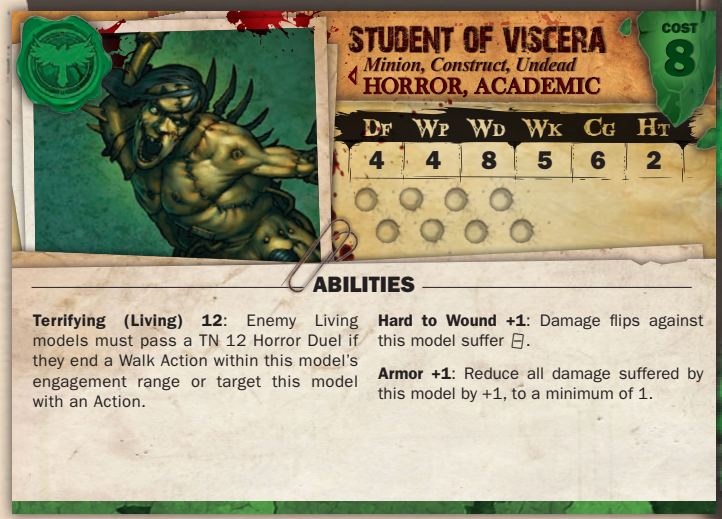
(2) Flurry: This model may discard a card. If it does, this model may make 3 **MI** Attack Actions with an AP cost of 1 against a single target.

30mm

Student of Viscera

Below the sewers, in a place even Resurrectionists would hesitate to go, is a macabre sight that would turn any stomach. Professor Von Schtook's biology classes are ones he believes the students enjoy taking as much as he enjoys giving them. His horn rimmed glasses perched on his nose, the professor discusses the key aspects of living bodies, how they die, change and are maintained. As he demonstrates the finer points of dissection, the students on his experiment tables repeat his key points endlessly in atonal murmurs.

The metallic slithering of the Student of Viscera is not the most threatening noise, but it chills anyone that hears it like few other sounds can. The truly terrifying moment is when the noise stops, as once the Student is close to someone, the Professor's patient teaching is put to practical use. The exceptionally quick may get one chance to strike the horrifying creature before it expertly dismembers them in a flurry of dissection blades. The slow, or those that flee, never see the scalpels reaching for them.



STUDENT OF VISCERA COST 8

Minion, Construct, Undead

HORROR, ACADEMIC

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	4	8	5	6	2

ABILITIES

Terrifying (Living) 12: Enemy Living models must pass a TN 12 Horror Duel if they end a Walk Action within this model's engagement range or target this model with an Action.

Hard to Wound +1: Damage flips against this model suffer ☐.

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

STUDENT OF VISCERA

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Dissectors (**MI** 6✕ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.

✕ ▤ ***Viscera Studies***: The damage flip gains ☐☐ against Living models.

(0) Lecture Notes (**Ca** 6✕ / TN: 10✕ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Target model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Teacher's Pet**: This model may not declare Triggers."

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(2) Flurry: This model may discard a card. If it does, this model may make 3 **MI** Attack Actions with an AP cost of 1 against a single target.

(2) Slither: Move this model up to 9" ignoring severe terrain during the move. Then, this model may take a 1 AP **MI** Attack Action.

50mm

Molly Upgrades

Forgotten Path

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

  I'll Walk With You My Dear: Other friendly Belle and Spirit models gain the following Ability while within ❶6 of this model: "**Black Blood:** All models without **Black Blood** within (r)1 suffer 1 damage when this model suffers damage."

  I'll See You When I Fall Asleep: This model may name Resurrectionist Spirit Minion models with its **The Ones Left Behind** Action, in addition to the model types usually allowed by that Action.

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (0) Whispers of Past Life: Target other friendly Belle or Spirit in 10" and LoS immediately performs a (1) Action.



Restrictions

Molly, Limited

Forgotten Life

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

  The Screams All Sound The Same: Other friendly Belle and Horror models gain the following Ability while within ❶6 of this model: "**Black Blood:** All models without **Black Blood** within (r)1 suffer 1 damage when this model suffers damage."

  Gifts From Albus: This model may name Resurrectionist Horror Minion models with its **The Ones Left Behind** Action, in addition to the model types usually allowed by that Action.

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (0) Whispers of Future Flesh: Target other friendly Belle or Horror in 10" and LoS immediately performs a (1) Action.



Restrictions

Molly, Limited

Terrible Knowledge

Cost: 1 SS

- This model's **Whispered Secret** Action gains the following Trigger:

  ✗📖 ***The Philosophy of Uncertainty:*** After succeeding, this model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Uncertainty:** If this model is killed by another model, the model which killed it is sacrificed after resolving the current Action."

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (0) Obscene Truth: All enemy models within (r)4 must immediately perform a TN 12 Horror Duel.



Restrictions

Molly

Tear of the Gorgon

Cost: 3 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Instinctual: This model may take two (0) Actions during its Activation, so long as they are both different.

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (0) The Gorgon's Cry: Until the start of this model's next Activation, this model gains the following Condition: "**Terrifying (All) 12**: Enemy models must pass a TN 12 Horror Duel if they end a Walk Action within this model's engagement range or target this model with an Action."



Restrictions

Molly

Take Back the Night

Cost: 1 SS

This model gains the following Ability:

Take Back the Night: All friendly Spirit and Horror models within ❶10 gain the following Ability: "**We Are the Night:** Once per Turn, after reducing an enemy model to 0 **Wd** with an Attack Action, draw a card."

Restrictions

Horror, Rare 1



Kirai Upgrades

Absorb Spirit

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Tactical Actions:

  (0) Absorb Spirit: Sacrifice target friendly Spirit within 6" to draw two cards and then discard a card.

  (1) Mark the Soul (**Ca** 6 / TN: 14): Until the end of the Turn, all friendly Spirits within 6 gain to damage flips they make. This Action may only be taken once per Turn.

Restrictions

Kirai

Bloody Shears

Cost: 1 SS

- This model changes its **Cg** value to 5.
- This model gains the following Ability:

  Accomplice: After this model ends its Activation a friendly model within 6" may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

- This model gains the following Attack Action:

  (1) Bloody Shears (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 2/3/6 damage.

  Hamstring: After damaging an enemy, push this model up to 3" and the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Hamstrung:** This model may not declare Charge Actions."

Restrictions

Kirai, Limited

Unforgiven

Cost: 2 SS

- This model's **Blood and Wind** Action gains the following Triggers:

  Lonely Assassin: After succeeding, summon the named model within 3" and LoS of the target instead of in base to base.
  Don't Blink: After succeeding, the summoned model does not gain **Slow**.

- This model's **Sundering** Action gains the following Trigger:

  Sunder the Spirit: While damaging, this Attack deals +1 damage.

Restrictions

Kirai, Limited

Swirling Aether

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Tactical Actions:

  (1) Comfort Spirit: Discard a card to make target spirit within 8" heal 1/2/3 damage.

  (0) Into the Spirit World (**Ca** 7 / TN: 12 / Rg: 8): Place this model into base contact with target friendly Spirit.

Restrictions

Kirai

Spirit Whispers

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Tactical Actions:

  (1) Spirit Whispers: Until the end of the Turn, when another non-Peon Spirit is killed within ❶6, place a Scheme Marker in base contact with it before removing it.

  (0) Call Forth (**Ca** 4✗ / TN: 12✗ / Rg: 6): Summon a Seishin within 6" and LoS.

RESTRICTIONS

Datsue Ba

Spirit Beacon

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

  Spirit Beacon: When a friendly Seishin within 2" and LoS is killed by an Attack Action, this model may suffer 1 damage. If it does, the Seishin is not killed and heals 1 damage.

  Spirit Anchor: After another non-Seishin model is killed within ❶6, this model may discard a card to summon a Seishin in base contact with this model.

RESTRICTIONS

Kirai or Spirit, Rare 1



General Resurrectionist Upgrades

Spare Parts

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Tactical Actions:

  (1) Good Enough For Government Work (**Ca** 7 / TN: 15 / Rg: 6): Discard target Corpse Marker to summon a Guild Autopsy into base contact with it before removing it. This Action's **Ca** may not be increased by Conditions.

  (2) Masterpiece (**Ca** 7 / TN: 18 / Rg: 6): Discard four Corpse Markers in range and LoS. If this happens, summon a Rogue Necromancy into base contact with this model. This Action's **Ca** may not be increased by Conditions.

Restrictions

Leader

Necrotic Preparation

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

  Bloated Stench: Enemy models which deal damage to this model with Attack Actions suffer 1 damage after resolving the current Action.

  Inescapable Demise: This model gains to disengaging strikes.

Restrictions

Rare 3





PACK

COST: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Hunting in Pairs: When this model has the opportunity to move due to the **Stalked** Condition, a friendly model within 6" may immediately take a Walk Action.

RESTRICTIONS

Rogue Necromancy




ARCANISTS

The Face Behind The Lie

By: Matthew Ritter

In the mirror she saw the truth. It was a horrid, terrible, depressing thing, really. No one besides her had seen it in years. Not since she'd heard the old joke... how did it go?

What's the difference between a high born courtesan and a lowly lady of the evening?

The Quality of Makeup.

That had been the first trick she had learned. Before the cards. Before the doves, the clockwork and the dancing. Before she'd even learned that a well-placed whisper or the touch of a finger at just the right time could make a man, and more than a few women, lose all composure. No, her first trick had been this: turning the truth into something else.

Every day, in so many little ways, it got harder and harder. Sometimes she ached to have a face like one of the mechanical marvels that were used around the hall. Porcelain, clean, perfectly structured for beauty, a blank slate to build upon whatever one wanted. Not like her face. Her real face. It was too wide, and her chin was too round, she did not have the best bone structure, and her lips were too thin.

And you're getting old.

A half-truth, of course she was getting *older* but was she yet old? Things were so different for men and women, a woman could be old at twenty, ancient at thirty, and forgotten at forty. Most men, it seemed, the world didn't even notice until forty. A man could go to war, learn a trade, marry, divorce, raise children... and still his life would only barely have begun at forty. She had trouble even imagining life going on at that age. To be forty? Crow's feet and liver spots. Her hair might thin.

Her fingers twitched with a desire to shatter the mirror, as if that would change anything.

No, the only way to change anything was that first trick. It was simple enough. Some concealer, making the hint of dark under eyes circles and a few touches of acne or blemishes just seemed to magically melt away.

After that it moved faster. A dozen different little tools and bits of makeup. Soon she had cheek bones, the right ones, and her eyes got larger, dramatic, dark and mysterious. Her lips swelled, becoming wonderful and full. It matched her eye shadow, and it made her look almost like an exotic painting.

All the other tricks come from this one.

It was true, she knew. She could charm anyone, because of this trick. She could dazzle audiences, and individuals alike. She could steal anything, hearts, watches, souls... thanks to this trick. It was this trick that had let her get to Malifaux, and it was this trick that had made it so she had been able to learn the *other* important trick.

With a twirl of her hand, she produced a Soulstone as if from nowhere. Actually it had been in her palm for some time, tilted just right so someone sitting across from her, or herself looking in a mirror, would see nothing. She rolled it over her fingers, and felt the power within it. Power, she had learned to tap in ways no one else had ever dreamed of. Power only she had...

Also a trick.

Another twirl, and the Soulstone disappeared. At least, to her view watching herself in the mirror. That was how she'd learned, or practiced. First you learned to fool yourself, and if you could fool yourself, you could fool anybody. The stone actually rested precariously on the back of her hand, and then in her palm once more. A casual shift, and it was on her thigh, out of view, where she could move it at her leisure later.

Tricks, deception, sleight of hand. Shadowboxing.

The door opened. It was Cassandra. It was always Cassandra. Beautiful, and as always with a pang of jealousy, she had to admit, *naturally*. She didn't have her makeup on, her hair wasn't done, she was in a comfortable robe and not her tight fitting dancer outfit. And yet, Cassandra was still beautiful. Cassandra, for all her talent and dedication to the craft, as a dancer, as a magician, as a trickster, a seductress, she had trouble with the very basics.

And why, Cassandra, is that? Because to you, it all comes so naturally. So many things are just yours.

"The Show's about to start! Are you ready?" Cassandra didn't have to be on for almost an hour, she had time, Colette had to start the show. The clockwork doll, with its faceless face that she found so comforting, was beginning to slow its movements, signaling that her hair was nearly finished.

"How many are there tonight?" It was a question she always asked.

Cassandra didn't pout. She wasn't a pouter, but she did look away, brushed her hair back, for a moment she avoided the question. "Why does it matter?" Colette didn't respond, she worked on finishing her makeup, and Cassandra relented. "Sixteen, but I'm sure it's just from all the good press the show gets! People talk about nothing else. Your birds, and the woman in the storm of swords routine! It's-"

Colette interrupted her. "A new record. Every night, it seems there are more and more of them." Cassandra didn't comment. It was the Guild they were talking about. Members of the Guild, that riddled Malifaux like some kind of cancer.

Cassandra nodded to herself. "Well, you're on in ten." She waited a few more moments, heavy moments. Then she was gone.

Colette was left with the faceless doll, and the her in the mirror. Her face was impassive. Her thoughts whirled, a delivery tonight through the tunnels. More Guild members than ever. Eyes always watching her, everyone always watching her. Ramos was very insistent on this delivery happening tonight though...

But first-

Her perfectly painted purple lips shifted, her face lit up. The glum image in the mirror became one of light and glamour. A face of fun, and the promise of something else, maybe.



And what a show it was. There was some variation night to night. Normally the showstopper was changed around at least once a month, to draw in the new crowds, but the basic outline was always the same. It started small.

Colette just on stage, walking out. No magic puff of smoke, no prestidigitation. Sometimes she came out of the audience, or from backstage. She came out through the curtain and addressed the audience.

She tried not to notice that among the Guild members there was also a man who was obviously a Witch Hunter; by far the scariest sect of the Guild. Hunting down magic users of all kinds, and doing away with them. Dressed like some kind of colonial cowboy, watching her like anyone else in the audience. It gave her a moment of worry, but the show...

Her patter was flawless. The audience was laughing within a minute, and she always knew that meant she had them. She started small. Her stylish top hat, turned inside out, shown to be empty. She'd toss it up, and out of it burst three mechanical birds of such exquisite perfection. Flying, flapping, soaring.

The audience was now not just with her, but mesmerized.

Everything that came after that first five minutes was dependent on that beginning. That first trick. They had to believe it. They had to at least pretend to believe. The first trick was most important. Even if all anyone ever remembered was the last trick.

That one involved pyrotechnics, disappearing, death defying, more mechanical birds, dancers, it was quite a spectacle. It wasn't the only one.

The dancing girls, of course, were what many people came to see. The dancing clockwork girls were something other people came to see. The magic, in many ways, what she did best, was there to tie it all together.

This month, the finale was quite gripping. Her tied up, behind a curtain. A dozen of the clockwork dancers with swords surrounding her. Fire and fireworks shooting out as she was skewered by a storm of swords, the name of the trick.

The flimsy see- through curtain would be pulled away, by none other than Colette, showing that at some point, the girl who had been stabbed had become one of the clockwork dolls. The audience became an uproar of applause every time.

Though, as Colette bowed, the flying mechanical birds that had took to the air with the fireworks circled back around and disappeared back into her hat. The signal the show was over, how it began it ended. When the other dancer girls came out for their own bow a standing

ovation started. Cassandra got cat calls as always and...

Colette saw one man. Six rows back, five chairs over. He did not stand. He did not clap. A dark coat, and a dark hat, making him stand out among those wearing their brightest and best for the night out. He also had the eyes, that most worried a magician. They were eyes that looked at what was important, not where they were directed.

And who are you?

There was the standard fallout, flirting with the audience as they left the theater. Gifts, offers of marriage, autographs. She tried to catch sight of the man again, but she didn't see his dark hat or coat anywhere. Besides, the show had run long, they were already late, and the delivery wouldn't make itself. Colette gave the nod to Cassandra, who gave a signal to the other girls; all of them making excuses to retreat back to the dressing rooms.



The coffin was heavy, but thankfully, none of the girls were carrying it. That was for the clockwork dolls. Colette was often pressed to reveal just where she had gotten them, and who the manufacturer was, but she was not about to reveal any of her secrets, let alone that one.

Cassandra led them down the tunnel. It was where most of the funding for their little theater came from. Oh, ticket sales were nice, but gear feathered birds, and clockwork marvels like those carrying the coffin couldn't be afforded on a paltry matinee earning.

The theater had a series of tunnels that seemed to have been part of the old sewer system built by... whoever had built the city. Long since abandoned and dried up, though they weren't pleasant.

There were five of them down there tonight, if you counted her and Cassandra, and another five clockwork dancers. Excessive perhaps, but the tunnels weren't just hers. They were a honeycomb of black-market travelers, getting to and from the quarantined zones unseen.

Cassandra and the other girls tittered away about nothing; it wasn't long though, before Cassandra's soft voice spoke to Colette, noticing she wasn't participating.

"You seem worried..." Like a good friend. Sweet, caring. Colette answered her concern with a bored expression; one that had ruined the ego of more than a dozen men. Cassandra stopped trying to talk with her. The other girls caught the scent of it, and were soon silent as well.

Colette had often wondered, at first, what kind of things were in the deliveries she made. As a go between of Ramos and his black-market connections it was bound to be something interesting.

That curiosity had faded with each trip through the tunnels. Each time the deliverymen had dropped off whatever box to be kept backstage among the other supplies for the show. Each time she'd had to preform while the Guild watched, knowing there was enough evidence under her feet to have her hung for any number of crimes, if they dared to look.

It had gotten old fast. Now it was just a job, a dangerous one at that.

She heard them first before she saw them. She could tell by the footsteps they weren't Guild. Guild walked with a purpose. There was no shambling, no clumping of old worn boots. There were maybe twenty of them, coming around one of the sewer tunnels. She knew they had come looking for her, specifically. Or, probably more what was in the coffin. They had not yet gotten out of the tunnel network under her part of the city, which no one who was not coming to her theater used.

They were ruffians. Brass knuckles. Axe handles. Unshaven. The lot of them making the smell of the once sewers worse than it had been. A few had attempts at class. A coat tail here, a cane there, but it was a mockery of the real thing. "Give us da coffin and none ah ya pretty ladies need get 'urt." The one speaking stretched a loop of chain between his hands, in a way he no doubt considered menacing. One of the others cracked a bat against the stone wall.

Cassandra had yet to pull the sword that she kept at her hip. Which was nice of her. It gave the men a chance to realize their mistake.

The click of Colette's heels echoed through the tunnels, as she stepped out in front of her pretty protégé. "I do doubt that I am in any danger of getting 'urt by the likes of you." The sound of a hammer being pulled back, letting her know one of them, or more, had one of those awful firearms. Smokey nasty things.

"Ya? If ya give over the coffin, that's true! So jus-" He didn't finish what he was about to say. Colette lifted her hand up, and gave the smallest twist. As the artificial Soulstone she used for such things faded. Though its power would soon return.

The twist was not to the air, but to him. A trick she'd learned quickly, and for those weak, it was quite effective. Reaching up and twisting the very lines of energy that made the man. All that he was became undone. It was not as graphic as it could be, a gasp, a step, clutching his chest. He hit the ground and did not move.

Colette blew softly along the tip of one finger, like it had been a gun. Her eyes scanning the other nineteen men. She knew, if they had been men themselves, the lot would have broken and ran. But they were just women... she mentally marked out the most dangerous.

The tall one, with the hat.

The short one, with the mustache.

The man with the bat.

The one on the left concealing the gun.

With barely any movement, she pointed them out to Cassandra as well. The other showgirls stepped back. They could fight, but why would they need to? The Coryphée, those wonderful clockwork dolls, stepped forward in their place.

Cassandra drew her sword. And as Colette knew they wouldn't, the men did not run. A mistake.

Blood followed.

The clockwork dolls had been outfitted with blades, and Cassandra *was* a blade. She held a sword, but she was death. Six of the charging men were dead before a moment had passed. Cassandra herself had removed the tall one's head. The short one with the mustache's left arm. And the one with the concealed gun, he was too busy now keeping his insides in to fire.

The dancing clockwork dolls moved with the grace that brought people to the Star Theater night after night, though Colette doubted many of them would cheer seeing this. She smirked; staying back to protect her girls if she needed to. Watching Cassandra's back, just in case, ready to twist another man into-

The one with the bat actually knew what he was doing. Really, he didn't belong with the rest of the clods. She saw one of the clockwork dolls go down, head crushed as

he came forward. She raised her hand, but he was faster. It was just a rock, but it was aimed with a dangerous precision.

The Soulstone she was keeping so carefully palmed in her off hand went flying and skidding down the alley as he continued to rush forward. The other girls were too far back. Cassandra noticed, but the distance was too great. And the dolls, well, they did what they were told, they weren't known for solid panic thinking.

And Colette was good at many, many things. But, she would be the first to admit, a straight up brawl was not one of them. The sadistic glee on his face as the bat came down, crumpling that fancy hat, was lurid. She didn't care for it much at all.

The flash was blinding as bat impacted skull.

He stopped for a moment, and then went to hit her again, and again and... he saw that what crumpled before him was just one of the clockwork dolls.

"You trust your eyes far too much I'm afraid." Said Colette's voice. She was way too far away, it was impossible. Casandra hadn't missed a beat cutting down men. Those still standing stared, amazed at what had just happened. Colette was posed, as the man with the bat could only stare.

She took her hat off and gave him a deep bow, holding it in front of her, and then she flipped it over. Three mechanical doves burst from inside. He was good, but their wings were very sharp.

Those still not cut down took that as a good moment to leave. They wouldn't get far, with a nod of her head Cassandra sent the Coryphee after them.

One of the dancing girls kicked at a still twitching corpse. "Meanie!"

"Yes..." Colette mused, putting her hat back on. "... but someone told them we would be here, and when. We're going back to the Star girls! I don't like surprises, and Ramos can come yell at me personally if he wants." Thankfully, enough of the clockwork dolls had survived the fight that none of them needed to help carry the coffin back.

Cassandra, as always, cleaned her sword. Colette's hand fell on her shoulder, and she smiled. It was, admittedly, one of those smiles she used for parties, but Cassandra got the intention, and smiled back.



Colette was furious as she sat in the basement with all the random odds and ends from the show. Boxes and saws, gears, and fireworks and the coffin. She had half a mind to open it and sell whatever was inside herself. But Ramos was not a man to tread so lightly around.

Still! Clearly, he had trusted the wrong people. If it had been one of her girls, which would never happen, things would have gone much worse. It had been one of his enemies; trying to steal his trinkets.

She stomped around the coffin. It was probably packed to the gills with Soulstones. Or the corpse of some ancient powerful evil waiting to be... she gave a frustrated groan.

The other girls were busy breaking down the stage. Cassandra had been left in charge; and so Colette was here, staring at this coffin. She'd already sent angry word to Ramos.

She shouldn't have been surprised when she found the man in the dark hat and the dark cloak standing in the basement with her. No idea how he'd gotten there. "That's a nice coffin..." His gruff voice said, his hands in his jacket pockets. She knew the difference between someone pretending to be holding something dangerous out of sight, and actually having something dangerous, just out of sight.

He was dangerous. "Oh, yes... did you want to try it out, sir?" She couldn't help it, her dark lips gave him a charming smile; her hand palming a Soulstone. She hesitated; she saw him notice. Saw his eyes look to the hand taking the Soulstone. Not her lips, or her breasts, not the way her hips swayed, or the subtle shift of her other hand.

He was very dangerous.

She wasn't sure she'd be able to-

The thunk of boots on the wooden stairs gave them both pause. "Uh! Colette doesn't like to be disturbed and-"

"Leave us." She heard the voice of Yasa, one of the newer girls, being shooed off. Who was it then? It would have to be someone of standing, means, probably from the Guild, to be able to force his way down here.

His loud boots soon brought him into view.

The Witch Hunter?!

She saw the look in the eyes of the man across from her, he was just as upset to see this as she was.

The Witch Hunter walked slow, dressed in brown, one of those showy great coats, and a very rugged hat. "Ma'am." He tipped it to her. He did not tip his hat to the other gentleman. She noticed this, she savored it. It was possibly her way out of this mess.

"My name's Donner. No need to be formal, this isn't a formal visit. I just happen to be looking into some rumors. Magic, mayhem, devilry." The Witch Hunter, Donner, apparently still hadn't even looked over at the dark dressed man who seemed ready to run, fight, or stay invisible.

Colette played it up, her eyes, her hand against her bosom, innocently drawing the eye to the curves she possessed. A half curtsy, the obvious grateful tone in her voice. The man in black rolled his eyes. "Oh, well, sir! My name's-"



"I know who you are. Everyone does. Wonderful show you have." Donner said, as he walked about the room in that same slow way; hands on his hips, his eyes falling on the different objects in the room. "How do you manage all those little tricks?"

"Well you know what they say about a magician, she-"

"Better hope her magic ain't legit?" Her blood ran cold. He knew. She was going to have to kill him, if she could. He'd never get out of the Star Theater alive. Never. They could dispose of the bod-"And what about you, gent? You just paying Colette Du Bois here a friendly call?" She had almost forgotten about the man in black. Witch Hunters tended to give her tunnel vision.

He seemed at a loss for words, but Colette minced over. "A lady would indeed have to explain why she was with a man unchaperoned." Her hand moving out to rest in a flirty way on the man in black's shoulder. "But I can hardly be called a lady." She leaned against him. He seemed quite thankful for the moment to consider his words and, of course, who wasn't thankful to have Colette leaning against them?

"That's right... sir." His guff voice said. "I'm just here, because I..."

"After the show, we got to talking, and he was just so charming." Her hand drifted across his chest. "He wanted to see backstage, and then he wanted to see where we keep all the set pieces. And oh, well... here we are. I don't even know his name!" She smiled in an empty kind of way.

"Richter..." The man in black said, an obvious alias. As he straightened up Colette slid off him in a practiced way.

"Richter, eh? You look a lot like a man I've seen a sketch or two of. Though, maybe not just like him. Maybe not... just... like him." Donner continued to walk around slowly. He didn't pull out a cigarette, but Colette couldn't shake the feeling he wanted to, just to help with the slowness of the scene.

She minced away from Richter. "Oh, he does? Who does he look like?"

Richter shifted. "Myself... not like anyone else."

"No. That's not quite true. See, you look a lot like this one fella known as Handsome Bill. Only, you're not quite as handsome. So, I'm thinking, maybe his brother." Richter tried to hide it, but she saw the shift. "A notorious spell slinger. Steals Soulstones and causes all kinds of ruckus he shouldn't..."

"Soulstones?!" Colette said with a gasp. "Is that what that was?!" She was over behind Donner now, having shifted almost unseen from one end of the room to the other. Both men looked at her, a bit perplexed.

"What, what was?" Donner asked curiously, tipping his hat up.

"Why, that strange colored gem he has on him!" Colette pointed, wide eyed. Wide, dumb, worried, horrified eyes, pointing at Richter.

Donner turned to the dark dressed man, who just looked confused. "I don't have anything like that on... me..." Richter said, standing. His hand went into his jacket, where the weight was different and, even before his sentence was finished, sure enough, he pulled out a Soulstone glowing with the faint light that let anyone know it was charged with the power of the dead.

"I'd never seen one before, so I just thought it was pretty!" Colette said, she winced internally, that was laying it on a little thick. But Donner and Richter didn't seem to notice. Both men's jackets shifted open.

Richter had a gun, slung low, simple and loose in the leather, meant to be easy to pull.

Donner had a short sword, strapped diagonally along the small of his back, set up to be pulled quickly, and to strike in the same motion.

They were close enough to one another, but yet not so close, that neither weapon had much of an advantage.

"This isn't mine."

"Don't you make a move. If you make a move, I will cut you, and watch you bleed all over this nice lady's floor."

"I said. The stone isn't mine!"

"Don't you move!"

"Won't you two just calm down!" Colette said, a very feminine flutter in her voice.

Richter didn't listen. First he moved, and then both men moved. Colette let out a scream.

The sword strike was clean. Richter's gun had never cleared leather. The hammer had gotten caught on the edge of his holster. True to Donnor's words, the man in black bled all over the floor.

Donner shook his head. "Hate to see that sort of thing... makes my job a lot easier. But now I can't ask him too many more questions. It's the downside to them being dead, after all." Colette did her best to pale and look shell-shocked.

"Y...you killed him!?" She had to fight the smile deep down.

"Comes with the territory ma'am, he was probably thinking of doing that to you. If he's anything like his brother, quite the murderous type. So... I can't imagine you want to talk much, but I did notice this coffin here, well, it doesn't quite match the rest of what you got down here. All ominous and all." He moved away from the body, and to the coffin.

She let another Soulstone drop into her hand. "...it's just a prop." Ready, she might only get one chance. He was fast.

"Is it now? Mind if I look? Don't remember any coffin in your show." He moved over to it, putting his foot against the top of the coffin.

She had to admit, she was curious as well, so she waited a

bit. “If you really want! It’s for a new show though... in... sorry, I’m flustered I don’t see men killed every day!” Not, *every*day...

“Of course, madam. You’re just so innocent and sweet. You wouldn’t have anything dangerous in here just...” He kicked open the coffin.

There was a plume of dust. She was ready to move when he saw what it was, but she wanted to see too, as...

“...sawdust?” he said with a confused scratch of the back of his head under his hat. “Not what I was expecting.”

Not what she was expecting either. “...it’s to get the weight right. Makes it feel like there’s something inside...” It was a lame lie, but he was off balance enough to take it as true.

“...huh... well I’ll be. I’m afraid this is a crime scene, ma’am. I’ll need you to go upstairs, and I’ll want to talk to the other girls and you some more, but seems like this was mostly a bad man in the wrong place...” He seemed perplexed beyond words.

She nodded and headed up the stairs.

“Awfully lucky his gun caught on his holster. Not used to gunslingers making that mistake. They normally keep them all oiled, and folded back, just in case. Constantly checking to make sure it don’t become dog eared. Awfully lucky his was...”

“Awfully lucky...” She agreed, and glanced back... her eyes narrowed as she saw him looking at the coffin confused. Someone had told him about the coffin as well. Everyone had known what was going down tonight... but it had all been a lie. A trick. The first trick being the one that made the whole thing fall into place.

Ramos.

There’d never been anything in the coffin. Classic misdirection. He’d let the rumors float freely. He’d let his enemies and his friends know about his great new shipment. He’d sat back, and just waited to see what had come out of it.

It had been masterfully done. A lovely magic trick. Get the audience to do the work for you. Always the best. Always worked so smoothly.

Always just a little piece in his games.

She continued her way up the stairs. The rest of the night went about as well as it could. More Guild members, though they were able to keep the hidden tunnel system hidden. The body was cleaned up, the girls all preformed wonderfully teary displays when they were interviewed. Cassandra had half of them in love with her before the night was done.

It would be good press, actually. Murder at the Star Theater! They’d be packed for months.

Colette thought about magic, and subterfuge, about her place, having worked so hard to end up right in the middle; under the thumb of so many dangerous people. She’d found herself feeling trapped recently, worried that at any moment any number of hells could rain upon her.

But maybe she’d been thinking about it all wrong.

With just the right trick, maybe all those hells could rain down on one another. Maybe it was time to stop being stuck in the middle. One good trick was all it would take.

Colette looked into the mirror as she removed her makeup. The real face behind the lie that no one ever saw but her. And, for the first time that entire day, she gave a very genuine smile.



A BOLD FACED LIE

DESCRIPTION

Witch Hunters have convened on your hide out. Better pawn those Soulstones off quick on some poor suckers.

SET UP

Before deploying, place four Witch Hunter Markers on the board. These Markers are **Ht** 2 and impassable. Randomly choose a player to place the first Marker and alternate until each Marker is placed. Markers may not be placed within 6" of each other or within 6" of a board edge.

DEPLOYMENT

This scenario uses standard deployment.

SPECIAL

Any non-Peon model may make a (1) Interact Action targeting an enemy model it is engaged with to place a Soulstone Decoy Marker on the enemy model's stat card. At the end of every Turn, any model with a Soulstone Decoy Marker on its stat card which is within 8" and LoS of a Witch Hunter Marker suffers 2 damage for each of its Soulstone Decoy Markers and then discards all of its Soulstone Decoy Markers. Then, players alternate moving each Witch Hunter Marker up to 6" in any direction until every Witch Hunter Marker has moved. The first player moves the first Witch Hunter Marker.

VICTORY

At the end of the Turn, before determining damage dealt by the Witch Hunter Marker, any Crew which managed to place at least three Soulstone Decoy Markers during the Turn earns 1 **VP**. Any time a model is killed by a Witch Hunter Marker, the opposing Crew earns 2 **VP**. A player may not earn more than 4 **VP** from this scenario.

Blurring The Lines

By: Jonathan Boynton

Toni Ironsides let her cards ripple onto the wooden tabletop, watching the customers of the bar curiously. The Last Coin was an almost exclusively M&SU bar, noisy, loud, and notoriously cheap. It was filled to the brim tonight as the workers got off their shifts. Torches and candles filled the air, adding to the smoke from numerous cigarettes and pipes that created a low level haze throughout the two story building. The ale was watered down and practically tasteless, but the food was decent enough. Barmaids wandered around unmolested, probably because most of them were miner's wives.

The bar also served as the usual haunt of Toni Ironsides and her friends, where it was an open secret that they held nightly card games in the back corner. They rotated through styles, and a chair was always set to the side for any newcomers that wished to join. It didn't take long for people to give up on the idea- being fleeced by the all but professional gamblers once was more than enough.

Tonight's game was fairly simple- five card draw poker. In keeping with the traditions of the group, however, there was an ongoing side game to keep things interesting. "What's the letter?" Roger, one of several young students at the table, asked. He reluctantly tossed a scrip note into a bowl that sat next to Toni.

"'B'," Toni replied, stretching her arms behind her back, working out a kink. She rested her hands on the table, her dark skin contrasting the pale wood.

"Ah. Well, in that case, I'll call. It's to you, butthead," he said, pointing to his neighbor. Roger leaned back in his chair with a smile, bright eyes winking from a clean shaven face. Like most of the others at the table, he dressed well, in expensive, yet understated fashion.

His neighbor, Professor Estella Bellinger, made a low sound in her throat. "Have we already hit the point in the evening that 'butthead' is an acceptable insult for the game? Must be later than I thought. Call, and I believe the phrase is read 'em and weep, cretins." The old woman slammed her cards down with a toothy grin. "Three queens."

"Aw damn it," Harry Smith, another student, snorted, leaning back in his chair and chomping down on his cigar. The others echoed the sentiment, tossing their cards into the middle. "Knew I shoulda dropped this round. Reminds me- used that invective already, grandma!"

"Did I?" Estella's puffy white eyebrows touched as she frowned. "Bugger, I did." She pulled a handful of notes from her winnings, tossing them into the bowl. "Alright, my deal, I'm guessing?"

"Mine, actually," Toni said, reaching for the deck. She picked it up, shuffling the cards adeptly. She dealt them out then picked up her own hand, and had to suppress the urge to stick out her tongue. *Damn cards.*

The sound of breaking glass followed by yelling made her pause. She turned to see a towering, red faced drunken miner roaring at the top of his lungs. He grabbed another man, slamming the confused fellow onto a table that promptly shattered.

"I think that's your cue, Toni," Roger said conversationally, taking a sip from his glass.

"Sounds like," she agreed, her accent clipped and rough. She stood and pulled a brass knuckle onto her right hand. "Don't leave me out while I'm busy, eh?" Grabbing an empty bottle from the table in her left hand, she turned and whipped it at the drunk's head. "Hey, dumb bastard, over here!"

"Over here? Really?" Harry muttered. "Couldn't convince him to take it outside, could you?"

Toni ignored him as the drunk charged her, glass and blood falling from his face. Toni felt the rush, like icy spikes in her muscles, as she settled her feet into a loose stance. Calmly, she slipped on her other brass knuckle before throwing up an arm to block the drunk's first punch. She grunted at the brief pain from the impact, then smiled. "Nice try," she said, then twisted to hammer an elbow into his stomach.

The taller man doubled over. She grabbed his neck and yanked down, guiding his face into her rising knee. There was a satisfying crack as his nose broke, and he screamed, stumbling back blindly. Toni stepped forward, slipping a foot behind his ankle, then tugged. The drunk cried out in surprise as he landed hard on his back.

Toni sank down to shove her knee onto his chest,

aiming a punch at his face. The man's reflexes finally kicked in and he grabbed her fist, twisting it to the side. He threw a wild blow that snuck past her block to smack straight into her face. She could taste blood and hissed, then responded with a jab to his nose. He screamed, hands jerking to his face, and she hit him again. Another handful of blows, and he finally collapsed limply to the ground.

“Idiot,” she spat wiping her mouth as she stood. “Someone drag this trash back home. Tell 'em he's lucky I did no real harm.” Reaching down, she grabbed the man's wallet from his pants and pulled out a handful of scrip.

Toni slapped a handful of the bills down on the bar. “For his stupid tax.” The bartender nodded, sliding over a pitcher of water. She walked back to her table, favoring her uninjured shin, and sat at the table, tossing the rest of the money she'd taken down in front of her. Leaning forward, she picked up her cards. “My call?”



The worst thing about any murder scene was the smell, Joyce thought. Closely followed by the slight stickiness of stepping in drying blood. After serving in the Guild for a number of years, one got used to the sight of blood and violence. But the smell permeated everything. Nights like this one, it even stuck in her mouth. She took a swig from a canteen of water another Guardsman handed her, trying to wash out the awful taste.

“This is one sick bastard,” she muttered, staring at the pile of corpses. On the top lay a man with a hole where his heart used to be. Beneath him was the rest of his family- a young wife, two children. None of them had taken a close look at those bodies yet. No one wanted to.

“Third case with this style in the past week,” her partner, Damien, said. “The usual mess too- lack of witnesses, no one heard anything, no good leads...”

“So we're starting with nothing again? Damn.”

“Not nothing, Guardswoman,” a cultured voice said. Joyce and Damien turned to see a newcomer enter the room, tucking a black hat under his arm. He wore a burgundy long coat, and the stylized ram head pin on his lapel identified him as part of the Guild. “We have his scent, and that's a place to start. At least, we'll have it soon enough.”

“I'm sorry, sir, but you are...?”

“Cyril Mullock,” he said, bowing his head. He had a dignified look to him, in spite of his old age. White had taken over his hair and mustache entirely, but his tanned skin spoke of a man who worked outdoors. “I'm with the Witch Hunters.”

“Oh!” Joyce exchanged baffled glances with Damien. “I didn't know you were going to be here, sir. I didn't think that this was a matter for Lady Sonnia...”

“For now, it isn't,” Mullock said, pacing around the pair of Guild Guards, studying the contents of the house. He spent some time examining the broken furniture scattered through the main room. “Still, fourteen murders in three locations over the course of a week, with no witnesses? That indicates magic of some kind. Most likely human, since this doesn't match most cases of Neverborn attacks.”

“What do you want us to do?”

“Don't worry, my dear. Just let my hounds take a look and we'll see if we can find a lead for you.” Mullock turned to the door, putting two fingers to his lips and whistled. “Nero, August, find our prey,” he barked. A pair of short, pitiful looking creatures dressed in rags shuffled in through the door.

Joyce shuddered as she watched the Stalkers move around the room with uncertain steps. They didn't walk like drunks, but had the slow cautious gait of a predator. One of them stopped by the pool of blood, pressing bandaged fingers into the crimson. The other moved its head around slowly, pausing every once in a while as if to sniff the air.

Damien put a hand on her shoulder. “Joyce, the rag sheet writers are outside,” he whispered. “We're gonna need to find a way to spin the appearance of a pair of Stalkers.”

“Tell them the hard truth,” Mullock said, without looking at them. He knelt by the pile of corpses, gently moving the bodies with gloved hands to see the faces. “We're here to catch a monster, and sometimes that takes monsters of our own.”



Final call was an hour gone when the Arcanist agent showed up to The Last Coin. He climbed the steps to the upper floor, looking every bit like a Union supervisor in his well-maintained if inexpensive clothes. He paused, gazing up at the ceiling in confusion as he heard a repeating smack. Shrugging, the agent continued his climb, stopping next to the door at the top of the stairs.

“Roger, throw that damn thing one more time, I dare ya!” he heard a woman shout.

“Fine, I'll stop,” a young man replied with an injured tone.

The agent knocked on the door. “What'd I just say?!” the woman yelled. There was a startled protest followed by a rapid argument he couldn’t make out through the heavy wood. Suddenly, the door was pulled open and two intense blue eyes stared at him.

“Who are you?” the old woman demanded. The agent cautiously pulled aside the collar of his shirt, revealing the tattoo that marked him as one of Viktor Ramos' personal representatives. She studied the tattoo for a few moments, then grabbed his shirt and dragged him inside with surprising strength.

“So, you my new 'handler'?” another woman asked. The agent turned to see a tough looking black woman sitting in a chair backwards, arms hanging around it. She had a surprisingly thick volume in one hand, fingers bracing the pages open. Hard brown eyes looked him over, judging. That look changed his answer.

“No, Miss Ironsides,” he said carefully. “I'm just a liaison.”

She snorted, nostrils flaring wide. “Fancy word, same thing.” Ironsides marked her page, then set the book on a small table. “Understand somethin', friend. I do bite. Will, too, if you give me reason. Best you don't do that.”

The agent nervously twisted a ring on his hand, then nodded. “Of course, Miss Ironsides.”

“Toni or Ironsides. Don't hold to that 'miss' nonsense. What's the job tonight, liaison?”

“Have you heard about the killings in Upper Downtown?” the agent asked, pulling a handful of folded papers from inside his jacket. He walked over to Ironsides, laying the sheaf on the table next to her book.

“Of course,” Ironsides said. “We read the rags, and Mouse keeps his ear to the vine. A sick animal, from the sound of it.”

“More than you know. He's our sick animal, Ironsides.” Pulling a photo from another pocket, he handed it to her. “Recognize him?”

She looked at the photo and twisted her lips. “Raethford. It's that bastard?” “That bastard indeed. He's gone feral. We lost track of him a few weeks back. He was there for a job, but never showed up for his pay afterward. When another Steamfitter made some...discrete inquiries, we found that no one knows where he is. At first, not a problem. Then the killing started.”

“The papers didn't make it sound like him. Your doing?”

“No. He's not killing like he did for the Movement. It's more violent, more gruesome. We don't know why the difference.”

“He's off the leash,” a young man muttered, taking the photo from Ironsides to look it over. He casually tossed a ball into the air, despite a glare from her. “I was on a job with him once, he kept bucking against the restraints the Movement put on him. He always was a bit of a blunt instrument when we wanted a scalpel. Bit too keen on theatrics, and arrogant as hell to boot.”

“Who's the Guild got on it?” Ironsides asked.

“Mullock,” the agent said. “You need to get to Raethford first, before he does. Last thing we need is a Steamfitter falling into the hands of the Witch Hunters.”

“I know, dammit.” She rubbed her forehead with both hands. “Estella, get Mouse here. Time to plan. Mullock's already on this, knowing him. We need to hurry.”

“Already here, Toni,” a small man said, dropping in through an open window. His eyes were bright above his thick beard. “Bad news- we've got a third set of murders. And Mullock's already there with his Stalkers. Estella, catch!”

Mouse tossed the mage a small vial filled with crimson liquid. “I found an eyewitness on the scene, once I heard who it was I snagged that. Think you can do something with it?”

“Oh, probably,” the mage said with a smile.

Toni leaned forward, eyes intent. “Alright, Mouse. What have you got?”



"They bother you," Mullock said from behind Joyce. She squeaked and blushed bright as the sun, she was sure. Joyce coughed, trying to cover her red cheeks discretely. Mullock stepped around and winked at her.

"They...yes," she managed, turning back to the Stalkers. It was strange, in a way. The creatures were unnerving, moving with an odd blend of grace and suddenness. They sniffed the air and touched everything, dragging blood all over the room. But...she almost felt something like pity for them. Their bodies were twisted, fingers gnarled, and there was a keen cunning in their eyes.

"That's fairly normal," Mullock replied. "They're sad creatures, my hounds. But necessary in the end. A penance, for past crimes, and the chance to protect those they've harmed. There are days where I wonder if such a harsh sentence is justified...and then there are days like today."

"Are they all like this?"

"Like what? The mannerisms of the hunt? No. There are quite a few Handlers, and we all have our own methods. I use the ones I've learned over the years, hunting other kinds of prey. They work well so far."

The Witch Hunter glanced at a blood splattered clock on the wall. "It's getting late, my dear. Go home, my hounds and I will be fine overnight. I'll expect you back here in the morning."



"Do we know whose blood it is?" Roger asked as he squatted on the floorboards of the house with a stick of chalk. He squinted at the diagram Estella was holding up, then began scribing a series of runes around the outer edge of the large circle. The pale white chalk covered a third of the floor so far, a meandering path of madness centered on the small vial in the middle.

"Does it matter?" Harry asked, sketching out his own runes at another part of the circle.

"Now there's a morbid question."

"Oh, will you two shut up and finish the circle already?" Estella snapped.

"Well, it could matter. What's the spell again?" Roger stood, brushing white dust off his pants.



“Viano's. Twenty third,” Estella said.

“I still think we should be doing Feeney's fifth, Viano's is so old it creaks,” Harry muttered.

“It can creak all it wants so long it works. And no, whose blood it is doesn't matter.”

“That's not what my notes from the lecture at Oxford said,” Roger said as he moved to the next part of the circle.

“Boy, I am going to beat the cheek out of you later,” Estella said. “Better yet, I'll bribe Toni to do it. Just hurry up and finish this thing, we don't exactly have a lot of time.”

Toni chuckled as she watched them, putting her book down on the table in front of her. Dawn was an hour off, but she needed to get moving now that breakfast was done. “Got your feelers out, Mouse?”

The dwarf sat across from her, engrossed in reading of his own while he chewed absently on a biscuit. He looked at her from behind his glasses. “Of course I do,” he huffed. “As if I wouldn't be keeping aware of what's going on...”

“Didn't mean nothing,” she said, holding up a hand. “Mullock still at the house?”

Mouse shuffled through his papers. “Last reports I got said so. Seems he's following his usual pattern and is spending the night there with the Stalkers.”

“Good.” She stood, pulling on a pair of gloves. “Got some trackers for me?

“Going somewhere?”

“Starting trouble,” Toni said with a grin.



Toni leaned back against the wall of the alley, watching the Guild Guards wandering in and out of the house. She anxiously tapped her foot, keeping a wary eye on the crowd that stood outside the newest murder scene. The group of people reminded her too much of the mobs her mother had warned her about as a child. The air was filled with tension, a combination of fear and anger that she knew all too well. She'd manipulated crowds like this on behalf of the Union, by guile or force, but it always made her uneasy. It always brought to mind the night when her father was lynched for nothing more than the color of his skin.

A harried looking Guardsman walked over to her, carrying a small notebook. She bit the inside of her cheek at the sight of his Guild insignia. How she hated that ram's head. So many bad memories to lay at the feet of that group. “Oi, what're you doing here?”

She swallowed her first reaction, ducking her head as if nervous. “Heard ya were looking for tips over this mess,” she said. Toni hid a grin at his annoyed expression. It was an old game, pushing her accent further into areas that made people think her uneducated.

“You know anything?”

“Was here last night, I was. Thought there might be a reward?”

The Guardsman looked disgusted as he opened his notebook and grabbed a pencil from his ear. “What'd you see?”

It was fun watching his face as she slowly teased out a description of Raethford. Toni couldn't just hand him the rogue Steamfitter. Like most people, the guard were wary of information that was a little too perfectly given. So, she pretended to be lost in thought, corrected herself, and had a good time watching the Guardsman getting more and more frustrated.

“Is that all?” he finally snapped.

“Think so,” she said cheerfully. “So, do I get anything for it?”

The Guardsman opened his mouth to reply, then said nothing. Toni frowned, turning to look behind her. She had never met the old man who stood behind her, hand resting on the head of a Witchling Stalker. But she knew who he was from Mouse's reports.

“Something amiss, Guardsman?” Mullock asked. Toni took a half step away from him, cold spikes racing up her back. With effort she kept her trembling hands from grabbing her brass knuckles hidden away in pockets.

“Just another scavenger, sir. Was about to send her on her way.”

“Did she give us something we can use?”

The Guardsman snorted contemptuously, but handed the notebook over. Mullock read over the notes slowly. Then he looked Toni over, taking in her tightly woven braids, dark skin and practical clothing, then frowned. “I know you,” he said finally. “Toni Ironsides, right?”

Toni nearly panicked. “Um. Yes.”

“I saw you fight once, Earthside. One hell of a match. Made good money off betting on you.” That took her by surprise. She had fought purely in the underground circuits to earn money. What was a Guild officer doing seeing fights like that? “Are you sure this account is correct?”

“Sure as can be,” she replied warily, ignoring her pounding heart.

Mullock smiled and tipped his hat to her. “Thank you for your assistance. Pay her, Guardsman. If your information turns out to be correct, we'll let you know, Miss Ironsides. The Guild pays a bounty for good intelligence like this if it leads to an arrest.”

“Know who that is?” Toni asked.

“A monster of a man I know all too well. Once again, my thanks. Nero, August, come!” The Witch Hunter turned away from her, walking to join a small group of the guard that stood nearby. One of the Stalkers stared at Toni with watery blue eyes before following its master.



Joyce rubbed her eyes as she walked up to Mullock. Since getting the description of the suspect, she hadn't caught more than the occasional cat nap. The Witch Hunter had used his authority to drag out a full Guard station to look for the man. He ran the whole process from a small desk in the station, with a map pinned up on the wall.

“Report, Guardswoman?”

She yawned, then handed him the latest tips. He read over it, then began placing markers on the map. Joyce walked over to a nearby table, grabbing some food while she had the time. She jumped and dropped a biscuit as Mullock slammed his hand on the desk.

“We've got him now!” the older man crowed.

“What?”

He shoved a finger at the map where a cluster of markers sat. They were concentrated around the warehouse district, a half dozen sitting on the same street. “Get a patrol together, you have fifteen minutes. We have the bastard now and I intend to catch him.”



Ironsides looked up as Harry dropped from the roof. The mage landed heavily, his grunt muffled by the mask he wore. “They're on the move, Toni, heading for the warehouses with a hurry. If we take the sewers, we should be able to beat them there.”

“No. Hold a little bit.”

He looked at her, body language surprised. “What?” The other two Oxfordian Mages exchanged glances, but said nothing.

“Let Mullock fight Raethford,” she replied. “We'll finish both off after. He hunts, we kill.”

Harry nodded slowly. “Alright. You're the boss.”



Mullock raised his hand and stopped the patrol as they stood at the door to a warehouse. Joyce drew her pistol, checking its mechanism briefly. The Witch Hunter gestured to his Witchlings, and the pair moved to flank him.

“Orders, sir?”

“Stay here, Guardswoman. Make sure no one comes in or out. If I do not come out after a half hour, send to the Guild for more Witch Hunters, and be sure to tell them I'm probably dead.” As he spoke, the man drew a sword from his cane.

“You don't want any of us in there with you?” she frowned.

“No. Raethford is too dangerous for all of you. I have the training, so I'll take care of him with my hounds.” Mullock looked at her and dipped his head. “It's been a pleasure, Joyce. Hopefully we meet again.” He whistled and entered the building, followed by the Witchling Stalkers.

Toni flipped Mouse's tracker a coin. The urchin tipped his hat and ran from the area as she turned to stare up at the warehouse. She glanced down at the vial of blood that hung from a chain on her wrist. It pointed like a compass to the building, shifting every once in a while to follow its target. “In there,” she said.

“Alright. How do we get in?” Estella asked, hands on her hips.

“There's a couple windows we could use,” Roger said. He unwound a rope and grappling hook from his waist. “Mouse has been showing me a few tricks.”

“Go,” Toni said. The young man nodded, whipping the device through a loop and throwing it through the glass. It took the group only a few minutes to scale the wall, dropping onto a stack of crates that sat inside. They looked around, carefully navigating their way to the floor. As Toni's feet touched the ground, she heard a terrifying scream of pain.

“Well, that didn't sound good,” Harry murmured.

“Thanks for stating the obvious,” Estella snapped. “What do you want us to do, Toni?”

Another scream filled the air before she could answer. Toni drew a deep breath and consulted the blood vial. “Follow me,” she said, marching in the direction it indicated. The room was dimly lit by Soulstone lanterns, some of which had burned out.

They found their prey at the far end of the building. Raethford stood at the top of a crate pile, staring up at an older man crucified against the wall by shards of ice. The blond serial killer turned as Toni and the mages approached and he smiled, blue eyes wide enough to show white.

“Well, well, Miss Toni Ironsides,” he said, bowing slightly at the waist. He shoved his hands into the pockets of his brown coat. “I'm flattered. Ramos' own personal mage killer. I must have stirred up quite the bit of trouble if you're coming after me. Tell me, how do you feel, being just the same as the likes of Mullock and the Criid woman?”

“I'm nothing like them,” she spat, looking at Mullock hung on the wall. Blood dripped from his wrists, staining the ice crimson. He stirred with a groan. She flicked her gaze back to Raethford.

“Of course you aren't. You're not at Ramos' beck and call, reinforcing his rule and control. Not responsible for dealing with that weasel faced twisty bastard's little magical problems. And he's not at all setting things up to be in charge when the whole house of cards falls to the ground. *You're* on the side of right and justice.” He shrugged and jerked a thumb at the Witch Hunter. “So, tell me, here to rescue the old bastard?”



“Just here for you.”

“Oh, how nice!” Raethford grinned. “Even more fun for today. Still, tell me something. Have you seen any sign of his Witchling Stalkers?”

Toni looked at the mages hesitantly. They all shook their heads at her. “What's that got to do with anything?”

“Anything? Well, not much. Still, it does present an interesting dilemma for you, doesn't it? After all, what could defeat a pair of Sonnia's little pets?” He clapped his hands, the sound echoing through the warehouse. A small scratching sound filled the air, building louder. Toni whirled to see a small creature stalk out of the shadows. It was crystalline, ice shaped limbs shining in the light.

It didn't take long for Toni and the mages to find themselves surrounded by the ice gamins. The small creatures hadn't looked all that intimidating in the drawings and reports she had read upon arriving in Malifaux. Facing down over a dozen of them, she was rapidly revising that opinion.

“What do you think, Ironsides?” Raethford asked, crouching down to smile at her. “The famous ice witch isn't the only one that can bind winter into form. Granted, I'll admit to cheating a little, based on what I've heard of her methods.” He held up a clear Soulstone between two fingers. “Didn't want all those deaths to go to waste, after all.”

“Can you handle these?” Toni asked, ignoring the man.

“Oh, most likely,” Estella replied. “Just don't take too long, eh? And don't lose that vial, most of our wards are tied to it!” The mage took a deep breath, held out both hands and began chanting in a clear voice. Moments later, Roger and Harry joined her, voices twining together like a choir. The air began to warm noticeably as they cast their spells.

Toni tucked the vial into a pocket, then pulled on her brass knuckles. The familiar surge of cold adrenaline filled her, and she charged at the closest of the gamin. The short creature snarled, lifting a small dagger made of ice. She dodged past the blade, striking out with a swift combination of punches. The feel of ice cracking under her blows was strange compared to the give of flesh. Her enemy exploded, filling the air with shards of ice edged like glass.

She hissed, raising an arm to cover her eyes. The ice shredded the cloth and flesh of her arm, and she could feel blood flowing freely. A quick glance told her the damage was superficial, for now. Ignoring the pain, she glared up at Raethford, who was laughing. “C'mon you bastard, fight like a real man,” she shouted.

“Oh, I much prefer fighting like a smart man,” he replied, holding up a hand. A spike of ice flew through the air, flying past as she twisted out of the way. “I'm not an idiot, after all. Why give up my advantage just because you ask?”

Toni dodged another icicle, looking around desperately. The warehouse suddenly lit up like daylight and she rolled forward away from the sudden burst of flame behind her. She could hear the three mages chanting louder, but blocked it out, focusing on her prey. Raethford's smile was finally gone, replaced by a look of utter hatred as he focused on the others.

She turned to find a crate next to her and smiled, bending down to pick it up. Grunting, she lifted it high, then threw it at Raethford. The madman saw it a moment too late, throwing his hands out in a warding gesture. He fell to the ground with a cry, landing heavily.

Within heartbeats Toni was on him, stamping her foot down at his throat. Raethford rolled away, flipping himself onto his feet with a gust of icy wind. He spat blood on the ground, then moved smoothly into a fighting stance she didn't recognize. Frost covered his hands which were held loosely open. “You're not the only one with combat training, Ironsides,” he said, eyes wild. “Let's see which one of us learned more.”

His first set of attacks was swift and brutal. For the first time in years, Toni found herself on the defensive, purely reacting to his unfamiliar style. She shook her head to clear it and could feel blood on her upper lip. She shook her right arm as he stepped back, circling her with a grin. The arm felt wrong, sluggish. Glancing at it, she cursed as she saw the layer of frost on her exposed wounds.

“C'mon, Ironsides,” he taunted. “I've heard nothing but how good you are for months. Let's see it, eh?”

She was ready this time as he charged, using her numb right arm to block his blow. Her left swung up, catching the tip of his jaw. He stumbled back, stance lost along with his balance. Toni stepped forward and slipped as she landed her foot squarely on the patch of ice he created with a desperate wave of his hand.

Toni fell wrong, and she knew it. The back of her head cracked on the ground, making her cry out in pain. Blindly she rolled to the side, trying to get to her feet before Raethford recovered. The stabbing agony in her left arm as he crushed it made it clear she failed. She grabbed his leg with her right arm and held on as he

cursed. A swift kick upwards connected with his groin, and he fell back.

She stood, adrenaline flaring, and turned to confront him. “My turn, bastard,” she bit out, stretching her left arm experimentally. Probably broken, but she could power through the pain for now. Toni sprinted forward, hitting the man hard in the face. There was no time for finesse or skill, only practical brutality was left. She hit again, holding her broken arm in tight to block with. Raethford's skill evaporated like mist as she hammered him again and again. He flailed wildly at her, trying to break her rhythm and managed a glancing blow to the side of her head.

Toni responded by grabbing his neck and twisting hard, throwing him to the ground. Immediately, her boot landed on his spine, pressing hard. “Goodbye, Raethford,” she hissed. Ironsides applied more pressure until she felt his neck pop. The madman spasmed once, then fell still.

“Toni! Time to get out of here!”

She turned, stumbling over to the mages. Roger held Harry up by the shoulders, the student limp between them. A spike of ice was rammed in his shoulder, blood slowly leaking around the injury. Estella stood by the nearby wall, staring at the unconscious Mullock. She lifted her hand, palm aimed at the Witch Hunter. “Want me to finish him off, Toni? He'll live otherwise, I'd bet.”

Toni chewed her lip, staring at the Guild ram badge on his collar. That item symbolized everything she hated, everything she was determined to bring down. Her gaze drifted to the man's face, where blood dribbled past his lips and bruises covered his face. She stared at him for a long moment.

“Let him live,” she said finally, then ran for the window entrance.



Toni sat at the bar the next night, resting her broken arm on a small cushion. The Last Coin was active as usual, even this early in the evening. An empty glass sat next to her open book, awaiting the bartender's attention. It was still some time till tonight's card game, although they would be one shy tonight. Harry's injuries were going to take time to heal, even with magic.

She heard the door open, then the room fell deathly silent. Toni arched an eyebrow, turning to the door with a wince at the stiffness in her neck. Cyril Mullock limped into the room, leaning heavily on his cane, the golden ram badge prominent on his red coat. The Guild officer looked around, staring down the Union miners. He smiled, bowing slightly. “As you were, ladies and gentlemen. I'm not here to cause trouble tonight.”

Some of the miners turned to look at Toni. She studied Mullock, then nodded slowly. After a few moments, the bar customers returned to their drinks and conversations. The Witch Hunter wandered over to the bar, fixing his gaze on her. “Miss Ironsides, just who I was looking for. Mind sharing a drink with me?”

“Yes.” His head jerked back in apparent surprise. She sighed then used her foot to push a stool out for him. “What do you want, Mullock?”

“I see that we're no longer interested in being polite.” He sat down, placing a bottle on the bar between them, then waved to the bartender for a glass. “Brandy, from home. A gift, with my thanks. Along with this.” The man took a book out of the bag he carried. “I heard that you were reading *The Republic*. Thought you would find Kant interesting.”

Toni narrowed her eyes, ignoring the items to stare at him. “Your thanks for what?”

Mullock carefully poured some of the brandy in the two glasses. He was quiet for a few moments, and Toni studied the bandages around his wrists. “You saved my life, Miss Ironsides. I'll admit to curiosity as to how you ended up there, but that holds little relevance. I was rather in and out on that wall...but I was lucid long enough to recognize your voice.”

“Hallucination,” she said, carefully sniffing the drink.

“Miss... Toni. Just for tonight could we drop the game? If only for a little while? I know it was you. I owe you a great deal. Thank you for that.”

She cautiously took a sip, then nodded. “You're welcome. Course, I'll deny it all later.”

“Of course,” he said, saluting her with his glass.

Toni closed her book, studying Mullock's worn and tired face. “Tell me, Mullock, do you play cards?”

“Cards?” He blinked in surprise. “Well, I used to play some, but I'm not very good.”

She snorted a laugh. “Not very good my ass. I hope you play better than you lie. Got a card game tonight, if you want.”

The Witch Hunter smiled. “I'd like that.”

JOINT TASK FORCE

DECRIPTION

Raethford has been on a rampage. The union has disowned him and the Witch Hunters are on his trail. Time to team up and bring him down.

SET UP

This is a *three player* scenario. Choose one player to be the Defender and two players to be the Attackers. The Defender must use Raethford as her Leader and has 50 Soulstones to hire a Crew. The Attackers have 30 Soulstones each to hire a Crew, but otherwise hire Crews as normal. Schemes which select a model/Deployment Zone must also select an opponent. The same opponent may not be selected twice.

DEPLOYMENT

The Defender deploys first, with Raethford in the center of the board. The rest of the Defender's Crew must be deployed within 6" of Raethford; this is the Defender's Deployment Zone. Then the Attackers deploy using Standard Deployment.

VICTORY

At the end of every Turn after the first, any Crew which killed at least two enemy non-Peon models gains 1 **VP**. Ice Gamin which were summoned may not count towards this victory condition.

If one of the Attacking Crews kills or sacrifices Raethford, that Crew immediately earns 1 additional **VP.**

If Raethford is still in play at the end of the game, the Defender earns 1 additional **VP**.

Players may earn up to 5 **VP** from this scenario.



RAETHFORD
Master, Living
M&SU

CACHE 5

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	5	12	6	8	2

ABILITIES

Frozen Heart: This model is immune to Horror Duels and **Paralyzed**.

Ice Shield: This model has **Armor +5**. Each time this model suffers damage, lower its **Armor** value by one.

Loner: Crews containing this model may only hire models with the **Frozen Heart** Ability or the Mercenary Characteristic.

Specificity (Joint Task Force): This model may only be hired during the Joint Task Force scenario.

RAETHFORD

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Winter's Chill (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. Models damaged by this Attack gain the **Slow** Condition.
- ***Ice in the Veins:*** After damaging a model with **Slow**, the target gains the **Paralyzed** Condition.
- ***Frozen Through:*** After damaging a model with **Paralyzed**, the target is sacrificed.

(1) December's Curse (**Ca** 6 / TN: 11 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 12): Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.
- ***Storm Surge:*** After damaging, push the target up to 5" in any direction.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(2) Flurry: This model may discard a card. If it does, this model may make 3 **MI** Attack Actions with an AP cost of 1 against a single target.

(1) My Little Pets (**Ca** 6 / TN: 16 / Rg: 6): Summon an Ice Gamin within range. This Action may only be taken once per Turn.
- ***"They're Everywhere!":*** After succeeding, this model may summon an additional Ice Gamin in base contact with the summoned model.

(0) Frost Over: Kill target friendly Ice Gamin within 6" to heal 1 damage on this model.

30mm

Falling To Fly

By: Justin Gibbs

San Francisco, 1890, seven years before the reopening of the Breach.

Sometimes it was a blood stain, or a steaming pile of innards. This time the man's bones had heated so fast that they had splintered into shards and stuck into the hard, rock walls of the dank basement. Ana was on her hands and knees pulling them out with an old pair of pliers. As grisly as this mess seemed, she was glad she didn't have to scrub anything out this time. A little change every now and then was welcome.

"Are you done yet, girl?" Mistress called from the top of the stairs. She was an intimidating woman with golden blonde hair and piercing blue eyes.

Ana gave a slight shiver at the sound of the voice. "Almost, Mistress. They're stuck in pretty good this time."

"Well, when you're done come on up. Supper is waiting for you at the table." She turned and went back into the main part of the house.

Supper? At the table even? Anna thought as she kept pulling. This was a new development. Since Mistress had claimed her from the orphanage two years ago, Ana had never eaten at the table. Hell, she had hardly eaten. Her life had been grueling work, scrubbing floors, preparing rituals, carrying loads. And the occasional kick to the ribs or blow to the face when Mistress thought she hadn't worked fast enough, of course. But the past few weeks had been different, Mistress had been *nice*. Ana was afraid of her Mistress then, but this new found good nature made her even more uneasy.

Even so, a meal was a meal and turning it down seemed even more dangerous, so Ana carefully made her way over the runes drawn on the floor and up the stairs when she was done.

Mistress was waiting for her at the table with a plate of beef and potatoes. Ana eyed it suspiciously before sitting down, but her stomach got the better of her and she was shoveling food into her mouth before she knew it.

"Still don't entirely trust me, do you girl?" Mistress asked with a smirk.

Ana eyed her over a spoonful of potatoes, "Of course I do." She replied, automatically.

"Don't lie to me, girl. No, you don't. And to be honest I haven't given you much reason to. I gave my word at the orphanage that you would be well taken care of, and it's high time I started doing it."

Ana said nothing, she just kept shoveling food into her mouth.

Her Mistress carried on, "We'll get you some proper clothes. Not those dirty rags. And start you in school. Would you like that? To go to school with all the other children?"

"Not particularly." Ana said, around a cut of beef.

"Well, it's going to happen." Mistress eyed Ana curiously. "You're still afraid of me. Haven't I been good to you, on the whole? I got you out of that stinking orphanage. What could I say to win your trust?"

Ana stopped chewing to think for a moment. If ever there had been a time to ask, it was now. Staying silent was the safe route, but Ana's curiosity always got the better of her. "Those men...and women. Well, the people, in the basement..."

"Ah," Mistress said, putting her fork down. "Have you ever heard of Malifaux, Ana?"

Of course she had, everyone had. But pretending to know less than she really did had spared her a lot of kicks in her time; both because people are less likely to kick a poor dumb orphan girl, and because Ana always tended to know a little too much. If Mistress found out Ana could read, and had been in her library... Ana cleared her head of the horrid thought and just shook her head no.

"It was a city," Mistress explained. "A city in another

world. Almost a hundred years ago now people found their way to it. And that's where all the Soulstones we have came from. You know what Soulstones are, don't you?"

This was a safe question, "They're what you're in charge of."

"Very good, yes. They're what I'm in charge of. Well, people can't go to Malifaux anymore, so we can't get any more Soulstones. That means we need to be very careful with the ones we have. They are the greatest source of magic left. And I am responsible for recharging the stockpiles that the Guild keeps here, in San Francisco. Do you know how Soulstones work, Ana?"

According to the book she had stolen from the library, nobody really knew, although there were many conflicting ideas. One school of thought theorized that the stone's crystalline structure was attuned to capture magical energies and could be used to release them at the proper time. The Oxfordian school said that Soulstones were the force behind magic captured in physical form. Others claimed it was the work of demons, although Ana giggled when she read this. Ana realized Mistress was staring at her, so she just shrugged.

"Soulstones harness magic, and they can let you do great things with it. But they get used up quickly, so they need to be...recharged. When a person dies near one, the stone is revitalized. And when the proper rituals are followed before the person dies, the transfer of energy is even more efficient. Because we can't ever get anymore Soulstones, maintaining them properly is very important."

"But the people-"

"Criminals, all of them." Mistress cut her off. "Don't worry about them. If that man I took care of last night had gotten ahold of you in a dark alley, you wouldn't feel so bad for him."

"I guess, but his teeth went like popcorn..." Ana saw the look in Mistress's eye and closed her mouth.

Mistress brushed the hair from Ana's face. The gesture was meant to be gentle, but there was a level of calculation in it that made Ana shiver. "What I do is necessary. It may seem gruesome, but those people, they deserve it. Now, if we're done, I have a mission in the Barbary Coast district tonight."

Ana nodded, so Mistress left to prepare as she always did. Ana catalogued her equipment in her head: Collier Army pistol, boot knife, three Soulstones, and the wings. Oh, the gleaming golden wings! Sometimes Ana lay awake at night terrified at the thought of Mistress swooping down out of the sky and carrying people off for her rituals. But other times, Ana imagined she was the one flying. Soaring through the sky without anyone holding her back, the wind in her hair. Freedom.



The next day Ana started school. It was a strange notion for her, being herded around with a bunch of other children. In some ways it reminded her of the orphanage, only the children were...happy. Well, for the most part, at least. Ok, they were well-fed.

The school was in one of the better parts of town and filled with the children of Guild officials. They swaggered about the place with the same sense of entitlement and ownership passed down from their parents. Ana disliked most of them immediately.

Luckily the day passed quickly and she was on her way home soon enough. Mistress lived in a mansion on one of the larger hills, overlooking the bay. Ana was still hesitant to call the place *her* home, but it was where she slept for now.

That night Mistress continued her pleasant attitude towards Ana, and as Ana drifted off to sleep that night, she almost began to hope that this was the way things would be from now on.

A crash awoke Ana with a start.

She briefly wondered if she had really heard it, or if it had been part of a dream. But then she heard thumping and a muffled scream, there was definitely a commotion going on downstairs.

She crept quietly from her small room in the attic, not sure what she was going to find. More thumping, more crashing. There was a terrifying shriek and a blinding flash. It seemed like it came from Mistress's room.

Ana made her way there quickly and peaked through

the half open door. The air smelled of thick, acrid smoke and there was a pile of ash on the ground. There were two men in the room. They didn't look like the well-groomed Guild officials who usually came to visit Mistress. These men were large and rough; unshaven and wearing thick leathers. They had Mistress's arms pinned down and the first man had his hand clamped over her mouth. Her face was battered and bloody, and her room was in shambles.

"Burned to a crisp! That's no way for a man to die." The first one was saying.

"Fire magic." The second man snorted. "They say that's her forte. Lady Executioner, the Guild's personal hound. Well, not so easy to do without any Soulstones is it?" He jeered, tossing a stone up and down in his hand.

The first man drew a knife from his hip. "I don't care what our orders are, after what she done to Carter, she's getting it."

The second man grabbed his arm. "No. The movement needs her alive, she has information. Don't worry, she'll get hers soon enough."

Ana hesitated for a moment. This was her chance, she could make her escape and be away from these brutal men and her cruel Mistress alike. But where would she go? And Mistress had been kind to her recently, in her own way. That seemed like no way to repay her. Ana shrugged her shoulders and then launched herself into the room.

She barreled into the first man, striking him hard in the groin and he doubled over in pain. The second man reacted more quickly than she anticipated and wrapped his arms around her, lifting her into the air.

"Well, well." He chuckled. "What do we have here. A little lost-"

His words were cut off as Ana's forehead slammed into his nose, spraying her night gown with blood. Nobody expects a scrawny little orphan girl to headbutt them full on in the nose. Or to bite off one of their ears. Or to jam her thumb into their eye until it's not so much an eye anymore as it is an intensely painful hole in their face filled with goo. Ana had always fancied herself a bit of a scrapper.

The man dropped Ana and she scrambled over to the Soulstone and tossed it to her Mistress. Within an instant there was a blinding flash and the men were on their knees, held fast by ropes of searing flame. They twisted and turned and screamed, but it did them no good.

"Prepare the ritual. There are a few empties I needed to take care of anyway." Mistress said, turning on her heel as if the men weren't even there.

Ana spent the next hour helping Mistress draw the intricate lines on the floor of the basement. Ana always did this silently and from sheer memorization, but she thought that since she had saved Mistress's life, she could hazard a few questions. "How do these work, anyway?"

Mistress cocked an eyebrow at Ana, then gave a shrug. "All of these lines direct power. Focus it. At the moment of death, if a Soulstone is close enough, it will absorb the person's energy no matter what. But if the power is directed properly, there is less waste."

Ana nodded. "Like running water through a pipe instead of just splashing it around everywhere."

Mistress smiled. "Exactly. You see these lines here?" She pointed to two triangles overlapping each other within a circle. Ana nodded. "They harness the power. These here," she pointed to two seven pointed stars drawn on top of each other. "They focus the power and increase its force. And these lines," she pointed, "Tell the power where to go."

The two men were still held tight by the flaming ropes, although Ana had knocked them unconscious when they kept complaining about their imminent deaths.

Ana took careful note of all the runes. The men were right atop the runes that harnessed power. That made sense to her; it would leave them and be directed to the stones. For the first time she looked at the familiar patterns on the floor and began to read them. The men's souls, or essence...or whatever powered Soulstones would be harnessed by the runes beneath them at the moment of death, channeled along the basement floor, increased in force by other runes, and then finally make its way into Mistress's Soulstones.

One of them woke up enough to get a handle of his situation. "Girl," He sputtered, blood dribbling from his mouth. "You don't know what you're doing. You don't

know who *she* is." Ana glanced up, Mistress was across the room, concentrating on making her runes properly.

Ana shrugged. "She's my Mistress."

"No, she's...she's a monster. She works for the Guild. They think they have conquered the world and they use the likes of her to enforce it. We may have lost the Powder Wars, but...but..."

"Having a nice little chat with my pupil, are you?" Mistress was looking up from her work and dusting off her hands. "No matter, we're about done here anyway." She turned to Ana, "Girl, stand back."

Ana knew what was coming next and flattened herself against the back wall.

Mistress drew her Collier and shot the man in the head without further comment. As the contents of his head splattered against the concrete his body began to glow with a vibrant green light. Ana could feel the heat on her face as the body began to cook with the effects of the magic. The green light flowed along the runes, growing brighter at points, before finally settling into a pair of Soulstones carefully placed atop another set of runes.

After the man's friend had suffered the same fate, Mistress left Ana to clean up the mess.



The next day Ana ate breakfast at the table with Mistress. She couldn't stop thinking about what had happened the night before, but Mistress seemed unaffected. "What were those men after, anyway? Were they here to steal your Soulstones?"

Mistress cocked an eyebrow as she tended to when Ana's curiosity surprised her. "Perhaps, but likely not. I only ever have a handful in my possession. I only keep enough to recharge and then pass on to a more secure location. More likely they were here for me."

"Why? Is it about those things they called you? Lady Executioner? About the Guild?"

"Yes, most likely." Mistress nodded. "I've done things that a lot of people are...less than happy with. You know about the Powder Wars."

Ana nodded.

"Well, I fought in them. Most all of the powerful practitioners did, I think. And in war, well, in war people do things that other people who weren't there like to judge them for later. I earned many names in those times. Burning Angel as I flew over the fields of Gettysburg. Lady Execution as a rained death at Antietam." She shrugged. "Just names. The point is, Ana, I killed people. A lot of people. And I still do it." She looked Ana directly in the eye.

"And you did all that for the Guild?" Ana asked. "Helping them conquer the world?"

Mistress smirked. "No, I did it for myself. The Guild were simply the ones paying me, and they still are. One day that may change." Mistress was silent for a moment. "Conquered?" She snorted. "The world can't be conquered, but it can be bought."



The next few days passed almost pleasantly. Aside from the nightly work of recharging Soulstones, Ana was beginning to enjoy living with her Mistress. Maybe she finally had a home. Someone who cared about her. A life.

Ana kept attending school, although she didn't like it. The other children were crude and arrogant. And the teachers droned on about things Ana already knew, learned during those quiet nights when she stole herself away in the library. She began sneaking out of classes and exploring the city. She went down to the wharfs and watched the fishermen bring in their catches. She prowled the alleys and side streets, learning the city like the back of her hand. Sometimes she wished she could just disappear into the foggy streets. She was afraid of going home at these times; she didn't want to let Mistress know she was skipping out of school.

Even so, she grew bored with the city eventually, and one day she decided to try sneaking back into the house. There was a book she had hidden away in her room and she wanted to finish it.

As she crept past Mistress's room she heard voices. She moved faster, hoping to make it up to the attic before she was noticed.

"Does the girl suspect anything?" A man's voice asked.

A chill went down Ana's spine. They couldn't be talking about her, could they?

"That stupid little runt? Doubtful. But being kind to her is getting tedious." It was Mistress's voice.

Ana made sure she was out of sight behind a corner and kept listening.

"Well, not much longer and then we can complete the experiment." The man's voice said.



"I still tell you it won't work." Mistress replied. "I've probably charged more Soulstones than anyone else on the planet, and the person doesn't make a difference. Innocent, guilty, young, old, man, woman. Everyone is the same once they're powering a spell."

"Well, the fellows out of Oxford have a different idea. They think the nature of a person makes a difference. It's all about potential energy. The life of a child would have more potential energy than that of an adult, and result in a more powerful stone. But the child must have some actual hope about their future."

Mistress snorted. "Utter nonsense."

"Well, perhaps. Perhaps not. Regardless, there hasn't been a new Soulstone seen in this world for nearly a hundred years. You know how hard pressed we are, and the higher ups are willing to try anything. If we can prove it wrong we can at least move on to something more productive."

"It doesn't matter much to me." Mistress replied. "I just hate wasting my time. Either way, at least I'll have the little runt out of my hair."

"You won't have any trouble dispatching a girl you've lived with for two years?"

Mistress let out a sharp laugh. "I don't even remember her name, I've been calling her 'girl' for so long."

"How much longer?"

"Oh, another week, I think." Mistress replied. "She hasn't quite gotten her back down yet. But soon enough."

"Very good." The man said. "Now, about payment..."

Ana had heard enough. She tiptoed out of the house as quietly as she could and snuck back into school. The rest of the day went by like a blur. She felt numb. She had worried this whole time that Mistress's new attitude had been some sort of trick, but this, this was beyond her worst fears. Should she run? She could run. After school, just don't go home. She could make her way down to the docks and sneak onto a ship. But Mistress's words kept ringing in her ears, "I don't even remember her name..." No, Ana was going back. She had always fancied herself a bit of a scrapper.



At dinner Ana tried to act her usual self, asking questions about anything that popped into her head. But she kept staring at Mistress with empty eyes. She knew she should be afraid. She knew she should be angry. But the anger had burned like a fire inside of her until there was nothing else left. She was just an empty shell; a host to a cold, calculating rage.

That night she helped Mistress prepare the ritual as usual. At least, almost as usual. *These lines, they direct power*, she thought to herself. *And these lines amplify it…*

There were two men tied up in the basement, thrashing around. Ana wondered briefly, as she often did, who they were and what they had done to be caught here. Had Mistress simply plucked them off the street? Were they criminals? Did they defy the Guild? Most nights she wondered these things out of a strange mixture of guilt and curiosity, but tonight...

When the runes were drawn, Mistress picked one of them and drew her Collier with her usual casual pragmatism. Ana braced herself against the wall, curling into a ball and covering her face with her hands.

The shot rang out and as the man died, the strange light surrounded his body and flowed along the runes. The flash was blinding and the force of the explosion hit Ana like a boot in the head. She hadn't expected that, she didn't account for that amount of force being unleashed in the enclosed basement with nowhere else to go but into their bodies.

Ana staggered from where she had curled herself into a ball. Blood was seeping out of her nose and eyes and there was an intense ringing in her ears. The basement spun as she tried to walk. Looking around, she realized she was the best off.

Mistress was lying on the ground in a pool of blood, a low moan escaped her lips as she tried to turn herself over. The right arm of the second bound man had been blown completely off and he didn't seem to be conscious.

Ana made her way carefully over the three runes that amplified power with lines pointing out in all directions. Perhaps three had been a bit excessive.

She picked up a piece of rock which had been dislodged from the wall and stood over her Mistress.

"Well, girl." Mistress said with a smile, blood filling in between her teeth. "It seems you have learned a thing or two from me."

"My name," Ana hissed, "is Ana-" she brought the rock down on Mistress's face with a sickening crack, "-salea," the rock came down again, blood spraying into the air, "Kaeris!" One more blow and there was nothing left of Mistress's face except a gory puddle.

Ana let out a deep breath. The cold rage that had flowed through her left, and she dropped the bloody rock onto the floor.

And then she was alone with the bound man. She looked down at his crumpled form and he let out a low groan, letting her know that he was still alive. She hesitated, she had hoped it wouldn't come to this. Mistress had always told her these people were criminals, thieves, murderers. She didn't want to end up at the mercy of one. On the other hand, Mistress had never been much for the truth.

Ana shrugged as she made up her mind and untied the man. He coughed as he began to regain consciousness and Ana helped him sit up.

"Thank you." The man said. "What happened?"

"I botched the ritual a little bit." Ana smirked. "It seems my Mistress died in the blast. Very clumsy of me."

The man blinked in surprise. "Yes, indeed."

"Well, we should both be out of here before the Guild check in." Ana said. "Strange noises and explosions aren't too uncommon for this house, but I know an official will be by in the morning."

"Agreed. Help me up." The man offered his remaining hand and Ana helped him. "I owe you a debt. Perhaps one day I will be able to repay it."

"Don't worry about it." Ana replied, "For now let's try to both stay alive."

Ana knew where the bandages were and did her best to stem the bleeding so the man, whoever he was, wouldn't die. She had seen enough people die already. Then she went through and quickly tried to throw anything of value into a small travel sack. Soulstones, scrip, coins, medicine were all coming with her.

Mistress had quite an array of weaponry. Ana took a pistol and a knife just in case. She briefly considered the flamethrower, but left it as impractical. She went through drawers and cabinets as quickly as she could. But as she opened a hidden panel she had seen Mistress use, a gleaming caught her eye. There was a brilliant, golden pair of metal wings.





DISRUPT THE RITUAL

DESCRIPTION

A deadly ritual is taking place, and you must draw the proper runes to keep it from happening…

DEPLOYMENT

Flip for random deployment as usual.

SPECIAL

At the start of every Turn, each player secretly writes down any combination of four suits. (For example: or , etc).

Every time a Scheme Marker is placed, the player who placed it secretly writes down one of the four suits on a scrap of paper and places it beneath the Marker.

VICTORY

At the end of every Turn after the first, the First Player may choose to check for **VP**. To do this, she reveals the suits underneath four Scheme Markers, if the four revealed suits match the combination she secretly wrote down at the start of the Turn, she earns 1 VP. Then the second player does the same thing.

The Scheme Markers revealed in this way remain in play. Suits which are revealed in this manner remain beneath the Scheme Marker and may be used again. If the Marker is discarded for any reason, the suit is discarded as well.

Ironsides

The daughter of escaped slaves, Toni Ironsides has risen far from her origins. After the Guild's execution of her mother, Toni saw the organization clearly for the first time. The Guild's decision to uphold the horrific local laws of its member countries in the name of stability led to her commitment to the Guild's destruction. For a time, Toni turned to underground fighting as a way to vent her anger. Eventually, she became part of Earthside resistance groups, which drew the attention of Viktor Ramos and resulted in her recruitment into the Arcanists. Because of Toni's love of learning, she found herself drawn to the company of the Oxfordian Mages on her arrival Breachside.

In Malifaux, Ironsides has two distinct roles for the Movement. She is a leader in the M&SU, acting as an enforcer on behalf of the Union as Ramos directs. When the Union is threatened, it is Ironsides who stirs the blood of the common man, calling them together against their enemies. The second purpose comes from her relationship with the Mages. As Ramos saw that partnership grow, he began to use Ironsides as a way to keep the Arcanists in check. When a Steamfitter goes rogue, Ironsides and the Mages track them down to eliminate them. She is not above deception, sometimes using Guild resources in clever traps to accomplish her task and harm her foes simultaneously.

For Toni, both tasks are acceptable. While Viktor Ramos is the Voice of the Arcanists, Toni Ironsides is its Fist. So long as the Guild is brought down, she will do whatever is necessary. What Ramos builds afterward matters little to her.





IRONSIDES
Master, Living
M&SU

CACHE 5

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	14	5	8	2

ABILITIES

Quell The Riot: At the start of this model's Activation it gains the following Condition until the end of the game for each enemy model within ❶2: "**Adrenaline +1:** At the end of the Turn, this model heals exactly 1 damage and then lowers this Condition's value by 1."

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

Df (📖) Good Shot, My Turn: After this model suffers damage from an enemy **MI** Action, the Attacker suffers an uncheatable 2/3/4 damage flip and this model gains the **Adrenaline +1** Condition until the end of the game.

Hand-Picked Men: Other friendly M&SU models within ❶6 of this model gain 🃏 to Attack and damage flips they make if they have fewer Wounds than their **Wd** stat.

IRONSIDES

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Brass Knuckles (**MI** 7 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. This Action gains 🃏 to the Attack flip during disengaging strikes.

Warm Up: After damaging an enemy, this model gains this Condition until end of the game: "**Adrenaline +1:** At the end of the Turn, this model heals exactly 1 damage and then lowers this Condition's value by 1."

Follow Through: After damaging, this model may lower its **Adrenaline** Condition by 2 to push up to 2" and then take a (2) **MI** Action.

(2) Uppercut (**MI** 4 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 4/5/7 damage and gains the **Slow** Condition. Increase this model's **MI** for this Attack by its **Adrenaline** Condition Value, up to a maximum of **MI** 8.

Who Wants Some?: After damaging, this model may lower its **Adrenaline** Condition by 2 to push up to 2" and then take a (1) **MI** Action.

(1) You Lookin' At Me? (**Ca** 7📖 / TN: 13📖 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 12): Target model is pushed its **Cg** towards this model. Then, if able, the target must make a (1) **MI** Attack against this model which receives 🃏🃏 to the damage flip and may not declare Triggers.

Next!: After succeeding take this Action again, it cannot declare Triggers.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Rush 'Em: This model may lower its **Adrenaline** Condition by 1 to be placed in base contact with target enemy model within 6".

30mm

Colette Du Bois

Colette Du Bois is the owner of the Star Theater and a master illusionist. She started as a lowly pickpocket, relying on grace and charm to make her way through the underbelly of the world. In Malifaux, she has risen to heights she never could have dreamed. She owns one of the most famous establishments this side of the Breach, has become rich beyond imagining, and has a troupe of girls she takes care of that she loves. However, Colette is well aware that her new dreams hide within them a cruel nightmare.

Night after night, Colette performs in front of crowds that contain the poor and the rich, including senior members of the Guild. Every performance she dances a razor's edge, astounding the audience with true magic disguised as mere sleight of hand. All it would take is one suspicious officer and her world would come crashing down.

With her fortune tied to the Arcanists and smuggling for them, her girls are constantly under threat of detection, or worse. The hidden paths back to Earth have become more dangerous as the sewers become filled with new terrors. No matter the danger, the Arcanists demand more from the girls of the Star Theater.

Despite this, Colette is thriving and managing to keep ahead of her enemies. It's stressful to keep the world paying attention to the wrong hand, but the magician in her loves the trick. So long as she can continue dazzling everyone, she can keep the freedoms she's earned for herself and her girls. It's a dangerous game that she plays, but she'd have it no other way.



Colette Du Bois
Master, Living
Showgirl

Cache 2

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6📖	6	8	4	-	2

Abilities

Df/Wp (📖) Death Defying: When this model is reduced to 0 Wounds, it may be placed in base contact with target friendly model with a cost of 5 or more within 8". Sacrifice the target and then heal an amount of damage equal to the target's remaining Wounds plus one.

Rehearsed: Friendly Minion and Showgirl models within ❶8 may take (1) Interact Actions as (0) Actions.

Df/Wp (🐏) Now You See Me...: After suffering damage, discard target Scheme Marker within 1" to reduce the damage to 0, then place this model anywhere within 6".

Artificial Soulstone: Once per Turn, after this model spends a Soulstone to add a suit to a duel total, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.

Colette Du Bois

Attack Actions

(0) The Saber Trick (**Ca** 7📖 / Rst: **Df** or **Wp** / Rg: 4): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. When this Action is declared, this model chooses if the resist is **Df** or **Wp**.

(1) Hooked Cane (**Ml** 5📖 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫽ 2): Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. Increase the final duel total of the Attack flip by 1 for each friendly Scheme Marker within ❶5, to a maximum of +3.

🐏 ***Props***: After damaging an enemy, place a Scheme Marker within 1" of this model.

📖 ***Costumes***: After damaging, this model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Costumes:** Friendly models within ❶3 may not be targeted with the Charge Action."

Tactical Actions

(1) Prompt (**Ca** 7📖 / TN: 13📖 / Rg: 10): Push target other friendly model up to 3" in any direction, then the target may perform a (1) Action.

🪶 ***Final Act:*** Once per Turn after succeeding during this model's Activation, the target gains **Reactivate**. Sacrifice the target at the end of the Turn.

(1) Disappearing Act (**Ca** 7📖 / TN: 12📖 / Rg: 3): Place target friendly Minion or Showgirl into base contact with a friendly Scheme Marker within 14" and LoS, then discard that Scheme Marker. Models placed in this way may not take Interact Actions for the rest of the Turn.

30mm

Kaeris

Anasalea Kaeris is a study in contrasts. Earthside, she was a business troubleshooter, a lone wolf for hire by any number of organizations. She was controlled and studied in her dealings, known for her patience and neutrality. Coming to Malifaux, she has embraced a different road. In Malifaux, she is solely devoted to Viktor Ramos and the Arcanists, having finally picked a side. She has also sought after a new kind of power- that of magic.

When Kaeris first passed through the Breach, she became fascinated with the ease at which people used magic. Unlike the tight restrictions and limited power from Earth, Malifaux was nearly unlimited in its potential. As a condition to working for Ramos she chose him as her sole teacher in arcane knowledge. He agreed, but it was quickly apparent that no matter how she studied, she lacked the raw power needed to control her abilities. Ramos designed a Soulstone harness as a solution to this, but still she struggled.

While practicing in the forges one day, Kaeris made a breakthrough. While all magic in Malifaux draws from the aether, there are many methods to using it. Ramos' power is one that is structured and ordered like the constructs he works on. Her power, however, was not something to control. One does not seek to stop and order a wildfire, after all, but redirect the flames by embracing their existence. She let go of any attempt to control and let the aether flow through her as a river. Fire burst from her hands with little effort as she finally understood the paradox.

Control is an illusion.



KAERIS
Master, Living
M&SU

CACHE 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	6	12	6	6	2

ABILITIES

Flight: This model is immune to falling damage and may ignore any terrain or models while moving.

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Df/Wp (🕮) Smoldering Heart: After this model succeeds, the Attacking model gains the **Burning +1** Condition.

KAERIS

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Flaming Halo (**Ca** 7🕮 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐12 or ⫻ 2): Target gains the **Burning +1** Condition. This Attack ignores cover.

🕮🕮 ***Turn it Up***: After succeeding, take this Action again. This Trigger may only be declared once per Turn.

🕮 ***Stoke the Flames***: After succeeding, the target gains an additional **Burning +1** Condition for each 🕮 in the final duel total.

🕮 ***Engulf:*** After applying **Burning**, the target suffers damage equal to its **Burning** Condition value and then removes the **Burning** Condition.

(1) Immolate (**Ca** 7🕮 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: ⌐10 or ⫻ 2): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. This Action's Attack and damage flip gain a 🃏 if the target has the **Burning** Condition.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Accelerant (**Ca** 7🕮 / TN: 14🕮 / Rg: (↑)10): All models in range and LoS with the **Burning** Condition suffer 2 damage. Models damaged in this way may gain the **Paralyzed** Condition to reduce the damage they suffer to 0. This Action may only be taken once per Turn.

(0) Truth In Flame: Models in (↑)3 remove the **Burning** Condition. Draw a card for each model which had the **Burning** Condition removed in this way, to a maximum of 3 cards.

(0) Flare: Models in (↑)3 must pass a TN 15 **Df** duel or gain **Burning +1.**

30mm

Mouse

The dwarf known as Mouse is a shrewd and cunning fellow. While he does not serve the Arcanist Movement as a leader or a fighter, his purpose is undeniably important. Mouse is a spymaster, organizing one of the largest and most subtle rings in all of Malifaux. By operating through a series of cut-off agents, he has managed to keep under the Guild's notice for years. When Toni Ironsides began taking on the role of hunting rogue Steamfitters, Viktor assigned Mouse to her company. The two struck a friendship born out of shared discrimination, her for race, and him for size.

Mouse is unusual for a spymaster in that he continues to operate in the field. Reading reports is all well and good, but there's nothing quite like firsthand experience. While this comes with many risks, Mouse often relies on his small stature to move about invisibly through the city. He prefers to avoid direct confrontation, helping allies to deal with foes rather than fighting himself.



MOUSE — COST 4

Peon, Living, Totem (Ironsides)
M&SU

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	5	4	6	1

ABILITIES

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

Accomplice: After this model ends its Activation a friendly model within 6" may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Rope Lash (**Sh** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 8): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.
Drag: After damaging, target is pushed 8" towards this model.

(1) "You Ain't Leavin'" (**Ca** 5 / TN: 12 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 4): Target model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Arrest:** This model must discard a card to take a Walk or Charge Action."

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) The Good Stuff (**Ca** 5 / TN: 10 / Rg: 6): Target heals 1/2/3 damage.

MOUSE

30mm

Mechanical Dove

Colette's Mechanical Doves are one of many draws to the Star Theater. The intricate nature of their construction is a testimony to how expensive they are, for they perfectly mimic their living cousins. Made from platinum, brass and precious stones, they are almost as beautiful and eye catching as their mistress. During Colette's show, the Doves sit on stage as silent observers, quietly watching the audience and the show. At the climax, they spiral into the air, circling the audience to gasps of delight and awe.

While built for the stage, the Doves are like every construct at the Star in that they serve more than just their obvious purpose. At the heart of every Dove is a Soulstone, providing life to the clockwork creatures. Every showgirl is taught the method to access the heart of the Dove, able to use the magical power with a small amount of training. Each time they do this, the Soulstone is drained and must be replaced, but Colette rarely complains seriously about the need.



MECHANICAL DOVE — COST 2

Peon, Construct, Totem (Colette), Rare 3

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	4	3	10	-	1

ABILITIES

Flight: This model is immune to falling damage and may ignore any terrain or models while moving.

All Part of the Show: Friendly Showgirls may treat this model as if it were a friendly Scheme Marker for the purposes of Actions and Abilities. If the Scheme Marker would be discarded, sacrifice this model.

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

From the Hat: This Crew may hire up to three Mechanical Doves.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Detonate Soulstone: All models in (↕)2 must pass a TN 14 **Df** duel or suffer 2 damage. Then, sacrifice this model.

(0) Soulstone Powered: Target friendly model within 3" gains one of the Conditions listed below until the end of the Turn and may Activate immediately after this model's Activation as a Chain Activation. Sacrifice this model.

Soulstone Boost: This model gains + to **Ca** duels.
Soulstone Shield: This model gains + to **Df** duels.
Soulstone Smite: This model gains + to damage flips it makes.

MECHANICAL DOVE

30mm

Eternal Flame

As Kaeris's power has grown, she has found new ways to test herself. After her breakthrough, it did not take long for her to attempt summoning Fire Gamin, a task at which she is uniquely adept. From there, she decided to try something new. Under Ramos' direction, she designed and built a small construct, but left out the parts that would govern the mind and power source. Into this construct, she summoned a Fire Gamin, constraining the perpetually burning spirit within a new shell.

Like its cousins, the Eternal Flame is a holy terror to be around. It answers only to Kaeris and then only reluctantly. This is perfectly fine with its mistress, who sees the spiteful construct as an extension of the paradox that is magic. The two have developed an odd relationship but it is quite clear that the Flame views its mistress as a fascinating playmate, if a little bossy. In battle, the Eternal Flame manipulates Kaeris' power to push things more out of control until she needs to rein it in.



Eternal Flame

Peon, Construct, Totem (Kaeris)
M&SU

Cost 2

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	3	3	6	-	1

Abilities

Armor +3: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +3, to a minimum of 1.

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

Combustible Mixture: Models in ❶6 lose all immunity to the **Burning** Condition.

Attack Actions

(1) Flaming Detonation (**Ca** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 10): Target model with the **Burning** Condition immediately resolves the **Burning** Condition as if it were the end of the Turn.

Tactical Actions

(1) Weld Together: Discard a card to heal 1/2/3 damage on target Leader or Construct within 6". This Action may only be taken once per Turn.

(0) Follow the Flame: Target a Pyre Marker within 10". Place the target Pyre Marker anywhere up to 6" from its current location, not in terrain, and not touching a model or Marker.

Eternal Flame

40mm

Cassandra

Once Colette's greatest rival, Cassandra has become her closest confidant. She is known by several titles- the Magician's Apprentice, Malifaux's Great Beauty, and the Queen of Hearts amongst them. More than any other woman at the Star, Cassandra draws crowds. She relies on a combination of stunning beauty and shrewd marketing with her shows, spreading discrete rumors about her risque acts. Because of this, she is among Malifaux's greatest celebrities, perhaps even outshining Colette.

Despite this, Cassandra is no mere showgirl. She refuses to discuss her past, dropping her charming demeanor if people push the issue too hard. She is a proficient sword fighter, a talent that she incorporates often in her shows. Combined with a fearless confidence, she is one of the most dangerous women in Malifaux, regularly leading the women of the Star in their smuggling runs for the Arcanists. She does this for the sake of her fellow showgirls, but most of all for Colette's sake. Colette may be protective of her girls, but Cassandra is the one to protect Colette.



Cassandra

Henchman, Living, Rare 1
SHOWGIRL

Cost 8
Cache 5

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	8	5	8	2

Abilities

Stage Presence: This model may push up to 6" in any direction during the Upkeep Step of the first Turn.

Nimble: This model generates 1 additional AP which may only be used to take Walk Actions.

Attack Actions

(1) Dancer's Saber (**Ml** 6🖃 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.
🖃🗡 ***Magician's Prop:*** After damaging, this model takes the (1) **Understudy** Action.
🖃 ***Swirl of Motion:*** After damaging, push this model up to 4".

(1) Breath of Fire (**Ca** 5🖃 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐8): Target suffers 2/3🟊/5🟊🟊.
🖃 ***Swirl of Motion:*** After damaging, push this model up to 4".

Tactical Actions

(1) Understudy: Take a (1) **Ca** Action belonging to target friendly non-Leader model within 8". This Action may target friendly Leader models if they have the Showgirl Characteristic. This Action may only be used once per Turn.

(0) Southern Hospitality: This model may discard a card to gain the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Southern Charm:** Attack flips targeting this model receive ⍈."

Cassandra

30mm

Snow Storm

At the time of the Event, the Tyrant December made a desperate gamble to take control of His Vessel, Rasputina. This attempt failed when she redirected His power to one of the Silent Ones, a woman named Snow. The Tyrant's power manifested in the form of a massive wendigo bound to Snow, which later was named Storm.

At first, the relationship between the two was fractured and hostile. Neither the wendigo nor the Silent One wanted this symbiotic relationship, but Fate is rarely inclined to offer a true choice. As time has moved on, they have developed a respect for each other, moving from animosity to the kinship of pack siblings.

They no longer interact much with the Cult, preferring their own company. While they answer to Rasputina, it is a strained relationship compared to the rest of the Silent Ones. Storm's nature has driven Snow more towards independence, and she is more willful as a result. For now, the two are joined with the Cult's cause.

The Captain

There are many rumors surrounding the identity of the man known only as Captain. Some say that he was once a Guild explorer, in charge of a mysterious airship in Malifaux. Others claim that he was a part of the Powder Wars, serving as the commander of a line ship. Still others insist that the Captain was a member of the elite Breach Expeditionary forces, now retired. A dozen more stories float around, and the Captain has yet to settle on one in particular. He enjoys sharing the stories of his adventures with anyone willing to sit down for a drink with him, and is so convincing that none doubt the story they've heard.

The Captain is a loud and energetic man with an unusual knack for controlling the wind. The currents of the air are as much an extension of his will as his hammer is an extension of his body. Even over the roar of his hurricane force gales, opponents can hear the Captain's raucous laughter during battle.



Snow Storm

Henchman, Rare 1

SPIRIT

Cost 11 | Cache 2

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	10	6	7	3

Abilities

Frozen Heart: This model is immune to Horror Duels and **Paralyzed**.

Explosive Demise 4: All models within (↑)2 suffer 4 damage when this model is killed (not sacrificed).

Bullet Proof +3: Reduce all damage suffered by this model from **Sh** Actions by +3, to a minimum of 1.

Middle of the Storm: Other friendly models gain the following Condition while they remain within (↑)2: "**Bullet Proof +1:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model from **Sh** Actions by +1, to a minimum of 1."



The Captain

Henchman, Living, Rare 1

M&SU

Cost 10 | Cache 3

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	9	5	8	2

Abilities

Middle of the Storm: Other friendly models gain the following Condition while they remain within (↑)2: "**Bullet Proof +1:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model from **Sh** Actions by +1, to a minimum of 1."

Agile: This model is immune to disengaging strikes.

Df (↑) Vapor Trail: After suffering damage, push this model up to 5" in any direction.

Snow Storm

Attack Actions

(1) Icy Talon (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 3): Target suffers 3/4/6 damage.
- ***Grip of Winter***: When damaging, the damage flip receives .
- ***Gorge:*** After killing target, this model heals 5 damage.

(1) Ice Tornado (**Ca** 5 / TN: 12 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 8): Target suffers 2/3/3 damage. Models with **Frozen Heart** which would suffer any damage from this Action reduce the damage to 0 and are pushed up to 3" in any direction.
- ***Overpower:*** After damaging, immediately take this Action again against the same target. This Action may not declare Triggers.
- ***Foul Weather:*** After damaging, push all models within (↑)2 of the target 2" away from the target.

Tactical Actions

(0) December's Command: Target other friendly model with **Frozen Heart** within 8" is placed into base contact with this model.

50mm

The Captain

Attack Actions

(1) Relic Hammer (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 3): Target suffers 3/4/6 damage. If the target is a Construct or Tyrant the damage flip gains .
- ***Knock Back***: After damaging, push the target model 3" away from this model.
- ***Spread the Embers***: After succeeding, the target gains the **Burning +2** Condition.

(1) Airburst (**Ca** 6 / TN: 12 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 10): Push target model up to 5" in any direction. This Action may not target the same model more than once per Turn.
- ***Spread the Embers***: After succeeding, the target gains the **Burning +2** Condition.

Tactical Actions

(1) Wind Wall (**Ca** 6 / TN: 10 / Rg: 12): Place two 50mm Wind Wall Markers touching each other within 12" and at least 1" from any other Marker or model. These Wind Wall Markers are **Ht** 5 with the severe and soft cover traits. At the start of this model's next Activation, or when this model is removed from play, remove these Wind Wall Markers.

(1) Eye of the Storm: All enemy models within (↑)4 are pushed 3" away from this model.

30mm

The Firestarter

Pyromaniac. Arsonist. Lunatic. These titles, and many more, have all been applied to the man named Firestarter. Unlike many given these epithets, he embraces them proudly, viewing them as badges of honor.

There is nothing to thrill the blood like a wildfire, as he often says to people who quickly shift away from him. He is an unnerving man, covered in burns and bandages and always holding something capable of sparking a flame. Despite his obvious insanity, he has managed to be controlled as a member of the Arcanists. This is less due to fear, and more to the fact that the Arcanists view him as a weapon, one to aim and loose at will.

The Firestarter is no casual lover of flame. He is an artist that uses heat and sparks to create a masterpiece that can never be repeated. It takes little effort for him to turn a healthy building into a roaring inferno. Indeed, it takes more effort to drag him away from the scene, as he enjoys watching his newest creations grow.



THE FIRESTARTER

Henchman, Living, Rare 1

M&SU

COST 7 CACHE 6

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	7	5	6	2

ABILITIES

Flight: This model is immune to falling damage and may ignore any terrain or models while moving.

Reckless: At the start of this model's Activation, it may suffer 1 damage to generate 1 additional General AP.

Df/Wp (📖) Smoldering Heart: After this model succeeds, the Attacking model gains the **Burning +1** Condition.

"I Did It!": Enemy models within ❶6 which are killed by the **Burning** Condition count as being killed by this model for Encounter purposes.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Ignition (**Ca** 6📖 / Rst: **Df** / Rg ⌐12 or ⫻ 2): Target gains the **Burning +1** Condition.
📖 ***Stoke the Flames***: After succeeding, the target gains an additional **Burning +1** Condition for each 📖 in the final duel total.

(1) BUUUURRRN! (**Ca** 6📖 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐10): Target suffers 1/3/4 damage and gains the **Burning +1** Condition. This Attack must declare a Trigger if able.
🐺 ***Never Enough***: After succeeding, flip a card for each model within (❶)4 of the target. These flips may not be cheated. The model with the lowest card suffers 2 damage and gains the **Burning +1** Condition. Models tied for lowest reflip.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

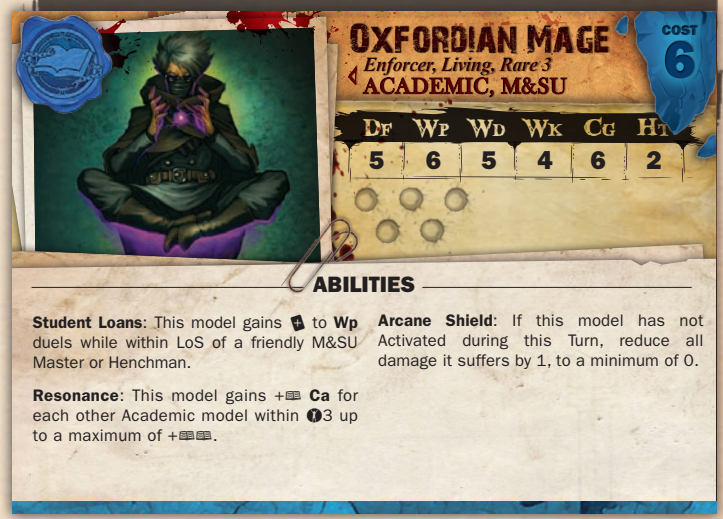
(1) Twirling With the Gas Can (**Ca** 6📖 / TN: 14📖 / Rg: (❶)6): All models in range must pass a TN 13 **Wk** duel or gain the following Condition until the start of the next Turn: "**Covered in Gas:** When this model suffers damage from the **Burning** Condition, it suffers +2 damage."
📖📖 ***Make It Rain***: Immediately increase the Rg of this Action to (❶)8 for the duration of the Action.

30mm

Oxfordian Mage

The Oxford University of Metaphysical Studies occupies a strange gray area in the eyes of the Guild. While Oxford's teachings are contrary to the Guild's approved theory, known as the Thalarian Doctrine, the university is allowed to teach its students the theories of the method. Earthside, the theories are difficult to put into practice, so students are viewed as dilettantes. In Malifaux, however, the Oxford Method becomes a potent art. Because of this, the Guild heavily restricts the travel of graduates and students of the method through the Breach.

In the conflict between the Arcanists and the Guild, Ramos has searched for any advantage he can find. At great expense and risk, the Arcanists have smuggled many Oxfordian Mages into Malifaux. Here, their unique training makes them versatile tools of the Movement. They can protect others using warding spells specific to the task, and have a wide array of elemental spells for offense. The peculiarities of the Method means that the Mages tend to work in groups, where they can cooperate to maximize their potential.



OXFORDIAN MAGE

Enforcer, Living, Rare 3

ACADEMIC, M&SU

COST 6

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	5	4	6	2

ABILITIES

Student Loans: This model gains 🃏 to **Wp** duels while within LoS of a friendly M&SU Master or Henchman.

Resonance: This model gains +📖 **Ca** for each other Academic model within ❶3 up to a maximum of +📖📖.

Arcane Shield: If this model has not Activated during this Turn, reduce all damage it suffers by 1, to a minimum of 0.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Elemental Bolt (**Ca** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐10): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
📖 ***Blaze:*** After damaging, the target gains the **Burning +1** Condition.
📖 ***Freezing Wind:*** After damaging, the target gains the **Slow** Condition.
📖 ***Electrocute:*** When damaging, this attack ignores **Armor**.
📖 ***Windblast:*** After succeeding, push target up to 2" for each 📖 in the final duel total.

(0) Elemental Strike (**Ca** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.
📖 ***Empower Soulstone:*** After damaging an enemy, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.
📖📖 ***Flaming Strike:*** When damaging, this Attack deals 2/4/5 damage instead.
📖📖📖 ***Death Touch:*** After damaging, the target is killed unless it discards two Soulstones or two cards.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(2) Furious Casting: This model may discard a card. if it does, this model may make 3 **Ca** Attack Actions with an AP cost of 1 against a single target.

40mm

Coryphee

For all the advanced technology seen in Colette's mannequins, they are pale imitations of their sisters, the Coryphee. These constructs are graceful dancers, performing with a supernatural beauty that defies explanation. On stage, they are arrayed with human partners to craft stories and art unlike anything else seen on Earth or Malifaux. The Coryphee's grace and skill are such that even they have admirers. Like the mannequins, they have shown glimpses of human personality. Regular attenders swear that they can tell which Coryphee is performing, no matter the costume, based on the motions and passions for the roles they play.

When inquired, Colette deftly turns aside any detailed discussions about the Coryphee. She has never shared the secret of the master artist who made the clockwork dancers, nor discussed how they work or are maintained. This keeps the mystique of the act, and ensures she maintains a proper monopoly on them. Despite this, there are rumors of other Coryphee running around Malifaux, though none can say who controls them.



Coryphee — Cost 7

Minion, Construct, Rare 2

Showgirl, Puppet

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	4	4	7	8	2

Abilities

Armor +2: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2, to a minimum of 1.

Silk and Steel: This model gains flip to **Df** and **Wp** duels.

Always in Motion: This model may not be targeted by the Charge Action or disengaging strikes.

Attack Actions

(1) Blades (**Ml** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. This Attack flip receives flip.

Swirl of Motion: After damaging, push this model up to 4".

Hypnotic Movements: After damaging, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Hypnotized:** This model receives to **Df** and **Wp** duels."

(1) Blinding (**Ca** 5 / TN: 11 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 6): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage and gains the **Slow** Condition.

Soul Dancer: After damaging, this model may use Soulstones as if it were a Henchman for the rest of the Turn.

Tactical Actions

(1) Dance Partner (**Ca** 5 / TN: 9 / Rg: 14): Place this model in base contact with target friendly Showgirl.

(1) Dance Together: Sacrifice this model and one other friendly Coryphee within 2". These models do not count as killed or sacrificed for Encounter purposes. If this happens, summon a Coryphee Duet in base contact with this model before removing it. Apply all damage on this model and the other sacrificed Coryphee to the Coryphee Duet when it is summoned; this damage may not be reduced. This Action may only be taken if this Crew declared Arcanists as its Faction.

40mm

Coryphee Duet

Amazing as a single Coryphee is, the constructs have always been intended to dance with a partner. During the performances where Coryphee are involved, Colette takes advantage of this fact, starting each show with a single Coryphee dancing alone. It is only after the audience is convinced that there is nothing more spectacular in the world that the second Coryphee joins its sister, and the room falls into stunned silence. Each night, new music is chosen and the duet tells a new story with each performance. At times, they dance in the traditions of the Russian ballet. Other evenings they do complicated dances with sabers, acting as opponents in a show of grace and skill.

Those few who have seen a Coryphee Duet in combat find it a surreal experience. The constructs dance as if to music only they can hear, turning the violence of battle into part of an extravagant and beautiful act. They move fluidly, as with one mind, shifting from attack to defense between the two without hesitation.



Coryphee Duet — Cost 0

Enforcer, Construct

Showgirl, Puppet

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	6	7	7	9	2

Abilities

Armor +2: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2, to a minimum of 1.

Silk and Steel: This model gains flip to **Df** and **Wp** duels.

Swift: When this model Activates, it generates 1 additional general AP.

Always in Motion: This model may not be targeted by the Charge Action or disengaging strikes.

Made to Dance: This model may not be hired, it may only be summoned by a Coryphee.

Attack Actions

(1) Pair of Blades (**Ml** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. This Action's Attack and damage flips receive flip.

Swirl of Motion: After damaging, push this model up to 4".

Hypnotic Movements: After damaging, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the turn: "**Hypnotized:** This model receives to **Df** and **Wp** duels."

Soul Dancer: After damaging, this model may use Soulstones as if it were a Henchman for the rest of the Turn.

Tactical Actions

(0) Orchestral Crescendo (**Ca** 6 / TN: 12 / Rg: 4): Discard target friendly Scheme Marker within 4". Non-Showgirls within 2 of the Scheme Marker must pass a TN 15 **Df** duel or suffer 2 damage and gain the **Slow** Condition.

Soul Siphon: After an enemy model fails the **Df** duel, this model may use Soulstones as if it were a Henchman for the rest of the Turn.

(0) Live For Dance: This model heals 1/2/3 damage.

50mm

Performer

The women who make up the stage show of Colette Du Bois' Star Theater are some of the most famous, and desired, in all Malifaux. All of them are charming and beautiful, able to turn heads wherever they walk.

Each Performer is skilled in a variety of arts, some of them less reputable than others. The wide array of talents the Star has to offer has made it as famous Earthside as it is in Malifaux. These versatile women have all come to the Star to find employment, and all of them found a home as well. Colette treats them well, offering praise and criticism as deserved. Because of this, they have given her their loyalty, doing whatever she asks.

As part of the bargain Colette made with Ramos, the Performers are trained as Arcanist operatives. They use any trick needed to retrieve information, no matter the risks. While this has resulted in many Arcanist victories, it has cost many of the showgirls their lives.



PERFORMER — COST 5

Minion, Living, Mercenary

SHOWGIRL

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	5	5	5	-	2

ABILITIES

Manipulative 13: If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, when an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 13 **Wp** duel or the Action immediately fails.

Precious: When this model is killed or sacrificed, target friendly Minion or Showgirl within 2" receives the **Reactivate** Condition.

Don't Mind Me: This model may take Interact Actions while engaged.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Poisoned Hairpin (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1/3/5 damage and gains the **Poison +2** Condition.

(1) Siren Call (**Ca** 6 / TN: 10 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 12): Push target model its **Wk** towards this model.

- ***To Their Doom:*** After succeeding, the target gains the **Paralyzed** Condition if it is in base contact with this model.
- ***Deadly Dance:*** After succeeding, immediately take a (1) AP **MI** Attack Action against the target if it is within range and LoS.
- ***A Sip of Wine:*** After succeeding, the target suffers damage equal to its **Poison** Condition value. Remove the **Poison** Condition from the target.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Seduction (**Ca** 5 / TN: 12 / Rg: 8): Target a Scheme Marker. All enemy models within 3 of the target must pass a TN 13 **Wp** duel or gain the following Condition for the rest of the Turn: "**Seduced:** This model suffers to **Df** and **Wp** duels." Discard the target Marker.

PERFORMER

30mm

Mannequin

As part of the protection and salary Colette gives her Performers, each of them is assigned a Mannequin. These wonderful constructs act as companion and protector to the showgirls. While Mannequins are assigned individually, all of them are programmed to recognize any of Colette's women. For the Performers, their Mannequins have a wide variety of uses. From a canvas to design new costumes, to an 'assistant' in practicing their stage acts, the constructs are a quiet pillar in the day to day process of the Star Theater. During the show, they are dressers for the showgirls, waiting in the wings to quickly prepare their charges for the next act.

While they are all built by the same set of artisans, the Mannequins show a curious amount of personality quirks. Steamfitters from the Arcanists love to study the constructs, trying to figure out whether they have personalities at 'birth' or if they are developed later. One popular theory is that the Performers rub off on their guardians, although this rarely holds consistent in practice.



MANNEQUIN — COST 4

Peon, Construct

SHOWGIRL, PUPPET

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	6	3	5	5	2

ABILITIES

Armor +3: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +3, to a minimum of 1.

All Part of the Show: Friendly Showgirls may treat this model as if it were a friendly Scheme Marker for the purposes of Actions and Abilities. If the Scheme Marker would be discarded, sacrifice this model.

Mechanical Adorations: When a friendly Showgirl ends a Walk Action within 6" of this model, this model may be pushed into base contact with the Showgirl.

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Full of Pins (**Ca** 5 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 1/3/4 damage.

- ***Beautiful Clothes:*** After damaging, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**In Awe:** This model suffers on Attack flips."
- ***Metallic Embrace:*** After damaging, the target gains the **Slow** Condition.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Magician's Assistant: Until the end of the Turn, friendly models within 2 which place a Scheme Marker with an Interact Action may place the Scheme Marker within 6" and LoS of themselves (rather than base contact), and not within terrain. All other restrictions for placing Scheme Markers with an Interact Action must be met.

MANNEQUIN

30mm

Gunsmith

The Gunsmiths are the troubleshooters for the Miners and Steamfitters Union. These men and women operate independent of most oversight, trusted to accomplish their assigned tasks with efficiency. They rely first on their reputation to diffuse situations, which often works. Even the hint of the presence of a Gunsmith is enough to send anti-union activists into hiding. Indeed, they prefer peaceful solutions, since this keeps the Arcanist influence in the Union out of sight and mind. If their reputation fails to keep things under control, the Gunsmiths will turn to the trade by which they are named.

Each Gunsmith builds their own weaponry from a base starting point, a pistol similar to the Guild Peacebringer. They modify the weapons to suit personal style and taste. Some Gunsmiths carry ornate weapons with reputations of their own. Others keep their weapons small and concealable, hiding them in plain sight. Even more than the custom weapons, the Gunsmiths use specialized ammunition, allowing them to take on a variety of threats.



ABILITIES

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

Df/Wp (📖) Smoldering Heart: After this model succeeds, the Attacking model gains the **Burning +1** Condition.

Df/Wp (🔫) Concealed Weapon: After resolving, this model gains the **Fast** Condition.

GUNSMITH

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Custom Pistol (**Sh** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 12 or 2): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
- 📖 ***Piercing***: When damaging, this Attack ignores **Armor**, **Hard to Wound**, and **Hard to Kill**.
- ***Experimental:*** When damaging, this Attack deals 2/4/6 damage instead.
- 🔫 ***Explosive:*** When damaging, this Attack deals 2/3💀/4💀 damage instead.
- ⚔ ***Cursed:*** Damage from this Attack may not be prevented using Soulstones.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) The Hard Way: This model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Easy Target:** This model gains +1 +1 to all duels against models with the **Burning** Condition."

(0) Switch Chambers: This model may discard a card to gain the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**New Chamber:** This model gains a suit to all of its final duel totals which matches the suit of the card discarded to apply this Condition."

30mm

Large Arachnid

Unlike many of the other Arcanist constructs, the Large Steampunk Arachnid is purpose built for combat. Based on Steampunk Arachnids made for the search and retrieval of Soulstones, these larger cousins are the Arcanist response to the Guild's growing reliance on constructs. They are armed with an industrial saw and programmed to dismantle their targets. An odd quirk of the design has resulted in the Arachnids being extremely creative in the use of battlefield salvage. The constructs will make use of improvised clubs to distract and harry foes, drawing attention away from the real threat.

The biggest advantage the Large Steampunk Arachnids provide in the war against the Guild is the amount of resources required. The Guild Peacekeeper constructs are powerful machines that have been used to devastating effect, but they are horrifically expensive. By contrast, the Arachnids are less than half the cost, giving them a more versatile weapon. Since completion of the design, these constructs have made their presence known on battlefields throughout Malifaux.



ABILITIES

Unimpeded: This model ignores penalties for severe terrain when moving.

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Df (📖) Grind To a Halt: This model immediately gains an additional **Armor +2** for the duration of the Action.

Creative Salvage: Models killed by this model drop a Scrap Marker in addition to any other Markers dropped.

LARGE ARACHNID

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Circular Sawblade (**MI** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 2/3/6 damage.
- 📖 ***Heated Metal***: After succeeding, the target gains **Burning +1** for each 📖 in the final duel total.
- ⚔ ***Mangle:*** After damaging, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Torn to Shreds:** This model may not reduce damage with the **Armor** Ability or Condition."

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Temporary Limb: Discard target Scheme Marker or Scrap Marker within 4". If this happens, this model gains +1 to all flips for the remainder of this Activation.

50mm

Malifaux Raptor

For unknown reasons that drive many an enthusiastic debate among scientists and scholars, Malifaux seems filled with creatures that are nearly identical to their Earth-side cousins. One of these is the Malifaux raptor, a large bird of prey that seems a cross between an eagle and a vulture. The beast masters of the Arcanist Movement, led by the mage Marcus, have managed to tame a number of these birds, turning them into valuable tools. Their aggressive temperament makes them unsuited for messenger birds, but they make excellent scouts and hunters. A well fed Malifaux raptor can follow a target for hours, patiently keeping an eye on anything below before needing to rest.

Handlers of the raptors often deploy them on the battlefield, where their large size and sharp talons can be used to great effect. Trained raptors will go after the eyes to blind their opponent. A cruel streak in the breed makes them naturally inclined to harass a target, pushing their prey to distraction and anger.



MALIFAUX RAPTOR

COST 3

Peon, Living, Rare 3

BEAST

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	4	4	8	10	1

ABILITIES

Flight: This model is immune to falling damage and may ignore any terrain or models while moving.

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

Companion: After a friendly model ends its Activation within 6" of this model, this model may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

MALIFAUX RAPTOR

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Talons (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1) Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.

Enraged: After damaging, target gains the following Condition for the rest of the game: "**Blind Rage:** This model gains the Beast Characteristic. This model may discard two cards at the start of its Activation to remove this Condition."

Rake the Eyes: After damaging, look at the top three cards of the target's deck and place them on the top of the deck or into the appropriate Discard Pile in any order.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

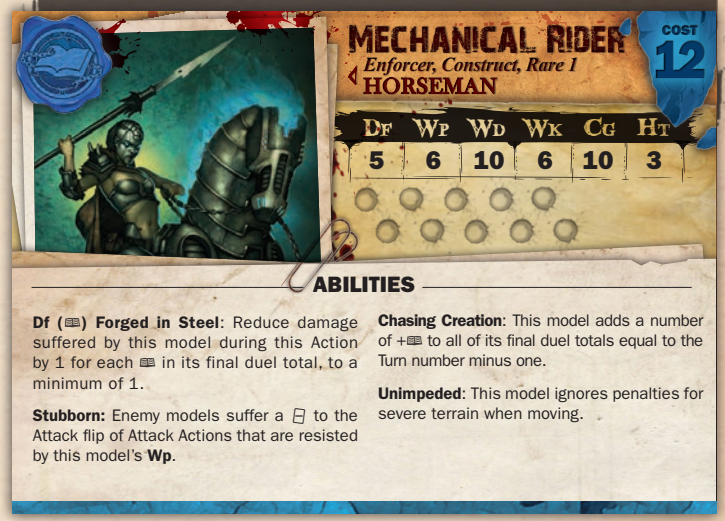
(2) Take to the Sky: Bury this model. Unbury it anywhere on the board at the end of the Turn.

40mm

Mechanical Rider

According to many legends, four riders will herald the end of the world. Some of these legends tie into ancient religions from Earth, but curious glimpses of these stories can be found in writing in Malifaux. Scholars are unsure why the motif of four riders is so significant and prevalent, but they cannot deny its existence. The names are rarely agreed upon, but one mentioned in the Codex Mors translates most directly as the Mechanical Rider. While this was nothing more than an oddity for many years, it has taken on new urgency since the Event.

Rumors of a woman riding a mechanical horse in the Wilds have sparked a great deal of discussion of the old legends. There are few direct reports, but it is agreed upon that she carries a spear, and that constructs of all kind follow in her wake. She shows up unannounced to fights involving the Arcanists, then departs as the battle winds down. Her purpose is unknown, but those who remember the legends find her presence an ill omen.



MECHANICAL RIDER

COST 12

Enforcer, Construct, Rare 1

HORSEMAN

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	10	6	10	3

ABILITIES

Df (📖) Forged in Steel: Reduce damage suffered by this model during this Action by 1 for each 📖 in its final duel total, to a minimum of 1.

Stubborn: Enemy models suffer a ⊟ to the Attack flip of Attack Actions that are resisted by this model's **Wp**.

Chasing Creation: This model adds a number of +📖 to all of its final duel totals equal to the Turn number minus one.

Unimpeded: This model ignores penalties for severe terrain when moving.

MECHANICAL RIDER

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Chain Spear (**Sh** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 8 or 2): Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.

📖 ***Fated Strike***: After damaging an enemy, draw a card. This Trigger may only be declared once per Turn.

📖 ***Arcane Ritual***: After damaging an enemy, place a Scheme Marker within (↕)2 of the target for each 📖 in the final duel total, up to a maximum of two. These Markers must be placed at least 1" from other friendly Scheme Markers. This Trigger may only be declared once per Turn.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Ride With Me Into Tomorrow (**Ca** 6 / TN: 12📖📖📖📖 / Rg: 10): Target other non-Leader model gains the **Reactivate** Condition.

(0) Revel in Creation (**Ca** 6 / TN: 12📖📖): Push this model up to 4" in any direction and then summon a non-Totem, non-Effigy Arcanist Construct with a Soulstone cost of 4 into base contact with this model. The summoned model suffers 2 damage which may not be reduced.

50mm

Silent One

With the arrival of Rasputina as the head of December's Cult, the status of the Silent Ones has changed drastically. The priests who betrayed them by removing their tongues are dead- killed by Rasputina for their crimes in cannibalistic rituals. Once devoted solely to December and His will, the former priestesses have dedicated themselves to the new head of the Cult. In turn, Rasputina has uplifted these women, teaching them new magic and giving them special privilege as her handmaidens. Her commands are carried out with the same fanatical zeal as those of December Himself.

In battle, the Silent Ones bring the might of winter to bear. While they have less raw power than their mistress, they use what they have with great skill. They can freeze foes solid, summon great pillars of ice, or even heal allies. However, this is not without price for the living. While it can save a life, it can cause damage to those who are not partakers of the mysteries of the Cult of December.

Soulstone Miner

The Soulstone Miner is a wonder of modern engineering. One of the newest constructs from the design workshops of Viktor Ramos, it has become a staple to the M&SU efforts in Malifaux. The Miners are programmed to hunt for Soulstones, able to sense the precious gems through the ground. In the event of a cave in, the Soulstone Miner can absorb the fleeing life force of those who are dying around it, allowing the construct to dig its way out. This allows it to use the deaths of some as a way to save the living- and itself. While the process is considered grotesque by many, it is inarguable that the Miners have saved many lives.

Beyond the task they were designed for, the serpentine constructs are well suited for warfare. They dig their way through the dirt, hunting the enemy and attacking from beneath. The ability to absorb souls into Soulstones is taken advantage of in combat, allowing the Arcanists to increase their limited supplies during combat.



Abilities

Ice Mirror: When taking a **Ca** Action, this model may draw LoS and range from a friendly model with **Frozen Heart** within 10" and LoS that is not engaged. **Ca** Actions taken this way suffer -1 **Ca** and may not declare Triggers.

Frozen Heart: This model is immune to Horror Duels and **Paralyzed**.

Df (📖) Frozen Statue: After resolving against an enemy, this model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Statue:** This model reduces all damage it suffers to 1, and is not considered to be engaged for purposes of **Ice Mirror** or **Shattered Mirror**."



Abilities

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Unimpeded: This model ignores penalties for severe terrain when moving.

Use Soulstone: This model may use Soulstones as if it were a Henchman.

The Enemy Down Below: This model may begin the game buried. If it did, once per game at the end of any Turn, it may be unburied anywhere on the table at least 6" from an enemy model or enemy deployment zone.

Silent One

Attack Actions

(1) Freeze (**Ca** 6📖 / TN: 10📖 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 10): Target suffers 2/3🌩/4🌩 damage.
📖📖 ***Frozen Shards***: After damaging, take this Action again. This Action may not declare Triggers.
📖✕ ***Spreading Ice***: After damaging, place an Ice Pillar Marker in base contact with the target. This Marker is 50mm, **Ht** 5, blocking, and impassable. Remove this Marker at the end of the Turn.
📖❤ ***Filling the Cracks***: After damaging, all models with the **Frozen Heart** Ability within (↯)2 of the target heal 2 damage.

(1) Frozen Touch (**Ml** 3📖 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/1/6 damage.
📖📖 ***Frozen Solid***: After damaging, the target gains **Paralyzed**.

Tactical Actions

(0) December's Favor (**Ca** 6📖 / TN: 14📖 / Rg: 6): Target model heals 1/2/3 damage.
📖✕ ***A Feast In His Honor***: After succeeding, heal 1 damage on all models with **Frozen Heart** within (↯)2 of the target.

30mm

Soulstone Miner

Attack Actions

(1) Rock Drill (**Ml** 6📖 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage, ignoring **Armor**.
📖✕ ***Siphon Essence:*** After killing target enemy model, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.
❤ ***Dropped Down a Hole:*** After damaging, place the target in base contact with target friendly Scheme Marker within 6".

Tactical Actions

(2) Mine Soulstone: This model suffers 2 damage which may not be reduced. If it is still in play after suffering this damage, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.

40mm

Angelica

The Mistress of Ceremonies at the Star Theater, Angelica has a talent for her role that can only be described as magical. Her presence on stage commands attention from the roughest crowds, and her trained voice can inspire tears or laughter as the situation requires. While she only appears on stage in between acts to introduce the next one, Angelica is as integral a part of the experience as Colette herself.

Angelica learned how to use her gifted voice at the feet of her father, a carnival barker. After his death, she spent years moving from location to location, her talent wasted on crowds only interested in her looks. In Malifaux, she auditioned at the Star Theater, and was hired by Colette immediately. Since then, she has become one of the senior members of the troupe. Even Colette gives way before Angelica's experience in arranging the acts of the show, allowing the Mistress of Ceremonies to create fantastic memories that draw crowds night after night.



ABILITIES

Disguised: This model may not be the target of the Charge Action.

Df (🜏) "Get Off the Stage!": After succeeding against an enemy model, place the Attacking model into base contact with any Scheme Marker friendly to its Crew within LoS of this model.

First to the Stage: After flipping for Initiative on the first Turn of the game, this model may take a Walk Action.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Hooked Cane (**MI** 4🕮 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. Increase the final duel total of the Attack flip by 1 for each friendly Scheme Marker within ❶5, to a maximum of +3.

🕮 ***"Next Act!"***: After damaging, push the target up to 3" in any direction, plus 1" for each friendly Scheme Marker within ❶5 of this model.

(1) Projected Voice (**Ca** 6🕮 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐10): Target suffers 1/1🜍/2🜍🜍 damage.

🕮🜏 ***Showstopper***: After damaging, the target must discard two cards or receive the **Paralyzed** Condition.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) "Give Them an Encore!": Push target other friendly non-Leader model within 8" up to 5" in any direction. This Action may not target the same model more than once per Turn.

30mm

Blessed Of December

There are many arcane and fell rituals in the Cult of December, some which even His followers fear. None is more terrible than bestowing the title of "Blessed" on a member of the cult. The ritual is performed once a generation, and is the deciding proof of December's choice of the leader of His cult. During this, the chosen sacrifice is stripped of all humanity, transformed into a living expression of December's power...and His all-encompassing hunger.

At the beginning of her stewardship, Rasputina performed the ritual as December directed, choosing a young woman from the Silent Ones. It did not take long for the Ice Witch to regret going along with the ceremony, as she watched the woman become a prisoner in her own body. The Blessed retained more of her sanity than any in memory, and it became clear this was nothing more than a constant torment. This poor creature became one of the driving reasons for Rasputina's defiance of December, as she is forced to watch the poor wretch become more feral with each passing day.



ABILITIES

Frozen Heart: This model is immune to Horror Duels and **Paralyzed**.

Hard to Wound +1: Damage flips against this model suffer ⍈.

Unimpeded: This model ignores penalties for severe terrain when moving.

Eat Your Fill: After killing or sacrificing an enemy model, this model may choose to heal all damage it has suffered and end its Activation.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Ragged Claws (**MI** 7✕ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.

✕✕ ***Go for the Throat***: When damaging, if the target does not have the **Armor** Ability or Condition, target suffers +1 damage.

✕🜲 ***Gorge on Flesh***: After damaging a non-Construct model, take this Action again against the same target.

🜏 ***Into Shadow***: After damaging, push this model up to 4" in any direction.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Leap (**Ca** 2🜏 / TN: 10🜏): This model immediately moves up to its **Cg**, ignoring intervening terrain and models during the move.

40mm

Fire Gamin

Fire Gamin show all the worst tendencies of children. They are mischievous, curious and cruel, with a sense of humor that only maniacs like the Firestarter can understand. Like all gamin, they are summoned creatures bound to a physical body, but they are inherently more unstable than their fellows. At the time of summoning, it is not uncommon for the gamin to explode as it appears. It takes a strong will, and a great deal of confidence, to manage the energies of a Fire Gamin long enough to give it form.

In battle, they cackle gleefully as they torment their foes. Constantly aflame, their very touch is enough to start a raging inferno, a skill they use enthusiastically on the living. Left to their own devices, they are incredibly destructive, although easily distracted by the prospect of mischief. However, their shells remain only that- cages for a violent spirit. When a Fire Gamin is damaged sufficiently the physical body explodes, showering all nearby with flame much to the delight of its fellows.



FIRE GAMIN — COST 4

Minion, Construct

GAMIN

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	4	4	5	7	1

ABILITIES

Flaming Demise: All models in (1)2 suffer 1 damage and gain the **Burning +1** Condition when this model is killed (not sacrificed).

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Df/Wp (2) Smoldering Heart: After this model succeeds, the Attacking model gains the **Burning +1** Condition.

Saracenar's Plight: Reduce the damage this model suffers from the **Burning** Condition to 0.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Burning Claws (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage and gains the **Burning +1** Condition.

(1) Spit Magma (**Sh** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 10): Target suffers 2/2/3 damage and gains the **Burning +1** Condition.

2 ***Volcanic Fury***: After damaging, all models damaged by a from this Attack gain the **Burning +1** Condition.

FIRE GAMIN

30mm

Slateridge Mauler

To the scientists of the Explorer's Guild, the Slate Ridge Mauler is a fascinating glimpse of the odd quirks of evolution in Malifaux. How a creature that so resembles an Earthside bear came to be found in the mountains north of the city is a subject much debated. Theories of bears going through miniature Breaches are argued in the same conversation alongside hypotheses of intentional design by Neverborn sorcerers. For everyone else, a Mauler is a sure sign that they should be running and hoping they can outrun their friends.

The Mauler is one of the largest beasts native to Malifaux. Despite this, they were unknown for much of the early days of the pioneer towns. Once discovered, Maulers became a favorite target for hunters of all kinds, a rare find with a valuable pelt. Many a hunter, novice or professional, have gone after them enthusiastically only to discover that while these creatures look like a four armed bear, they are far more dangerous. Few of the hunters survive to learn from this mistake.



SLATE RIDGE MAULER — COST 8

Minion, Living

BEAST

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	10	4	7	3

ABILITIES

Bearskin Armor: This model may ignore damage from (1) and effects.

Frenzied: While this model has 5 or fewer Wounds remaining, its **Ml** Attack Actions which deal damage deal +2 damage.

Impossible to Wound: Damage flips against this model suffer . Damage flips against this model may not be cheated.

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Crushing Claws (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.

Tear Off a Bite: After damaging, this model heals 2 damage.

(0) Bear Hug (**Ml** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 4): Target gains the **Slow** Condition and is pushed into base contact with this model.

Bloody Mess: After succeeding, this model may take a (1) Attack Action.

SLATERIDGE MAULER

50mm

Union Miner

The most valuable resource in all of Malifaux is Soulstones. It is for these precious gems that humanity has stayed in this hostile landscape. While the Guild is in control of the distribution and sale of Soulstones, it relies on the hardworking members of the Miners and Steamfitters Union for acquisition. Some of them are free men out to earn a living and support family back Earthside. Others are criminals on the run, hiding in Malifaux from debts they want to avoid. Whatever the reason, all of the miners stick together in the Union.

When the Union is threatened, the Miners rally together to fight back. In spite of Guild laws against strikes and similar measures, the Union has come up with creative ways to disrupt Soulstone production. False claim reports over bad equipment, insisting on following contradictory instructions to the letter, even subtle sabotage, all have been used by the Union to get their way. Members of the Guild grind their teeth and say nothing, for without the Miners, their industry would collapse.



Abilities

Companion: After a friendly model ends its Activation within 6" of this model, this model may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

Df/Wp (📖) Smoldering Heart: After this model succeeds, the Attacking model gains the **Burning +1** Condition.

Stand Together: This model receives 🂠 to damage flips that it makes against models within 3" of at least one other friendly M&SU model.

Attack Actions

(1) Improvised Weapon (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/3/5 damage. Models may not declare **Df** Triggers during this Attack.

Critical Strike: When damaging the target, this attack deals +1 damage for each 🂠 in the final duel total.

(1) Modified Welder (**Sh** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐10): Target model gains the **Burning +1** Condition.

Tactical Actions

(1) False Claim (**Ca** 5📖 / TN: 12📖): Place two Scheme Markers within 3" of this model. This Action may not be taken if this model may not take Interact Actions. During this Turn's Upkeep Step, if at least one of these Scheme Markers is still in play, one of these Scheme Markers must be discarded.

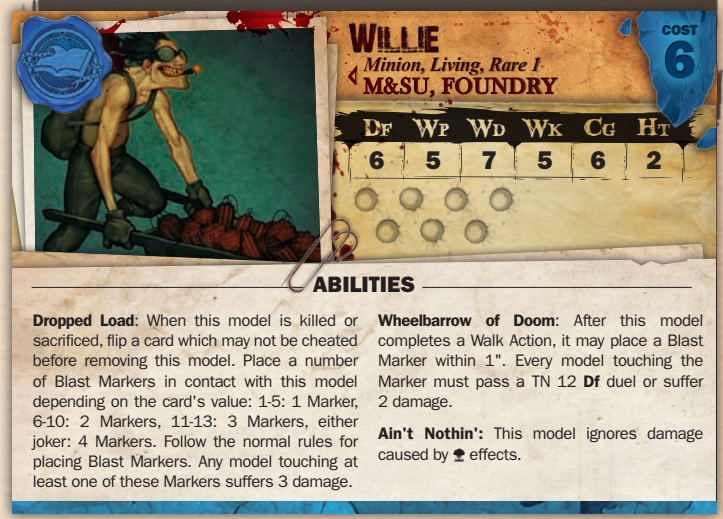
Union Miner

30mm

Willie

Explosives are a familiar item to many members of the M&SU. They are used in everything from establishing new mines to blowing holes in mountains for new railroads. Even with this common familiarity, Willie stands out as an exception. He is a demolitions expert without equal. Even when given a task that seems impossible, he spends only a short time staring at the project before ordering everyone away. It's not long before he runs past, screaming warnings at the top of his lungs while pursued by a fireball.

As he puts it, gunpowder talks to Willie. He says he can hear the mood and desires of dynamite, which is why he's so good at his work. All of his fellows in the demolitions part of the M&SU just agree that Willie is insane, with a complete lack of the concept known as personal safety. This reckless disregard for even the most basic regulations is the reason Willie is constantly under probation. However, Union rules, pragmatism and a lack of concern for public safety keep the madman employed.



Abilities

Dropped Load: When this model is killed or sacrificed, flip a card which may not be cheated before removing this model. Place a number of Blast Markers in contact with this model depending on the card's value: 1-5: 1 Marker, 6-10: 2 Markers, 11-13: 3 Markers, either joker: 4 Markers. Follow the normal rules for placing Blast Markers. Any model touching at least one of these Markers suffers 3 damage.

Wheelbarrow of Doom: After this model completes a Walk Action, it may place a Blast Marker within 1". Every model touching the Marker must pass a TN 12 **Df** duel or suffer 2 damage.

Ain't Nothin': This model ignores damage caused by 🂠 effects.

Attack Actions

(1) Demo Charge (**Sh** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐10 or ⫻ 1): Target suffers 2/3🂠/4🂠🂠 damage. This Attack ignores **Armor**. When this Attack is declared, this model may choose to ignore LoS and cover and suffer -2 **Sh** for the duration of the Attack.

📖 ***Slow Burn***: After succeeding, all models damaged by this Attack gain the **Burning +1** Condition.

Fire in the Hole!: After succeeding, but before flipping for damage, all friendly models within 3" of the target are immediately pushed 3" away from the target.

Tactical Actions

(0) Set Charge: Until the end of the Turn, if an enemy model ends a move or push within ❶8 of this model, this model may discard a friendly Scheme Marker within 3" of the enemy model to deal 2 damage to all models within ❶3 of the Scheme Marker.

(0) "You Go Near Him...": Until the end of the Turn, enemy models which declare a Charge Action targeting this model must pass a TN 17 **Wp** duel, or the Charge Action immediately fails.

Willie

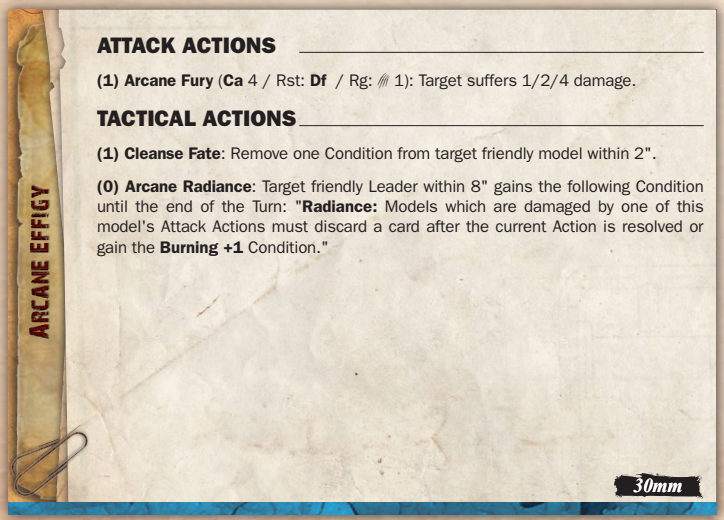
50mm

Arcane Effigy

Of all the Effigies, Arcane is the most curious. While its primary interest is magic, it has a scholarly fascination with everything. Its unique connection to the aether means that it has an unparalleled knowledge of magic, an advantage it uses to trade with the Arcanists to further its own goals. Arcane wanders Malifaux, keeping tuned to the energies that the various magic traditions use to manipulate their power. When the Effigy has an interesting new experiment it wishes to test, it tracks down one of these threads and offers its services to the human on the other end.

Not all trust Arcane enough take it up on the deal to provide it with sufficient research. But each encounter is a chance to learn, and Arcane spends the entire combat taking notes. This divided attention can be problematic at times, but the Effigy rarely is distracted for long. If an enemy insists on pulling Arcane from its research, the Effigy can bring its own magical power to bear on the unfortunate foe.



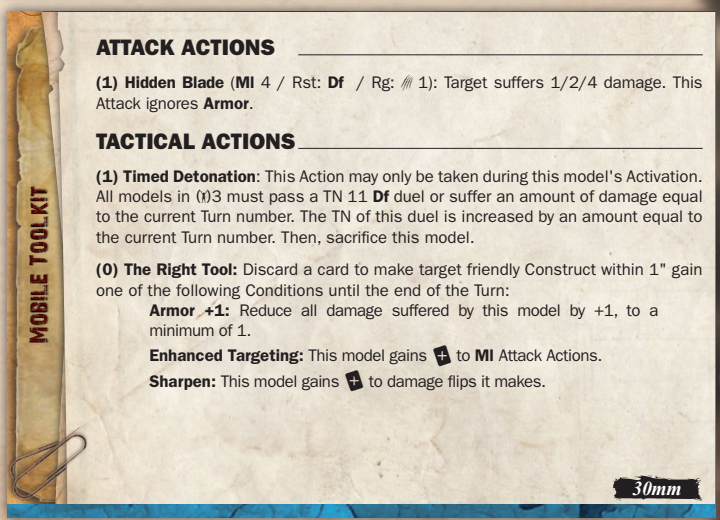


Mobile Toolkit

For a field mechanic, there are few things more annoying than being on a job and finding that a tool is missing. This is especially the case with mechanics in the M&SU, who often must work on equipment at secluded locations in Malifaux. Initially, the Union tried to supply each work site completely, but this ended up prohibitively expensive. After a few years in Malifaux, work began on a construct to assist with a cheaper solution. Thus, the Mobile Toolkit was born.

These constructs do not come cheaply, but they have proved to be worth their weight in gold and well worth the investment. A Mobile Toolkit can store dozens of tools, and is smart enough to recognize all of them. While a mechanic is buried in a machine, the Toolkit can supply their master with the required tool upon request, greatly increasing efficiency. Because each Toolkit is assigned personally to a mechanic, it is not uncommon to see them given names and treated as pets.





Ironsides Upgrades

Challenge the Crowd

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

  Bring It!: If there is more than one enemy model within 2, this model gains +1 +1 to its **Df** duels.



Restrictions

Ironsides

Iron Determination

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability

  Sleep Now In The Fire: Enemy models which flip the Red Joker against this model on a damage flip discard the Red Joker with no effect and then flip a new card from their deck which takes its place.

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (0) Stand Up, Stand Tall: This model heals an amount of damage equal to its current **Adrenaline** Condition Value. End the **Adrenaline** Condition on this model.



Restrictions

Ironsides

Frontline Leadership

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Protective: When another friendly model within 6 of this model suffers damage from an enemy, this model may discard a card to gain the following Condition until the end of the game: "**Adrenaline +1:** At the end of the Turn, this model heals exactly 1 damage and then lowers this Condition's value by 1."

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (0) Come Get Some: Until the end of the Turn, enemy models within 6 which declare a Walk or Charge Action must pass a TN 13 **Wp** duel. If they fail and the Action was a Charge, it must target this model, if able. If they fail and the Action was a Walk, it must end the Walk Action as close to this model as possible.



Restrictions

Ironsides

Warding Runes

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Counterspell: Enemy **Ca** Actions which target this model lose all suits printed in the **Ca** for the duration of the Action.



Restrictions

Ironsides or Henchman, Limited, Rare 2

Message from the Union

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Attack Action:

  (1) Flaming Bottle (**Sh** 6 / TN: 12 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 8): Target enemy model gains the **Burning +3** Condition. This Attack ignores cover.



Restrictions

Ironsides

Blood Ward

Cost: 0 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Combat Casting: While engaged, this model may treat its **Elemental Bolt** Attack Action as having Rg 2.

- Friendly models with the Warding Runes Upgrade gain the following Ability while within 10 of this model:

  Protection from the Blood: This model is immune to Conditions caused by enemy models and damage from effects.



Restrictions

Oxfordian Mage, Rare 1

Nemesis Ward

Cost: 0 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Empowered Cast: This model gains + to its **Ca** while taking the **Elemental Bolt** Attack Action.

- Friendly models with the Warding Runes Upgrade gain the following Ability while within 10 of this model:

  Protection from the Nemesis: This model gains + in all **Df** duels with the enemy Crew's Leader.



Restrictions

Oxfordian Mage, Rare 1

Doom Ward

Cost: 0 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Df/Wp ( ) Blink: After failing, push this model up to 2" in any direction.

- Friendly models with the Warding Runes Upgrade gain the following Ability while within 10 of this model:

  Regeneration +1: When this model Activates, it heals +1 damage.



Restrictions

Oxfordian Mage, Rare 1

Colette Upgrades

Cabaret Choreography

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Tactical Actions:

  (2) All Together Now: Each other friendly model in play may discard a friendly Scheme Marker within 1" of it to perform a (1) Action. Resolve these Actions in an order chosen by this model's controller.

  (1) Trick of the Hat (**Ca** 7📖 / TN: 15📖🐈): Summon one Mechanical Dove in base contact with this model. The Summoned Mechanical Dove may Activate immediately after the end of this model's Activation as a Chain Activation. This Action may not be taken if this Crew hired a Totem other than Mechanical Dove.



RESTRICTIONS

Colette

A Ladys Secret

Cost: 2 SS

- This model's **The Saber Trick** Action gains the following Trigger:

  📖🐈 ***Can I Have a Volunteer?:*** After damaging, take this Action again. Increase this Action's Range to 8 for the duration of the Action. This Action may not declare Triggers.

- This model's **Disappearing Act** Action gains the following Trigger:

  📖🐈 ***Encore:*** After succeeding, do not discard the target Scheme Marker.



RESTRICTIONS

Colette

Nothing Up My Sleeve

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (1) Soulstone Manipulation: Either discard one Soulstone and draw two cards, or discard two cards and add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool. This Action may only be taken once per Activation.



RESTRICTIONS

Colette

Shell Game

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (0) Shell Game: This model may place all friendly Mechanical Doves and Mannequins within (𝔯)4 up to 4" from their current location.

- This model gains the following Trigger to its **Prompt** Action:

  📖📖 ***Surge:*** After succeeding, draw a card.



RESTRICTIONS

Colette

Practiced Production

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Trap Doors: At the start of this model's Activation, it may place a friendly Scheme Marker anywhere within 3" of a friendly model and at least 3" from any enemy model. If this happens, at the end of the Turn, one friendly Scheme Marker in play must be discarded, if able.

Restrictions

Showgirl, Rare 1

Smoke and Mirrors

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Df/Wp (🗡) Smoke and Mirrors: After succeeding against an enemy, place a Scheme Marker in base contact with this model and then push this model up to 3" in any direction.

Restrictions

Cassandra



Kaeris Upgrades

Grab and Drop

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Wings of Fire: Friendly models with the **Burning** Condition which Activate within 6 gain the following Ability for the duration of the Activation: "**Flight:** This model is immune to falling damage and may ignore any terrain or models while moving." When the Activation is complete, remove the **Burning** Condition from the model and place a Scheme Marker in base contact with it.

- This model gains the following Attack Action:

  (0) Grab and Drop (**MI** 3 / Rst: **Ht** / Rg: 1)**:** Place target enemy model within 5" of this model, then place this model within 2" of the target. The target suffers falling damage as if it had fallen from a height equal to the amount by which this model's final duel total exceeded the target's, up to a maximum of 6. If the model is killed, this model counts as having killed it.

Restrictions

Kaeris, Limited

Purifying Fire

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Purifying Fire: Friendly models within 6 do not suffer damage from the **Burning** Condition. Instead, they heal that amount of damage. Models which are Immune to **Burning** or otherwise reduce the damage to 0 may not heal in this way.

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (0) On the Pyre (**Ca** 7 / TN: 15 / Rg: 6)**:** Place two 50mm Pyre Markers within range, touching each other, at least 1" from any models or other Markers. These Markers are **Ht** 5, blocking, hazardous terrain. At the end of every Turn remove all Pyre Markers.

Restrictions

Kaeris, Limited

Born of Fire

Cost: 2 SS

- This model's **Immolate** Action gains the following Triggers:

  Born of Fire: After killing a model which has the **Burning** Condition, summon a Fire Gamin into base contact with the model before removing it. The Fire Gamin suffers 2 damage which may not be reduced.

  Pyre: After killing the target, a 50mm Pyre Marker may be placed in base contact with it before removing it. This Marker is **Ht** 5, blocking, hazardous terrain. At the end of every Turn remove all Pyre Markers.

Restrictions

Kaeris

Blinding Flame

Cost: 1 SS

- This model's **Flaming Halo** Action gains the following Triggers:

  Blinding Flame: After succeeding, push the target 3" away from this model. The target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**My Eyes!:** This model may not declare Charge Actions."

  Flee From the Light: After succeeding, all enemy models within 3 are pushed 3" away from this model.

Restrictions

Kaeris

POWERED BY FLAME

COST: 2 SS

This model gains the following Ability:

Powered by Flame: Enemy models within 8 which suffer damage from a friendly Construct gain the **Burning +1** Condition after resolving the current Action.

RESTRICTION

M&SU, Rare 1



General Arcanist Upgrades

Seize the Day

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Seize the Day: This Crew gains + to Initiative flips.

Restrictions

Leader

Killswitch

Cost: 1 SS

- When this Upgrade is purchased, it is attached to this model face down. This Upgrade does not count against this model's Upgrade limit. If this Upgrade is discarded reveal this Upgrade to all players.
- This model gains the following Ability:

  Killswitch: When this model is killed or sacrificed by an enemy model's Action, Ability, or a Condition, reveal this Upgrade. Before removing this model, all models in (r)2 suffer 2 damage which may not be reduced.

Restrictions

Rare 1

Patron's Blessing

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Casting Expert: This model gains 1 additional AP which may only be used to take **Ca** Actions.

Restrictions

The Captain





Decoy

Cost: 0 SS

- This Upgrade may only be purchased by a Crew that also purchased the Killswitch Upgrade. When this Upgrade is purchased, it is attached to this model face down. This Upgrade does not count against this model's Upgrade limit. If this Upgrade is discarded reveal this Upgrade to all players.
- This model gains the following Ability:

  Decoy: When this model is killed or sacrificed, reveal this Upgrade. This Upgrade has no other effect.

RESTRICTIONS

Rare 2


NEVERBORN

The Moonlight Gallery

By: Matthew Farrer

He thought he had probably lost the Guild bastards when he left the trail above Holton's Hearth, but he couldn't be sure, and that made for some tough decisions.

Sticking to the roads was out, suicide, if the posse didn't get him he was sure the Guild posts would have been warned to look for a man with heavy saddlebags that looked like they held, oh, maybe a couple of reams of a highly illegal subversive ragsheet instead of legitimate travel supplies, for example. Wit and care might get him past one, luck past another, but sooner or later he'd be stopped and searched. So, no.

The high trails were more dangerous. Few to no Guild up there (*probably*, Edmund reminded himself), but if he did run into them, they would be tougher, better armed, more vigilant. But there were marked trails, at least, and he had a pretty good idea of which ones he needed to follow. Hell, he might even run into some sympathisers up there.

It was the note that had decided him. He had stopped at the cheapest of the inns at the Hearth under his usual assumed name, and there had been a note in the dead-drop, not in a hand he recognized, but who else would know to put anything there? If the Guild were onto him he'd already be stumbling back to Malifaux City in leg-irons.

He had read it under the lamp hanging in the corner of the inn's penny-a-night communal bedroom, a chill creeping up his spine, then read it again. Then he'd popped it into his mouth, chewed it into paste, gone out back to the outhouse and spat it into the privy.

Guild on watch for you

2 guards n posse ½ doz maybe

with 1 Hunter

He hadn't gone back inside. From the outhouse to the stables and the hell away from Holton's Hearth. Later, once it was too late to turn back, he had wondered if he should have stayed, run a couple of hands of cards, joined in the filthy songs by the fire, left at first light. Maybe it was disappearing in the middle of the night, horse and all, that would attract attention. Well, too late now. For better or worse, he was off the trails.

A moment later Edmund Whitlaw went face-first into a tree branch. He yelped into the mass of leaves, and it took a few seconds' struggle before he was able to shove it upward and hunch underneath it, grabbing frantically behind him to reclaim his bowler hat before it was dragged off his head. Teach him to go woolgathering in the thick woods, in the dark. He hunched low over the pommel of the saddle as Chester the gelding picked his resentful way through the trees.

Edmund was pretty sure he wasn't lost, or at least he wouldn't be when the moons came back out. He was tired, but his nerves were taut enough to keep him awake through until dawn and for enough of the day to get to Sunset. He could approach the sympathiser homesteads from the far side of town, wash and change his clothes, get rid of the thick moustache he affected in town. He'd stash his copies of *The Voice of Truth* with his hosts ready for furtive distribution through the mountain towns, and things would be fine. Give Chester a day to rest up and he could be heading back to Malifaux just about when the next edition was due to come off the presses.

But the Hunter, that bothered him. Writing about the Guild's thefts and lies for the illegal ragsheets made Guild attention an occupational hazard; smuggling them out to truth-hungry readers in the outlying towns meant sleeping cheap and rough and risking the posses. But a Hunter? He'd never heard of one of those being used against ragsheet runners before. He supposed it was a compliment if the Guild had sent one of their so-expensive (and so-deadly, he couldn't help adding) machines out this far into the wilds to track him. But now he thought of it slipping through the woods on his trail, hearing Chester's hoofs, seeing his back, accelerating to a hunting lope...

Edmund snapped around in the saddle, clutching for his revolver, but there was no furious trapjawed construct

bearing down on him out of the primal night. He blew out a breath, cursed his flightiness and faced forward again just in time to get collected by another branch. After that, he dismounted and led the little bay horse through the woods on foot.

That might well have saved him from a broken neck half an hour later when Chester shied, reared and leapt bodily backward rather than enter the clearing.

Too exhausted and exasperated even to swear now, Edmund kept his grip on the reins, grimly trying to stay beyond the range of an errant, lashing forehoof, until the horse quieted down. He could see Chester's flanks quivering, his nostrils flaring, eyes rolling in fear.

"Nothing up there, boy. Nothing there, my son, nothing to worry about in there." *Whatever's to worry about is coming up behind us,* he thought sourly. After another minute, he left Chester to catch his breath and walked into the clearing on his own just as the moons came out overhead.

It was a natural break in the woods, a loose diamond shape around a fast-running little creek that rustled and babbled between fringes of long overhanging grass. The natural break had been expanded by hand, Edmund saw: the uphill edges were lined with stumps, and craters where stumps had been pulled.

The little cottage at the uphill point of the diamond barely deserved the term any more. It was a couple of eroded stone walls, the dark square of a window embedded in one, and a mess scattered inside their angle that must have once been roof beams and shingles.

Who knew how long this place had been abandoned? Maybe it was even from First Settlement, before the Breach closed and returned; although Edmund had heard some strange stories about how time had passed – or not – between those two events. Stories about what the first scouts through the new Breach had found, things that had turned into stories that Guild secrecy contracts and the dishonesty of the *Malifaux Record* couldn't keep secret...

Edmund enjoyed righteous indignation as much as the next backstreet agitator, but he let it go this time. Those thoughts came with uncomfortable company, thoughts about what lurked in this place other than the humans. Things that moved up here in the wilderness that made a Guild posse look like a warm hug.

Right on cue, the little boy shot up over the house wall and shouted "Boo!"

Edmund didn't scream. He tried, but the best he could manage was a strangled *Gnnah!* as he skidded on the damp ground and went down hard on his arse. His hand clutched out for where it thought the revolver should be, but just came back with a fist full of grass: the gun was slung on Chester's saddle.

"You were *scared,*" the kid declared triumphantly. All Edmund could see of him was a pale, cherubic face and a shock of tousled blond hair, as if he had just sat up in bed after a restless night. Two delicate little hands rested on top of the tumbledown walls in front of him.

Edmund gulped for a moment until his heart agreed to slide back down his throat and settle in his ribs again, and then he pushed himself to his feet. He could already feel sour adrenaline sweat collecting under his arms and on his palms. He looked around.

"I didn't think anybody was here," he said. "Who else is up here with you?"

The boy shrugged.

"You can't be all the way out here on your own. You must have come here from the Contract Towns up in the mountains."

Another shrug. Edmund took a couple of steps closer. If the kid was from a Contract Town he was some mayor's son or something. The hair was tousled but it was clean and well kept, and there was no trace of work grime on his hands, nor of bad nutrition in his face and teeth.

"My name's Edmund," he said. "What's yours?"

"That's! No! Concern! Of! Yours!" said the boy, jabbing a finger with each word. Edmund guessed he was imitating an adult he'd heard. The kid kept his scowl for a moment longer before he started giggling.

"Are there any grown-ups with you here?" Edmund asked, "or were you such a brave boy that you're out in the woods all by yourself?"

"I don't know if I like the woods," the kid told him. "I think they're boring."

"They can be dangerous." Edmund found his hand was itching for his revolver. He was better at running than fighting but something was wrong as hell here and he

wanted its weight in his hand. “Bad people can come up here sometimes, running away from the towns and hiding out. Like robbers. And there are animals, and there are Neverborn.” He felt himself tense. He was sure that story about the Neverborn being drawn to anyone who said the word out loud was just that, a stupid story, but who really knew?

And who knew whether he was talking to one right now?

“What's a Nev'borng?” The boy stumbled a little on the syllables as though he hadn't heard them before. Edmund stared at him for a moment, trying to understand the question.

“How long have you been in Malifaux?”

The boy shrugged again.

“How did you even get here?”

“Nurse puts me to bed at eight pee emm precisely,” the kid said, as though that answered the question. “Nursery bell rings at seven forty-five pee emm. We say goodnight to Mother and Aunt Lillian at seven fifty at the reading room, and say goodnight to Father and get his blessing at seven fifty-five pee emm at the door to the library.” The singsong recital finished and the boy looked around. “Where are all the people? Most nights there are people.”

“What sort of people?” This was insane. Edmund needed to be on his way. But how could anyone who fancied himself a decent man just ride off and leave a child in a trackless wood? And how could anyone who fancied himself a reporter just up and run without finding out what the hell was going on?

Everyone knew that all bets were off out in the wild country. Anything could happen to you out here, and in Malifaux, anything meant *literally* god-damned *anything.* There was a reason why it was Edmund's job to ride the new printings up to the highland towns: there were precious few others who were willing to come up this way on their own.



What if the kid was Neverborn?

Edmund stared at him.

What if he *weren't*?

The boy came wandering around the wall, into the clearing, still looking around him."We play games," he said solemnly. "Every night. And it's more fun than the stupid old games that *little children* want to play. It's like... a big toyshop with toys..." he spread his arms out wide "...all out to here, not the toys that belong to the nursery that children like."Edmund had a momentary chill at that piping voice talking about "children" like that, until he remembered his nieces and nephews back home. He'd rarely heard more withering contempt than when a six-year-old told a five-year-old that he was just a child. It didn't mean this child was... not.

All the same, he still wanted his gun. He backed away from the kid toward the gap in the trees he'd come in through.

"Where are you going?" The kid was staring after him, but he didn't seem particularly concerned to see Edmund leaving. "You're sneaking away! A gentleman should excuse himself. You're supposed to learn that when you're still little like me."

"Well then," said Edmund. He was sweating again. That wrong feeling was stronger than ever. He doffed his hat. "May I excuse myself, young sir, while I check on my horse?"

"Do you have a horse? We can play fox-hunt! Or steeple-chase! You can ride your horse and I'll get Lord Chompy Bits to be my horse!" The boy clapped his hands. "Teddy can call Start and all the little ones can cheer when we win!"

Lord Chompy Bits. Good grief.

Edmund's nerves settled a little, and a little more when he found Chester still waiting for him, wary but not panicking, back in the trees. He got the gun into his belt, and settled some more. He could still stand a bit more settling, he thought, and reached for the little flask of Bayou Gold tucked discreetly in the top of one of the bags.

"That's a lot of bags!" came the piping voice right behind him. Edmund jumped again and slapped the saddlebag flap down. The boy had followed him and was standing framed between two big gnarled trees at the clearing's edge. The double moonlight lit up the outline of his golden hair and white nightshirt (nightshirt? Something in Edmund's brain picked up on that and started to worry at it) but his face was in shadow. "What's in the bags, Mister Edmund?"

Edmund looked back at Chester, who was tense and shifting from hoof to hoof again, and then at the saddlebags. He was sure he had closed them, he hadn't even unbuckled the far one, but now they were both open. And he could see the reams of folder paper in them clearly...

"The moonlight just got a lot brighter," he said half-aloud. "How did that happen through the trees?"

"I don't like the dark much," said the boy as though that explained it. "What's in the bags? What's in the *bags*?"

Edmund closed the flaps and buckled them, then walked over to the boy in an exaggerated tiptoe, one finger on his lips.

"You have to keep a secret," he said, and the boy's expression lit up. Kids loved secrets. "They're special secret papers that only a few people are allowed to read. They tell the truth about what happens in Malifaux, but there are bad people who don't want anyone to know about what's happening so I have to give them out very quietly. Can you be my special deputy and keep my secret for me?"

"I give you my word as a gentleman," the boy said, so precisely and seriously that Edmund wanted to laugh. And then he said: "I want to see! I'm the special dep'ty, wanna see!"

"Well," Edmund, began, but then the boy had a copy of the *Voice of Truth* in his hand.

"It's all words and no pictures!" the kid scolded. "I want 'nother one!" He threw the paper to the ground and then he was holding a second one. "It's the same!" He threw that away too. Now they all came out, fluttering past Edmund and spreading themselves in the air. "They're all the same! I don't care about your stupid old secrets. They don't have any pictures and they're *boring!*"

"Well," Edmund said again, and stopped. Come on, he told himself, think! There's a right thing to say that will

get you out of this. Find it!

"You should have brought toys. Or books to read to me. These are things like Governess shows me. I don't care about these!" Newssheets swirled around them like birds mobbing around a roost.

"Well. If you don't want my papers..." Edmund shot a look over his shoulder, and saw Chester still in his spot, alarmed by it all but not ready to bolt yet, thank heavens. The saddlebags hung empty: all the papers were around him in the air. "If you don't want my papers then I shall take them away so they don't bore you anymore. Would you be a good fellow and fold them up for me, please? I'm sure I don't want to bore little boys who don't like my papers."

The kid gave him a sidelong look.

"I've thought of a better thing to do. Paper is for drawing pictures. I shall draw pictures." He gave a delighted intake of breath. "I know! We'll have a glalry!" He caught himself. "A *gallery!* Father and Governess took me when we went to the city! It was winter and there was all snow! We went around all the pictures but they didn't move, not like the pictures I can dream. But now I'm going to have my own glallery! I shall do the pictures, and you can be my... my clerk! Father has a clerk. You have to do what I tell you. And Teddy can be the man at the front who takes the tickets. And Lord Chompy Bits can be the man who makes sure nobody spoils the paintings!" The boy cheered. "It's going to be the most famous gallallery in the world!"

Edmund gaped at the clearing. The sheets of his newspapers had flown out and arranged themselves in rows in the air, some of them on their own, some of them assembling themselves into bigger and bigger squares and rectangles. They were hanging at cavernous distances apart, at least ten feet in the air.

Of course, he thought dazedly, he's recreating a gallery from a child's eye. Everything's too big and too high, and his memory is distorting it even more.

He watched the little figure running gleefully between the hanging papers (whose edges were starting to boast shadowy little traceries that resembled ornate frames), his mind whirling. A big house, with a drawing-room, nursery, library. A nurse and a governess, visits to the gallery. Lots of toys and books as well as lessons. Malifaux wasn't a big place. Any family with those sorts of means, Edmund would know about, knowing things like that was part of his job. He couldn't think of any that fit the boy's stories, let alone who had a son whose description fit the kid himself. And Malifaux didn't have a dedicated gallery.

"This one's going to be of... a steamship! And this one shall be... a castle and its king! And this one shall be... hunting hounds! And this is... cavalry at the charge!"

And the boy spoke well, too, an accent that was almost familiar from Edmund's days before he came through the Breach.

Never mind that business about all bets being off in Malifaux, the explanation that was forming in Edmund's mind was too bizarre even for-

And then he saw the pictures.

A steamship, the kid had said, and here it was, a rusted hulk whose smokestacks glowed like the furnaces of Hell, ploughing through a blood-red sea with a screaming man chained to its prow as a figurehead.

It was him.

The castle was a terrifying mass of ruins, spikes and gibbets, and its king was a grinning ghoul with a pile of charnel for a throne, giving the gesture for a bestial headsman to decapitate the cowering man kneeling before it. Edmund again.

The hunting hounds were pursuing a terrified Edmund through hedges of evil, dagger-like thorns in which half a dozen other corpses were trapped. The cavalry at the charge were misshapen things riding red-eyed demon horses, bearing down on an Edmund who had dropped his rifle and was begging on his knees to surrender.

Every hanging sheet of newsprint bore a similar picture, or was manifesting one. As Edmund looked at the one nearest to him, the rows of letters dissolved away, swirled into greyness and then back into vivid colour.

"A locomotive!"

And there it was, some nightmarish barbed parody of one, blasting along a railroad through horrific wasteland. The scrawny, hunched figure of the engineer could just be made out in the red-orange light spilling from the door of the firebox, in which Edmund was thrashing as he burned alive.

The boy came running back, arms wide, grinning with delight. Was it him? Was he dreaming up death after death for Edmund on these pictures, or did he not realise what he was doing? What was he seeing, when he looked at the papers? Not what met his own eyes, Edmund suspected.

"We shall invite everybody important!" the boy exclaimed. "Even Governess! I can't make her like the pictures I do when I'm awake, but we'll invite her here and when she comes I can make her like them then!"

"I'm sure... you can. She'll be very proud of you."

"Oh." The boy seemed weirdly put out at that idea. "Are you sure she won't be frightened? When I tell people what happens in my dreams sometimes they are very scared. The children I tell about my dreams don't like them either."

"Silly children," Edmund managed through a dry mouth.

"Yes! Silly, not like here in our gallery. You and me and Lord Chompy Bits are going to go around and look at all the paintings now. Lord Chompy Bits! Come down! You can't be in the glall'ry ceiling, you have to be down here!"

There was a crashing from somewhere above and behind Edmund. He turned, peering into the shadowy forest canopy, wishing the moonlight were brighter still.

Something was clambering toward them through the tree branches, shouldering aside leaves, splintering smaller limbs under its weight. Edmund could hear trunks as thick as his own body creaking under the weight of it.

It was watching him. He didn't need to see it, he could *feel* its attention. It fixed him to the floor of the clearing as though his boots had been staked to the ground.

Lord Chompy Bits dropped out of the trees and into the ruins of the cottage. It took a couple of paces forward, moving on all fours in a hunched gait like a great gorilla. Its shoulder brushed one of the still-standing stone walls and knocked it down.

Its face came out of the shadows. It looked at Edmund and grinned.

Edmund whirled, gun forgotten, thoughts scrubbed clean but for the need to get away. He managed three, four clumsy steps before his foot hit a hummock and he stumbled to his knees.

"Hoi there!" The boy's voice was indignant, not angry. "You can't leave! You're working for my gal... gallery! You're not allowed to leave! Teddy!"

Stupid boy, Edmund thought crazily. *Nobody calls me that, Teddy's short for Edward, not Edmund, shows how much-*

Then he realised the boy hadn't been talking to him.

Edmund froze, staring up at the giant waddling thing like a child's stuffed toy bear seen through an absinthe haze. Its fur shone in the moonlight like a wild animal pelt, but lines of heavy stitching ran across its torso and around the blunt tubes of its arms and legs. Rotten-looking stuffing leaked out of the seams. Its too-wide eyes glared in the moonlight like glass buttons, buttons the span of Edmund's hand. And its teeth... its *teeth*...

"Father says leaving one's post is for curs and foreigners," said the little boy primly behind him. "Lord Chompy Bits *never* leaves his post, and Teddy doesn't either. And the little ones *always* do what I say. People need to do as I say."

Edmund backed away from the bear-thing, trying to keep balance on legs that felt like they'd turned to wood. He didn't want to fall. He could feel the revolver still jammed into his belt, but didn't bother reaching for it. It was a contraband Tyrolese militia gun, squat and powerful, but now it felt like a toy. Worse, an annoyance.

Edmund heard giggling from around him. Which way to face? Which did he want at his back? The bear, or that thing that had come out of the trees? But then he realised there were more creatures in the clearing now. Little flitting shadow-shapes, like rough charcoal sketches of men and women, snakes with human faces, harpies, spiders. All black scribbles of form against the moonlight but for the red tinge that shone through the crude shapes of their eyes and mouths.

"The little ones are here to see the pictures," the boy told him importantly, "so we all have to stay and be helpers. You have to stay until I say so." He folded his arms and gave Edmund a smug look.

Edmund stared at him, then looked at the great shape crouched over the wrecked cottage. It lifted a forelimb and wagged a finger at him reprovingly. He turned and looked at Teddy, who was still simply standing in his way, reeking of mildew and wet animal fur, and grinning.

From behind Teddy came the sound of Chester stamping and whinnying, and while Edmund was still trying to process that there was a heavy pneumatic thud, a brief whistling sound over the top of an odd metallic jingling and suddenly Teddy's grin was gone as it stared in bafflement at the foot of shining steel harpoon that jutted from its chest. Later, when he thought back to tonight in his cups, Edmund would remember the contrast of that smooth metal barb catching the moonlight, and the texture of the matted fur and stuffing all around it.

"Teddy!" squealed the boy from behind him, as the harpoon-chain snapped taut. Teddy was yanked backward, stumbling a pace or two before it could regain its balance and dig in. It half-turned and roared, and the roar was a human roar, a man's deep voice shouting "Raaaar!"

Of course it was, Edmund realised. It was a bear's roar imagined by a sheltered child who'd only ever heard other people impersonating bears.

And then there were more voices in the clearing still.

"Guild authority, all of you! Nobody bat an eyelid, nobody leave, Guild authority! Edmund Whitlaw, alias Birmingham Jack, alias C. B. G. Blunt, Esquire, you are hereby..."

"No!" shouted the boy, but there was still nothing more than petulance in his voice. "Nobody's allowed in the gallery if they're rough and naughty! You're interrupting! Lord Chompy Bits! Teddy!"

"...hereby under summary arrest on charge and subject of..."

"Stop jabbering, you idiot, and shoot! Bloody Nora, what is *that*!"

Edmund threw himself flat as the Guild Guards' fusillade split the air of the clearing. He could hear the rounds whipping overhead, and a moment later a shout of outrage from the boy as some of them punched holes in the pictures. The dark shapes were swarming forward through the moonlight; it was impossible to tell whether the bullets were hurting them, or even hitting them. As the humans fanned out and the shadows moved to meet them the heavy reports of the Guild guns kept sounding with military regularity; the lighter, faster shots from the posse volunteers grew more erratic, and started to be mixed in with cries of alarm.

Teddy was snarling and batting at the Hunter: the giant metal construct with its panther's body and hound's head had dug its claws in and was lunging from side to side, trying to wrench the monster off-balance and create an opening for a leap. Teddy was having none of it, planting its feet wide apart like a Little Kingdom wrestler and trying to drag the Hunter closer in. Its mittenlike hands – which looked like cloth one moment, fur the next – had sprouted snaggled, hooked claws.

Edmund got up on all fours, then yelped and ducked down again as two of the little dream-shadows, one a trotting grotesquerie like an oversized doll and the other a leaping long-legged spider, bore down on him, but they ignored him, passed over him (the doll-thing trod on him, and the feeling was like being scorched and frozen at once) and ran toward the posse. A round from a Guildsman's Collier .45 passed through the spider; it rippled in the air and gave a shriek that felt like glass scraping down Edmund's nerves.

Then the loose line of gunmen was advancing, the gunfire faltering a little as they straggled forward over the bumpy, tussocky ground and as the little flitting shapes reached them. They reached Edmund without seeming to remember he was even there and the moment he realised that he was up again, sprinting for the edge of the clearing. His foot turned on a hummock and toppled him over but he scrabbled gracelessly to his feet and ploughed forward into the trees. Fetching up hard against a thick, rough-barked trunk, he peered around behind him.

The gallery papers still hung in the air, although now they were sagging in place or flapping like flags in the wind. The gun line had dissolved, Guardsmen slashing at the dream-shadows with sabers, the posse members desperately brawling with punch-daggers or gun-butts. The Hunter and Teddy were tangled together by the harpoon-chain, grappling in a rolling, clawing, snarling ball.

And in the middle of the clearing the little boy in the white nightshirt had forgotten his bad temper and was whooping, clapping and capering as if this were a circus put on for his personal amusement.

Edmund scowled in the dark. There was no "as if" about it.

'Here, you, you gotta get out an' into the fight!" came a voice at his shoulder. Edmund wheeled around, the gun

coming free from his belt. He stared at the scrawny young man in the grey duster holding a double handful of lead-ropes and reins. Including Chester's. The moonlight was still unnaturally bright, and it only took a second for him to recognise Edmund.

"Whoa, wait, you can't..." The voice became a squeak as Edmund pointed the revolver into his face, and the boy squeezed his eyes shut. Edmund hesitated for five seconds and then grunted. Wasn't his night to be a murderer. He swung the gun around and into the young man's temple, grabbed Chester's reins from a limp hand and was in the saddle a moment later.

Chester didn't need any encouragement. Edmund hunched grimly forward and lay along the side of the gelding's neck as they fled away through the forest, praying the horse didn't repeat his own trick and twist a foot in the uneven ground. The last thing he heard from the clearing before it was all lost behind him was a little boy's voice carrying further and clearer than it had any right to:

"Lord Chompy Bits! *Chaaarge!*"

...and the sound of four monstrous limbs pounding the ground as the beast launched itself forward.

Edmund had lost all his papers, but he had one hell of a story to tell in exchange. He could see the masthead now. *Strange Affairs in the Malifaux Woods – Our Reporter Discovers a Strange Boy "Dreamer" - by your correspondent "Birmingham Jack".*

"Fight, you bastards, fight!" Edmund shouted back over his shoulder, and as Chester carried him on through the forest he realised he was grinning from ear to ear.





GALLERY OF NIGHTMARE

DESCRIPTION

Sure, a macabre gallery created by a lone child out in the middle of the woods may not be the best place to be in Malifaux, but imagine the story if we escape…

SET UP

Place six Painting Markers anywhere on the board. Randomly select a player to place the first Marker and then alternate until all Markers are placed. These Markers may not be within 6" of another Marker or table edge.

DEPLOYMENT

Use Standard Deployment.

SPECIAL

Any model in base contact with a Painting Marker may make a (1) Interact Action with it to make it come to life. When the Painting comes to life, the interacting model summons a Nightmare in base contact with the Painting Marker and then removes the Marker. Flip a card which may not be cheated to determine the Nightmare summoned:

Black Joker: The opponent summons a Teddy (M2E Core book pg. 182)

1-4: Alp (Pg. 153)

5-8: Insidious Madness (Pg. 154)

9-10: Stitched Together (Pg. 156)

11: Lelu (Pg. 155)

12: Lilitu (Pg. 155)

13: Coppelius (Pg. 154)

Red Joker: Teddy (M2E Core book pg. 182)

VICTORY

Anytime a Crew removes a Painting Marker, that Crew earns 1 **VP**. Anytime a Crew kills or sacrifices an opposing Nightmare which was summoned with a Painting Marker, that Crew earns 1 **VP**. A Crew may not earn more than 4 **VP** from this scenario.

The Hidden Music

By: Jonathan Boynton

Cynthia Hale jumped at the loud squeak of a rat as it scurried through the dim pool of light from the lamp post. She clutched a small bag to her chest, edging away from the rodent as it paused to sniff the air. Gulping in lungfuls of air, she fought down her terror, forcing her trembling hands to her side while the creature ran into the foggy night.

After the incident in the sewers last year, she had never been able to look at rats the same way. She still had an all too common nightmare of Margaret's disturbing death. Black ichor pouring from her mouth and nose, the awful noise of the showgirl choking, the sickly sweet smell... Cynthia shook herself and pulled her coat closer against the chill that hung in the damp air. She looked around anxiously, staring into the shadows of the carnival gate.

In the dark fog, the carnival looked like a different world. She had visited earlier in the day to make sure her contact was here, and the place had been bright and loud. The wagons were painted in wonderful colors, intricate murals and stories that inspired awe and marvel. At night, the characters in those same murals seemed to leer from their homes, lifeless eyes following her as she shifted from foot to foot nervously. The silence was even more unnerving. Compared to the light gaiety of the day, there was nothing to hear aside from her ragged breathing and the occasional vermin that ran past.

Clicking from behind made Cynthia spin, slamming her back painfully into a lamp post. She pulled a derringer out of her dress pocket, pointing the weapon, long drilled instincts steadying her hand. A figure loomed out of the dark to join Cynthia in the lamp light and the showgirl heaved a sigh of relief, leaning against the newcomer.

“Amethyst, don't do that to me!” she complained, stuffing the pistol back into its hiding place. Cynthia scowled at the porcelain mask stuck in a perpetual smirk that adorned the Coryphee’s face. She hated that Colette had sent this particular one along with her - she always felt like the thing was laughing at her. “I never used to be like this,” she insisted to the immobile smirk. “I really didn't! Was the best shot in the show, I was. Miss Du Bois said it herself.”

Amethyst just stared, then tilted its head the opposite way. Cynthia stuck her tongue out at the construct, then turned back to the carnival. She pulled in a deep breath, her nerves relaxing at the reassuring presence of her companion. “Now, where’s that supply wagon,” she muttered. After a moment, she stood on her toes to try to see above the fog. “Bah, can't see a thing.”

She glanced back to the city longingly for a moment, then hung her head. If she didn't get moving, she'd miss her deadline. Cynthia opened the bag, checking the small fortune of Soulstones contained within. Colette and the other girls were counting on her. “Time to go, Amethyst,” she said, snapping the handbag closed. Hands clasped together in an attempt to still the trembling as she marched into the fog, head high.



The clicking of wooden limbs wove into the rhythm in Collodi's head. The puppeteer's fingers moved deftly as it worked, the soft sound of the carving building into the symphony in its head. It paused to admire the face emerging from the wooden block, glancing at the template that sat nearby. As the song wore down, the puppeteer hurriedly returned to the tools, movements slowing to an easier pace as the music returned.

A small amount of starlight leaked in through the tiny ornate window at the front of the caravan wagon, providing little illumination. Marionettes surrounded Collodi, perched onto shelves that filled the tight space, colorful outfits splashing color into the faint light. They watched as the puppet master made them a new sister, one or two of the most adventurous crawling onto the work bench. The puppets were Collodi's children, one of the few sources of the music anymore. Old Malifaux was gone, along with it the creators. Now, the music they had given was dying, becoming harder to hear as the centuries passed. One of the girl dolls reached up from the floor, tugging gently at its master's robe, and Collodi reached down with a lower hand to gently pat its fake hair.

Over the years Collodi had collected so many marionettes, their natures wide and varied. Each would take a different role on the stage, where the puppeteer hid in plain sight from the humans it so hated. It had

never stopped the shows and couldn't bear to even though it was hated by the humans. The shows kept the music flowing and brought new materials for its children. The wooden dolls were so similar to the children that inspired them that their master still marveled at how the naive humans never saw through the deception.

The music continued to play as Collodi finished the doll's face, gently turning it over to examine the inside. A lower limb reached over to the template, dipping a wooden finger into the small female's blood. Collodi examined the dark liquid in the starlight, then used it to write on the carved wood. A pinch of Soulstone dust scattered over the words bound them to the emerging puppet, the gleam of the dust echoing the bright melody swirling round the wagon. The puppeteer began attaching the face to the body that sat on the bench, lower limbs reaching for the small outfits that had been prepared earlier.

A sudden noise from outside the wagon made the music come to a screeching, discordant halt. Collodi's hands twitched, and it looked up angrily at the window. After a moment, the puppeteer returned to its work before being interrupted again. The noise built louder, drowning out the symphony with chaotic, atonal crashes.



An occasional lamp on the wagons in the carnival helped Cynthia and Amethyst navigate their way through the dark and the fog. The showgirl kept a tight hand on her handbag, nervously inspecting every shadow as she walked. While they traveled, she could feel things watching her from the fog, every now and then seeing pairs of yellow eyes from short figures that disappeared if she looked close.

The silence had gotten worse. Even the rats had hidden away, leaving the pair alone in the dim light. Every now and again, Cynthia could hear the clockwork of the Coryphee as it moved, but she tried to ignore it, along with the rapid beating of her heart.

She shivered as a thick patch of fog caressed the pale skin of her face. The cold droplets stung, and she flicked them away. Up ahead, there was another light, and she strode toward it. As she looked around, she realized she no longer knew where she was going. This was a part of the grounds that she hadn't seen this morning. A small circle of wagons surrounded a handful of booths and chairs. They were empty, leaving her only guesses as to the purpose. One seemed to be a miniature stage, of all things.

This time, the light came not from a lantern, but a fire. A handful of figures sat around it, and Cynthia hesitated, quietly reaching for her pistol and turning her head to check for Amethyst. The Coryphee wasn't there. She could feel her eyes go wide, and she tensed, nervous fingers failing to find the pistol's grip. As she backed away from the fire, she knocked over a metal pail. The sound of clanging metal echoed strangely in the fog.

"Hello, what's this?" A lanky man stood up from the fire, a metal bar in his hand. The light from the flames accentuated the harshness of his features, a sharp lean face with a shadow of a beard on his jaw. He wore a pair of glasses that glowed a faint orange as he looked at her, and took a drag on a cigar.

"Looks like we got a mouse that wandered the wrong way, Duggins," another said. The broad man pushed off from the wagon he'd been leaning against, tipping back a hat to reveal a scared, leering face. "What ya doing here, luv?"

"I...I..." Words failed as Cynthia stared at them. The third man pulled himself to his feet, favoring a metal prosthetic leg. He looked her up and down, expression curiously blank. He was bald, with an unkempt black beard shot through with grey.

"Expensive clothes, Duggins. Betting she's got something worth the trouble."

"Aye, ya might be right there, Anders," the thin man agreed, shifting the bar into a two-handed grip. "What do you say, lass? We can make this nice and quick, if you like. Just show us what's in that there purse."

"I...can't," she finally stammered. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she remembered the pistol and began to reach for it. A massive paw grabbed her wrist, another wrapped around her neck. Cynthia screamed as the handbag was roughly pulled out of her grasp.

"Oh, that won't do you any good here," the fourth man growled from behind her, shifting his grip to cover her mouth. "Don't you worry none, we ain't gonna hurt ya. Just interested in yer valuables."

"Toss the bag here, Roorke, and let's have a look."

Desperately, Cynthia bit the man's hand, ramming her free elbow back into his stomach. The man howled, letting her go. She spun, ramming a boot into his groin, before jumping for the handbag as he dropped it. The big man fell to the ground groaning as the others stared.

Duggins chuckled disturbingly after a moment. “Seems this little mouse has teeth. Looks like it's the hard way after all. Anders, Hutchins?”

Cynthia fled.



Collodi set down the tools, letting the music die with frustration. Clearly, the noise from outside was not going to go away on its own. The marionettes stirred, reacting to their master's anger. For some, there was eagerness, for others, trepidation. Even in this odd extension of life, the different templates showed through. The puppeteer resentfully moved to the door, plucking a porcelain theater mask, cane and pair of gloves from where they hung nearby. If the interruption to the music would not go away, Collodi would force the issue. Lower limbs hidden inside the voluminous costume it wore, it pushed the door open, letting a pair of marionettes rush out ahead of it.

Other, less aggressive puppets closed the wagon door from the inside as Collodi stalked out, cane smacking the ground loudly to disguise the sound of its wooden bones rattling against each other. Its eyes hunted for the source of the noise that had interrupted the song, settling on a group of adult humans. Hatred stirred dark chords deep within the puppeteer, and it clenched its hidden fists. The marionette pair, joined by others that had snuck out the wagon’s tiny window after the door shut, shuffled with eagerness in the darkness.

There were five of the humans, filling the night with the sounds of their conflict. Collodi could see fire and blades, shivering at the bitter tune of the memories that rose. With vicious delight, the puppet master raised its hands, letting its lower limbs slip out from the folds of its robes. Fine strings of thought wove through the night connecting the marionettes to their master, and they began to tremble as Collodi took control of their limbs.



She didn't get far before she tripped over something. The bag fell to the ground, cracking open, the soft glow of the stones lighting the night. She could hear the men gasp. The sight of her obligation snapped her wits back into place. The panic bled away almost easily replaced with a spiky chill that settled into her bones.

Cynthia wrapped her hand around the derringer, pulling it smoothly out of its holster, and she rolled over, aiming it at the muggers. They froze, staring at the weapon pointed steadily at them. “B-back off,” she warned, pushing herself back to the handbag and closing it. It took some doing to get to her feet without dropping her aim, but she managed. “Just...just stay away from me, alright? I don't want no trouble.”

Duggins threw his head back and laughed. “Oh? And what's gonna stop it, eh? You only got two shots, sweetheart. Best make them count, I'd say.” He shifted the rod, shoving Anders in the back. “Go on, boys. Odds are she doesn't know what to do with it anyway.”

Roorke grunted as he stood, towering over the others. He grabbed a chair from nearby, and Cynthia felt her terror return as he loomed in front of the fire, shaking with rage. Smoothly, she lined up the pistol, and pulled the trigger. The muzzle flashed, and the bullet hammered into his knee. He collapsed to the ground, screaming as he grabbed his ruined joint.

“Down to one, lass,” Duggins said, taking a step forward.

Out of the dark, Cynthia heard clockwork gears, and couldn't help but laugh nervously. “It's about time, Amethyst,” she shouted, too overjoyed at the arrival of the Coryphee to be angry at its earlier absence. The construct leapt out of the fog, landing in a graceful crouch in front of the showgirl. It spread its arms wide, head cocked quizzically at the men. Long, silvery blades swung out wide from hidden compartments in its chest and snapped into position.

Before the muggers could react, the construct charged. Every motion was graceful, as if part of a choreographed ballet, the Coryphee dancing to a rhythm no one could hear. It darted towards the standing men, fast and elegant even as it slipped a spiked heel into Roorke's throat, blood spraying through the air as it moved to reach the standing men. Crimson splattered over Amethyst's purple outfit, and Cynthia felt a stab of irrational panic at the sight. Colette was going to kill her if Amethyst ruined that dress. With a nervous giggle, she lowered her pistol.

Hutchins managed to get a heavy knife in the way of the Coryphee's first blade as it turned to him. He blocked the next attack with his arm, grunting as the construct's blade bit into the bone. Savagely he snapped his head forward, and Cynthia could hear the mask crack despite the noise the brawl was making. The shattered porcelain fell to the ground with a clatter. Without hesitation, Amethyst pushed a foot onto the man's prosthetic, launching itself into the air at Anders.

The puppeteer hesitated as a new form danced into the firelight. Ornate dress swirling, blades slashing, the unfamiliar creature moved gracefully through the fight. It was a construct, resembling an adult female much like his marionettes resembled the smaller ones. Blood flew into the air in an accompaniment to the screams, building into...*music.* Collodi lowered its limbs, starring in wonder at the machine that filled its mind with the most beautiful symphony it had felt since the long gone times.

Amethyst made quick work of Anders, weaving around the man's attempts at defense to neatly place a blade through his temple. His brass knuckles fell to the earth moments before he silently joined them. The Coryphee spun, turning back to the man who had smashed its porcelain mask.

“Aw, screw it,” Duggin said, spitting his cigar onto the ground and tossing his metal rod to Hutchins as the Coryphee swept towards the broader man. “Keep the damn clockpiece occupied a sec.” He pulled a pistol from his waist, pointing it at Cynthia. She screamed when he pulled the trigger, the fog turning bright as day as thunder roared.

Amethyst twisted on its feet, tossing itself toward the showgirl. When the bullet struck, the construct stumbled, falling to the ground like a cut marionette. Cynthia felt a shard of hot metal scratch her cheek. The showgirl angrily raised her pistol and fired in one fluid motion, a life's worth of training against show targets culminating into one fatal moment.

Duggins' head snapped back, and the man fell limp as blood leaked from the bullet wound. As the body hit the ground, Hutchins took the opportunity to flee into the night. Cynthia walked slowly over to the Coryphee, kneeling next to it and lifting the head. “You stupid, wonderful thing,” she murmured. “If you'd just been here in the first place...well. You wouldn't need to be fixed. But thank you, my dear protector.”

In rage, Collodi sent its puppets after the fleeing man, trusting that in the darkness they would be able to find him at least somewhat discretely. As the marionettes left, the puppeteer watched the female kneel next to the fallen dancer. Collodi watched, wondered, and then made a decision. Taking a moment to make sure its disguise was in place, it stepped forward. As the female looked up, it searched its memories for lines appropriate to the situation.

“Can I help, milady?” it asked, the words slow and hesitant. Words felt unnatural outside of the context of a stage, as they always did.



Cynthia looked up from the lifeless Coryphee, grabbing for a bladed arm as the stranger stepped forward into the light. She stared at the face beneath the tricorn hat, a tragic theater mask covering it. The eyes were hidden in the shadows. “No,” she said. “I'm fine.”

“It is a lady's prerogative to lie,” the man said after a moment. Her forehead furrowed in confusion. Had his accent changed? His voice was oddly flat and slow too, as if he was thinking hard over everything he said. “But it would be dishonorable to leave without assisting. What do you require?”

The accent *had* changed. In between phrases, his voice shifted slightly. Those archaic sayings, as well, the fancy speech. She stood, hiding her trembling hand behind her back as she went to retrieve the bag of Soulstones. “Are you one of the carnival actors?”

Another accent slid smoothly into place. “All the world's a stage, and all men and women merely players. They have their exits and their entrances, and one man in his time plays many parts.”

“An odd way to say yes,” Cynthia replied with a nervous laugh. She glanced around, looking for Duggins' lost pistol. The man didn't reply, resting his hands lightly on a cane. His odd manner reminded her of a madman she had met once. He also had quoted the old masters eloquently, almost at random. This actor seemed like one unable to break from his career, only able to think in terms of plays.

There, the metal of the pistol gleamed in the light. She threw aside her calm demeanor, leaping for the gun and rolling to align it with the actor. He didn't move, but tilted his head forward slightly. “I mean no harm, fair and gentle woman. Truly, I wish to aid.”

“Ah, that's a laugh,” she said.

“You have somewhere you ought to be, yes? And your... dancer, it is... broken. Wherefore do you go?”

Cynthia glanced at the sky, hunting for the moon, then cursed. She was running out of time. It would not be long before she missed her appointment. The showgirl looked at the actor, searching for his eyes. “I do. If you want to help, could you hide my...dancer for an hour? I'll pay you fifty Scrip in return.”

“A deal most agreeable.” He pointed at a nearby wagon. “In an hour's time, there I shall be.”

“Thank you,” she said. Taking a deep breath, she sprinted into the fog, pistol held ready.

It took only a few minutes to get the dancer into Collodi's wagon. The size of the machine meant the puppeteer could not get it to the workbench, but that did not matter. Marionettes crowded around, watching their master at work.



The construct was fascinating, and Collodi wasted no time in examining every aspect of its manufacture. Never before had the music come from another source. The symphonies had been with it since the beginning, before the children had been lost to the long, silent years. Always, the song had come from its work, from building and entertaining, although the latter had faded over time. Yet, here was this dancer, a machine made by masters unknown, and the new song had been...wonderful.

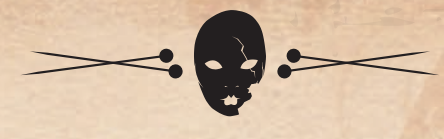
As Collodi worked, it could feel glimpses of the enthralling melody that the dancer had made. The technology was strange, unfamiliar, but the puppeteer was confident it could redesign the coryphee. The maker had only been human, after all, lacking in the centuries of experience that Collodi had. Gears and clockwork were held together by iron bones, similar to the wooden limbs of the marionettes. The heart of the machine, however, was missing. The bullet hole passed through the central mechanisms, much to the puppet master's frustration.

Before long, the marionettes it had sent after the man returned. Collodi took a moment to look over the stained costumes with some level of annoyance. Cleaning the blood would be problematic, especially off the wooden faces of the puppets. They would have to be held out of the show for some time. The puppeteer took a moment to pat each of the puppets on the head, then returned to its work.

A knock at the door made Collodi look up in surprise. The faint glimpses of song faded away, and the knock came again. The puppeteer stood, pulling on its disguise, and shooed the marionettes onto the shelves. It opened the door, looking down at the female who stood there. “The hour has arrived already?” Collodi asked in surprise.

“Yes. Where's Amethyst?” The female was agitated, nervously bouncing on her feet. “The dancer, remember?” Beyond her, Collodi could see a male with a cart. The puppeteer waved her inside, watching as she fussed over the dancer. “Could you help me, please?”

Collodi carefully moved past her, gently lifting up the dancer with care. It was an effort to fake that the construct was too heavy to move on its own. The male stepped forward, and the three of them placed the dancer in the cart. Accepting the proffered paper from the female with a bow, Collodi did not wait for them to leave. Ideas brimming in its mind, the puppeteer stepped back to the wagon.



The puppeteer slammed its fists on the table in frustration as the music sputtered and died. Months of work, wasted. Collodi stood, nearby marionettes trembling and shifting uneasily in the presence of their master's wrath. On the table behind, the lifeless dancer lay, the template child sitting discarded nearby. Collodi turned, staring at it, willing the construct to life, but to no avail. The song sat just out of reach, taunting with its nearness.

What had gone wrong? This was the third attempt, and the puppet master could not understand. The process was flawless, the modifications to the design perfect, but still, the music did not return. Collodi picked up the porcelain mask, turning it over and staring at it, deep in thought. The song was more elusive than ever, and had become rarer, even when working. This had to work, to revive the song. The puppeteer had no idea what would happen if the song did not return. It had to! And the dancer, that was where hope lay.

Collodi stopped as a thought occurred to it. Perhaps... perhaps the template was wrong? Yes. Excitement grew as the song began to return. Yes, that could be it. And as the puppeteer thought, it realized that it already knew the perfect template.



“Great job tonight, Cynthia,” Judith said as the showgirls changed. The Star was closing for the night, the guests already gone. Colette had already given her own review of the evening's performance, giving praise and criticism in equal amounts to the girls. Cynthia smiled as she let her hair down, running her hands through it.

“Thanks, Judith. You did great too.” Cynthia paused as she walked out the door, looking curiously at a small box that sat next to the mirrors. It was cheerfully decorated, brightly colored with ornate drawings on it. Strangest of all, it had her name written on a tag in ornate script. “What's this?”

“Looks like someone has an admirer,” Judith teased, pulling out her earrings and setting them down. “Was only a matter of time before you started getting them! Any hint of who it's from?”

Cynthia turned the tag over, looking for a name. “Nothing on the tag. Maybe there's one inside?” She

moved back to the dresser, setting down the box. It only took a moment to undo the ribbon that held the box together, gently lifting the lid. A small puppet, a girl, sat in the container, a folded note tucked into its hands. “A puppet?”

“Well, that's a first for the Star, I have to say. Does it at least look like you?”

“Not a bit,” the showgirl replied with a laugh, taking out the note and reading it. “Oh! It's from that actor at the carnival, the one who helped me with Amethyst. Seems he writes like he talks. Even signed it 'Your Knight in Shining Armor'.”

“Huh.” Judith joined her, picking up the marionette carefully. “Well, hopefully you'll attract someone a little more normal next time. Although the doll is pretty adorable.” She moved the mouth open and closed. “Still, it's the thought that counts I suppose?”

“Maybe,” Cynthia laughed. “You want it? I don't really have room for something like this, you can take it if you'd like.”

“Nah. You should keep it, honestly. First of many trophies to come, I'm sure. It'll make a good centerpiece for your collection,” Judith said with a wink, handing over the puppet. She hugged Cynthia around the shoulders. “I'm off for the night. See you tomorrow, dear.”

Cynthia sat down in a chair in the empty changing room, staring at the strange gift. She turned it over, admiring the craftsmanship of it. The dress looked much like the one she had worn during her trip to the carnival, although patterned with more festive colors on it. She smiled and stroked a lazy finger over the rosy cheeks.

“I think Judith's right. You come home with me, little one, and we'll find a place for you. In the meanwhile, it's time we got going home, before it gets too dark.” She set the puppet down in the box, moving to retrieve her coat from a hook on the wall.

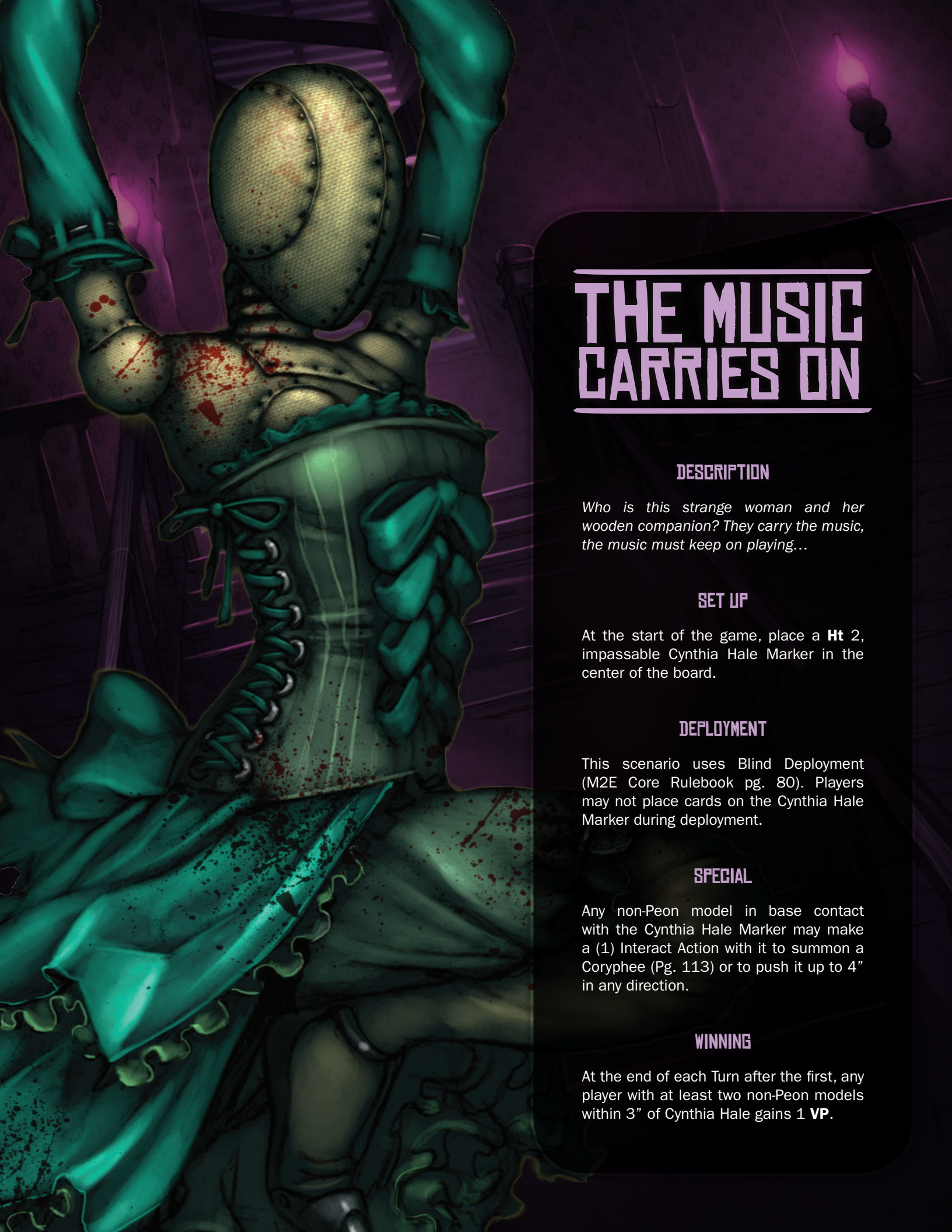


Collodi patted the marionette on the head as it paused from its work. The new template had come back perfectly intact for its purposes. The music soared as it finished writing on the newly carved mask, turning it over to admire the face. The adult female proportions were strange to work with, but it had managed. Indeed, the music had changed into something it had never heard before as it worked, a soft, gentle ballad. Its wooden fingers traced the wistful smile, so similar to the female that had traveled with the dancer.

Carefully, the puppeteer settled the mask in place, then stepped back. The music rose and soared, before abruptly stopping, waiting with anticipation. A beat. Two. And then...the dancer stirred...







THE MUSIC CARRIES ON

DESCRIPTION

Who is this strange woman and her wooden companion? They carry the music, the music must keep on playing…

SET UP

At the start of the game, place a **Ht** 2, impassable Cynthia Hale Marker in the center of the board.

DEPLOYMENT

This scenario uses Blind Deployment (M2E Core Rulebook pg. 80). Players may not place cards on the Cynthia Hale Marker during deployment.

SPECIAL

Any non-Peon model in base contact with the Cynthia Hale Marker may make a (1) Interact Action with it to summon a Coryphee (Pg. 113) or to push it up to 4" in any direction.

WINNING

At the end of each Turn after the first, any player with at least two non-Peon models within 3" of Cynthia Hale gains 1 **VP**.

The Dreamer

Nytmare has twisted human's dreams since the fall of Old Malifaux, feeding on the terror he causes. In that time, there is one child who has resisted his efforts.

The Dreamer simply reshaped his dreams back again, never once fearing the lurking Tyrant. When Nytmare tried to leave the boy's dream to feed on easier prey, he was surprised to see the child follow him. In the darkness of Malifaux, the boy demanded his new playmate 'Lord Chompy Bits' play hide and seek. He seemed unaware that his mind was no longer inside his own dreams, but bending the very fabric of Malifaux itself as he summoned unnatural friends to join them.

The power this offered Nytmare over reality, Malifaux, and the slowly waking Tyrants, was tremendous; if he could only determine how it worked. Unwilling to risk anyone else finding or harming the boy, he has since indulged in every demand for a new game, watching gently over his charge until he can understand how a mere boy could wield such power so casually.





The Dreamer

Master
SPIRIT

Cache 3

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	7	6	7	-	1

Abilities

Pleasant Dreams: When another friendly model Activates within 6 it immediately heals 3 damage.

Df/Wp ( ) Safe In My Bed: After an Attack Action succeeds against this model, discard a card to make target friendly Nightmare within 3 suffer the effects of the Action instead as if it had been the target, including any Triggers.

Release Nightmares: When this model gains the **Waking +4** Condition, summon a Lord Chompy Bits within 6" and LoS, remove all Conditions on this model, then bury this model.

Incorporeal: This model ignores, and is ignored by, other models and terrain during any movement or push. Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Sh** and **MI** Attack Actions by half.



Lord Chompy Bits

Henchman, Rare 1
NIGHTMARE, TYRANT

Cost 0

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	7	10	4	6	4

Abilities

Feast on Pain: When this model kills an enemy model, it may heal 1 damage.

Dreamt: This model may not be buried. Before this model leaves play, if a friendly Dreamer is buried, the friendly Dreamer gains **Slow** and unburies in base contact with this model. If a friendly Dreamer is unburied, sacrifice this model.

Pure Nightmare: This model may not be hired, it may only be summoned by The Dreamer. When this model is summoned, it does not gain **Slow**, instead it suffers 3 damage which cannot be reduced or prevented.

Terrifying (All) 12: Enemy models must pass a TN 12 Horror Duel if they end a Walk Action within this model's engagement range or target this model with an Action.

THE DREAMER

Attack Actions

(1) Twist Reality (**Sh** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 12 or 1): Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.
- ***Unhinge:*** After damaging, target gains **Paralyzed** if it has **Wp** 4 or less.
- ***Feed on Dreams:*** After damaging, friendly Nightmares within 6" and LoS of the target may push up to their **Wk** towards it.

Tactical Actions

(0) Tucked In: Reduce the value of this model's **Waking** Condition by 1.

(1) Daydreaming (**Ca** 7 / TN: 14): Summon one Daydream within 6" of this model. This model gains the following Condition for the rest of the game: "**Waking +1:** Reduce the healing from this model's **Pleasant Dreams** Ability by -1. This Condition may not be removed by the Actions of other friendly models."
- ***Slumbering:*** After succeeding, summon an Alp instead.

(1) Empty Night (**Ca** 7 / TN: 11 / Rg: 6): Target a friendly Nightmare or Minion model. This Action must declare a Trigger if able.
- ***Journey:*** After succeeding, the target may push up to 6" in any direction and then may perform a (1) **MI** Action.
- ***Frantic:*** After succeeding, target gains **Fast**.
- ***Just a Dream:*** After succeeding, end one Condition on the target. This model may immediately take this Action again.
- ***Stitches:*** After succeeding, heal 2 damage on the target.

30mm

LORD CHOMPY BITS

Attack Actions

(1) Six-Inch Teeth (**MI** 7 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 3/3/5 damage.
- ***Disembowel***: After damaging, kill the target unless it discards two cards or two Soulstones.
- ***Onslaught***: After damaging, immediately take another (1) **MI** Attack Action against the same target. This Attack Action may not declare Triggers.

(1) Ten-Inch Claws (**MI** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 3): Target suffers 2/4/6 damage. This Attack flip gains .
- ***Flay***: The damage flip resulting from this Attack may be cheated if it suffers one or more .
- ***Onslaught***: After damaging, immediately take another (1) **MI** Attack Action against the same target. This Attack Action may not declare Triggers.
- ***Of Nightmare***: This Attack ignores **Armor**, **Incorporeal**, and its damage may not be prevented using Soulstones.

Tactical Actions

(0) Sleep, My Child: Sacrifice this model. If a friendly Dreamer is unburied due to this Action it does not gain **Slow** from the **Dreamt** Ability.

50mm

Collodi

There are many old relics from humanity's first time through the Breach. Most of these are the usual variety- ruins, coins, books. But there are forgotten things as well, things that were imbued with magic and life.

Collodi is a living puppet, the size of a human adult. It was made to be an entertainer, a marionette that told stories through others of its kind. Collodi was a delight and a wonder of its age that was created to love its work, and so it did. At the closing of the Breach, after the mayhem that followed, the puppeteer was left alone in Malifaux, with no more children to share stories with. The next century passed slowly. To make up for its loneliness, Collodi began making new puppets from bits of wood it scavenged. These fake children became the audience for new shows and stories, but it was never quite the same. As time went on Collodi began to slowly drift away, losing its grip on itself.

When the Breach reopened, Collodi rushed to the newly arrived settlers, drawn by the laughter of children. The adults attacked the living puppet, forcing it away with torches and axes. Denied the ability to fulfill its purpose, Collodi learned to hate. It vowed to teach humanity the emptiness it had felt for so long in the absence of children. It started making a new kind of puppet, using the blood of stolen children as a template. Collodi wanders Malifaux in its painted wagon, hiding in plain sight behind the masks it wears, still committed to its now twisted purpose.





Collodi
Master, Construct
PUPPET

Cache 3

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	9	5	-	2

Abilities

Decoy: When this model would suffer damage, it may kill a friendly model with the **Personal Puppet** Condition within 6" to reduce the damage to 0.

Accomplice: After this model ends its Activation a friendly model within 6" may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

Puppet Friends: Crews containing this model may hire Puppet models regardless of this Crew's declared Faction. This model may move through, but not stop on, friendly Puppet models during moves and pushes.

Df (1) Run Away Home: After resolving, push this model up to 3" in any direction.

Collodi

Attack Actions

(1) Pull the Strings (**Ca** 7 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 10): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. This damage flip gains .

- 1 ***Twist Threads:*** After damaging, the target gains the **Slow** Condition.
- 1X ***My Bidding:*** After dealing damage to target non-Leader, if the target was not killed, the target performs a (1) Action chosen and controlled by this model's controller. This Action may not declare Triggers.
- 11 ***Idle Hands:*** After damaging target non-Leader, it gains this Condition until the end of its next Activation: "**A New Thread:** When this model Activates, the opposing player immediately performs a (1) Action with this model. This counts as spending one of this model's AP for the Activation."

Tactical Actions

(1) My Will: Target other friendly Minion, Peon, or Puppet within 6" immediately takes a (1) Action. The target gains to any duels during the Action.

(1) Extra Thread (**Ca** 7 / TN: 16 / Rg: 6): Summon a Marionette or Wicked Doll in base contact with target Scrap Marker and then discard the Marker.

(0) Puppet Master: Target friendly Minion model within 6" gains the following Condition until this model takes this Action again: "**Personal Puppet:** When this Crew's Leader suffers damage from an enemy model, this model may suffer 1 damage to take a (1) Action without spending any AP after the current Action is resolved."

30mm

Daydream

While the Dreamer's favorite imaginary friend is the hulking form of Nytmare, the Tyrant can only join the child in his dreams. During the day, the Dreamer must entertain himself. Since his tales of magic and monsters scare other children, and his insistence on treating his fantasies as though they are real frustrates adults, he is mostly left on his own. The Daydreams keep him company when no humans will, clamoring for his attention and listening intently to his tales of night time adventure in a faraway land.

Though in many ways they are products of the Dreamer's own lonely mind, Nytmare's influence over him has made them stronger. While most children only keep imaginary friends for a while, the Dreamer has been calling on the same little creatures time and again for years. Doctor after doctor has found nothing wrong with the boy save a tendency to lose focus on the real world and drift into his own imagination, entirely failing to see the smiling little creatures keeping the Dreamer entertained.



DAYDREAM

COST 2

Peon, Totem (Dreamer), Rare 3

NIGHTMARE

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	4	2	6	-	1

ABILITIES

Accomplice: After this model ends its Activation a friendly model within 6" may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

Greedy for Attention: This Crew may hire up to three of this model. If this model is summoned, sacrifice all friendly non-Daydream Totems.

Incorporeal: This model ignores, and is ignored by, other models and terrain during any movement or push. Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Sh** and **MI** Attack Actions by half.

Disturbing Whispers: Enemy models within ❶4 receive -1 **Wp**.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Lead Nightmare (**Ca** 5 / TN: 10 / Rg: 10): Target friendly Nightmare is pushed up to 4" in any direction. This Action may not target the same model more than once during a single Activation.

(1) Lucid Nightmare: Sacrifice this model. A friendly Leader in play may gain the following Condition until the end of its next Activation: "**Lucid:** This model gains +🗡 to **Ca** Actions."

DAYDREAM

30mm

Marionette

Everywhere that Collodi goes, it is accompanied by a troupe of puppets and dolls. There are many of these hidden in the painted wagon that the company travels in, each one unique in how it looks and performs on stage. Collodi uses these Marionettes to entertain, telling stories that it rarely repeats. There is a darker side to all of this, one that is hidden from the eyes of casual viewers. Each one of the Marionettes is made from a combination of wood, cloth, and blood. Collodi has created its own magic, binding the souls of children to the puppets and making its collection one at a time.

The puppets retain a shadow of their stolen personality. Collodi chooses their stage roles carefully, but also their roles off the stage. As the puppeteer travels away from its wagon, it is accompanied by a small number of the most aggressive and adventurous puppets. These few have all the cruelty of children, backed with a tireless strength from their wooden limbs.



MARIONETTE

COST 3

Minion, Construct, Totem (Collodi), Rare 4

PUPPET

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	5	4	5	6	1

ABILITIES

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

A Perfect Match: When this model would suffer damage from a Condition, it prevents 1 damage dealt by the Condition.

Retract: When this model is killed, target friendly Minion within 6" may gain any Conditions which were on this model.

Collodi's Toys: This Crew may hire up to four of this Totem. If this model is summoned, sacrifice all friendly non-Marionette Totems.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Wooden Claws (**MI** 4 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/2/4 damage. If this model is within 6" of a friendly Leader, this Action receives +1 **MI**.

Protect the Puppet Master: While damaging, if this model is within 6" of a friendly Leader, this Attack deals +1 damage.

Made to Follow: After taking this Action outside of this model's Activation, immediately take this Action again. This Action may not declare Triggers.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Tell No Lies: Neither this model nor its target may Cheat Fate or use Soulstones during its next Opposed Duel during this Activation.

(0) Dragging Along: Discard a card to push target friendly model within 6" up to 2" in any direction.

MARIONETTE

30mm

Vasilisa

Collodi is not the only puppet made by its creator, although it stands out as the most successful. Another has wandered the wastelands, serving a different purpose. Where Collodi was made to entertain, Vasilisa was made to take care of children. The story of the two puppets is extremely similar, but where Collodi made new children to tell its stories to, Vasilisa stayed in the town it was born in, mending whatever it could find. The two met after the reopening of the Breach, after the new settlers had poisoned Collodi's wooden heart with hate. Vasilisa listened to the puppeteer's tale, and found its own rage at the creators. The caretaker puppet joined its sibling in its chosen task.

Since joining Collodi, Vasilisa has taken on the task of repairing the Marionettes and extending their life. What the caretaker can accomplish with thread and needle is impressive. On the living, this skill is turned to a deadly and dangerous art by binding the hands and feet of Vasilisa's enemies.



VASILISA

Henchman, Construct, Rare 1

PUPPET

COST 9 CACHE 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
7	5	6	6	6	2

ABILITIES

The Long Journey: After a Scheme Marker is placed by another model within 3", this model may push up to 4" in any direction.

Unimpeded: This model ignores penalties for severe terrain when moving.

Sweet Nothings: Enemy models within ❶4 suffer -1 **Wp**.

Df (🜏) Run Away Home: After resolving, push this model up to 3" in any direction.

VASILISA

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Needle and Thread (**MI** 7 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.

⚔ ***Sewn Lips***: After succeeding, the target gains the following Condition for the rest of the game: "**Sewn Lips:** This model may not take Tactical Actions other than Walk. This model may end this Condition by suffering 1 damage at the start of its Activation."

Sewn Hands: After succeeding, the target gains the following Condition for the rest of the game: "**Sewn Hands:** This model may not take Attack Actions. This model may end this Condition by suffering 2 damage at the start of its Activation."

🜏 ***Sewn Feet***: After succeeding, the target gains the following Condition for the rest of the game: "**Sewn Feet:** This model may not take Walk Actions. This model may end this Condition by suffering 3 damage at the start of its Activation."

(1) Obey (**Ca** 7 / TN: 14🜏 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 12): Target non-Leader model immediately performs a (1) Action chosen and controlled by this model's controller. A model which performed an Attack due to **Obey** may not be targeted by **Obey** again during the same Activation.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Twist: Target other friendly non-Leader Puppet within 8" performs a (1) Action.

30mm

Widow Weaver

The Widow Weaver is a curious legend in Malifaux. She wanders the world, spinning her stories to herself and building companions on the way. She spends a great deal of time in the City, listening for the cries of a sleeping child. She visits these poor children, crooning a lullaby that only she knows. Rather than calming the child, this song makes the nightmares worse and the Weaver begins to feed. Before the parents can stir and come to the child, she is gone and the nightmares leave with her. She takes these dark dreams and fashions them into new patterns of her web, treasured memories that she leaves in various parts of the world.

A few stories circulate that say she visits the children as a kindness, a gentle caretaker seeking to remove the darkest dreams from a child before they cause harm. Others view the visited as cursed because they drew her attention. None can truly say but the Weaver herself, although it is agreed that she never visits the same child twice.



WIDOW WEAVER

Henchman, Rare 1

NIGHTMARE

COST 8 CACHE 5

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	7	10	5	-	2

ABILITIES

Playthings: Friendly Constructs Activating within ❶6 of this model gain +1 **Wk** until the end of the Activation.

Terrifying (All) 11: Enemy models must pass a TN 11 Horror Duel if they end a Walk Action within this model's engagement range or target this model with an Action.

Inhale Terror: Whenever a model fails a Horror Duel within ❶6, draw one card.

Center of the Web: If this model is removed from play, discard all friendly Web Markers.

WIDOW WEAVER

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Needle-Filled Mouth (**MI** 6🜏 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 2/3/6 damage, ignoring **Armor**.

🜏⚔ ***Venomous Bite:*** After damaging, the target gains the **Poison +3** Condition.

🜏🕸 ***Spin Web:*** After damaging, place the target in base contact with a friendly Web Marker within 8" and LoS of this model.

(1) Exhale Terror (**Ca** 6🜏 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Target suffers 1/2/5 damage. A model damaged by this Action must perform a TN 12 Horror Duel.

(1) Seize Prey (**Ca** 6🜏 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 6): Target a model with 2 or more friendly Web Markers within 3" of it. Discard all Web Markers within 3" of the target. The target gains the **Paralyzed** and **Poison +5** Conditions. Then, place this model into base contact with the target.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Create Web: Place a Web Marker within 6" and LoS. Enemy models suffer -1 **Wp** for each Web Marker within 3" and LoS of them.

40mm

Nekima

Over a century ago, Nekima all but ruled the Nephilim through fear and violence. When humans first crossed the breach, she led her kind on bloody rampages through the invaders, reveling in the mindless slaughter she created. She did not realize that, behind her back, her younger sister was studying the humans and plotting her own ascendancy. When Lilith collapsed the Breach, Nekima lost herself in days of butchery and carnage. On her return, she found Lilith sitting on the throne she considered hers; she had been usurped.

Lilith had used cunning to beat her more powerful sibling, showing the other Nephilim that all Nekima would lead them to was bloody extinction. While Nekima had a small cadre of loyal and bloodthirsty Nephilim, they were vastly outnumbered. Despite her fury and threats, Nekima had to bend her knee to her sister. Since that day Nekima has sought to prove Lilith is weak and unfit to rule, waiting for the day she can cut her sister down and claim the throne she sees as her birthright.



NEKIMA
Henchman, Living, Rare 1
NEPHILIM

COST 13 CACHE 0

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	7	12	6	6	3

ABILITIES

Flight: This model is immune to falling damage and may ignore any terrain or models while moving.

Black Blood: All models without **Black Blood** within (r)1 suffer 1 damage when this model suffers damage.

Melee Expert: This model gains 1 additional AP which may only be used to take **MI** Actions.

Regeneration +1: When this model Activates, it heals +1 damage.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Lorelei, the Living Blade (**MI** 7 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 3): Target suffers 4/5/6 damage.
Rejoice: After damaging, draw a card.
The Bloody Beauty: After damaging, all enemy models within (r)4 must pass a TN 13 **Wp** duel or be pushed up to 5" in a direction of this model's choice.
Birthright: After killing a friendly Leader during this model's Activation, the Leader does not count as killed for Encounter purposes. This model heals 4 damage. This model counts as the Crew's Leader for Encounter purposes for the remainder of the game. This model replaces its **Melee Expert** Ability with the following Ability for the rest of the game: "**Melee Master**: This model gains 2 additional AP which may only be used to take **MI** Actions."

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Teach Them Fear: Until the end of this Activation, when this model kills a non-Peon enemy model, it heals 2 damage and all enemy models within (r)4 must take a TN 14 Horror Duel.

(0) Blood For Blood (**Ca** 7 / TN: 11): This model suffers 1 damage.
Limb for Limb: After succeeding, take this Action again. This Action may not declare Triggers.

NEKIMA

50mm

Spawn Mother

There is a sharp divide among scholars about the life cycle of the Silurids. For some, it is a fascinating example of the adaptable nature of life in Malifaux. For others, the same facts prove beyond doubt that Malifaux is capable only of crimes against nature. At first, everyone thought that Silurids were much like any other creature when it came to gender. New research has shown that they are born male, every last one of them. In any particular pack the most dominant member undergoes a transformation, turning into a Spawn Mother. This singular female leads the group, directing their efforts in making a home.

Spawn Mothers select their spawning pools very carefully, spending many days looking for the perfect spot. The pack will defend this location to the death, dragging corpses into the water for the Spawn Mother to implant her eggs in. She will go the entire incubation cycle without food, watching over the eggs with a paranoid eye. Once hatched, the young are pushed into the world at large.



SPAWN MOTHER
Henchman, Living, Rare 1
SWAMPFIEND, BEAST

COST 9 CACHE 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	8	5	6	3

ABILITIES

A Mother's Rage: After a friendly Swampfiend model within 6 is killed by an enemy model, this model may take a Charge Action targeting the enemy model if it is within range and LoS. This Charge does not cost any AP.

Silent: Models cannot ignore LoS or cover when targeting this model.

Perfect Camouflage: Attacks generated by the Charge Action and **Sh** Actions receive while targeting this model if this model has not yet Activated this Turn.

The Hatching: When this model is killed or sacrificed, summon a Gupps model into base contact with each friendly Egg Marker, then discard the Egg Marker.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Menacing Talons (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.
Bite: After damaging, the target receives the **Poison +1** Condition.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Lay Eggs (**Ca** 6 / TN: 12): Place a friendly Egg Marker in base contact with this model. This Action may only be taken once per Turn.

(2) Nesting Pool: Summon a Gupps model into base contact with every friendly Egg Marker in play, then discard every friendly Egg Marker in play. This Action may not be taken if this model took the **Lay Eggs** Action this Turn.

(1) Nourish the Young: Until the end of the Turn, other friendly models which begin their Activation within 6 of this model receive +2 **Cg** for the remainder of the Activation. This Action may only be taken once per Turn.

SPAWN MOTHER

50mm

Gupps

Much like any other young, Silurids enter the world through pain and suffering. Of course, no one ever said that the pain and suffering had to be theirs. These young creatures, called Gupps, are hatched from eggs that are hidden away in fresh corpses. This home becomes their first meal, one which they tear into with enthusiasm. After the corpse has been shredded, they turn on each other with the Spawn Mother watching with pride. Only the strongest survive this anarchy, and only after the weak have been eaten by their brethren, does the Spawn Mother allow the males to bring in extra food. The Gupps consume incredible amounts of food in a short time, going through rapid growth spurts.

It does not take long for a Gupp to grow into a mature Silurid. By the time the young Gupps are ready to hunt, they have nearly completed the process of maturation. Their first kill is usually enough to trigger the last stages of the cycle, resulting in the emergence of yet another brutal killer.



GUPPS — COST 4

Minion, Living

SWAMPFIEND, BEAST, SWARM

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	4	4	5	5	1

ABILITIES

Silent: Models cannot ignore LoS or cover when targeting this model.

Perfect Camouflage: Attacks generated by the Charge Action and **Sh** Actions receive ⍈ while targeting this model if this model has not yet Activated this Turn.

Companion: After a friendly model ends its Activation within 6" of this model, this model may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Useless Talons (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.

🗡 ***Bite***: After damaging, the target receives the **Poison +1** Condition.

✕ ***Adulthood***: After killing target enemy non-Peon model, summon a Silurid in base contact with this model and then sacrifice this model.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Leap (**Ca** 9 / TN: 10🗡): This model immediately moves up to its **Cg**, ignoring intervening terrain and models during the move.

(0) Juvenile's Wail: If this model is killed or sacrificed by an enemy model before the end of the Turn, all friendly Swampfiend models within ⓡ6 immediately gain the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Protect the Nest:** This model deals +2 damage with all **Ml** Actions."

GUPPS

40mm

Alp

Unlike many of the nightmares that inhabit Malifaux, the Alps prefer not to attack humans directly. This does not make them any less unpleasant. Diminutive and relatively harmless looking, Alps attack their victims while they sleep, sitting on their chest and savoring the life that fades away with every labored breath. Every person has a unique flavor to these little nightmares, and each Alp has its own preference for seasoning in its victims. To some, envy is a luxuriant taste. Others prefer fear, or the spice of paranoia.

Alps will spend a lot of time shadowing their chosen victim to prepare the finest meal they can. They insinuate themselves into their chosen meal's life, sowing the seeds of their favorite flavor with mischief and pranks. Weeks of an Alp's attention can push a human's nerves to the breaking point, their emotional state precisely arranged by their hidden tormentor. When the bouquet is just right, the Alp will claim its prize. When their exhausted victim finally falls asleep, they will never wake again.



ALP — COST 3

Peon

NIGHTMARE

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	4	4	5	-	1

ABILITIES

Smother: Enemy models Activating within ❶3 of one or more models with this Ability must pass a TN 12 **Wp** duel or receive **Slow**.

Feed on Dreams: Enemy models that receive **Slow** within ❶3 of this model suffer 1 damage.

Never Wake Up: If an enemy model is killed by **Feed on Dreams** while within ❶3 of one or more friendly Alps, summon an Alp into base contact with the model before removing it.

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Kiss Goodnight (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/1/3 damage. If the target suffers Moderate or Severe damage, it gains the **Slow** Condition.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Blood Gift: Target other friendly Nightmare within 4" heals 1/1/2 damage. This model suffers 2 damage.

ALP

30mm

Coppelius

Mankind has always feared the dark. Within the blackness hide nightmares and horrors that can shatter the psyche. When the Breach opened, mankind discovered their fears were all too real. In this world, their nightmares could rend the body as well as the mind. Their only defense was light; to throw back the darkness and lessen the terror they felt. While mankind could cast out the shadows, they felt secure.

Coppelius is truly terrifying for those that fear the dark. At first sight he seems human, though emaciated and long limbed. As he approaches, people feel themselves growing tired. When they at last see the twisting tendrils that make up his mouth, it is too late. By the time they can react, his impossibly long fingers are burrowing round their eyeballs to pop them free of their sockets. He plucks one free, holding it up with his tentacles to feed into his maw. The other he takes "for my children," leaving his victim trapped in permanent night as the sound of him eating fades away.



COPPELIUS — COST 8

Enforcer, Rare 1

NIGHTMARE

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	6	10	7	6	2

ABILITIES

Terrifying (All) 12: Enemy models must pass a TN 12 Horror Duel if they end a Walk Action within this model's engagement range or target this model with an Action.

Nightstalker: Enemy models that fail a Horror Duel within ❶3 suffer 2 damage after resolving the current Action.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Long, Clawed Fingers (**Ml** 6🗡 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. If the target was an enemy, this model gains the following Condition until the end of the game: "**Plucked Eyeball +1:** This model gains +1 **Df**, up to a maximum of +3."

🗡✕ ***Remove Eye***: When damaging, this attack deals moderate damage instead of flipping for damage. All enemy models within (❶)4 must take a TN 12 Horror Duel.

🗡🗡 ***I Want Them Both***: After succeeding, take this Action again. This Action may not declare Triggers.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Savor Delicacy: This Action may only be taken if this model has the **Plucked Eyeball** Condition. Lower this model's **Plucked Eyeball** Condition by 1 to make target model within 2" heal 2/3/5 damage.

(1) Crescent Moon (**Ca** 6🗡 / TN: 12🗡): This Action may only be taken if this model has the **Plucked Eyeball** Condition. Lower this model's **Plucked Eyeball** Condition by 1 to summon an Alp within 6".

(1) Sleep, My Friends (**Ca** 6🗡 / TN: 13🗡🗡): Enemy models within (❶)3 must pass a TN 12 **Wp** duel or receive the **Slow** Condition.

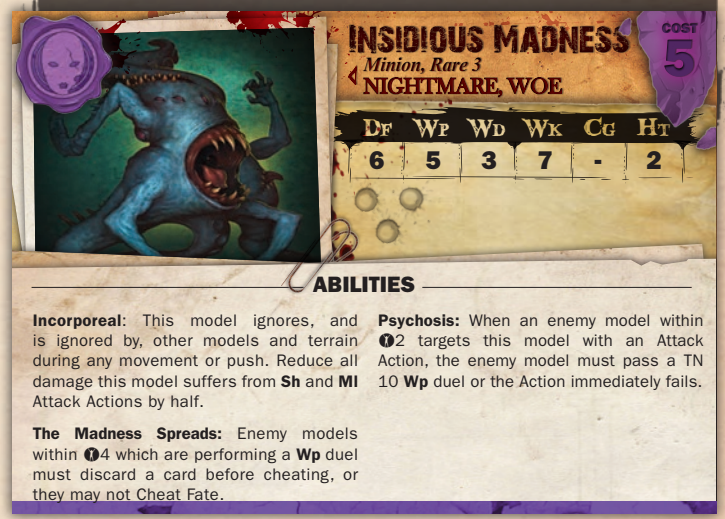
30mm

COPPELIUS

Insidious Madness

There are few people in Malifaux that are not touched by madness at some point. Not always to the point of a trip to the asylum; it may be brief, or witnessed in a loved one, but it is everywhere. The air in Malifaux can grow heavy with the fears and delusions of such madness, spreading to others and growing stronger as it infects more people. If the collective insanity is strong enough, it can coalesce into an entity in its own right.

These creatures constantly change shape to reflect the madness around them, mouths and eyes twisting and melting around tangles of limbs and tentacles. The whispering chorus from their numerous mouths is a susurration of lies, truths, and promises beyond mortal understanding. It beats against the will relentlessly, building and swelling until even the most hardened individuals break down in strangled sobbing. Those who survive an encounter with the Madness are never the same, forever attuned to the darkest of emotions in those nearby, and constantly hounded by fear and paranoia.



INSIDIOUS MADNESS — COST 5

Minion, Rare 3

NIGHTMARE, WOE

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	3	7	-	2

ABILITIES

Incorporeal: This model ignores, and is ignored by, other models and terrain during any movement or push. Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Sh** and **Ml** Attack Actions by half.

The Madness Spreads: Enemy models within ❶4 which are performing a **Wp** duel must discard a card before cheating, or they may not Cheat Fate.

Psychosis: When an enemy model within ❶2 targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 10 **Wp** duel or the Action immediately fails.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Neverborn Whispers (**Sh** 5 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: ⌐10 or ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/2/2 damage. Models damaged by this Attack gain the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**I Can Hear Them +1:** This model suffers -1 **Wp**."

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Induce Phobia: All enemy models within (❶)2 must take a TN 10 Horror Duel.

30mm

INSIDIOUS MADNESS

Lelu

For the most part, the Nephilim have a fairly stable growth pattern. All start out as Terror Tots, and the Young Nephilim are the next step that follows. As they progress to maturity, however, the species begins to diverge in interesting ways. While scholars disagree on just how many branches there are, one of the most recognized is the pair of siblings known as Lelu and Lilitu. Current theories of the Nephilim social patterns hold that as individuals grow and mature, they become more independent of their fellows. Every once in a while a male and female set of siblings will stick together from a young age. Upon reaching maturity, usually after his sister, the male becomes a Lelu instead of the more recognized Mature Nephilim.

This creates a twisted relationship between the two that lasts their whole lives. The Lelu, so used to following the instructions of his physically weaker sibling, is treated with contempt by the rest of the pack. He accepts this abuse without complaint, trapped in a cycle of self-loathing.

Lilitu

A Lilitu is the second half of a brother-sister pair that reached maturity intact. Almost as a rule, female Nephilim are smarter and more cunning than their male counterparts, and a Lilitu is no exception. From a young age she has manipulated her brother into taking any blows meant for her. Eventually this becomes normal for both of them, and she begins to take more and more control. Her dominance is well established by the time they reach maturity, but she continues to enforce it through constant abuse.

Despite this skewed relationship, she is passionately protective of her sibling. Other pack members may abuse the Lelu, but only as far as the Lilitu allows. Without her brother, a Lilitu begins to slowly waste away, so used to the connection they've had since birth. Some scholars have theorized a hormonal bond between the two, one that has catastrophic consequences if broken. In battle, the siblings make a dangerous pair, as the Lilitu guides her brother's brutality while reveling in her own.



ABILITIES

Black Blood: All models without **Black Blood** within (R)1 suffer 1 damage when this model suffers damage.

Same Oppressive Force: When this model heals damage which it had suffered or gains a Condition from a source other than the **Same Malignant Force** Ability, any friendly Lilitu heals the same amount of damage or gains the same Condition unless it discards 2 cards.

Regeneration +1: When this model Activates, it heals +1 damage.



ABILITIES

Black Blood: All models without **Black Blood** within (R)1 suffer 1 damage when this model suffers damage.

Same Malignant Force: When this model heals damage which it had suffered or gains a Condition from a source other than the **Same Oppressive Force** Ability, any friendly Lelu heals the same amount of damage or gains the same Condition unless it discards 2 cards.

Regeneration +1: When this model Activates, it heals +1 damage.

LELU

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Poisoned Claws (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage and gains the **Poison +2** Condition. This Attack flip receives ↑ while this model has 5 or fewer Wounds remaining.

(1) Vampiric Bite (**MI** 7 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.
 Drink Blood: After damaging, this model heals an amount of damage equal to the damage inflicted.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Lie In Wait: This model may discard a card to push up to 3" in any direction and gain the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Pounce:** When an enemy model ends a push or move within this model's engagement range that is not part of a Walk or Charge Action, this model may immediately take a 1 AP **MI** Attack Action against the model without spending AP."

30mm

LILITU

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Barbed Whip (**MI** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 4): Target suffers 1/2/4 damage. This Attack receives ↑ to damage flips against models with less than half their Wounds remaining.
 Impure Thoughts: After damaging, the target must pass a TN 14 **Wp** duel or receive **Paralyzed**.

(1) Lure (**Ca** 7 / TN: 12 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 18): Move target model its **Wk**. The target must end the move as close to this model as possible.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Whispers In Blood: This model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Whispers In Blood +1:** This model gains ↑ to all duels."

30mm

Black Blood Shaman

There are many mysteries to the Nephilim culture. Scholars agree that, no matter their bestial appearance, the Nephilim are more complex than many assume. The Black Blood Shamans are the best example of this- a representation of oral history and ritual that is quite familiar to any student of anthropology. The Black Blood Shamans fulfill an important task in the Nephilim, serving as sources of wisdom and learning along with providing intermediaries between each pack of the dangerous predators.

Every generation of Nephilim has several shamans, a private brotherhood that only a few enter. The rituals to welcome a new shaman into the brotherhood are difficult and dangerous. Many die in the attempt, and all eventually die in the service of the brotherhood, letting themselves be sacrificed by their students. They do this gladly in the name of their faith and their society. While the shamans may not be as physically strong as some of their brethren, they command a respect that is only rivaled by pack leaders.



Black Blood Shaman

Minion, Living, Rare 2
NEPHILIM

Cost 7

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	5	8	5	5	2

Abilities

Black Blood: All models without **Black Blood** within (r)1 suffer 1 damage when this model suffers damage.

Grow: If a friendly Terror Tot model within 12" (regardless of LoS) kills a non-Peon enemy model with an Attack Action, summon a Young Nephilim in base contact with the Terror Tot. Then, sacrifice the Terror Tot.

Blood In The Air: If an enemy model is killed within 4" of this model, all friendly Nephilim within LoS of the enemy model may push up to their **Wk** towards it before removing it.

Attack Actions

(1) Ritual Knife (**Ml** 7 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1/1/3 damage.
- ***Blood Curse:*** After damaging, the target gains the following Condition for the rest of the game: "**Blood Curse:** At the end of every Turn, this model suffers 1 damage."
- ***Blood Infusion:*** After damaging, the target gains the following Condition for the rest of the game: "**Black Blood:** All models without **Black Blood** within (r)1 suffer 1 damage when this model suffers damage."

Tactical Actions

(1) Black Blood Pustule (**Ca** 9 / TN: 15 / Rg: 12): Target friendly model with the **Black Blood** Ability suffers 1 damage, ignoring the **Black Blood** Ability. Enemy models within (r)1 of the target model suffer 2 damage.
- ***Blessings:*** After succeeding, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Blessings:** This model gains on all **Df** duels."
- ***Boiling Blood:*** After succeeding, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Boiling:** This model gains on all **Ml** duels."
- ***Clot:*** After succeeding, if the target is still in play it heals 3 damage.

(1) Bloody Feast (**Ca** 9 / TN: 15 / Rg: 6): Discard a Corpse Marker within 3" and LoS of this model to summon a Young Nephilim into base contact with target friendly Terror Tot. Sacrifice the Terror Tot.

30mm

Stitched Together

There are many things that stalk the dreams of those who live in Malifaux. In the waking world, such creatures are rarely remembered except as flashes of paranoia and panic. The dolls known as Stitched Together, however, are all too real if encountered on the streets. They are jovial creatures, hiding in the shadows and reveling in their physical embodiment. They haunt gambling houses, catching the drunk and the desperate unawares. Stitched Together rarely just kill a person, instead preferring to offer a simple game to their cornered prey. A roll of the dice, or a flip of the card, and fate is decided. What the dolls never say is that they rig every game. Only the cleverest can get the best of a Stitched Together when death is on the line.

The dolls are constantly hunting for new victims. They are leather bags filled with rotting limbs and organs. A perpetual supply of new parts is needed for the Stitched Together to retain its physical form, and gathering them is something it takes great delight in.



Stitched Together

Minion, Construct
NIGHTMARE, PUPPET, DARKENED

Cost 6

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	7	4	6	2

Abilities

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

Eternal Nightmare: When this model suffers damage from an Attack Action which reduces it to 1 Wound, it gains the **Reactivate** Condition.

Rotten Contents: After suffering damage, this model must flip a card which may not be cheated. If it is a , all living models within (r)2 suffer 2 damage.

Attack Actions

(1) Hooks (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.

(1) Gamble Your Life (**Ca** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 6): Target suffers 3/4/7 damage. If this model fails this Action, the opposing player makes a 3/4/7 damage flip against this model. Damage flips generated by this Action may not be cheated and ignore all and .

(1) A Game of Chance (**Ca** 5 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 6): Target an enemy model. The winner of this duel draws two cards and then discards one card. This Action may only be taken once per Turn.
- ***Heads, I Win:*** After succeeding, target must discard a card if able.
- ***Tails, You Lose:*** After failing, draw a card.

Tactical Actions

(0) Creepy Fog (**Ca** 6 / TN: 13): Until the end of the Turn, the area within (r)4 of this model is considered Ht 3 soft cover.

30mm

Wicked Doll

A Wicked Doll is a manifestation of pure hate wrapped in a leather bag. No one is quite sure who made the first doll, although the Bayou Hag is a popular theory. All can agree, however, that the puppets are extremely dangerous. They form an attachment to a human being, much like the legends of old voodoo magic. But a Wicked Doll is much more- it will track down its victim and arrange all manner of horrific events. Sometimes they attack directly, using cruel claws made from needles and pins. Just being near a wicked doll is enough to cause pain, for it radiates its hatred to infect all nearby. When the human is finally dead, the doll begins to tear into the corpse's flesh, driven to make another of its kind.

After one target is dead, the doll and its new sibling will find themselves drawn to a new soul. It is not uncommon to see a person stalked by several sets of button eyes sitting in leathery faces still covered in blood.



Wicked Doll

Minion, Construct

Puppet

Cost 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	4	5	5	1

Abilities

Sewn In Poison: Enemy models within ❶2 that suffer damage from an **Mi** Action gain the **Poison +1** Condition after resolving the current Action.

Accomplice: After this model ends its Activation a friendly model within 6" may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

Wicked Intentions: Enemy models with the **Poison** Condition which begin their Activation within ❶2 of one or more models with this Ability immediately suffer 1 damage from the **Poison** Condition and then lower their **Poison** Condition value by 1.

Attack Actions

(1) Sewing Claws (**Mi** 5⚔ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1); Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.
⚔ ***Infect***: After succeeding, target gains the **Poison +1** Condition a number of times equal to the number of ⚔ in the final duel total.
🕮 ***Malicious Toys***: After succeeding against an enemy, place this model in base contact with a friendly model within 6" and LoS.

(1) "Over the Needle" (**Ca** 5🕷 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 8): Target gains the **Poison +1** Conditon.
🕷 "***Straight to You***": After succeeding against an enemy, place this model within 2" of the target.
⚔ "***First Comes One, Then Comes Two!***": After succeeding, if there are two or more friendly Wicked Dolls within 2" of the target, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Crawl Away Home:** This model may only take Walk Actions. At the start of this model's Activation, it may end this Condition by discarding two cards."

Tactical Actions

(0) All Sewed Up: This model suffers 1 damage to heal 1 damage on target other model within 2" and give it the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Brand New Strings:** This model gains 🃏 to any Attack flips it makes outside of its Activation."

30mm

Iggy

After his parents and young sister died in a house fire, Iggy was sent to the Malifaux Orphanage for Sick Children to be looked after. There, while attempting to find one of his friends who had fallen mysteriously ill, he discovered the horrific truth – children were being used to charge Soulstones. When he was discovered beside the now dead girl, his impotent rage exploded outward in torrents of flame. The orphanage was scorched to the foundations, the children locked inside as they burned.

This was not the first time Iggy's temper had killed people. He now had his abusive parents, innocent sister, and the other orphans fiery deaths on his hands. Consumed with guilt and rage, Iggy can no longer control the flames within him. He wanders the streets of Malifaux at night, punishing adults for their crimes against him, whether they are real or imagined.



Iggy

Enforcer, Living, Rare 1

Woe, Lost

Cost 5

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	4	6	5	6	1

Abilities

Df/Wp (🕮) Smoldering Heart: After this model succeeds, the Attacking model gains the **Burning +1** Condition.

Bullet Proof +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model from **Sh** Actions by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Martyr: When another Woe within ❶6 suffers damage, after any other damage reduction, this model may suffer 1 damage to reduce the damage being suffered by the Woe by 1.

Attack Actions

(1) Ignition (**Ca** 6🕮 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐12 or ⫻ 2): Target gains the **Burning +1** Condition.
🕮 ***Stoke the Flames***: After succeeding, the target gains an additional **Burning +1** Condition for each 🕮 in the final duel total.

(0) Incite (**Ca** 6🕮 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 12): Target gains the following Condition until the start of its next Activation: "**Mood Swing:** When this model's controller has the opportunity to Activate a model, the opponent may choose for this model to Activate instead if it is available to Activate."

Tactical Actions

(0) Throw a Fit: Until the end of the Turn enemy models within ❶6 which have not Activated yet this Turn suffer -2 **Wp**.

(1) Playing With Matches (**Ca** 6🕮 / TN: 13 / Rg: (r)4) All models in range must pass a TN 15 **Df** duel or gain the **Burning +1** Condition.
🕮🔥 ***Oil and Rags***: After succeeding, any model which fails the **Df** duel suffers an additional **Burning +1** Condition.

30mm

Hooded Rider

Whispered tales are told of a rider atop a fearsome steed that forever chases the setting sun across Malifaux. Almost everyone who has seen this hooded specter has died at its hands, cut down by one sweep of its massive blade. The rumors say it was unleashed by the Neverborn to cleanse the world of humankind, and the remorseless trail of death it leaves through the villages and towns certainly bears witness to this.

Those that have seen him and survived say that the sun and stars chase each other across his blade, the polished steel reflecting days that pass in mere minutes.

People assume that humans are the reason for the rider's presence but, like so many things, they do not realize the meaning that lies beyond themselves. The rider is a harbinger of much greater battles...



Hooded Rider — Cost 12
Enforcer, Construct, Rare 1
Horseman

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	10	6	10	3

Abilities

Df (↟) Our Home: Reduce damage suffered by this model during this Action by 1 for each ↟ in its final duel total, to a minimum of 1.

Stubborn: Enemy models suffer a ⍈ to the Attack flip of Attack Actions that are resisted by this model's **Wp**.

Chasing Reclamation: This model adds a number of +↟ to all of its final duel totals equal to the Turn number minus one.

Unimpeded: This model ignores penalties for severe terrain when moving.

Attack Actions

(1) Final Retribution (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 3): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.
↟ ***Retribution Comes to All:*** When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each ↟ in the final duel total to a maximum of +3.
↟ ***For My Brethren***: After damaging an enemy model, this model may discard one Scrap, Corpse, or Scheme Marker within 3" and LoS of it for each ↟ in the final duel total.

Tactical Actions

(0) Revel in Reclamation (**Ca** 6 / TN: 12↟↟): Push this model up to 6" in any direction. Before this model is pushed, it may target a friendly model within 2" and LoS. At the end of the push, place the target in base contact with this model.

(0) Judgment Day (**MI** 6 / TN: 12↟↟↟↟↟): Perform a **Final Retribution** Attack Action against all enemy models in range and LoS.

Hooded Rider

50mm

Tuco

The Ortegas are held up by the Guild as examples of humans unflinchingly fighting off the Neverborn menace. There is, however, one black stain on this record that the Ortegas refuse to speak of. Tuco Ortega was captured by Nephilim during a particularly aggressive raid and dragged away into the forests before his family could react. For weeks the Ortegas searched for him, not realizing that Tuco had been carried out of their reach into the home of the Nephilim.

There, Tuco came face to face with Nekima. She demanded the Ortegas' secrets, torturing him near to death when he refused. Over time, the reports of Ortega attacks that gave him hope stopped coming. He only lived because of his stubbornness, and a shaman that prevented Nekima from killing him each time. Alone and abandoned, exposure to Nephilim magics and his growing hatred of other humans corrupted Tuco. He began to warp both physically and mentally. When he was unchained, he touched his newly grown horns, laughed maniacally, and swore revenge on his old kin.



Tuco — Cost 7
Enforcer, Living, Rare 1
Nephilim

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	5	8	5	5	2

Abilities

Black Blood: All models without **Black Blood** within (↟)1 suffer 1 damage when this model suffers damage.

From the Shadows: This model may be deployed anywhere on the board that is at least 6" away from the enemy Deployment Zone. This model may not take Interact Actions on the first Turn.

Df/Wp (↟) Deranged Laughter: After suffering damage, all enemy models within (↟)4 gain the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Disturbed:** This model suffers -1 **Wp**."

Disguised: This model may not be the target of the Charge Action.

Attack Actions

(1) Inhuman Claws (**MI** 5↟ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.
↟↟ ***Flay***: The damage flip resulting from this Attack may be cheated if it suffers one or more ⍈.

(1) Shotgun (**Sh** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐10): Target suffers 2/3↟/4↟↟ damage.
▤ ***Stay Down!***: After damaging, all models damaged by this Attack must pass a TN 12 **Wp** duel or gain the following Condition for the rest of the Turn: "**Head Down:** This model may not declare Walk or Charge Actions."

(0) Disillusion (**Ca** 6↟ / TN: 12↟ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 4): Push target enemy model up to its **Wk** in any direction.
↟✕ ***Question Loyalty***: After succeeding, the target gains the following Condition for the rest of the Turn: "**Whose Side Am I On?!**: This model suffers ⍈ to **Df** duels."

Tuco

30mm

Mysterious Effigy

Mysterious is a manipulative little creature, choosing subterfuge rather than combat wherever it can.

Mysterious feels a strange empathy for the Neverborn, their presence in the aether comforting and familiar. For now, it provides them with an edge over their opponents, making sure the relentless march of the ignorant humans is kept in check. Careful hints about the future guide its living weapons on the most useful path, keeping everything in balance.

The Neverborn tolerate its presence, sensing that it is an ally and taking advantage of the swings in fate that tend to surround the little creature like ripples around a stone in a swirling river. Some of the Neverborn masters even feel a fondness for it.

Although Mysterious aids the Neverborn, it feels no loyalty to them. It has a much greater purpose, one worth sacrificing every single being in Malifaux for...

The Depleted

Once a visitor to the Honeypot Casino samples the delights of the beckoners, or simply spends long enough breathing the faintly glittering air of the gambling floor, Brilliance begins to take over their desires. By the time a patron is suffused with enough for it to manifest physically, they no longer care for anything except the rush it provides. These regulars are forgotten by the rest of society, but not by Mr. Tannen. He regularly extends invitations to the VIP rooms to such good patrons.

The imagined pleasures beyond those doors are not real. Instead, the Hungering Darkness waits to feed on their life essence, the Brilliance scouring their bodies and souls as they are drained. When the Darkness is sated, the hollowed out remnant is dumped in the sewers until they are needed again.

Their bodies are so flooded with Brilliance, their skin glows hot and their touch can melt metal. When they die, this energy is released in an explosion that contaminates anyone nearby, providing new patrons to the Casino.



MYSTERIOUS EFFIGY — COST 4

Minion, Construct, Rare 1

PUPPET, EFFIGY

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	4	5	6	1

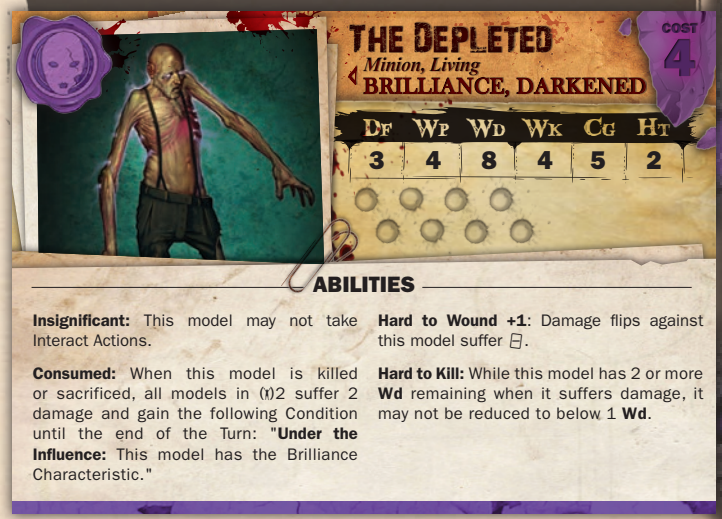
ABILITIES

Accomplice: After this model ends its Activation a friendly model within 6" may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Disguised Fate: Other friendly models within 2 may Cheat Fate with the card face down. The card is revealed before declaring Triggers, but after the opponent has cheated (or chosen not to cheat).



THE DEPLETED — COST 4

Minion, Living

BRILLIANCE, DARKENED

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
3	4	8	4	5	2

ABILITIES

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

Consumed: When this model is killed or sacrificed, all models in 2 suffer 2 damage and gain the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Under the Influence:** This model has the Brilliance Characteristic."

Hard to Wound +1: Damage flips against this model suffer .

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

MYSTERIOUS EFFIGY

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Secret Blade (**MI** 4 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Rapid Acceleration: Target friendly Leader within 8" gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Rapid Acceleration:** After resolving an enemy Attack which targeted this model, this model may end this Condition to push up to 3" in any direction."

30mm

THE DEPLETED

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Smoldering Grasp (**MI** 4 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. This Action gains +1 **MI** and when taken as a disengaging strike.

Burn Out: After damaging, the target must discard 1 card if able.

Just a Touch: After damaging, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Under the Influence:** This model has the Brilliance Characteristic."

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Drawn to the Light: Target a model with the Brilliance Characteristic within 12". Push this model 5" towards the target.

30mm

Dreamer Upgrades

Otherworldly

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Accomplice: After this model ends its Activation a friendly model within 6" may Activate immdediately as a Chain Activation.

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (1) Playtime: Target friendly model within 6" gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Playtime:** After dealing damage with an Attack Action, draw 1 card."

Restrictions

The Dreamer

Restless Dreams

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

  Toss and Turn: After this model deals damage with an **Sh** Action to an enemy model, if a friendly Lord Chompy Bits has not already Activated this Turn, this model gains the following Condition for the rest of the game: "**Waking +1:** Reduce the healing from this model's **Pleasant Dreams** Ability by -1. This Condition may not be removed by the Actions of other friendly models."

  Inflict Dreams: While this model is buried, a friendly Lord Chompy Bits gains the following Ability: "**Melee Expert**: This model gains 1 additional AP which may only be used to take **MI** Actions."

Restrictions

The Dreamer, Limited

Tantrum

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Ranged Expert: This model gains 1 additional AP which may only be used to take **Sh** Actions.

- This model gains the following Attack Action:

  (1) Surrounded by Nightmares (**Sh** 7 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Target model suffers 1 damage for each Nightmare within 3" and LoS of it which it considers an enemy.

Restrictions

The Dreamer

Dreams of Pain

Cost: 5 SS

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (1) Manifest Nightmares (**Ca** 6 / TN: * / Rg: 6): Name a Minion or Enforcer Nightmare model. The TN of this Action is 10 plus the Soulstone Cost of the named model. Summon the named model within range and deal damage to it equal to its **Wd** minus one, which may not be reduced. This model gains the following Condition for the rest of the game: "**Waking +1:** Reduce the healing from this model's **Pleasant Dreams** Ability by -1. This Condition may not be removed by the Actions of other friendly models."

  It's My Dream: After succeeding, the summoned model does not gain the **Slow** Condition.

Restrictions

The Dreamer, Limited



On Dreaming Wings

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains +1 **Wk**.
- This model gains the following Ability:

  On Dreaming Wings: All friendly Nightmare models gain the following Ability while within ❼6 of this model: "**Flight:** this model is immune to falling damage and may ignore any terrain or models while moving."

Restrictions

The Dreamer or Nightmare, Rare 1

Collodi Upgrades

Threads of Fate

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  My Strings Are My Own: This model may not be moved or pushed by the Actions of enemy models.

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (1) Wrapped in Wooden Claws: This model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Armor +1**: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1."



Restrictions

Collodi

Fated

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  The Fate of Us All: Once per Turn, when this model receives a Condition from a friendly Effigy, all friendly Puppets and Minions within (R)6 may gain the same Condition.

  Follow My Lead: Once per Turn, when this model receives a Condition from one of its own Actions, all friendly Puppets and Minions within (R)6 may gain the same Condition.

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (0) Creep: Push this model up to 3" in any direction.



Restrictions

Collodi, Limited

Breathe Life

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Tactical Actions:

  (1) Breathe Life: Push all friendly Minions and Puppets within (R)6 up to 2" in any direction. This Action may only be taken once per Turn.

  (0) Stitched Back Up: Target other friendly model within 6" heals 2 damage.



Restrictions

Collodi

Bag of Props

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

  Bag of Props: When this model declares an Attack Action or is targeted by an Attack Action, it may end the **Focused** or **Defensive** Condition on a friendly model within (R)6 to gain the same Condition at the same value.

  One Hundred Stolen Voices: This model may summon any Effigy model (regardless of Faction) when using the **Extra Thread** Action instead of a Marionette or Wicked Doll.

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (0) Creep: Push this model up to 3" in any direction.



Restrictions

Collodi, Limited

A FRIEND TO TALK TO

COST: 2 SS

This model gains the following Ability:

A Little Food, A Little Water: When this model declares a Walk Action, it may nominate a friendly Puppet within 2". After the Walk Action is resolved, place the friendly Puppet into base contact.

RESTRICTIONS

Vasilisa

STRUM THE THREADS

COST: 1 SS

This model gains the following Ability:

Strum the Threads: Friendly Puppet models which Activate within ❶6 may suffer 2 damage, which may not be reduced, to gain the **Fast** Condition.

RESTRICTIONS

Collodi or Vasilisa, Rare 1



General Neverborn Upgrades

The True Mother

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

  Feast, My Darlings: When this model kills an enemy model, a friendly model within 6" may count as having killed the model for the purposes of the **Grow** and **Mature** Abilities.

  Born of Blood: Once per Turn, when an enemy model within 2 is killed due to the **Black Blood** Ability or the **Black Blood Pustule** Action, this model may discard a card to summon a Terror Tot in base contact with the model before removing it. The summoned Terror Tot suffers 2 damage, ignoring the **Black Blood** Ability, and it may not benefit from the **Grow** or **Mature** Abilities during the Activation in which it was summoned.



RESTRICTIONS

Nekima

Protect the Young

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  A New Nest: Crews led by this model may hire Swampfiend models regardless of Faction.

- This model gains the following Trigger to its **Menacing Talons** Attack Action:

  Critical Strike: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each in the final duel total.



RESTRICTIONS

Spawn Mother

Useless Duplications

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Useless Duplications: Whenever an enemy model takes a Attack Action against an unengaged friendly Mimic model within this model's LoS, the enemy model must randomly determine its target between all models within 2" of the target as if it were shooting into an engagement.

  Seeing Double: When a friendly Mimic within 3" and LoS is targeted by a Attack Action, this model may discard a card to give the Attacking model to the Attack flip.



RESTRICTIONS

Mimic, Rare 1

Retribution's Eye

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

  Retribution's Eye: Damage dealt by this model ignores **Armor**.

  Purity of Land's Will: At the start of this model's Activation, it may announce that it is using this Ability. If it does, enemy models may not declare **Df** or **Wp** Triggers while being targeted by this model's Attack Actions during this Activation. If this happens, at the end of the Activation, discard this Upgrade.



RESTRICTIONS

Enforcer, Rare 1

On Wings of Darkness

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

Flight: This model is immune to falling damage and may ignore any terrain or models while moving.

Whispers From the Other Place: When this model spends a Soulstone in the Draw Phase to draw cards, it may draw and discard three cards instead of two.

Restrictions

Leader

The Mimic's Blessing

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

Perfect Camouflage: Attacks generated by the Charge Action and **Sh** Actions receive ⍈ while targeting this model if this model has not yet Activated this Turn.

Into the Wilds: When this model is killed or sacrificed, draw two cards and then discard two cards.

Restrictions

Non-Master, Rare 3

Handbag

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

Handbag: If this model comes into base contact with a Corpse or Scrap Marker during a Walk Action, this model may remove the Marker. At the end of this model's Activation, place any Markers removed in this way within 2" of it.

- This model gains the following Tactical Actions:

(2) Create Teddy Bear (**Ca** 5 / TN: 16🜏): Discard any combination of 4 Corpse or Scrap Markers within 6" and LoS of this model to summon a Teddy into base contact with this model.

(1) Create Doll (**Ca** 5 / TN: 12🜏): Discard a Scrap Marker within 6" and LoS to summon a Wicked Doll into base contact with this model.

Restrictions

Widow Weaver


OUTCASTS

Sacrifice

By: Matthew Ritter

She was staring at the board with a look of focus that was unusual. Her dark eyes held a pensiveness that was uncommon for them, under that feminine yet tomboyish hairstyle; one he rather appreciated, though he found that such praise had to be doled out carefully. She might take it with bitter aggression or just blush ever so slightly. He had to admit, he also found her volatile nature quite attractive. He'd just have to see how she reacted to being told that one day.

"What are you smiling at, old man? What am I not seeing? Don't tell me! I'll figure it out..."

Oh, yes, they were playing a game. That was why she was pensive. In the past he'd almost had to twist her arm into knots to get her to agree to anything as cerebral as a game of strategy and tactics. More often than not, even when she agreed it often ended with one of his expensive and quite rare collector boards ruined. So he'd taken to only playing her on simple, easy to replace set ups.

Yet lately, she'd been the one to ask him to play, though not in so many words. She'd stretch out slowly, and yawn, fixing him with a steady look and say something like 'I'm bored, is there anything to do around here?!' and he'd suggest some things. This or that, and she'd dismiss his suggestions as 'even more boring' until he'd suggest a game. She'd hem and haw about how she hated them, but agree. It was an effective ruse, if this hadn't been the fourth time she'd done it, he wouldn't have even noticed.

She was young and passionate, and she had so much potential. He wondered, idly, as he tended to do at least once a day, if she would live to see the things she could become. His thoughts wandered, as they often did in that moment, to if any of them, here on this side of the Breach, would live to see what they could become.

"Check! Ha! Bet you didn't see that coming!"

Leveticus looked down from Alyce to the board. It was a fine move; one that a month ago she would have never seen, or at least never made. If she were a better player he might have actually been in danger, but... she was Alyce. He considered letting her win, but he had a feeling her dark eyes would see through him somehow. They saw more than his sometimes....

He sighed and reached down towards one of his pieces.



She had him! She soooo had him. She'd move the one that was uh... what was it called? It moved in a straight line. She knew *that*. He'd go left and she'd move this one, and then... and what could he do? Nothing! Unless he... oh...

She resisted putting a finger against her face, that'd show her worry. He wasn't going to know that she *cared*. She was so sick of his smug old smug face. Leveticus, and his smugness. It was like he was *made* of smugness. Like right now, the way he was sighing. Like he was disappointed in her. She was the one that was disappointed in him! For being so smug.

He was making his move. How did he do that? He always moved *right* away. Yet... wait, no, did he really do that? She couldn't help but break into a wide grin; a smile that lit up her face all the way into her eyes.

"Hmmm? You seem pleased, my dear."

Her eyes flickered up to him. Pleased? She was going to finally show that smug smugger what Rusty Alyce was all about. The head shot! In all things. Sure, gunplay most of all, but anything. She was done with his 'lessons'; how he'd start some innocuous thing, and make her feel stupid, and then explain what was wrong with her. Wrong with *her*. And how she showed some horrible flaw in the way she thought about things, and he'd use her failure as a lesson for it.

It was really dad-like, and she hadn't taken that junk from her actual dad, she wasn't going to take it from *him*.

She didn't bother answering him. The move was swift and brutal. The one peice that did... weird stuff. She moved that one, and she took his piece! The one he'd used to stop the check. But he hadn't noticed her weird moving piece. And now she had his most powerful piece. She had *taken* it. She couldn't help from saying it, she had to! "Boom. Head sh-"

His hand shifted one of the diagonal shifty piece things. Her voice died, half way through her triumphant utterance.

Nonononononono.

Noononononononononononononono!

"Checkmate. I'm afraid." He said with his smuggy smugness.

Her mechanical arm lashed out. The pieces on the board scattered all across the workshop.

"It's about sacrifice, Alyce." He said calmly as he worked on the waif underneath him. She, or maybe "it" was a better description at this point, giggled inanely. She'd been pretty once. The waif, but now she was hollow. Empty as a little girl's doll, which, he had to admit, was what she was to him now; a doll. It had its own appeal; his waifs never broke any of his game boards.

Alyce was having none of it, at least at the moment. "*Shut up*! I don't *care* why I lost. It's a moronic game. It's almost as dumb as these... things!" Alyce shoved another one of the waifs. It had been listing past her at the time, walking in a slow drifting haze. It crumpled up on the ground when Alyce shoved it, giggled, and pushed itself back up.

He'd noticed that Alyce did not like them much at all. He didn't blame her. They were physically beautiful specimens of feminine architecture, and they were dressed to show it off. Partially because of his own... desires, but also because it was useful for them to be distracting when they were needed. The process of creating them linked him to them, and them to him, forever. It gave him a tether to this world, even from the great beyond. He'd quickly found that such tethers could be anything really. A dog. A man. A goat. People thought twice about killing a pretty girl.

"Why do you even keep these things around?" Alyce was, as he knew she did quite often, thinking about shooting the one she'd just shoved. He could tell when she thought about shooting someone. Her trigger finger twitched, almost imperceptibly. If she was actually about to shoot someone, her trigger finger and her thumb twitched. The moment after that was generally quite loud, as when she started shooting she normally didn't stop until her gun was empty.

"You know why." He didn't bother with anesthetics. The waif didn't feel anything anymore. He was ruining her pretty face, but he had high hopes for the new transistor. If it worked, he might be able to increase the efficiency of implanted metal limbs by quite a lot. Even if it didn't work, he'd know it didn't work. And that would be progress.

Alyce was doing her best to ruin this moment, but he was getting better at just letting her... Alyceness run off his back. "Oh, right. I do know why you keep them around. Mmmm..." Alyce let her hips slide from one side to the other in a distracting way.

He let himself look. What was the point in life if you didn't? "That is only one of their uses. Not even the most useful, use." Leveticus let the statement roll out. He knew that it would stick with her. Alyce would wonder if he was joking or not, it would fester. He'd pay for it later. She'd try and pretend it didn't bother her at first, though.

Alyce kicked the waif that was trying to get up, keeping her down. "Right right... dirty old man. How does it even work? The..." she made quotes with her fingers, "most useful use of them." That made him stop. There it was again. She'd never asked before. Not really. She was showing a real interest.

He set a tool down and picked up another. He waited to see if Alyce would go on a rant, or return to beating on the waif. No, Alyce's full attention was on him. She really did want to know. "Death is not as simple as most think of it. You have seen me die, countless times-"

"Thirty six." She piped up, the grin on her face obvious. He hadn't even kept count... that did sound right though.

"And yet here I stand." He continued. "Why? Because this... is not even a shell." He patted his chest. "It is an illusion. A useful illusion, but just an illusion. What is

real is far less substantial. My hollow waifs...”

“Bimbonies.” Alyce corrected. A nickname she had for them he truly did not care for.

“...yes. Them. They have been linked eternally to me; a connection that takes proximity. But as long as they are near me, it is as if a rubber band connects me to this realm. If I die, the real me, goes out to that other place. But if they still live the band pulls tight. I rocket back. And them the same way, as we all connect to each other. I cannot die, as long as one of them is near me, and still lives.”

Alyce looked down at the waif beneath her, it had stopped trying to get up, and had an empty smile on its face. “If you can call that life.” Alyce helped it up. It stood for a moment, and started to walk off in that slow hazy way they all moved.

“I could possibly do a similar process with you.” There was a bit of a sly tone in his voice.

“I bet you could. Something tells me that you'd like that more than I would.” Alyce's hands rested on her hips. Her voice kept its humor, but he knew that wasn't the trick to telling if she was truly joking, her trigger finger didn't twitch. That was the real test.

He chuckled softly. “I meant tethering us together, so that we could keep each other safe in this realm.”

“Suuuure you did.” She rolled her dark eyes around.

“You know Alyce, it's all about sacrifice. They sacrificed who they were, but now I am effectively immortal. I gave up my queen to you in the game and-”

Alyce lifted her robotic arm, the one that had brought her to him, and whispered to it. “Oh no, he's still trying to do that teaching moment thing. Should we run?” She often treated it like some kind of pet, or person. He wondered if in her head it answered.

“-despite it being my strongest piece, you lost. Sacrifice. You opened yourself up, and all it cost me was a useless piece.” He was finally done attaching the transistor. He put down the soldiering iron. He just needed to see if it worked.



Alyce waved one of her mechanized fingers at him. That was rare for her. She mostly used her human hand for gestures of this sort. “Useless! But it's the one that can move in all the directions! It's all powerful and stuff!”

Leveticus reached up and pulled his goggles down. “Alyce. All pieces are useless. All that matters is the game.” He expected some kind of snark from her, but she was quiet at that.

He took the momentary blessing to finish his work. He attached a node, and a Soulstone to the device and--!

The hollow waif didn't scream, its eyes just sort of faded as it twitched, like it was being electrocuted. Soon smoke was coming off it. He tisked and turned the power back off. “Not quite what you wanted to happen, eh?” Alyce asked. “You were probably looking for less sizzle and more... brizzle...dr...mi... less sizzle more... okay, pretend I said, you were hoping for more sizzle and less drizzle! That one works.”

“Yes yes.” He waved her off. “I thought it would work. That was my last transistor. I'll need more. Do you wish to go to the machinist market with me?”

The hollow waif that wasn't on the table bumped into Alyce. “Would it just be us?” She asked him, and Leveticus nodded. “Then sure. We haven't had a job in a while, and I am *so* bored. It'd be nice. Especially if you get something nice for ol’ armalarm here.” She patted her own metal appendage.

Leveticus stood, and with a cloth he rubbed some of the blood and oil off his hands. “Yes, we can get something nice for... armalarm.”

“Only I can call him that!” She warned him with her nonmetal arm.

The surprise crept into his voice. “...your arm is male?” He was letting her pull him into her... quirkiness. Something he tried to avoid.

Her cocky grin that made him always feel a touch uneasy spread across her face. “Today at least.” Whatever that meant. He didn't ask. It was for the best.

“Oh! Look at *that*. What is that?! Wooooonder! Pure wonder! Hee. Look at that one. Is that even legal? What did they do to that *rabbit*! Poor rabbit. Your sacrifice to science is not in vain. Oh, now that is neat. Can we get one of those? I’d end up burning off my face most likely. I don't want to do that until I’m all old and uglified like you. Hey, look at *that* one.”

Alyce's rapid fire commentary was designed to get under Leveticus' skin. She kept glancing at him to see if it did. He did a good job of pretending he only half heard it; though she knew that it got in there. At least she thought it did. It wasn’t like she wanted to upset him, but if she couldn't upset him then he didn't care. If he didn't care...

She let her mind go back to the things on display. Everyone here was breaking the strict Malifaux rules just by being here. It was one of the reasons she liked this place so much. Someone had put a rabbit in some kind of harness that made its heart visible, beating underneath glass, while the rabbit screamed. It was cruel, but it was interesting!

All of the legal places to be in the city had become so boring. “Can you believe that one? Oh wow, this machine looks like it causes ladybirds to just spontaneously combust! Oh, it's killing them with electricity. Listen to that weird zwiiaarp sound it makes when they hit it!” Leveticus hadn't said anything he hadn't had to since they went out. He was probably thinking.

So was she. She just thought better when she was talking. Also, she knew it made it harder for him to think. He was trying to find a transistor of just the right shape and style. She'd actually seen one some time ago, but she wasn't going to tell him that.

She also wasn't sure if she should tell him that they were being followed. “Look at this, it's one of those dolls with the little dolls inside it, but it opens itself up and puts itself back together!”

“They're called Matryoshka dolls.” He said while looking over a pile of burnt out bits of machinery.

Alyce leaned in to look at the doll more closely. The figure that had been following them also made the

mistake of reaching into the long coat it was wearing.

Six deafening booms later, daylight could literally be seen through him. The entire area was filling with the dark gun smoke her revolver produced. Leveticus didn't seem startled in the slightest. Her hand tingled pleasantly, as it always did when she hit her target.

She was flipping the revolver open and letting the shells clatter on the ground. Reloading as fast as she could because...

The spinning disc blade was aimed at her. Her mechanized arm grabbed the hapless salesmen, still in shellshock from the gun blasts, and he caught it in the shoulder for her. It buried itself to the bone. “Don't pull it out and you might live!” She shouted tossing him aside, he probably couldn't hear her right now.

She saw the one who threw the spinning blade. He was in a group of six or so, wearing stupid riding cloaks that hid their faces. If he'd bothered using a gun, he might have actually got her, ha! Well, she was done reloading and--

There he went. Leveticus. She let out a sigh as he walked right in the way of her aim. What came next was death. Not the kind of death her gun gave, but real death. Leveticus raised his hand and one of the men in the riding cloaks was...

Unmade.

Alyce idly wondered if Leveticus was protecting her. She also, well, she saw a lot of horrible stuff. She'd inflicted a lot of horrible stuff, but what was happening to him? She had to look away.

It was a wet meaty sound. And everything stopped. People weren’t running from the commotion anymore. The villains were making no attacks. Everyone could only watch, or not watch, what was happening. Flesh, squishing, twisting, unwinding. Metal sprouting from skin.

It was not long before what had once been a man was now an abomination. Demonic, mechanical, and horrible. She looked back up, and she saw the true fear in the posture of the men. Leveticus had not been still like everyone else, he had kept approaching them. He touched the one that was about to run.

She watched the man Leveticus touched shrivel up, as if everything that resembled life simply left him. At this rate she was hardly going to get to have *any* fun. Now the abomination was tearing into what had once been its friends. It leapt after another one that was trying to run now, landing on the man's back. What followed seemed to be the abomination trying to crawl inside the man that its body had once known.

There was a pulse, like smog, that flowed out from Leveticus. Thick and heavy, engulfing everything for a moment. Alyce let out a deep sigh. She rested her gun on her shoulder, knowing that when the smoke cleared...

And it did, blowing away slowly, no one was standing but Leveticus after that. “I thought you normally tried to leave one standing to ask questions? Oh well. We should probably get out of here before the watch comes by.” That was when she heard the grinding sound.

She looked to the one she'd shot. She hadn't noticed at first, but he wasn’t bleeding. And the top half of him was, detaching? No, opening up, something small and spindly leapt out of it. With a strange gnarled body, and what seemed to be knives for hands and feet.

It leapt the entire distance straight at her. If the arm she brought up to defend herself hadn't been metal, she'd have probably lost it. Still, it clawed and whiplashed around her mechanical limb, trying to get at the fleshy bits of her. Thankfully, the metal arm also was a great place to brace her gun.

She fired close enough to her own face that she was deafened for a moment, and the smoke stung her eyes, clouding her vision. She felt the weight of the thing fall off her arm as she backed up, out of the gun smoke. She watched it fall lifeless on the ground.

“Ha! It's like one of those Matryoshka dolls, huh?” She aimed her gun, planning to put a few more bullets in it just in case.

“Alyce!” It was Leveticus, he shoved her back, getting between her and three more of the things that had crawled out of some of the other seemingly dead men. Several things happened at once that surprised Alyce; Leveticus actually putting himself in harm’s way for

her was top on the list. What followed next wasn't too surprising, the blades sank into him. One went into his eye. Another his neck.

The blood spray was bigger than normal, the mechanized elements he used to enhance his body also gave his blood a dramatic... spurty quality. She'd seen him die more times than she could count, well, thirty seven now.

The way his body hit the ground surprised her. The way it...

She looked around. She'd known it, but she hadn't considered it. There were none of his hollow waifs around. He hadn't made any new links either... maybe the abomination, maybe... but she saw it collapse as well without its master to control it...

The little blade creatures continued stabbing Leveticus'.... corpse... his...

She'd found out a long time ago that tears didn't affect her aim much. There weren't a lot of them left after she was done.

Things went quiet. She waited.

She waited longer.

She waited a lot longer than was smart. Long enough that if she waited any longer, she'd probably have to make a lot more bodies before she could get away. Thankfully, the guards that showed up were the smart ones; the ones that took their time and knew to not question people too harshly, especially in this neighborhood.

She did leave though, the dumb ones would be around soon, or worse still, the skilled ones. They'd come and clean it up.

She walked off into the streets of Malifaux, as Leveticus' body grew cold behind her. Her finger and her thumb twitched, his body would not be the only one that day.



The human hand had a lot of very small bones in it, she didn't know the exact number, but she knew that when another hand, one made of metal, squeezed she could count the amount of snaps she heard. “Seeeeveeen... mmm, at this point, I think he might not be able to ever use this hand again, don't you?”

“You're crazy! Let him go, we don't know anything!” Shouted the young red headed man cowering behind the table while his friend, a blonde gentlemen with a handlebar mustache, did his best not to squeal as Alyce was squeezing his hand into dust.

“I was talking to my arm, and you know what? He agrees. Eight.” The next snap was louder than the others, as the blonde man let out a howl. That was how she started the night. A lot of questions of a lot of people. She wondered when people in this city would be smart enough to not take the handshake offered by the crazy metal armed person.

Somewhere around her sixth hand, and her twentieth shattered bone, she got what she was looking for. A place, in one of the quarantined zones of course. Crazy men doing crazy things, rivals of Leveticus, into the same stuff he was. Probably why they'd killed him, wanted to go through his lab and-

She really should have seen about that. She wondered idly if it was ransacked by now. Looted clean by whoever had killed the man. Well, she was about to show them what for.

At first she wasn't sure if she was at the right place, but when she put a hole in one of the men out front and out came one of those weird tiny knife babies, she was pretty sure she had the right place.

A few more bodies, a few more knife babies, and she burst in through the front door. It had been locked, but she shattered it, the wooden bar attempting to lock it splintered. Her gun was out and she was ready to... to...

The room was completely black. “*Hello*!? I'm here to kill you all!” She shouted into the darkness. There was a loud thunk.

“Oh, I can see you're quite ready to do that.” Said a voice that was slightly modular, a deep baritone drifting over pipes. Possibly some kind of PA system? Obviously male. She thought she recognized it from some business meeting or something Leveticus had been at. “Sad, really. It's easy to see, of those that come to Malifaux, some have a spark of greatness about them. As if this land infuses them with it, as if the Soulstones find champions among those foolish enough to come here... but most do not have this spark. Most are like the--”

A few loud muzzle flashes permeated the dark. Alyce's revolver smoked. The wild shots did little of use, other than show her that the thunk was a metal sheet of steel that had dropped over the broken doors, locking her inside.

“Are you quite done?” The baritone voice asked... a few more bullets rang out. Every time it seemed she might stop, they started again. “...so childish. I take back the regret I was about to have for killing you. I'm sorry to say that this room has no way out, and it is quickly filling with a gas that will make breathing impossible. I wish I could say you would be missed but, I assume most find you as unpleasant as I do--”

His words were ripped by a scream. The scream was loud, horrible. A scream of true pain and twisting, broken flesh and spirit. She stopped firing to listen. She had no idea what was happening to him, but she hoped it was as painful as it sounded.

After that was silence for a while Alyce and her arm spent some time trying to find a way out, but the pitch darkness and metal enforced doors made things difficult. She also occasionally heard thumps and more screams through the walls when she listened closely.

It sounded like someone or something was having fun without her.

She leaned against a wall, trying to practice rolling a bullet over her fingers like a coin, which didn't work very well even when she *could* see. She mostly just dropped a lot of bullets.

“By the Breach! Are you still alive in there? Who wastes that many bullets...?” Came a familiar voice, as one of the steel shutters lifted up. She saw the silhouette first. “Why would you waste so much ammo so pointlessly?

I thought you were smarter than that." He was covered in blood, and behind him it looked like he'd used the bodies of some of the people who had once called this building home to make a few of his shambling horrific steampunk monstrosities. He was also alive. Leveticus was standing there, with a dumb smug smile on his dumb smug face.

She wanted to be surprised, and glad to see him. Part of her was. But another part of her... The metal fist collided with that smugness a few moments later.



"There are secrets I have, that even you are not privy to. Death would be hard pressed to truly get a hold on my soul. Plans within plans, that's what you need to stay one move ahead in this world." Was his cryptic answer to the question she never seemed to ask. He'd kept waiting for her to ask, how are you alive? Why aren't you dead? I saw you die. You didn't have any of your bimbos around. What's up with you being dead? Why would you do that to me? But she hadn't.

After hitting him, she'd basically just been quiet, sullen even. Which wasn't like her, and he hated to admit to himself, it didn't set well with him. Because of that, he found himself talking, probably more than he would have if she'd asked him questions. "It was not easy, of course. But once I was dead, remaining dead seemed the best way to figure out who it was who wanted to kill me. You see, Alyce, in the end it all boils down to..."

"Don't say it." Alyce warned, her finger twitching but, he noted, not her thumb.

"...sacrifice." He finished. Alyce let out an annoyed groan as he managed to bring the whole thing back around to the stupid game they'd had.

"I get it. I get it." Alyce squeezed her own head. "You sacrificed your most powerful piece to win the game. Great. Wooohoo." she twirled a finger in the air. "Do you plan all of this out months in advance or something? I'm getting real tired of it. Also the ego, you're the most powerful piece on the board, bleh."

"...Alyce. I was never in danger. I had safeguards in place. Killing me will take a lot more than a knife in the eye." He spoke calmly but he watched her hand carefully, what he was about to say next was dangerous, but true.

"...then..." she said, coaxing him.

"...the piece I put up for sacrifice was you." He watched her finger and thumb twitch.

Instead of the quick draw, she very slowly slid her revolver out, and set it down between them. She spun her gun around, letting it whirl. He just watched it, wondering if he might have to...

She stopped the spin with one finger.

"So, I could have died?" her question was slow, weighted. "You were willing to let me die."

"Yes. They were playing for keeps."

Alyce pushed her revolver off the table, underneath it the game board sat. "Set the board." She told him.

"I still haven't found all of the pieces yet and--"

"We'll use bullets then! I don't care. Just set the board."

"Very well." He did just that, which was when he saw her break into a wide grin. Maybe a bit too wide.

"Malifaux, huh? Never know who to trust, do ya? I mean, here I was thinking you'd died saving me... but I was soooo wrong." Her eyes flashed up at him dangerously before her fingers rested on one of the pieces. "Hey, Levy?" He shuddered at that accursed nickname she called him when she was being particularly bratty. "Why don't you tell me exactly how it is you came back? Huh?" Alyce made her first opening move.

It wasn't a bad one.

He considered his next one, and something about her smile made him think that he was best keeping that, and a few other things, secret from her. At least for a week or two until she'd calmed down.



FRANTIC SEARCH

DESCRIPTION

They killed your boss. Time to find their hide out and wipe 'em out.

SET UP

Randomly choose one player to be the Attacker and the other to be the Defender. The Attacker must hire a Master to lead her Crew and at least one Henchman. This scenario uses the Junkyard special rules (M2E Core Rulebook pg. 79).

DEPLOYMENT

The Attacker selects a Henchman and deploys it at the center of the board, then deploys the rest of her Crew using Standard Deployment. The Attacker's Master does not deploy at this time and remains off the table. Then the Defender deploys using Standard Deployment.

SPECIAL

The Henchman which was deployed in the center gains the **Reactivate** Condition at the start of each Turn for the first three Turns of the game. At the end of the third Turn, the Attacker places her Master within 6" of her Deployment Zone.

VICTORY

The Attacker earns 1 **VP** for every two models killed by the selected Henchman and 1 additional **VP** if the selected Henchman is still in play at the end of the game.

The Defender 1 **VP** at the end of every Turn after the first in which it killed two or more non-Peon Attacking models. Any player may only score a max of 4 **VP** from this scenario.

The Magistrate of Stranglehold

By: Matthew Farrer

Jacky Jacky Jack Daw,

Hanging on the tree.

I asked him for his secrets

But he would not speak to me.

The streets of Stranglehold were empty when the fog began to creep up from the river, as though it had waited until all the people were behind their doors before it felt brave enough to come sliding in and softly smother the night in white. It thickened the air until all the the moonlight could hope for was to turn it a slightly lighter grey. The angular wooden buildings dissolved into soft-edged blurs, diluted the few outdoor lanterns to little blots of struggling yellow light, and deadened the sound out of the air itself. No night-birds, no soft sound of water from the river, no creak and bump from the wharves or boats. Nor much sound from the houses, either, but then Stranglehold folk had learned to keep quiet at night. The Magistrate's men had seen to that.

Quiet the town was, but it was not dead. Stranglehold was alive like a meadow beneath a layer of snow, lifeless to the eye but full of hidden pockets and nests of warmth and movement; it was alive like a forest, silent to the ear but with the maze of roots connecting invisibly beneath the soil. A stranger to town might not see it; the man behind the solitary lit window in the Magistrate's manor would not bother to notice it; but tonight after so many nights, the stillness was anticipation.

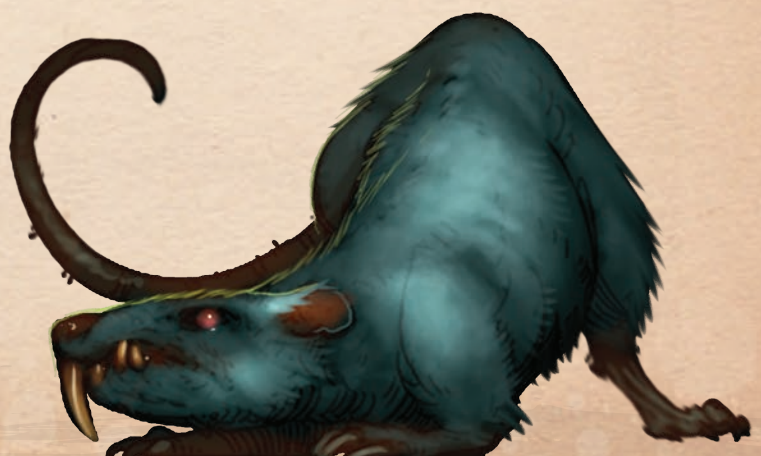
In the storeroom behind the dock supervisor's office, out by the fog-wrapped wharves and moored river-barges, crates were rearranged to expose a trunk whose paperwork said it was being held for a shipment in three weeks' time. The papers were false. The rifles and bullets packed inside were very real. They glinted in the torchlight. "Oh, mercy!" said a deep and chuckling voice outside the window when the trunk opened. Nobody inside the room heard it.

In the smithy, the forge was banked and leaked only a dim and sullen red light. It was enough for the smith, his son, and his daughter to unwrap a dozen fighting-hatchets and short sabers from their hiding places. As they quietly laid the weapons out a gaunt figure leaned against the outside of the forge doors, pressing a cold white cheek against the fog-dampened wood, brushing the latch with bloody fingertips and cooing softly every time she heard the scrape of a whetstone along a cutting edge.

In the jumble of buildings between Contract Street and Wharf Street the youngsters carried messages. They flitted from door to door, giving tiny coded knocks that were barely more than scratches against the wood. Two, then two, then three. Get ready. They ran on the exhilaration of danger and adrenaline: they knew the Magistrate had men patrolling Stranglehold in the night, and they might yet get caught, so fear kept their senses extra keen. None of them quite set eyes on the great, mournful, silent man who stood like a block of basalt in the middle of Contract Street... but every one of them who passed that way veered around the spot where he stood, without quite knowing why.

Faint laughter wafted across the thatch and split-shake rooftops.

Cupped in its riverbend, the town waited. And here, in the tiny squeak of the latch on the Magistrate's gate, came the moment it had been waiting for.



Jacky Jacky Jack Daw

Hanging 'neath the moons.

As patient as the grave he was,

And colder than the tomb.

"No-one can say I've done any wrong," Crabtree told himself, stumbling a little on the broken cobbles of the square. "How could they? Who traduces me like that? And yet, and yet. I shall be free of it all tonight. I am sure that's what he would say."

He took a few tentative steps away from the black iron gates of the manor, peering about him and then up to the top storey. He could still see the glow of the lit window; his master's library. He would be brooding in the great leather chair, done with reading by now, well into his evening brandy. Crabtree had not dared creep out of his room downstairs until he had been sure of that. He turned his back on the manor and looked up at the looming timber platform that dominated the town square.

"My conscience needs no clearing, none. For what is my wrong? No wrong. I do no wrong. I do not suffer, I am not guilty, but this will clear me nevertheless, no, this will clear me." He barely realized he was speaking aloud. His left hand clutched at the breast of his coat, keeping the cloth-wrapped bundle tucked into it from rattling or clinking.

The town gallows would have been big enough to end a dozen lives at a stroke with room to spare, but there was only one arm and noose. And there was the block. And the post for garrotting, and another for shooting. And the x-shaped scaffold for stretching and beheading. And the crushing slab. The Magistrate believed in only one execution at a time, to fix the minds of the crowd on what they were seeing and what it meant for them to cross him, but he liked variety in how those executions were carried out.

For a moment he heard laughter and voices from the gallows, coming through a swirl on the fog as though on a phantom breeze. Crabtree froze in place, moisture from the fog beading among his scraggled grey whiskers.

"Are..." Crabtree swallowed. "Are you there, Jack?"

"Of course I should hear such tricks of sound," he told himself as he struck out into the grey limbo, away from the gates. "I am an educated man, I am a man of sheltered breeding and sensitive nerves. A night like this will burden me, of course my ears will... conjure... fancies..."

His mutterings trailed behind him as he tripped and scampered across the cobbles and onto the wooden corduroy surface of Contract Street. After a moment he was a blur, then gone into the fog.

The half-naked and emaciated figure perched on the roof-corner swung its bare feet and turned its head after him, for all the world as though it could see him through the hangman's hood that the noose held in place over its head.

Jacky Jacky Jack Daw,

Noose around his neck.

A raven came and kissed his cheek

And gave his eye a peck.

"Why're you doing this, then?" Loomis demanded, and then glared when Fish waved at him to lower his voice. "If we're making our move tonight, what's it matter?" But he quietened just the same. "How do we know we can trust him?"

"I... I decided..." Fish made the opposite gesture now. Crabtree's voice was a tiny croak they could barely hear.

"You decided to betray your master the Magistrate," Red Kate said evenly. "Start with that."

"You de- I decided to betray my master the Magistrate. Because." He stopped. Because I could not live in fear of him any longer, he wanted to say. Or: because I could not stand to stand by and watch his sins, he could have said. Or simply: because he is an evil man and I have found the courage to help free the town of him.

All those would have been lies, though, and Crabtree had decided, without realising he had decided, to have done with those.

“Because I saw him,” he said, and the others frowned and looked at each other. “Him,” said Crabtree, “him!”

“Not the Magistrate?” Fish hazarded.

“I see him every day,” Crabtree muttered, “for my sins. The manor is hell and he is its Devil.”

“So who did you see who frightened you more than the Devil?” Red Kate asked.

“Him. I saw him. Jack Daw.”

There was a beat of silence. Fish stroked his shaggy moustache. Red Kate kept staring at Crabtree. She tugged at the bright shawl that she was nicknamed for, adjusting it over her head and around her throat, hiding the marks the Magistate's men had left on her on her wedding day. Everyone assured her that her husband was young and strong and almost certainly still alive in the manor's dungeons, but she didn't really believe them.

Loomis swung his pale, bony, pox-scarred face back and forth to look at the others.

“That's what they call that man on the Hanging Tree, ain't it?” he asked. “What's he got to do with our town? How'd a dead man travel three day's ride, Malifaux City to Stranglehold?”

“No,” said Red Kate. “That's where he was. And then they found him gone. Not just cut down. The rope was gone, and the patch of corpse-wax on the ground underneath him. Not even any mark on the bough where the rope had been. More than a year ago.” They looked at her. “Record didn't print it but the Breachside Tattler did,” she explained. Red Kate was a reader.

“He's been seen since,” Crabtree whimpered. “Been seen all over. They see him strolling the Old Spire Road in Malifaux City with the hood and noose still on. They say his feet only just brush the ground, as if he's still hanging. They've seen him in little contract towns that don't even have names, up in the snow country, dancing along the mine trails with Crooked Men following behind. They've seen him in the Bayou. Travellers have met him on the road.” He was rocking back and forth. “I must open the Magistrate's letters so I can sort them for him. I see the reports. Jack Daw, he wanders now. He wanders and men fight and die, and towns burn, and Neverborn hunt.”

“And you saw him?” Fish asked. “Here in town?”

“He was real,” wailed Crabtree. “I am not mad! I was carrying a ledger across the manor grounds, and I dropped it when I saw the phantasm. And when I had seized it back and run to the house I saw a print across it! The print of an emaciated human foot! Jack Daw is here!”

“This is why you came to me with your plan,” growled Fish, his hard Balkan accent giving the words an edge. “Because of this dead man from the stories.”

“I reread all the letters I had filed for the Magistrate about him,” Crabtree said. “He is an instrument of punishment, I am sure of it. I... know I have helped the Magistrate for many years.” He stared down at his hands. “Jack Daw gave me a warning. He wants me to redeem myself. Men who take the chance he gives them are spared. Those who spurn it hang on the Tree in his place.”

“Told you that, did he?” Fish asked.

“I... heard him whisper. I couldn't hear the words. But... but I read the letters. I read what folk say about him. I believe it. I am frightened of him.”

“He came here on some traveller's tale?” Loomis burst out. “Because of this you trust him?!”

“Nope,” said Kate. “Because of these.” She pulled on the corner of the cloth bundle Crabtree had smuggled out of the manor. After a moment the wrapping came free and its contents and clanked to the tabletop.

“The Magistrate's personal keys,” she said with satisfaction. “The ones that are always hanging up there on his belt when he's gloating over us all from the edge of the gallows.”

“And even with these we don't trust him,” Fish said. “You don't stay in the manor and tell us come to the gates, you unlock them. We all arrive, maybe we find all that's happened is the Magistrate now has all his enemies neatly assembled in front of a locked gate, hm? So we have him bring the keys out to us. Then we don't have to trust him.”

“Well...” Loomis began.

“No,” Fish cut him off. “We're glad to have you join us, boy, but you talk too much. No more talking. People are waiting. So if you are not happy with this, stay behind. Hm? You want to walk away?”

Loomis glared at Fish, his angular Adam's apple working up and down.

“Man had my daddy hung 'cos of nothing but lies and then took our farm,” he said. “Man has to pay. I'm with you, and they can hang me for it and be damned.”

“So be it,” said Fish, and suddenly he was smiling. He pushed his chair back from the table. “On with your coats, my friends, and light your torches. Time justice was served. But!” And he wagged a finger at them. “No more talk of hanging now. Too much talking, maybe Jack Daw will come and punish us, eh?” He chuckled as he pulled on his coat and swung the door open.

Jacky Jacky Jack Daw,

Swinging on his rope.

'Twas dying took away his fear

But living killed his hope.

He capered across the rooftops, dangling toes barely brushing the shingles, leaping and whirling with his arms spread wide, clutching handfuls of fog out of the night air. Voices came and went around him, etching the air with lies and secrets and terrible confessions, wrapping his bare skin against the chill in ribbons of dark and miserable whisper. He could hear every word breathed across the whole town, the ones they spoke to each other and the ones that just boiled in their heads, and all the words made a tune to which Jack Daw twisted and jerked and danced, danced, danced.



Ligeia craned her head and watched him pass over her. Her white shift clung to her and her thick black hair hung down in a lank black cascade, a patch of utter dark against the fog. She looked at the tips of her fingers, startling crimson, put them in her mouth and tasted her own blood. They had bled ever since she had tried to claw away the bricks they had walled her up with. They had not stopped drooling fresh blood even after she had died. She stared at them as if she were seeing them bleed for the first time, and then she threw back her head and shrieked.

The scream rippled out through the town. Lanterns flickered, the fog itself seemed to tremble in the air. Montresor had walked the length of Contract Street with slow, funeral tread, and now stood before the great gallows. He was staring up at the Magistrate's manor, at that single lit window. Like Ligiea's hair, his suit made a shape of pure blackness that the pale fog could not seem to dilute. His enormous hands, strong enough to crack a skull with a simple flex of the fingers, clenched and unclenched.

Things were in motion. Jack Daw was dancing on his rope. Montresor would witness it all, as he witnessed everything. It was his curse.

Jacky Jacky Jack Daw

Came calling in the night.

He told me he was watching me

And bade me douse the light.

Fish and Red Kate walked side by side through the fog, and the people of Stranglehold came out of the dark and the fog to join them. The wharf-men came with guns and boathooks, and a dozen lads from the smithy and brewhouse walked behind the smith's daughter who held a lantern on a pole to guide them.

At Two Dray Road they met the farmers from the West-side hillsteads, carrying rifles and torches of their own. They joined with silent nods or grim handshakes and fell in behind. Townspeople came out of the cottages and boarding-houses jumbled around Middle Alley in ones and twos that became groups, the groups merged into a mass, walking beneath burning torches, not speaking. Men and women, gray-haired or fresh-faced. Some had tied hoods low over their heads or bandannas around their faces; others went defiantly bareheaded. They carried pistols and knives, rifles and lumbermen's axes, hammers and cudgels. Two thick-bearded hillmen lugged a trunk full of clay jugs of overproof moonshine that would burn ferociously once it splashed. The Magistrate's keys clinked softly in Fish's hand; a torch blazed in Kate's.

By the time the crowd was crossing the square, everyone knew that this had gone too far to stop. There were too many for the Watch to ignore, so many that nobody would dare back down and run. A tipping point had been reached, for better or worse.

Crabtree was half a dozen steps behind Fish and Kate, unarmed and staring about him pop-eyed, moving with a cringing, skipping walk that just barely kept up with the crowd. He glanced at the people around him, but nobody met his eyes.

“Did you hear it?” he kept asking. “I heard a scream, a woman's scream! It was a shriek that chilled my blood! Did none of you hear it? I am not mad, I am a man of tender nerves but I am sane, and I heard a scream! Listen to me!”

But nobody did. Crabtree had lived in Stranglehold for years, but its people were still strangers to him. He moaned and clutched at his head, lost in the crowd. He was sure he had heard a scream.

And now, he was sure he could hear whispering.

And then they were there.

Jacky Jacky Jack Daw

Knew all my dreams and fears.

He told me what he saw in them

And drank up all my tears.

The Magistrate of Stranglehold stood on his front steps, behind his tall iron gates. His bloated moon of a face was twisted in a sneer. He had on an embroidered nightshirt that hung to his ankles; he had pulled boots and a coat on over it. He cradled a rifle in his hands. Crabtree recognized the silver scrollwork. It was a collector's piece the Magistrate had seized after he had taken a fancy to it and trumped up a charge on which to execute the man who had owned it.

“Very good, little mice!” he roared, and the sound of his voice was enough to make the crowd ripple backward. “But you won't dare lay a hand on me, not one of you. Not a man here has the spine to step forward to my gates.” He let out a great coughing laugh. “And it's just as well, because not a man among you is strong enough to force those gates, and even so I'll shoot down any who tries.”

Hoofbeats came echoing out of the streets around the square, and the Magistrate's yellow teeth showed in the torchlight.

“And now I've got some men here to show you back to your holes, you stupid little mice. Your leaders I'll hang, the rest of you I'll think about. But even if I have to set the lot of you swinging there are plenty in Malifaux City who'll be willing to come and work the wharves. So run from my cats, little mice, and maybe I'll leave some of you alive!”

On that last word he fired a shot into the air. The horses behind the crowd neighed and whinnied as the Magistrate's black-hooded watchmen hefted whips and sabers. Crabtree could hear them laughing.

And then the laughter came from somewhere else.

Jacky Jacky Jack Daw

Knew all my dreams and fears.

He told me what he saw in them

And drank up all my tears.

Jack Daw came sailing out of the fog, through the line of horsemen and over the heads of the crowd. He twisted and kicked in the air as though he had just been dragged off the ground and into the Hanging Tree, even though the rope around his neck simply snaked in the air like a piece of seaweed drifting in a cross-current. His scrawny hands opened and closed, and his bare feet twitched in the air. With weird clarity, Crabtree could see mud caked on their soles.

Snarling an oath, one of the Magistrate's riders spurred his terrified horse forward and leveled a pistol at Jack's chest. The bagged head turned in his direction and the whole crowd heard whispering emanate from him as though it were spilling out of the fog and right into their own ears. The rider yelled and fired, but the shot went wild and the next minute the man tumbled off his rearing, plunging horse. There was a shout from the crowd and a knot of townspeople closed on the stunned watchman before he could rise.

Overhead, Jack Daw laughed as a long whip lashed out from another watchman and wrapped around his wrist. His body was emaciated, his skin waxy and slack, but a single tug of his arm brought the man flying off his horse before he had a chance to anchor the whip-handle to his own saddle. A moment later he too was buried under a knot of people.

And more dead came out of the fog. Two watchmen urged their mounts forward to rescue their comrades and were dragged down out of their saddles by clutching grey hands. A third slashed his saber down into the neck of the corpse that was reaching for him, only to have it twist its shoulder and jerk the hilt out of his hand. The man yelled as cold fingers gripped his arm, and seconds later crashed to the cobbles as his horse ran out from under him.

Now the watchmen were caught between their dead enemies and their live ones. One cracked his whip trying to force the crowd back, and was answered by the crack of a pistol that toppled him to the ground. Boathooks and axes flashed in the torchlight as two more went down, and the screams of men and horses rose above the hammer of hoofs as the last few watchmen found gaps in the line and hurtled away into the dark.

Red Kate turned her back on the carnage in the square, and stared into the Magistrate's dull red face and sharp black eyes. She plucked the keyring from Fish's hand.

“Your Honor was right,” she said. “No man will touch the gates. No man needs to.”

The lock clanked open.

The Magistrate's rifle cracked, but Kate had no idea where the shot went. She ran for him, skirts flapping and torch flaring, steeling herself for the next shot, but it never came.

Red Kate's hearing filled with whispers, groping at her thoughts and making her stumble, and Jack Daw dropped out of the air. The rifle went off again as he came down but it didn't seem to do anything. Jack bore the Magistrate over, clawing at his face. That

great voice bawled for help as the whispers that surrounded Jack like a cloud of flies turned into chuckles and cackles.

Kate dodged around the writhing shapes and up to the top step. The front door to the manor stood ajar, but it was still so heavy that slamming it back open with her shoulder almost knocked the breath out of her. Then she was in the manor's front hall, the battle in the square muffled as the doors swung closed again. Her torchlight gleamed off the cabinets of crystalware, the swords and gilt frames on the walls, the statuary and the polished Gremlin skulls.

She had no idea where Crabtree was, but the dungeon door couldn't be hard to find, and she had the key. She ran on, deeper into the manor, her bootheels thudding in the thick, soft rugs.

Jacky Jacky Jack Daw,

Whisp'ring to the breeze.

I begged him for his silence

But he laughed to hear my pleas.

Crabtree couldn't get up off his knees. He half-crawled forward across the cobbles, staring about him. The nightmarish, flickering light of the torches that bobbed to and fro in the chaos or lay guttering on the ground was only fitting for what was unfolding.

The dead who had followed Jack Daw out of the fog had started with the Magistrate's watchmen, but had not stopped with them. The mob that had come to punish the Magistrate for his crimes against the living had become prey for the dead, trapped between the high iron fence of the manner and a closing circle of sneering, jabbering corpses.

Loomis was at the front of the fray, rocking his body back and forward in time to the heavy swings of his double-bitted lumber axe. Although each stroke parted dead flesh like rotten wood he was being forced back, step by step. Fish was barking out Serbian curses and cramming shells into his scattergun. Some of the crowd had pushed through the gates after Red Kate, but Jack Daw had gripped the rope around his neck and was swinging it like a lash, trapping and snaring them in the gateway. A woman in white stood behind the line of the dead and the mad, and when she spread her arms and screamed the battling townspeople quailed and the invaders pressed in harder.

Crabtree moaned, paralyzed. Going to their aid would be death, but he could not bring himself to flee. He looked about him again, and saw the great black-suited giant climb down from where he had been sitting on the edge of the gallows. Crabtree raised a beseeching hand, but Montresor silently, sadly shook his head and reached down for him.

And inside the manor, flames were rising.

Jacky Jacky Jack Daw

See him swing and sway.

And once he whispers in your ear

You'll go with him on his way.

She had been stupid to hope. Kate wept and laughed as she walked back through the manor, trailing the torch behind her along the rugs, against the wood and through the drapes. Flames leapt from it along dry cloth and varnished wood. It seemed the manor wanted to burn.

She had found him. He had been strapped to a great wooden X like the one in the square. He had been in pieces. The wedding ring, twin to hers, still on his finger. Stupid, stupid to hope.

She didn't look around, not even when the dragging, shuffling footsteps got so close they were practically treading on her heels. Let them walk, let them burn. The spark that had carried her here was as dead as the Magistrate who lay sprawled on the steps. Kate stopped in the manor doorway, staring out over the square.

They came past her, the ones from the cells, the ones who had lain there motionless when she had thrown the dungeon door open and had come to life in the light of the torch as if they had heard a call echoing through the manor. Dressed in prison uniforms, or in rags, or naked, into the night they went with the Magistrate's marks livid on their flesh. The burns from the electric chair. The rope-scars. The deep grooves where restraints had held them down to stretcher-beds in their cells, screaming for water and help. Kate squeezed her eyes shut. The hot tears filled them as the flames behind her scorched

her shawl and her hair.

Jacky Jacky Jack Daw

Comes leading his parade.

And he dances and he laughs to see

The mischief that he's made.

Crabtree batted feebly at the enormous fist that gripped the front of his coat.

"No!" he wailed. "No, please, keep them away!" His eyes bulged as he saw the dead walk out of the manor. Every man and woman in that corpse-march he could name, even now. He could remember their mock trials, whether they had raged or pleaded, what the Magistrate had gloatingly had him write on their warrants. And now, he was sure, every one of them was staring at him.

"No!" he said again. "I know my sins, please, I paid for them! I brought the keys! I brought about his punishment! Please! Please be just!"

The man's long, mournful face did not move. His eyes were large and deep, dark as the river on a moonless night. Crabtree saw no anger or lunacy in them. He saw something that might have been pity.

The man walked toward the manor gates, half-dragging Crabtree as effortlessly as if the little clerk had been a throw-cushion. The fist that gripped his clothes felt like a solid knot of chilly iron. Standing at the gates, ignoring the murder all around them, the man stared down into Crabtree's face again and then held his other long, simian arm out to point.



The Magistrate was stirring. Too far gone even to beg for mercy, Crabtree sagged in that iron grip. They hadn't killed him. Kate or Fish or Daw himself, whoever had meant to finish the job had failed.

But no. They hadn't. They hadn't failed at all. Crabtree gaped at the Magistrate's crushed skull, crushed throat, torn neck. He could not be alive. He should be dead, dead many times over.

Crabtree's hearing filled with whispers again, and the black-clad man dropped him unceremoniously onto the ground. A pair of filthy, bony bare feet stopped in front of his face. Powerless to do otherwise, Crabtree rolled on to his back and stared up into the bag that was bound over Jack Daw's face.

Whether it was the whispers finally sliding into his ears, or something in the non-gaze of that covered face, or just his own mind finally making the connection, but Crabtree understood then.

Jack Daw was not a force of just retribution. He did not come for sinners. He was no avatar of punishment.

Jack Daw was guilt and madness. Torment of body and mind was what drew him, and when he found it he would hurl himself at it, wallow in it, spread it, dance, whisper and laugh. Jack Daw was a living Charybdis, an undead star of matter so dense that minds broken by violence and guilt could not help but be drawn into his orbit.

Even drawn from beyond the grave.

Jack Daw, Ligeia his herald, Montresor his eternal witness, and his carnival of the guilty dead whispered and pranced their way into the foggy night with the Magistrate of Stranglehold and Crabtree in tow, leaving Red Kate to weep wretched tears onto the bloody cobbles of the square.

Jacky Jacky Jack Daw

Goes ranging far and wide.

And good folk run before his call

And mad folk run behind.





DESCRIPTION

Jacky Jacky Jack Daw
Knew all my dreams and fears.
He told me what he saw in them
And drank up all my tears.

SET UP

Before hiring Crews, randomly select one player as the Attacker and the other as the Defender, then place a 3" by 3" piece of Dungeon Terrain in the center of the table. This terrain is blocking and impassable. The Attacker has 10 additional Soulstones to hire her Crew.

DEPLOYMENT

The Defender deploys first. The Defender's Deployment Zone is the area within 6" of the dungeon terrain in the center of the table. Then the Attacker deploys her Crew anywhere within 6" of any board edge, this area is considered the Attacker's Deployment Zone.

SPECIAL

While in base contact with the dungeon terrain the Attacker's models may make a (1) Interact Action with it to remove it. When the terrain is removed, each Crew summons two Guilty (Pg. 202) models anywhere on the table. The Attacker summons her models first.

VICTORY

At the end of each Turn that the dungeon terrain is still in play, the Defender earns 1 **VP**, up to a maximum of 4. When the dungeon terrain is removed, the Attacker earns 5 **VP** minus the current Turn number (i.e. if the terrain is removed

THE MADNESS AT STRANGLEHOLD

After receiving no message or shipment from Stranglehold in two weeks, I was dispatched with a small platoon to investigate. Upon entering the town we found signs of a grievous struggle; buildings burned, animals killed or maimed and all shipments ruined. Most horrifically the populace had been killed to a man. And not just killed…things were done to them. Regardless, Stranglehold is ashes now, likely a Neverborn attack. On a curious note, the Magistrate's holding cells were all empty. I had heard he was prone to strict punishment, but perhaps it was just rumor and hearsay…

Sergeant Atkinson

Tyrant's Game

By: Jonathan Boynton & Matthew Farrer

They called the building the Observatory. In the glory days of pre-human Malifaux, it had been exactly that. Later, it had been an empty derelict. Then a lookout for the settlers from the new Breach. Then a shelter for the fetid breeding of Resurrectionist plots. Then a battlefield.

Now it was a ruin, home to wreckage, and vermin, and something that moved in the shape of a man.

Hamelin the Plagued, would-be Tyrant of Malifaux and all the worlds beyond, picked His way along the top of the wall. His foot in its rat-leather boot sank into each step with a soft squelch, as though it were not muscle wrapped around bone but something softer, more yielding. His hands held up a long wooden flute on which He played a strange, slow piece, all minor keys and odd trills. His face was serene beneath the brim of His rat catcher's hat.

Well, not His. And strictly speaking it had never even belonged to a rat catcher. It was a copy of a memory of the thing that a rat catcher had once owned, the ridiculous little scrap of an entity that the Tyrant had poured Himself into for want of a better vessel. It was a shape that the Tyrant, to His own surprise, had grown used to, and each time He had to reconstruct a body it was the body of the little man. With a few refinements befitting its new occupant, of course. The posture was rather better, the teeth all there, the wardrobe more striking. But it was a form the man's friends would still have recognized in the street, a thought that amused and offended the Tyrant by turns.

Well, there would be better vessels soon. Once he had the aetheric lock in his hands once again, he could wind the magical fabric tight, tear it loose, and burst free to drink in the tides of power he could feel surging around him. The whole world would be his vessel. He would wear entire dimensions of existence the way he wore this sack of flesh, and rule their peoples the way he ruled the vermin that filled the animated carcass.

That power was the prize. The end of the Tyrant's game. And Hamelin was here to make the opening moves of the new round.

As He moved over the rubble, His music similarly picked its way over a layer of scuttles, scratches and squeaks. Hamelin's vermin army followed Him and sang back to Him. Every time a stone or joist slid under His foot a flood of tiny bodies bore it up again so that the Tyrant could not take a misstep.

Hamelin walked in a spiral, orbiting in to the open pit in the middle of the collapsed ruin. He could hear His rats squealing with excitement, pushing something along with their snouts. Around the embouchure of the flute His mouth twitched in a smile, but He did not hurry. Finally Hamelin knelt at the edge of the pit, clumsily, as though His legs had no joints but were simply bending where their owner more or less remembered knees to be.

Something gleamed at the bottom of the pit. Hamelin smiled again and began a new tune, sliding up and down octaves in a strange cadence, bringing the silver box floating upwards on a tide of insects and worms.

Grinning, Hamelin grabbed the *device*. Such a small thing, such an old thing, such vast implications. An investment of power and time that no one but a Tyrant could understand. All that was needed was...

Hamelin's fingers scrabbled at the box, clumsy first from inattention and then from rage. One side had been bashed in by falling stone, so deformed that it would not open. The Tyrant snarled, and all around rats snarled with Him, carrion-beetles flexed their mandibles, maggots and millipedes convulsed. He finally tore back the lid, promising Himself the mechanisms would not be broken. He was Hamelin the Tyrant. They would not *dare* be broken.

They were broken. Hamelin screamed with fury, and all through the city dogs whimpered and cowered, horses shrieked and reared, cats hissed, rats snarled and clawed and bit.

They were broken. Hamelin shook the box, rattling the smashed wheels and spindles. He had re-entered this world while his rival Tyrants were still crippled and out of the game – some dormant, some too befuddled and forgetful to play, one, hah, enslaved to a child, of

all things. The *device* would have made his advantage unassailable, made him the Tyrant of Tyrants. Junk! Useless!

Hamelin raised the box in one hand, ready to smash it back down into the pit, before He checked Himself.

It was an indignity. But a Tyrant shrugged away indignity. The *device* was a made thing, after all. He knew that better than anyone. What was made could be remade. None of the other Tyrants owned so much as a broken *device*. The advantage was still His.

Hamelin picked His way back out to the Observatory wall, sat down on it and began to play again, a sing-song refrain like a child's skipping rhyme. It didn't take long for the lanky little form to emerge from the gloom.

The boy was scrawny and ill-dressed, but he walked quickly and purposefully to where Hamelin sat, tilting his head as though there were something at the limit of his hearing. He picked up the *device* from between Hamelin's feet without ever looking at the Tyrant directly, turned on his heel and walked away into the city. Hamelin's music never wavered, his will didn't relax its commands, until well after the boy had vanished from sight.

Toshiko Kita stepped through the door of the safe house, silently holding out the badge she had been given. The guard, an emaciated man in clothes much too big for him, grunted and handed it back.

“Mr. Noguchi is inside,” he said, voice shredded and guttural. She nodded and made to move past him, and he slid a foot out from his chair to block her.

“You may be Mr. Lynch's guest, but you interfere, you won't be leaving this building.”

“No need for threats,” Toshiko replied, keeping her voice light. “We all serve the Lady, after all.”

He stared at her with glazed eyes filled with swirls of purple and blue. She swallowed, thankful for the carved metal mask that hid her face. The unnatural gaze clung to her, then dismissed her. “Go,” he said.

The place was a warren, but Toshiko had memorized the plans that had accompanied her instructions and easily found the laboratory two levels beneath the street. The lab was a maze itself, books and machine parts piled all over the floor. A handful of dead constructs filled one corner, limbs spread, armor plating discarded on the floor around them, reminding her grotesquely of birds prepared for cooking.

“Who's there?” came a man's voice. Jiro Noguchi appeared around stack of books and plans. Toshiko bowed, holding it a moment, then straightened, but the man just scowled at her. Toshiko bristled at the insult, biting her tongue. “Misaki has sent me another babysitter? Typical.”

“The Lady has sent me to safeguard your work.”

“Yes, I'm sure you'll be most successful at it. Especially since there hasn't been a hint of trouble around this safe house since, well, since my latest project began, in fact. Misaki begrudged me security back when I actually needed it. Now things are quiet, she sends me a guard? Or is this why she didn't bother sending me a very good one?” He gestured to Toshiko's left hand. She clenched it, self-conscious of her missing finger. “Don't interfere with my work, Torakage. Go away, I'll send for you if you're needed.”

Toshiko clamped down hard on her temper. The man was an insufferable lout... but her duty was clear. She would not fail. Not again.

Three weeks at the safe house was enough to sorely test Toshiko's resolve on that score. She had rapidly run out of patience with Noguchi's tempers and rudeness, which he only put aside to make vague, but offensively vain, boasts about his latest masterwork. The gaijin that Jakob Lynch had sent as servants and guards were little help. They took her orders, but seemed trapped in a shuffling, dreamy daze, staring with those strange, brilliantly-marbled eyes. Every few days one of them, usually the slowest and most wasted, would disappear and be replaced. Toshiko didn't speculate about what happened to them.

Noguchi had been right about one thing, though. The house was quiet. Guard duty deep in the Quarantine Zone, to all intents and purposes single-handed, should have been a death warrant, but there hadn't been so much as a whisper of trouble. After the second week Toshiko had taken to patrolling the nearest streets, heart in her mouth, keeping a clear line of sight back to the

safe house's door at all times, but all she had seen was dead and empty ruins.

The only exception had been two days ago, when she had seen the grubby toy bear lying in a doorway and crept up to look for who had put it there. The answer had been just inside the door: a small girl, dirty face streaked with tears. She didn't flinch even when Toshiko drew her sword.

"He took them away," the girl said in a voice cracking with distress. "He took them. He takes *everything!*"

Toshiko had looked about her in case this were ambush bait, but the street was clear. When she looked back, an older boy was holding the girl's hand and hurrying her away into the empty building, and in a moment they were gone. When she had come back around on her next patrol two hours later, the bear was gone too.

Patrol, meditation, kata, and exercise filled many hours, but to fill a few more she had begun quietly borrowing books from the lab. Most were filled with arcane symbols or languages, incomprehensible at best, and uncomfortable to look upon at worst. The most interesting one she had had to sneak out of the lab when Noguchi was asleep.

It was a codex book full of wheels, like the gears she'd seen in the gutted constructs downstairs, written on translucent paper so that multiple diagrams could be stacked and read together. The pages were covered in pinned notes and scrawled corrections in Noguchi's dreadful calligraphy. He was clearly excited about what the diagrams showed, but from what she could tell his notes required them to be assembled in ways that were physically impossible. Many of the annotations were angrily scrawled out and replaced with others, some of them without even being completed. She supposed that explained some of the man's bad manners. He was racing to keep up with ideas that were tumbling through his brain faster than he could apply them to his machines, or even write them down.

Duty, she reminded herself. The Lady was the one who saw the value in Noguchi's work and gave him a house and a laboratory and, well, Toshiko. That was all she needed to know.

A movement caught her eye, and she looked up to see a large brindled rat staring at her from the window-ledge. It remained motionless as her hand stole up to the harness at her shoulder, and then ducked and tried to run as she suddenly half-stood and twisted. Much too late: her arm snapped out and after a split-second whistle of metal through air the rat was on its side, convulsing in agony.

Toshiko ended its misery with a quick cut of her tanto, then worked her shuriken free of its ribcage. Her face was expressionless as she tossed the corpse into a midden-pail. Malifaux had rats, it was a fact of life. You just learned to deal with them.

Out in the dark, something chuckled with a voice that had used to belong to a rat catcher.



In the dream, Toshiko was running toward the safe house. Sometimes the legs she was running on seemed to be her own, and sometimes she was lower, chin almost at the cobbles, with four bare feet flurrying beneath her. She heard a flute playing and children's voices, laughing and crying.

"He takes *everything!*"

He was watching. Toshiko didn't know who, how or why, but the thought had the instant certainty of dream-knowledge: he was watching.

She scurried between the ankles of Lynch's guards who in this dream were no more than skeletons wrapped in richly-colored flames. She ran through doors as a human, flew down stairwells as a fly, skittered along corridors on rat-feet toward...

Wheels. Turning wheels. Turning gears.

Toshiko snapped awake, straight into nerve-twanging alertness.

The house was silent, the lightless night of the Quarantine Zone pressed in against the windows. But Toshiko had sworn that even after she had woken she could hear...

...turning gears.

Slipping on her weapon harness and fixing her snarling mask over her face, Toshiko moved.

As Toshiko crept toward the lab door she could hear Noguchi's voice rising and falling in the blaze of lamplight. Nothing unusual about that, the man could conduct animated conversations with himself for hours, but he didn't seem to be doing that now. The rhythms were different.

“Of course I did it! I am good at what I do. How else do you think I've wrung such resources out of that sour bitch Misaki?”

Toshiko didn't so much as frown, but somewhere in the back of her mind the disrespect to the Lady was recorded and filed for later.

“Yes, yes, alright, I owe you a debt too,” Noguchi went on. “Of course. I am grateful for you guaranteeing no interference around my work. That's been a blessing, even if I've had to keep Lynch's dregs and that clueless nine-fingered torakage oaf around for show. Misaki still thinks she's in control.”

Toshiko's knuckles whitened around her sword hilt.

“But that's why I need to keep it here! Where else can we develop it in such security? All my machines are here, we're provisioned and guarded, I... No. No, I acknowledge that it is your possession, sir, but I think it still... Yes, of course the wheels are complete... Key? I don't know what...”

Noguchi's was still the only voice she could hear. Toshiko had sharp ears, and she could not hear any other voice in the lab at all, just that faint metallic sound. She looked through the doorway.

Noguchi was talking to a rat.

It sat on a little ziggurat of books, utterly fearless, looking levelly at the man. Its paws were laced in front of it and its head tilted from side to side as though it were considering what it was hearing.

Now it was Noguchi's turn to seem like he was listening. He raised a hand, started to speak, stopped as though he'd been interrupted, nodded in acquiescence. He was deferring to it like a superior. She thought back to Noguchi's words about what he wanted the Lady to believe, and saw no reason to hesitate.

Toshiko stepped into the room and skewered the rat with a lunge of her sword. It writhed as she lifted the blade in a gaijin fencer's salute, then she shook the dying creature to the floor and stamped its skull flat. Noguchi gaped at her.

“What did you... why did you do that? Why?”

“I didn't want to get blood on the books. I know how valuable some of these are.”



Noguchi spluttered.

“Not the cut, you brainless Katanaka grub, what possessed you to defy-” He stopped and swallowed the words. Toshiko's sword was sitting against the side of his neck, just waiting for a throat-opening flick of her wrist.

“Spare your breath. I should have suspected your treachery to the Lady when I heard how disrespectfully you spoke of her, but I overlooked it because my orders were that protecting your work was paramount.”

“My work... yes, so.” Noguchi gulped. “So you must allow me to go on...” Toshiko shook her head.

“I heard you haggling with whoever you think your master is now,” she told him. “You were pretending your work was incomplete. Your master was not so convinced, apparently. All that's missing is a key. Am I incorrect?”

“You don't understand.”

“I understand enough. Your work is paramount, and your work is complete.” Toshiko turned her head, scanning for the source of that metallic sound. “Ah. Here we are.” She flitted to his worktable and plucked up the little silver box. She could feel a faint, fine vibration from it. “Time to be on our way to report your success.”

“You don't know whose displeasure you're courting so recklessly,” Noguchi sneered. “Lop off all the rest of your fingers if you like, it won't be enough to placate Him.”

And at that moment the music began.



It filled the house, a cheerful song with a catchy, tripping rhythm, impossibly clear for a sound that must surely be coming in and down from the street. It chilled Toshiko's blood to realize she was nodding in time.

Then she heard thumping footsteps above her as Lynch's guards moved to the entrances. That much noise meant they were all up. Toshiko knew what that meant, she had personally rewritten all the response drills. Full emergency.

“What is going on?” she whispered.

Then the music changed, and she fell to her knees, gasping for breath. A tear from her eye leaked onto the floor, staining red as it burst. Above them came sudden screams of wounded men and women, and a rising sound like the rushing of wind or water: the swarming of a billion small vermin, coming for them. She looked at the rat-corpse on the laboratory floor and the memory of her dream slammed through her.

Toshiko swallowed back bile, then crossed to the lab's far wall with box and sword in her hands. Noguchi stared at her.

“What are you doing?”

“Whatever's up there is overwhelming the guards. My orders are clear. If the safe house is attacked, defend it. If it cannot be defended, then escape with your work.” Sheathing her sword, she grabbed the codex with the translucent pages and strange wheels, and shoved it into Noguchi's arms.

“Foolish girl, there's no such... uh?”

Toshiko felt a flash of unprofessional satisfaction from the faltering of Noguchi's voice, but she didn't stop to savor it, dragging him toward the panel she had opened into the house's escape tunnel.

“So, this is your response?” came a voice from behind them, vibrating around the lab. ***“Running through the wainscoting like rats. Are you sure it's such an escape? I know a thing or two about catching rats, you know.”***

Toshiko looked around, saw no-one. To be sure, she slid a little blue pebble from her sleeve and flicked it expertly into the far doorway, closing her eyes to the flash. In answer the voice just laughed.

“Come back to Me, little magician. Serve your Tyrant as you ought. Let the rat-girl go. She can match herself against the real rats if she likes the tunnels so much.”

Face was working in terror, Noguchi swung the heavy book at Toshiko's head. She caught the blow on her free arm, punched him in the throat and then kicked him in the crotch and the chest, the second kick a powerful heel-drive that shot the little man back into the lab. The codex landed open on the floor, and that horrifying voice roared with laughter again.

“No wonder you could repair my **device** ***so effectively! I should have known! You had my notes! How strange to see my old writing again!”*** A tide of lights came pouring down the corridor at floor

level. Rats' eyes, catching the lamplight from the lab. They would be through the door in moments.

In an eyeblink Toshiko had a kusari fundo chain whirling in her hand, lashing out left and right as she pirouetted. Every time it struck, a lamp shattered. Oil and kerosene splattered and puddled on the floor.

No time for final words, nor point to any. Toshiko flicked another flashbomb back over her shoulder as she vanished into the tunnel and there was a roar as Noguchi's library and lab went up in flames.



In a street-front room three buildings up and across the road from the safe house, a flagstone trembled, then flipped over as a grunt of effort came from underneath it. A moment later Toshiko wriggled up through the gap, limber as an eel, and pushed the stone back into place.

The tunnel could have taken her a lot further, but she had remembered that voice's words about rats, and her dream. Toshiko was perfectly at home in darkness, and it had been simple work to find the nearest ladder up out of the tunnels. Now, all she had to do was-

And then the music had her again.

It was a slow, elegant tune, hanging in the street like fog, somewhere between the soothing notes of a Nipponese flute and the fussy, overelaborate melodies the gaijin favored. As soon as it slipped into her ears Toshiko felt herself eroding. She half-stood, peering out the window.

Smoke seeped out of the safe house but no flames – the fire had stayed in the lab, apparently. The doorway and steps were strewn with corpses, corpses Toshiko recognized: they were men and women she had been giving orders to until just hours ago. All of them had strange crystalline growths bursting out of their skins, forming claws, spurs and tusks. The crystals glowed the same purple and blue that their eyes had done, and with a start Toshiko realized she was seeing the street by the light those crystals gave off.

Silhouetted in that light, the man stood with his back to her, his long coat and broad-brimmed hat making him an angular shape like a piece of calligraphy. A horde of rats formed a glossy carpet around him, and spaced through it like islands were children, from little wide-eyed urchins to lanky teenagers, swaying silently to the music. Her vision seemed to undulate. Her feet moved, carried her forward.

Something rocked her head to one side. The explosion of sparks in her eyes came next, leaving only then the pain in her temple as she dropped to her knees and pitched forward.



Toshiko didn't think she had been completely unconscious. She had been dimly aware of small but determined hands dragging her through the house by the ankles. It took her longer than she liked for the dizziness to go away, but finally she sat up on grimy floorboards, looking at the circle of solemn little faces studying her over a candle-flame.

“Well, I'll be damned.” The phrase sounded curiously wrong in a child's piping voice. She looked over at a face she recognized: the boy from the house, days ago. The little girl knelt alongside, clutching her dirty stuffed bear.

“We had to hit you,” he said. “We could see the flute happening to you. Had to stop you.” Toshiko blinked, processing that. Looking around the circle again, she noticed a couple of the children still had twists of rag stuffed in one or both ears.

“He's in your house now,” the boy said. “He went in after we hit you. We've seen you before. Were you working for him, or watching for him?”

“Don't work for him,” Toshiko managed. It took her a moment to form the answer in English and remember how to pronounce it but the boy seemed satisfied.

“He's been around here for ages. Dunno how long. He and his rats, watching your house. All the time.”

Toshiko thought back to the conversation in the lab. The man with the flute had been somehow keeping the other horrors of the Quarantine Zone away from the house. What could do that with such apparent casualness?

“Who is he?” she asked, and the boy spat.

“He's a monster!” cried the little girl, glaring and sniffling over her bear's head. “He took away our friends. He takes *everything!*”

The children clutched each other. Toshiko looked around at them all, and wondered what to say. The boy helped her out.

"What's this?" he asked, and held up the little silver box. "I seen you Kingdom folk. This doesn't look like anything of yours."

"It's not," she told him. "It belongs to the man who took your friends. I don't know what it is, but it's very important to him. And if you give it back to me, I am going to use it to hurt him."

Toshiko pushed her mask back to let them see her smile, and after a moment the boy and the girl smiled back at her.

Toshiko Kita came walking back down the center of the street, bold and proud, carrying the little silver box respectfully in both hands. It reflected the last of the dimming light from the crystal tumors that had erupted from Jakob Lynch's guards.

"Which is it?" asked the child who sat cross-legged on the chest of the scrawny guard Toshiko had met on her first day. ***"Fear, or fascination? Did you bring it back because of My music, or because you finally realized what it means to make Me angry?"***

"I don't talk to puppets," Toshiko said. "I hand this over to your Tyrant, or not at all." She spoke in Nipponese, but the child still nodded, unconcerned.

"Come upstairs. Step into my parlor."

The child laughed, and the laugh was taken up in the rhythm of the grave-beetles that rustled and stirred in the hallway. They parted for Toshiko as she walked to the stairs.

"You're a strong one, aren't you?" said a voice made out of the squeal of rats as she passed up through the next floor. ***"Strong and sullen and defiant. Not the qualities I associate with your folk, all your bowing and scraping and formality."***

"I have worked upon my strength," said Toshiko politely, "and you are kind to compliment it." She climbed the next set of stairs.

"Strength of body to prop up your weakness of mind, I think," said the scuttle of centipedes and the buzz of flies. ***"But a strong body is a delusion. A healthy body is an incomplete work. A blank slate waiting to be written on in the calligraphy of contagion. What is your calligraphy like, I wonder?"***

"I humbly suggest that it suffices," Toshiko said, and then there were no more stairs. She was in the top level, in Noguchi's apartments. And now, the Tyrant's private room.





Noguchi stood rocking back and forth in the corner, his back to the room. His hands hung by his sides, and Toshiko could hear him giving a ceaseless, keening moan. From him, her eyes passed over the codex perched on a lectern of piled-up insects, and finally arrived at the corpse-gaunt and grinning face of Hamelin the Plagued. One eye was a rheumy white ball, the other a glittering black until the beetle that had been sitting in the empty socket tumbled out.

"So a little mortal girl spoiled my plans, and a little mortal girl is repairing them. So good of you." He held his hand out. ***"It would have troubled me to have to have your friend put together a new device from first principles."*** The creature glanced at its codex. ***"Even though he has my work to refer to."***

Toshiko didn't answer. She was looking between the three of them: the Tyrant, the traitor, the book.

"I don't blame you for being mute before Me, girl, but trust Me, you do not want one of My lessons in obedience. Bring the device to Me. Then we shall discuss what is to become of you."

Toshiko held the box out. She had planned to have her hand shake in mock fear, but here, now, in His presence, she didn't need to play-act. Toshiko realized if she took a moment longer to think, she would lose her nerve.

She threw the box with as much force as she could muster into the back of Noguchi's head.

It was heavy enough to send him to his knees with a groan and Toshiko sprang forward, sword leaping into her hand.

"Oh, now, this is **infantile,"** the Tyrant boomed, unfolding Himself from the bed and grabbing up his staff and flute. ***"Must you humiliate yourself by acting like a child?"***

"Children see more than you think," Toshiko said. Her sword flashed, and the hand that held Hamelin's staff fell to the floor. Maggots and centipedes crawled out of the stump.

"They told me..."

She opened Hamelin's belly with a return stroke.

"...that you find fighting beneath you..."

She took off the hand that held the flute.

"...because you can't die. You crawl back together and stand up to play your music."

She spun and put everything into a flat cut that took off the piper's head. It sneered up at her from the floor.

"And yet this is the still the best strategy you can think of?" it asked, as a boil of flies and worms erupted from the body's wounds and began knitting themselves into new flesh. ***"The maggots I'll farm in your corpse will be worth more to the world than you."***

"And they told me," Toshiko said, "that putting yourself back together takes just long enough for..." And she finished the sentence by jamming a fistful of flash-bombs down into the Tyrant's open neck-hole.

The head bellowed in anger, spewing beetles and flies out of its mouth like half-chewed food. Toshiko felt the vermin clogging his body try and grip and bite at her hand, a foul, writhing envelopment. She yanked her hand out, trailing a confetti-shower of plague-pests, and was diving for the codex when the bombs went off.

They were designed for flash, smoke and noise, not destruction, but there were enough of them to do the job. The tottering body was peeled open from the waist up, collapsing in a puddle of shattered chitin and splattered ichor. From the stairs came the rattle of innumerable claws: the rats. Punishment.

Toshiko gave the snarling head a vindictive kick and snatched up the codex, leaping up and away from the carpet of vermin that tried to swarm up her calves, landing close to the slumped and groaning Noguchi.

"You deserve worse than this," she told the back of his head. "Be thankful." A thrust of her sword and his groans turned to gurgles, and then she turned her back on him.

Toshiko had memorized every escape route from the house. She knew exactly which window-shutters would give way to a good kick, and which neighboring rooftop she could land on safely in the dark. As the tide of squealing rats and shouting children reached the apartment, she was gone across the rooftops with the codex under her arm.

The apartment room boiled with life. Flies, sluggish in the night's chill, turned the walls and ceiling into a mass of movement. Rats rioted across the floor, screeching and hissing as their Tyrant's temper infected them. In the corner, Noguchi twitched under a heap of crawling filth. The Tyrant wasn't ready to let the little traitor die yet.

Hamelin sat crosslegged on the bed. He did not bother to roar, or curse, or swear revenge. His anger was corpse-cold, now, not fever-hot. He stared down at the *device* open on his lap.

It was not the *device*. The spindles and gears were gone. The woman had wrenched them out, and packed the box with dead rats and a cobblestone to make up the weight.

Hamelin's grip tightened on His flute. Tightened further. His fingers squelched, and the worn wood of the flute splintered in his hand.

He looked down at it. The damage reversed itself, the flute seamlessly knitting back together. He raised it to his lips.

He played a note, but it faltered and died. He tried again, but the sound was staccato and broken and the tune wouldn't take. He took another breath...

...and realized he was laughing. He rocked back on the bed, threw back his head and gave in to it. The laughter boomed out of him, shook his lean frame, catapulted grubs and spiders out of his mouth and through the air.

The Tyrant's Game had resumed. And only now he realized how much he had missed it. Such twists! Such slipperiness! To think that he had been anxious to have done with it and move on!

Hamelin's laughter echoed into the night.

This game promised to be *good*.



THE NEXT MOVE

DESCRIPTION

To snatch an ancient artifact from the opposing Crew, you must offer them something in return…

SET UP

Randomly select one player to be the Attacker and the other the Defender. Before deploying, place one Codex Marker in the center of the table.

DEPLOYMENT

Flip for random deployment as usual. After the Attacker deploys, she selects three non-Peon models in her Crew and places a Device Marker on each of their stat cards. Then she secretly notes down one of them as the Real Device and the other two as Decoys.

SPECIAL

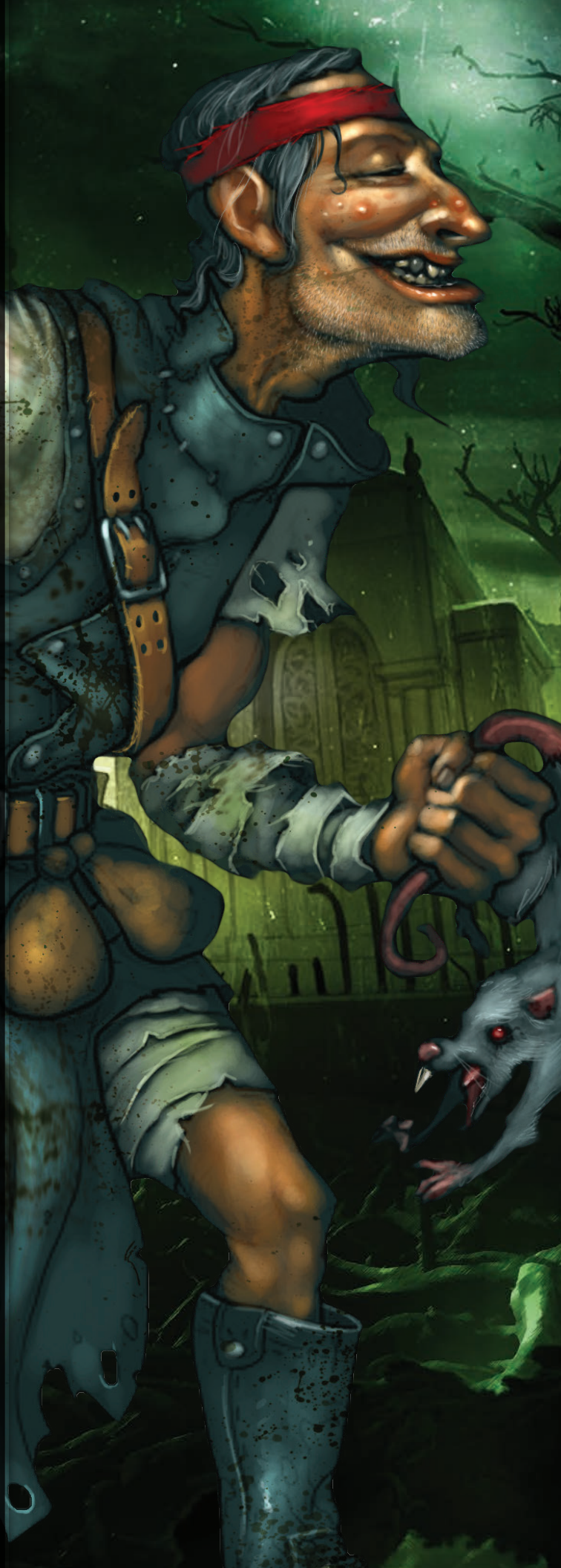
Any model with a Device Marker may make a (1) Interact Action while in base contact with the Codex Marker to place the Codex Marker on its stat card. Only models with a Device marker may do this. When this Action is taken by an Attacking model, the Defender may summon two Malifaux Rats (Pg. 203) into base contact with the Interacting model.

When a model carrying any Markers is killed, all Markers it is carrying are placed in base contact with it. Any model may make a (1) Interact Action while in base contact with a Device Marker to place the device Marker on its stat card. If a Defending model picks up a Device Marker, it may immediately check to see if it is a Decoy or the Real Device.

VICTORY

At the end of the game, the Attacker earns 2 **VP** if the Codex Marker is carried by a friendly model, and an additional 2 **VP** if the Real Device is carried by a friendly model.

At the end of the game, the Defender earns 2 **VP** if the Codex Marker is not carried by an Attacking model, and an additional 1 **VP** for each Device Marker carried by Defending models, up to a maximum of 4 **VP**.



Jack Daw

No one forgets their first sight of the Hanging Tree. Everyone who crosses through the Breach can see it, where hanged men drift in the wind right in view from the train station. At the top of the Tree, beyond the reach of any man, hung Jack Daw. There are many legends of this mysterious corpse, which had been present since the reopening of the Breach.

The only thing certain is that Jack was not present in Malifaux during humanity's first time in the city. At first the legends merely dealt with his origins, wondering minds looking to explain the oddity. Since the incident at Kythera, however, the legends have taken a much darker turn.

One night, Jack went missing from his tree. This immediately prompted rumors and stories that filled every bar in the city. It didn't take long for the worry of the adults to infect the children, creating a haunting rhyme that became extremely popular for a time. It was around this time that the first stories from the Wastelands came back. Jack had been seen outside the city. At first the stories were of a simple specter, hanging on the edge of battlefields and watching. The stories quickly turned to talking about Jack leading a swarm of the dead, tearing apart towns in terrible fury.

Whatever drives Jack Daw to his rages, he takes them out on everyone nearby. He seems drawn to acts of betrayal, present at nearly every mutiny or insurrection of recent months. Towns have disappeared overnight, leaving behind only blood on the ground and burned buildings.



Jack Daw

Master, Undead
TORMENTED, SPIRIT, CURSED

CACHE 2

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	7	13	5	7	2

ABILITIES

Master of Torment: Crews led by this model may hire models with the Tormented Characteristic that are not the Crew's declared Faction.

Sin Eater: At the start of this model's Activation it may discard a card to discard one Upgrade from another model within 8" and LoS which was attached to this model at the start of the game, and reattach it face down.

Oldest Magic: This model ignores, and is ignored by, other models and terrain during any movement or push. All enemy Attack and damage flips against this model suffer ⍈.

Daw's Luck: Up to 2 Upgrades with the Cursed restriction may be attached to this model without counting against its Upgrade limit.

Jack Daw

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Suppressed Memories (**Ca** 7✗ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Target suffers 1/3/4 damage.
✗ ***Repression***: After damaging, the target must discard a card if able.
✗ ***The Ghost of Malifaux***: After damaging, place this model in base contact with the target.
✗ ***Final Fate:*** After succeeding, look at and choose one of this model's Cursed Upgrades, discard it and attach it to the target face up.

(1) Noose (**Ca** 7✗ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
✗ ***Final Fate:*** After succeeding, look at and choose one of this model's Cursed Upgrades, discard it and attach it to the target face up.
✗ ***Remember Injustice:*** After damaging a target with a Cursed Upgrade attached which started the game attached to this model, the target suffers 2 damage. Reattach the Cursed Upgrade to this model, face down.

(0) Driven By Injustice: (**Ca** 7✗ / TN: 13✗ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 16): Target a model. Each Tormented model within 8 of this model is pushed 4" towards the target model.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Last Whisper: Until the end of the Turn, when a non-Peon model within 6 is killed, this model may discard a card to place a Scheme Marker in base contact with the model before it is removed.

30mm

Hamelin

Eons ago, Plague was a preeminent alchemist in Malifaux, well respected in his field of study. He developed a fascination with decay and aging, focusing his research on the manipulation of both. A tragic accident during an experiment involving the aether and a plague rampaging through Malifaux City nearly killed him. Drowning in his own blood, the alchemist tapped into the aether desperately. Screaming in agony, his eyes closed. The next day, Plague's eyes opened.

Few records remain from the years of the Tyrants of Malifaux. The only certain thing is that they were locked away, trapped because they could not be killed. Plague slept millenia in the necropolis deep below Malifaux City. He was awoken by Hamelin the Rat Catcher, a pitiful bully on the run from the Guild. Hamelin's death was messy and horrific, reminiscent of Plague's first rebirth. Immediately, the Tyrant went after His ultimate goal, only to be prevented by Kirai Ankoku who shattered His physical form. It took months, but Plague eventually reformed Himself. Now, He acts more slowly to ensure His victory in the long run, searching for a new method of ascension into the aether- and the acquisition of true immortality.

Plague is the most aggressive of the active Tyrants. He holds to a strange view, that all of the Tyrants are playing a great game, one which is only worth playing because existence itself is the gamble. While His first attempt at ascension, harnessing the power of the Red Cage, failed miserably, He has discovered new methods to try. With everything on the line, He refuses to admit defeat.



Hamelin
Master
Tyrant, Nihilist

Cache 1

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	7	12	5	6	2

Abilities

Voracious Rats: If an enemy model or a model with the **Blighted** Condition within ❶6 of one or more friendly models with the **Voracious Rats** Ability is killed, summon a Malifaux Rat into base contact with the model before it is removed.

Nihilism: Whenever this model would gain a Condition it may choose to not gain the Condition instead.

Lure of Emptiness: If this model is killed or sacrificed, it may sacrifice a friendly The Stolen within 3" instead. If this happens, this model is not killed or sacrificed and heals 4 damage.

Hamelin

Attack Actions

(1) The Black Staff (**Ml** 6✕ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.
✕ ***Taint:*** After damaging, the target gains the following Condition a number of times equal to the number of ✕ in the final duel total until the end of the game: "**Blighted +1**: At the end of the Turn, increase this Condition's value by 1."
✕ ***Black Death***: After damaging, the target suffers damage equal to the value of its **Blighted** Condition, up to a maximum of 3.

(1) Pipes (**Sh** 6✕ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 14): Move target model its **Wk**. The target must end the move as close to this model as possible. If the target has the **Blighted** Condition, it may be moved its **Cg** instead of its **Wk**.
✕ ***Haunting***: After succeeding, target suffers 1/2/3 damage.

(1) Bleeding Disease (**Ca** 6✕ / TN: 10✕ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 12): Target suffers an amount of damage equal to the value of its **Blighted** Condition.

Tactical Actions

(0) Lure Malifaux Citizen: (**Ca** 6✕ / TN: 14): Summon one The Stolen into base contact with this model and then sacrifice all friendly non-The Stolen Totems.
Mesmerize: Once per Turn, after succeeding, take this Action again.

30mm

Leveticus

Leveticus is the proprietor of Captivating Salvage and Logistics, a small shop in Malifaux City that offers a variety of services. He and his young companion, Alyce, have been staples of the city since the opening of the Breach. Whatever the job or item required, common wisdom holds that Leveticus is the man to talk to.

What few know, however, is that Leveticus is a man of unique magical talents. For those limited few he trusts, he is an unparalleled source of arcane knowledge and items. His mechanical leg, and Alyce's prosthetic arm, are both his own design which rival the work of even Viktor Ramos.

Leveticus has discovered a way to cheat death itself. Combining ancient necromantic texts with modern theories, he has made a link between his soul and dead husks he calls Hollow Waifs. So long as a Waif is nearby, Leveticus can return to life. This is not without cost, as he remembers each death clearly. The memories take their toll, slowly eroding the edges of his mind. Young Alyce is a lifeline for him, always able to ground the necromancer after a difficult return from the aether.

According to the witch, Zoraida, Leveticus is positioned at the center of Fate's design. While the exact details are uncertain, he is one of the lynchpins upon which the destiny of all Malifaux turns. He awaits the future with stoic determination, holding close to Alyce and his allies. If there is to be a new war with the Tyrants, they will find Leveticus prepared to lead the charge to the end of the world.



LEVETICUS — *Master, Living* — CACHE 2

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5📖	7	8	4	5	2

ABILITIES

Pariah's Soul: When this model is killed or sacrificed, it is not killed or sacrificed. Instead, bury this model. Remove all Conditions and heal all damage on this model.

Wp/Df (📖) Unmade: After this model succeeds, the Attacking model immediately suffers 1 damage which may not be prevented using Soulstones.

Channel: When declaring an Action, this model may suffer exactly 2 damage to gain 🃏 to all duels and damage flips for the remainder of the Action; the Action fails if this model is killed by this Ability.

Entropic Demise: When an enemy model within ❶6 suffers damage from the **Unmade** Trigger, this model may discard a card to increase the damage being suffered by 1.

LEVETICUS

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Death Touch (**MI** 6✕ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/3/8 damage.
📖✕ ***Face of Death***: When damaging, this model may discard up to three cards to gain 🃏 to the damage flip for each card discarded.
📖✕ ***Desolate Warping***: After reducing an enemy model to 0 Wounds, summon an Abomination into base contact with it before removing it. The target does not drop Corpse or Scrap Markers.

(1) Unmaking (**Ca** 7📖 / TN: 10📖 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: ⌐12): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage which cannot be reduced and ignores **Hard to Kill** and **Hard to Wound**.
📖 ***Blessings of the Unmade***: After damaging a friendly model, it may immediately take a (1) ⫻ Action.
📖🐺 ***Aetheric Breakdown:*** After damaging, the target gains **Slow**.
📖📖 ***Power Leach:*** This damage may not be prevented using Soulstones.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Sanguine Evocations: Summon a Hollow Waif within 6" and LoS of this model, not touching terrain. Then, sacrifice this model.

(0) Rebirth: Target a friendly Construct or Undead model within 10". Sacrifice the target. If the target was a Construct, draw 2 cards. If the target was Undead, place this model into base contact with it before removing it. If the target had both Characteristics, this model chooses which effect to apply.

30mm

Hollow Waif

The mastery that Leveticus has over death is not an intuitive thing. The power is more properly the preparations of a paranoiac. He revives a corpse that has been specially prepared for the task he needs, binding the empty husk to his own soul. So long as one of these Hollow Waifs still remains, he can regenerate through it. While the Waifs all have names that Leveticus has given them, it's unclear if anything of their original personalities remain.

The Waifs wander absently around their master, unaware of the world around them. Even when directly harmed, it is rare to see them react. However, Leveticus has bound spells to the Waifs, the magic lashing out at any threats.

Alyce has a particular distaste for the empty shells, so they tend to have a very short life span if Leveticus does not watch them very carefully.



HOLLOW WAIF

Peon, Undead, Totem (Leveticus), Rare 3

COST 0

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	4	4	4	2

ABILITIES

Leveticus's Totem: This Crew may hire two of this model.

Eternal Shackles: At the end of the Turn, if a friendly Leveticus is buried, it may choose to be unburied into base contact with this model if this model is within 6" and LoS of a friendly model with a Soulstone cost of 6 or more. Then, sacrifice this model.

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

Wp/Df (📖) Unmade: After this model succeeds, the Attacking model immediately suffers 1 damage which may not be prevented using Soulstones.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Decaying Embrace (**Ml** 3 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/2/5 damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) To the Aether Return: This model may discard a card to gain the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Aetheric Surge:** This model adds +📖 to all of its final duel totals."

HOLLOW WAIF

30mm

Lady Ligeia

Lady Ligeia was a beautiful woman in life. At a young age, she married into a noble family. She was intelligent, charismatic, and loved by the family she joined. Or at least, that's what she had thought. In choosing her, her noble husband had ruined many years of careful alliance crafting. Her new sister-in-law, angry at the lost power, had her quietly poisoned. Ligeia's death was a slow one of many months as she quietly wasted away. Jack Daw found her after she died, drawn to the betrayal that had slain her. The mad spirit kept her soul from moving on, telling her what had happened. Ligeia, enraged by her death, haunted her sister-in-law and slew the woman.

Ligeia now serves as Jack Daw's herald. Wherever the mad spirit goes, she is with him and her haunting cries announce the presence of Jack and his tormented spirits. She shares his rage, and despises mercy. There can be no forgiveness from her, no hiding from the guilt. Everyone must pay for what they have done.



LADY LIGEIA

Peon, Totem (Jack Daw)
TORMENTED, SPIRIT

COST 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	4	3	6	6	2

ABILITIES

Incorporeal: This model ignores, and is ignored by, other models and terrain during any movement or push. Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Sh** and **Ml** Attack Actions by half.

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

Betrayal: Enemy models within ❶3 may not Cheat Fate.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Bash (**Ml** 3 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 0/1/2 damage.

(1) Wail (**Sh** 5✕ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: ⌐8): Target suffers 1/2/3☠ damage.
✕📖 ***Repression***: After damaging, the target must discard a card if able.

(1) There Is No Forgiveness (**Ca** 7 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Target enemy model gains the following Condition until the end of its next Activation: "**Unforgiven Sins:** This model gains the Tormented Characteristic."

LADY LIGEIA

30mm

The Stolen

Hamelin's power is expressed through layers of subtlety and force. With those that have been dubbed the Stolen, He focuses only on the latter. These poor citizens, whether adults or children, have had their mind obliterated by The Plague's power. The process is irreversible, creating an empty shell that stumbles around mindlessly unless directed by Hamelin's indomitable will. Like all of His servants, they bear the marks of His power in diseases that run rampant through their bodies. Just being near one of these poor souls is enough to become infected. For those already under the effects of Hamelin's plague, their symptoms accelerate around the Stolen.

The Stolen are no mere zombies. Horrible as their existence has become, they are still alive in a semblance of true consciousness. At the moment of their death, something of who they once were fills their face, a last cruel joke from the Tyrant. Many Guild Guard have been killed after dispatching one of the Stolen, frozen in place as the others swarm the officer.



THE STOLEN

Peon, Living, Totem (Hamelin), Rare 3

NIHILIST, LOST

COST 2

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	4	1	4	—	1

ABILITIES

Diseased: Enemy models that begin their Activation within ❶3 of this model gain the following Condition until the end of the game: "**Blighted +1**: At the end of the Turn, increase this Condition's value by 1."

Sickly: This model counts as having the **Blighted** Condition when it is killed.

Horrible Realization: When this model is killed or sacrificed, all enemy Living models within (↯)3 must pass a TN 11 **Wp** duel or gain the **Paralyzed** Condition.

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Useless Flailing (**Ml** 3 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/1/4 damage.

(1) Bleeding Disease (**Ca** 4✗ / TN: 10✗ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 12): Target suffers an amount of damage equal to the value of its **Blighted** Condition.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(2) Inevitable Fate: Summon two Malifaux Rats into base contact with this model, then sacrifice this model.

THE STOLEN

30mm

Nix

While he was alive, Nix was the constant companion of Hamelin. The terrier followed the man around the city, out of both affection and because Hamelin would throw Nix a few scraps of food. When the Tyrant Plague woke in the Necropolis, Nix was killed moments before his master. The surge of energy that Plague used to assume Hamelin's form seeped into Nix's pitiful corpse, but was insufficient to revive the dog. Nix was revived as a spirit, prevented from transitioning into the world beyond. Plague, ever the scientist, found the spirit dog a curiosity to study. The Tyrant found a way to infect Nix with His plague, forcing the spirit to be an unwitting carrier.

Nix, ever the loyal dog, wanders Malifaux looking for Hamelin. Plague may wear Hamelin's skin, but the terrier knows that the Tyrant is not *his* Hamelin. Despite this, Nix appears whenever Plague calls. While the spirit is not fooled, even the physical appearance of his old master is a comfort that Nix can find rarely in his unlife.



NIX

Henchman, Rare 1

NIHILIST, SPIRIT

COST 8
CACHE 5

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	6	5	7	2

ABILITIES

Sweet Taste of Failure: When an enemy model within ❶3 fails a duel, this model heals 1 damage.

Weakness: If an enemy model within ❶3 would deal Severe damage, it deals Moderate damage instead.

Nihilism: Whenever this model would gain a Condition it may choose to not gain the Condition instead.

Incorporeal: This model ignores, and is ignored by, other models and terrain during any movement or push. Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Sh** and **Ml** Attack Actions by half.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Feed On Anima (**Ml** 6✗ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains the following Condition until the end of the game: "**Blighted +1**: At the end of the Turn, increase this Condition's value by 1."

(1) Bleeding Disease (**Ca** 6✗ / TN: 10✗ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 12): Target suffers an amount of damage equal to the value of its **Blighted** Condition.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Drink Spirit: (**Ca** 6✗ / TN: 12✗): Models without the Nihilist Characteristic within (↯)4 of this model must pass a TN 15 **Wp** duel or gain the following Condition until the end of the game: "**Blighted +1**: At the end of the Turn, increase this Condition's value by 1."

(0) Plague Pit: Until the end of the Turn, enemy models within ❶6 with a **Blighted** Condition value of 4 or higher may not take Interact Actions.

NIX

40mm

Rusty Alyce

There are few in Malifaux that Leveticus trusts more than Alyce, his young protégé and companion. She is impulsive, energetic and many question her sanity, but none question the results of her work.

While she is awkward at best in social situations, in combat she shows a skill far beyond her years. Thanks to Leveticus' mentoring she has even picked up a few magical talents, though she is decades from truly mastering any. Slowly but surely, Alyce is coming into her own power and strengths, finding her own path to walk next to her mentor.

Alyce is a crack shot with a pistol, with a lethal accuracy few can truly match. Combined with her mechanical arm, which she occasionally talks to, she is a dangerous opponent for anyone in Malifaux. With the confidence of youth, Alyce often tests these abilities recklessly. Nothing intimidates her long, which has gotten her both in and out of more trouble than she can count.



Rusty Alyce

Henchman, Living, Rare 1

Cost 10 | Cache 3

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	7	9	6	6	2

Abilities

Bullet Proof +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model from **Sh** Attack Actions by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Snares: Enemy models cannot end a Charge within ❶3.

Wp/Df (📖) Unmade: After this model succeeds, the Attacking model immediately suffers 1 damage which may not be prevented using Soulstones.

Attack Actions

(1) Clockwork Arm (**Ml** 6📖 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 2/3/8 damage.
📖✕ ***Face of Death***: When damaging, this model may discard up to three cards to gain 🃏 to the damage flip for each card discarded.
📖✕ ***Desolate Warping***: After reducing an enemy model to 0 Wounds, summon an Abomination into base contact with it before removing it. The target does not drop Corpse or Scrap Markers.

(1) Clockwork Seeker (**Sh** 6📖 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐12): Target suffers 3/4/5 damage. This damage ignores **Hard to Wound**.

Tactical Actions

(1) Burn Out (**Ca** 5📖 / TN: 15📖 / Rg: 10): Target friendly non-Leader Construct gains the **Reactivate** Condition and suffers an amount of damage which will reduce it to 1 **Wd**. This damage may not be reduced, prevented, or ignored. If the target becomes buried before the end of the Turn, sacrifice it.

(2) Rapid Fire: This model may discard a card. If it does, this model may take 3 **Sh** Attack Actions with an AP cost of 1 against a single target.

Rusty Alyce

30mm

Montresor

Jack Daw is followed by many spirits that are haunted by their past. Montresor is much the same. Where Lady Ligeia is Jack's herald, Montresor serves as the mad spirit's witness, watching as Jack's rage is played out on the living and the dead alike. He is an odd figure for the carnage that Jack Daw creates. While the guilty stumble about in capering glee, Montresor watches in silence from the side. Before Jack's arrival, Montresor looks for a place to watch the ensuing chaos. Often he prefers to find a gallows, standing atop it while hidden from the sight of those mortals about to die. The unnerving presence of Montresor is enough to make the bravest men afraid.

In life, Montresor was an executioner during the first Breach. He was an expert at hanging men, women, even children, intimately acquainted with the differences needed for each. Legend has it that he was Jack's executioner, which is why he has been cursed to follow the mad spirit for the rest of eternity.



Montresor

Henchman, Undead, Rare 1

TORMENTED

Cost 9 | Cache 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	4	8	4	8	3

Abilities

Nimble: This model generates one additional AP when it activates which can only be used to take Walk Actions.

The Choking Death: At the end of the Turn, all enemy models in base contact with this model must pass a TN 14 **Df** duel or suffer 2 damage.

Terrifying (Living) 12: Enemy Living models must pass a TN 12 Horror Duel if they end a Walk Action within this model's engagement range or target this model with an Action.

Mocking Laughter: Enemy models within ❶5 suffer -1 **Wp**.

Attack Actions

(1) String 'em Up (**Ml** 6✕ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 3): Target suffers 1/4/7 damage.
✕ ***Pull 'em Tight***: After damaging, target must discard two cards or be pushed into base contact with this model.
✕✕ ***Tangle***: After damaging, the target gains the **Paralyzed** Condition if it is in base contact with this model.

(1) Toss the Noose (**Sh** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐10): Target suffers 1/4/7 damage.
✕ ***Pull 'em Tight***: After damaging, target must discard two cards or be pushed into base contact with this model.

Tactical Actions

(1) Comfort In Fear: Until the end of the Turn, any model within ❶5 which succeeds on a Horror Duel suffers 2 damage.

Montresor

50mm

The Guilty

Where Jack Daw goes, the dead follow. These damned souls stalk forward out of the night, gibbering and cackling in their insanity. Jack punishes the guilty by dragging them with him, creating his mad carnival. Jack takes no side of right or wrong when he arrives at a conflict. The mere evidence of betrayal damns everyone involved as far as he is concerned. They scream at his rage, eager to share their tormented guilt with others. They are drawn to such guilt, able to sense it. It drives them to a killing fury like blood in water. None survive when the Guilty approach.

Those attacked by such creatures rarely survive. Those who do live are never quite sure what happened- whether the dead men and women became distracted, or if they avoid killing those innocent of any wrong doing in Jack's eyes. These lucky few are viewed as good omens, for they saw Jack's carnival and lived. Many also fear them, for they are a constant reminder of Jack Daw's capricious nature.



The Guilty

Minion, Undead
TORMENTED

COST 5

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	4	6	4	6	2

Abilities

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

Sympathy of the Damned: Models with the Tormented Characteristic do not flip a card for this model when determining a random target while shooting into an engagement.

Df (🗡) Accusation: After a Tormented model deals damage to this model, the Tormented model suffers 1 damage.

Attack Actions

(1) Murder Weapons (**Ml** 5✕ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫽ 1): Target suffers 2/3/5 Damage.
✕✕ ***Lingering Echoes:*** After damaging, the target must discard a card or gain the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Suspicious:** When this model declares a Tormented model as the target of an Action, this model must discard a card or the Action immediately fails."

(1) Share Guilt (**Ca** 6✕ / TN: 12 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 12): Target gains the Tormented Characteristic until this model takes this Action again.
✕ 🕮 ***Steal knowledge:*** After succeeding, draw a card.

Tactical Actions

(0) Follow Pain (**Ca** 6✕ / TN: 13 / Rg: 12): Push this model up to 6" towards target model with the Tormented Characteristic.

THE GUILTY

40mm

Obedient Wretch

It is rare for Hamelin to trust any human with His power. The Tyrant views humans as little more than clever animals. Those rare few that impress Him, however, are gifted with an autonomy He grants no other servants. These people follow Him willingly, some from apocalyptic frenzy, while others do so in hopes for access to His power. Hamelin views both with a detached amusement and uses them all as pawns in the great game. He infects them with a painful disease that turns these poor fools into plague carriers, expanding His influence throughout the city.

The saner among these obedient wretches come to regret their decision quickly. Few try to leave the bargain, however, having seen the horrific deaths caused by the plague they bear; it is an implicit understanding that only Hamelin's power keeps them from such a fate. The reality of the situation is that The Plague is not protecting them, merely delaying the inevitable until they are no longer useful.



Obedient Wretch

Minion, Living, Rare 1
NIHILIST

COST 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	5	5	4	—	2

Abilities

Diseased: Enemy models that begin their Activation within ❶3 of this model gain the following Condition until the end of the game: "**Blighted +1**: At the end of the Turn, increase this Condition's value by 1."

Sickly: This model counts as having the **Blighted** Condition when it is killed.

Horrible Realization: When this model is killed or sacrificed, all enemy Living models within (r)3 must pass a TN 11 **Wp** duel or gain the **Paralyzed** Condition.

Attack Actions

(1) Tossed Rat (**Sh** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐6): Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.
✕ ***Stink of Death***: After damaging and determing whether the target was killed, if the target is still in play, summon a Malifaux Rat into base contact with the target.

(1) Bleeding Disease (**Ca** 5✕ / TN: 10✕ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 12): Target suffers an amount of damage equal to the value of its **Blighted** Condition.

Tactical Actions

(2) Inevitable Fate: Summon two Malifaux Rats into base contact with this model, then sacrifice this model.

OBEDIENT WRETCH

30mm

Rat Catcher

The rat catchers of Malifaux are an exclusive brotherhood, the front line in keeping the city free of the vermin menace. At least, that's how they advertise themselves to newcomers in the city. The reality is more along the lines of several independently run grafts that often border on blackmail. There are, without a doubt, honest rat catchers in the city who just want to ply their trade and earn a living. The exorbitant fees that they are paid, however, attract many unscrupulous men and women to the job. Successful rat catchers make many times the amount of money they would Earthside, due in no small part to the greater threat of their prey.

Some of the rat catchers have latent magic that allows them to communicate with the rats in a simple manner. These individuals have been known to trick the rats into thinking the catcher is just another part of their pack. This can be useful in leading the rats into ambushes they would normally be smart enough to avoid.



Rat Catcher

Minion, Living, Rare 2

NIHILIST

COST 6

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	5	8	5	6	2

Abilities

Voracious Rats: If an enemy model or a model with the **Blighted** Condition within ❶6 of one or more friendly models with the **Voracious Rats** Ability is killed, summon a Malifaux Rat into base contact with the model before it is removed.

Covered in Rats: This model gains the following Condition for each Malifaux Rat in base contact with this model: "**Armor +1**: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1."

Don't Mind Me: This model may take Interact Actions while engaged.

Attack Actions

(1) Rusty Trap (**Ml** 5✗ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage and gains the following Condition until the end of the game: "**Blighted +1**: At the end of the Turn, increase this Condition's value by 1."

✗ ***Catch and Release:*** Once per Turn, after succeeding against an enemy, summon a Malifaux Rat into base contact with the target.

✗ ***Rusted Shut***: After succeeding, target gains the **Slow** Condition.

✗ ***Quarantine:*** After succeeding against a model which had a **Blighted** Condition value of 3 or greater before applying the results of this Action, the target suffers +2 damage.

Tactical Actions

(1) Moldy Cheese (**Ca** 6 / TN: 14): Target Vermin within 6" gains **Reactivate**. This Action can only be taken once per Turn. This action gains +4 **Ca** when targeting Malifaux Rats.

(0) Rotting Odor: Place any number of friendly Malifaux Rats within 5" and LoS into base contact with this model.

Rat Catcher

30mm

Malifaux Rat

For new immigrants to Malifaux, the sight of a Malifaux rat is surprising. They are large, the size of a small dog, and highly aggressive. There are few cats in Malifaux- the ratters most commonly found Earthside rarely last long against their old foes. Silly as it sounds to many who have yet to encounter one, a rat is a threat that all of the city's denizens take seriously. They are constantly present, making rat catchers some of the most surprisingly lucrative men in the city. In spite of this, even the rat catchers remain wary.

Of late, the rats have gone from loose organization to a near army. While the Guild is unsure of the reason, they have appeared in large numbers and act almost as parts of a body. The rats have always been disease ridden things, but now it is rare to see ones not exhibiting symptoms of one illness or another. There are theories of magical influence that circulate groups of those in the know, but nothing is confirmed.



Malifaux Rat

Peon

VERMIN

COST 2

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	4	3	5	—	1

Abilities

Tangled: At the beginning of this model's Activation, if there are three or more other Malifaux Rats within 3" of this model (including enemy models) summon a Rat King model into base contact with this model. Then, sacrifice this model and all Malifaux Rats within 3" of this model.

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

Plagueborn: This model cannot gain the **Blighted** Condition.

Puny: This model may not make disengaging strikes.

Attack Actions

(1) Yellow Teeth (**Ml** 4✗ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 0/0/1 damage and gains the following Condition until the end of the game: "**Blighted +1**: At the end of the Turn, increase this Condition's value by 1." Increase the value of **Blighted** to +2 if Moderate damage is flipped or cheated, and +3 if Severe is flipped or cheated.

✗ ***Swarm***: Immediately increase the final duel total by 1 for each other friendly Malifaux Rat within 1" of the target.

Malifaux Rat

30mm

Rat King

Anyone who doubts that the rats of Malifaux are somehow working together will immediately recant their position after an encounter with a Rat King.

Tangled masses of rats almost as tall as a man, these Rat Kings stalk the sewers and forgotten, hidden places of the city. The rats crawl over one another, forming one hideous, writhing mass of tails, teeth, and fur

The rats which form a Rat King somehow move together as if they are dancing to some obscene tune. Twisting and writhing, the Rat Kings can break apart and reform in combat, creating a fearsome and unpredictable foe.

With a body comprised of cannibalistic rodents, it is not unheard of for them to literally consume themselves, their shape melting away into nothing. Some even claim they can take the shape of actual human beings and walk among the citizens of Malifaux, but most agree this is just superstition and insanity.



RAT KING

Minion
VERMIN, SWARM

COST 8

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	8	5	5	1

ABILITIES

Bore: When this model ends a move in base contact with an enemy model, the enemy model must immediately pass a TN 12 **Wk** duel or gain the **Slow** Condition.

Drawn to Contagion: This model may take the (2) Charge Action as a (1) Action when targeting a model affected by the **Blighted** Condition.

Into the Swarm: At the beginning of this model's Activation it may sacrifice all Malifaux Rats within 3" (including enemy models). Then, this model heals 1 damage for each model sacrificed in this way.

Plagueborn: This model cannot gain the **Blighted** Condition.

RAT KING

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Swarm of Yellow Teeth (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains the following Condition until the end of the game: "**Blighted +1**: At the end of the Turn, increase this Condition's value by 1." If this model has 4 or more wounds remaining, this Attack gains to the Attack flip.

Overwhelm: After damaging, take this Action again against the same target. This Attack suffers **Ml** -1. This Trigger may only be declared if the Attack which triggered it is **Ml** 2 or higher.

Spray of Filth: After killing target enemy model, all models within 6 gain the following Condition until the end of the game: "**Blighted +1**: At the end of the Turn, increase this Condition's value by 1."

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Rat Problem: Sacrifice this model and all Malifaux Rats within 3" of this model (including enemy models). Then, summon a Rat Catcher and Malifaux Rat into base contact with this model before removing it.

(0) Gnaw: Target a Scheme Marker within 5". Place this model into base contact with the Marker and then discard it. This Action may not be taken while this model is engaged.

40mm

Ashes and Dust

As the Dust Storm surrounds the Ashen Core, the combined entity that Leveticus calls Ashes and Dust emerges. This fell and terrible abomination combines the indomitable will of the Core with the hunting instincts of the Storm. It stalks its prey relentlessly, seeking to absorb all its foes into the reliquary of the Core. It is deceptively quick, moving with a graceful speed that further emphasizes its grotesque nature.

In battle, it is not enough to disrupt the connection between the Core and the Storm. Recognizing its own vulnerability, the Core immediately searches for a fresh dust devil. If this newborn Storm reaches the Core, Ashes and Dust is resurrected and returns to the fight with hateful determination.

For now the combined entity answers to Leveticus, but even the master necromancer is unsure of how long this will last.



ASHES AND DUST

Enforcer, Construct, Undead, Rare 1

COST 13

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	6	9	5	8	2

ABILITIES

Desolate Core: When this model is killed or sacrificed summon an Ashen Core into base contact with this model and attach up to one Upgrade from this model to the Ashen Core. Then, summon a Dust Storm in contact with any table edge and at least 6" away from the enemy deployment zone.

Swift: When this model Activates it generates 1 additional general AP.

Choking Wind: This model may not be the target of the Charge Action.

Amalgamation: This model is immune to all Conditions and being buried. It does not drop Markers when it is killed or sacrificed.

ASHES AND DUST

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Entropy Claw (**Ml** 7 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 3/4/6 damage.

Desolate Warping: After reducing an enemy model to 0 Wounds, summon a Abomination into base contact with it before removing it. The target does not drop Corpse or Scrap Markers.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Industrial Age: All enemy models within 6 must pass a TN 11 **Df** duel or suffer 2 damage.

(0) Whirlwind of Scrap (**Ca** 5 / TN: 12 / Rg: 10): Push this model into base contact with target Scrap Marker. Discard the Scrap Marker.

50mm

Dust Storm

The Ashen Core does not require a large amount of souls to keep itself sustained, leaving it with a surplus of power at most times. It spreads its horrible will far and wide, searching for an outlet of power to hunt with. Under Leveticus' direction, it found one that has proved to be surprisingly stable. The city of Malifaux, like many others, has dust devils that form throughout. When the Core invests a portion of itself in such a storm, it creates swirling cloud of hatred and entropy that is drawn to its progenitor.

The Dust Storm serves as both protector and hunter for the Ashen Core. It has mobility that its counterpart lacks, allowing it to drive prey to the Core like a hound. Any who try to run in the wrong direction are surrounded and choked. If the Core is threatened, the Storm can surround it and protect the device. When such an occasion arises, the Dust Storm combines with its parent and the two become something altogether more dangerous.

Ashen Core

The exploration of Malifaux is one of Leveticus' constant pleasures. With his powers there are few places that he feels are too dangerous to investigate and search for lost relics of the past. Each such object is a fascinating puzzle to solve, although he is not always concerned about the original nature of such things. The Ashen Core represents such work, a piece of lost arcane technology that Leveticus has bent to his will.

Whatever its original purpose, the device is now a repository of souls, not unlike the Soulstones. However, it does not bind these souls merely to be stored, but to be harnessed. The Core is alive with a malevolent will, altering the very air around it. It corrupts anything that remains nearby, seeking to add new souls to those it contains. For the most part, the Core is a subtle threat that many fail to notice. It does, however, have a tendency to become extremely active. It floods the air with poison to hurry entropy along when its patience fails.



Dust Storm

Enforcer, Construct, Undead, Rare 1

Cost 6

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
7X	5X	4	5	—	2

Abilities

Amalgamation: This model is immune to all Conditions and being buried. It does not drop Markers when it is killed or sacrificed.

Hard to Wound +2: Damage flips against this model suffer ⊟⊟.

Df/Wp (X) Dissolution: After suffering damage from an **MI** Attack Action, the Attacking model suffers 2 damage after resolving the current Action.

Parts of the Whole: This model may not be hired, it may only be summoned by Ashes and Dust.



Ashen Core

Enforcer, Construct, Undead, Rare 1

Cost 0

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
1	8	6	—	—	2

Abilities

Armor +2: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2, to a minimum of 1.

Hard to Wound +2: Damage flips against this model suffer ⊟⊟.

Parts of the Whole: This model may not be hired, it may only be summoned by Ashes and Dust.

Amalgamation: This model is immune to all Conditions and being buried. It does not drop Markers when it is killed or sacrificed.

Polluted Wasteland: Enemy living models that begin their Activation within ❶3 of this model suffer 2 damage that may not be reduced.

Dust Storm

Attack Actions

(1) Choke (**MI** 7X / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 3): Target suffers 3/4/6 damage.
XX ***Pull to Core***: After damaging, push this model up to 5" towards a friendly Ashen Core model.

Tactical Actions

(0) Reduce to Ash: Sacrifice a Corpse or Scrap Marker within 6" to heal 1/2/3 damage on this model.

(0) Initiate Reformation: Target friendly Ashen Core in base contact gains the following Ability for the rest of the game: "**Armor +1**: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1." If the target is still in play at the end of the Turn, summon an Ashes and Dust into base contact with it, attach up to one Upgrade from the Ashen Core to the Ashes and Dust, then sacrifice the Ashen Core. Sacrifice this model after taking this Action.

40mm

Ashen Core

Tactical Actions

(1) Industrial Age: All enemy models within (r)6 must pass a TN 11 **Df** duel or suffer 2 damage.

(2) Overcharge: Target Construct model within 10" gains the **Fast** Condition.

40mm

Freikorps Librarian

Librarians serve an interesting function within the Freikorps. While they answer to the team leader in charge of each contract, the Librarian cadre is made up of well-trained strategists who gather information and advise the team leaders. They are deployed with most contract teams, always keeping an eye peeled for new artifacts and lost texts. The Librarians are an invaluable presence in Malifaux to the Korps.

In battle, the Librarians are quick to use their magic to fight any who threaten their fellows. They have made their own unique arcane method, one that is easy to pass on and brutal in its simplicity. The Librarians chant ancient words of power, less focused on what the words mean and more intent channeling the force into a physical manifestation of will to bludgeon their foes. This method can be dangerous, as the speaker is exposed to the same power as their target. The second function of their magic is healing. With a different chant, the Librarians are able to restore any injury in moments.



Freikorps Librarian — Cost 7

Enforcer, Living, Mercenary

Academic, Freikorps

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	7	6	5	-	2

Abilities

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Freikorps Suit: This model may ignore damage from (Y) and ☗ effects.

Nether Fluctuation: Enemy models within ❶4 of this model ignore any suits associated with their **Ca**, **Sh**, and **Ml** stats.

Attack Actions

(1) Ancient Words (**Ca** 6🕮 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐10 or ⫻ 1): Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.

🕮🕮 ***Surge:*** After succeeding, draw a card.

🕮🕮 ***Resonance:*** This Attack deals 2/3☗/4☗☗ damage instead.

Tactical Actions

(2) Furious Casting: This model may discard a card. If it does, this model may make 3 **Ca** Attack Actions with an AP cost of 1 against a single target.

(1) Healing Energy: (**Ca**: 6🕮 / TN: 13🕮 / Rg: 6): Target model heals 1/2/3 damage. If this Crew's leader is not an Outcast, this Action may only be taken once per Turn.

Freikorps Librarian

30mm

Freikorps Trapper

The Freikorps have a variety of talents to offer prospective clients. One of the more specialized roles is that of the Trapper, all of whom belong to an independent scout force for the Korps.

Trappers have an almost supernatural aptitude for understanding terrain and how to best exploit it, offering this talent to clients at a premium price. These men and women are expert hunters and trackers, using their abilities to provide long range support from where they hide. Trappers are some of the more expensive mercenaries the Freikorps have to offer, because their experience is such a rarity in Malifaux.

When they have no current contract or orders, the Trappers have a tendency to explore and learn more about the areas around the cities. Each has a different area they specialize in, some preferring the urban wasteland of the Quarantine Zone, others the swamps of the Bayou.



Freikorps Trapper — Cost 6

Minion, Living, Mercenary, Rare 2

Freikorps

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	6	5	7	2

Abilities

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Freikorps Suit: This model may ignore damage from (Y) and ☗ effects.

From the Shadows: This model may be deployed anywhere on the board that is at least 6" away from the enemy Deployment Zone. This model may not take Interact Actions on the first Turn.

Attack Actions

(1) Rifle Butt (**Ml** 3 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/1/2 damage.

(1) Clockwork Rifle (**Sh** 5🗡 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐14): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. This Attack Action receives 🂠. When this Attack Action gains the benefits of the **Focused** Condition, increase its range to ⌐28.

🗡 ***Reposition***: After succeeding, push this model up to 3" in any direction.

☗ ***Critical Strike***: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each ☗ in the final duel total.

Tactical Actions

(0) Retreat to Cover: Discard a card to push this model up to 4" in any direction. This Action may only be taken while this model is engaged.

Freikorps Trapper

30mm

Lazarus

The Guild has begun pushing for a more mechanized force to handle their interests in Malifaux. Many experiments have been performed, resulting in successful new designs like the Warden and the Watcher. One of these was the Lazarus Project, an attempt to create a construct with human level intelligence and machine level obedience. A Guild Guard was sacrificed and his soul was caught in a Soulstone, which they placed within a specially prepared chassis. At first, the experiment was a great success as the construct outperformed any other. The trouble began slowly, as commands were followed in strange ways. Before long, the construct was outright disobeying instructions. When the researchers moved to shut the construct down, it rebelled and destroyed many of the research materials before escaping.

Lazarus has moved out into the Quarantine Zone biding its time and waiting for a chance to strike back at its makers. A chance meeting with the Freikorps resulted in a unique partnership. Lazarus now works with the Korps, where his heavy armament is a vital asset.



LAZARUS — COST 10

Enforcer, Construct, Mercenary, Rare 1

FREIKORPS

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	6	10	4	6	3

ABILITIES

Hate the Maker: This model may not be hired by a Crew if the Crew's Leader belongs to the Guild Faction.

Armor +2: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2, to a minimum of 1.

LAZARUS

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Bayonet (**Ml** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
2 ***Unload Ordnance***: This Attack deals 2/3/4 damage instead.

(1) Grenade Launcher (**Sh** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 12): Target suffers 3/3/6 damage.

(0) Assimilate (**Ca** 8 / TN: 14 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Select a (1) Action printed on target Construct or one of its Upgrades that does not list a model by name. This model immediately takes the selected Action, but may not declare Triggers.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(2) Auto Fire: This model may discard a card to make 3 **Sh** Actions with an AP cost of (1).

(0) Self Repair: This model heals 1/2/3 damage.

40mm

Hodgepodge Effigy

No one is quite certain why exactly the various Effigies have become attached to their chosen groups. Those few in Malifaux who are aware of the existence of the small puppets may have various theories, but few are sharing them. With the Hodgepodge Effigy, it seems that the puppet enjoys cheering for the underdogs- and then rigging the game for them. It offers its help to people who often have little in common but the desire for coin, and sometimes not even then. The Effigy likes those who live outside civilization's norms, even the strained definition of normal found in Malifaux.

Hodgepodge travels around Malifaux and can sense and recognize dozens of different methods of magic. It uses these connections to find the outcasts it enjoys helping, always keeping an eye on them. None of those Hodgepodge helps question the puppet's willingness too closely. All such individuals have seen many strange things in Malifaux, and if one such strangeness wishes to help, they're willing to accept the aid.



Hodgepodge Effigy

Minion, Construct, Rare 1
PUPPET, EFFIGY

Cost 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	4	5	6	1

Abilities

Accomplice: After this model ends its Activation a friendly model within 6" may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Attack Actions

(1) Oversized Knife (**Ml** 4 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1) Target suffers 2/2/3 damage.
 Mismatched Arms: Damage from this Attack may not be reduced.

Tactical Actions

(1) The Mist (**Ca** 4 / TN: 12): Until the start of this model's next Activation, the area within 4 of this model is considered **Ht** 3 soft cover.

(0) Loyalty to the Coin: Target friendly Leader within 8" gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Loyalty to the Coin:** After killing or sacrificing an enemy model, this model may discard a card to add 1 Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool."

30mm

Ama No Zako

Not every monster that walks Malifaux came from there. Some passed through smaller Breaches from Earth long ago, unknown to humans. Ama no Zako was feared in the times before the Three Kingdoms were united, a ravenous and fierce tempered demon that was said to devour whole villages. The legends mostly died out by the time the Kingdoms joined, becoming nothing more than a tale used to scare wayward children.

Ama no Zako is no mere story. She chose to leave Earth and explore Malifaux because she sought new morsels to eat and new targets on which to vent her fury. With humans now spreading through Malifaux, she has every delicacy she could want at her taloned fingertips. She will pick out her latest meal, stalking them until hunger makes her unable to wait any longer. Then she whispers to them gently, drawing them into her grasp with soft promises. There, they discover the horrifying truth. The only promise kept is that of the feast to come...



Ama No Zako

Henchman, Mercenary, Rare 1
ONI

Cost 9
Cache 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	7	10	6	7	3

Abilities

Flight: This model is immune to falling damage and may ignore any terrain or models while moving.

Hard to Wound +1: Damage flips against this model suffer .

Terrifying (Living) 13: Enemy Living models must pass a TN 13 Horror Duel if they end a Walk Action within this model's engagement range or target this model with an Action.

Attack Actions

(1) Vicious Embrace (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 3/5/7 damage.
 Quaff Blood: After damaging, this model heals 2/3/4 damage.

(0) Promising Whisper (**Ca** 6 / TN: 14 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 6): Target non-Leader model immediately performs a (1) Action chosen and controlled by this model's controller. The target considers this model friendly for the duration of the Action. The Action may not declare Triggers.

(1) Swallow You Whole (**Ml** 6 / TN: 13 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Sacrifice target non-Leader model unless it discards two cards or two Soulstones. The target must be **Ht** 1 or have the **Paralyzed** Condition. If the target is sacrificed in this way, this model heals 2/3/4 damage.

Tactical Actions

(0) Miasma of Boils and Flies (**Ca** 6 / TN: 12): The area within 4 of this model is treated as severe and hazardous terrain by other models until the end of the Turn.

50mm

Strongarm Suit

There are few engineers in the Freikorps. The Korps rarely has significant use for the role, but every so often one of the Librarians shows a strong aptitude for technology development. Quite a few projects are in process, though few have borne fruit as of yet. The most successful is the Strongarm Suit. This heavy piece of machinery augments the ability of a Korpsmann through an aetheric condenser. The device is primitive in many ways, not to mention inefficient for its size, but it provides enough power to turn a single soldier into a squad. With proper training, the Strongarm Suit is enough to turn the tide of any battle.

At current, there is only one Strongarm Suit in field testing. The process of building the condenser and the control system is time consuming, and only a single condenser has been completed successfully. A flawed condenser will explode the first time it has real stress put on it. The prototype Suit, however, gives the wearer increased strength, speed and powers similar to a Librarian.

Vanessa

Vanessa is the younger sister of Viktoria, the famous bounty hunter. As a child, Vanessa idolized her sister, always wanting to follow in the elder's footsteps. However the siblings could not have been more different in temperament. While Viktoria became a combat prodigy, stepping confidently into the world, Vanessa needed to find her own path. Rather than hunting bounties, Vanessa found her fortune in hunting artifacts and rare texts. This made for a comfortable living and one that she greatly enjoyed. Eventually the lure of adventure in Malifaux was too strong and she crossed through the Breach.

It was on the train ride that Vanessa discovered her own magical aptitudes. She has a natural talent for tapping into the power that rides below the surface of Malifaux. Positioning herself at a key leyline in battle, she has the raw strength to challenge any in Malifaux when it comes to magic. This has made her invaluable to her older sister, and Vanessa has finally managed to earn the respect she always wanted from Viktoria.



STRONGARM SUIT — COST 10

Enforcer, Living, Mercenary, Rare 1

FREIKORPS

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	10	5	7	2

ABILITIES

Armor +2: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2, to a minimum of 1.

Freikorps Suit: This model may ignore damage from (↯) and ☠ effects.

Augmented Jump: This model ignores terrain and other models when moving during a Charge Action. This model may declare a Charge Action when engaged.



VANESSA — COST 8

Enforcer, Living, Rare 1

SISTER

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	7	8	5	7	2

ABILITIES

Fates Entwined: Whenever this model makes a healing flip, all other friendly Sister models in play may heal the flipped amount.

Harness Ley Line: If this model is on the Centerline it gains +2📖 **Ca**.

Intuition: At the beginning of this model's Activation, it may look at the top 3 cards of its Fate Deck and then return them in any order.

STRONGARM SUIT

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Enhanced Fists (**MI** 6🂠 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 2/4/6 damage.
- 🂠✕ ***Pneumatic Actuator:*** Damage from this Attack may not be reduced.
- 🂠🂠 ***Pneumatic Crush:*** This Attack's damage flip gains 🂡.

(1) Aetheric Projector (**Sh** 5🂠 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: ⌐12): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
- 🂠✕ ***Soul Vortex***: If the target is killed by this Attack it does not place any Markers as a result of it being killed.
- 🂠🃏 ***Aether Scramble***: After damaging, target gains the **Slow** Condition.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Charge Up: This model gains one of the following Conditions until the end of the Turn:
- **Polarized Shielding:** Models that damage this model with an **MI** Attack Action suffer 1 damage after resolving the current Action.
- **Charged Fists:** This model's **MI** Attack Actions deal +1 damage.
- **Bright Aether:** This model gains +2 **Sh.**

40mm

VANESSA

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Ancestral Blade (**MI** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 2/4/6 damage.

(1) Arcane Staff (**Ca** 7📖 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: ⌐12): Target suffers 2/4/4 damage.
- 📖 ***Arcane Fire:*** This Attack deals 2/4☠/4☠ damage instead.
- 📖📖 ***Surge:*** After succeeding, draw a card.

(0) Command Construct (**Ca** 7📖 / TN: 14📖 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 6): Target non-Leader Construct immediately performs a (1) Action chosen and controlled by this model's controller. The Action may not declare Triggers.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(2) The Ley Stone Unleashed (**Ca** 7📖 / TN: 13📖📖): This model heals 2/3/4 damage.
- 📖📖 ***Surge:*** After succeeding, draw a card.

30mm

Sue

There are many people who wander the Wastelands of Malifaux, traveling from town to town. Many of them are on the run from their troubles and past, staying one step ahead of the Guild and the bounty hunters.

The man in black, however, is something quite different. No one knows why he chose to stay out in the wilds, moving from one caravan to the next. His skill with pistols makes him a welcome addition, as does his guitar playing which makes the time move by faster.

There are few who don't know of him, this man who calls people to be better than themselves. His songs call them to remember a time long past when they still dreamed. He talks of pain in the past, and hope in the future. Just as suddenly as he joined them, the man leaves and walks another path, finding the next group in need of what he has to say. None forget him after he leaves, but all wish to see him again just one more time.



Sue — *Enforcer, Living, Mercenary, Rare 1* — Cost 8

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	8	4	6	2

Abilities

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

Relentless: This model is immune to Horror Duels.

Hurt: At the end of this model's Activation, this model may suffer 1 damage to draw a card.

Attack Actions

(1) Prison Pistols (**Sh** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 12 or 2): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. This Action's Attack flip gains .

Critical Strike: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each in the final duel total.

The Man Comes Around: After succeeding against target Totem or Peon, the target is killed unless it discards two Soulstones.

Tactical Actions

(1) Tread the Line (**Ca** 5 / TN: 10 / Rg: 12): Target model gains the following Condition until the end of the next Turn: "**Finish the Job**: When this model is killed, it may place a Scheme marker in base contact with itself before it is removed."

Peace in the Valley: After succeeding, discard all Corpse and Scrap Markers within 3 of the target.

(0) The Man In Black (**Ca** 5 / TN: 10): Until the end of the Turn, **Ca** Attack Actions which target friendly models within 3 suffer to the Attack flip.

(0) Ring of Fire (**Ca** 5 / TN: 10): Until the end of the Turn, enemy models that end their Activation within 3 of this model gain the **Burning +2** Condition.

Rising Higher: Enemy models ending their Activation within 3 gain the **Burning +3** Condition instead.

30mm

Abomination

Malifaux is full of strange creatures and ruins. Wandering the wastelands, it isn't uncommon to find evidence of a variety of different civilizations. Some of the ruins are from the days of the first Breach, but others are millennia old. In the latter, explorers report strange sightings, carrying tales of rotting mechanical creatures. These abominations are made from leftover parts that leave nightmares in the minds of all who see them.

Every once in a while, amateur necromancers become fascinated with the abominations and attempt to construct their own. Those few who succeed come to regret the decision, as the creature goes berserk. Leveticus is the only human who has been able to successfully construct and control these creatures.

Many question the curiously human faces some abominations have, and how they came to be lodged in a monstrosity of flesh and steel.



Abomination — *Minion, Construct, Undead* — Cost 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	5	4	4	5	2

Abilities

Caustic Aura: At the end of this model's Activation, enemy models within 2 must pass a TN 10 **Df** duel or suffer 2 damage.

Anomaly: Enemy models within 2 may not take (0) Actions and lose all suits printed in their **Ca**.

Wp/Df () Unmade: After this model succeeds, the Attacking model immediately suffers 1 damage which may not be prevented using Soulstones.

Attack Actions

(1) Warping Touch (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.

Consuming Touch: After damaging, this model heals 1/2/3 damage.

Desolate Warping: After reducing an enemy model to 0 Wounds, summon an Abomination into base contact with it before removing it. The target does not drop Corpse or Scrap Markers.

Tactical Actions

(1) Vile Reclamation: Target other friendly Construct within 6" suffers 2 damage to draw a card. This Action may be taken once per Turn.

(1) Concentrated Deformation: Sacrifice this model and three other friendly Abominations within 2" and LoS to summon a Desolation Engine within 1".

30mm

Desolation Engine

The horrific nature of abominations is much discussed in academic circles. However, it took many years in Malifaux for the truth of the creatures to be realized. An abomination is merely one step in a complex unnatural order. They form disturbingly intelligent societies, developing a hierarchy that is constantly evolving as new abominations join. Every so often a smaller group tightens up their alliance, tearing each other apart with animalistic fury and assembling something new in the process. These large, horrific brutes have been dubbed Desolation Engines.

Despite its cobbled together appearance, a Desolation Engine is capable of surviving massive amounts of damage. The lack of anything that most would recognize as a normal biology makes it difficult to identify targets that will cause lasting harm. This is made all the more difficult by the surprising power of the Engine, as it tears apart its foes in berserk rage, repairing itself through the process that gave it birth. Even worse, the death of a Desolation Engine leaves behind more abominations, and the cycle continues.



DESOLATION ENGINE COST 13

Enforcer, Undead, Construct, Rare 1

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
3	6	12	5	8	3

ABILITIES

Hard to Wound +1: Damage flips against this model suffer ⍈.

Lost Focus: When this model is killed, summon two Abominations into base contact with it before it is removed. This model does not drop Corpse or Scrap Markers when it is killed.

Industrial Nightmare: At the end of this model's Activation, enemy models within (↑)3 must pass a TN 12 **Df** duel or suffer 2 damage.

Melee Expert: This model gains 1 additional AP which may only be used to take **MI** Actions.

DESOLATION ENGINE

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Entropy Claws (**MI** 6🖃 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 3): Target suffers 3/4/6 damage.

🖃 ***Restabilize***: After damaging, this model heals an amount of damage equal to the amount of damage the target suffered from this Attack.

🖃✕ ***Desolate Warping***: After reducing an enemy model to 0 Wounds, summon an Abomination into base contact with it before removing it. The target does not drop Corpse or Scrap Markers.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Consume: Sacrifice any number of friendly models within 3". For each model sacrificed, this model performs a 1/2/3 healing flip.

(0) Desolate Supplications: Enemy models within (↑)6 must succeed on a TN 13 **Df** duel or suffer 2 damage. Then, this model suffers 3 damage. This Action may not be taken if this model has fewer than 4 Wounds remaining

50mm

Jack Daw Upgrades

Firing Squad Injustice

Cost: 0 SS

- When this Upgrade is purchased, it is attached face down. While face down, it grants the model no Abilities, Characteristics, or Actions. If this model leaves play, and it did not start the game with this Upgrade attached, reattach this Upgrade face down to the model which originally purchased it.
- This model gains the Tormented Characteristic.
- This model gains the following Ability:

  Death by Firing Squad: When this model declares an Attack Action it suffers 2 damage which may not be reduced. When this model suffers damage from an Attack Action, it suffers +1 damage.
- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (2) Penance: Discard a card to flip this Upgrade face down.

Restrictions

Jack Daw, Cursed

Drowning Injustice

Cost: 0 SS

- When this Upgrade is purchased, it is attached face down. While face down, it grants the model no Abilities, Characteristics, or Actions. If this model leaves play, and it did not start the game with this Upgrade attached, reattach this Upgrade face down to the model which originally purchased it.
- This model gains the Tormented Characteristic.
- This model gains the following Ability:

  Death by Drowning: After declaring a Tactical Action other than **Penance** (including Actions such as Walk, Charge, etc) this model immediately suffers 2 damage which may not be reduced. This model suffers 2 damage whenever it fails a Simple Duel.
- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (2) Penance: Discard a card to flip this Upgrade face down.

Restrictions

Jack Daw, Cursed

Guillotine Injustice

Cost: 0 SS

- When this Upgrade is purchased, it is attached face down. While face down, it grants the model no Abilities, Characteristics, or Actions. If this model leaves play, and it did not start the game with this Upgrade attached, reattach this Upgrade face down to the model which originally purchased it.
- This model gains the Tormented Characteristic.
- This model gains the following Ability:

  Death by Guillotine: When this model Activates, if it is a Minion or Peon, it must discard two cards or be killed.
- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (2) Penance: Discard a card to flip this Upgrade face down.

Restrictions

Jack Daw, Cursed

Betrayer

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Terrifying (Tormented) 13: Enemy Tormented models must pass a TN 13 Horror Duel if they end a Walk Action within this model's engagement range or target this model with an Action.

Restrictions

Jack Daw

Writhing Torment

Cost: 2 SS

This model gains the following Ability:

Writhing Torment: When another Tormented model Activates within ❶6, this model may push it up to 3" in any direction.

The Lurking Fear: This model is immune to the **Paralyzed** Condition if it is applied by enemy models.



RESTRICTIONS

Jack Daw

Twist and Turn

Cost: 2 SS

This model gains the following Attack Actions:

(1) Feel Their Torment (**Ca** 7✗ / TN: 15✗/ Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Immediately take a (1) Action which is printed on target Tormented model or one of its Upgrades which does not list a model by name. The Action may not declare Triggers.

(0) Twist and Turn (**Ca** 7✗ / TN: 14✗ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Target non-Leader Tormented model immediately performs a (1) Action chosen and controlled by this model's controller. The Action may not declare Triggers.



RESTRICTIONS

Jack Daw, Limited

The Creeping Terror

Cost: 1 SS

This model gains the following Ability:

The Crawling Chaos: While in LoS of this model, all friendly Tormented models increase the range of all (↯) and ❶ which they generate by 1".



RESTRICTIONS

Tormented, Rare 1

Fearful Whispers

Cost: 1 SS

This model gains the following Tactical Action:

(0) Fearful Whispers (**Ca** 7✗ / TN: 14✗ / Rg: (↯)5): All models in range must pass a TN 14 **Wp** duel or be pushed into base contact with this model. Enemy Tormented models suffer -2 **Wp** during this duel.



RESTRICTIONS

Montresor

Hamelin Upgrades

The Plague

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Virulent: The **Blighted** Condition may not be removed from models within ⓨ6.

- This model's **Pipes** Action gains the following Triggers:

  ✕ ***Decaying:*** After succeeding, target gains the following Condition until the end of the game: "**Blighted +1**: At the end of the Turn, increase this Condition's value by 1."

  ✕ ***Sick In Bed:*** After succeeding against a target with a **Blighted** Condition value of 4 or greater, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the game: "**Sick In Bed**: This model must discard two cards when declaring an Interact Action, or the Action fails."



Restrictions

Hamelin

The Piper

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Irresistable Dance: Enemy models cannot end a Charge within ⓨ6.

- This model gains the following Attack Action:

  (1) Obey (**Ca** 7ᛗ / TN: 14ᛗ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 12): Target non-Leader model immediately performs a (1) Action chosen and controlled by this model's controller. A model which performed an Attack due to **Obey** may not be targeted by **Obey** again during the same Activation.



Restrictions

Hamelin, Limited

Tools of the Tyrant

Cost: 2 SS

- This model's **The Black Staff** Attack Action gains the following Triggers:

  ✕ ***Unhealthy Pallor:*** After succeeding, this model heals 1 damage for each model within (ŋ)3 with the **Blighted** Condition.

  ✕✕ ***Contagious Touch***: After damaging an enemy, a model within 3" and LoS of the target gains the following Condition for the rest of the game: "**Blighted +1**: At the end of the Turn, increase this Condition's value by 1."

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Face the Inevitable: Enemy models within ⓨ6 of this model which declare an Interact Action must discard a card or the Action immediately fails.



Restrictions

Hamelin

Sewer King

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Infiltration (Lost): Crews led by this model may hire up to 4 Lost models that are not the Crew's declared Faction.

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (0) Useless Toy: Sacrifice target friendly model within 6" to draw two cards. If the sacrificed model is a The Stolen, all enemy models within (ŋ)3 of it receive the following Condition until the end of the game: "**Blighted +1**: At the end of the Turn, increase this Condition's value by 1."



Restrictions

Hamelin



HOLLOW

COST: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

  Release the Hounds: Crews including this model may hire models with the Hound Characteristic that are not the Crew's declared Faction.

  Drawn to Contagion: This model may take the (2) Charge Action as a (1) Action when targeting a model affected by the **Blighted** Condition.

- This model gains the following Action:

  (0) Hollow: Until the start of this model's next Activation, friendly models within 5 are immune to damage dealt by , , and effects.

RESTRICTIONS

Nix

INFECTIOUS MELODIES

COST: 1 SS

- Friendly Minion and Peon models within LoS of this model gain the following Ability:

  Infectious Melody: At the beginning of this model's Activation, it may choose to gain the **Fast** Condition. If it does, it may not take any Actions which sacrifice it. Sacrifice this model at the end of its Activation.

RESTRICTIONS

Nihilist, Rare 1

Leveticus Upgrades

Pariah of Bone

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Pariah of Bone: This Crew may hire non-Gremlin Faction Undead models regardless of the Crew's declared Faction.

Restrictions

Leveticus, Limited

From Ash

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (1) Transfigure (**Ca** 7📖 / TN: 16✗ / Rg: 6): Summon an Abomination into base contact with target Scrap Marker, then discard the Marker.

Restrictions

Leveticus

To the Earth Return

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Trigger to its **Unmaking** Action:

  📖🔑 ***Unnatural Wasting:*** After flipping or cheating moderate or severe damage, this Attack deals an amount of damage to the target equal to half of the target's current remaining Wounds (rounded up) instead of its usual damage.

Restrictions

Leveticus

Pariah of Iron

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Pariah of Iron: This Crew may hire non-Gremlin Faction Construct models regardless of the Crew's declared Faction.

Restrictions

Leveticus, Limited

From the Aether

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Tactical Actions:

  (0) Fragments (**Ca** 5📖 / TN: 12📖): Place a Scrap Marker in base contact with this model.

  (0) Aetheric Creation (**Ca** 5📖 / TN: 15📖 / Rg: 6): Summon an Abomination in base contact with target Scrap Marker, then discard the Marker.

Restrictions

Rusty Alyce

Desolate Soul

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Trigger to all of its ⌐ Attack Actions:

  📖X ***Desolate Warping***: After reducing an enemy model to 0 Wounds, summon an Abomination into base contact with it before removing it. The target does not drop Corpse or Scrap Markers.

Restrictions

Leveticus or Rusty Alyce



General Outcast Upgrades

I Pay Better

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Loyal, For Now: Friendly Mercenary models within 10 may discard a card at the start of their Activation to gain the **Focused +1** Condition.

Restrictions

Master or Henchman, Rare 1

Scout the Field

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

  Scout the Field: After initiative is determined on the first Turn, this model may take a Walk Action.

  Know the Terrain: Immediately before declaring an Action, this model may discard this Upgrade. If it does, this model does not need LoS to its target to take the Action (cover is applied as normal).

Restrictions

Rare 3





Void Shield

Cost: 0 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

  Void Shield: When this model would take damage, it may discard this Upgrade to reduce the damage to 0.

  The Faceless Oblivion: Friendly models within ❶10 may use the **Glimpse the Void** Trigger against enemy models regardless of how many friendly models are buried (enemy models still count).

Restrictions

Nothing Beast

The Faces of Oblivion

Cost: 0 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Critters: Crews containing this model may hire The Nothing Beast, Void Wretches, and Guild Autopsies regardless of Faction.

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (0) The Faces of Oblivion: (**Ca** 5 / TN: *): Name a Horror Minion model. The TN of this Action is 10✕ plus the Soulstone cost of the named model. Summon the named model within 6", it does not gain **Slow**. At the end of the Turn the model suffers damage equal to half of its **Wd** stat which may not be reduced, gains **Slow**, and is buried. This Action may not be taken while a friendly Horror is buried.

Restrictions

Karina


GREMLINS
XXX
XXX

The Price of Pork

By: Graeme Stevenson

Ulix couldn't quite believe his eyes.

It was a solid gold piglet. An honest-to-goodness, bona fide, genuine, solid gold piglet.

He stared down at the litter, scratching his head, while the sparkling runt squirmed among its brothers and sisters to get a fair share of milk. Maisy, the proud mother, lay on her side, grunting softly while her brand-new litter gorged themselves, evidently caring not a jot that one of her new arrivals was made of precious metal rather than pork.

It didn't seem to have dimmed the little one's appetite, either. Ulix watched it guzzling milk as noisily as its siblings.

His faithful hog dog, Penelope, sat nearby, looking at the showbiz runt with almost as much astonishment as her master. She kept flicking her blue eyes up at him as if to say "are you *seeing* this?"

Ulix considered himself to be fairly worldly by Gremlin standards and he'd been around the Bayou a few times, but he'd never seen anything like this before. He leaned down to give the suckling piglet a squeeze, suspecting some practical joker at work. Nope – solid gold and as heavy as a brick when he tried to pick it up: in the end it took both hands and he nearly put his back out.

"Well, little 'un," he said, holding the squirming piglet, his astonishment increasing now that he could see her up close. "You're somethin' out o' the ordinary, ain't you?"

She looked up at him with her little golden eyes, milk dribbling off her gleaming snout. He pried open her mouth and in the second before she started chewing on his green finger, he saw a little gold tongue a-squirm and gold gums.

"Well I'll be," he said at length.

The night before, he'd been nudged awake by Penelope and had followed her outside to find the stall of his prize hog Maisy to be empty. This wasn't a complete surprise as Maisy was still hugely pregnant at the time and had probably escaped with the intent to find a midnight snack – Ulix had long ago learned not to underestimate the creative genius of a hungry hog, even one as swollen and ponderous as Maisy.

They'd followed her trail; Ulix hobbling through the dark swamp with a lit torch and Penelope up ahead with her sensitive muzzle pressed to the ground. It didn't take too long to find her; they'd only gone a few hundred yards when the torchlight picked out Maisy's broad rump and curly tail wedged tight in a narrow cellar doorway. Sounds of enthusiastic chomping could be heard within - she was eating a whole lot of something, but Ulix couldn't tell what.

He'd taken a look at the squinty ramshackle house that sat above the cellar entrance and realized immediately that Maisy was in big trouble. That house belonged to the Swamp Hag, Zoraida, which meant two things: one – she'd be mighty pissed off when she discovered that Maisy had eaten pretty much everything within reach of her cellar doorway, and two – the things Zoraida kept in her cellar were probably not the kinds of things that should be eaten at all, never mind by a hungry and very pregnant pig.

Ulix had tied her hind legs and, despite her squeals of protest, managed to haul her back out. She had who-knows-what of all colors smeared around her snout and was still chewing something when she came out with a pop, but at least hog-tied she couldn't get back down there again (although she gave it her best shot).

He'd pointed the torch down into the root cellar and frowned at the sight; baskets of strange-looking objects had been knocked all over the floor by Maisy's quest for food and there were things that looked like weird root vegetables, little cloth bags of multi-colored powders ripped and burst, tiny crystals that sparkled in the fire light, and a whole host of less identifiable things (a few of which might have been moving in the flickering glow).

Dragging the protesting Maisy back to her stall had been a challenge, especially on Ulix's bum leg, but eventually she was home safe. He watched over her for a while, concerned about what possible harm might come to her from eating all those odd items in Zoraida's cellar, but he needn't have bothered. As if sensing on some astral plane that there would be no more food tonight, Maisy dropped into a peaceful sleep almost at once, snoring lustily on her back with all four trotters in the air.

Ulix had gone to bed tired, sore and still a mite concerned.

And now he had a solid gold piglet to contend with. Whatever crazy alchemical mix was achieved in Maisy's belly had seen fit to transform one of her unborn litter and, upon reflection, Ulix supposed that all concerned had come out of the situation pretty well. Exploding pigs were a common occurrence in the Bayou and Ulix wouldn't have wanted Maisy to suffer such a fate.

Penelope came over and gave the squealing newborn an experimental lick, as if to convince herself it was real.

She was a beautiful dog, and had been Ulix's constant companion since she was a pup. A Catahoula Cur, she had a brown merle coat – that is to say she was mostly beige with brindled tan splotches and a white chest and forelegs. The most impressive thing about her was her eyes; they were bright, intelligent and ice blue in color.

She was pretty big for her breed and Ulix could probably have thrown a saddle on her if he was so inclined, but he'd always known her as a friend and business partner rather than a mere mount, and instead deigned to walk beside her rather than ride on her back, bad leg be damned.

But what to do with a solid gold pig?

Amos knew exactly what to do with her when he sallied over a short time later, corn pipe clenched in his teeth.

"Chop 'er up," he said at once. "A good bit o' scrip in all that gold."

"I ain't gonna chop up no newborn piglet," Ulix protested, holding her a little closer to his chest.

"Why ever not?" Amos asked. "Gold's worth a heck of a lot more around here than pork."

"'Cos I ain't, I says," Ulix replied rather bullheadedly. "Besides, what am I gonna do with a whole load of scrip?" He looked down at the piglet with an absent smile – she was chewing his finger again.

"Well, she's your pig," nodded Amos. "Yours to do with as you like, I s'pose. Others might not see it that way, mind. Good mornin' to ye, Ulix."

The pig handler waved the older Gremlin off, and turned his attention back to his tiny gleaming charge.

There was truth in old Amos's warning – to Ulix the newborn was just a cute little piglet with more shine and heft to her than most, but to others she was a chubby four-legged payday. If he was going to keep her safe, he was going to have to be smart about it.



Ulix dropped her back into the pen where she immediately fought her way back to her mother's side and recommenced guzzling milk with the single-minded gusto of babies everywhere.

"You keep an eye on her, Penelope," he said to the watching dog. "I'm goin' to get a few things from the market."



"A what?" Pa Dingle scoffed.

"A solid gold pig," Poultice repeated, his expression that of a man hoping for a reward but expecting a slap.

Pa Dingle regarded his second-eldest son with pity. Poultice had never been the smartest kid – as a matter of fact none of the Dingle kids had turned out to have much upstairs – but he was usually rational at least.

"What are you talkin' about, boy?" he asked. "Like an ornament or some such?"

"No, Pa, a real livin' walkin' squealin' pig made out of gold!"

Pa Dingle sat more upright in his chair, taking a moment to lick his lips and compose his features.

"Those Cleophas boys been windin' you up again, son?" he asked gently.

"No, Pa! I heard it from Mr. Hippolyte – he was sayin' there's rumors about it spreadin' all the way clean out to Malifaux!"

"The grain store manager?" This finally caught Pa Dingle's attention – Hippolyte wasn't the sort of man who indulged in flights of fancy: he kept his feet firmly rooted in the somber business of agriculture. "He told you?"

"Well, not me exactly, Pa, but he was talkin' to the Oilers an' I just kinda listened in."

Pa Dingle stood up and rubbed his chin thoughtfully. The Oiler brothers were two of the most unscrupulous and opportunistic mercenaries he'd ever encountered. To put it another way, you'd have to head down the nearest sewer with a lantern to have a hope of finding anyone worse. If *they* were sniffing around, it was a sure bet that they thought money could be made out of something, and if Hippolyte was talking about it, then there was at least a slim chance the rumor was half-way accurate.

"So where is this gold pig?" he asked.

"Someplace deep in the Bayou," Poultice replied. "Some ol' Gremlin with a game leg's got it."

"Well, that narrows it down to about *half* the population, anyway," Pa Dingle supposed aloud. "Go git yer brothers, Poultice. We goin' on a boar hunt."



Thunk shook the little man again and more seeds came out of him, falling out of his inverted pockets and rattling across the hardwood floor of the grain store.

"Where pig?" Thunk asked, patiently.

The man's face had turned a bright tomato color and his eyes bulged from being held by the ankle.

"I told you, I don't know!" he spluttered. "All I heard is that it's deep in the Bayou! To the east! That's all I heard!"

Thunk sensed deep down that the shopkeeper was telling the truth. He'd been holding him upside down and shaking him for more minutes than he had spare fingers, with one hand being occupied in the afore-mentioned holding, and Thunk's heavy steel-toed boots prevented him from using his toes as stand-ins to assist with the count.

"Thunk hear about gold pig," Thunk said. "Thunk hear about man in shop telling Oiler brothers."

"You said that already," the shopkeeper said.

"Thunk want gold pig."

"Yes, you said that too."

Satisfied that the interrogation was concluded, Thunk dropped the man on his head and strode back out into the street. He had to duck under the door lintel on the way out to avoid hitting it, which he'd neglected to do on the way in, as the splintered wood indicated. Thunk's huge bald cranium was unharmed.

The crowd of watching townsfolk scattered as he emerged, making for cover as the muscle-bound giant clumped past. He had a brace of pistols across his hips and a hammer that probably weighed more than a cow

strapped to his back.

"Thunk want pig," he said as they stared from behind rain barrels and out of doorways. "Thunk will *have* pig."



Ulix had been busy in the days since little Honey had come along, almost as busy as the wagging tongues that had spread stories of her arrival farther than he liked to think about. That meant treasure hunters, mercenaries and all the other light-fingered bandits that plagued the dark alleys and woodlands of Malifaux.

Keeping the precious metal runt a secret had proved impossible in such a small community and before long it had become a popular pastime for the locals to polish Honey on a daily basis, despite Ulix's protests. They seemed to love the sight of the gleaming little piglet galloping around in her filthy pen, and she certainly loved the attention, grunting and squirming with pleasure while Gremlins rubbed her with cloths and rags until she squeaked.

Thoughts of cashing her in for a quick profit vanished almost overnight as the little piglet's congeniality and obvious uniqueness won them over, and before long she was regarded as a kind of unofficial village mascot.

Even Zoraida, whose face had been stormy when she clumped up to Ulix's home on the second day, had cackled at the sight of the shiny piglet gamboling around in the mud with her siblings, the ransacking of her root cellar forgotten in an instant.

"Well, ain't you just a precious little thing?" she crooned in an unexpectedly maternal moment, tickling Honey under her chin.

Later, she'd caught Ulix's eye and leaned close.

"Got somethin' special there, Ulix," she'd said. "But it's goin' to take somethin' special to keep a hold o' her."

Ulix told her of his plan and she roared with laughter, slapping him on the chest.

"You always wuz a smart one," she said over her shoulder as she left him to his preparations.

As it turned out, they were just in time.



"Where pig?"

The giant stood in the center of the village, an upended Gremlin held in each fist. Dozens more had scattered at his approach and to the untrained eye it would seem as though the village was deserted but for the whispers and scuffles of movement from the shadows.

"Where pig?" he said again, his massive bald head gleaming in the afternoon sun. "Thunk will have gold pig."

When there was no immediate answer, he shook one Gremlin vigorously, then the other. Thunk was a big believer in routine.

"Where pig?" he persevered.

Finally, the Gremlin in his right hand squawked.

"Ok, ok, enough already! She's over there, in Ulix's yard!"

"Jedidiah, you're yeller to the core!" accused the other Gremlin and the two began squabbling and slapping at each other until Thunk had to hold them apart at arm's length.

"Thunk will have pig," he announced, dropping the two fighting Gremlins in the dust and marching in the indicated direction.

He wasn't surprised when he found a lame old Gremlin leaning against a fence with a startlingly blue-eyed dog at his side, while between them on a tree stump sat a gleaming golden piglet. Thunk's lack of surprise emanated mostly from his lack of imagination and a lifetime of being so huge and intimidating that people generally gave him things in the hope he'd go away.

"Thunk will have gold pig," Thunk said, more as a way of indicating to the old Gremlin that if he wanted to fight for her, Thunk was prepared. Thunk didn't always realize he was in a fight if his opponent was small and hadn't made the impending conflict abundantly clear. Thunk had accidentally sat on a few opponents while they were trying to flank him – something he would never have done out of courtesy if he'd known they were trying to kill him.

But, the old Gremlin just shifted his weight and gestured with a green palm. "There she is, big feller."

Satisfied with this, Thunk scooped up the shiny pig.

"Thunk has gold pig," he said to formalize the transaction and turned on his heel.

A short distance from the shack, Thunk checked underfoot in case this had been a clever ruse and the old Gremlin had secretly started to attack him once his back was turned, but the tiny green figure was still there, leaning against the fence and grinning at him.

"Happy trails," the Gremlin called.

Content that victory was his, Thunk lumbered off and began to speculate on what gold bacon might taste like.



"Are you mad?" shrieked Jacques Deux-Dents as he raced over. "You're just letting him *take* her?"

Several other Gremlins in the growing crowd fielded similar protests, oblivious to the fact that they had been cowering in hiding only moments earlier while Ulix faced the giant alone.

"Easy there," Ulix said, waving a hand at the outraged villagers. "Honey ain't goin' nowhere."

The assembled Gremlins turned in confusion – the huge man was striding away into the swamp, the glinting gold piglet still visible under one arm.

Chuckling, Ulix turned to his dog.

"Show 'em, girl."

Penelope shuffled backwards and from under her shaggy fur coat appeared Honey, grunting contentedly as she worked her way through a pile of chopped carrots. She'd been there all along.

"But..." stammered Jacques, looking back at the *other* golden piglet just disappearing into the brush.

Ulix reached into the pig pen and lifted a tin of gold paint into the air, brush handle sticking out.

"That lummox'll be halfway to the Breach afore he figures it out," he said.

The Gremlins crowed their delight.

"Hold on now," Ulix said, shushing them. "They ain't *all* goin' to be that stupid, so listen up. Here's the plan..."



Joe and Jack Oiler rode into the village the very next day. On their tall horses, wearing sun-cracked leather dusters and bristling with rifles, pistols and knives, the two bounty hunters were an impressive sight to the small Gremlin community where a rusty old blunderbuss was considered cutting edge.

The brothers dismounted, taking their time and letting the locals get a good look at them. They spent a lot of time in little hick towns and had learned the game of impression and intimidation well.

"Howdy," Joe finally offered as he soaked his bandana in the water trough and pressed it against his neck. "Hot day."

"It sure is, big feller," said the nearest Gremlin, a particularly wizened specimen chewing on a corn pipe. "You gents'll be here to see the gold pigs, huh?"

"What's that?" Joe was genuinely surprised at this. They had intended to play the "just passing through" card until they scoped out where the Gremlins were hiding the metal hog. He hadn't expected them to come straight out with it, nor for the old Gremlin to use the plural. "Gold pigs?"

"You ain't heard?" the old Gremlin asked, suddenly eager to impart his story on a fresh ear. "Well, just so happens our hog herder Ulix got hisself a litter o' gold piglets. Solid gold, they is – I seen 'em with these very eyes." He pointed at the organs in question, in case Joe had missed that part.

"Solid gold, huh?"

"That's right, mister. 32-carat gold, or my name ain't Amos."

"That so?" Joe glanced at his brother, who was concealing his gloating smile with admirable skill. Neither of them could believe these green dummies were actually *boasting* that they had a crop of solid gold pigs right there in the village. "Guess I'll have to see that for myself."

"Go right ahead, big feller," old Amos encouraged. "Ulix is lookin' to sell 'em. You go take a look – solid gold, they is."

"I'll do that," Joe said. "Obliged." He touched his hat and started leading his horse in the direction Amos had indicated. His brother fell into step beside him.

"Can you believe this?" Jack hissed between his teeth. "They think we're gonna pay for 'em?"

"Keep it down," Joe retorted. "We play this nice an' cool. No shootin' unless we can't avoid it. These Gremlins is so dumb we c'n probably just walk outa here with the whole litter if we do it right."

Jack tried to muffle his sniggers as they drew up at a ramshackle old hut with an equally ramshackle pig pen to one side. A cheerful Gremlin with a bow across his back and what looked like a bola dangling from his belt came around the corner, favoring one leg. A handsome dog trotted at his heels.

"Afternoon, fellas," he called as he approached. "You look to me like a couple of boys who might know a bargain when they sees one."

"That a fact?" said Joe, smiling back. "Well, we did hear an interestin' story about some pigs a feller by the name of Ulix got for sale."

"That's me, boys," said the lame Gremlin. "An' these ain't no ordinary pigs, neither. They's gold. Solid gold."

"Well, that's the rumor," Joe said, throwing a side-long glance at his brother.

"I been lookin' for a buyer, as a matter of fact," Ulix continued. "Can't do much with a litter o' gold pigs. Can't breed 'em. Sure can't eat 'em. So I figures I'd sell em – buy me a nice fancy place in Malifaux." He grinned at them both and they laughed dutifully.

Ulix put a hand on the fence of the pig pen then he paused.

"Now, boys," he said, "you welcome to take a look at 'em, but I have to ask you don't lay a finger on 'em – at least not until we concluded the sale an' all. They's just been polished an' it's a chore to get all the smudges off after they been handled."

Joe thought this rang a little false, but he nodded again. "Okay, sure."

Ulix grinned and made to open the fence, but then he paused again.

"Oh, an' one other thing, boys," he said. "If we got a deal, ain't no refunds available. It just ain' somethin' I'm gonna budge on. Nothin' personal, boys, but that's just the way I does business. Oh – and you gotta pay me up front afore takin' the pigs."

Joe frowned, alarm bells ringing.

"We gonna see these pigs or not?"

Ulix nodded graciously and swung the pig gate open. "Feast yer eyes, boys."

Joe looked in and for a second his heart jumped into his throat. There in the pen was an immense sow lying on her side, drowsing while her litter of piglets fed hungrily. Every single one of them shone and gleamed like freshly polished gold.

"Holy crow..." he heard his brother whisper.

"Didn't I say they wuz a marvel?" said Ulix, leaning on the fence and beaming like a proud father.

Joe was about to agree when he noticed that there were smears of gold on the mother all around her belly. As he looked closer, he noticed that there were patches of pink appearing as the piglets squirmed and fought for feeding room and there was a strong chemical smell wafting from the stall.

"Why you little green swindler!" he swore. "That's paint! You done painted 'em gold!"

Ulix's grin fell off. "Now wait just a minute, fellers – they's as gold as my teeth!"

Joe lunged forward and grabbed one of the piglets, lifting it squirming into the air. Droplets of gold flew from its trotters as it fought to escape his tight grip and he felt the wet paint smear across his palm. He dropped the animal in disgust.

"You tried to swindle us! They ain't gold!"

Ulix hobbled back a few steps, trying to salvage the deal. "Come on now fellers – once the paint dries ain't nobody gonna know. You could sell em' at night! How about I drop the price?"

Joe laughed bitterly.

"You been in the sun too long," he said. "I wouldn't take them pigs off you for free. C'mon, Jack – we're wastin' our time in this flea pit."

He snatched his horse's reins, leaving the still-haggling Gremlin behind and cursing himself for being stupid enough to have swallowed a tale as absurd as a solid gold hog.

If he'd taken a closer look at the pen, past where Ulix was still playing the desperate salesman role to the hilt, Joe might have noticed how the paint was coming off all the piglets. Except one.



"Well, well," said Pa Dingle as he slid down off his horse into the mud. It had been raining heavily all night and the Gremlin village had transformed from hard packed dust to ankle-deep sucking mud and standing puddles of water. The sky was still gray. Another downpour like the previous night's and they'd all be in it up to their waists.

His sons had followed him into town single file and now slid off their own mounts behind him in established pecking order; Peer Dingle (who, blessed with one normal eye and one huge one, always seemed to be staring at something), Poultice Dingle (none-too-bright but a gentle soul), Pongo Dingle (afflicted with Herculean body odor issues), Petomane Dingle (born without vocal cords and instead communicated through expressions, gestures and flatulence) and finally little Pint-size Dingle (less than four feet tall but as mean as a hornet).

Pa Dingle sighed as he surveyed his brood. His was a burdensome lot in life, but he made the best of it. He focused on the tired looking Gremlin shack and the pig pen affixed to the side of it.

"Hello in there," he hollered, banging on the door.

A short Gremlin with a limp opened it, his expression blank. "Help ye?"

"I'm here about this so-called gold pig," Pa Dingle announced.

The Gremlin rolled his eyes. "Another one?" he muttered to himself and hobbled out through the door into the thick mud. "If I had a coin for every time somebody asked me about that damned gold pig I could *buy* myself one an' have done with it."

"So I ain't the first?" Pa Dinge asked.

"Heck no," the Gremlin grumbled, working his slow way to the pig pen. "First few callers, I thunk it wuz some sorta joke. Even tried to make a bit o' scrip out of the rumor, but the pigs kept lickin' the paint off."

Pa Dingle nodded –he'd heard the story of the Oiler brothers and the painted pigs only that morning, but had decided to come and see for himself anyway. Hippolyte had never been wrong before.

The Gremlin paused for breath when he finally reached the pen, leaning on the rickety gate. "Truth is, I'm getting' pretty sick of it, an' I don't mind telling ye, mister." He fixed Pa Dingle with a hard eye. "I got a mind to answer my door with a gun, nex' time some feller comes around asking about gold pigs."

He swung the gate open and stood back. "Well, go on and take yer look. You find any gold pigs in there, we'll go fifty-fifty right down the middle."

Pa Dingle and his boys crowded close to look and what they saw was disappointing to say the least. A hugely fat sow lay like a pink sack in the mud, filthy but for the side that faced the sky, while a dozen tiny piglets wriggled and fought for milk. The mud was so deep and watery that they were all completely caked in it – only a patch of pink was visible here and there.

"Y'see?" the Gremlin said. "Ain't no gold pig around here. Think I'd still be livin' in this shack if there wuz?"



Pa Dingle stroked his lower lip while his tongue darted out to wet it. He looked good and hard at the array of hungry piglets in the mud. They certainly seemed pretty ordinary, but he'd come a long way and was a profound believer in the old maxim of no smoke without fire.

As he looked, it dawned on him that one of the piglets near the end was so incredibly caked in mud it looked like someone had tried to bury it. Not a patch of pink skin was visible anywhere. A crooked grin began to form on his face as a suspicion took hold.

"Pongo, git on in there an' take a look at that real filthy one, along at the end there," he said.

"Why me, Pa?" Pongo complained.

"Cuz you smell like a pig already," his father snapped. "Now do like I says."

Sulking, Pongo waded into the treacherous mud and lifted the piglet in question. He held it in the crook of one arm and scraped away a handful of mud. Underneath was soft pink piglet.

"It ain't gold, Pa," he reported back.

"Check 'em all," Pa Dingle said, unwilling to give up. "Petomane, you get in there an' help."

Petomane raised an eyebrow and emitted a short rasp that seemed to have a question mark at the end.

"Yeah, you. Get in there."

Petomane squelched into the pen beside his brother and between them they began wiping mud off the backs of the feeding piglets, one by one.

"Pink, pink, pink," Pongo reported as they went down the line. Pa Dingle watched with mounting frustration as they went all the way to the end. Every piglet's back was bare, and pink.

"It ain't here, Pa," Pongo said. "They musta hid it someplace else. Stashed it in one o' them shacks, maybe."

"Think so?" scoffed the Gremlin, still leaning on the gate. "You try takin' any one of that litter out of that pen with ol' Maisy watchin' and you'll see what happens, but you better be able to run *real* fast before you do."

"It's here someplace," Pa Dingle said. "Tear this village apart. We'll find it."

"Heck no you won't, mister," said a voice at his elbow.

They were surrounded by Gremlins – dozens and dozens of them. Most were empty handed, but enough carried heavy copper-bottomed pots, knives, hammers and other assorted tools to deliver the implied threat. One even carried an ancient rusted blunderbuss.

"You disturbed our Ulix's new litter enough for one day," the old Gremlin continued, chewing on a corn pipe and showing Pa Dingle his remaining teeth. "You go on an' git now, while you still can."

"An' you tell anybody you meet on the road," Ulix said as the family backed away and remounted their horses, "that the next feller comes by my shack wastin' my time with stories about gold pigs is gonna get a load o' buckshot for his trouble, y'hear?"

Pa Dingle threw the assembled villagers a last defeated scowl and jockeyed his horse out of town.



The Gremlins crowded around the pen as the last of the men vanished out of sight, confusion on every face.

"Where is she, Ulix? Where'd you hide her?"

Ulix limped into the pen and scooped up the very first piglet in the line, holding out the pink mud-splattered infant for them all to see. As they watched, Penelope trotted into the pen and began busily licking the piglet clean. The Gremlins saw smears of bright gold appearing wherever Penelope's rough tongue licked.

Honey sneezed, throwing mud and pink paint all over Penelope's fur.

"Sometimes, people is so dumb," Ulix said.

HOG WRASTLIN'

DESCRIPTION

Ulix has raised hisself a gen-yoo-ine golden piggy. Only the slickest hog wrestler gets ta taste the golden bacon.

SET UP

Before deploying, place four Mud Slick pieces of terrain on the table. Players alternate placing the Mud Slicks until all four are placed. These terrain pieces are 3" by 3" and **Ht** 0. Any model which ends a move or push in a Mud Slick terrain piece is immediately pushed up to 3" in any direction by the opposing player. Then, place a 30mm Golden Piglet in the center of the table.

DEPLOYMENT

This scenario uses blind deployment (M2E Core Rulebook pg. 80).

SPECIAL

The Golden Piglet belongs to neither Crew (see stat card).

VICTORY

At the end of every Turn after the first, any Crew with two or more models in base contact with the Golden Piglet earns 1 **VP**.



GOLDEN PIGLET — COST

Minion, Living
BEAST, PIG

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	3	5	4	8	1

ABILITIES

Pig Charge: This model may perform the (2) Charge Action as a (1) Action.

Rompin' 'round: When this model has the opportunity to declare an Action, if it is not engaged, it must take a Charge Action if there is a legal target available.

Armor +4: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +4, to a minimum of 1.

Squirmy: Each Turn this model must be Activated by each Crew once. This model is always friendly to the last Crew to Activate it and enemy to all other Crews. This model is immune to **Reactivate** and **Paralyzed**.

GOLDEN PIGLET

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Gore (**Ml** 4 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. This Attack must declare a Trigger if able.

- ***Stampede***: After damaging, this model suffers 1 damage and must charge the closest legal non-Pig target which it is not engaged with. This Charge may be made while engaged. This model may only declare this Trigger once per Activation.
- ***Eat Anything***: After damaging, this model heals 1/2/3 damage.
- ***Grab On***: After damaging, target gains the **Slow** Condition. End this model's Activation.
- ***Bowled Over***: After succeeding, push target 4" directly away from this model, then push this model into base contact with the target.

(2) Trample (**Ml** 4 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 2/3/6 damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Delicious Slop: Heal 1/2/3 damage on this model.

30mm

The Wong Night To Mess With Mancha Roja

By: Graeme Stevenson

Juice ran down Wong's chin as he munched on the peach. The flesh was sweet and tart at the same time, and incredibly succulent.

This was just one of the many reasons to come to the big city, he mused, careful not to dislodge his elaborate drooping moustaches while he ate.

The vendor had a spread of wares for twenty feet in either direction (which for a four-foot tall Gremlin is a long way) and ran the full gamut of colors. There was an obvious method in the display, starting at one end with vibrant purple grapes and plums, then the tomatoes and blood oranges, then rolling through the pink and crimson peaches to the orange carrots and clementines, then those long yellow things that looked like they might have been dropped on account of them all being bent (Wong reckoned the feller out to have knocked something off their price, what with being damaged and all) and the fiery sun peppers, then some fuzzy little pale critters he didn't recognize but were the color of swamp water, and finally into an explosion of green peppers, lettuces and apples polished to a high shine.

Food in the Bayou tended to revolve around pork, and sometimes squirrel, but mostly pork. *Boy*, they ate a lot of pork. Which was why Wong loved the opportunity to travel into Malifaux every once in a while. No matter the weather, no matter the task at hand, you could always get something good to eat.

The vendor had given Wong's small green body a double-take when he slipped from the alley mouth to make a purchase, but his coin proved to be as good as the next man's when the vendor bit it, shrugged, and handed over the requested fruit.

He ate another peach in voracious bites and bounced the stone off the head of a Lightning Bug who had sidled up close to a clump of those bent yellow things. There was a gleam in the Bug's eye and a certain twitching of fingers that suggested an act of pilfering imminent. Not that Wong had anything against stealing per se (the hardly-dead Tsi Lu, for example, had had his inventory shamelessly ransacked by the light-fingered Gremlin), he just didn't want to get on the bad side of a purveyor of such excellent fruit and vegetables – at least not until he was good and ready.

He had three of his loyal underlings with him: Sparks and Soot were brothers who were great advocates of the Lightning Bug's primary role, namely to set things on fire then blow them up, or vice versa (they were pretty flexible in this respect). There was also Spurious, who was a very strange individual. His ancestry stretched back to the very first Gremlin tribes that settled in Malifaux and as a consequence, his accent was unintelligibly thick, even to other Bayou residents. He understood what was said to him well enough, but sadly the flow of verbal information was exclusively one-way.

"No pilferin' less'n I says so," Wong warned.

The sheepish looking Spurious rubbed his head where the peach stone had stung him. "Dur' na per ruffle nuff," he said.

It was a little after ten in the morning and the city was heaving. Everybody seemed to be in a hurry to get someplace, which was the diametric opposite of life in the Bayou where nobody was ever in a rush to go anywhere. It was a crazy and fascinating way to live and Wong would have been happy watching the world bustling past so long as those peaches kept coming, and on any other day he probably would have done just that. But there was a reason he had come all the way to the big city, a reason his robes hung squint (or at least more squint than normal) under the weight of his money purse.

Wong had come to Malifaux to watch the Iron Hand Tournament.

Every five years, the biggest and baddest wrestlers from all over congregated in Malifaux to compete for the honor of winning that trophy, and this year Wong reckoned the title belonged to Mancha Roja. He was probably the biggest Gremlin ever to come out of the Bayou, bigger even than Som'er Jones, and strong as an ox. Wong was so sure that Mancha Roja had it in the bag that he'd brought with him his entire life's savings and intended to put the lot in Mancha's corner.

Being something of a novelty in the open streets, Wong kept to the alleys and quiet lanes, and before long had arrived at the Pantheon of the Gods, which was essentially a vast square made of black granite with a domed roof. The upper edges of this square bristled with gargoyles, now just misshapen nubs after perhaps a thousand years of erosion.

The Pantheon had been standing in Malifaux for unknown centuries before it was re-settled, and consisted of a single gigantic interior hall surrounded by a ring of antechambers, and beneath the main hall was a torturous labyrinth of passages, storage rooms, and deadfalls.

It had supposedly been a theater at one time, but the stage was open on all four sides and the hall could seat thousands when at capacity (which it never was). There were upward of fifty trapdoors in the main stage alone and enough rigging and canvas overhead to sail a ship. The rude seating consisted of smooth granite slabs, stepped at intervals at a height of two feet all the way from the main stage up to the four corners of the cavernous hall. There were no balconies or boxes, but some enterprising individual had built more luxurious seating on all four sides immediately surrounding the stage, offering more comfortable viewing for a modest premium.

Elbowing his way to the front of the queue, Wong grinned up at the attendant.

"Gimme one o' them tickets fur th'Iron Hand Tournament!" he said, throwing a coin on the counter.

The attendant stared at him, clearly never having seen a Gremlin before. Wong rolled his eyes, ripped a thick paper ticket from a huge roll and marched off in triumph, his unpaid-for companions following like a row of ducks. It was going to be an exciting night.



"On Mancha Roja!" Wong cried, squeezing between the legs of the shouting crowd to reach the raised platform and the odds-covered chalk board beyond, waving his bag of coins.

One of the bookmakers looked down at the green imposer with astonishment on his face.

"What in tarnation are you?"

"You wantin' mah coin or not, feller?" Wong enquired.

The man recovered his faculties enough to ask "Mancha Roja? You're sure about that, little feller? He's 45 to 1. Long odds if you ask me."

"Good thing I din't, ain't it?" Wong grunted, snatching the betting slip.

The confused bookie watched the strange miniature procession fight their way back through the crowd.



Wong couldn't believe his luck – Mancha Roja fought in the very first lineup, facing off against some loser called Johnny Two Trunks. Admittedly, the enormous man did look rather like he had tree trunks for legs, but Wong's favorite masked wrestler had him pinned to the canvas in seconds, using his massive shoulders and belly to crush his opponent into the dusty canvas with one of the man's arms so badly bent it might have been in a knot.

Johnny Two Trunks tapped out almost immediately and the crowd cheered. Barely five minutes into the contest and Mancha Roja was already into the quarter finals.

The next few matches were unimpressive and Wong relaxed further, now absolutely certain that nothing could get between his wrestling idol and victory. Sparks, Soot, and Spurious were all crowded together at his feet, steadily chanting *Mancha Roja* irrespective of whether the wrestler was actually on stage at the time. Wong watched Pudding Jim demolish a malnourished looking Thunderbolt, and hooted in derision at the underwhelming Papa Loco who barely managed to scrabble his way to a win against Ratchet Aloha (separated from his wooden leg less than a minute into the match yet still threatening to overcome his wheezing opponent).

Deaths Head came next, who was initially very impressive in his black robes and sheep-skull helmet, at least until his helmet was twisted off and used to club him unconscious by the bristling, bearded Mountain Man. Wong made a mental note to watch that one.

Stone-Jaw Willis was crushed, rather predictably, by The Crusher and Fangs McGee had his teeth punched out by Swoop Digby (who wore an unconvincing

albatross costume but had fists the size of boulders), and Constrictor Pete was stretchered off after tangling with Bright Ton (an absolutely enormous but remarkably slow wrestler wearing a burlap sack and a bowler hat of all things).

Wong was giggling to himself with each successive match – none of the contestants save perhaps that hairy oaf Mountain Man possessed anything like the strength and skill of Mancha Roja. It was almost a foregone conclusion that he would take home the Iron Hand trophy and Wong would take home as much loot as he could carry.

That is, until Black Cloud slithered into the ring.

He was facing off against one of the crowd favorites – Duck Bill – and at first glance, he didn't look all that. It was only when Wong saw his corner team that his hackles began to rise. He didn't need to see the tattoos hidden under their clothes to mark them as Ten Thunders men. Gambling and Ten Thunders in one place only meant one thing – corruption.

Wong leaned forward and scrutinized Duck Bill as he clambered through the ropes and limbered up. He was so-called because of his prominent upper lip that he had probably been born with, but it was often suggested that he had been swung around by that lip as a child, now leading to its excessive size. Duck Bill was well known in these parts and the crowd welcomed him warmly, compared to Black Cloud who was about six inches shorter and more than a hundred pounds lighter.

On any other day, Wong would have felt safe putting his money on Duck Bill, but today something was off. His eyes looked unfocused and he dragged his feet as he walked across the canvas to the center of the ring – he looked like a man just woken from a deep sleep. As a matter of fact, he looked drugged.

Wong growled. It was just his luck that he'd put his money on Mancha Roja to romp home against this crowd of has-beens and part-timers, and the Ten Thunders showed up to stack the odds in their favor.

He watched Duck Bill's ignoble defeat as the quicker Black Cloud danced around him, jabbing and kicking his dazed opponent until he dropped him to the canvas with a leg sweep and choked him out. The crowd was on its feet and booing by this time, but nothing could be done and certainly nothing could be proved. Poor hapless Duck Bill was dragged out and Black Cloud retired victorious with his cluster of smirking handlers.

Wong clenched his fists angrily. There was no way he was going to sit here and watch his idol have his chance of victory thwarted by those criminals.

Grabbing the Three Demon Bag, he surged to his feet.

"Varmints!" he snapped "Git yer butts over here – I got a job for y'all."



"Boss, what's goin' on?" Soot whispered as they hurried down into the belly of the Pantheon.

"The Ten Thunders, that's what's goin' on," Wong retorted. "Them skunks are looking to clean out the bookies and take Mancha's trophy, and I ain't gonna let that happen."

Wong had seen the odds for Black Cloud when he'd put his money down earlier – 85 to 1. The chances of such a novice wrestler going all the way against the likes of Mancha Roja or Duck Bill were astronomically low, hence the numbers. But now Duck Bill was flat on his back and Black Cloud was through to the quarter finals and his next opponent might well be Mancha.

The lower levels were in a state of upheaval, both with the various crews getting their wrestler greased and limbered for his next match and the gossiping outrage of Black Cloud having steamrollered the veteran Duck Bill with so little apparent effort, so Wong and his acolytes were able to slip past Pantheon security and in among the fighter stables unnoticed.

"Alright, boys," Wong said as he pulled them in for a huddle. "We got to keep them Ten Thunders goons away from Mancha Roja's stable. They git in there, they'll drug him or worse and I aim to see that trophy in his hands at the end of the night. Understand?"

"Yes, boss," nodded Sparks.

"I'm with yer, boss," chipped in Soot.

"G'rrup walluh," said Spurious.

Wong rolled his eyes.

"But y'gotta keep it low profile, understand?" he pressed on. "No blastin' everythin" to bits. You start that down here an' they'll prolly cancel the whole tournament. And

that'd be bad." He showed his small sharp teeth so the Lighting Bugs understood just how bad it'd be.

"Gotcha, boss," said Sparks.

"Understood," agreed Soot.

"Muh fulluh puruwalluh," said Spurious.

"Alright. Sparks and Soot, you cover the door into Mancha's stable – anybody heading that way that looks suspicious, you head 'em off. Spurious, you come with me."

He scurried off into the busy throng with his fellow in tow.

Sparks and Soot linked arms and glowered purposefully down the corridor, ready for all comers.



Mancha sat on the bench, squeezing his huge hands into fists while Guillermo massaged oil into the back of his neck.

"Won't be long now, Mancha," his manager was saying. "We got it made, baby. No matter which one of those burros they put you up against, you gonna walk it."

"Whatever you say, Mr. Suez."

"That's right, baby," Mr. Suez continued, switching a cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other. "You got la estilo. You got el musculo. You got la esencia to be the champion, baby."

"I saw you out there tonight, Mancha," agreed Guillermo. "You broke that Johnny Two Trunks like a twig, man. You *peligrosa*, mi hermano."

Mancha nodded. He had been surprised at how easily Johnny Two Trees had caved in – he'd been expecting a much harder first fight in such a prestigious location. There were other formidable wrestlers in the contest, like Mountain Man and the bizarre Swoop Digby, but he'd heard that the bookie's favorite Duck Bill was out of the competition already, taken down by an unknown called Black Cloud.

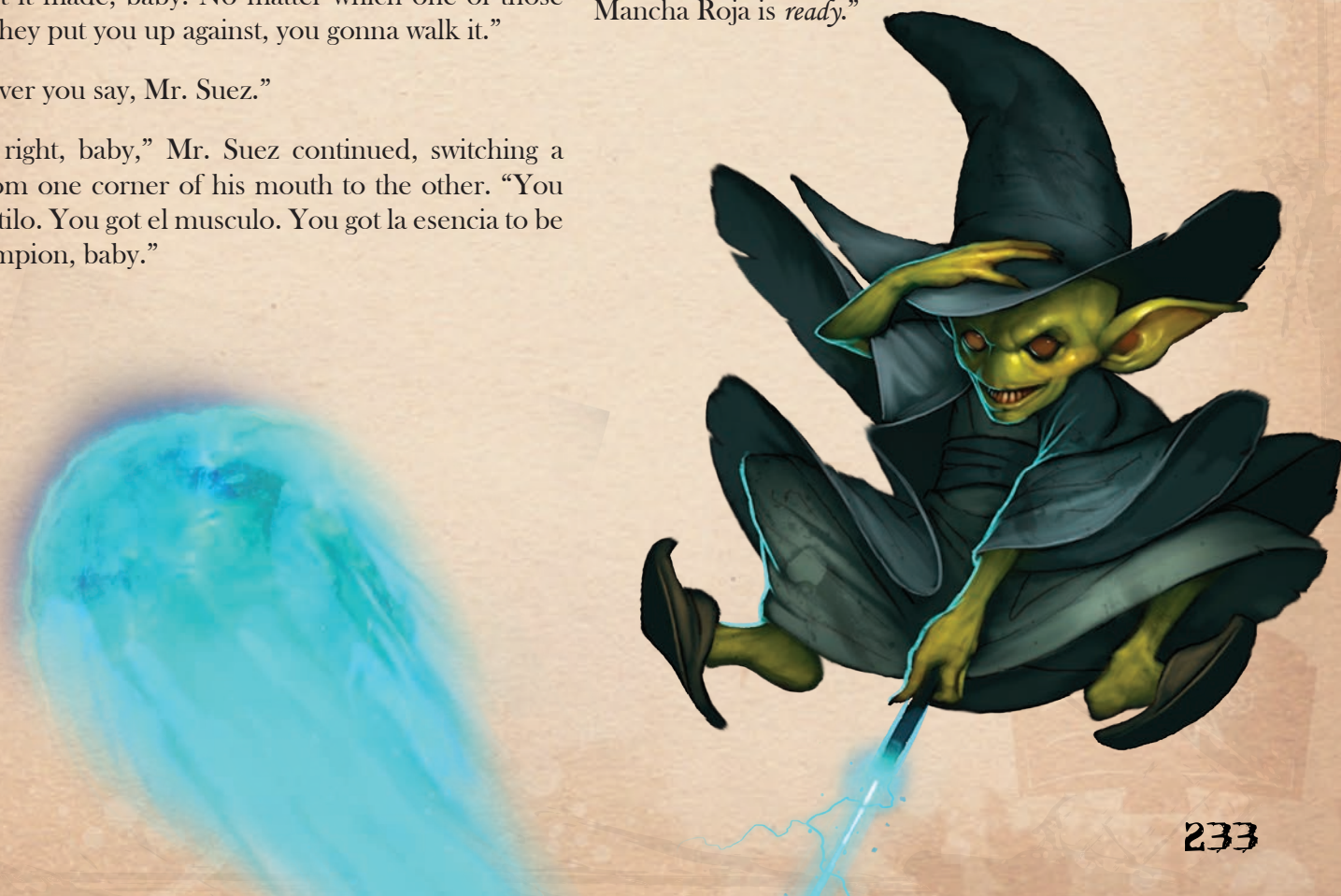
It was looking as though sensible predictions were out the window. All he could do now was wait to be told when he was back in the ring for the quarter final. And wait he did.

After a while, Mr. Suez glanced at the door impatiently.

"Who's running this show?" he complained. "They said five minutes ten minutes ago. We're professionals. I got a finely tuned wrestling machine here – they expect us to wait forever?"

"You want me to go find out what's happening, Mr. Suez?" volunteered Guillermo.

"You're a good boy," the manager said, clapping the side of the short Gremlin's face. "You go tell them that Mancha Roja is *ready*."



Guillermo ducked out into the corridor and was surprised to find two Gremlins dressed in shabby robes alternately stuffing a competition official into a water trough and beating him with a broom handle.

The stuffer suddenly noticed Guillermo.

"Oh, hey!" he said, jerking away from the trough and trying to nonchalantly lean against the wall, his robes soaking.

The other Gremlin continued to whack the squirming official with the broom until his buddy nudged him hard. He turned around, arms over his head to deliver another blow and froze.

"Uh...howdy," he said.

"Ola," Guillermo nodded cautiously. "How...how you guys doing?"

"Good, I'm good," said the Gremlin leaning on the broom, a touch out of breath. "You?"

The competition official struggled out of the water trough, coughing and retching, his head and shoulders a patchwork of red broom welts.

"You're crazy!" he gasped, staggering to the far side of the corridor, his arms raised defensively. "What's the matter with you people?"

"Uh, excuse me senor," Guillermo said to the quivering official. "Do you know when Mancha Roja is due onstage?"

"Now! He's meant to be on now!" the man cried, holding his aching head. "I was on my way to tell you that when these two maniacs set about me!"

The two Gremlins suddenly looked stricken.

Guillermo nodded. "That's great. I'll go tell him." He slipped back into the dressing room before anything else strange happened.

"Hey!" he said as Mancha and Mr. Suez looked up. "There's two Gremlins out there knocking the tar out of some guy."

Mr. Suez clapped his hands in glee. "You see, Mancha? You're such an inspiration those Gremlins want to *be* you, baby!"



Wong had skulked all the way to Black Cloud's dressing room with Spurious in tow. It turned out that the room was adjacent to the steam room and, with a lot of grunting and a helpful shove from his companions, he was able to wedge himself between some copper piping and get one ear and one eye pressed up against a grating that fed through to the other room.

In there, he could see the corner men milling around with their robes opened; each man was covered in ceremonial Ten Thunders tattoos. Black Cloud himself sat cross-legged on his bench, eyes closed, strapped fists raised. A bent old shaman stood before him, chanting and ringing a symbol in meditative rhythm. As Wong watched, faint serpentine threads of green smoke drifted through the air and curled around the wrists, knuckles and fingers of the slim wrestler.

Wong was grinning to himself – he was no stranger to Kingdom magic and recognized Jade Viper Cloud enchantments when he saw them. Any bare skin struck by Black Cloud's fists over the next few minutes would be struck by a powerful toxin; one that would leave no trace, of course.

Well, two could play that game, he thought.

Squirming and squeezing his way back out of the pipe cluster, he grabbed Spurious and hauled him close.

"That Ten Thunders shaman in there is usin' magic to give Black Cloud an edge," he explained. "I'm goin' to arm our boy Mancha with all the counter-curses he needs to make sure that edge don't work. Understand?"

"Book huwey," Spurious nodded.

"There ain't no way to know the fight line-up before they get called out, so I need you to stay here and watch what enchantments he uses before each fight, then come tell me at Mancha's dressing room. That way I c'n put the counter-spells on just in case. Got it?"

"Gunna furley poolie ho boo, wocha cummancho," said Spurious.

Wong paused. “Right,” he said uncertainly.

Spurious gave a double thumbs-up and grinned, showing his yellow teeth.



“You’re *who*, again?” Mr. Suez asked at the door. “We’re due ring-side *right now*.”

“Competition doctor,” Wong lied, holding his Three Demon Bag in front of him like a doctor’s valise. “I need to examine each contestant before the fight.”

“Mancha don’t need no doctor,” Mr. Suez said. “Mancha’s like the machine. He don’t get sick.”

“Competition rules,” Wong said apologetically. “He cain’t fight till I says he’s fit for it.”

“He didn’t get checked by no doctor before his first fight,” Mr. Suez said, brow furrowing.

“That’s becuz...” Wong tried to think fast. “...becuz I’m checking there’s no injuries stoppin’ him from his *next* fight. He wouldn’t have no injuries before his first fight cuz he haidn’t been in no fight, y’see?”

The manager didn’t look convinced, but he stepped back, swinging the door wider to admit the “doctor”. Wong bowed briefly and stepped inside...and almost swallowed his tongue with excitement.

There he was – Mancha Roja in all his glory, bouncing on the balls of his feet, ready for the ring. His huge physique and spangly mask were even more impressive in real life than in the selection of Wrestlers of Malifaux cards he had back in his shack. Even his *cape* was impressive.

“Good evenin”, Mr. Roja,’ he croaked, trying to look vaguely professional when he felt the manager’s suspicious eyes on his back. “And how is we feelin’ tonight?”

“Strong,” Mancha said, which drew a murmur of agreement from his corner crew.

“Oh good, very good,” he said, rummaging through his bag, visions of riches dancing before his eyes. A few taps of Monkey Finger and a smear of Hazelnut-and-Ocelot-Liver Ointment on the fists should be enough to counteract the Jade Viper Cloud, he determined.

Mr. Suez stood over his shoulder, frowning intently while Wong tapped Mancha’s huge fists with the petrified digit and started smearing an evil-smelling paste around his wrists.

“What kind of doctor are you?” he asked.

“Spirit doctor,” Wong said absently, putting the finishing touches on the Ocelot paste protection.

“A *what*?”

“Competition rules, I’m afraid,” Wong apologized, closing his bag with a snap. “There! Y’all done to a turn, Mr. Roja.”

The manager hustled Mancha away with no more than a backwards glance of irritation, past the two grinning Gremlins at the water trough.

“Right, you two,” Wong snapped, hurrying over. ‘No one gits into this dressing room while they’re away.”

“Where are you going?” Sparks asked.

Wong stared after the receding bulk of Mancha. “I’m goin’ to watch a fight.”



Wong had barely managed to scramble back to his seat when Mancha entered the ring for the second time. One glance at the wall board told him Papa Loco had been derailed by Mountain Man and The Crusher had been dispatched by Swoop Digby already.

Mancha was in the ring with Pudding Jim and Wong could relax for a few minutes, secure in the knowledge that Mancha could flatten his opponent blindfolded with both arms tied behind his back, and there was no danger of his hero falling foul of Black Cloud’s toxic fists, even with the precautions Wong had already taken. Magic was a fickle thing, after all.

It was over in less than a minute, with Pudding Jim being pummeled into the canvas and carried out by his corner crew while Mancha Roja saluted the crowd.

No sooner had the ring been cleared than the enormous Bright Ton was assisted over the ropes by his twelve-strong corner crew. Wong suspected someone that vast took a lot of oiling up before a fight. Black Cloud

appeared at the other side of the ring, his venomous hands darting as he limbered up.

As soon as the bell rang, Black Cloud shot forward and landed several lightning strikes against Bright Ton's face and chest. Wong thought he could detect the faint greenish puffs as the blows landed. Bright Ton took a single step backwards, looking stunned. The audience sensed something had happened and the volume in the hall raised several notches.

Black Cloud dropped low and tried to leg-sweep his opponent, but Bright Ton was so stupendously heavy that Cloud's leg simply bounced off, three times. Finally, Black Cloud took a run from the far end of the ring and shoulder-charged his now clearly paralyzed opponent. Even with the additional momentum it barely proved enough to shift Bright Ton's center of gravity – slowly, so slowly, the immobile giant keeled over backwards and fell into the ropes, which stretched like elastic under his weight. He toppled right out of the ring and onto the ground while the crowd roared, although it was uncertain whether this was through elation or anger.

Black Cloud waited for the count-out, which seemed a formality as Bright Ton hadn't so much as blinked an eye since he'd been hit, accepted the referee's win declaration and swaggered out of the ring against a growing tide of hissing and booing. It was becoming clear to them there was something very fishy about this unknown from the Three Kingdoms and the crowd didn't like it.



Back in the tunnels outside the dressing rooms, Wong found Sparks and Soot pounding a semi-conscious old woman with broom handles.

"Where'd y'all get that second broom from?" he asked. "You only had one a minute ago."

"It's hers, boss," panted Soot, nodding at the woman.



Wong looked at the dazed old soul in her rough dress and apron, a selection of cloths and soap blocks tied around her middle with string.

"She's a cleaner, y'idiots," he said. "Let 'er go."

Just then, Spurious trotted into view.

"Here he is," Wong grinned, pleased that the plan was coming together. "What'd y'all see?"

"Bosho cookoo keekoo, wurn," Spurious said. "Hum'n durn a hoo hullah, burf murf'n booya hoodoo."

Wong just looked at him.

"Mahoowie," Spurious elaborated. "Cho kupowie burf borf."

There was an awkward silence.

"This 'int gonna work," Wong said.

Spurious began making frantic motions, jiggling and spinning around the place while the others watched.

"Oh wait, that...that looks like...a Monkey Dance charm? He did a Monkey Dance charm?" Spurious nodded vigorously and continued capering. "An'...lemme see now...is that...oh I see – a Fifty-Punch Hurricane...okay... anythin' else? Right...that's maybe a...a Locust Leg Kick. Okay. I got it."

Spurious sat down, breathing hard.

Snatching up his bag, Wong stormed into Mancha's dressing room again, conscious that there wasn't much time to lay on enough counter-spells before his idol would be called up to fight again.

"What the...you again?" Mr. Suez complained. "Hey, baby – that nasty stuff you smeared on his wrists has stained his costume. Who pays to have that cleaned?"

"Excuse me!" Wong bustled past the grumbling manager and dropped his Three Demon Bag beside Mancha, already fishing for the first of many ingredients.

"What now?" Mr. Suez exclaimed, watching the "doctor" hauling out an assortment of odd-looking implements. "We don't have time for this, baby. Mancha has to be *ready. Centrado*, you know?"

"Oh, he'll be ready," Wong said over his shoulder. "Lemme see now...Leaping Mountain Fish..." He shook the pungent trout at the wrestler, leaving droplets of fishy oil on his chest and ample gut.

"You're breaking his concentration, baby. We got two more matches to win."

"Oh, he's gonna, believe me," Wong reassured the manager absently, rattling two handfuls of sticks at Mancha. "Spirit Ash Warrior Bunches..." he muttered, mentally ticking off the counter-spells.

"There's something wrong with you, baby. You're no doctor."

There was a commotion building outside.

"Hey, let go of m...oof! Ouch! Stop that!" cried a voice from the corridor. "Ow! Mr. Roja – oww! Mr. Roja, you're up next! Would you please...hey! Would you make your way to...aaagh! Stop hitting me with that broom!"

"Let's go, baby," Mr. Suez snapped, trying to shove Wong to one side. "Enough with the mumbo-jumbo!"

"Fried Leaping Lizard Tail!" Wong shrieked, slapping the confused wrestler across the shoulder with the crispy appendage before he was pushed out of range by Mr. Suez and Guillermo.

"You loco, baby!" Mr. Suez said as they left.

Packing his bag hastily, Wong raced back out into the corridor to find another competition official trying to fend off broom attacks from his guard Gremlins.

"Git off him, y'pair o' dummies," he snapped. "Ain't you got no sense at all? *Suspicious* types, I says."

The two brothers looked dubiously at one another.

"I ain't got time for this," Wong moaned, hurrying back upstairs to the hall and wondering how his day could possibly have gone so wrong so quickly.



Frustratingly, Mancha was matched against Mountain Man – Wong was still keen to see how his favorite wrestler would handle a competent opponent, of course, but it meant all that protection had been for nothing.

It was the first real match of the evening and the crowd

loved it, roaring their support for the two brawny athletes as they tussled and struggled. Mountain Man proved a match for Mancha in strength, but the latter had the upper edge in technique and finally, in the third round, Mancha got his opponent into a brutal leg-lock pin that Mountain Man couldn't have escaped from with a crow-bar.

The crowd was ecstatic and chants of *Mancha Roja* filled the hall.

No sooner was the ring cleared than a few pre-emptive boos were heard. Sure enough, Black Cloud took the stage with his smug-looking corner crew against Swoop Digby in his outlandish bird outfit.

Wong would have loved to see the eccentric wrestler triumph but a supernatural flurry of punches and kicks delivered in the first thirty seconds left him unconscious on the canvas while Black Cloud sauntered back to his corner through a swirl of feathers.

Again, the crowd vocalized their disapproval of the outcome but the judgment had been made. Black Cloud was through to the final.

And then something Wong hadn't expected happened. An announcer took to the ring, quieted the crowd and announced that due to claims of foul play during the competition, the final match of the evening would be held immediately, without further preparation or dressing room time. Black Cloud's corner crew went into an urgent huddle and Wong could see the little shaman fumbling in his cloak for some off-the-cuff enchantments.

"I gotta get down there," he told himself.

By the time he had bitten and elbowed his way ringside, the fight was on. Mancha already had his hands on the smaller Black Cloud and was throwing him into the ropes and corner posts, but Wong saw the little shaman throw a handful of red powder onto his boy as he bounced past.

"Red Dragon Powder, huh?" Wong hissed, thrusting his hand into his Three Demon Bag as the Ten Thunders wrestler began to shimmer with heat. "We'll just see about that. How'd ya like some Winter Blizzard Petals?"

Black Cloud's heat distortion vanished. Mancha, who had been backing away in surprise at the sudden wall of heat, launched forward and took his opponent around the middle, driving them both into the center canvas.

The shaman was waving something at the struggling pair.

"Four-Headed Fighting Snake, huh?" Wong scoffed as Black Cloud's limbs suddenly coiled around the surprised Mancha Roja like tentacles. "Gotta try harder than that. Eat some Brittle Monkey Tail!"

The Three Kingdoms fighter suddenly cried out in pain, his limbs twisting into jagged, arthritic shapes. Mancha began pounding on him with his huge fists.

The turmoil went on back and forth.

"Oh, Wise Owl Wing, huh? Have some Squealing Pig Trotter!"

"Sleeping Mantis!" "Flaming Tarantula Cake!" "Divine Egg Punch!" "Smoking Tiger Shoe!"

Back and forth the two wrestlers surged, with the crowd on its feet – oblivious to the frantic battle outside the ring as well as in.

Sweat flew from the end of Wong's nose as he threw potion after enchantment into the ring, his Three Demon Bag almost empty, his moustache having slid down closer to his chin than his upper lip due the perspiration, but still he fought on. There was no way that two-bit shaman was going to get the better of him.

The battle might have continued indefinitely had Spurious not strode past him and around to the other side of the ring, tapped the little shaman on the shoulder and, when he turned around, decked him with a huge haymaker punch.

An instant later, Mancha followed suit with a Roaring Panda Belly-fueled punch that lifted Black Cloud clear out of the ring and deposited him in the fourth row.

The crowd didn't even wait for the bell – they stormed the ring and hoisted the triumphant wrestler onto their shoulders, screaming his name. Wong was knocked out of the way and ended up in a heap against the judges table, robes askew, hat over one eye.

When he finally collected himself and straightened his hat, he found Spurious standing over him. The Gremlins grinned and shrugged.

"Putna booya," he said philosophically.

FIGHT NIGHT



DESCRIPTION

In this corner we have the Terror of the Three Kingdons, he puts the Thunder in Ten Thunders, welcome Black Cloud! And in this corner we have the Green Grappler, the Bane in the Bayou, everyone's favorite masked Gremlin, Manchaaaaaa Rojaaaaa!

SET UP

After hiring Crews but before revealing them to the opposing player, each player secretly selects one of their non-Leader models to be their Wrestler. Randomly determine a player to place her Wrestler in the center of the table, then the other player places her Wrestler in base contact with it. After both Wrestlers have been placed, each player secretly writes down a number between 0 and 4 (this is their Bet).

DEPLOYMENT

Randomly determine deployment.

SPECIAL

The two Wrestler models may not take Attack Actions against any other model except the opposing Wrestler. No other model may target an enemy Wrestler with an Attack Action. Each Leader may target a friendly Wrestler within 6" with a (1) Interact Action to flip a card which may not be cheated and apply one of the following Conditions to the Wrestler depending on the card for the remainder of the Turn:

Black Joker: No effect

Viper Cloud: Any model damaged by this model's **MI** Attacks gains the **Slow** Condition.

Panda Belly: This model's **MI** Attack Actions which deal damage, deal +1 damage.

Divine Egg Punch: Once per Turn, after dealing damage with an **MI** Attack, this model may discard a card to immediately make a (1) **MI** Attack.

Sleeping Mantis: This model gains +1 **Df**.

Red Joker: **Reactivate**.

VICTORY

When one of the Wrestler models is killed or sacrificed, each player reveals their Bets. The player who's Wrestler is still in play scores a number of **VP** equal to the number they noted down for their Bet.

At the end of every Turn, any Crew which killed or sacrificed two or more non-Peon enemy models scores 1 **VP**. A Crew may not score more **VP** in this way than 4 minus the amount they placed for their Bet (For Example, if a player wrote down 4 for her bet, she would not be able to score any **VP** in this manner, if she wrote down 3 for her Bet, she would only be able to score 1 **VP** in this manner, etc).

The Spoon Is Mightier

By: Graeme Stevenson

Peregrine Renfield was not impressed.

He had anticipated a challenge when he'd heard how much the Governor-General was willing to pay him for his time, but it turned out to be a simple milk run. Any bourbon-soaked cow-hand with a gun could babysit a wagon and he had told the Governor as much.

This one was loaded down with gold ore and Soulstones from the new Bright Hill mine, the Governor had confided. Renfield shrugged – he'd seen gold ore before and he had no use for Soulstones (trade in that currency was forbidden back home in London).

The guard reports were always the same, the Governor had continued. They were waylaid and outfoxed by a gang of raiders – small, masked and as slippery as greased weasels, and they were coming from the depths of the Bayou. Renfield had yawned and examined his perfect nails.

In the end, the Governor had told him to name his price – and he had. A five percent share of all profits of the Bright Hill mine to be deposited in a Malifaux bank account in Renfield's name, of which Renfield was the sole operator.

In return, the Governor-General wanted the band of raiders tracked, eliminated and as much of the stolen wealth recovered as possible. This seemed doable and they had finally shaken hands, an accord reached. The Governor had poured out an excellent sherry and apologized that they could not have retired to more civilized surroundings but it seemed that the premier gentleman's club, The Gray Lord, had very recently undergone some unexpected renovations and his people were still scouting for an alternate venue.

Renfield had finished his sherry, bid the Governor a good evening and taken the first stagecoach south out of the city. He had reached the Bright Hill mining community early the following morning. The mining town had been every bit as squalid as he had expected, filled to the brim with rough-handed oafs who spent their days sweating in a hole and their nights drinking rot-gut whiskey and losing at cards. Renfield was chiefly to blame for the last one; his endemic memory allowed him to monitor the cards closely and he could guess with great accuracy the probability of his opponents being able to field a better hand than he.

He had been nine days in that miserable rocky pimple, waiting on the next gold wagon to leave for the city. The wagons took twelve hours to get back to the city and Renfield suspected that the raiders were operating from a base very close to the edge of the Bayou. They had to be nearby because all the guard reports described them as being on foot.

And now he was sitting on the forward bench of an iron wagon threading its way through thin wiry scrub and soft marshy ground, skirting the edge of the heavier swampland and making as close to a bee-line towards Malifaux as possible.

Nine days of debauchery and boredom, he mused. Of course, while it had been a trial for him, Mr. O'Doughan had loved it.

He regarded his sleeping companion at the far end of the bench. Dougie O'Doughan. A stage name if ever he'd heard one.

When they had first met, O'Doughan had been an unsuccessful prize fighter. To put things in context, he was only unsuccessful in the respect of making money, which was because he never lost a fight. He was a terrifying individual and displayed genuine relish while in the act of beating his fellow man. His reputation was such that many promoters avoided him entirely for fear of their own fighters being hospitalized or worse. When O'Doughan could get a fight, he often had to accept a smaller purse than the man he would inevitably beat just to get things off the ground. He had begun fighting two men at once, then three, then five, just to keep things interesting.

Renfield suspected that O'Doughan would have fought the men for free if he'd been asked to. Certainly the retainer that he paid the man was pitiful for the services

he provided, but O'Doughan had never once grumbled about his salary. He seemed to regard his talent for causing injury as a labor of love.

Not that Renfield used him like a common thug; that would have been beneath him. Instead, he used O'Doughan primarily as insurance. One look at that battered and grinning visage, hammered by a hundred thousand fists to little effect, was usually enough to slide most disgruntled gamblers back onto their bar stools. It wasn't that he was especially large (although his wiry body was all tendons, muscle and knuckles), but there was a light in his eyes that was reserved for only the most savage of beasts.

Another of O'Doughan's unnerving parlor tricks was the "five-for-one". He would offer this trade to any opponent that was brave or drunk enough to stay standing when the others had slunk back to their chairs. The theme was simple – O'Doughan would stand his ground, hands at his sides, and allow his opponent to land five blows delivered in any way they desired, after which he would in return throw one retaliatory punch.

Renfield had once seen an enterprising saloon brawler break five chairs in succession over O'Doughan's head while he stood there, as patient as Job. After the fifth chair, O'Doughan picked a splinter out of his thinning hair and then floored the other man with a short spring-loaded uppercut that would have killed a horse.

He was snoring now, hanging over the side of the wagon as it lurched this way and that. He had tied his belt around his middle and lashed himself to the back of the seat to prevent falling off.

Renfield remembered approaching the bare knuckle boxer on the day he'd first hired him. It had been in Dublin, where O'Doughan had been born, and he had just knocked out five other men for less money than Renfield had spent on his breakfast coffee. When O'Doughan asked why he should work for Renfield when he had a paying career already, Renfield had answered that he'd never have to ask for a fight again, and that had been that.

That had always been Renfield's skill – to see right to the heart of a man and understand what motivated him. He'd seen O'Doughan just wanted to fight, like he'd seen the Governor's anxiety at his inability to stop the raiders. The percentage of that mine he had negotiated would produce a colossal amount of money, but the Governor had agreed to it in order to stop the hemorrhaging of its produce. All in all, not a bad profit for a day's work.

Once he'd dealt with the raiders, of course.



Mah Tucket watched the distant wagon through her Big-Eye. She knew fine well it was called a telescope, but she liked to pander to local customs of shirking any label that had a "science" whiff about it. Besides, it worked just as well no matter what it was called.

"There they is," she commented to the small gathering of green females around her. "Coupla new fellers on the wagon, too."

This instigated some interest among the Bushwhackers and they began giggling and jostling.

"Settle down, thar," Mah Tucket warned, keeping her eye on the wagon as it wound along the edge of their territory. "We got work t'do. Leave the moonin' an' simperin' to Trixiebelle."

The Bushwhackers settled some, but they were still grinning and nudging one another behind Mah's back.

One of the figures on the wagon's bench seat was flopping back and forward as limp as a clubbed 'gator. She focused the Big-Eye in tighter and saw heavy knuckled hands and an almost completely flat nose. He looked like a tough cookie.

She moved on to the other new arrival. Pompous looking feller, slick hair neatly parted, spotless collar, clean hands. Looked like a city gent – she'd seen his type before. Money and breeding made them arrogant. Well, Mah had a cure for that.

"Three of 'em, looks like," she said. "I recognize the driver, but th'other two I ain't seen before."

"What's the word, Mah?" one of the Bushwhackers asked.

Mah Tucket sat back on her haunches, closed the Big-Eye, tipped back her enormous hat and spat contemplatively into the swamp.

"We play this one nice and cool," she said. "First, I want

'em separated. Send a signal out to Trixiebelle – she ought to be pretty much in the middle o' their route."

The Bushwhacker went to a small fire near the back of their camp site and threw a handful of damp moss onto the flames. Immediately, a dense gray smoke swirled into the air, which the Bushwhacker sliced into sections with a blanket.

"An' go wake up the Little Lass," added Mah. "I got a job for her."



Renfield checked his time-piece: they were on schedule and so far not the slightest hint of trouble. He'd been checking periodically for pursuers (even though there were no reports of the bandits being mounted or using wagons) and had instructed the driver to keep out of the denser areas around the edge of the Bayou. If there were any ambushes up ahead they'd see them long before they could be sprung, and there was no road out here to be blocked.

He checked his pistol, too. Renfield had paid for the weapon to be built from scratch at considerable expense to allow the weapon to utilize .45-70 Government rifle cartridges. The kick was substantial but he found the penetration of the heavier rifle cartridge to be far superior to a conventional .45 revolver. He'd used it a dozen times since he'd had it made in Wyoming and every one of the men he'd shot went down and stayed down. Renfield didn't like loose ends.

He settled the revolver back into his holster and reached over to wake O'Doughan up – he'd slept long enough and they were coming into the area where the bandits were most active, if the nervous waxy sheen of the driver was anything to go by.

However, O'Doughan had disappeared. In his place was a small, green, and exceptionally buxom woman, clinging to the side of the wagon. She was wearing tight denim shorts and a halter top, and a large Stetson hat. In her hand was a sharp knife.

"Howdy, handsome," she giggled and vanished over the side of the wagon.

Renfield took a moment to compute this. He was quite sure he had definitely seen that – the after-image of the green woman's bouncing bosom stayed with him for some time. It was only as he recalled the bizarre sight that it began to take shape.

The little woman had been bright green and sharp featured, with long blade-like ears. A Bayou Gremlin. She had been holding a knife. O'Doughan had been secured to the wagon seat by his belt. O'Doughan and his belt were both now missing.

He twisted around in his seat and saw O'Doughan lying spread-eagle on the ground, fifty yards back and receding further with every second.

"Stop the wagon!" Renfield called.

"Hell with that, mister," said the driver, hunching forward and cracking the reins. "You c'n go back'n git 'im if you like but we're right in the middle o' bandit country here an' I ain't stopping 'till Malifaux."

"What? Don't be absurd," said Renfield. "Stop the wagon this instant!"

"You want off, there's the ground right there," the driver retorted, nodding over the side of the wagon and lashing the horses faster still.

Renfield grabbed the man's wrists, trying to rein them in. The driver fought back. They struggled, both men grunting with the effort of overpowering the other. Renfield got one foot up on the kickboard and hauled back with all his strength. Incredibly, the horse reins whipped back in his face – he'd completely ripped them off the bridles.

Only, he hadn't. Two more Gremlins had appeared on the backs of the racing horses, peering back over their shoulders and grinning at him. They too had sharp little knives. They'd come out of nowhere, climbed onto the horses and cut through their reins.

They gripped the horse bridles and twisted the animals' heads to the side, causing them to swerve off course and head straight into the Bayou.

Renfield went for his revolver, but the horses had already reached the thick brush. Branches swatted him from both sides as the wagon cannoned into the tangled wiry vegetation – only the whooping Gremlins were immune, hunched down against the horses' necks. They still held

the bridles tight in their little fists, holding the runaway wagon's course.

Branches smacked Renfield's face, his shoulders, his stomach, his knees, his shins. He folded one arm over his face, swearing loudly over the cacophony of cracks and crunches the wagon made as it bulldozed through the brush, trying to aim his pistol at the stowaways.

The driver was suddenly struck in the middle by a particularly thick and stubborn branch. He was yanked backwards over the roof and left behind, hanging from the tree, face purple, mouth puckered in evident pain.

"Damn you, you blasted little – aaah!" Renfield's exclamation was cut off when a hard knot cracked him across the knuckles. His pistol bounced once on the wagon roof and was gone. He barely had time to register this before a branch as thick as his wrist caught him on the temple with a resounding *crack*.

Everything went black.



O'Doughan awoke slowly, with an uncommonly sore head. That normally signified he'd been drinking the night before, or fighting, or both. One eye finally responded to his brain's urging to open, and a greenish brown blur came into view. This didn't help his situation much, so he persuaded the other eye to open.

He was laying in thick grass, surrounded by low, gnarly bushes. Off to one side was the overgrown mossy tangle of the Bayou, to the other the grass petered out to distant brown rock.

He spat out an insect and slowly sat upright, feeling like he'd been in one heck of a fight. It took a few seconds for his memory to start ticking over. They'd been in Bright Hill. Then they'd got on the wagon. He'd started nodding off. He'd had the idea of tying himself to the bench seat. Then...well, that was it. That was the last thing he could remember, other than a murky dream about being on a train up in the hills and coming around a bend to find the tracks stopped dead in the sheer face of the mountain.

And now he was here, sitting in the grass in the middle of nowhere.

"Howdy, mister," said a high piping voice.

He craned around. He was being watched by a small child. A small *green* child.

"Mornin' to ye," he replied automatically.

He was still too concussed to react, but he supposed this was one of the Bayou Gremlins they'd been warned about. She was an awful lot smaller than he'd expected, probably no higher than his hip, and she was wearing a filthy old sack cloth dress and a straw hat that looked like it had been partially eaten.

She was also holding a battered old teddy bear and an enormous wooden spoon, which was taller than she was by a considerable margin. O'Doughan began to question whether she was really there at all, or if his head had taken a harder knock than he thought.



"Nu-uh," the little Gremlin said, shaking her head. Gold pigtails slapped back and forth. "It ain't mornin'."

"No? What time is it, then?" he asked, gently touching his head and finding an egg-sized lump in his hair.

"It's dolly-makin' time," the child said, see-sawing back and forth on her little bare feet.

O'Doughan managed to grin at this. "Sweetheart, ye've picked a bad time to –"

WHONK!

O'Doughan blinked. Something had just happened to cause white pain to explode through his skull, but he wasn't entirely sure what. "Uh..." he said.

"It's dolly-makin' time," the child said again, firmly.

"Listen, darlin', I don't –"

WHAP!

O'Doughan's vision swam. Had...had she just cracked him over the head with that huge spoon? Twice?

"Did you -?"

WHAPP!

"Dolly-makin' time," the Gremlin child said again, forcefully.

"Are you insane?!" O'Doughan protested, gripping his head with both hands. "Will ye stop with the -?"

WHONK!

"Dolly-makin' time! Dolly-makin' time!" the green demon-child was chanting.

O'Doughan had never raised a hand against a child in his life and he wasn't about to start now, but he reeled to his feet, one hand still protectively wrapped around his throbbing head, the other grasping for the huge spoon.

"Quit it!" he was shouting. "Quit it, ye little devil! Give me that –oww!"

WHOPP! WHAPP! WHUNK!

No matter how many times he lunged for it, the child was quicker. The brown spoon struck like a snake, always snapping back out of reach to evade his grasping fingers. Every strike against his skull travelled down to his feet, then back up his spine again to give his already-tender brain a kick in the pants.

WHAPP! WHOCK!

"Dolly-makin' time! Dolly-makin' time!" The Gremlin infant was as stubborn as only a child could be, punctuating every insistence with another astonishingly hard crack on the head.

WHACK! WHOCK! WHACK!

O'Doughan had been fighting since he was born, and he'd fought a lot of very tough men and taken some horrendous beatings in his time, but none of them compared to the blazing agony in his head being caused by this demented spoon-wielding Gremlin child from Hell.

"Ye little monster!" he hollered, staggering. "I'll snap ye in two! I'll -aaggh!"

WHOPP! WHACK! WHAM! WHACK! WHACK!

The Bayou rang with sharp reports and a shrill child's voice, echoing almost all the way back to Bright Hill.

"Dolly-makin' time!"



Renfield was awake, slouched motionless and feigning unconsciousness but listening intently to the sounds around him. He could hear hushed female voices a way off to his right, could smell the smoke of a fire somewhere nearby. Now and again there was a tinkle of tin or the scrape of a spoon. It sounded like he'd been brought into the bandit camp.

He tensed himself for flight, took a secret breath, and leapt to his feet.

Except he didn't. The chains and manacles around his wrists, ankles and neck brought him up short with a loud jangle and he fell over onto his back like some kind of turtle, unable to stand more than half-way upright.

He hadn't realized he was manacled, and rolled around in an undignified manner while the Gremlins crowded around the campfire laughed. It was almost night – how long had he been out?

"He's up," one of them said.

"Bout time, too, lazy lump," said another.

Their voices were high and lilting even for beings of such diminished stature and Renfield realized belatedly that they were all female. It was easy to miss such a detail when they were all wearing filthy travel-stained clothing and were weighed down with a profusion of knives, bows, quivers, pistols and ammunition bandoliers.

One of the Gremlins detached herself from the campfire ring and wandered over. Renfield took note of her enormous hat, assuming it was some sort of badge of office. She looked older than the others and her fleshy, well-fed appearance suggested a certain privileged status.

"Evenin'," she said. "You back in the land o' the livin' at last? Thought you wuz dead for a while there."

Renfield said nothing, but could feel something sticky all down one side of his face, no doubt blood. His head ached abominably.

"I reckon the Governor must be getting' pretty desperate to pay a feller like you to watch a wagon," she said.

When he didn't respond, she grinned at him. "Cat got yer tongue?"

Renfield looked down at the manacles around his wrists. They were rusty, but the iron was very thick and after a few experimental twists, much too tight for him to squeeze his hands out of. They'd clearly been designed for someone much smaller.

"Sorry 'bout that," the Gremlin lady said. "We don't got but one size, an' I figured a resourceful feller like yourself would know how ta get out of ropes easy enough."

Renfield did indeed know how to handle ropes. He had been a fan of parlor tricks in his youth and, as well as card games, had studied the art of escapology avidly. He was able to dislocate fingers in both hands to squeeze them through narrow apertures (an ability that had saved his bacon more than once) but that wouldn't help him get out of these manacles. They were so tight around his wrists that there was no play in them at all.

The Gremlin lady hauled over a crude three-legged stool and sat down in front of him.

"Name's Mah Tucket," she said. "An' these here's the Bayou Bushwhackers."

The Bushwhackers giggled and waved.

A heart-shaped bottom in denim shorts suddenly hove into view. The huge-bosomed female Gremlin from the wagon undulated past, grinning at him.

"Howdy, sugar," she said. He noticed his pistol stuck into the waistband of her shorts. "I like yer gun."

"That's Trixiebelle," Mah Tucket said, "but don't let them bazooms fool ye. She'd skin yer alive and make a pot o' soup with the rest afore ye realized ye wuz starin'."

"What do you want?" Renfield finally croaked. His throat was very dry.

"Wuz gonna ask you the same thing, feller," said Mah. "What you doin' with our gold?"

"*Your* gold?" Renfield repeated. "Did you say *your* gold?"

"S'right," Mah nodded. "Our land. Our gold."

Suddenly, things clicked into place. "They built the mine on your territory," he said.

Mah shrugged. "Well, near enough as don't make no nevermind. Way we figure it is, th'Governor's claim stops at the city border."

"So you've just been taking back what's yours, is that right?" Renfield asked.

"Heck naw," Mah Tucket laughed. "We bin stealing it." The other Bayou Bushwhackers joined in the snickering.

"But why?"

"Cuz we's Gremlins," Mah Tucket said. "Cuz it bugs the heck outta the Governor. Cuz it's fun. Don't need no *why* when you live on the Bayou."

"How did you get on the wagon?" he asked suddenly, remembering how Trixiebelle had appeared out of nowhere, as had the two Bushwhackers that had cut the reins and commandeered the horses.

"That'd be tellin'," Mah said, winking slowly.

"Come to think of it, how did you know how to find us at all?" Renfield asked.

Mah Tucket just grinned at him.

Renfield thought hard. They'd been nine days in that

mine slum then left early on the tenth morning. They'd only been on the road for three or four hours before they were ambushed. It just wasn't physically possible for someone to overtake them on foot from the minehead and there were no telegraph wires up there.

"A signal," he said. "You had a scout watching the mine and they sent up some sort of signal to warn you when we were leaving."

Mah Tucket looked over her shoulder at the listening Bushwhackers. "Get this one," she said.

"But that doesn't explain how you could catch the wagon," Renfield was thinking aloud. "There was enough open ground that I'd have seen you coming..."

His eyes roved around the campsite and settled on heavy mats woven from dried grass and threaded twisted gorse bush that were scattered around behind the Bushwhackers.

"You hid," he said, realization dawning. "You spaced yourselves out in the grass where the wagon came through and you hid under those mats. When we were close enough for you to see our route, you sneaked into position and just let us go right by. As soon as we'd passed, you popped up and climbed the luggage net. *That's* how you've been catching all the wagons. Camouflage."

"He's a smart one, this feller," Mah Tucket said.

"I'm observant," Renfield said a touch pompously. "It's all a matter of reading your opponent."

"Readin' yer opponent, huh?" Mah said. "You c'n read me pretty good, too?"

Renfield allowed himself a smile. "Like a book, my dear."

Mah Tucket cackled and slapped her knee. "Reckon you could."

A thought seemed to occur to her and she shuffled closer on her stool. "I'll tell yer what, smart feller. How about we have a little competition, test them powers o' observation. You win, I give ye this." She held up a small iron key on a length of string.

Renfield was careful to keep his expression neutral. A match of wits against this bumpkin? Was she serious?

"Continue," he said.

Mah slapped her palms together in excitement and hurried away. She came back seconds later with two small wicker baskets, each about a foot tall with a wide mouth.



"Here's how we play," she said. "I put the key in one basket, an' in the other I put this." She held up a small emerald green snake.

"What is that?" Renfield asked nervously.

"Oh, nothin' but a itty bitty swamp viper," she said. "This'un just a baby, so it won't kill you none, but y'get bit an' y'll be sick as a dog for a couple days."

Renfield wasn't so sure about this, but it wasn't like he had a whole lot of alternatives.

"And what's the test?"

"I tell ye somethin' about me an' ye use yer powers o' observation to tell if I's lying or not."

Renfield looked at the grubby old Gremlin, her grinning face full of mischief. The way he figured it, he had at least a fifty-fifty chance, maybe better if she was obvious. "Agreed," he said.

Mah whooped with glee and slapped her knee again. She turned her back as she deposited the key and baby snake into their respective pots, then turned back around and placed them both on the ground in front of him, within easy reach.

As the Bushwhackers gathered around with interest to watch, Mah leaned forward and pointed to the basket on his left. 'Truth,' she said then pointed to the basket on the right. "Lie."

Renfield nodded. "Understood."

"Okay, smart feller," Mah Tucket said, composing her face. "Truth or lie? I once found a freshwater clam in the Bayou an' it had a pearl in it the size of a silver dollar."

Renfield watched her face closely, but her previously animated face had suddenly become completely blank. Even the Bushwhackers had gone quiet, although they still grinned. He looked down at the two baskets, then back at her face. No change. She was inscrutable.

Frowning, he looked at the baskets again. He supposed it was possible, but it seemed unlikely. He reached into the 'lie' basket and closed his fingers around the key. Except the key squirmed and bit him on the thumb.

"Ow!" he exclaimed, yanking his hand back.

"Uh oh," chucked Mah Tucket as the assembled Bushwhackers exploded with merriment. "Guess maybe I ain't so easy to read after all, huh?"

"Again," Renfield said, rubbing his thumb, which was already discolored and starting to swell.

Mah shrugged, turned her back with the two baskets, rummaged, and replaced them.

"Okay," she said and that same eerie blank expression dropped over her face like a curtain. "Truth or lie? I got me a Bayou 'Gator I done trained m'self that c'n deal cards."

Renfield pulled a face at the absurd falsehood and thrust his hand straight into the "lie" basket.

"Aaaaahhh!" he cried, yanking back his stung hand again. There were two neat little holes in the back of his palm.

"Guess you ain't so smart after all, mister," Mah said while the others laughed even more uproariously. "Ye whale on a 'gator long enough with a spoon, it'll do just about anythin'."

"Again," Renfield said hoarsely, although the throbbing in his hand had now reached his elbow and he was beginning to feel light-headed.

Mah took the baskets away again, rustled with them and put them back down in front of him. Renfield stared at them with distrust while an unpleasant nausea built in his stomach. He belched.

"Ye don't look so good, mister," Mah Tucket said. "Maybe ye outta quit while ye're ahead."

"Again," Renfield grunted, blinking to cure sudden double-vision.

"As ye like," she said and leaned closer. "Truth or lie? I got me an uncle in the Bayou who don't eat nothin' but hot peppers an' he c'n light his pipe with fire outta his butt."

Renfield paused, hoping that the old Gremlin would crack. Surely such a ridiculous claim couldn't be true...could it? He stared hopefully at the assembled Bushwhackers, but there was no indication which way he should go. It had to be a lie...but...

With a groan, he plunged his swollen hand into the "truth" basket.

"AAAAAAHH!" He jerked back clumsily, knocking over the basket. A small green shape slithered out and vanished in the long grass.

The Gremlin laughter washed over him and he realized that he keeling over to one side – his sense of balance was going. As he hit the ground, his stomach roiled dangerously, a shrill voice cut through the distortion.

"You sure called that feller's bluff, Mah!"

"Bluff nothin'!" snorted Mah Tucket. "I din't put no key in there. I put *two* snakes in. That boy dumb as a fence post!"

The laugher washed over him again.

The Governor-General was disturbed by a knock at his door.

"Come," he barked.

A Guild Captain put his head around the door. "I thought you'd want to know, sir. They're back."

"About time," the Governor grunted, getting to his feet. "The delivery is already a day overdue."

As soon as he got down to the courtyard, he knew something had gone terribly wrong.

Renfield and O'Doughan were standing in the middle of the yard, both of them incredibly filthy and barefoot.

Renfield had vomit all down the front of his tunic and looked as green as a parrot. He was muttering something with a frown of confusion on his face.

"...in *both* baskets...snakes...snakes in *both* baskets..." he was mumbling.

At his shoulder, O'Doughan was standing with a dreamy smile on his face. Most of his teeth were missing and his eyes seemed to be moving in different orbits. The front of his shirt was in tatters and as the Governor stared, he held up a string of little cloth figurines cut out of his shirt fabric.

"I made dollies," he said.





DOLLY MAKIN' TIME!

DESCRIPTION

Lootin' stage coaches is fun and all, but not as fun as conkin' the guards on the head and makin' em play dollies.

SET UP

This scenario uses the Bog and Carnivorous Plants special rules (M2E Core Rulebook pg. 79) and the Supply Wagon scenario rules (M2E Core Rulebook pg. 88).

DEPLOYMENT

This scenario uses Standard Deployment.

SPECIAL

Anytime a Defender kills an Attacking model with an Attack Action, the Defender may choose to instead **Paralyze** the killed model and reduce it to one wound. Any Defending model may make a (1) Interact Action with a **Paralyzed** Attacking model within 1" to place a 30mm Dolly Marker in base contact with it. If the Attacking Crew contains the Little Lass model, the Little Lass ignores **Insignificant** for the purposes of this scenario, and places two Dolly Markers in base contact when performing the Interact Action.

VICTORY

The Attacker scores **VP** as normal for the Supply Wagon scenario. Instead of flipping to determine a victory condition, the Defender earns 1 **VP** for every Dolly Marker in play at the end of the game, to a maximum of 4 **VP**.

Ulix

Generally regarded to be slipperier than a greased rattlesnake, Ulix is far from the common or garden Bayou Gremlin. He is master of hogs and all things hoggish, and spends much of his time tending his piggy charges deep within the swamp, quite content with his lot.

Ulix understands pigs better than any gremlin alive, and gremlins from across the Bayou seek out his help on any pig-related issues (of which Gremlins have plenty).

One could be forgiven for overlooking this rough-looking Bayou denizen with a game leg, laden down with bow, traps, hog-rope and an assortment of other tools of his trade, but where Ulix really excels is in his uncommon cunning. He possesses a mind sharper than Lady Justice's greatsword and just as quick, and regularly runs rings around unwelcome intruders and other unsavory individuals through deception, misdirection and plain old barefaced lies.

This skullduggery is further complimented by the conception that Gremlins are, by and large, fairly stupid creatures. Ulix would not seek to refute this claim nor has he been above exploiting it – his quick wit and savvy have served him extremely well in trading with surrounding villages, especially with Cluck Slump the poultry farmer whom Ulix has, on at least two occasions, sold him his own legs.

Ulix's constant companion is his faithful hog hound, Penelope. They make a formidable pair and are more than capable of holding their own against the worst Malifaux has to offer.



Ulix
Master, Living
Gremlin

Cache 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	10	4	—	2

Abilities

Hitch a Ride: This model may not declare more than two Walk Actions per Activation. When a friendly Pig within ❶2 declares a Walk Action, this model may push into base contact with the Pig after the Action is complete.

Pork Whisper'n: Friendly Pig models Activating within ❶8 may ignore the **Set'er Off** Ability for the duration of the Activation.

Df/Wp (X) **Wall of Pork**: Immediately increase this model's final duel total by 1 for each friendly Pig within 2" up to a maximum of +2.

Impossible to Wound: Damage flips against this model suffer ⌸. Damage flips against this model may not be cheated.

Ulix

Attack Actions

(1) Slop 'em Up (**Ca** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 4): Target suffers 1/2/4 damage and gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Tasty:** Pigs targeting this model with Attacks gain ↯ to the Attack flip."

Feeding Frenzy: After succeeding, all friendly Pigs within range and LoS of the target may make a (1) **MI** Attack targeting it.

Tactical Actions

(1) Prod: Target friendly Pig within 2" immediately makes a (1) **MI** Action. The target gains ↯ to the Attack flip of this Action.

(1) "Sooey!" (**Ca** 6 / TN: 10 / Rg: (r)8): Friendly Pigs in range may push their **Cg** directly towards this model. If this model fails this Action, all Pigs in range immediately Charge this model.

Feedin' Time!: After succeeding, all Pigs pushed in this way heal 1 damage.

(0) Proper Care: This model may suffer 2 damage to heal 2 damage on all friendly Pigs within (r)6.

30mm

Mah Tucket

As the infamous leader of the Bayou Bushwhackers, Mah Tucket is not a Gremlin to be trifled with. She is wanted for untold Guild infractions involving Grand Theft, Assault & Battery, Assault & Battery followed by Grand Theft, Assault & Battery followed by Grand Theft then returning for additional Assault & Battery, and Assault & Battery Just For The Heck Of It.

She wields an enormous wooden spoon, notched by the heads of innumerate fools who thought they could handle one stout old Gremlin in a giant hat. Mah Tucket takes great pleasure in serving up a dose of reality to the unwary with her huge wyrdwood utensil. In her leather-lined apron, she bulls and hollers her way through the Bayou, swatting anyone dumb enough not to move out of her way.

Stout, durable and cantankerous, she is more than capable of standing toe-to-toe with the best of the big folks, and expects the same from her followers. Failure is simply not tolerated and she has a habit of barging to the front to show them how it's done. And then yell at them about how it's done. And then show them again, just to make sure it really sinks in.

Formed in her image is The Little Lass, her diminutive and terrifying protégé complete with her own spoon, giant hat and fearsome aspect.

Never has cookware struck fear into the hearts of men as it does when wielded by Mah Tucket.





MAH TUCKET

Master, Living
GREMLIN

CACHE 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	6	12	5	6	2

ABILITIES

"Get Off My Land!": After determining Initiative on the first Turn, this model may discard a card to push up to 8". If it does, this model may not cross the Centerline during this push or take Interact Actions on the first Turn.

Do It Right!: Once per Turn, if another friendly Gremlin in LoS fails an **MI** Action, this model may sacrifice it to give all friendly Gremlins in play to **MI** Actions for the rest of the Turn.

Chores: This Crew gains one of the following until the end of the Turn depending on the suit of the card it used for Initiative this Turn:

: Friendly models ignore severe terrain.

: When any friendly model is killed, all models in 1 of it suffer 1 damage.

: Friendly models gain +1 **MI**.

: If a friendly Gremlin is killed, draw 1 card.

MAH TUCKET

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Giant Wooden Spoon (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 3/4/5 damage.

Reposition: After damaging, push this model up to 3" in any direction.

SMACK!: After damaging, push the target up to 4" in any direction.

Critical Strike: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each in the final duel total.

(1) Horrible Hollerin' (**Ca** 5 / TN: 11 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 12): Push target model up to 5" in any direction. This Action may not target the same model more than once per Turn.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Too Much Makeup: This model may discard a card to gain the following Condition until the end of the Turn: **"Disguised:** This model may not be the target of the Charge Action."

(0) Let Mah Handle This: This model may discard a card to be pushed into base contact with target friendly model within 6" and LoS. Push the target model up to 6" in any direction.

(1) Aim For the Sore Spots (**MI** 6 / TN: 14): This model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: **"The Bane of Kneecaps:** This model's **MI** Attack Actions gain +1 **MI** and +2 Rg."

Thwap!: After succeeding, immediately take a (1) **MI** Action.

30mm

Wong

Undoubtedly one of the most eccentric residents on the Bayou, Wong's ornate blue robes and pointy hat are a sight rarely forgotten. With drooping moustaches held in place by the miracle of spirit gum, Wong is a religious subscriber to the school of theatrics and will indulge in all manner of indecipherable behavior to reinforce his aura of Eastern mysticism.

However, one would be foolish to assume that Wong is mere smoke and mirrors. The Iron Fan of Tsu Li is a formidable weapon in its own right, and the ornate valise he carries with him houses a trinity of spectral entities as powerful as they are malevolent. This Three Demon Bag is the real source of Wong's power and, considering Wong's animosity for the Ten Thunders clan, it is perhaps a blessing for them that he has not yet learned the extent of its potency.

With theatrical firework displays, devastating lightning jumps and occasionally turning bystanders into piglets, there's rarely a dull moment around Wong – a spectacle that has become all the more magnificent now under the influence of his Lovely Assistant.

Wong's shows are an occasion for all in the Bayou, whether they have gathered to be entertained or are simply forced to flee the raging inferno.

He surrounds himself with acolytes as idiosyncratic as he is, such as his explosive Lightning Bugs, which makes being in the Gremlin's company about as volatile as a chain-smoker in a fireworks factory.





Wong
Master, Living
Gremlin

Cache 3

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	7	12	5	6	2

Abilities

Counterspell: Enemy **Ca** Actions which target this model lose all suits printed in the **Ca** for the duration of the Action.

Df (🗡) "Squeel!": After this model is damaged by an enemy **MI** Attack Action, push this model 4" away from the Attacker.

Glowy: When this model is deployed, choose another non-Peon model. The chosen model gains the following Condition for the rest of the game: "**Magical:** Damage dealt by this model ignores **Armor**, **Hard to Kill**, and **Incorporeal**."

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Wong

Attack Actions

(1) Iron Fan of Tsu Li (**MI** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 1/3/5 damage.
- 🗡 ***Poof!***: After succeeding against an enemy, place this model within 6".
- 🛡 ***Iron Storm:*** After damaging, flip a card which may not be cheated for every model within (1)3 of the target besides this model. All models which receive a 🛡 suffer 1 damage.

(1) Lightning Jump (**Ca** 7🂠 / TN: 13🂠 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐10): Target suffers 2/3🂲🂲/5🂲🂲🂲 damage. This model flips a card which may not be cheated for every model within (1)3 of the target. All models which receive a ✕ suffer 2 damage.
- 🂠🂠 ***Fzzzzap!***: After succeeding, all models within (1)3 of the target which receive a 🂠 suffer 2 damage as well.
- ✕ ***Lightning Storm***: After damaging, take this Action again at -1 **Ca** against target model which suffered damage from the (1) generated by this Action.

Tactical Actions

(0) What Goes Up...: Discard target friendly Scheme Marker within 4". If this happens, at the end of the Turn place a friendly Scheme Marker within 6" of this model, all models within (1)3 of the Scheme Marker must pass a TN 12 **Df** duel or suffer 1 damage.

(0) BOOM! (**Ca** 7 / TN: 16 / Rg: (1)4): All models in range must pass a TN 14 **Df** duel or suffer 2 damage. This model may discard up to 3 Scheme Markers within 4" and LoS to increase the Rg of this Action by 2 for each Scheme Marker discarded.

30mm

Penelope

Ulix's glossy hog hound is never far from her Master's side, and the foundation upon which the crafty old Gremlin has built his reputation as the finest hog wrangler in the Bayou. Smart and perceptive, Penelope rarely needs more than a whistle or a nod to pick up her Master's train of thought, and always seems to know what the plan is.

Her teeth are sharp and she can bite hard, but she knows her time is better spent herding those ornery hogs into position. Able to range far ahead of the game-legged Ulix, Penelope greatly extends her Master's influence over any terrain, able to speed up or slow down the pigs at a command, steer and corral them, and even send them thundering into a devastating charge if need be.

She's a loving animal at heart and has great affection for her bristly wards, but her first loyalty is always to Ulix and she'll do whatever it takes to keep him safe.



PENELOPE

Peon, Living, Totem (Ulix)

HOUND

COST 2

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	6	4	5	6	1

ABILITIES

From the Shadows: This model may be deployed anywhere on the board that is at least 6" away from the enemy Deployment Zone. This model may not take Interact Actions on the first Turn.

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

Kept at a Distance: Friendly Pigs Activating within ❶6 gain +1 **Wk** for the duration of the Activation.

Pork Whisper'n: Friendly Pig models Activating within ❶8 may ignore the **Set'er Off** Ability for the duration of the Activation.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Rip and Tear (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.
Critical Strike: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each ✦ in the final duel total.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Herd 'em: Target friendly Pig within 6" and LoS is pushed up to its **Wk** in any direction.

PENELOPE

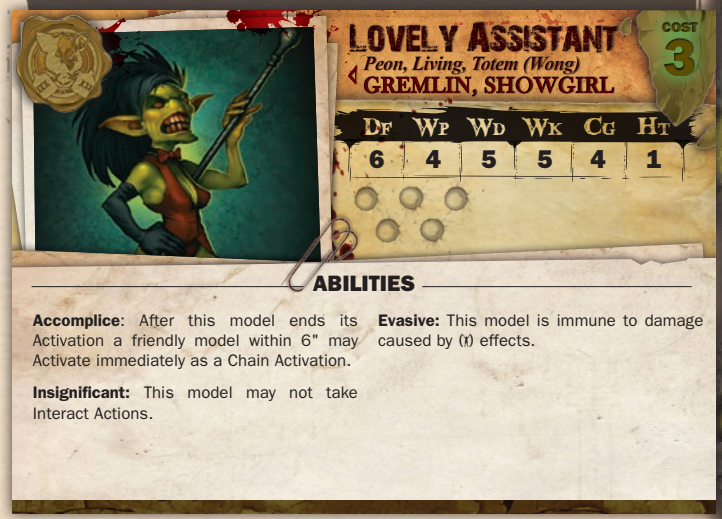
30mm

Lovely Assistant

No magician is complete without his Lovely Assistant and Wong has found himself a doozy. Sparkly and smiling, she is the perfect complement to his already over-inflated sense of the dramatic, and brings a much-needed logistical quality to the organization of his firework shows.

Despite his pyrotechnical gifts, Wong's gala events were often sporadic and somewhat haphazard as a solo act. The introduction of his Lovely Assistant has brought a professional sheen to the proceedings and an absolutely murderous sense of timing, holding back the grand finale for maximum impact (which can be either a good thing or a bad thing depending on how close you're standing at the time).

Nor do her abilities end with her organizational skills – the Malifaux infirmary is full of unwary spectators who thought that fancy twirling baton was just for show.



LOVELY ASSISTANT

Peon, Living, Totem (Wong)

GREMLIN, SHOWGIRL

COST 3

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	4	5	5	4	1

ABILITIES

Accomplice: After this model ends its Activation a friendly model within 6" may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

Evasive: This model is immune to damage caused by (↯) effects.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Spinning Baton (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/3/4 damage.
In the Eye!: After damaging, target gains the **Slow** Condition. End this model's Activation.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Prepare the Show (**Ca** 5 / TN: 13): Look at the top 4 cards of this Crew's deck and place them back on top in any order.

(1) Crackerjack Timing (**Ca** 5 / TN: 10 / Rg: 10): Target an enemy model. All enemy models within (↯)6 of the target must pass a TN 13 **Wp** duel or be pushed 5" towards the target. This Action may be taken once per Turn.

LOVELY ASSISTANT

30mm

The Little Lass

Rarely has anything so tiny struck so much fear into the hearts of the enemy. A miniature version of Mah Tucket and possessive of the same inherent sadistic streak and homicidal instincts, the Little Lass is a green tornado of destruction wrapped up in a cute pint-sized pigtailed package.

Don't let her appearance fool you – many have died screaming for such a grievous error of judgment. Kneecaps are her specialty and you'd never believe so much pain could be caused by a wooden spoon (even an oversized one). She's quick, too, and gets underfoot in the most astonishingly short time.

Throwing a dolly at her offers a slim chance of escape if she's in the right temperament, but the best way is to treat her like you would a bear, and back up real slow.

And remember...she can smell your fear.



THE LITTLE LASS

Peon, Living, Totem (Mah Tucket)
GREMLIN

COST 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	5	5	6	6	1

ABILITIES

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

"I'll Carry That, Mah!": At the start of the game, attach one non-Avatar Upgrade to this model with the restriction of Mah Tucket without paying any Soulstones. No other model in this Crew may attach the same Upgrade. If this model leaves play, attach the Upgrade to a friendly Mah Tucket, ignoring any restrictions.

"Get Off My Land!": After determining Initiative on the first Turn, this model may discard a card to push up to 8". If it does, this model may not cross the Centerline during this push or take Interact Actions on the first Turn.

THE LITTLE LASS

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Medium Wooden Spoon (**MI** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
Reposition: After damaging, push this model up to 3" in any direction.
SMACK!: After damaging, push the target up to 4" in any direction.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Aim For the Sore Spots (**MI** 5 / TN: 14): This model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: **"The Bane of Kneecaps:** This model's **MI** Attack Actions gain +1 **MI** and +2 Rg."
Thwap!: After succeeding, immediately take a (1) **MI** Action.

30mm

Old Cranky

Old Cranky may look like a trembling, bent-backed, desiccated relic of a Gremlin who's barely held together with chewing tobacco and rot-gut moonshine, but...well, okay he is, but with all that comes something else that's in short supply in the Bayou, and that's *experience*. No matter what situation may present itself to an enterprising Gremlin Master, it's a sure bet that Old Cranky has been there, done that, seen it, killed it, made soup out of it or poked it with a stick at one time or another.

He may be old as the hills but he's wily enough to see trouble on the horizon and can tip a word to the wise, and he's still a fair shot with his trusty Shotgun when the situation calls for it. He keeps a stock of solid slug shells under his hat for "speshul occasions" that can deliver a real hammer blow (although the recoil tends to knock what little wind he has left out of him for a spell).



OLD CRANKY

Peon, Living, Totem
GREMLIN

COST 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	4	5	-	1

ABILITIES

"Duck!": Other friendly models within 3 gain to **Df** duels.

Wizened: Other friendly models within 6 gain +1 **Wp**.

Old Scavenger: Once per Turn, when a friendly model within 3 kills an enemy model, add 1 Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.

OLD CRANKY

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Walkin' Stick (**MI** 3 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1/3/4 damage.

(1) Sawed-Off Shotgun (**Sh** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 6): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
Slug: This Attack places no Blast Markers. After damaging, perform a 2/3/4 damage flip against the target which may not be cheated. This model may not take the **Sawed-Off Shotgun** Action again this Turn.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) "Let Me Tell You a Tale, Sonny...": Discard a card to draw a card.

30mm

Old Major

Out on the Bayou, the hogs can grow pretty big, but there's not many grow as big as Old Major. Close to half a ton of muscle, bristles and tusks, once he gets up a head of steam you'd best get out of his way, or end up crushed to a red shadow.

He has a prodigious appetite to match his size and has been known to eat people whole when riled up. Come to think of it, he's been known to eat people whole when he's lazing around the swamp, too.

Along with his strength and a bite radius you could grow crops in, Old Major has a wealth of combat experience and in his time has proven harder to kill than Prometheus. He has a bit of a soft spot for the young hogs that tend to follow his example, but is a rigid disciplinarian and will tolerate no dissention in his pork ranks.

McTavish

If you're lost deep in the swamp and have the coin to buy his services, running into McTavish could be seen as a blessing. If your purse is light, however, you might want to start running.

Provided your currency is good, there's no better guide to see you safely through the Bayou. As well as a scout, McTavish is a formidable hunter and able to pip the ace with his Hunting Rifle through steaming mangrove and hanging creepers that most people can't even see through, let alone shoot. He likes to keep one of his "swamp critters" on a short chain to handle any unwelcome guests who come prying, and he has an eerie affinity with beasts of all kinds, seemingly knowing both how to befriend them and to find their weak spots.

A dangerous man to know, but you're safe enough in his company...until the money runs out.



Old Major

Henchman, Living, Rare 1

PIG

COST 9 CACHE 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	6	12	5	5	3

ABILITIES

Rile 'em Up: Other friendly Pigs which begin their Activation within ❶4 gain ⚅ to Attack and damage flips which are generated by Attack Actions resulting from the Charge Action for the duration of the Activation.

Hard to Wound +1: Damage flips against this model suffer ⚀.

Ceaseless Advance: When a friendly model ends its Activation, if the opposing player has 0 Control Cards in hand, this model gains the **Reactivate** Condition.

An Eye on the Young'uns: Other friendly Pigs in play do not consider friendly Pigs as legal targets for a Charge Action.



McTavish

Henchman, Living, Mercenary, Rare 1

SWAMPFIEND

COST 10 CACHE 3

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	10	5	6	2

ABILITIES

Penetrating Stench: Enemy models within ❶6 may not take the Focus or Defensive Stance Actions.

Unimpeded: This model ignores penalties for severe terrain when moving.

The Swamp Is Our Home: Friendly Swampfiend models gain the following Ability while they remain within ❶6: **"Lay of the Land**: While in cover, this model receives cover from all non ⫻ Attack Actions."

OLD MAJOR

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Savage Bite (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 3/4/5 damage.
- ✕ ***Eat Anything***: After damaging, this model heals 1/2/3 damage.
- ***Mauled to Slop***: After killing target, all friendly Pigs in (❶)6 may push 3" towards this model. All Pigs pushed in this way heal 2 damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Nudge 'em On: Discard a card to push target other friendly Pig up to 4" in any direction. The target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Major's Teaching:** This model may add the suit of the card which was discarded to apply this Condition to all of its final duel totals."

(0) The Old Pig Knows the Way: All friendly Gremlins within (❶)4 may push up to their **Wk** towards this model.

50mm

MCTAVISH

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) "Git 'Em!" (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 3): Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.
- ***Death Roll***: While damaging, the damage flip receives ⚅.
- ✕ ***Swallow Whole***: After inflicting severe damage, kill the target unless it discards two cards.

(1) Hunting Rifle (**Sh** 6⛟ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐14): Target suffers 2/4/6 damage. This Attack ignores cover. This Attack does not randomize when shooting into engagements.
- ⛟ ***My Loyal Scouts***: Immediately add 1 to the final duel total for each other friendly Swampfiend within 6" and LoS of the target.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Hunting Screen: Place a 30mm Hunting Screen Marker in base contact with this model. The area ❶3 around this Marker is considered soft cover. Remove the Marker when this model takes this Action again.

(0) Gator Snack: Discard a Corpse, Scrap, or Scheme Marker within 3" to push this model into base contact with the Marker before discarding it and then flip a card which may be cheated. Apply one of the following depending on the suit:
- ●: This model may perform a (1) Attack Action.
- ✕: This model heals 2 damage.
- ▭: This model draws 1 card.
- ⛟: Push this model up to 4" in any direction.

50mm

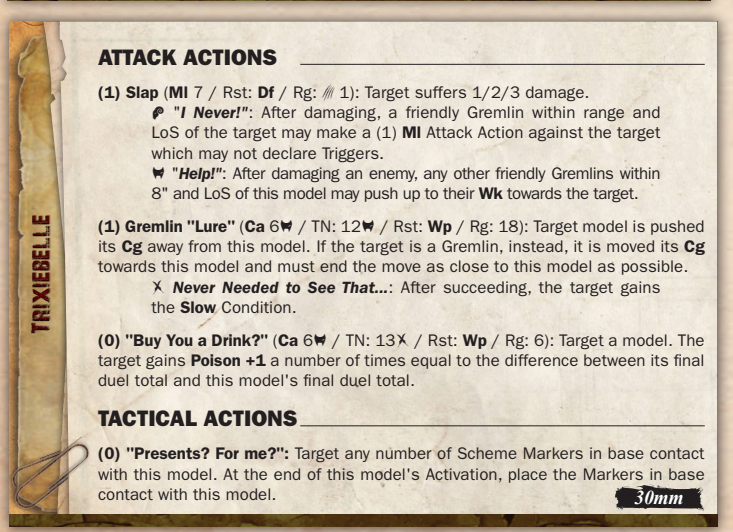
Trixiebelle

Every once in a while, among the toothless grinning mugs, pointy chins and bandy legs of the Bayou, Gremlin genetics get on their game and produce something really special. One of these rare home runs is the eye-catching Trixiebelle. While perhaps not quite in the same league as Ophelia LaCroix for poise and charisma, Trixiebelle is rapidly garnering a reputation as the Bayou good-time girl and is perpetually trailed by an entourage of giggling, jostling Gremlin suitors, falling over themselves to admire her charms.

Every girl likes presents, and Trixiebelle is no exception – when she's not out with Mah Tucket, she can usually be found at a bar demonstrating her prodigious tolerance for alcohol (while someone else picks up the tab, naturally).

Curiously, the animal magnetism she exudes seems limited to her fellow swamp-dwellers and while a "Howdy, handsome," and a wink will have any green-blooded Gremlin following her for hours, the big folks seem more inclined to go the other way. What's a girl to do? There's no accounting for taste.





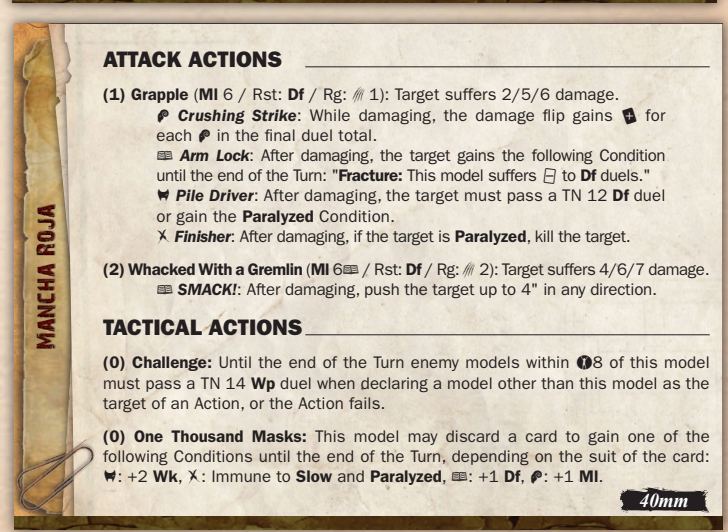
Mancha Roja

The ultimate green fighting machine, Mancha Roja is big, tough and fearless – everything a successful wrestler should be. Having cottoned on at an early age to the essentially disposable nature of his kin, one of Mancha's favorite attack methods is to club his opponents into insensibility with a bystander (willing or otherwise).

When the audience is savvy enough to stay out of arm's reach, Mancha falls back on an arsenal of devastating hand-to-hand techniques that would bring a tear to a glass eye, and for those who would rather flee than fight, he has adapted his in-ring skills to include launching himself off nearby surfaces and crushing them beneath his quivering caped bulk.

As winner of the recent Malifaux Wresting League's coveted Iron Fist Tournament, Mancha Roja has proven himself a Gremlin wrester without equal, both in ability and in showmanship.





Sammy LaCroix

They say that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and such is the case with Sammy LaCroix. She has modelled herself in the image of Zoraida the Swamp Hag, and utilizes her grasp of the dark arts to harass and beleaguer the enemy while giggling manically.

She has an uncanny knack of crafting a likeness from a handful of straw and scrap of burlap, which she will then take great delight in sticking full of pins, much to the chagrin of the party on which the voodoo likeness has been based. And if this wasn't bad enough in itself, she's inclined to jinx them and launch an exploding piglet their way for good measure – another generous helping of Gremlin hospitality from the Bayou.

Whether Zoraida approves or even knows about this is anyone's guess, but the odds are she'd be tickled about the whole thing.

The Sow

Tackling an enraged sow is a difficult challenge at the best of times. Tackling a giant three-headed one which leaves a trail of malevolent piglets in her wake is something else.

The Sow seems to have been in a constant state of pregnancy for as long as anyone can remember, firing out mean-tempered and quarrelsome little piglets at all hours. When she gets *really* ornery (in those few times when she is not plain old fashioned ornery) she seems to ejects piglets at a substantially accelerated rate, all of whom have the same argumentative disposition as their mother and promptly start rooting around for the nearest thing to fight.

Up close, the Sow is a real handful, with three snapping heads all wanting to take a bite out of anyone stupid enough to try and stand their ground. She has a real mean streak, and seems to sense when someone is intimidated by her frightful appearance (which is pretty much all the time).

Even Old Major tiptoes around this one.



Sammy LaCroix — Cost 7 — Cache 6

Henchman, Living, Rare 1

Gremlin, Kin

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
7	6	6	6	5	1

Abilities

Good Student: When hired into a Crew led by a Master, this model may purchase one non-Avatar Upgrade with a restriction of the Master's name, ignoring restrictions. No other models in the Crew may attach the same Upgrade. Any references to the Master's name on the Upgrade count as this model's name.

Bayou Two Card: This model may Cheat Fate with the top card of its Fate Deck.

Winds of Fate: Once per Turn, when another model within 6 draws a card, this model may discard a card to draw a card.

Df (Wd) Regret: After inflicting moderate or severe damage on this model, end the Attacker's Activation.



The Sow — Cost 8

Minion, Living, Rare 1

Beast, Pig

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	10	5	9	3

Abilities

Three Headed: This model gains to Attack and damage flips it makes when it has 5 or more Wounds remaining.

Farrowing: When this model is killed or sacrificed, summon two Piglets within 1" before removing it. These Piglets suffer 4 damage each.

Smell Fear: Once per Turn, when an Enemy model within 6" loses a **Wp** duel, this model may immediately take a (1) **MI** action after resolving the current Action.

Terrifying (All) 12: Enemy models must pass a TN 12 Horror Duel if they end a Walk Action within this model's engagement range or target this model with an Action.

Sammy LaCroix

Attack Actions

(1) Voodoo Pins (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1/2/5 damage. A model damaged by this weapon also receives the **Poison +2** Condition.

(1) Jynx (**Ca** 6 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Target suffers 2 damage. Choose one of the following Conditions. The target gains the chosen Condition until the end of the Turn:

Twisted Fingers: This model may not declare Triggers.
Twisted Legs: This model may not take Walk or Charge Actions.
Twisted Mind: Friendly models which Activate within 3 must immediately take a TN 12 Horror Duel.

Tactical Actions

(0) Putrefy (**Ca** 6 / TN: 14 / Rg: 8): Target an enemy Scheme Marker. Summon a Stuffed Piglet into base contact with the Scheme Marker, then discard the Marker.

30mm

The Sow

Attack Actions

(1) Furious Mauling (**MI** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 3/5/6 damage.
Eat Anything: After damaging, this model heals 1/2/3 damage.

Tactical Actions

(1) Birth (**Ca** 5 / TN: 10): This model may discard an enemy Scheme Marker within 2" to summon a Piglet into base contact with this model. The Piglet and this model each suffer 2 damage.

50mm

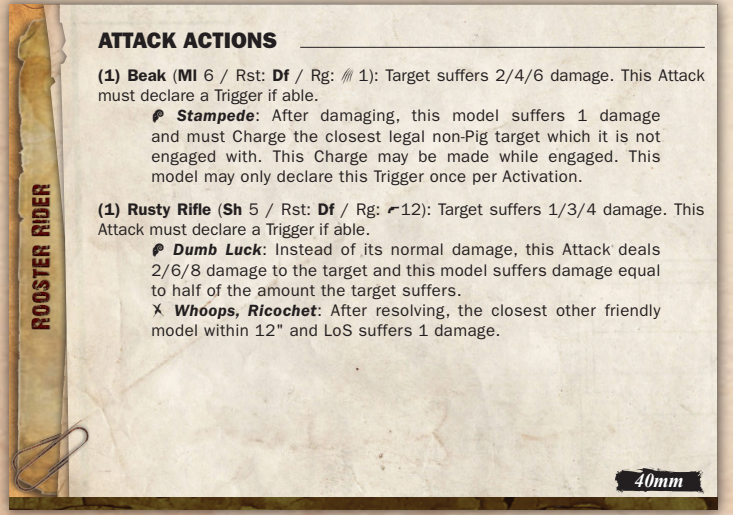
Rooster Rider

Only the wiriest Gremlins reach the privileged ranks of the Rooster Riders, a special breed light and foolhardy enough to try and make a war mount out of poultry. Like feathered lightning bolts, the Roosters can tear up the ground at ferocious speeds and can outrun or outflank just about anything. This rapidity comes with a cost – the Roosters could be considered 'highly strung' and tend to get a mite skittish and unpredictable when injured.

They can hold their own in a fight, however, delivering savage blows with their sharp beaks. The Gremlin Jockeys carry rusty old rifles, too, but let's face it – the only thing that's likely to get shot by a Gremlin while clinging for dear life to a rampaging giant Rooster is either the ground or a nearby barn.

It doesn't stop them trying, though – often just the sound of gunfire and the bizarre sight of an advancing wing of Rooster Riders is enough to give a foe pause.





Stuffed Piglet

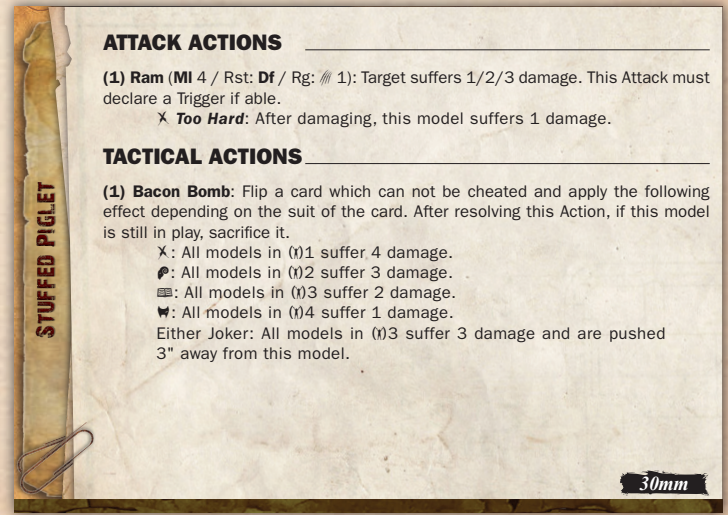
Life can be unfair. This is a popular philosophy among the pork ranks of the Bayou, and none more so than the Stuffed Piglets.

Elsewhere in the world, piglets can normally expect to enjoy a relatively stress-fee existence wallowing in mud, eating tasty swill, rooting for truffles and other associate piggy activities.

Few, if any, have the foresight to anticipate being bonked on the head with a club, dragged into a shack and stuffed full of dynamite, sulfur, gunpowder and anything else that comes to hand, and then launched like a streaky missile at some unknown assailant to end their short existence with a bang.

This lack of foresight is probably why the piglets spend the remainder of their brief existences squealing in outrage and horror. Many Gremlins have complained about the din from a working taxidermist's shack and it has come into vogue for the initial bonk on the head to dispatch the piglet completely, to be reanimated at a later date when stuffing is complete, which is considered *much* more humane.





Gremlin Taxidermist

The practice of taxidermy is an ancient and much-respected skill, passed between generations of diligent craftsmen who are tasked with encapsulating the essence of a loyal family pet or recreating the majesty of a wild beast in a single timeless pose.

Sadly, Gremlin taxidermy has lost something in the translation and is predominately concerned with how much explosive material can be stuffed into an individual. Indeed, often the recipient of the Bayou taxidermist's payload is still very much alive while they practice their 'art' (though not for much longer).

Gremlin taxidermy flies in the face of convention by ignoring the two main qualifiers which are considered relevant, even vital, perhaps, among practitioners of the art – namely "is it dead yet?" and "do you want to keep it?"

While ramming a struggling piglet full of dynamite is not the literal translation of taxidermy, the Gremlins of the Bayou have never let that sort of technicality get in the way of a good time.



Gremlin Taxidermist

Enforcer, Living, Rare 2
GREMLIN

Cost 7

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	4	6	5	6	1

Abilities

Dead Man's Switch: When this model is killed or sacrificed, it may make all friendly Stuffed Piglets in play immediately take the **Bacon Bomb** Action.

Reckless: At the start of this model's Activation, it may suffer 1 damage to generate 1 additional General AP.

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Attack Actions

(1) Hide Scrapin' Knife (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
- ***Skinned***: While damaging an enemy model, the damage flip gains and a Corpse Marker is placed in base contact with the target.
- ***Good 'un For My Collection***: After killing a non-Peon enemy model, summon a Stuffed Piglet into base contact with the model before removing it from play. The model does not drop Corpse or Scrap Markers.

Tactical Actions

(1) Never Happen (**Ca** 6 / TN: 11 / Rg: (0)4): All friendly Pigs in range gain the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Flight:** This model is immune to falling damage and may ignore any terrain or models while moving."

(0) Purdy Fireworks: Target friendly Stuffed Piglet within 12" may be pushed up to 3" in any direction and then take a (1) Action.

(0) Taxidermin' (**Ca** 6 / TN: 15 / Rg: 6): Target a Corpse Marker. Summon a Stuffed Piglet into base contact with the target. Then, discard the target Marker.

30mm

Bayou Bushwhacker

The Bayou Bushwhackers are the embodiment of everything that the big folks hate most about Gremlins. Quick and tricky, the Bushwhackers slide effortlessly through heavy vegetation. They're never in one spot for long, always seem to turn up in places they weren't in five minutes before, and if they do decide to dig in, they're harder to dislodge than ticks.

Armed with their Trusty Rifles, these green ladies can lay down a withering field of fire that comes out of the swamp like a horizontal hail, often lending their expertise to less-skilled (though no less enthusiastic) colleagues. Ever the pragmatists, for close work they're not above braining their foe with a pot or pan from the campfire, before delivering a raucous cackle.

Schooled under the watchful eye of Mah Tucket, the Bushwhackers are expert swamp fighters and pose a serious tactical headache for any opposing commander.



Bayou Bushwhacker

Minion, Living, Rare 3
GREMLIN

Cost 6

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	6	6	5	6	1

Abilities

"Get Off My Land!": After determining Initiative on the first Turn, this model may discard a card to push up to 8". If it does, this model may not cross the Centerline during this push or take Interact Actions on the first Turn.

Lay of the Land: While in cover, this model receives cover from all non Attack Actions.

Boost Their Confidence: After another friendly Gremlin fails with an **Sh** Attack Action, this model may suffer 2 damage to immediately make a (1) **Sh** Attack against the same target without spending AP (range and LoS are required as normal). Only one model may benefit from this Ability per failed Attack.

Attack Actions

(1) Fryin' Pan (**MI** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
- ***Reposition***: After damaging, push this model up to 3" in any direction.
- ***SMACK!***: After damaging, push the target up to 4" in any direction.
- ***Critical Strike***: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each in the final duel total.

(1) Trusty Rifle (**Sh** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 14): Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. This Attack ignores cover. If this Attack benefits from the **Focused** Condition, it deals +1 damage.
- ***Reposition***: After damaging, push this model up to 3" in any direction.

Tactical Actions

(0) Playin' Possum: This model may discard a card to make the area within 3 count as soft cover until the end of the Turn

30mm

Burt Jebsen

Former rag-and-bone man turned freedom fighter, Burt Jebsen's outlook on life has changed dramatically. Although his cousin and sometime travel companion Wong seems to have his own agenda these days, Burt continues his one-Gremlin war against the forces of the Ten Thunders in an effort to keep the Bayou Three Kingdoms-free.

He is helped along the way by his Jack Knife and the massive, confounding Backwater Pepperbox – somewhere between a firearm and a church organ – which has become a local byword for Gremlin ingenuity.

Of course, Burt would never have got this far without his faithful Gracie and if, from time to time, he'll shrug and leave behind a particularly heavy piece of junk that might otherwise have fetched good scrip at the next market, it's only because she means more to him now than a mere beast of burden.

Gracie

Burt's titanic pig is a well-known sight around the Bayou and has become an enduring icon of "Gremlinosity." The pans, cups, teapots, racks, utensils, plates, saddlebags and rigging that encompass her are now so intrinsic to her appearance that it's arguable Burt might actually refuse to sell them were he to get an offer.

As for Gracie herself, she bears her burdens with great aplomb and dignity, and is regarded as the grand old lady of junk. Grand old lady or not, she can still shift when she needs to and packs a hefty punch for anyone dumb enough to threaten Burt within earshot.

Her celebrity status is possibly even more revered within the pig world, where she enjoys a certain respect from her peers. She is not above exploiting this influence to have a younger and more mobile hog wade into a fray on her behalf. Grossly fat and festooned with junk, somehow she still gives off the air of a classy lady.



Burt Jebsen — COST 7

Enforcer, Living, Mercenary, Rare 1

GREMLIN

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	7	7	5	6	1

ABILITIES

Slippery: When this model is targeted by an Attack Action, it may select a friendly model within 2" which is also a legal target to become the target instead. This model is immune to damage from (↯) effects.

Reckless: At the start of this model's Activation, it may suffer 1 damage to generate 1 additional General AP.

Df (🗡) It's All in the Reflexes: After succeeding, deal 2/3/4 damage to the Attacker which cannot be cheated.

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.



Gracie — COST 10

Enforcer, Living, Mercenary, Rare 1

PIG

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	8	4	6	2

ABILITIES

Armor +2: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2, to a minimum of 1.

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

Unimpeded: This model ignores penalties for severe terrain when moving.

Eat Your Fill: After killing or sacrificing an enemy model, this model may choose to heal all damage it has suffered and end its Activation.

BURT JEBSEN

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Lucky Knife (**MI** 6🗡🖃 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
- 🗡 ***Critical Strike***: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each 🗡 in the final duel total.
- 🖃 ***Sic 'em, Girl!***: After damaging, a friendly Pig within 8" and LoS of the target may be pushed into base contact with it.

(1) Backwater Pepperbox (**Sh** 5🗡 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐8): Target suffers 2/3🌩/5🌩 damage.
- 🗡🐏 ***Trigger Crazy***: After damaging, immediately take a 1 AP **Sh** Attack Action against the same target. This Action may not declare Triggers.
- 🖃 ***Sic 'em, Girl!***: After damaging, a friendly Pig within 8" and LoS of the target may be pushed into base contact with it.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Crackerjack Timing (**Ca** 7 / TN: 10 / Rg: 10): Target an enemy model. All enemy models within (↯)6 of the target must pass a TN 13 **Wp** duel or be pushed 5" towards the target. This Action may only be taken once per Turn.

30mm

GRACIE

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Tusks (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 2/4/6 damage. This Attack must declare a Trigger if able.
- 🗡 ***Tear 'em Apart***: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +2 damage.
- ✕ ***Lie Down and Nap***: After resolving, end this model's Activation.

(1) Take a Bite (**MI** 5✕ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.
- ✕ ***Eat Anything***: After damaging, this model heals 1/2/3 damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Riled Up (**Ca** 5 / TN: 12): This model may suffer 2 damage which may not be reduced to gain the **Reactivate** Condition.

50mm

Merris LaCroix

Look – there! Up in the sky! Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No, it's...a suicidal Gremlin carrying highly flammable bottle bombs strapped to a jetpack made out of recycled frying pans.

Aficionados of the Gremlin world will of course take this sort of observation in their stride, but to the uninitiated the sight of Merris LaCroix swooping down onto a skirmish and raining liquid fire with merry abandon can be troubling to say the least. Even the clouds of choking black exhaust she leaves behind can confuse and disrupt the unprepared while her cohorts are hidden by the oily smog.

Despite strong and abiding suspicions that she could go up like a candle at any moment and will probably take half the LaCroixes with her in the resulting explosion, Merris never fails to raise a cheer from her Bayou kin when she buzzes and sputters her way across the skyline.



MERRIS LACROIX — COST 6

Enforcer, Living, Rare 1

GREMLIN, KIN

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	6	5	6	1

ABILITIES

Flight: This model is immune to falling damage and may ignore any terrain or models while moving.

Reckless: At the start of this model's Activation, it may suffer 1 damage to generate 1 additional General AP.

Immolating Demise 4: When this model is killed, models in (↯)2 gain **Burning +4**.

Exhaust Trail: Friendly models within ❶6 are immune to damage from (↯) and ☁.

MERRIS LACROIX

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Flaming Bottle (**Sh** 5▭ / TN: 12▭ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐8): Target enemy model gains the **Burning +3** Condition. This Attack ignores cover.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Gremlin Cunning: This model's controller draws 2 cards and then places 3 cards from her hand on top of her deck. This Action may only be taken once per Turn.

(0) "Bombs Away!": This model may discard a card to place a Scheme Marker in base contact with itself. This Action may not be used to place a Scheme Marker within 2" of another friendly Scheme Marker.

30mm

Wild Boar

It stands to reason that big aggressive hogs would make up at least part of any Gremlin fighting force, and Wild Boars excel at dust-ups. They are unpredictable, unreliable, perpetually hungry and slightly stupid; in other words, exactly like the Gremlins that try to marshal them into battle.

Like all hogs, Wild Boars have mean tempers and while not especially fast under normal circumstances can cover the ground very rapidly when they charge. They ram and gore with their huge curved tusks and are inclined to eat anything they kill. While stubborn and independent, they can be briefly brought to heel by an experienced pig handler, and they have been known to defer to a more senior hog.

Having little control over the bristly beasts might be viewed as a disadvantage by any sane fighting force, but Gremlins have always thrived on anarchy and view the uncertain outcome as being all part of the fun.



WILD BOAR — COST 6

Minion, Living

BEAST, PIG, SWAMPFIEND

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	4	8	4	8	2

ABILITIES

Bayou Rampage: At the start of this model's Activation, if it is not engaged, within ❶2 of a friendly Gremlin, or within ❶8 of a friendly model with the **Pork Whisper'n** Ability, it must take the Charge Action if it is able and there is a legal target available.

On Edge: This model receives ↯ to Attack flips it makes outside of its Activation.

Eat Your Fill: After killing or sacrificing an enemy model, this model may choose to heal all damage it has suffered and end its Activation.

From the Shadows: This model may be deployed anywhere on the board that is at least 6" away from the enemy Deployment Zone. This model may not take Interact Actions on the first turn.

WILD BOAR

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Tusks (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫽1): Target suffers 2/4/6 damage. This Attack must declare a Trigger is able.

Stampede: After damaging, this model suffers 1 damage and must Charge the closest legal non-Pig target which it is not engaged with. This Charge may be made while engaged. This model may only declare this Trigger once per Activation.

Eat Anything: After damaging, this model heals 1/2/3 damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Root Around: Target a Scheme Marker within 4", push this model into base contact with the target and then discard it.

40mm

Lucky Effigy

As one of Zoraida's better concoctions, the Gremlin Lucky Effigy lends good fortune and durability to any opportunistic hero of the Bayou it chooses to champion. It is a ramshackle, clunky thing; a manifestation of the very best in shambolic Gremlin construction – and yet it has a surprising resilience that might take some by surprise.

When cornered, it can fight well enough with a cruel-edged Crusty Blade that can open hideous wounds, but its true calling is spreading serendipity and luck among its green kin.

Its presence in any arena spells a change in the winds of Fortune for the Gremlin bold enough to make a ham-fisted snatch at glory, and any Master with wisdom enough to see its potential (stranger things have happened) will feel the benefit of having the Lucky Effigy in their corner.

Lightning Bug

There are certain phrases that are just not in common usage on the Bayou. Chief among these is 'health & safety', which is a foreign concept to most Gremlins, but utterly alien to these boys.

Lightning Bugs violate pretty much every rule of self-preservation ever documented. Faithful and over-zealous acolytes of Wong, they have absorbed all of his destructive instincts and none of his common sense (what little of it there was to go around).

Armed with their Magic Blasty Sticks, they wade into any fray, sending violent pyrotechnics in every direction that slice through armor like a hot knife through butter. The results of these catastrophic explosions are normally as random as the Lightning Bug's aim, but rarely dull.

Having come from such a volatile climate, the Lightning Bugs are better versed than most to weather these blasts and tend to stagger out of their self-made craters, scorched but grinning before going in search of the next target.



LUCKY EFFIGY

Minion, Construct, Rare 1

PUPPET, EFFIGY

COST 4

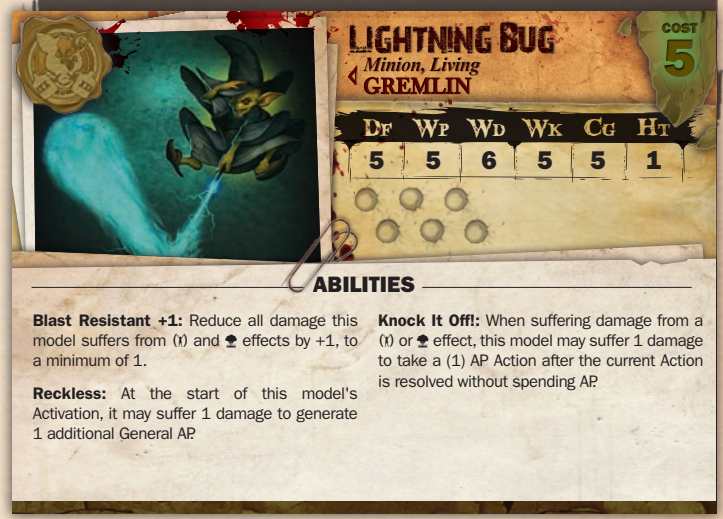
Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	4	5	6	1

ABILITIES

Accomplice: After this model ends its Activation a friendly model within 6" may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.



LIGHTNING BUG

Minion, Living

GREMLIN

COST 5

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	5	6	5	5	1

ABILITIES

Blast Resistant +1: Reduce all damage this model suffers from (1) and effects by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Reckless: At the start of this model's Activation, it may suffer 1 damage to generate 1 additional General AP.

Knock It Off!: When suffering damage from a (1) or effect, this model may suffer 1 damage to take a (1) AP Action after the current Action is resolved without spending AP.

LUCKY EFFIGY

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Crusty Blade (**Ml** 3 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 3/4/7 damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) "Hit Me!" (**Ca** 4 / TN: 10): Until the end of the Turn, enemy models in 6 which declare an Attack or Charge Action which can target this model must pass a TN 12 **Wp** duel or this model must be the target of the Action.

(0) Luck o' the Draw: Target friendly Leader within 8" gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: **"Lucky Draw:** Whenever this model flips a in a duel, it may immediately heal 1 damage."

30mm

LIGHTNING BUG

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Magic Blasty Stick (**Ca** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 8 or 2): Target suffers 2/3/3 damage. This Attack ignores **Armor**. This Attack must declare a Trigger if able.

- ***To the Kneecaps:*** After damaging, the target gains **Slow**.
- ***The Green Wrath***: After damaging, all models within (1)3 of the target except this model must pass a TN 11 **Df** duel or suffer 2 damage.
- ***Yippie!***: After damaging, all models within (1)3 of the target except this model heal 2 damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Leave it to Luck (**Ca** 6 / TN: 13): Until the end of the Turn, models within 6 treat any cards which they flip or play as having +2 value, and any cards which they flip or play as having -2 value.

(0) Tinkerin' With the Unknown : This model places a card from its hand on its stat card face down. Discard the card if this model leaves play. At the end of the Turn, reveal the card and apply one of the following depending on its suit, then discard it.

- : This model and all models within (1)3 suffer 2 damage.
- : This model performs a (1) Interact Action, if able.
- : All models within (1)3 heal 1 damage.
- : All models within (1)3 must pass a TN 12 **Wk** duel or gain **Slow**.

30mm

Bayou Gator

When you're in a swamp, the funny thing about logs is that they're not always logs. A lot of people discover this sooner or later out on the Bayou, but very few of them last long enough to spread the word.

One of nature's finest ambush predators, the Bayou Gator has prospered not only through its inherent skill, but also because the genetic lottery was kind enough to make Gremlins conveniently bite-sized. With stealth, speed and jaws that could crush a wagon axle, they're pretty much King of the Hill out in the wetlands.

The truth about logs is now common knowledge to swamp dwellers, but for all the other folks blundering through the reeds and stagnant water of the Bayou, a huge toothy maw bursting out of the darkness is often the last thing they see before they're dentured, death-rolled and digested.



Bayou Gator
Minion, Living
Swampfiend

Cost 5

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	4	6	5	6	2

Abilities

Melee Expert: This model gains 1 additional AP which may only be used to take **Ml** Actions.

Ruthless: This model is Immune to **Wp** duels during its Activation.

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

Unimpeded: This model ignores penalties for severe terrain when moving.

Bayou Gator

Attack Actions

(1) Fearsome Jaws (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
- ***Death Roll***: While damaging, the damage flip receives .
- ***Swallow Whole***: After inflicting severe damage, kill the target unless it discards two cards.

(3) Drag Under (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 3/4/5 damage.
- ***Held Under***: After damaging, the target gains the **Paralyzed** Condition.

Tactical Actions

(0) Ambush: Discard a card to push this model up to 3" in any direction.

40mm

Ulix Upgrades

Clobberin' Stick

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (1) Poke Around: Draw a card. This Action may be taken once per Turn.

- This model gains the following Attack Action:

  (0) Clobber (**Ml** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 2/3/7 damage.

Restrictions

Ulix

Huntin' Bow

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Attack Action:

  (1) Huntin' Bow (**Sh** 7 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐12): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.

  ✕ ***Blood Trail***: After damaging, target gains the following Condition for the rest of the Turn: "**Blood Trail:** When dealing damage, Pigs deal +1 damage against this model."

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (1) Shot in the Rear (**Ca** 6 / TN: 12 / Rg: 6): Target friendly Pig makes a Charge Action against any legal target. If the target of the Charge is killed, the Pig must immediately make another Charge Action against the closest legal target, besides this model. The Pig continues to make Charge Actions until it fails to kill its target, or there are no legal targets available.

Restrictions

Ulix

Pig Sling

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Dem's Pets: All friendly Pigs in play lose the Beast Characteristic.

- This model gains the following Attack Action:

  (1) Pig Slingin' (**Sh** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⌐10): To perform this Action, select a **Ht** 1 friendly Pig within 2". Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. If this Action is successful, the selected Pig is placed into base contact with the target and then suffers a 1/2/4 damage flip which may be cheated. Pigs placed in this way may not perform Interact Actions for the rest of the Turn.

  Enraged: After succeeding, the selected Pig gains the **Fast** Condition.

  Gently: After succeeding, the selected Pig is not damaged.

Restrictions

Ulix

Husbandry

Cost: 3 SS

- This model gains the following Tactical Actions:

  (1) Birthin' (**Ca** 6 / TN: 15 / Rg: 4): Target a friendly Pig on a 50mm base. Summon a Piglet within 2" of the target. The target and the summoned Piglet each suffer 2 damage which may not be reduced.

  (1) Call Forth the Pork (**Ca** 6 / TN: 18): Deal 4 damage to this model and discard 3 friendly Scheme Markers within 4" to summon a War Pig into base contact with this model. The summoned War Pig suffers 4 damage.

Restrictions

Ulix

Corn Husks

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

  Corn Husks: Friendly Pigs which end their Activation within LoS of this model may discard an enemy Scheme Marker within 1" to heal 1 damage.

  Trained Pigs: Friendly Piglets in LoS may take (1) Interact Actions as (0) Actions.

Restrictions

Ulix or Pig, Rare 1

Saddle

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Climb On: When this model declares a Walk Action, it may target a friendly non-Rooster Gremlin within 2". Place the target in base contact with this model after completing the Walk Action.

Restrictions

Old Major or Gracie, Rare 1



Wong Upgrades

Three Demon Bag

Cost: 2 SS

This model gains the following Attack Action:

(1) Three Demon Bag (**Ca** 7📖 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 10): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

📖 ***Curse of Fiery Death:*** After succeeding, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Fiery Death:** This model loses all immunities to (ᚱ) and 🌪."

📖📖 ***Bacon Curse:*** After damaging an enemy non-Piglet model, the target must pass a TN 13 **Wp** duel or become buried. The target's controller summons a Piglet into base contact with the target before burying it (the Piglet is a member of the target's Crew). If the Piglet is killed or sacrificed, unbury the target in base contact with the Piglet before removing it.

RESTRICTIONS

Wong

A Gremlin's Luck

Cost: 1 SS

This model gains the following Ability:

A Gremlin's Luck: This model gains 🎲 to all flips it makes during its Activation which are not part of a duel or damage flips.

RESTRICTIONS

Wong, Limited



EXPLOSIVE SOLUTIONS

COST: 2 SS

- This model's **Lightning Jump** Action gains the following Triggers:
  - ***Concussive Force***: After succeeding, all models damaged by this Action are pushed up to 4" in any direction.
  - ***BWHAM!***: After succeeding, all Blast Markers placed as a result of this Action deal +1 damage.

RESTRICTIONS

Wong

OOO GLOWY

COST: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  "It's Magic, Don't Question It": Enemy models may not remove the **Magical** Condition from any friendly models with Actions or Abilities. Friendly models with the **Magical** Condition gain the following Abilities:

  Regeneration +1: When this model Activates, it heals +1 damage.

  Trust the Glow: Whenever this model deals damage with an Attack Action, it deals +1 damage.

RESTRICTIONS

Wong, Limited



Mah Tucket Upgrades

Out For Blood

Cost: 2 SS

- This model's **Aim For the Sore Spots** Action gains the following Trigger:

  Cripple 'em: After succeeding, immediately take a Charge Action, if able. This Trigger may only be declared once per Turn.



Restrictions

Mah Tucket

Know the Terrain

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Diving Charge: This model may declare a Charge Action when it is engaged and may ignore intervening models and terrain when it takes a Charge Action.



Restrictions

Mah Tucket

Lead Lined Apron

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.



Restrictions

Mah Tucket

Bounty

Cost: 1 SS

- Other friendly Gremlins within LoS gain the following Trigger to all **Sh** Attack Actions:

  Paid In Full: After killing the target, draw a card.



Restrictions

Mah Tucket or Trixiebelle, Rare 1

A Gun For A Lady

Cost: 1 SS

This model gains the following Attack Action:

(1) Big Ol' Gun (**Sh** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 10): Target suffers 3/4/5 damage. Push this model 3" away from the target (regardless of success). This Action must declare a Trigger if able.

- ***Help Her Up***: After resolving, select a friendly Gremlin within 6" and LoS. Push the Gremlin 6" towards this model.
- "***Oh Dear...***": After resolving, the closest other friendly model within 10" suffers 3 damage.
- ***BLAM!***: While damaging, the damage flip gains .
- ***There Goes a Leg!***: After damaging, the target gains the **Slow** Condition.

RESTRICTIONS

Trixiebelle



General Gremlin Upgrades

Cute Critters

Cost: 1 SS

This model gains the following Attack Action:

(1) Wrangle Critter (**Ca** 6 / TN: 12 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Target non-Leader Pig or Swampfiend model performs a (1) Action controlled by this model which may not declare Triggers. The target gains [+] to all duels for the duration of the Action.



Restrictions

McTavish

Mud Toss

Cost: 1 SS

This model gains the following Attack Action:

(1) Tossed in the Mud (**Ca** 6 / TN: 12 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): End one Condition on target model.

Mud Bucket: After succeeding, target friendly Gremlin within 3" of the target may suffer 1 damage to allow this model to take this Action again.



Restrictions

McTavish or Mancha Roja, Rare 1

Extra Gremlin

Cost: 2 SS

This model's **Whacked With a Gremlin** Attack Action gains the following Trigger:

Whacked With Two Gremlins: After damaging, take this Action again against the same target. This Action may not declare Triggers.



Restrictions

Mancha Roja

Hexed Among You

Cost: 1 SS

This model gains the following Ability:

Eyes in the Woods: Up to three friendly Swampfiend Minion models may be deployed anywhere on the board that is at least 6" away from the enemy Deployment Zone. These models may not take Interact Actions on the first Turn.



Restrictions

Swampfiend, Rare 1

On Yer Tip Toes

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

  On Yer Tip Toes: Friendly **Ht** 1 models within ❶10 count as **Ht** 2.

  Lucky As Dirt: After determing the winner of an opposed duel involving this model, but before applying any results, this model may discard this Upgrade. If it does, all cards used in the duel are discarded, and the duel is performed again with all of the same modifiers.

RESTRICTIONS

Master or Henchman, Rare 1

Hide in the Mud

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Hide in the Mud: This model is always considered to be in soft cover.

RESTRICTIONS

Rare 3




TEN THUNDERS

Family Bonds

By: Matthew Ritter

It was a cold and unforgiving night. One dead man hung inside out, flayed alive in a way that was most unseemly to those witnessing it.

None of them enjoyed the sight, but they were members of a group known in Malifaux as the Guild. Malifaux was a place of horror, pain, and sorrow. None of them were new, and this was not the worst thing any of them had seen.

This was orderly, almost calm; a purposeful killing for a specific ritual, magic most dark most likely. Not just to fill up one of those trinkets known as Soulstones, but something else. They didn't know what else, of course, it was their job to find out.

Only one of them was going to. The one most horrified by what he saw. He would find out the truth, and then, he would die.

Spoiling the ending, am I? Perhaps. I have never been the best at telling stories. Still, this is not so much the story of this man, as it is the story of a family of which he is a member. This is but part of a story, and for one moment this story and him intersected.

After he dies, the story goes on. Before he was born, the story went on.

He looked at the body of his dead cousin. It was why this horror hit him harder than most. It was someone he'd known, a man he'd crossed the Breach with. They had shared much. Different paths. He had been a baker, something often forgotten about by those in Malifaux, dreaming of wealth and terror. Food, just as necessary here as anywhere, and a baker is a noble profession. More noble than most in many ways.

One who would kill a baker, one who, at least as far as his cousin knew, had done nothing wrong must be a heinous individual indeed. Or someone who needed something.

This man, who this story is about briefly, his name was Conrad Guthin. He was a member of the Guild, newly promoted. Proud of his promotion, his uniform, his job. Something of an investigator now, with some autonomy, more than just the yes man he'd been before. He had bosses, he had people to listen to and obey, but he also had enough clout to act.

One of the other Guild men said something, what he said was not important. His tone was. It was... irreverent. No surprise, sarcastic, and Conrad had just lost a friend.

Conrad told this man to get out. According to rank, they were the same, but there was a steel in Conrad's voice, and the man left. The steel let the other Guild men there know that this was personal. They heard it sometimes, it was unavoidable in many ways. So many people in Malifaux met bad ends.

What do they say? Bad things happen? Yes... that sums it all up so very well.

Conrad examined the scene. He tried not to think about his friend, his almost brother as being dead. It was hard though, what had happened to him. His midsection opened up. Organs here, there, strewn about. He was tied to the floor and the ceiling, spread eagle. He guessed, correctly, this was to make him easier to work on.

The symbols on the ground felt both new and old to him. Odd, foreign looking symbols. They reminded him of the 'Oriental' sketches he'd seen around. Contrary to what many believed, the world of Malifaux was made up of quite a number of ancestries. Everyone wanted to come through the Breach and test their luck and their talents.

Conrad asked those still in the room if they'd ever seen anything like this. A series of non committal shrugs and half mumbles. Malifaux was not a place where curiosity was often rewarded. The Guild was dangerous, and sticking your neck out often got it cut off. If Conrad had followed this advice...

But ah. Is that true? No... things would have gone the same.

He looked and he looked, he made sketches of some of the symbols. He did more diligent work that day than any other he had for the Guild. He could not bring himself to help when they cleaned up the body. He did however have a hunch.

The Guild kept records. Not the best, but they kept them, and he checked. A man here, a man there. Not many, but if there were some recorded, there were probably scores more that had slipped through the cracks. He knew a ripper case when he saw it.

Always men. Always bound, always with strange symbols drawn around them. His cousin was just the most recent.

Considering this was Malifaux, he doubted the arcane drawings were just for show. If it had been going on this long, someone else knew about it. No one could do something like this in secret. He'd need to find those that knew of the magics. He went to the Witch Hunters.

True, most of what the Witch Hunters knew was of how to kill those that used magic. Or at least try. But it gave him something to go on.

He heard someone mention, 'The Thunders' was all he got. Almost off hand, by one Witch Hunter wasting time on a lazy day. Conrad perked up.

He asked who the Thunders were. It was the wrong question of course, but asking the right questions is a skill that takes centuries to master. He didn't get an answer, the amount of people in Malifaux who know the answer to that number are so few... so few.

He got the standard responses, ancient Oriental mysticism. Conspiracy theories. Talk of assassins dressed in the shadows themselves. He would have dismissed it, but this was Malifaux. This was not the craziest thing he had heard that day. More importantly, Conrad found out about an area, not quite in the right part of the city, which had a high amount of those who might know about the markings he'd seen.

With a name on his lips, and a place to look, he was off.

He thought, like many did, about the fallen. He dreamed about him. Oddly, he dreamed about his grandmother more. The phrase, 'this is not for children' echoed through his head. He always heard her voice saying that when he saw something terrible. He'd heard it that night, when he'd seen his cousin trussed up.

Yet that was not what she had been referring to. She'd meant the old scrolls that she had. She was actually his great grandmother, but had found the title too... cumbersome. She claimed they were scrolls from her great, great, grandmother. Scrolls brought with them to the new land.

Why he dreamed of that he didn't know.

He had never encountered much of the Kingdoms until that day. Even if it was just a taste, the smell of the exotic food. The strange hats and style of dress. The makeshift housing. It all struck him as very different. He looked down upon it, as backwards. Of course, he was right about some things, and wrong about others. That is always the way, for there is no path forward, only paths.

He showed the symbols he'd sketched to many locals. Most pretended they did not speak the same language as him, a few even made him believe it. He also asked about 'The Thunders' and that caused even more to forget what language they spoke. He saw in their eyes the flicker of doubt and worry.

It was nearing the end of third day of his time scouring for information, and he was beginning to think that someone who did not know the language would never be able to find anything in the little hovel town he was looking through.

That was when she found him.

She was very good at what she did, and so he never realized she was hunting him. Never realized that she was waiting on multiple corners, and in multiple spots to be noticed. The annoyed frown the young woman had each time he passed her by.

It was the sixth time that he finally saw her, chatting to an older gentleman; their conversation ending as he approached. She turned, almost bumping right into him. Patience was never her strong suit.

She asked to be excused as she nearly bumped him. Her voice was accented, but only slightly. That drew his attention.

He was polite; at least as polite as a member of the Guild ever was while asking questions. Finally, someone he could talk to easily.

She was polite back, but she made sure he knew it was an imposition. At least, she wanted him to think that was the case. He sadly had little chance of seeing through her. When someone anywhere in the city asks too many questions, someone notices.

He was cordial, he only talked down to her a little; asking her about the symbols he had sketched, about what they meant.

She told him many things. That they were very old, powerful magics, twisted magics, the kind that you should not look into. The kind of thing that searching for will only bring ruin. She was warning him, but she knew that a warning said just right was not a warning at all, but a call.

She let her eyes half close in an almost sensual way; mysterious and exotic, at least to him. She told him a name. Yan Lo, said like an incantation. She told him of this spellcaster older than the stars from across the sea and through the beach. Who died long ago, and came back, only to die again. Who purged the world of demons, and then crafted new ones because he was bored. Who walks the path of Bone, Ash, and Spirit.

Who walks the paths, and yet moves nowhere. A man who is a ghost, and yet with us always, who can live in our dreams, and feast on our flesh.

These things she told him and more.

Conrad asked if he was related to The Thunders. She laughed and told him that legends were just legends. The conversation turned to his family member, and she told him that there is power in family; some even might say the most power.

He told her about how his grandmother used to say that... He mused that maybe some local gang member was using the legend of Yan Lo to his advantage, taking the name to strike fear. It was not unheard of.... He talked about his baker cousin. He talked for some time.

He eventually realized he was talking to nothing but air, and she was gone.

She had done what she planned to do and now she was gone, like a ghost. That was the way of Chiaki. She could not simply let things go as they were going. Impatient, so much potential but, ah, wasted on youth; as are all things. If only youth could be taken from the young and given to those that could use it.

But I continue to get ahead of myself, in a story that ends so darkly.

He had a name now, a man, a being, Yan Lo. He asked, not just in that part of town but others, and he heard so many things.

Some people had met Yan Lo, they said he was an old man, on the way out. Others said he was indeed a ghost. Oh, the things they told him. Some said he was a zombie, ever rejuvenating, a master of fighting, a controller of the undead, a summoner of spirits. All of these, none of these.

He slowly found though, as he had suspected, that Yan Lo was more than just some legend. He was a legend, yes, from the old world and Conrad was starting to think he was more than just someone using the name. He surmised that Yan Lo was a wizard, form the old world that had found himself in Malifaux, and been rejuvenated.

It was a good guess. Malifaux gave many things new and strange powers. It could give people powers beyond their dreams, or their nightmares.

He looked into it. It helped that there was another killing. Like the first, like the others. His reports had gained traction, a ripper was on the loose, and something about that always scared people. They wanted to keep it under wraps and so, instead of being given more autonomy and resources by the Guild, he was stripped of them. They felt he might be too loud, too loud about what he was doing.

So he loudly complained and they quietly got rid of him.

Not as sometimes happens, in the back alleys of Malifaux, but simply by letting him go. Stripping him of his rank, of his words, of his symbols. Making him just a man.

This made it, at least in some places, easier to ask questions so he was not too upset. He could still follow the paths. It led him to books. It was hard to find translated works, or anyone who would translate for him, so he found himself matching symbols to symbols.



He found what some of the symbols drawn around the corpses had meant. Unity, family, duty, things of this nature. It puzzled him as he looked over the dusty scrolls. They were reminiscent, of his grandmother, of what she would tell him; stories of the distant parts of the family, traveling across lands and oceans. Things they had seen and done. He realized the symbols had reminded him of this, because they had been the kind on those scrolls. He realized that some part of his family had possibly come from the Eastern lands.

It was a mockery to him that symbols like duty and family would be put around a corpse; that things would be stripped from him, things he had held dear, by someone doing dark twisted magics.

But a name, Yan Lo, and some symbols, how did it help him? How would he know how to stop the next killing? Get revenge for his family? How could he act out his own duty and his own honor?

Like most mysteries, the answer was staring at him; the truth of events threatening to swallow him whole. It was the circles, at the first killing, one of the symbols had been circled. At the other killing, another. A different one. Why?

Parts of a spell? Steps?

He also realized each man had been killed, or at least bound, at a very specific place. At the second killing the circles drawn around the corpse had been continued in different rooms very carefully. If location was important then a pattern might be visible.

So he got a map, a big map of the city, and he started marking all the places he knew where the killings had happened. Marking and marking. The records were spotty but he knew the two for sure, and a few other maybes.

And, as this is his story, at least for now, sure enough he saw there was a pattern. At least there seemed to be. Circles, getting smaller, each one in a different place like the circles drawn on the crime scenes. If that was true, then it would not be difficult to guess the next circle, to guess the next place.

He knew the location of the next murder.

He tried to tell his commander, or his former one, from the Guild. He tried, but they didn't want to hear it, not from a disgraced washout. Not that it would have mattered if they did. It would simply have gotten more men hurt, but he didn't know that.

He decided to go and see about the location.

It was a night much like when his cousin had died; a sign if there ever was one. The street was mostly empty, the building uninhabited like many in the city. So many places no one ever went, it was surprising that there weren't rippers on every corner. Or maybe there were. Working in the shadows without anyone ever noticing.

The building had once been something but the sign was worn down and he could not tell what it was. He could not tell from what was inside what it had been either, it had been looted clean. Wooden floors and dust were mostly what remained.

In one room he found the circles, already drawn. Ready. He knew for sure he had found the right place. Of course, the fear only hit him now, in this moment of the hunt. It was an abstract fear that the killer might be in the area, it was not until the chains grabbed him that he was afraid for another reason.

He had not seen it from the inside. From outside though, of course, you see. Don't you? You understand what is happening to him as the chains bind his legs and feet, controlled by magic, binding him, spread eagle above the circle. He is the next to die.

He was always to be the next to die. The last, actually. The very last.

You know why, don't you? Because family is powerful. Because blood is powerful. Because family blood is powerful, and because his family, and the family of the killer, are the same. Because power can be drawn from anyone with the bloodline, even if at this point, it is impure, tainted, watered down; too wasted to have him be of any use alive, but just enough that his death could fuel so much.

Oh, what is it? Why am I telling you this... well, I want you to know. To... oh, Conrad. Yes. Yes, I was lost in the past. Sometimes I am lost in the future. I did not mean to speak to you as if you were not here. I just wanted you to understand. To understand...

There are things that need done in this new world, and you will help. You are the last of the tainted blood in Malifaux. The power you will grant me... oh me?

I am Yan Lo, of course. At least for now. Tomorrow I could be so many things, cursed as I am. Doomed to never die. Doomed to never live. It is a strange existence, a problem you do not have. Do you, Conrad? No, you are doomed to be useful.

Your cousin? Yes. Also useful. He had to die, as do you. For the ritual, for the path of Bone, Ash and Spirit. So I am to walk the Path. So I may walk it, and perhaps find the end. If there is an end. Is there an end, Conrad? Won't you tell me, on the other side?



BLOODY TIES

DESCRIPTION

One of them has valuable blood, family blood. Let them conduct their little investigation, so long as they get closer…

SET UP

Select one player to be the Attacker and the other player to be the Defender. The Defender secretly notes down one of the Attacker's non-Peon models to be the sacrifice.

DEPLOYMENT

This scenario uses Standard Deployment.

SPECIAL

Any non-Peon model in the Attacking Crew may make a (1) Interact Action while in base contact with a piece of terrain on the Enemy Half of the board to place a 30mm Investigation Marker in base contact with the terrain. Each Attacking model may only place one Investigation Marker per game. Investigation Markers must be places at least 4" apart.

After killing or sacrificing an enemy model, the Defending Master may discard a card to summon an Ashigaru (Pg. 70) in base contact with the model before removing it.

VICTORY

At the end of the game, the Attacker gains 1 **VP** for each Investigation Marker in play.

If the Defender kills or sacrifices the noted Attacking model while that model is on the Defender's Half of the board, the Defender immediately reveals the secret note and earns 2 **VP**. For every two Ashigaru the Defender summons, the Defender earns 1 additional **VP**.

The Black Sheep

By: N. A. Wolf

She asked a question. *Do you remember what happened to them? I mean, your parents.*

Silence, before he answered, *No.*

She was quick to retort. *How can you not?*

Because I've stopped caring. I won't remember them. I won't. It's not difficult to hate them when they've treated me as a burden.

A chuckle. She replied curtly. *Oh, is that so? A* burden*? No, perhaps a disappointment. They loved you. You were given everything, and you lost it. Squandered it. You are a wastrel, and your parents knew it.*

You don't know anything about me. We're done here, lady. The scraping of metal chair legs on hard wood and woven reeds.

Sit down – you are ruining my tatami. That you are in Malifaux tells me everything I need to know. Who else belongs in Malifaux except those who are exiled here? As one of your people would say, Hell has a unique way of inspiring the worst sort of company. Why are you here?

A pause. Moments for careful reflection. He offered, *I'm here for the one thing no hell will give me.*

And what is that, if I may ask? Your notions of Heaven and Hell mean little to people like us. They are not of us, I am proud to say. No riddles. What do you really *want?*

No pause this time. An immediate answer, ardent and sure. *Redemption.*

A genuine sigh. *Gomanasai*, she said. *You are looking in the wrong place, fool. And you will pay for it.*

London had changed for the worse.

It was not just the introduction of martial law, curfew, armed patrols, and cumbersome security checkpoints; her people had become grave and sullen too. No longer did they loiter casually in the streets to greet passersby. The cheerful peddlers, cobblers, and shoe shiners who once whistled in the interstices between the great roads as they worked for generous tips had disappeared. The municipal gardeners who took great pride in both their work and their prodigious skill were sacked. The city's once lush foliage had wilted in turn; the trees were dying and the grass in all of the parks lay unkempt, like overgrown, ugly brown stains that seeped into the city's aged, sooty cobblestones, unfettered by the bite of the curb. Trash rotted in the streets; cigarette butts and wrappings were tossed in haste at overflowing garbage bins, their erstwhile owners too anxious to arrive at their next destination to tend to them. The garbagemen had been drafted as patrolmen.

And then there was the fog. It steamed from the sludgy, bubbling surface of the Thames, never ceasing to roil over the walled banks into the heart of the city. The rain was constant as well; thick droplets pounded the blackening streets and the ruddy buildings. It would not be long before noxious grime filled all the crevasses between the city's worn bricks like an infectious disease.

With the city dying, public conversations were rarely conducted above a whisper, as though at the sickbed of a terminally ill patient. Quiet had become a custom, fear a precept. At night, the streets were empty. Every day had been monotonous and similar; the gloomy trudge to work in the early hours of the morning, ten hours of slavish, feverish toil under the eyes of Guild overseers, and the anxious sprint home before curfew set in. Violators were shot, usually on sight.

Hasty footsteps shattered the resilient silence as two figures loomed through the mist – a father holding his young son by the shoulder turned from an alley. "You can see the city changing, can't you? I won't be alive to see what happens to this place, but I am so sorry to know that you will," he whispered with a sigh, before pulling the boy close.

The boy grimaced. He hated affection. It stifled the sense of adventure and independence he wore proudly on his

sleeve. When he wasn't being hugged, kissed, loved, and tended to, he felt infinite, as though the world was his and his alone to explore. He was the hero, the knight, the cowboy, the relic hunter. The roles that involved violence pleased him most. Every day, he could imagine a derringer strapped to his leg in an elegant holster and a gleaming scabbard with an even more opulent sword at his hip, just like the Redcoats carried. Every wall, cliff, and tree he could see himself climbing elegantly and expertly, with the strength to shimmy and leap from surface to surface with the tips of his fingers. Other people were just meaningless noise, the bad guys to be beaten so that he could save the day...

But when he was loved, bathed, schooled, and tucked into bed every night, he was just an ordinary boy. Too *ordinary* to be anything of import. And he hated it.

"Get off me, Dad," he said, pushing the man away. "Stop it, not... you know," he cast a sidelong glance at the empty street through the fog as though embarrassed, "in *public*!"

The father chuckled. "You have no idea how lucky you are. You are quite far from ordinary. I'm worried that you don't appreciate it."

"I do."

"No," he said sadly, looking down at his son before ruffling his hair, trying to be affectionate again as though to ease his own disappointment, "I don't think so."

More footsteps rang through the gloom. The man put his arms around his son protectively.



She asked another question. *You are from London?*

He gave another answer. *Yes.*

She continued, *The city has changed much since the Breach re-opened, yes?*

The city changed long before that. It changed when the Guild took it from us.

Ah… the Guild. A plague.

An acute one. Don't they control whatever hole you *crawled out of too?*

She sneered. *They are trying, but we fight them at every turn. Quite successfully, I would like to think. They fight for domination in disguise, backing the Empire's contests for Zhong Guo, Singapore, Malay, Java, Bharat Ganrajya, and even Southern Afric. Those who criticize her call it imperialism. They are only half-right. As you know, the Guild cares little for gold, tobacco, sugar, or zealous notions of cultural burdens and duties... So tell me of London. It will help me determine how useful you are, and whether or not you are wasting my time. A dangerous prospect indeed.*

He gave a laugh, an attempt at a response, a masterfully woeful effort to avoid expressing any sense of fear. *London was like a port city the first time the Breach opened. The Guild catalogued all of the things they brought back from Malifaux there, and stored them to be shipped elsewhere. It's why they locked down the city so heavily. When I was young, the Breach had already closed… the things the Guild brought back from Malifaux were thought to be the last of their kind. The Guild had no idea the Breach would open again.*

Things? You mean Soulstones?

Yes, Soulstones. What else matters to them?

Power.

They are one and the same.



The patrol marched in unison through the mist, perfectly synchronized with every footstep. Though it was composed only of ten men, it was disturbingly intimidating. Each man was clad in the bright red and white musketeer uniform of the Empire; the colors seemed unnaturally bright in the gray fog. Only their gleaming, ironclad black boots and their dark, folded hats appeared in tune with the drabness of the city. They all held heavy, polished wooden rifles by the butt against their shoulders, the cold steel of their shining bayonets hard against the eye. One of them marched with a dark crimson standard embroidered in gold lace.

The boy shuddered as the patrol emerged from the gloom. He didn't recognize the symbol on the standard, but to him, it looked like a ram with demonic, pointed eyes and a harsh sneer.

The father turned to him, dropped to one knee, and said, "Don't say *anything*, do you hear? Let me handle

this. I knew we made a mistake turning onto the main road at this hour."

The patrol marched straight at them. The leader, who bore not a musket but two swords nestled carefully in scabbards crossed at his hips, drew one of his blades and called, "Halt, citizen! You are in violation of curfew ordinance. Explain yourself."

"Good evening sir," the man began, pacing nervously from foot to foot but maintaining a semblance of bold confidence. "I apologize for the lateness of our hour. It was not our intention to trespass or to disrespect the law. I merely wanted my son to see the city during our evening stroll. We are on our way to our residence and we will not linger any longer."

"Papers and identification, *now*." The Sergeant's tone was harsh.

The father reached into his coat pocket and pulled out two slips of crimson paper. "My name is Thomas, sir. Thomas McCabe. I am forty-three years old, married to Sarah McCabe, forty-one. This is my son Lucas. He's ten. We live in Knightsbridge at the Framingham house. My son... he has yet to see the city. He spends too much time at home attended to by the servants; he rarely leaves the grounds. I took him out this evening because I thought it was high time that he saw the rest of the world."

The Sergeant eyed him suspiciously. "And why would you want your boy to see this hell-hole? It don't matter nothing." The officer pointed his sword at Thomas' throat. It quivered in place ever so slightly; Thomas could feel the razor-sharp edge scratching against his skin. "What business have you with the Guild?"

"I'm a parliamentary executive. You can see on my papers that I have permission to be out an hour past curfew. It is my right, and the right of my son."

"Right? Right? Frankly, I don't give a sodding damn about your paper. You know something? It's bloody unwise that you wander these streets at night as if you own this place. You know most people are inside at this hour. They haven't got no privileges. That's right abusive, executives like yourself lordin' your power over the regular folk."

"Sir, I meant no offense. I am a lawmaker. I was in favor of the curfew and against the extension for officials. I merely wanted my son to see the city." Thomas stopped trembling; he stood his ground.

The Sergeant eyed Thomas nastily. His gaze fell upon his kempt suit, well-cobbled boots, and silver watch. He turned to Lucas. "Boy! Is what your father says here true?"

Lucas was rooted to the spot, helpless and powerless, like an insect being toyed with by its captor. He could only gulp and nod, before reminding himself that he would never make his cats suffer again.

"Then what did you learn from your outside stroll, precious child?" He glanced also at Lucas' silken tie, his plaid school uniform woven from comfortable, warm wool, and the golden pocket watch nestled in his vest, betrayed by its dangling chain.

Lucas didn't know what to say. Rooted to the spot, he almost burst into tears, but managed to squeak, "This city is a dangerous place."

The Sergeant guffawed haughtily. "Say it louder, mouse. I want to make sure that I heard you with me own ears."

"The. City. Is. A. Dangerous. Place. Because. Of. Assholes. Like. *You*." Lucas repeated insolently through gritted teeth. "Can you hear me now?"

Thomas McCabe turned pale-white. "I'm sorry sir. My son, he's – "

But before Thomas could offer a proper response, the Guild Sergeant simply smiled, revealing his crooked yellow teeth. "I like this boy. He's got a bit of a fight in 'im. But no goddamn respect." He drew back his and struck Lucas across the face with the back, keeping his sword leveled against Thomas' throat with the other. The boy fell to the ground, blood gushing from his mouth. He fell hard on the cobblestones and skinned his knee. He didn't cry or squirm. He just looked up at the redcoat with pure hatred building behind his deep brown eyes.

"I'll have you hanged, you bastard!" began Thomas in outrage. "Striking a child! Striking my *son*!"

The Sergeant began to laugh as the other patrol men leveled their rifles at Thomas. "You'll stay right where you are." He bent down and leveled his sword lovingly to Lucas' chest. "Have some respect, boy. I'm going to show you something. You see this?" He pointed enthusiastically at the saber resting uncomfortably close to Lucas' heart. "It's nice and sharp. I have something that can hurt you. I'm bigger n' you and stronger n' you. So I'm going to take something of yours, and you're

gonna sit there like a good little boy and let me."

Lucas closed his eyes as the blade came closer and closer to his chest. He thought the end was coming. There would be no more adventures. He would never be a cowboy or a treasure hunter again. The blade sank through his uniform and grazed his skin...

The tip connected delicately with the chain of his pocket watch. The Sergeant wrenched the blade backwards, ripping through his fine shirt. He flipped the trinket in the air and caught it with a satisfied smirk. "This is mine now, see. Remember, boy, don't bloody mess with people bigger n' you are. You –" the officer sheathed his sword and pointed at Thomas, "Teach your boy some goddamned manners. Alright lads," he whistled at his patrol, "We're off."

As soon as the men turned their backs, Thomas rushed to pick his son off the ground. He hauled him up by the collar angrily, before whispering, "Lucas, are you daft? I told you not to say anything! And now look! Are you hurt?"

Lucas brushed himself off and spat blood onto the cobblestones.



"You didn't protect me. You just stood there as he took Mum's watch." He turned his back. "You don't care, do you?" he sulked, shivering from where the breeze touched the cut skin under his ripped shirt.

"Of course I care. You're lucky that the watch is all they took. Listen to me – you were bloody foolish tonight. Don't you understand why he took it from you?"

"Because he was bigger than me and stronger than me, but one day Dad, I'm gonna find him, and when I'm bigger and stronger I'll ram *my* own sword right up his – "

Thomas McCabe grabbed his son by the scruff of the neck and turned him around; his face was streaked with blood, tears, and grime, his eyes red and swollen. Thomas' heart sank. He couldn't bear to see his son so woebegone, but it was imperative that he understood. "Listen to yourself! You don't appreciate anything do you? We're not like other people. They took what you had because they didn't have anything... and us being out here past curfew was a stark reminder of that. Now promise me you'll think before you open your mouth. There are a lot of people who hate us. You should respect that and be sensitive."

"I want the watch back. Why did he have to take it? Why? I want that man dead."

"It's because he's got nothing else to live for, you hear? Open your eyes Lucas, or you'll be bumping into walls for the rest of your life – and I won't be there to pick you up when you fall."

She snorted. *You arrogant fool.*

I was a child, what did you expect, lady?

For you to have a different disposition than you had all those years ago, but I can tell from your expression that you haven't changed a bit.

A pause. For the second time - *You don't know me.*

I know you better than you know you. You grew up in London. What brought you to Cairo?

Cairo? He asked, plainly, feigning ignorance.

You know damned well what I'm talking about. Cairo.

Another pause. A calculated silence, and then, another question. *Tell me about Karen.*

A fist slamming on the table. *We're done here.*

A leveled bisento. *No, we're not. Karen. Your fiancée. Dead, by your hand.*

If you think I killed her without a second thought, what do you think I would do to you?

She laughed. *Nothing you'll live long enough to see. Karen. Now.*

There was sand everywhere. In his shoes, in his hair, in the folds of his tender ears where the hot desert wind had blown it with a gentle caress. He didn't mind though. It was part of the job, and the slight discomfort and the mild itching fix could hardly compare with the value of the riches he was sure to discover. Lucas McCabe glanced down at the worn black leather notebook in his hand. He scratched his chin pensively as he gazed at the torn pages with a grimace. "This is the place. The drawings are identical," he murmured to himself. He gesticulated at a sandy dais half-buried in the dune before him. It was made of aged, cracked yellowing stone circumscribed with rugged hieroglyphs. To the uninitiated, it looked like a rock. It was hardly a surprise that it had been overlooked for centuries. But for McCabe, it was a marker to a great, lost treasure. Four years at Oxford had shown him not to overlook the obvious.

He turned to the five men accompanying him. They were clad in the white robes of desert nomads, their faces hidden by light balaclavas protecting them from the harsh rays of the sweltering sun and the coarse grains of sand lifted by the fickle breeze. In almost perfect Arabic, he commanded, "Dig, we don't have much time!" He grabbed the shovel strapped to his backpack and began to dig eagerly.

One of McCabe's companions stopped him abruptly. "Are you sure you want to do this? Some things are better left untouched."

"I'm not paying you to question me, Ibrahim, I'm paying you to help me dig." McCabe patted him on the shoulder with a smile. "And pay you I will, my friend."

The man sighed sadly, and he and his companions buried their shovels and picks into the dust. Within the hour, just as the sun began to sink ever so slowly behind the dunes, they had fully exposed the dais. It was a perfect circle, made up of several interlocking concentric stone rings. In the middle of it all sat a great eye with a curved brow, two elegant strokes carved into the stone flowing forth from the bottom lid.

"The Eye of Horus," said Ibrahim with a grimace. "A ward of protection to the ancient people who built this here. Sir, please, don't do this. We can still turn back now. There is no need to desecrate the place of our ancestors – "

McCabe interrupted him with a snort. "You've done your part, Ibrahim. You can turn back with your people now. If you won't be of any use to me, I don't see any reason why you should stay. I can find my way back through the desert – I've been doing this long enough. This valley is dead. There's nothing left here that can hurt me. What was it that Shelley once said? *Nothing beside remains. Round the decay of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare the lone and level sands stretch far away…"*

She gave a snort of impatience. *I asked you to tell me about Cairo. Why are you wasting my time? You're reciting poetry. Crass poetry at that… nothing like the haikus of my people.*

An ardent retort. *Shut up and listen. You want answers? Stop asking me all of these damned questions and let me talk.*

It's my prerogative to ask, and yours to answer.

Then, *This is leading up to Cairo, lady. Give me a minute. All of this will come around, but you need to know what happened in the Valley of Kings that day.*

The Valley of Kings?

A mass grave, where the Gyptians buried their god-pharaohs.

How primitive.

Listen, I don't know who you think you are, lady, but you think you and your people are so goddamned superior to the rest of the world –

When you wield the thunder as I do, it is natural to see yourself as superior.

Silence.

The golden amulet gleamed before him tantalizingly in the pale moonlight. It had not been difficult to find. Lucas had dismantled the dais piece by piece with a crowbar and the help of Ibrahim and his aides to discover it winking up at him when he removed the center stone.

The decaying flesh of the hand that clasped it ruined the romanticism of the moment. Without a second thought, Lucas gave the amulet a hard tug and smiled in amusement as the artifact remained tightly clasped in the corpse's fingers while the arm attached to it broke free from the rest of the body with a puff of putrid dust. "You won't be needing that anymore," said Lucas to the body, shaking the amulet free of the dead fingers which refused to release their treasure until the mummified hand at last dropped into the sand.

"You should show more respect," said Ibrahim sourly, turning his gaze away from Lucas as his companions began whispering furiously amongst themselves. "That belonged to a king once."

"Once," said Lucas with a steely grin, "but now it's mine. We make camp here for the evening. We'll never be able to return to Cairo now. It's too late, and the Guild patrols are roaming the city walls."

He gazed at the amulet in his hand. It looked exactly like the dais – it was made of pure gold with interlocking concentric rings engraved with hieroglyphs, but in the center sat a dark green gem that glowed faintly with aetherial light, even though Lucas' shadow covered it from the bright rays of the moon. It would fetch a nice price, Lucas thought, satisfied. Karen awaited him in Cairo. The money he could earn would allow them to elope for a couple more weeks before financial needs once again made the better of them both.

Ibrahim tapped McCabe on the shoulder. "Do you know what you hold in your hands?"

"A mighty fine piece of treasure. Should fetch quite a hefty sum, I think."

"You say you are an Oxford graduate?"

"That doesn't mean I paid attention in class. It just meant that I paid off the right people. Studies never appealed to me much. You can get anything you want with a little force and by being bigger than the people in your way." He drew a golden pocket watch from his vest and stroked it thoughtfully. A bad habit he had developed since he had gotten the trinket back; he never wanted to lose it again. The only other man who had wanted it found himself at the bottom of the Thames one evening, heart pierced by a strategic sword stroke through the breast pocket and throat subsequently split. The second stroke had been unnecessary, Lucas thought, but oh so satisfying.

Ibrahim scoffed. "Do you know what those rings represent?"

"Profit."

"No," said Ibrahim, shaking his head again and putting his face in his wizened hands. "There was a legend that there was once a pharaoh who killed his own son over an altar like a lamb as an offering to the gods to show his willingness to obtain immortality and power, whatever the personal sacrifice. They say that the gods

were displeased by his hubris and opened a great tear in the sky – a giant hole in the very fabric of reality itself from which thousands of horrors entered the world to slaughter the pharaoh and his entire court."

"A child's tale."

"No, a reminder."

"Of what?"

"That sometimes, no matter how big and strong you are, there is *always* someone bigger and stronger who will not hesitate to cut you down at the heels. Ah, speaking of which" said Ibrahim excitedly, clapping his hands together, "it's time."

Before Lucas could ask what he was talking about, Ibrahim forced him to turn around. The pale moonlight illuminated two figures approaching from the crest of the nearest dune like haunting desert apparitions. The next thing he saw was far less intriguing. Five blades drawn, five pistol hammers pulled back. When he turned round again, he had come face to face with Ibrahim's own derringer.

"Whoa! My friend, I said I would pay you and your mates. There's no need for this..." He glanced around licking his lips, ready for a good brawl. But he knew he would never make it without a chest full of led.

"I am not your friend, Lucas McCabe," said Ibrahim with a sinister, determined grin. "Nor are the people we work for."

"I don't understand. We're in the middle of the desert. Why didn't you just shoot me earlier?" He raised his arms conceitedly as though beckoning Ibrahim to a challenge. "Shoot me. Take your best shot."

"Oh no, that wouldn't satisfy me at all. I have explicit instructions regarding you, Lucas McCabe." He cast a glace again at the two figures coming closer and closer into view. Lucas scrutinized the latecomers more carefully and realized that the first was bound by the hands while being prodded forward by the second, who was dressed in garments similar to Lucas' guide. He was accompanied by what looked like a great, black dog. His heart sank as he realized that the figure in front was Karen.



Fist slamming on the table again. *Are you satisfied? Do you need me to go on?* he shouted.

No. I want to hear you recount every agonizing moment, because I don't understand. I thought you *killed Karen.*

Raised eyebrows and a mirthless chuckle. *I did. In a manner of speaking.*



They were tied back to back, Lucas to Karen, Ibrahim pacing around the two of them. The dog began to grind its teeth and drool savagely.

"Ibrahim isn't even your real name, is it, you lying bastard?" McCabe spat.

"No, of course not." He gave a sharp laugh. "You call me a bastard? We have been hunting you, Mr. McCabe, for a very long time. Too long have you desecrated the tombs of our ancestors, stealing priceless treasures for profit. You have robbed our people of their culture and history. Look at the artifact you took today, for god's sake." He dangled the amulet tantalizingly in front of Lucas' face. "Do you even realize that there's a goddamn Soulstone embedded in the middle? It's the first of its kind found in Egypt. Don't you know what this could mean for our understanding of the past? How the hell do you think that got there? We might never know, because you were going to pawn it like it was some common object. The people I work for... they hunt thieves like you and bring them to justice for the sake of history itself. And we are everywhere. It was only a matter of time before we found you... and now that we have, rest assured, Mr. McCabe, you will face justice. Take a good look at what you were about to lose forever." He tossed the amulet at Lucas' feet before bending down to look Karen straight in the eye. She quailed before his gaze.

McCabe said nothing. He struggled against his ropes, but they wouldn't budge.

"You've taken countless things from us, Mr. McCabe. But we're not going to kill you. It's your lucky day." His

eyes lit up in excitement. “Oh no, you need to feel the guilt of everything you’ve done as it crushes you slowly and painfully, grinding you down into nothing. Your life as you know it will fade away slowly. As you have taken our past, we will take yours.”

“And how are you going to do that, exactly,” said Lucas with a snort.

“It’s simple.” He lowered his pistol and shot Karen three times in the chest. Lucas felt her blood seep through the back of his shirt. He let out a feral howl. When he tried to embrace the lifeless body of his fiancée, his fetters stopped him from turning round. She was gone, he was certain, and he could never bring her back.

I didn’t kill her, but I might as well have pulled the trigger. These people… I never saw them coming, he said.

She looked unconvinced. *Did they just let you go?*

Not exactly.

“Do you see,” said Karen’s executioner with a shrug, “What it is like when people bigger and stronger than you beat you to a pulp? Your insolent strong-arming works both ways. It was only a matter of time before fate brought you face to face with someone deadlier than you.”

Lucas could not say anything. He merely rocked back and forth in the sand as Karen’s warm, sticky blood engulfed him. He had not felt so small since that night in London, when the Guild patrolman had taken his mother’s pocket watch. Both times, he had danced at the very limens of death, only to be left alive and wishing that he had put a toe across it. Through blurred and burning eyes, he noticed the gem in the center of the amulet at his feet turn bright green just as the last breath left Karen’s body. He wailed a final time and cradled the amulet at his chest, clasping it hard though his hands were bound. And then, instinctively, somehow, he knew what he had to do. *Help me, Karen, please, just one last time… I don’t deserve it, but please!*



Lucas raised the amulet above his head, and without warning, bright green flames burst forth from the stone in the middle in a radiant, jade inferno that engulfed Lucas' five assailants in a burning shroud of arcane heat. The light was unlike anything Lucas had ever seen, impossibly bright and sudden, like a flash. In that split second, he felt the very air around him implode and pulse, sending an unflagging shockwave in every direction. The five men were vaporized instantly, all of them, their robes and weapons too, their remnants kissed mockingly by the desert wind and scattered into oblivion.

Beneath the canopy of the endless constellations, blurred in the faint arcane haze, only Lucas, the great black hound, and the body of poor Karen remained, surrounded by the brooding silence of the shifting sands. Lucas' ropes had disintegrated. He hugged the body of his love close. He didn't need to check for a pulse. He knew she was gone. The discharge of her soul had been her last gift, and a sign of her total destruction.

Lucas took one final look at the amulet as the Soulstone in the center crumbled to dust, utterly spent and exhausted. "It's just you and me now," he said to the hound sadly. After closing Karen's eyes gently with surprising tenderness, he left her in the desert to be consumed by the sands, one with the earth and lost forever. It was what she would have wanted, he thought, but then, he was never sure. Lucas and the dog began the long trek back to Cairo. "You need a new name now that you have a new master, I think. But what to name you?" He looked up at the glinting moon, full and bright, his only guide back to the walls of the city barely visible miles in the distance. "Ah! I know, but only if you're a bitch."

He finished at last. *They arrested me when I got back to the city. Those people… they set up the police and held me for a murder which I did not, in the strictest sense only, commit. I think it was their hope that I would rot away in a prison cell forever to reflect on my goddamned guilt.*

A look of puzzlement. *You were in jail for quite some period of time.*

Long enough to make some important friends… But a story for another time. In due course, I was released on a technicality. But they were still hunting me.

Who?

The preservation maniacs whom I rubbed the wrong way. And then the Breach re-opened. It was time for a new start, and time to run away. Given everything that happened, Malifaux seemed fitting.

Slow clapping of hands. *You approached us, Mr. McCabe, and you've held my attention. You wouldn't be alive if you didn't. So, I have only one question left to ask you. Why the Thunders? Why work for us? Frankly, I don't think you can be trusted in the least. Prove me wrong,* she challenged.

A careful answer. No cheek. No aggression. *Redemption. I have no family because I drove them away or got them killed. My experience, contacts, and services are valuable to you. And the loyalty of your organization and its operatives is something I never had, and it's something I want.*

I'm not convinced in the slightest, Mr. McCabe.

A steely glance and a bemused sigh. *Neither am I, Lady Yamaziko, but we both know that if you didn't have some intention of employing me, I'd be dead now instead of sipping sake with you.*

A gleaming pocket watch shimmers in the lamplight.

I'm quite the pickpocket, Yamaziko said dangerously. *Consider this collateral. Serve us well, Lucas, or my Mistress, Lady Misaki, will crush more than your precious pocket watch. Dismissed.*





OZYMANDIAS

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

- Shelley

SET UP

This scenario uses the Badlands special rule (M2E Core Rulebook pg. 79). Select one player to be the Attacker and the other to be the Defender. The Attacking Leader gains the Jewel of Ozymandias Upgrade, which does not count against its Upgrade limit. Then, flip a card to randomly determine a standard Strategy (M2E Core Rulebook pg. 66).

DEPLOYMENT

The Attacker places her Leader in the center of the board and selects a table edge. Then the Defender selects three non-Leader models and places them anywhere within 14" of the Attacking Leader. All other models begin the game off of the table. The Attacker automatically gets Initiative on the first Turn. For the purposes of Schemes, the Attacker's Deployment Zone is within 6" of the table edge she selected. The Defender's Deployment Zone is within 6" of the opposite table edge.

SPECIAL

When a model which is not on the board yet Activates it is placed touching any table edge, at least 8" away from any enemy model, before beginning its Activation.

VICTORY

Victory Points are scored as normal for the Strategy which was determined at the start of the game.

THE JEWEL OF OZYMANDIAS

COST: 0 SS

- This Upgrade may only be taken during the Ozymandius scenario by the Attacker.
- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

(0) "Help me, Karen, one last time...": All models within (1)6 suffer 3 damage and are pushed 6" away from this model. Add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool and then discard this Upgrade.

RESTRICTIONS

Leader

Heart of the Dawn

By: Mark Rodgers

The monks stood in clusters on the wide stone plaza, each group eyeing the others with expressions ranging from careful neutrality to outright hostility. Each was a skilled master of his own temple style, and wasted no affection on the others. At the head of the plaza, Yu watched with a peaceful smile on his broad face. *Every ten years we come together to search for the rare blossoms in this tangle of thorns, those gifted enough to offer themselves for the honor of becoming Dragonhost. Could He be seeking a new host so soon?* The thought settled on his mind like a dragonfly on water, causing his brow to furrow slightly. *Such times bring great competition and true warriors, but such treacherous politics too.* He shooed the idea away before the ripples could spread and spoil his calm. His expression tranquil, he took several steps towards the assembled monks who fell silent and turned to face him almost reverentially. Yu smiled widely at the effect his reputation had. *They can have their power and politics*, he thought. *I have never needed more than my students.* He gestured to three monks, each from a different temple.

"You, you and you, attack me." Surprised, the three stepped forward slowly and bowed to Yu, who returned the bow politely. The High River monk charged at Yu the moment the formalities were done, the other two hesitating momentarily. They soon followed, using the High River monk's assault to cover their own attacks. Yu moved between them almost causally, leaving all three sprawled on the stone floor of the training ground without breaking a sweat. He turned back to the rest of the monks, still smiling. "So, you all understand why that happened, yes?" He carried on after a moment of silence. "You all fear the fire of High River, so they must be the strongest, yes?" He indicated for one of them to step forward, and continued talking as he blocked the blows the monk hurled at him. "Truly the fire burns hot, but what does the wind care of this?" Yu changed his stance, adopting Wandering River style. He swirled easily around the attacking monk, making a swift flurry of delicate strikes that dropped the High River monk mid kick.

"So, wind must be the strongest, yes?" He gestured to a monk from the Wandering River temple, who stepped forward reluctantly. They bowed, this time with Yu attacking in the High River style. The monk fended off the blows as best he could, then took his chance to attack when Yu settled into a more defensive posture. "The wind is strong against fire, but what can it do against the earth?" Yu called to the class. As the monk attacked again, Yu set his weight firmly. The monk's strike was knocked away, Yu stamping one foot as his forearm swung up and slammed into the monk's chest, launching him onto his back several feet away. "So, perhaps earth is the strongest, yes?" He saw the other temples shift uneasily and his smile widened. "You begin to see then. Wind cannot touch the earth, though water can wear it away. In turn, the water is weak to fire. So, we have a circle that does not end, yes? To become truly skilled, one must harness all the elements. Then one can learn the final element between the others, and understand how to balance the four. This mastery of the void between elements is the mark of someone worthy of becoming Dragonhost."



High on the stairs that rose from the plaza, Shenlong stood unnoticed. His sharpened senses let him watch and listen to the class below as Yu proceeded with the lessons.

I remember this well. Twice I came to the Five River Taikai as a Master of the High River before you chose me. One day you will grant another the honor of becoming Dragonhost, I suppose.

I have no plans to discard you so swiftly, Shenlong. A human worthy of my gifts is rare indeed, and you have held them barely fifty years. I have no interest in decades of tedium waiting for another to appear. The familiar voice echoed in icy motes through his skull and down his spine.

Shenlong blinked. *Has it really been so long?* He thought back to the first time he had seen Yu, as a young novice. *He must be past forty now. Do the years lose their meaning so easily?*

Years have never had meaning. Forty years of life is not a prize to guard jealously, like some bauble. It is a mere eye blink. Now, if you are

FINISHED DAYDREAMING, PERHAPS WE CAN GET ON? Shenlong shook his head clear of the memories, nodded, and strode down the steps towards the gathered monks.

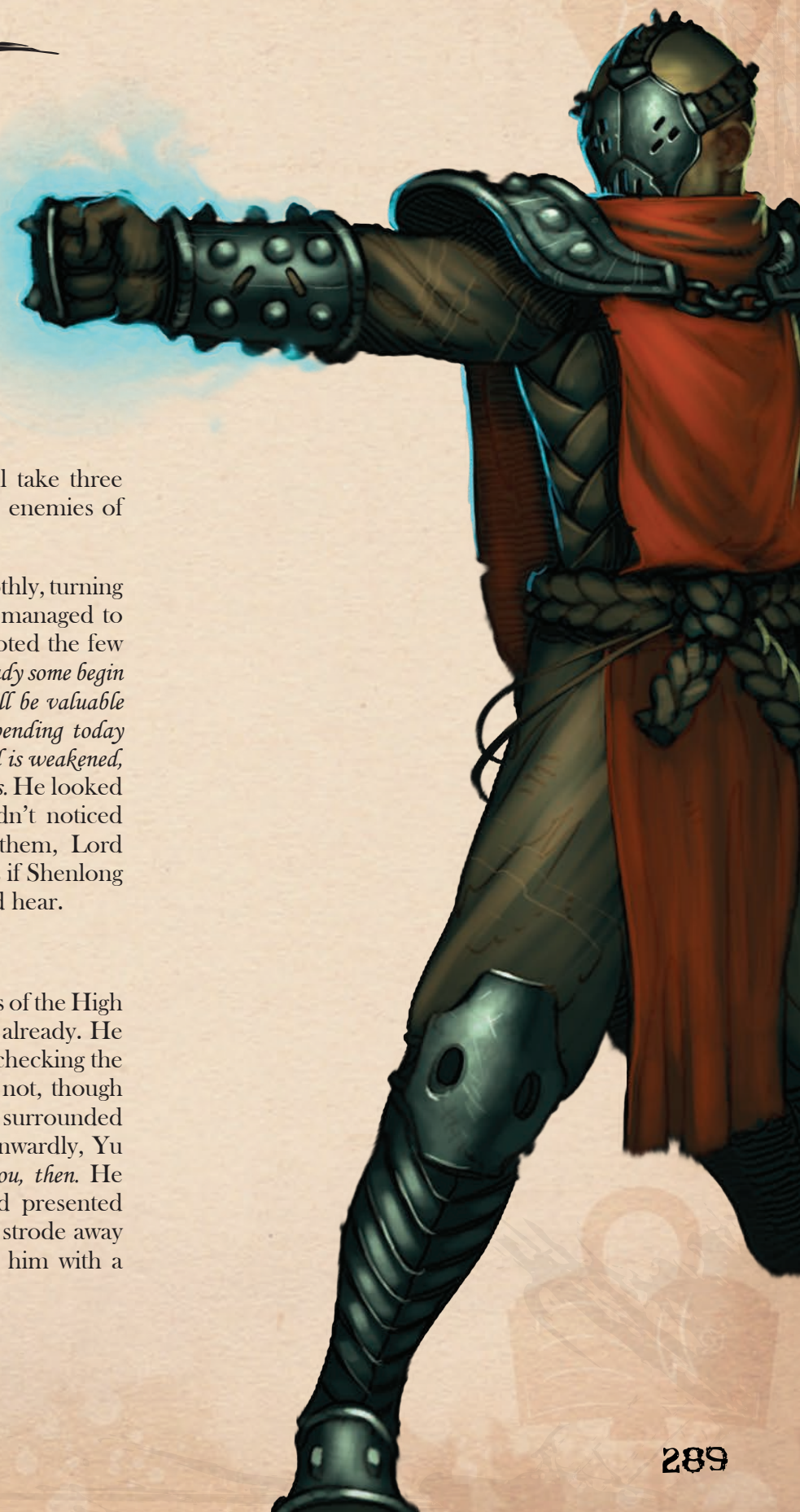
Shenlong's arrival on the plaza caused an expanding ring of confusion as monks stopped to look. Yu's sharp commands sent them scrambling into neat rows, leaving the front half of the plaza empty except for Shenlong and Yu, who was holding a very careful bow.

"Sensei," he said in acknowledgement. Yu held the bow for a few more seconds, but Shenlong didn't wait for him to straighten before continuing. "I will take three monks, each deserving of a trial against the enemies of the Dragon".

"Of course, my Lord Dragon." Yu said smoothly, turning to the students. They had almost perfectly managed to separate themselves by temple again. He noted the few that were stood amongst other temples. *Already some begin to lose aspects of their temple identity. They will be valuable warriors indeed, given time. Not coin worth spending today though, I think. A student with his mind divided is weakened, at least until he learns the balance of five elements.* He looked at Shenlong, checking the Dragonhost hadn't noticed his gaze. "What tasks will you have for them, Lord Dragon?" There was a momentary pause, as if Shenlong was listening to something no one else could hear.

"Aggression."

"Then the Lord Dragon will wish for students of the High River, yes?" Yu asked, knowing the answer already. He turned to the lines of orange robed monks, checking the best students were in the cluster. One was not, though out the corner of his eye he could see him surrounded by the pale gray of the Wandering River. Inwardly, Yu smiled. *A surprise, but a welcome one. Not you, then.* He indicated the best three of the cluster and presented them to Shenlong, who nodded briefly and strode away across the plaza. The chosen three trailed him with a mixture of pride and awe.



When they were out of earshot of the rest of the class, Shenlong turned to them. "We go to Malifaux, to an ancient ruin, to claim a prize for the Dragon himself. We will take it from whoever possesses it. Do you accept this honor?" The three bowed deeply and long. Without saying anything more, the group set off towards the small but well hidden and guarded breach that flickered at the base of the valley. In silence they crossed into Malifaux, heading straight into the forests. Shenlong didn't even glance back at the monks until the distant sounds of battle reached their ears. He signaled for them to halt and padded alone to investigate.

Shenlong smiled mirthlessly as he watched a soldier dragged to the ground by several young Nephilim, their weight and beating wings too much to stand against. Crouching unobserved on the hillside, he watched as several pairs of talons sliced through the man's expensive looking armor with ease.

Hard armor does nothing for a weak man, he thought scornfully. He shifted his weight, stretching his legs a little to keep them from stiffening, then returned to watching the battle. He felt the hot, crawling sensation of the Dragon's irritation building down his back.

RETRIEVE THE ARTIFACT AND LET US BE DONE WITH THESE CREATURES.

It is easier to wait until we only need to fight one enemy, particularly one already weakened, he thought. The prickling swelled up his neck and into his head in response.

I DO NOT BESTOW MY POWER ON YOU TO MAKE YOUR LIFE EASY. IT IS A SIMPLE TASK, AND HAS ALREADY TAKEN FAR TOO LONG.

Shenlong gritted his teeth. Being the Host granted many gifts, but he had learned over the years it also came with disadvantages. *I will not fail you, Dragon of the Stars. It will be more certain that they cannot escape with it if they are few in number, and we are not distracted by the others.*

In the clearing below, the soldiers were slowly pushing the Nephilim back from the ruins. The soldiers ran forward two at a time, dropping into defensive positions to fire on the screeching beasts while the next pair ran up past them into new positions. Shenlong watched them with interest for a while longer, quietly noting their tactics. *They are well disciplined,* he said in his mind. *Precise and carefully coordinated. They will be an interesting tactical fight for us.*

WHAT IS SO INTERESTING TO YOU ABOUT SWATTING INSECTS? YOU FACE THEM WITH ANCIENT POWER IN YOUR VEINS, WHAT CAN MORTALS DO, EXCEPT DIE?

Shenlong bit back his instinctive response before the thought could fully form. *Where is it?* He thought carefully instead. In answer, the Dragon swung his head to the right a little, leaving Shenlong looking straight at a heavy wooden crate filled with straw. In it sat a glossy black lump a little smaller than a human head. He felt a thrill chase over the scales tattooed across his body, down his arms to leave his fingers itching to touch the object.

THERE. IT MAY BE SMALL, BUT UNLIKE THE REST OF THIS SITUATION, IT IS ACTUALLY RELEVANT. Shrugging, Shenlong swung his head back to the fight as a disciplined salvo of gunfire tore through several of the young Nephilim, dark blood sizzling where it splashed the stones.

Their conversation stopped for a moment as a massive mature Nephilim burst from the forest, bearing down on the battle on broad leathery wings. The moment its feet touched the ground it charged straight into the ruins with a roar that shook the stones. A few shots rang out as it charged, slicing through the wing membranes, but it reached the first line of men almost unharmed. One of the soldiers was flung headlong into the remains of a stone wall by a backhand swipe; the other hurled to the floor and stamped on with a heavy, hooved foot.

The rips in the mature's wings prevented it from flying over the barricades and walls, but it still closed in on the rest of the soldiers surprisingly fast for such a heavily built creature. Shenlong smiled inwardly to the Dragon as he watched the behemoth smash through a crumbling wall, nearly ending up on top of the men as they scrambled back.

Do you not find the prospect of facing that beast in battle even remotely thrilling? To test my skills against the mightiest enemies we can find in any world, and taste victory?

I HAVE WATCHED YOU KILL POWERFUL THINGS NUMEROUS TIMES IN RECENT DECADES. IT STOPPED BEING A SURPRISE MANY YEARS AGO, AS IT DID WITH ALL YOUR PREDECESSORS. HERE THEY ARE A DIFFERENT SHAPE, BUT THE SAME TIRED FARE. I CARE NOT IF YOU KILL THEM OR LET THEM LIVE.

Standing in a dead end hidden from view of the advancing Nephilim, two soldiers were waiting silently for the others to lead the Nephilim into their line of fire. One was armed like the rest, but the other wore a heavy pack hooked to a fat barreled weapon that Shenlong

couldn't recognize from where he crouched.

As the Nephilim passed the wall that hid the two soldiers, the retreating men flung themselves into cover. They turned suddenly to face the Nephilim, firing rapidly enough that even the mature slowed its pace. That left the Nephilim packed close together in full view of the hidden men as the heavily armed soldier raised the muzzle of his strange gun.

A torrent of liquid fire belched from the tip, dark orange and wreathed in oily smoke. The roar of the inferno was almost enough to drown out the screeching of the young Nephilim as they burned. The mature howled deafeningly, wings burning as they beat the air desperately, unable to do anything to the flames that clung to its body. The soldier kept the fire flowing for several seconds before releasing the trigger and backing off into the maze of walls, away from the enraged and burning behemoth.

I guess I'll have to hope the soldiers are worthy opponents, Shenlong thought a little sourly as the mature Nephilim sank to the ground, smoke still rising from the blackened flesh. Then he smiled maliciously. *But if that flame is their secret weapon, you should at least be pleased they won't take long to deal with.* He rose to his feet and gestured sharply to the monks, issuing them orders in a curt whisper.

"You, go wide and attack from the other side. Strike when they are dealing with me." He didn't wait for an acknowledgement. "You and you, come with me." The first monk strode swiftly into the trees to circle around, the other two moving to stand one pace behind Shenlong as he turned away. He smiled again, feeling the Dragon coil through his muscles in anticipation, before pushing through the undergrowth towards their target.

YOU MAY GET YOUR WISH, SHENLONG, the Dragon warned as he reached the last of the trees. ***I SENSE MAGICS IN THEIR MIDST.***

With the few surviving Nephilim fleeing back into the forest, the Freikorps regrouped at the edge of the ruins. They kept back from the trees, maintaining clear firing lanes to prevent any further ambushes. Franks stripped off his helmet, shaking his head in the fresh air, enjoying the cooling breeze. The korpsmann next to him reached for the clasps of his own headgear when Franks caught his wrist, stopping him.

"Hold it, Rookie. I'd bet we aren't safe yet." The other korpsmann froze guiltily for a second, and then shook off Franks' hand.

"Says the man who's out of uniform already. What are you thinking, the only reason to take your lid off is if..." he trailed off as Franks turned the helmet to face him, showing him the web of cracks across the visor, and shook his head ruefully. "Haven't you learned to duck yet? We've been in the korps for what, three years? You break your glass most every time we get into the thick-"

"Rook, Franks, get over here. Since you're in part kit, get off the defense line. I want that thing in the box and secured for transport before anything else comes for it," the Captain barked. The korpsmenn jogged over and began the delicate process of packing the black lump into the crate. The task was made significantly more difficult because of their orders – under no circumstances was anyone to touch the artifact. It had to be lifted in a leather sling with both men keeping their distance. Packing the straw round it without getting too close had turned out to be a long and irritating task.

There was a crack of branches as a bare chested man stepped into view a short distance away. He moved calmly and easily towards the Freikorps position, a confident smile on his face. Three of the korpsmenn raised their pistols, keeping them trained on the stranger and two other men clad in orange robes who emerged from the trees behind him.

"Stop there, civilian," the team's Captain commanded the newcomers, as he joined the defensive line. The three stopped walking, giving the Captain time to assess the situation more carefully. "Who are these guys?" he hissed to the men either side of him. One of them shrugged imperceptibly, but another answered after a brief pause.

"The guys at the back look like those weird pacifist monks from the Three Kingdoms, I think."

"They wear blue, not orange, don't they? And why would a pacifist be wandering about with someone like that?" one of the others asked quietly. The Captain gestured sharply for silence, then raised his own pistol as the bare chested man took another confident step down the slope towards the ruins.

"This area is unsafe. If you come any closer we will be forced to fire on you." The man stopped and gazed at the Captain, a look of amusement on his face. He stretched his chest and shoulders and tilted his head first to one side, then the other never looking away from the Captain. The sound of his joints cracking seemed

loud in the stillness of the moment. His body, from his waist to the top of his shaven head, was covered in broad bands of brown-gold tattoos resembling scales. As he flexed his muscles the scales seemed to shift and move, like a live dragon was woven into his skin. He smiled wider, his expression tinged with malevolence, and very deliberately started walking towards them. The orange clad monks stalked forward with him, keeping their places behind him.

The Freikorps took aim as he moved, the Captain calling once more for him to stop. His smile never faltering, the bare chested monk turned his body slightly to bring one shoulder forward, but kept stalking towards them. The Captain watched for a couple of seconds, then gave the order to fire. The first shots were almost simultaneous, and perfectly aimed for the leader's heart. The monk twisted further, drifting aside swiftly but almost casually. All four rounds tore through the empty air to strike the trees beyond. The Freikorps fired again as soon as they were ready, a series of sharp barks rather than one chorus. One of the robed monks crumpled with a gurgle into the undergrowth as a round hit him just below the neck.

The leader swayed forward and dropped low, then vaulted backwards into the air, his head below his feet and one hand slamming onto a fallen log. Back arched and legs straight, his body swung over the log as more rounds cut the air around him, one leaving a shallow tear across his chest. The Freikorps held their fire as he landed neatly on the uneven ground. Slowly, he turned to face them.

"I am Shenlong, Master of the Valley of Five Rivers. I will have that box." The monk pointed one hand at the artifact in its crate, a thin trickle of blood meandering down his chest from the wound. The Captain raised his hand to signal another attack as Shenlong settled into a loose stance, eyes closed. The breeze died away, leaving the tableau motionless for a brief moment.

Shenlong's eyes snapped open and he thrust his palms towards the Freikorps. A blast of wind forced the korpsmenn to brace against it or be knocked back. Shenlong and the monk were amongst them before they could recover, the gale carrying them swiftly into the Freikorps lines. The monk landed at a run, orange robes swirling. He charged into the leftmost korpsmann, a flurry of blows ringing off the metal and leather plates of the soldier's armor. The korpsmann's pistol was useless in the face of this assault; he could do nothing except fend off the onslaught, looking for a chance to get clear and draw his knife.

The Captain felt rather than saw Shenlong's blow coming. He turned with it, deflecting some of the force, but it still sent him reeling to the ground. Instinct caused him to roll aside and unsheathe his knife a moment before a bare foot slammed into the stone, accompanied by another blast of wind he could feel wash over him. As he came up into a crouch he barely had time to get his bearings before Shenlong was on him again, forcing the Captain to use every scrap of his training to stay alive.

Shenlong, eyes narrowed and a snarl on his face, attacked with ruthless brutality, hammering at the Captain until his guard opened and the powerful blows started taking effect. The Captain defended as best he could, his emotionless mask echoing his measured, precise movements. When he saw an opening, he used feints and quick strikes to slice at his opponent before dropping back into his defense. These swift attacks had left a series of deep cuts in Shenlong's upper arms, thighs and across his ribs, but it didn't seem to have slowed the relentless assault.



The robed monk slowed his assault as Rook and Franks ran to support their beleaguered comrade. The trio of korpsmenn circled around the monk, blades bared. Before any of them could attack, the monk sprang at Franks and swept a foot up into one of the korpsmann's wrists, sending his knife tumbling. In barely more than a heartbeat a second kick followed the first, slamming into Frank's unarmored head and lifting him from his feet.

The monk turned just in time to spoil the first korpsmann's aim, the curved blade slicing deep into his shoulder instead of his neck. The three were still trying to find openings in each other's guard when the Captain tumbled over a low rubble wall, pulling Shenlong with him. The Captain landed on his back and scrambled upright as Shenlong rolled smoothly to his feet, both oblivious to the other melee nearby.

Seeing this, Rook leapt towards them and swung his knife down at Shenlong's bare head. There was a wet thud of metal on flesh; for a moment it seemed to the Captain that the fight might be over. Blood flowed in narrow streams down Shenlong's flesh from where the blade had bitten deep into his raised forearm. He turned his lowered head to the korpsmann, fury suffusing his face.

"How... dare you," he snarled, twisting into a punch that flung Rook back into a pillar, his chest plate dented by the force. The Captain saw his moment and darted

forward to attack, but Shenlong seemed to blur sideways as another gust of wind flung him towards the pillar and the dazed Rook. The Captain pulled his wasted strike back just in time to see Shenlong twist into a kick, his heel smashing into Rook hard enough to shake the pillar and split his damaged chest armor.

Shenlong turned away, uninterested in the body that slowly crumpled to the ground. He sought out the Captain. "Impudence. You are their master, only once you are finished is it their turn." He attacked without warning and the Captain lost his footing as he turned the blow. Shenlong loomed over him, raising a calloused foot for a final strike. Out the corner of his eye the Captain could see the orange robed monk nearby; his heel planted in the helmet of a korpsmann.

He heard a heavy click and the sound of gushing liquid, rapidly overtaken by a roaring noise. His vision filled with fire as he rolled and scrambled away, his suit protecting him from the flames. This close, he couldn't hear anything but the raging inferno and a very faint scream of agony. He panted for breath as Yans kept the flammenwerfer at full spread, the roiling blaze sucking in air from around him. The oily smoke and swirling pyre made it impossible to see what was happening, so after almost ten seconds the Captain signaled Yans to stop. The smoke cleared and the flames began to die down, except on the seared corpse of the orange robed monk, and on the body of Shenlong. Behind his visor, the Captain's eyes widened in shock as Shenlong turned his head slowly towards him.

Shenlong was still standing, fire coiling round his form. It had charred the ends of his trousers and sash, but he appeared otherwise unharmed. It seemed to writhe around him, twisting into a vaguely reptilian head. He drew a deep breath in, pulling the flames into his lungs, and his eyes changed; the pupils mere slits in a sea of gold. He changed stance with a snap, pale golden light blazing from his fists, and lunged. The Captain heard the distant sound of his back hitting stone as the world faded to embers and silence.

Shenlong stalked the ruins, the Dragon's power surging around his body looking for release. The last few korpsmenn were playing a stalling game of cat and mouse, which irritated both him and the Dragon intensely. For several minutes there had been no sign of the cowards save for muffled creaks and footfalls. He heard the scuffing noise of boots on the other side of a wall and braced himself to break through the stones, when a hollow clang and a strange roaring thump made the wall vibrate. A tongue of oily fire licked briefly over the top of the wall, accompanied by a heavy rolling cloud of smoke. Sprinting lightly to a gap in the wall, Shenlong vaulted across to find the source of the flame.

The korpsmann that had been carrying the flamethrower was sprawled against some fallen stone, burning puddles all around him. A cursory glance told Shenlong he had been struck in the head and his fuel tank had been punctured. He recognized the imprint of a studded knuckle-plate in the dented armor and smiled coldly. *It seems there is more than one cat in this game still.*

THIS GAME YOU ARE ENJOYING SO MUCH IS WASTING TIME. COLLECT THE ARTIFACT SO WE ARE DONE HERE.

You are unusually keen to leave, great Dragon. Shenlong smiled inwardly, feeling the Dragon's impatience tinged with caution. *What is it that concerns you about this world?*

THERE ARE THINGS HERE I DO NOT WISH TO DRAW THE ATTENTION OF. Mentally, Shenlong cocked an eyebrow at the Dragon. There was a brief silence. ***THEY WOULD WASTE A GREAT DEAL OF TIME, AND MY PATIENCE IS NOT INFINITE.***



There was still an uncomfortable squirming sensation in Shenlong's back as he rounded a corner to find the last monk. He was slumped moaning against a low wall, blood running down his mask and clogging the slits. Shenlong caught the monk's forearm, quickly assessing the injuries to his hands and wrists. "Defensive wounds" he muttered scornfully, dropping the stunned monk's arm. "Disgraceful." A faint shockwave in the air made him turn.

Another korpsmann, female by the look of her armor, was standing between him and the last two korpsmenn as they tried to pack the artifact up for transport. The strange pulsing was coming from her, distorting his senses and throwing off his focus. A sudden surge in the pulse caused him to instinctively raise his hands, the energy slamming into his palms. Shenlong flinched, glancing at one of his hands and the pattern of burns that covered it.

DEFENSIVE WOUNDS, SHENLONG? The Dragon asked, sweetly. ***DISGRACEFUL WAS THE WORD YOU USED, I BELIEVE.*** Shenlong growled rather than replying, clenching his fists and channeling fire into them. Movement to his right caught his eye as the previously stunned monk charged into the fray, forcing the magic user to split her attention between them.

Smiling wolfishly, Shenlong swung to the left and launched himself at the female as well. *Let's see how you fight when you can't cheat with magics, witch,* he snarled in his mind. She fell back, moving to try and keep the pair from getting on her flanks.

She fights how she needs to in order to distract you, you fool. Have you forgotten your objective? The Dragon's sharp rebuke caused Shenlong to slow his attack as he realized she was simply drawing the pair of monks off and delaying them reaching the artifact.



The librarian was panting heavily inside her armor, her mask stifling and damp against her face. She saw Shenlong turn his attention back to the artifact and groaned. *So close Jana, you just had to keep him distracted for another few moments. Hope you've got enough left for another shot.* She flung herself aside as another flurry of blows came from the masked monk, flinging a cloud of dirt into his blood slicked mask. Jana used the brief respite as he tried to clear his vision to hurl a pulse of magic at Shenlong's back. She grimaced in satisfaction as she saw him stumble for a step and turn his eyes back on her, the golden orbs narrowed with anger. He took a predatory step forward before freezing in place, a voice that didn't seem natural echoing from his open mouth.

"ENOUGH!"

Shenlong's tattoos began to shift and writhe as he shuddered. Light blazed out of his eyes and mouth, his skin glowing with twisting golden fire. It grew so bright she could barely see his body. He seemed to grow to twice her height, a long sinuous body with an equine, reptilian face that emanated power and fury. Jana felt like she was staring at the sunrise. The tremendous beast stared down at her then looked across at the other two korpsmenn, who were trying to raise their pistols while carrying the now sealed crate. *Is he even still in there?* Jana wondered, sprinting across to her comrades. She felt the burning eyes on her again and raised her hands to deflect the fire she knew was coming.

The searing face drew back a little, tilting to the sky. The Dragon howled.

The noise slammed into Jana's mind, wiping away the power she had gathered. She sank to her knees helplessly. Thoughts that did not feel like her own flooded here head, fighting this beast would be like declaring war on the dawn itself. What could she, a lowly insignificant mortal, do against such power and majesty?



The Dragon smiled darkly at the three immobile korpsmenn kneeling in their scorched armor. His form shifted and writhed, golden light flickering and fading as he drew his form back into Shenlong. Taloned claws became feet that stepped down from the air to stand in front of the crate. One last burst of flame splintered the crate so that human hands could lift the gleaming black orb from the wreckage.

A faint shuddering sob caught Shenlong's ear. He turned his head away from the orb, and saw the slow rise and fall of the female's chest. A ripple of surprise and annoyance chased up his arms and into his chest as the Dragon noticed as well. The single surviving High River monk turned, raising his fist to finish her.

She survived you, Dragon of the Stars. I do not wish to slay such a warrior so cheaply. Shenlong gestured to the monk who stepped back warily. Prize in hand, the two walked away into the trees silently, the only sound left in the ruins the soft whimpers of the librarian.

TRANSPORT RELIC

Who knows what this thing is, but someone is willing to pay a lot of scrip for it. Easy money, just walk it back to town…

SET UP

Randomly choose one player to be the Attacker and the other to be the Defender. The Defender selects a table edge to be her Deployment Zone. Then the Attacker places a number of 30mm Breach Markers equal to the number of models in the Attacking Crew plus three. These Breach Markers may be placed anywhere at least 12" from the table edge selected by the Defender and at least 4" from another Breach Marker.

DEPLOYMENT

The Defender deploys her Crew within 6" of the selected table edge and selects one model to carry The Relic. Place a 30mm Marker on the stat card of the model carrying The Relic. The Attacker does not deploy her Crew at the start of the game.

SPECIAL

If the model carrying The Relic leaves play or is about to be moved or pushed by anything other than the (1) Walk Action, the 30mm Relic Marker is immediately removed from its stat card and placed in base contact with it. The model carrying The Relic may also make a (1) Interact Action to remove The Relic from its stat card and place it in base contact. If the Relic Marker is on the table, any model within 2" of it may target it with a (1) Interact Action to remove it and place it onto its stat card. At the end of every Turn, if the Relic Marker is carried by a model, the model suffers 1 damage.

The Attacker may nominate that it is Activating a model which has not been deployed yet; when this happens, the model is placed in base contact with a Breach Marker and then the Marker is removed before the model Activates. The Attacker may choose not to Activate models which are not yet on the table.

VICTORY

At the end of the game, the Defender earns 2 **VP** if the Relic is carried by a friendly model, an additional **VP** if the model has crossed the Centerline to the other half of the board, and one more **VP** if the model is within 6" of the table edge opposite from the Defender's Deployment Zone.

At the end of the game, the Attacker earns 3 **VP** if The Relic is carried by a friendly model, and an additional **VP** if the enemy Crew's Leader is no longer in play.

Shenlong

Even as a young monk in the temple of High River, Shenlong was considered exceptional. What surprised his instructors was the determination he showed to learn the other styles when exposed to them. His brutality was matched by a ruthless cunning that drove him to master every temple style. While he was fully aware of the political power this granted him in the valley, he was not prepared for what would follow.

As dusk fell one day, sunlight blazed from an isolated temple on the valley wall, said to house the Dragon. Shenlong, the only person capable of looking at the searing light, found himself drawn to the ancient building. He walked in alone, emerging the following sunrise as more than a man. He was covered head to toe in tattooed scales, sunlight blazing in his eyes. Where he trod, the ground scorched. A new era in the valley had begun; the Dragon had chosen a new host.

Although he doesn't look it, Shenlong is thought to be more than eighty years old. The Dragon does not permit its hosts to age, holding them at their physical peak as long as it chooses to inhabit them. While this arrangement is never eternal, Dragonhosts are known to have lived for several centuries. As long as the Dragon has need of a host for his plans, Shenlong will be near immortal. With the Dragon now turning its ancient eyes to Malifaux, his current host has a great deal to do before he becomes tiresome and is cast aside.



Shenlong

Master, Living TYRANT

Cache 2

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	6	12	6	6	2

Abilities

Knowing the Wind and Stone: Friendly models within ❶6 may take the **Focus** Action as a (0) Action and may take the **(1) Defensive Stance** Action as a (0) Action.

Flow Like Water: This model is immune to damage caused by Conditions, and may choose not to lower the value of (or end) the **Focused**, **Poison**, and **Burning** Conditions during the Upkeep Step.

Powerful Chi: At the start of the Turn, after Initiative is flipped, this model may take a (0) Action or have a Peasant within 6" immediately take a (1) Interact Action, ignoring **Insignificant**.

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

SHENLONG

Attack Actions

(1) Fury of the Dawn (**Ml** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: /// 2): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.
⌨ ***Chakra Point:*** After succeeding, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Blocked:** This model may not use Soulstones."
🐾 ***Pressure Point:*** After succeeding, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Stunned:** This model may not take (0) Actions."

(1) Burn Like Fire (**Ca** 6 / TN: 10 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 6): Target enemy model suffers 1/2/3 damage. End all instances of the **Defensive**, **Focused**, **Fast**, and **Reactivate** Conditions on the target. This model gains all Conditions ended in this way.

Tactical Actions

(0) Mastery: This model chooses two different options from the following list:
Stone: This model gains **Defensive +1** until the start of its next Activation.
Wind: This model gains **Focused +1**.
Fire: This model gains **Burning +1**.
Water: This model gains **Poison +1**.

(0) Monk of Many Styles: Choose a Limited Upgrade with the Restriction of Shenlong. If another friendly model has the chosen Upgrade attached, discard it. This model may discard a Limited Upgrade it has attached to attach the chosen Upgrade.

30mm

Yan Lo

Many years ago, Yan Lo committed a terrible sin and was cursed to walk the Paths between life and death for eternity. The endless torment left his mind fragmented and adrift, unable to truly die but incapable of finding his way back to the physical world. He has wandered the Paths like this for so long that the reason for his curse is lost to history.

It was Chiaki's unique gifts that finally showed Yan Lo the way back to the physical world. As the pieces of his broken spirit drew close to the beacon Chiaki provided, Yan Lo's mind was brought back together for the first time in decades. He could finally remember who he was and what he sought, and for short moments even return his form to the physical world. He could not gather the strength to return for long, but that brief encounter was a turning point for them both.

When Chiaki crossed into Malifaux, Yan Lo followed his little niece. There, he found the abundant aether flowing through that world enabled him to control his physical form easier. Not only could he return to the physical world more easily and often, but the aether also made the Paths clear to see at last. With some effort, Yan Lo was able to cross from one Path to the others, even managing to briefly stand upon two Paths at once before the aether rejected this affront. When he is not needed by his descendants, Yan Lo continually tests the boundaries of the Paths, seeking a combination that will twist his curse into a source of great power.



Yan Lo
Master, Living
Ancestor

Cache 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	5	12	4	6	2

Abilities

Infiltration (Retainer): Crews led by this model may hire up to 4 models with the Retainer Characteristic that are not the Crew's declared Faction.

Harvest Chi: When a model within ❶8 is killed by a model which it considers an enemy, this model gains the following Condition for the rest of the game: "**Chi +1:** This model adds +1 to its **Ca**, to a maximum of 3 additional **Ca**."

Focus Chi: At the start of this model's Activation, this model may discard a card to gain the following Condition until the end of the game: "**Chi +1:** This model adds +1 to its **Ca**, to a maximum of 3 additional **Ca**."

Yan Lo

Attack Actions

(1) Spirit Barrage (**Ca** 5✗ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1 or ⌐12): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
✗ **Revitalize**: After killing the target or dealing severe damage, this model gains the following Condition for the rest of the game: "**Chi +1:** This model adds +1 to its **Ca**, to a maximum of 3 additional **Ca**."

(1) Lightning Dance (**Ca** 5✗ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Place this model into base contact with target enemy model. Then, this model may place the target into base contact with any friendly model within 8" and LoS of this model.

Tactical Actions

(1) Transcendence: This model may lower its **Chi** Condition value by any amount, to a minimum of 0. For each point of **Chi** lowered, one friendly model in (ı)8 gains the Spirit Characteristic and the following Condition for the rest of the Turn: "**Armor +2:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2, to a minimum of 1."

(0) Ascendance: This model may lower its **Chi** Condition value by the cost of any Upgrade with the restriction of Ascendant to attach that Upgrade, ignoring all usual restrictions for attaching Upgrades.

(0) Instill Youth (**Ca** 5✗ / TN: 12✗ / Rg: 8): Target other model heals an amount of damage equal to the amount that this Action's final duel total exceeded the TN of this Action, to a maximum of 4 damage.

30mm

Lucas McCabe

Earthside, Lucas McCabe had a respected family name, money, education, anything he wished for. Instead, he ended up choosing a life of exploration and historical study. At least, that was his description of it. Numerous police forces across the world listed it as tomb robbery, smuggling, and black market dealing, although the charges were never proved.

After the tragic death of his fiancée, Karen, in Egypt, and his subsequent arrest, McCabe became more reckless in his pursuit of artifacts and excitement. The enemies this made him, along with the promise of adventure and priceless artifacts, left McCabe in no doubt as to where his future lay. As an extra layer of security against his past, McCabe orchestrated his arrest by the Guild with the intention of being recruited to serve their purposes. This worked better than he had expected, with the Governor's Secretary himself becoming involved. What the Guild was not aware of was that McCabe already owed a debt of allegiance to the Ten Thunders....





Lucas McCabe
Master, Living
Black Sheep

Cache 2

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	7	7	9	3

Abilities

Loan: When this model Activates, or before a friendly model within 10" is killed or sacrificed, this model may discard any Upgrades with the Restriction Lucas McCabe from any friendly model within 10" and attach them to itself.

Infiltration (Black Sheep, Guardsman): Crews led by this model may hire up to 4 models with the Black Sheep or Guardsman Characteristic that are not the Crew's declared Faction.

Dismount: When this model would be killed or sacrificed, summon a Dismounted McCabe in base contact with this model and attach all Upgrades attached to this model to the summoned model. Remove this model from the game instead of killing or sacrificing it.

In the Thick of It: This model gains +1 **Df** for each enemy model it is engaged with, to a maximum of +2 **Df**.

Attack Actions

(1) Saber (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
- ***Critical Strike***: When damaging the target, this attack deals +1 damage for each in the final duel total.
- ***Hamstrung:*** After damaging, the target gains the **Slow** Condition.

(1) Netgun (**Sh** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 10): Target gains the **Slow** Condition. Models within 2 of the target model must succeed on a TN 12 **Df** duel or gain the **Slow** Condition.
- ***Hopelessly Tangled***: After succeeding against a target which had the **Slow** Condition when this Action was declared, the target gains the **Paralyzed** Condition.

Tactical Actions

(0) Emergency Dismount: Sacrifice this model.

(0) "Take This!" (**Ca** 5 / TN: 9 / Rg: 10): Discard a non-Avatar Upgrade with the restriction of Lucas McCabe from this model and attach it to target other friendly model regardless of restrictions. Then, the target may be pushed up to 4" in any direction.
- ***Open the Stash***: After succeeding, take this Action again.

50mm



Dismounted McCabe
Master, Living
Black Sheep

Cache -

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	6	5	6	2

Abilities

Loan: When this model Activates, or before a friendly model within 10" is killed or sacrificed, this model may discard any Upgrades with the Restriction Lucas McCabe from any friendly model within 10" and attach them to itself.

In the Thick of It: This model gains +1 **Df** for each enemy model it is engaged with, to a maximum of +2 **Df**.

Dismounted: This model may not be chosen to lead a Crew; it may only be summoned by the **Dismount** Ability. When this model is summoned, if Lucas McCabe was this Crew's Leader, it becomes the Crew's Leader. This model counts as Lucas McCabe for Schemes.

Loot: When this model kills an enemy model, add 1 Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool for each Upgrade on the enemy model.

Attack Actions

(1) Saber (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
- ***Critical Strike***: When damaging the target, this attack deals +1 damage for each in the final duel total.
- ***Hamstrung:*** After damaging, the target gains the **Slow** Condition.

(1) Bullwhip (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 3): Target suffers 1/2/2 damage and gains the **Slow** Condition.
- ***Hogtie***: After damaging, the target gains this Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Hogtied**: This model may not declare Walk or Charge Actions."
- ***Come 'Ere!***: After damaging, push the target into base contact with this model.
- ***Snap!:*** After damaging, the target gains the **Paralyzed** Condition.

Tactical Actions

(0) Desperate Gamble: This model gains the **Reactivate** Condition. Sacrifice this model at the end of the Turn.

(0) "Take This!" (**Ca** 5 / TN: 9 / Rg: 10): Discard a non-Avatar Upgrade with the restriction of Lucas McCabe from this model and attach it to target other friendly model regardless of restrictions. Then, the target may be pushed up to 4" in any direction.
- ***Open the Stash***: After succeeding, take this Action again.

30mm

Luna

Luna has been at McCabe's side since McCabe's tragedy in Egypt. The mastiff is a large, heavily built hunting companion and bodyguard to her master, with jaws capable of tearing the throat out of fully grown Nephilim. So imposing is Luna, that most other dogs instinctively accept her as pack leader. She deals with the few that don't in direct, aggressive fashion. Despite her dominant nature around other dogs and a lack of any real training, she obeys McCabe's commands without hesitation. Anyone else giving her a command is lucky if they only get a blank stare.

Luna has saved McCabe's life on numerous occasions, though McCabe doesn't keep count – he is as devoted to her as she is to him, and either will always risk their life for the other. They have faced all manner of inventive traps, strange beasts and shysters in their time and always come out on top. The scars on both their bodies show that it hasn't always been easy though.

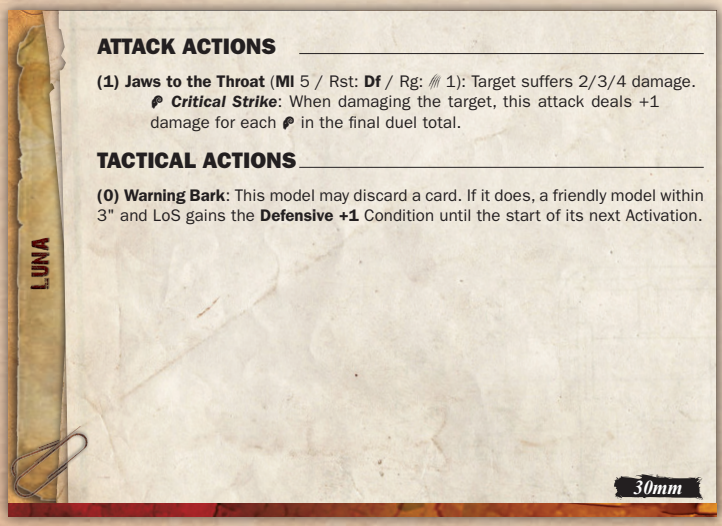


Peasant

Not everyone in the Five River temples is a monk. Scattered throughout the valley are small villages and houses that perform the tasks necessary to maintain several clans of monks. Farming, repairing, cooking and cleaning are all considered distractions for the monks, so the peasants do them instead. For the most part, they are ignored by the monks and are not involved in temple business. Their lives are simple and peaceful, serving the temples of the Five Rivers as a way to honor the Dragon they see as a sacred spirit watching over the valley.

With the coming of the Dragonhost however, the peasants have been caught up in a fervor that has led them to follow Shenlong anywhere, in hopes of having a chance to serve him. Such is the devotion of the peasants to their sacred master, they will follow him onto battlefields unarmed, willingly risking their lives at his command. They would give up their very souls if it would aid the Dragon and his host.





Soul Porter

When he walked the Paths between life and death, Yan Lo found other things silently roaming them too. The Soul Porter is one such creature. Its lanterns glow with the soft light of captured souls, though why it captures them none can say. Even Yan Lo, who watched the creature for decades, knows little about the Porter's true purpose. His interest lies only with its ability to catch and store souls. When he returned to the physical world, he brought the diminutive creature with him to make use of those abilities.

The Soul Porter stays close to the Katanaka ancestors, fuelling them with chi from its lanterns while they remain in the world, and capturing their fleeing energy when they are killed. This prevents their spirits returning to the realms of the afterlife, stopping them from dispersing and keeping them ready to be raised again when Yan Lo has need. The constant flow of chi the Porter provides has invigorated Yan Lo, making his magics stronger as he siphons souls from his servant's lanterns.



SOUL PORTER — COST 3

Peon, Totem (Yan Lo)

SPIRIT

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	5	3	6	6	2

ABILITIES

On the Altar of Eternity: Friendly models within ❶10 may choose not to have Conditions removed by the Abilities and Actions of enemy models.

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

Incorporeal: This model ignores, and is ignored by, other models and terrain during any movement or push. Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Sh** and **Ml** Attack Actions by half.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Bladed Spear (**Ca** 6✕ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: ⫻ 3): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.
✕ ***Siphon Chi:*** After damaging an enemy, target friendly model within 6" and LoS of the target gains the following Condition for the rest of the game: "**Chi +1:** This model adds +1 to its **Ca**, to a maximum of 3 additional **Ca**."

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Empower Ancestor: Target friendly Ancestor within 8" may push up to its **Wk** in any direction. This Action may not target the same model twice during a single Activation.

(0) Enlighten Ancestor: Sacrifice this model to give target friendly Ancestor within 8" the following Condition for the rest of the game: "**Chi +1:** This model adds +1 to its **Ca**, to a maximum of 3 additional **Ca**."

SOUL PORTER

30mm

Kamaitachi

Opinions on the appearance and nature of the Kamaitachi vary wildly from each of the Kingdoms. Most people see little more than a whirlwind of dust when it appears, so descriptions range from a trio of small rodents, to a large predatory beast with sickles for claws. What is generally agreed on though is their ability to be mischievous and disruptive, as well as their threefold aspect; one to knock a man down, the second to wound him, and the third to heal him, the saying goes. It is their selective application of those three aspects that makes them so disruptive.

The Kamaitachi is playful with those it takes a liking to, pushing them about and generally trying to be helpful (although it is not above wounding and healing its current plaything at the same time). To those that stand against it however, it can seem like a hurricane of razors. Others have experienced nothing more than a stiff gust of wind, and only later felt the sting of the Kamaitachi's malice as the pain sets in.



KAMAITACHI — COST 4

Minion, Totem

ONI

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	4	4	6	6	1

ABILITIES

The Winds of Fortune: Once per Turn, when a friendly model within ❶6 attaches an Upgrade, this model may draw a card.

Insignificant: This model may not take Interact Actions.

The Howling Thunder: Once per Turn, a friendly model within ❶6 which has an Upgrade discarded (or otherwise removed) from it may heal 2 damage and be pushed up to 3" in any direction after completing the current Action.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Razor-Edged Talons (**Ml** 5🗡 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/3/4 damage.
🗡🗡 ***Flay***: The damage flip resulting from this Attack may be cheated if it suffers one or more ⌸.

(1) Katanaka's Flame (**Ca** 7 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 6): Discard up to two cards. Target model gains the **Burning +1** Condition for each card discarded.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) At the Crossroads: Discard a card to push target friendly Leader or Minion within 6" up to its **Wk** in any direction.

KAMAITACHI

30mm

Toshiro The Daimyo

Toshiro headed the Katanaka clan at the height of their power, when the violent excesses of the clan drove some of their army to rebel. As the clan was betrayed by its own warriors, Toshiro remained in the front lines of battle, exacting a heavy price in blood for every step the loyal troops were driven back. The power of his command was enough to stiffen the resolve of his men and cause the traitors to falter. Despite this, he was eventually slain by those who had sworn their lives to protect him. His body was left unburied as a final, bitter insult.

Yan Lo led Toshiro back from the spirit world with tales of the sacrilege his po had suffered. Reunited with his hun, Toshiro's decayed body rose again to wage war upon the enemies of the Katanaka. His armies were long dead, but the strength of his will remained. At his command, the fallen warriors of the Katanaka drag themselves from the afterlife to once again do battle alongside their Daimyo.



Toshiro The Daimyo

Henchman, Undead, Rare 1

ANCESTOR

COST 9 CACHE 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	9	5	6	2

ABILITIES

Hard to Wound +2: Damage flips against this model suffer ⊟⊟.

Feudal Ties: Crews that hire this model may hire up to 4 Punk Zombie models that are not the Crew's declared Faction.

Daimyo: Friendly Minion models within (T)6 gain ↯ to the Attack flip of /// Attack Actions.

Bloated Stench: Enemy models which deal damage to this model with /// Attack Actions suffer 1 damage after resolving the current Action.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Ancestral Katana (**MI** 6📖 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: /// 2): Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. This Action gains ↯ to the Attack flip.

📖 ***War Eternal***: When damaging, if this model cheats the damage flip it draws 1 card after damage is resolved.

Next Target: After damaging, push this model up to 4" in any direction.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) The Daimyo's Price (**Ca** 5 / TN: 13 / Rg: 3): Discard target Corpse Marker or friendly Scheme Marker to give all friendly Minions in (T)6 the **Focused +1** Condition.

(0) War Fan (**Ca** 5 / TN: 13 / Rg: 6): Target friendly Minion gains the **Fast** Condition.

Lethal Lunacy: After succeeding, push the target up to 4" in any direction.

TOSHIRO THE DAIMYO

40mm

Sensei Yu

Yu is a rare breed by the River Temples' standards. Every ten years the best students from each temple meet at the Five Rivers Taikai, to hone their skills and study the other styles. Those that have learned several styles of combat are not only more fearsome with their skills, but are able to play the political game in the upper echelons of the temples better as well. Yu's nearly unnatural ability to replicate the movements and teachings of his masters allowed him to rapidly become proficient in every style he was taught. This would have given him a great deal of power, except for one thing.

Yu has no political ambitions whatsoever. He never desired to be more than Sensei of the Five Rivers. Instead, he views the students of each temple with a paternal eye, guiding, encouraging and instilling discipline as needed. While loyal to the temples and the Dragon, he is prepared to hide his most promising charges from his superiors, keeping them out of harm's way until he deems them ready.



Sensei Yu

Henchman, Living, Rare 1

COST 9 CACHE 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	6	10	7	-	2

ABILITIES

Brutal: When this model succeeds with a **MI** Action, the target gains one of the following Conditions of this model's choice: **Poison +1**, **Burning +1**, or **Slow**.

Master of the Wandering River Style: Friendly models within (T)3 removing the **Focused** Condition add 1 to their duel totals for the remainder of the Action.

Calm Air Thunderous Voice: Once per Turn during this model's Activation, it may lower its **Focused** Condition value by 1 to take a (1) Interact Action without spending AP.

Laugh Off: This model may not be moved or pushed by enemy models' Abilities or Actions.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Hurricane Punch (**MI** 6📖 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: /// 1): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. Models may not declare **Df** Triggers against this Action.

📖 ***Winded:*** After resolving, this model gains the **Focused +1** Condition.

(1) Airburst (**Ca** 6📖 / TN: 12📖 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 10): Push target model up to 5" in any direction. This Action may not target the same model more than once per Turn.

📖 ***Winded:*** After resolving, this model gains the **Focused +1** Condition.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Disciple (**Ca** 6📖 / TN: 11📖): This model immediately takes a (0) Action belonging to a friendly Leader in play. Any cards which this model would discard during the course of the Action are shuffled into its deck instead after completing the Action.

SENSEI YU

30mm

Sidir Alchibal

Sidir's past is a mystery. From what the Guild have been able to dig up, it seems likely his real name isn't Alchibal. A series of unusually vague police records implies he, or someone close to him, has enough money to make such details vanish. There are few families with such power, but as yet he has not been conclusively linked to any of them.

It was during one of his spells in jail that Sidir encountered Lucas McCabe, imprisoned under suspicion of robbing tombs. In the brutal confines of the jail, each of the pair found the other to be a valuable comrade. When they were released at roughly the same time, they stayed together in this mutually beneficial arrangement.

Sidir displays an astonishing capacity for precise and measured violence that leaves even McCabe's wastrels wary of him. Along with his loyalty to McCabe, this tendency has resulted in a number of violent encounters. His reputation however, has stopped far more trouble before the first punch was thrown.

Wastrel

Some men achieve greatness from humble beginnings. Others are given every privilege from birth. Often these privileged children assume they are above the law, indulging every whim and desire regardless of consequence. Eventually, their name and family cannot (or will not) protect them from their own hubris, often resulting in a hasty departure across the Breach in the hopes of escaping justice. The Guild protects them from their prior actions in exchange for their services, particularly with dubiously legal tasks guardsmen would balk at.

McCabe uses these black sheep as his associates, buying their loyalty with unwanted artifacts from their expeditions. Each new trinket and adventure buys McCabea few more days without a knife in the back. Despite their treacherous nature, the Wastrels can achieve near impossible tasks using a mix of ruthless cunning, inventive violence and arrogance. Their loyalty to coin and bottle, rather than to any man or organization, makes them particularly useful to him. That is, until one decides he deserves a bigger share and tries to take McCabe's place.



Sidir Alchibal

Henchman, Living, Rare 1

BLACK SHEEP

Cost 9 | Cache 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	10	4	6	2

Abilities

Laugh Off: This model may not be moved or pushed by enemy models' Abilities or Actions.

Df ( ) Riposte (Mrityu Blade): After an **MI** Attack fails against this model, this model deals damage 2/3/4 to the Attacker. This damage flip receives a .

Ruthless: This model is immune to **Wp** duels during its Activation.



Wastrel

Minion, Living

BLACK SHEEP

Cost 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	5	4	6	2

Abilities

Swagger: At the end of this model's Activation it gains the **Defensive +1** Condition if it declared only Walk Actions during its Activation.

Ruthless: This model is Immune to **Wp** duels during its Activation.

Bravado: When this model declares an Action that will cause a duel, it may discard a card to add any suit to the final duel total of the Action. If this model has an Upgrade attached, draw a card after resolving the Action.

Sidir Alchibal

Attack Actions

(1) Mrityu Blade (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
Critical Strike: When damaging the target, this attack deals +1 damage for each in the final duel total.

(1) Machine Gun (**Sh** 7 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 12): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.
Stutter Fire: After damaging, immediately take this Action against a different target. This Action may not declare Triggers.

Tactical Actions

(0) Always There: This model may discard a card to heal 2 damage.

(1) Empty the Magazine (**Sh** 5 / TN: 10 / Rg: 12): Target model and all models within 2 of the target model must succeed on a TN 12 **Wk** duel or suffer 2 damage and gain the **Slow** Condition. This Action may not be taken while this model is engaged, and may only be taken once per Turn.
Cull the Weak: After succeeding, models which had the **Slow** Condition before this Action was declared suffer an additional 2 damage if they fail.

40mm

Wastrel

Attack Actions

(1) Gang Weapons (**MI** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.
"And then he just strolled away...": After resolving, push this model up to 3" in any direction.

(1) Pocket Handgun (**Sh** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 10): Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. This Action gains to the Attack flip.
"A fiver says I can do it again...": After damaging, this model gains the **Focused +1** Condition.

Tactical Actions

(2) Cast-offs (**Ca** 5 / TN: 11): Target another friendly model within 6". Heal 2 damage on the target, or remove all Upgrades attached to this model and attach them to the target.
Soulstone Bullet: After resolving, this model may take a **Pocket Handgun** Attack Action which deals 2/3/5 damage instead.
Strangemetal Shiv: After, resolving, this model may take a **Gang Weapons** Attack Action which deals +1 damage. If the Attack deals damage to the target, the target gains the **Slow** Condition.
Petrified Feather: After resolving, place this model into base contact with a friendly Scheme Marker within 12".
Elixir of Life: After resolving, this model heals 2 damage.

30mm

Izamu The Armor

There are legends of Izamu's bloodlust stretching back to before the fall of the Katanaka. It is said that he was never seen outside of his blood soaked armor, and that his butchery was the stone that began the landslide of rebellion in the Katanaka armies. The archers accompanying his force slew him eventually, but not before he had slaughtered many of the cowards and traitors he saw all around him.

When Yan Lo brought Izamu back from the grave, his body had been burned and scattered to the winds. Izamu's spirit was instead encased in his armor, drawn and bound to it by the blood staining the leather and his thirst for retribution.

Izamu was never entirely sane and reasoned when alive, and the trauma of his betrayal and death made him more unstable. His spirit is filled with so much rage that he relives his last battle endlessly, unable to accept it is over. Yan Lo watches Izamu carefully, in case his insane brother becomes a liability rather than an asset.



Izamu The Armor

Enforcer, Undead, Rare 1

ANCESTOR, SPIRIT

COST 10

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	9	4	6	3

ABILITIES

Armor +2: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2, to a minimum of 1.

Melee Expert: This model gains 1 additional AP which may only be used to take **MI** Actions.

Ruthless: This model is Immune to **Wp** duels during its Activation.

A Warrior's Death: When this model is reduced to 0 Wounds by an enemy Attack, this model may immediately take a (1) Attack Action against the enemy model. This Attack ignores range and LoS restrictions. After completing this Action, sacrifice this model.

Izamu The Armor

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Dadao (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 3): Target suffers 3/4/5 damage. This Attack's damage flip gains . This Attack flip gains +2 **MI** and when taken as a disengaging strike.

Katanaka's Will: This Attack Action ignores **Incorporeal**.

War Eternal: When damaging, if this model cheats the damage flip it draws 1 card after damage is resolved.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Reform (**Ca** 5 / TN: 12): This model heals 1/2/3 damage.

50mm

Yin The Penangalan

Lifetimes ago, Yin was a human woman, in love and full of hope for her future. A single monumental act of betrayal stripped her future from her and broke her heart. In time, her anguish turned to rage, which poisoned her body. Consumed by her hatred of those who hadn't suffered as she had, Yin was unable to die even as her body disintegrated. In time she was left as a writhing, serpentine mass of organs, driven to unlife by bitterness and loathing.

Having been woken by Yan Lo, Yin seeks once again to exercise her hatred against the living and the potential they waste with every moment, and in doing so break her eternal curse. She drifts across the world, entrails coiling snakelike beneath her. Her appearance and gaze fix her enemies where they stand even as their minds recoil and break from the terror emanating from her impossible form. With her prey hypnotized, Yin can entwine them in her coils, toxic bile oozing onto them from the tangle of viscera.



Yin The Penangalan

Enforcer, Undead, Rare 1

ANCESTOR, HORROR

Cost 8

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	8	4	6	2

Abilities

Mass of Viscera: Attack and damage flips from enemy models against this model suffer ⍈.

Flight: This model is immune to falling damage and may ignore any terrain or models while moving.

Wicked: This model's disengaging strikes deal damage.

Terrifying (All) 12: Enemy models must pass a TN 12 Horror Duel if they end a Walk Action within this model's engagement range or target this model with an Action.

Attack Actions

(1) Entrails (**MI** 6✕ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

🖃 ***Can't Look Away***: After damaging, target gains the **Slow** Condition.

✕ ***Infect***: After succeeding, target gains the **Poison +1** Condition a number of times equal to the number of ✕ in the final duel total.

(1) The Fear Behind the Eyes (**Ca** 6✕ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Target model suffers 1/2/4 damage.

✕ ***No Escape***: After damaging, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**No Escape:** This model may not take Walk or Charge Actions."

🐺 ***Look and Be Afraid***: After damaging, push this model into base contact with the target.

(0) Gnawing Fear (**Ca** 6✕ / TN: 9✕ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 8): Target gains the following Condition until the start of this model's next Activation, or until this model is removed from play: "**Gnawing Fears**: This model suffers ⍈ on all **Ca** and **Wp** duels."

Yin The Penangalan

40mm

Ten Thunders Brother

Not everything can be achieved by stealth and guile. When the Ten Thunders need to make a statement with blood, or defend their territory from attack, they send out the Brothers. Anonymous behind leering demonic masks, these hardened warriors are experts with the ten sacred weapons of Wxu-Shu. Only on the orders of the clan are these weapons used, as to do otherwise is punishable by death.

The Brothers are recruited from the lower ranks of the Three Kingdoms, those who will serve loyally to lift themselves from the constant toil of their daily lives. They are trained rigorously, rewarded with wealth and prestige, and seen as tools of the clan.

Their oni masks not only make them even more fearsome in battle, but also prevent Brothers from being identified on the street. As a method of passive control, it is highly effective. Throughout the Three Kingdoms, and these days in Malifaux's Little Kingdom as well, no one speaks ill of the clan in case a Brother is nearby.



Ten Thunders Brother

Minion, Living

Cost 5

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	6	5	5	2

Abilities

Protect Our Holdings: Friendly Scheme Markers within ❶5 may not be discarded by the Actions or Abilities of enemy models.

Expert Defense: While this model has the **Defensive** Condition, it gains +1 **Df**.

Df (🖃) Bend As The Willow: After resolving, this model gains the **Defensive +1** Condition until the start of its next Activation.

Attack Actions

(1) Ten Weapons of Wxu-Shu (**MI** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 2): Target suffers 1/3/5 damage.

🐾 ***Crushing Strike***: When damaging, the damage flip gains 🃏 for each 🐾 in the final duel total.

🐺 ***Trip***: After damaging, the target gains the **Slow** Condition and is placed into base contact with this model.

Tactical Actions

(0) Dance of the Heavens (**Ca** 5 / TN: 6): This Action must declare a Trigger if able.

🖃 ***Crab Style***: After succeeding, this model gains the following Condition for the rest of the Turn: "**Armor +1:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1."

✕ ***Monkey Style***: After succeeding, this model gains the following Condition for the rest of the Turn: "**Strike from the Branches:** Increase the Rg of this model's **MI** Actions to ⫻ 4."

🐾 ***Mongoose Style***: After succeeding, this model may choose to either draw a card and then discard a card, or heal 2 damage.

🐺 ***Eagle Style***: After succeeding, place this model within 3".

Ten Thunders Brother

30mm

Mr. Graves

Officially the Honeypot Casino's chief bouncer, the walking mountain of muscle known as Mr. Graves maintains order on the casino floor. Only the most foolish patrons cause trouble in the Honeypot, as Graves rarely throws someone into the street without a cracked rib or broken femur to remember him by. When Lynch travels about the city on business, Mr. Graves is rarely far from his side, his presence keeping his boss safe. Lynch enjoys making his life difficult, knowing Graves has to obey and protect him.

In reality though, Graves is as much Lynch's jailer as his guardian. A skinwalker posing as human, Graves ensures that 'Mister Lunch' does what his real boss, the ancient entity known as the Hungering Darkness, wants. He is the one responsible for selecting the choicest morsels for his real master, and ensuring they come to the attention of the beckoners. For now, Mr. Graves does as he is told; waiting for the day he can even the score for every insult and torment Lynch has put him through.



MR. GRAVES — COST 8

Enforcer, Living, Rare 1

NEPHILIM, DARKENED, MIMIC

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	9	5	6	3

ABILITIES

Black Blood: All models without **Black Blood** within (T)1 suffer 1 damage when this model suffers damage.

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Ruthless: This model is immune to **Wp** duels during its Activation.

MR. GRAVES

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Fence Post (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 3/4/6 damage.

Crushing Strike: When damaging, the damage flip gains for each in the final duel total.

Your Fight Is With Me: After succeeding, a friendly Mr. Tannen within LoS gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Harmless:** This model does not count as having Activated for the purposes of the **Manipulative** Ability."

(1) Show Ya the Door (**MI** 6 / TN: 13 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Push target up to 6" in any direction, then push this model into base contact with the target. This model may only target a friendly model with this Action once per Turn.

And Stay Out!: After succeeding, take a **Fence Post** Attack Action against the target.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Keeping the Peace (**Ca** 5 / TN: 10): Until the start of this model's next Activation, enemy models within (T)6 which declare a Charge must pass a TN 13 **Wp** duel before performing the Charge or the Action fails.

40mm

Mr. Tannen

No one is entirely sure what Mr. Tannen's role at the Honeypot Casino really is. He seems to roam the casino floor at random, congratulating guests on their winning streaks and offering friendly conversation to punters. Those who have watched him closely say he is there to make sure the house always wins; that he has an unnerving ability to spoil a man's luck with nothing more than a smile and a few innocuous words of encouragement.

Even the sharpest eyed gamblers don't call it cheating. After all, they have never seen him interfere with the games, or the players. He simply drifts around the floor, smiling a smile that in the right light looks like that of a predator eyeing its prey, as he chats with the customers. Many people vaguely sense something is not right about him, but few would look carefully enough to see that he isn't truly human. Of course, a person watching him that closely might find themselves unexpectedly having less gentle words with Tannen's looming associate, Mr. Graves.



MR. TANNEN — COST 5

Enforcer, Living, Rare 1

WOE, DARKENED, MIMIC

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	6	4	-	2

ABILITIES

Manipulative 13: If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, when an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 13 **Wp** duel or the Action immediately fails.

Cooler: Enemy models within (T)6 must discard a card before Cheating Fate, or they may not Cheat Fate.

Unimpeded: This model ignores penalties for severe terrain when moving.

MR. TANNEN

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Pocket Knife (**MI** 4 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1/3/4 damage.

(1) Bore to Tears (**Ca** 6 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 10): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage and gains the following Condition until the end of its next Activation: "**Bored:** This model suffers -2 **Wk** and -2 **Cg**."

Yawn: After succeeding, the target gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Blocked:** This model may not use Soulstones."

This One Is Yours...: After succeeding, a friendly Mr. Graves within LoS of the target may push up to 5" towards the target.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Leave it to Luck (**Ca** 6 / TN: 13): Until the end of the Turn, models within (T)6 treat any cards which they flip or play as having +2 value, and any cards which they flip or play as having -2 value.

(1) "So, What Brings You To These Parts...?": This model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Chatty:** Enemy models within (T)6 may not take Interact Actions."

30mm

Shadow Effigy

On several recent missions, agents of the Ten Thunders have discovered they are not alone in the shadows. Sneaking alongside them uninvited is a bundle of dark fabrics, wearing a familiar mask. While the clan is reluctant to trust anything they clearly do not control, they tolerate Shadow as it has proved useful on more than one occasion.

Shadow itself takes great delight in hiding and infiltrating, mimicking its favorite company, the Torakage. Despite its odd appearance and strange mannerisms, Shadow takes its adopted duty very seriously. More than once a clan member has been accosted by the little poppet, who with a deliberate tilt of its mask reminds them that their mission is not yet complete.

Shadow is the embodiment of the clan's ideals; silent, honorable and deadly when necessary. Wielding a small but razor sharp blade with surprising accuracy, and with the shadows concealing clan members on its silent command, Shadow protects and aids the clan as it sees fit. Afterwards it vanishes; only reappearing after it has joined another mission.



SHADOW EFFIGY

Minion, Construct, Rare 1

PUPPET, EFFIGY

COST 4

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	4	5	6	1

ABILITIES

Accomplice: After this model ends its Activation a friendly model within 6" may Activate immediately as a Chain Activation.

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Precision Blade (**MI** 7 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1 damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Remember the Mission (**Ca** 4 / TN: 14 / Rg: 4): Target friendly Minion gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Remember the Mission:** At the end of this model's Activation, place a Scheme Marker in base contact with this model and then end this Condition."

(0) Blend Into Shadow: Target friendly Leader within 8" gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Into Shadow:** After an enemy model declares an Attack Action targeting this model, this model may end this Condition. If it does, the enemy model suffers to the Attack flip."

SHADOW EFFIGY

30mm

Komainu

Important buildings in the Three Kingdoms often have a pair of large stone or iron creatures flanking their entrances. Sometimes standing almost as tall as a man, these beasts typically look like a cross between lion and dog. Traditionally, these imposing statues were believed to ward off evil. In truth, they serve as anchors for a clan or temple's guardian spirits.

In times of desperate need, the spirits will inhabit the Komainu to defend their charges. With the grinding sound of stone and metal, the hulking beasts step down from their plinths, tracking their prey by its spirit-scent. When the Kingdoms go to war, it is not unheard of for the Komainu to accompany their clan, becoming even more aggressive when their charges are in danger.

A fusion of the spirit world with inanimate mechanisms, Komainu are very difficult to destroy and just as dangerous. It is said that a Komainu's bite not only tears the flesh, but also the soul, and wise men avoid the jaws of the Komainu at all costs.



KOMAINU

Minion, Construct

SPIRIT, RETAINER

COST 5

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	6	5	5	2

ABILITIES

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

Guard: This model gains + **MI** while within 3" of one or more friendly Ancestor models.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Rend the Soul (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
- ***Spirit Latch:*** After damaging, the target gains the **Slow** Condition.
- ***Fires of the Aether:*** After damaging, the target gains the **Burning +1** Condition.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) Spirit Scent: Place this model into base contact with target enemy model within 3".

(1) Guard the Soul: This model gains the following Condition until it takes another Action: "**Spiritual Guardian**: After an enemy model in 6 resolves a **Ca** Action, this model may immediately take a (1) **MI** Attack Action against the model, ignoring range and LoS."

KOMAINU

40mm

Fermented River Monk

To many residents of Malifaux, alcohol is an all too brief escape from their daily lives. For the monks of the Fermented River, it is an ancient ritual, used to relax mind and body in order to attune the monks to the swirling flows of the universe. To the uninitiated, there appears to be little difference between the unsteady stumbling of the novices and the chaotic weaving of the masters. This is a mistake few people make twice. Novices typically need to drink significant quantities of Song, the potent spirit the temple brews, to loosen their muscles and minds. The more advanced monks are able to achieve the same using meditation and less alcohol.

Once in this state, the monks surrender themselves to the weaving strands of fate, using only their instincts and reactions to fight. This makes them extremely unpredictable and very hard to hit regardless of their skill level, but a true master of the Fermented River is able to use this to launch his own attacks at an unprepared opponent.



Fermented River Monk

Minion, Living
TRI-CHI

Cost 5

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	6	5	6	2

Abilities

In His Cups: This model is immune to damage caused by the **Poison** Condition and does not reduce the **Poison** Condition during the Upkeep Step.

Following the River's Path: If this model fails an opposed duel with an enemy model, this model gains the **Poison +1** Condition.

Sway: This model gains a bonus to its **Df** equal to the value of its **Poison** Condition, to a maximum of +2 **Df**.

Attack Actions

(1) Fermented Fist (**Ml** 5✕ / Rst: **Df** or **Wp** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. When this Action is declared, this model chooses if the Resist is **Df** or **Wp**.

✕ ***Drunken Strength:*** When damaging, the target suffers an additional amount of damage equal to this model's current **Poison** Condition Value, up to a maximum of 2. Then, end the **Poison** Condition on this model.

✕ ***A Drink Together:*** After succeeding, the target and this model each gain the **Poison +1** Condition.

Tactical Actions

(0) Ready for Another Round: If this model has the **Poison +4** Condition or greater, it ends the **Poison** Condition and gains the **Reactivate** Condition.

(0) Have a Sip: This model discards a card to gain the **Poison +1** Condition.

Fermented River Monk

30mm

Monk of High River

Acolytes of the oldest temple in the Five Rivers Valley, the monks of High River are also the most feared. Trained in a wide range of both agonizing and lethal combat skills, the monks are adept at violence and its application. Legends abound of individual monks facing down a dozen men, or turning the tide of a battle single handedly. They are seen by some as demons of pure rage; a reputation the monks use to their advantage, covering their faces with steel masks to conceal their humanity.

The monks of High River cannot be swayed to a cause with promises of power, wealth or honor. They do not concern themselves with material rewards, only with the perfection of their art. That their chosen art is pain and death means they can be swayed with the promise of deadly opponents against which to hone their skills. Those who request the monks' assistance do so knowing they are unleashing living weapons onto their enemies, and must hope those enemies prove worthy of the monks' attentions.



Monk of High River

Minion, Living, Rare 3

Cost 6

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	5	6	5	6	2

Abilities

Reading the Wind: The first time this model takes the Focus Action during its Activation it gains an additional **Focused +1** Condition.

Searing Flames Booming Voice: When this model succeeds with a disengaging strike, its target gains the **Burning +2** Condition.

Ruthless: This model is immune to **Wp** duels during its Activation.

Call Unto the Flame: When this model declares a Charge Action, it may discard a card. If it does, it may take one additional (1) ⫻ Action as a result of the Charge Action.

Attack Actions

(1) Over the Flames (**Ml** 6🕮 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻ 1): Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.
🕮 ***Ignite:*** After damaging, the target gains the **Burning +1** Condition for each 🕮 in the final duel total.

Tactical Actions

(0) Wander the Earth: Push this model up to 2" in any direction.

Monk of High River

30mm

Tengu

The legends of the Three Kingdoms say that the Tengu were men, once. Their pride in life cursed them to exist after death as demons, bound to protect the forests and mountains they once claimed to own. Hybrids of man and bird, the Tengu are incredibly swift, aggressive and very territorial. More than one man has fallen victim to their razor talons for daring to despoil the Tengu's hunting grounds with mining, logging or simplyexisting where one should not be. The sight of a Tengu is seen as presaging rebellion and war, the earth itself rising up against the enemy.

Despite their fearsome appearance and reputation, the Tengu are not entirely hostile. There are even rumors that they help train the Torakage, explaining the latter's swiftness and stealth. The villages that lie within a Tengu's domain have long since learned to treat the land with respect, and tradition dictates a gift is left for the Tengu at the changing of each season. In return, these people know they will be watched over as carefully as the land itself.



TENGU — COST 4

Minion

SPIRIT, ONI

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	4	5	5	6	2

ABILITIES

Flight: This model is immune to falling damage and may ignore any terrain or models while moving.

The Shooting Star: At the start of this model's Activation, it may be placed into base contact with target friendly Scheme Marker within 5".

Regeneration +1: When this model Activates, it heals +1 damage.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Razor-Edged Talons (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1/3/4 damage.

Flay: The damage flip resulting from this Attack may be cheated if it suffers one or more .

Katanaka's Mark: After dealing moderate or severe damage, place a Scheme Marker in base contact with this model.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) A Song of Night and Day (**Ca** 5 / TN: 11 / Rg: 6): Target model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Regeneration +1:** When this model Activates, it heals +1 damage."

Nightfall: After succeeding, take this Action again. This Action may not declare Triggers.

(0) Still the Earth: Discard up to two cards to discard one Scheme Marker within 3 for each card discarded.

30mm

Chiaki The Niece

Without Yan Lo, the Katanaka would not have their ancestors walking beside them. Without Chiaki, they would not have Yan Lo. Naturally able to hear the voices of the ancestors, rather than relying on decades of formal training, Chiaki's skill in returning Yan Lo from the otherworldly Paths he walked has caused some resentment among her elders. Although she is headstrong in her rejection of tradition, in Yan Lo she found a mentor she would learn from willingly.

Chiaki is an incongruous sight when she is with her mentor and the other ancestors that have returned from the grave, her youthful innocence a stark contrast to them. Despite her appearance though, she is far from helpless. Chiaki serves as a beacon between worlds, guiding her ancestors back to the land of the living. She cleanses them of the taint of the physical world as they protect her and the clan. When she must, Chiaki can also reverse this flow, offering her enemies to the world beyond in exchange for her ancestors.



CHIAKI THE NIECE — COST 6

Enforcer, Living, Rare 1

ANCESTOR

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
4	5	7	5	7	2

ABILITIES

Manipulative 12: If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, when an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 12 **Wp** duel or the Action immediately fails.

Innocence: When this model Activates, it may move all Conditions from itself to a friendly Ancestor within 6" and LoS.

Incorporeal: This model ignores, and is ignored by, other models and terrain during any movement or push. Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Sh** and **Ml** Attack Actions by half.

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Sacred Knife (**Ml** 4 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.

(0) The Calling (**Ca** 5 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 10): Target suffers 1/2/3 damage and gains the following Condition until the start of this model's next Activation, or until this model is removed from play: "**Insignificant**: This model may not take Interact Actions."

Memory in Song: After succeeding against an enemy model, this model gains the following Condition for the rest of the game: "**Chi +1:** This model adds +1 to its **Ca**, to a maximum of 3 additional **Ca**."

(1) Memories Past (**Ca** 5 / TN: 12 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 10): Remove one Condition from target model.

The Cleansing Death: After succeeding, heal 2 damage on the target.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(1) Purity (**Ca** 5 / TN: 12 / Rg: 6): All enemy models in range must succeed on a TN 14 **Wp** duel or be pushed 4" away from this model.

Face in the Crowd: After succeeding, this model gains the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Harmless:** This model does not count as having Activated for the purposes of the **Manipulative** Ability."

30mm

The Lone Swordsman

I remember a story my father told me when I was a boy, before the annihilation of my clan.

There was once a man who had dishonored his family, and he swore to the Gods that he would go into the forest and slay the most ferocious beast he could find to bring them honor again. So the man did as he said, braving claw and fang to fell the largest, most feral thing he had ever laid eyes on. But, after he had completed his task, the man got lost in the forest.

Fearing the Gods were still angry, he slew beast after beast, each larger and more ferocious than the last, but nothing seemed to please the Gods.

Finally, the man forgot that he was a man at all and became a beast himself, lost in the forest.

Katanaka Sniper

When the Katanaka wish to eliminate a target without getting close, they call on the Ansatsu dojo. These assassins are experts at stealth and concealment, able to find a secluded place and wait as long as it takes for their target to present itself. The exact number of victims of these silent snipers is unknown to all, but the Master of Assassins. The snipers are highly adept at masking the true nature of their kills using subterfuge. Often the only witnesses are the unfortunate targets set to be framed.

Katanaka Snipers are highly valued assassins.They will never give up their employers, even under torture. This is in part due to their fortitude and willpower, but where this fails a red hot knife makes up the difference. As a final rite of passage into the clan, each Sniper has his or her tongue removed before his or her first mission. Clan members communicate using a gesture language that is hidden from outsiders on pain of death.



THE LONE SWORDSMAN

Enforcer, Living, Rare 1

COST 8

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
6	6	7	5	7	2

ABILITIES

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

Bullet Proof +3: Reduce all damage suffered by this model from **Sh** Actions by +3, to a minimum of 1.

Relentless: This model is immune to Horror Duels.



KATANAKA SNIPER

Minion, Living, Rare 2

COST 7

Df	Wp	Wd	Wk	Cg	Ht
5	6	6	5	5	2

ABILITIES

Hard to Kill: While this model has 2 or more **Wd** remaining when it suffers damage, it may not be reduced to below 1 **Wd**.

From the Shadows: This model may be deployed anywhere on the board that is at least 6" away from the enemy Deployment Zone. This model may not take Interact Actions on the first turn.

Loyalty Unto Death: If a friendly Leader within LoS is killed, this model gains the **Reactivate** Condition.

THE LONE SWORDSMAN

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) My Father's Sword (**Ml** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 2/4/6 damage.

The Perfect Cut: This Attack ignores **Armor**, **Hard to Wound**, **Hard to Kill**, and **Incorporeal**.

Karmic Strike: Damage from this Attack may not be prevented using Soulstones.

One With the Void: This model ignores all modifiers to the damage flip of this Attack.

The Sword Knows the Way: After damaging, place the target into base contact with this model.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

(0) You Shall Not See Another Sunrise: Discard two cards and name an enemy Enforcer, Henchman, or Master which is in play to give this model the **Reactivate** Condition. If this model does not kill the named model before the end of the Turn, sacrifice this model at the end of the Turn.

(0) Wander the Earth: Push this model up to 2" in any direction.

30mm

KATANAKA SNIPER

ATTACK ACTIONS

(1) Ancestral Katana (**Ml** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 2): Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. This Action gains to the Attack flip.

(1) Clockwork Rifle (**Sh** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 14): Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. This Attack Action receives . When this Attack Action gains the benefits of the **Focused** Condition, increase its range to 28.

Critical Strike: When damaging the target, this attack deals +1 damage for each in the final duel total.

(0) Blow Dart (**Sh** 5 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 6): Target model gains the **Slow** Condition.

30mm

McCabe Upgrades

Badge of Speed

Cost: 2 SS

- If this model is a Master, it gains the following Tactical Action:

  (1) Black Flash (**Ca** 4 / TN: 10 / Rg: 6)**:** Target Minion gains the **Reactivate** Condition. This Action may only be taken once per Turn.

- If this Upgrade is attached to a non-Master model, this model gains the following Ability:

  Nimble: This model generates 1 additional AP which may only be used to take Walk Actions.



RESTRICTIONS

Lucas McCabe

Glowing Saber

Cost: 2 SS

- If this model is a Master, it gains the following Triggers to its **Saber** Action:

  Enchanted Blow: This Attack ignores **Armor**, **Hard to Wound**, **Incorporeal**, and **Hard to Kill**.

  Forbidden Runes: After damaging an enemy, add 1 Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.

  That's New...: After damaging, all enemy models in 3 of the target must pass a TN 12 **Wp** duel or suffer 2 damage.

- If this Upgrade is attached to a non-Master model, this model gains the following Attack Action:

  (1) Glowing Saber (**Ml** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 1): Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. This Attack ignores **Armor**, **Hard to Wound**, **Incorporeal**, and **Hard to Kill**.

  Critical Strike: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each in the final duel total.



RESTRICTIONS

Lucas McCabe

Elixir of Life

Cost: 2 SS

- If this model is a Master, it gains the following Tactical Action:

  (1) Elixir of Living a Few Seconds Longer (**Ca** 4 / TN: 12 / Rg: 6)**:** Target model heals 1/2/3 damage.

- If this Upgrade is attached to a non-Master model, this model gains the following Abilities:

  Regeneration +2: When this model Activates, it heals +2 damage.

  Lost Elixir: Friendly models within 3 gain the following Ability: "**Unimpeded**: This model ignores penalties for severe terrain when moving."



RESTRICTIONS

Lucas McCabe

Strangemetal Shirt

Cost: 1 SS

- If this model is a Master, it gains the following Ability:

  Armor +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1.

- If this Upgrade is attached to a non-Master model, this model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (0) "It's Glowing! Why is it Glowing?": Until the end of the Turn or until this Upgrade is removed from this model, friendly models within 4 gain the following Ability: "**Armor +1:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1, to a minimum of 1."



RESTRICTIONS

Lucas McCabe

Promises

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Promises Made: Friendly models with at least one Upgrade attached within 6 of this model gain +1 to all **Wp** and **Ml** duels.

Restrictions

Black Sheep, Rare 1

By Your Side

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  By Your Side: Once per turn, when a friendly model within 5" and LoS of this model is targeted by an enemy model's Action, this model may be placed in base contact with the friendly model. This model is now the target of the Action, regardless of range or LoS.

Restrictions

Sidir Alchibal

Barbs

Cost: 1 SS

- If this model has the **Netgun** Action, it gains the following Ability:

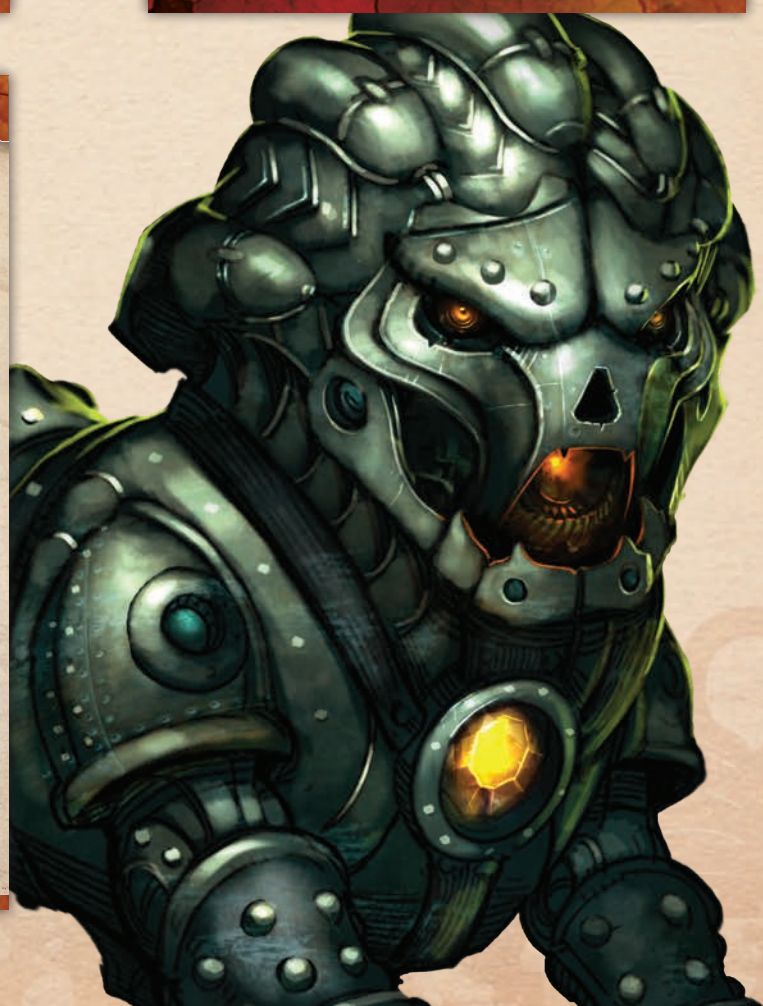
  Barbed Net: On successful Attacks, this model's **Netgun** Attack Action deals 1/3/4 damage to the target in addition to any other effects.

- If this model has the **Bullwhip** Action, this model's **Bullwhip** Action gains the following Trigger:

  Critical Strike: When damaging the target, this Attack deals +1 damage for each in the final duel total.

Restrictions

Lucas McCabe



Yan Lo Upgrades

Fortify the Spirit

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Df/Wp (📖) Fortify the Spirit: Immediately increase this model's final duel total by an amount equal to the value of its **Chi** Condition, to a maximum of +3.



Restrictions

Yan Lo

Reliquary

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (1) Rebuild Corpus (**Ca** 5✗ / TN: 16✗📖 / Rg: 6): Name a friendly Ancestor model which was killed or sacrificed this game and which this model has not summoned into play this game. Summon the named model into base contact with target Corpse Marker, then discard the Marker. The summoned model suffers damage equal to half its **Wd** (rounded up) which may not be reduced.



Restrictions

Yan Lo

Brutal Khakkhara

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Attack Action:

  (1) Brutal Khakkhara (**Ml** 5✗ / Rst: **Df** / Rg: ⫻2): Target suffers 3/4/5 damage. This Attack deals damage when taken as a disengaging strike.



Restrictions

Yan Lo

Ash Ascendant

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Impossible to Wound: Damage flips against this model suffer ⌸. Damage flips against this model may not be cheated.

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (1) Terracotta Curse (**Ca** 5 / TN: 14 / Rg: (↑)8): This Action may only be taken once per Turn. Every enemy model within range must pass a TN 15 **Wp** duel or gain the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Curse of Terracotta**: This model suffers 2 damage when it declares a Walk or Charge Action. This damage may not be reduced."



Restrictions

Ascendant

Spirit Ascendant

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Incorporeal: This model ignores, and is ignored by, other models and terrain during any movement or push. Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Sh** and **MI** Attack Actions by half.

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (2) Fury of Yomi: Up to three friendly Spirit models in (↑)8 may immediately take a (1) Action.



RESTRICTIONS

Ascendant

Pull of the Grave

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Attack Action:

  (1) Pull of the Grave (**Ca** 5✗ / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 10): Target model gains the **Slow** Condition.

  Relentless Beckoning: After succeeding, take this Action again. This Action may not declare Triggers.



RESTRICTIONS

Chiaki The Niece

Bone Ascendant

Cost: 3 SS

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (2) Hunpo Assault: Place this model within 8" of its current location. Then choose a Attack Action which this model may take and take the chosen Action against each enemy model in range. These Attack Actions gain + to the Attack and damage flip.



RESTRICTIONS

Ascendant

Command the Graves

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Tactical Actions:

  (1) Eternal Servitude (**Ca** 5 / TN: 14✗ / Rg: 6): Summon an Ashigaru in base contact with target Corpse Marker, then discard the Marker. The summoned model suffers 3 damage which may not be reduced.

  (1) Eternal Guardian (**Ca** 5 / TN: 14 / Rg: 6): Summon a Komainu in base contact with target Scrap Marker, then discard the Marker. The summoned model suffers 3 damage which may not be reduced.



RESTRICTIONS

Toshiro the Daimyo

Shenlong Upgrades

Words on the River

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (0) Words on the River: Remove the **Poison** or **Burning** Condition from this model to draw a number of cards equal to the value of the Condition removed, up to a maximum of 3. Then, discard that many cards.

Restrictions

Shenlong

Low River Style

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Slow Waters Eternal Voice: When this model succeeds on a duel with an enemy model, it gains the **Defensive +1** Condition.

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (1) Stones on the River (**MI** 6 / TN: 12 / Rg: 6): Target friendly model heals 2 damage and removes up to one Condition of this model's choice.

  Purify: After succeeding, this model may lower its **Defensive** Condition value by 1 to heal 2 damage on a friendly model within 6" and LoS.

Restrictions

Shenlong or Sensei Yu, Limited

Fermented River Style

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Drunken Kung Fu: If this model has the **Poison** Condition, during its Activation it treats all of its modifiers as if they were and all of its modifiers as if they were .

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (1) Stumble (**MI** 6 / TN: 13): All enemy models within 4 must pass a TN 11 **Wk** duel or receive the following Condition until the end of the Turn: "**Unsteady:** This model suffers on all duels."

  And Fall: After succeeding, this model may lower its **Poison** Condition value by any amount, to a minimum of 0. For each point of **Poison** lowered, increase the TN of the **Wk** duel by +1, up to a maximum of +5.

Restrictions

Shenlong or Sensei Yu, Limited

High River Style

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Burning Chi: This Ability may only be used while this model has the **Burning** Condition. If this model is performing a duel, immediately before determining success, this model may choose to suffer up to 3 damage which may not be reduced or prevented. Increase this model's final duel total by an amount equal to the damage suffered. If this Ability kills this model, it loses the duel.

- This model gains the following Attack Action:

  (1) Lightning Kick (**MI** 6 / Rst: **Df** / Rg: 3): Target suffers 1/3/4 damage.

  Engulf: After succeeding against an enemy model, this model may lower its **Burning** Condition value by any amount, to a minimum of 0. For each point of **Burning** lowered, the target gains **Burning +1**, to a maximum of **Burning +3**.

Restrictions

Shenlong or Sensei Yu, Limited

Wandering River Style

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Calm Air Thunderous Voice: Once per Turn during this model's Activation, it may lower its **Focused** Condition value by 1 to take a (1) Interact Action without spending AP.

- This model gains the following Attack Action:

  (1) Mighty Gust (**Ca** 6📖 / TN: 12 / Rst: **Wp** / Rg: 6): Remove up to three Corpse, Scrap, or Scheme Markers within (⌾)3 of target model. Push the target up to 5" in any direction and place any Markers removed in this way within (⌾)3 of the target's new location. This Action may not target the same model more than once per Turn.

  📖 ***Changing Winds:*** After succeeding, lower this model's **Focused** value by 1 to give the target **Fast**.

  📖 ***Blown Down:*** After succeeding, lower this model's **Focused** value by 1 to give the target **Slow**.

Restrictions

Shenlong or Sensei Yu, Limited

Promising Disciple

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

  Journeyman of the Four Styles: If a friendly Shenlong discards an Upgrade, this model may immediately attach it ignoring all restrictions. If this model has more than one Limited Upgrade attached, it must immediately discard one of them.

  Flow Like Water: This model is immune to damage caused by Conditions, and may choose not to lower the value of (or end) the **Focused**, **Poison**, and **Burning** Conditions during the Upkeep step.

Restrictions

Sensei Yu



General Ten Thunders Upgrades

Smoke Grenades

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

  Smoke Screen: Enemy models targeting this model with an Attack Action from further than 6" away suffer ⊟ to the Attack flip.

  Smoke Grenade: At the start of this model's Activation, it may discard this Upgrade to place two 50mm Smoke Markers in base contact with itself, not touching any other models or Markers. These Smoke Markers are **Ht** 5 Blocking terrain and are removed at the end of the Turn.



RESTRICTIONS

Non-Leader, Rare 1

Hidden Agenda

Cost: 0 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Assassin's Strike: Once per Turn, after this model deals damage to an enemy with an Attack Action, all friendly Oiran in LoS gain the **Fast** and **Focused +1** Conditions.



RESTRICTIONS

Rare 1

On Wings of Wind

Cost: 2 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  On Wings of Wind: At the end of the Turn, push this model up to 3" in any direction.

- This model gains the following Tactical Action:

  (0) Tempest Heart: Push target other friendly model within 6" up to 4" in any direction.



RESTRICTIONS

Leader

Blot the Sky

Cost: 1 SS

- This model gains the following Abilities:

  Rain of Arrows: At the end of the Turn, friendly Thunder Archers within ❶6 may make a (2) **Sh** Attack Action.

  To Positions!: At the start of this model's Activation, it may discard this Upgrade. If it does, all friendly Thunder Archers in play may push up to 6" in any direction and gain the **Defensive +1** Condition until the start of their next Activation.



RESTRICTIONS

Rare 1

Favor of Heaven

Cost: 0 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Favor of Heaven: This model gains +2 **Wk** and +1 **Cg**.

RESTRICTIONS

Rare 1, Samurai

Favor of Earth

Cost: 0 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Favor of Earth: This model gains +3 **Wd**.

RESTRICTIONS

Rare 1, Samurai

Favor of Jigoku

Cost: 0 SS

- This model gains the following Ability:

  Favor of Jigoku: This model is immune to damage during its Activation.

RESTRICTIONS

Rare 1, Samurai



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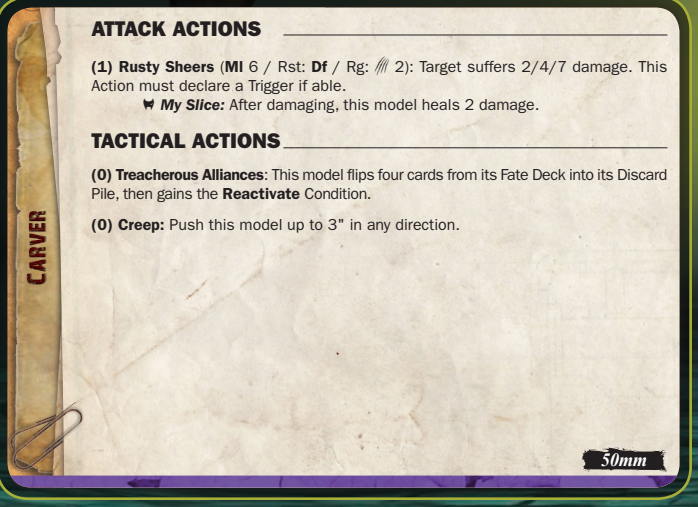
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THE CARVER WALKS AMONG US





DESCRIPTION

Rustle, rustle and snickity snack,
The Carver strikes once and then strikes back.
Slice, dice and guts a-twist,
The Carver cannot be stopped. Not by kick or fist.
Rustle, rustle and snickity snack,
The Carver strikes once and then strikes back.
Tremble, quiver, and try to hide,
The Carver will find you. Your escape, denied.
Rustle, rustle and snickity snack,
The Carver strikes once and then strikes back.

SET UP

Select one player to be the Attacker and the other to be the Defender. The Defender flips a card to determine her victory condition and then secretly notes down one model as "Carver's Sacrifice."

DEPLOYMENT

This scenario uses Standard Deployment.

SPECIAL

When the model noted as Carver's Sacrifice is removed from play, the Defender summons Carver into base contact with it before removing it. Carver is considered to be part of the Defender's Crew when it is summoned and does not gain Slow.

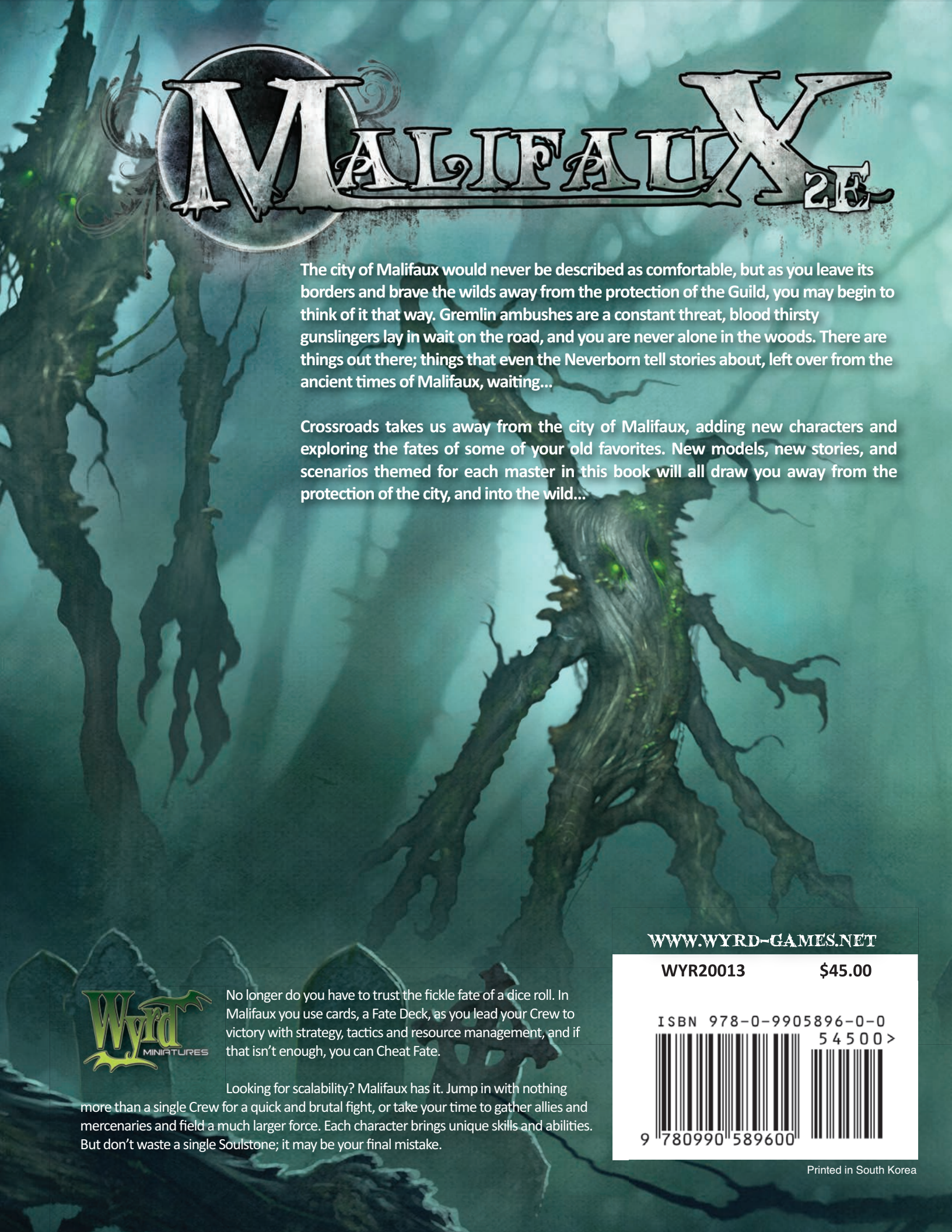
ATTACKER VICTORY

At the end of every Turn after the first, the Attacker earns 1 VP if she killed or sacrificed at least two enemy models. At the end of every Turn after the first, if the Defender has no models in play, the Attacker earns 1 VP. The Attacker may only earn 1 VP per Turn from this scenario.

DEFENDER VICTORY

- Carver's Feast. The defender earns 1 **VP** for each attacking model killed by the Carver.
- Carver's Legacy. At the end of every Turn after the first, the Defender earns 1 **VP** if there is at least 1 friendly Scheme Marker in base contact with Carver.
- The Carving Ritual. The defender earns 4 **VP** if an opposing Master or Henchman is killed or sacrificed by the Carver.
- To Carve Another Day. At the end of the game, the defender earns 4 **VP** if the Carver is still in play.


MALIFAUX
2E



The city of Malifaux would never be described as comfortable, but as you leave its borders and brave the wilds away from the protection of the Guild, you may begin to think of it that way. Gremlin ambushes are a constant threat, blood thirsty gunslingers lay in wait on the road, and you are never alone in the woods. There are things out there; things that even the Neverborn tell stories about, left over from the ancient times of Malifaux, waiting...

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