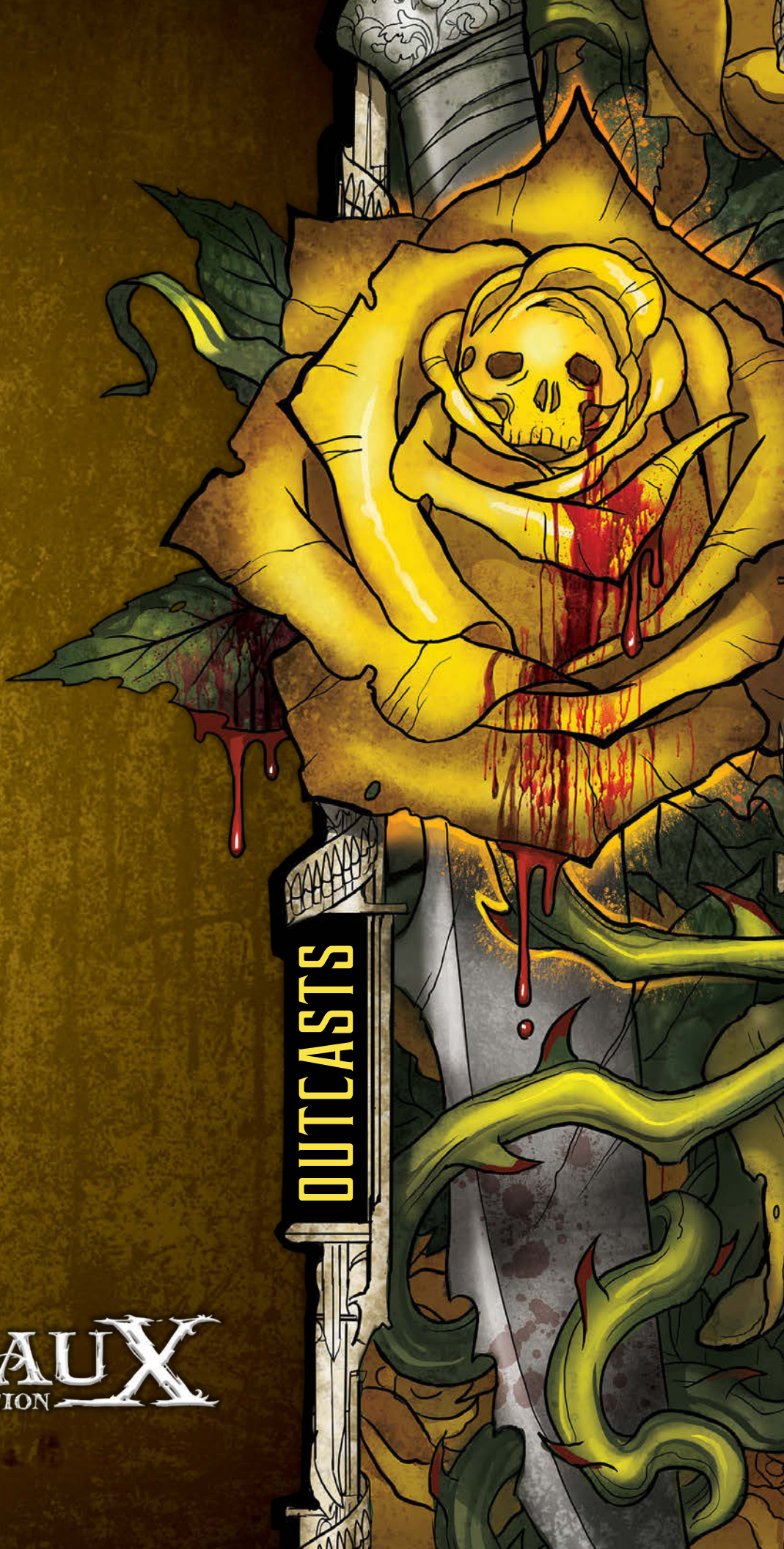


# MALIFAUX

THIRD EDITION

OUTCASTS







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First Printing: June 2019. Printed in South Korea.

MALIFAUx THIRD EDITION: OUTCASTS  
978-1-7331627-5-3  
WYR23016



# THE OUTCASTS



## MALIFAUX

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## SPECIAL THANKS

A particularly special thank you to all of our amazing Alpha, Closed Beta, and Open Beta playtesters, as well as our volunteers and Henchman all around the world! Thanks for keeping it Wyrld.







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# THE OUTCASTS



**F***reedom's a lie sold to fools who will buy whatever sod you're sellin'. You'll have an easier time holding the sun in the palm in your hands than finding true freedom.* Many of the Outcasts once bought into the well-groomed sales pitch, chasing imagined diamonds. But now that they're no longer wanted to wander the city, these renegades have become what many had already assumed them to be: outlaws on the run, pushed away by the society that chooses to misunderstand them. As long as there's a lawman, there will be those that oppose them, those that ignore them, and those that defy them. It won't be some blind bull that dictates what's right or wrong. To an Outcast, the decision to *charge toward* or *escape from* their destiny is theirs and theirs alone.

While some vie for control of a city that rots at its edges and boils from below, there are many more in Malifaux that have turned their backs on the societal norms in order to live an untethered life. Rather than restrict themselves with rules set forth by some swindler behind a desk, these Outcasts follow the unpaved path to seek out a currency of their own creation. From scrip to time, power to chaos, treasures to autonomy, these ne'er-do-wells all seek something beyond what civilization is freely willing to give, so it's up to them to reach out and take it themselves.

Leopold Von Schill, a former soldier for the Guild of Mercantilers, distanced himself as soon as he witnessed firsthand their intent, forming the militia known as the Freikorps. For years, he and his guns for hire occupied a district in the Quarantine Zone, contracting for jobs that only a small army could complete, but thanks to the efforts in "cleaning up" Malifaux, whatever the hell that meant, Governor-General Marlow outlawed mercenaries and bounty work. While Von Schill's hand may have been forced, it might have been a blessing in disguise. In Freiholt, there are no lords to dictate



the will of the people, only the control found in a collective.

But they aren't the only mercenaries looking for a slice of the pie. Viktoria Chambers and her doppleganger twin run a motley crew of ronin and runaways, following their own intuitions into the unknown. With bullet and blade, the Chambers sisters are as reckless as they are fearless, toppling one mountain at a time to sate their thirst for fortune and bloodshed. If it means that the only path to the prize is through some self-proclaimed gods of another world first, then so be it.

Other mercenaries, like Tara Blake and her... ilk, have a different type of void to fill. When time's on your side, there's very little that gets in your way. Given a reason to live by the very nothingness that keeps her alive, she follows in the soundless shadows of Obliteration, fulfilling its perplexing whims in secret while keeping a close eye on the rest of the Tyrants. To her, the idea of independence is an illusion from a previous life; now, there is only the quiet obedience to a vision beyond human comprehension.

Looking for much more than just retribution, recognition, or a place to hang their hats, Parker Barrows and the Barrows Gang has continued doing what they do best: heists, robberies, and stick-ups. Fancy words written on some fancy paper never stopped them before, and new laws aren't going to stop them now. These bandits will strip a train clean faster than a rabbit in a prairie fire, which keeps their pockets lined and their bellies full. Trinkets and baubles are all well and good, but what Parker Barrows truly seeks is the freedom to sleep beneath the stars without the law clouding his view.

To other scoundrels, treasures are simply a means to an end. Captain Zipp, a Gremlin who carves through the skies on a stolen zeppelin after hearing one too many aethervox broadcasts, seeks infamy above all else. The objects he obtains are less important than the recognition he so rightfully has earned - or will earn, if he can ever reap the rewards before eradicating them first.

There are others who rummage through the salvage and ruins, unearthing lost secrets and the

abominable alike, hoping to discover a freedom that few will find: life everlasting. The storefront of the Captivating Salvage & Logistics, run by Eleazar Leveticus, is exactly that; a front, used to hide his intentions while still keeping a finger to the pulse of his surroundings. He scrapes away at the belly of this otherworldly machine in the aim to seek eternal life. He may have even found it, but at the cost of the borrowed lives from those who he has deemed as lesser than. That time is a resource Leveticus means to keep, no matter the cost.

Even further from the fringes of society, a Tyrant of pestilence roams the back alleys and Badlands to find a type of freedom that many would see as the end of all things. After all, complete power can only be claimed if there is no one else around to confront it. What better way to guarantee that than to choke every living thing of its last insufferable breath? To Hamelin, the shell that embodies the Tyrant, Plague, there is no other way.

Like Hamelin, Jack Daw is ancient anomaly and mystery, an outsider to even the other Outcasts. His past, his purpose, and the intangible powers he serves are as shrouded as his expressions. It is not a desire for freedom or riches that binds him to the rest of the renegades, but like any scoundrel worth their salt and soul, it is the fear of his existence alone that keeps the rest of society away.

No longer strung along like puppets in a mocking spectacle of cultural acceptance, no longer bound by the artificial shackles of human-created laws, and no longer restricted by the rules and lies of earthly science, the Outcasts, as strange as it may seem, are beginning to unite under the very principles that once separated them from the rest of the world. This ragtag collection of Malifaux's most influential miscreants and mercenaries may be separate in ideals, motivations, and personalities, but they are bound together by their mutual hatred for those that try to control or cast them aside. They are the discordant storm on the horizon, and a strong wind blows.





# BEST LAID PLANS OF VICE AND MOONSHINE



by  
*Jason Fryer*

**P**arker Barrows, notorious outlaw and scourge of the Northern Hills, found himself locked in a staring contest with an imposing, if unlikely, adversary.

The terrier-sized rat stared back defiantly, unfazed by Parker's six-shooter leveled squarely at its malformed head. It clutched the sourdough biscuit it'd stolen off Parker's plate.

When Hinkle suggested the abandoned mines as a hideout, Parker had been grateful to the lazy-eyed piano player. Sequestered outside of 37-R, the old tunnels and miners' quarters were dark and dirty, but also dry and warm. The entire gang and its horses fit comfortably in the forgotten burrow, along with enough supplies to last until next week. With a little luck, the local posse would have given up their search by then.

Hinkle had neglected to mention the mines' residing wildlife. The rat leaned forward, whiskers twitching, as if daring Parker to shoot.

Parker sighed and slid the gun back into its holster. "Fine. Take it."

The rat, sensing it'd won this standoff, leapt from the table, biscuit held tight, and disappeared into the shadows.

"Friend of yours?" Mad Dog slammed himself down in the opposite chair, followed by Doc Mitchell sliding onto a seat between them.

Parker snorted. "Mutual acquaintance."

"That was your breakfast. You're not going soft, are you?" Mad Dog pushed over a tin cup of coffee.

Parker took it with a nod, savoring the bitter heat. "Nah. Just gotta respect any feller who ain't afraid to earn his way."

This seemed to satisfy Mad Dog, who leaned back and lit up a cigar. He offered one to Parker but was waved off. "Now that you've gone 'n encouraged him, he'll just come back, you know."

Parker shrugged. "If he does, maybe I'll let him join. Better company than you, I'll reckon."

A moment later, the Quarrel Sisters joined them, plates in hand. Parker and the gang had run into Quip and Quibble some weeks back. They were robbing the same stagecoach and had impressed him with their grit and firearm skills. They'd also known about the Soulstone shipment the M&SU had stashed away in the carriage's underbelly. Shared profit was an excellent foundation for any new relationship.

"Any word from down south?" Quibble asked, slapping away Mad Dog's hand as he tried to steal some bacon. Doc Mitchell set his fork down, listening with sudden interest.



Parker shook his head. "Nothing in the last few days. But Hinkle is probably sitting on any info while the Guild are in Three Toes. Once they move on, we pull up stakes and head to Freiholt. Freikorps promised us safe harbor there, long as we've got the scrip and don't rob their clients."

"I gotta say, Boss, I'm none too keen relying on the hospitality of a bunch of mercs," Quip said.

"Von Schill is a man of his word. Lives by it, so I'm told," Parker said. "As much as I don't believe in his charity of spirit, I'd rather have him at my back than the Guild. Can we at least agree on that?"

Quibble shrugged her shoulders. "Long as I'm not stuck down in this pit, I'm game. You lot are getting as ripe as the horses."

"You wound me," Parker laughed. "Besides, Mad Dog's cigars mask the stench."

Mad Dog grunted and blew a cloud across the table. "I'll have you know these are the finest cigars this side of the Breach."

"Only 'cause you stole them," Parker jibed.

"Makes them all the sweeter."

Doc Mitchell's face had turned several shades of bayou green, much to the amusement of everyone. He pushed away from the table. "I should check on my patients."





## BEST LAID PLANS OF VICE AND MOONSHINE

After he left, Mad Dog glanced over at Parker. “Doc summon up the courage to shoot you in the back yet?”

Parker smiled. “Not yet. But I gather he’s still working on it. Pity, though. He patches people up right.”

Quibble leaned forward and grabbed a bottle off the table. “What’s with Doc, anyway? He doesn’t seem to fit in with this group of upstanding citizens.”

“Well, there’s a story to that—” Parker began, only to be interrupted by the approaching sounds of running. Everyone stood up and reached for their weapons.

Amelia and McGarvie came rushing down the main tunnel, both clearly out of breath. Slick Rick was on their heels, which meant they’d left the tunnel entrance unguarded.

“The Guild find us?” Parker said.



Amelia shook her head, gesturing toward the tunnel’s mouth. “No, sir. But you really need to see this to believe it.”

Parker and the others followed Amelia to the mine entrance. It took him far too long to adjust to the daylight. When his eyes finally did, he was shocked to see smoke rising from the township. Gunfire and cries echoed across the valley, accompanied by an incessant drone, not unlike the bayou at night. The mosquito-whine came from black shapes flying above Three Toes like raptors. He realized they were some type of mechanical flyers, each ridden by diminutive pilots who busied themselves by shooting up the streets or setting rooftops ablaze with crude firebombs.

As impressive as the flyers were, however, Parker’s attention went to the black shadow dominating the far end of town, its oblong shape easily over one hundred and fifty feet by his estimation: a zeppelin unlike he’d ever seen before. The noonday sun reflected off its highly polished propellers and brass fixtures, while an impressive gondola ran along its dark belly. A metallic gangplank extended from the back to the ground. Short, green-skinned figures—Gremlins—scurried up and down it, loading crates into the airship’s hangar.

Mad Dog’s cigar nearly fell out of his mouth. “What in the hell is that?”

Parker simply grinned. “That, my friend, is our ticket out.”



Infamous as he might be, Captain Zipp perpetually maintained an aura of gentility above all else. Refinement and civility separated sky pirates, such as himself, from the common thief, of which there were far too many. Yet, engaging this distressed crowd had begun testing even his gentlemanly patience. Perhaps he could not fault them too much, as humans predominantly loathed having their homes burned and looted. But, as the saying went, you couldn’t roast a pig without busting a few skulls.

He stood upon a makeshift stage of crates in the town center. His gang had rounded up the town’s inhabitants: mostly miners, saloon girls, shopkeepers, and Guardsmen. They were yelling, screaming, and generally being obnoxious.



Zipp breathed in and steadied himself. "Good people of Three Toes! If you would simply remain assembled in an orderly and calm fashion, all this unpleasantness shall transpire in a proper and congenial manner."

The crowd effectively ignored him. However, one boisterous Guardsman stepped forward and shook his fist, questioning Zipp's manhood in an unseemly fashion.

Zipp sighed, lifted his lightning gun, and fired. A swath of blue-white electricity washed over the Guardsman as his twitching corpse fell to the ground. When the scent of ozone and crisped flesh hit the crowd, they instantly fell silent with widened eyes and slackened jaws.

"Forgive me, but such vulgarity could not go unanswered," Zipp explained. "Now, as I was saying before I was rudely interrupted, we're relieving you of your goods today. I understand the inconvenience this shall likely cause you, but such is the natural order of things. While some of you did inflict violence upon us during this holdup, I assure you that no ill-will shall be harbored by myself or my men."

The townsfolk gawked and muttered amongst themselves. He raised his gun again, coughing politely. They got the message and quieted down. Pleased, Zipp prepared to launch into his rehearsed soliloquy on the history of the Iron Skeeters and how Three Toes would become part of that illustrious narrative.

Unfortunately, that's when Randal emerged from a side street. His hands waved frantically as he hurried up toward the makeshift stage. "Boss! Boss!"

Zipp looked down at him through squinted eyes. "We've spoken of this at length. I am not to be interrupted. Besides, shouldn't you be loading *The Infamy* right now?"

Randal's chest heaved as he fought for breath. "Yes, sir. But—"

"I left you in charge, Mr. Randal. A high mark of praise, I might add."

"Yes, Boss. But—"

Distant movement behind Randal caught Zipp's keen eye, distracting him. A plume of dust clouded along the ridge above Three Toes as three riders led several unmounted horses out of town. They didn't seem to be headed his way, and that's all that really mattered.

His gang didn't need some stray Guardsman interfering with an otherwise perfect robbery. He suspected they were likeminded individuals taking the opportunity to score themselves some scrip by stealing some horses.

*Good for them*, he thought.

He returned his attention to Randal, who had apparently continued talking while his attention was elsewhere. "Mr. Randal, if you please, return to your post and finish your duties."

"But Boss!" Randal whined.

"What is it?" Zipp's patience finally cracked.

"That were what I was trying to say, sir. Them riders stole *The Infamy*. Look!" He pointed toward the sky.

Zipp's eyes followed the gesture, and sure enough, the zeppelin's engines had sputtered to life. The flying ship ascended with all the grace of a gas-bloated pig. The sheer audacity of stealing a stolen ship both infuriated and impressed the Pirate Captain.

"Well, that is most ungentlemanly. Most ungentlemanly, indeed." Zipp's hand flashed out like a snake and gripped Randal's pointed ear, which elicited a shocked howl.

"Mr. Randal," Zipp said. "If you'd kindly gather the men together... so we can discuss the concept of guard duty at greater length? I'm sure First Mate will have some thoughts on the matter."

Randal's eyes widened with suitable horror. "Yes, Boss." Zipp released his underling, freeing Randal to scurry away.

Zipp clucked his tongue, then bit down to subdue a yell of frustration. Sky pirates *did not* have their own ships stolen from them, especially not in front of a crowd. The townsfolk watched *The Infamy* rise toward the heavens with bemused amazement. He felt their doubting eyes upon him, chipping away at his aura of greatness. His perfect day was rapidly unraveling.

*No, this would not do.* The tips of his ears darkened; heat flushed his cheeks.

He turned and tipped his head to the crowd. "And with that, we'll take our leave. Remember today fondly, good people, for you've been blessed by the presence of Captain Zipp, Sky Pirate, and his merry band of Iron Skeeters."



## BEST LAID PLANS OF VICE AND MOONSHINE

Several people were knocked back as Zipp launched from the makeshift stage in a plume of smoke and flame. He secretly hoped his jet pack's roar would cover the string of ungentlemanly expletives left in his wake.



As hijackings went, Parker felt modesty pleased with himself. Grabbing the zeppelin went off without a hitch and nary a shot fired. The handful of Gremlins that guarded the hangar bay were easily distracted, knocked out, or otherwise incapacitated. By the time they realized what was going on, Parker and his Banditos had taken over the entire airship.

The only wrinkle came when they discovered a rather large and recalcitrant Silurid, dressed in an ill-fitting pilot's uniform, in the wheelhouse. Shooting it outright seemed a poor course of action as Parker didn't want to risk damaging the controls, and he suspected it would only annoy the creature.

Fortunately, the bearded man chained to the Silurid was more forthcoming. As it turned out, Earl Burns was also the ship's engineer and more than happy to be rescued, even if that involved being kidnapped by an entirely different group of desperados. Some rapid-fire negotiations and a block of salt-pork later, the Silurid fired up the engines and put *The Infamy* into motion.

Or, rather, Earl directed the creature and somehow got them into the air without crashing into the town's church steeple.

He glanced over his shoulder at Parker. "You'll do right by me at the end of this, yes?" Earl said.

Parker walked up beside him and placed a hand on his shoulder. "You pay your way and you're golden, friend. You do wrong by me and I'll make sure you're still screaming when you hit the ground."

Earl stared at him, eyes wide. With a sad nod, he turned away. "Better offer than most, I suppose. Where we headed?"

Parker pointed toward Slate Ridge, which filled the horizon like a row of broken teeth. "See that there valley? Point us that way."

Earl nodded again and then relayed the instructions to the Silurid. To its credit, the creature possessed some rudimentary skill with the wheel.

Satisfied, Parker addressed his fellow crew. "Mad Dog. I want this ship searched high and low. Don't need one of those green buggers mucking up the machinery. Amelia, get to the hangar and suss out what sort of haul we've made..."

His voice fell silent, as an odd droning noise reached his ears. It sounded like a mosquito—or a cloud of them—and was getting louder by the second.

A distressed look came over Earl's face. "Damn it all," he cursed.

"What?" Parker said.

"That'll be Captain Zipp and his Iron Skeeters," Earl replied.

Parker went to the porthole as he looked back toward town. It took his brain a moment to process what he saw, but sure enough, the air teemed with more than a dozen mechanical mosquitos and one smoke-belching pig. Leading them was a flying Gremlin, held aloft by streams of flame like fireworks.

"Can they catch up to us?" Parker asked Earl.

"Oh, yes. Most assuredly."

"You sure?"

"I built them." The pride in Earl's voice left no room for speculation.

Parker cursed under his breath. He checked his pistol, but Earl interrupted him.

"You really don't want to be doing that, Mr. Barrows."

Parker stared back. "Pardon me?"

"There's one hundred and twenty-five thousand cubic feet of hydrogen gas above our heads," Earl said, pointing up. "One stray bullet and they'll be finding our bits spread from Ten Peaks to the Bayou."

"We'll be careful," Parker said, slamming the pistol's chamber shut.

Earl stepped forward. "It ain't you I'm worried about, Mr. Barrows. As cultured as those Gremlins are, they get more than a little exuberant with their firearms."

Parker watched the flying contraptions pull up alongside the zeppelin. Each Gremlin was armed to the teeth and their vehicles brimmed over with mounted weapons. Even if they weren't standing inside a floating firebomb, the sight would have given him pause.



He sighed. "All right. Mr. Burns. What do you reckon I do?"

Earl tugged at his beard, frowning. "Talk."

"Talk?"

"Aye. There're few things in this world Captain Zipp loves more than the sound of his own voice."



Captain Zipp flew ahead of *The Infamy*. He'd expected the thieves to put up some kind of resistance, but they remained silent thus far. He saw some human faces staring out of the portholes. They wore rugged outfits, ill-fitting brimmed hats, and goggles. Not Guardsmen, then. In the control room, he noticed Earl and the First Mate at the helm. Both appeared none the worse for wear, but neither did they look to be prisoners. This troubled the Gremlin and wounded him to the core.

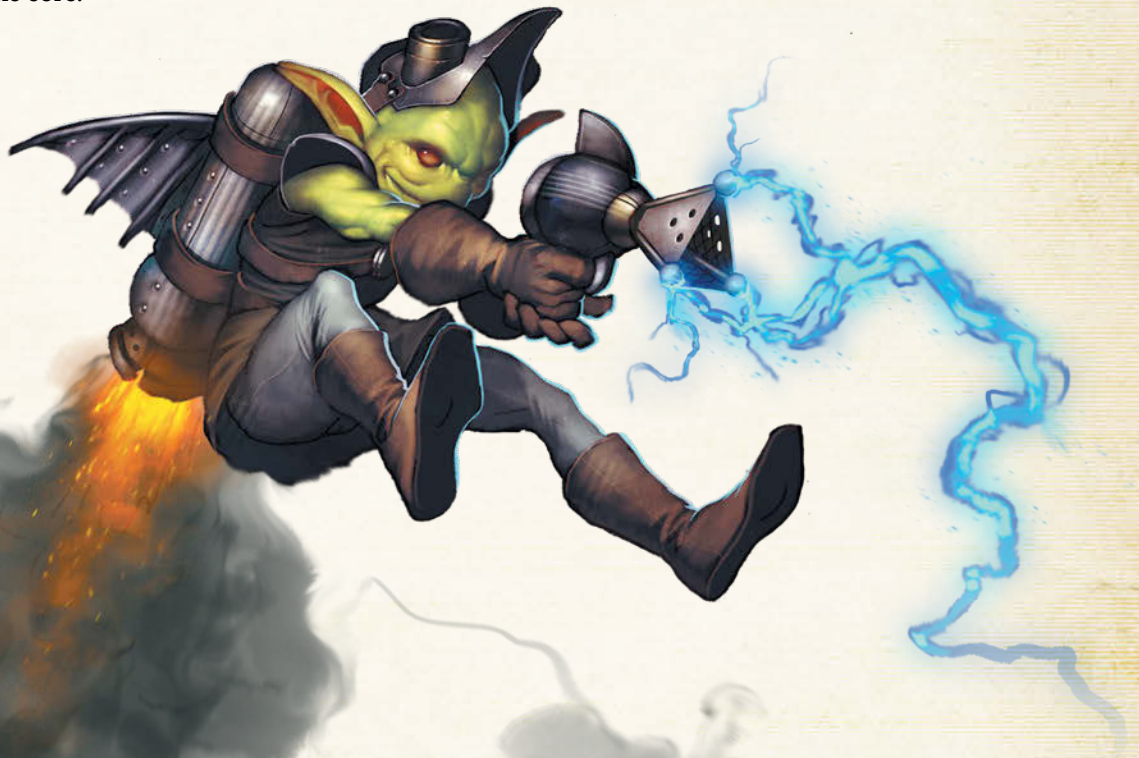
He considered placing a few warning shots through the hull but recalled Earl's persistent warnings about fiery explosions and death. As grandiose as gun battles in the air might be, Zipp wasn't prepared to end his illustrious career just yet.

Still, the potential remained for this encounter to be worthy of profligate oration.

He yelled over the roar of his jet pack and the metallic mosquitoes. "Gentlemen, let us steal back what's ours. Boarding measures!"

The Gremlins closest to him must have heard the order, as they began throwing their grappling hooks to snag the zeppelin's infrastructure. Others soon followed suit; some missed, but most succeeded.

"To arms!" Zipp cried as he kicked the jetpack into action. A quick blast from his lighting gun shattered the front windows, which provided him and his Iron Skeeters the perfect entrance. They landed with flourish and flash and then stood to meet their enemy.





## BEST LAID PLANS OF VICE AND MOONSHINE

To his surprise (and disappointment), the roguish humans appeared unfazed by their sudden arrival. They didn't even put up a fight, instead choosing to stand at the back of the control room with their guns drawn but lowered. Zipp noticed Earl hiding behind a mustachioed fellow with an impressive shotgun, while the First Mate simply looked bored.

"I demand a parlay," Zipp said while gesturing with his gun. "Who speaks for you scoundrels?"

He expected the red-haired human to respond, but instead, a lean, wolfish fellow stepped forward. His eyes were hidden behind dark goggles, face shaded beneath a wide-brimmed hat. Zipp was impressed by the man's long coat, which barely obscured holstered six-shooters beneath. A gunslinger, to be sure.

"That'd be me. I'm Parker Barrows. You must be Zipp."

Zipp paused, shocked to recognize the human's name. "Parker Barrows of the Barrows Gang?"

Now it was Parker's turn to be surprised; his hand instinctively hovered over his holster. "...Yes?"

Zipp laughed excitedly. "Parker Barrows. Train robber, highwayman, horse thief, murderer, and enemy of the Guild and M&SU. On my airship! What are the chances?"

The other Gremlins looked confused, glancing around to see whether they should be shooting someone right now. The humans were equally baffled as they mumbled amongst themselves.

Only Parker relaxed. "You've read my wanted poster, I gather?"

"Indeed! A most comprehensive career," Zipp said as he holstered his lightning gun. "Almost as impressive as my own, but that would take a most rarified individual to match, yes?"

He stepped forward and thrust his hand out to Parker. "Welcome aboard *The Infamy*, Mr. Barrows. It would appear we've gotten off on an uneven keel. Shall we rectify that misunderstanding over dinner, then? We employ the stations of etiquette upon this ship, and food and drink are required elements in the refined matters of negotiation between peers."

Barrows stayed silent and narrowed his eyes in suspicion. Zipp inwardly cringed. Had he offended the fellow somehow? Surely not. He observed the proper tenants of honor amongst thieves, and this human must surely recognize them.

Barrows let out a relieved laugh. "I suppose so, Captain Zipp. Dinner sounds just fine."

Both gangs relaxed, yet remained optimistically cautious of one another. At least they weren't pointing guns at each other anymore.

"Roscoe!" Zipp chimed. "We got guests. There're a few staterooms left. Board these fine people there, would you? Make sure they're comfortable."

Roscoe looked at him for a moment and then shrugged. "Uh, sure, Boss." He and a few of the other Skeeters led the humans into the hallway.

Zipp continued to bark orders. "Earl, if you'd be so kind as to repair those windows and get us properly underway. And check our acquisitions from town. And make repairs to our vehicles. And open the hangar? I'm sure the other Skeeters would like to come aboard."

Finally, Zipp pointed at the First Mate, "And you, sir! I'm gravely disappointed by your mercenary attitude. We'll discuss this matter further at a more appropriate time."

The Silurid lowered its head in well-deserved shame as it slunk back to the helm controls.

Parker stood nearby and watched the entire scene unfold. He appeared suitably impressed, as he should in the presence of such leadership skills.

"Mr. Barrows, if you'd join me?" Zipp invited. "As Malifaux's two most deadly and notorious gentlemen, I believe you and I have plenty to discuss."



*They're wee things. How much could they knock back?*

Mad Dog's words sloshed around in the back of Parker's skull. Following the bizarre standoff, the Gremlins had become consummate hosts, laying out a real spread for Parker and his gang. When the moonshine started to pour, he had a private chat with Mad Dog and Amelia. They *intended* to let the Gremlins drink themselves into oblivion, murder the lot, and then toss them out the back of the zeppelin. An easy plan. A profitable plan.

*They're wee things. How much could they knock back?*

More than enough, Parker soon discovered.





When Captain Zipp uncorked the bottle, Parker flinched back like he'd been slapped; the acrid scent burned his eyes and nose. At first, he thought they'd mistakenly been served kerosene rather than hooch and said as much. Zipp laughed and replied, "Only the finest, Mr. Barrows!"

Despite its chemical stink, the liquid went down Parker's throat like scalding ice and nearly immediately numbed his senses. By the third double-shot glass, his limbs stopped working, but he'd never felt so alive. Everything around him sang. Lights sparkled and danced.

By the fourth shot, Parker abandoned all thoughts of murdering Captain Zipp and his merry band of Gremlins. It would have gone against his moral compass. Despite himself, he'd been won over by their chaotic and prodigious natures, their leader in particular. Liquor flowed and food was served as the hours stretched late into the evening. By midnight, Parker confessed more to Zipp than he'd admitted to his best friend. And he wasn't alone in this sincerity.

Side-by-side, Parker and Zipp now languished in opulent chairs like two feudal lords. From here, he observed their entire fiefdom of *The Infamy's* mess hall. Dimly, he noticed the Quarrel Sisters curled up with First Mate, giggling like a pair of saloon girls as they lay against its bulk. The bewildered Silurid puffed on its cigar while likely weighing on whether to eat them or not. Mad Dog vainly attempted to teach several Gremlins how to sing Irish folk songs. The cacophonous melody could frighten the life out of a banshee, but they acted like they were headlining at the Star Theatre.

In one corner, Slick Rick engaged a mahogany coatrack in passionate debate; the coatrack appeared to be winning. Beside him, Doc Mitchell and Earl sullenly exchanged complaints and were likely plotting the deaths of their captors. Amelia lay across the engineer's lap - either drunk or dead; it was hard to tell. The remaining gang members busied themselves with games of chance, drinking, eating, and generally being a boisterous lot.

With everyone in the lounge, Parker briefly wondered who kept this flying monstrosity from slamming into the side of a mountain. Captain Zipp refilled his glass and the troubling thought faded into alcoholic forgetfulness.

Zipp wore Parker's hat, his green face hidden beneath its enormous brim. Only his ears stuck out like a pair of cabbage leaves. "You's a true gentleman, Mr. Barrows," Zipp chimed with sober clarity.

On the other hand, Parker sounded like he was speaking through an ether-soaked rag. "And you're a refined host, Captain Sipp... Zipp. Been shum time since we were treated thish kindly."

The Gremlin dipped his head beneath the hat and raised his glass. "I'm gonna call my doubts on that swill, sir. You and your mates are even famous in the Bayou."

Parker shrugged. "Infamous more like. And any sort who'd pay 'tention to us usually want ush six feet under."

"Few 'preciate civilized men like you and I," Zipp sighed. "More's da pity."

Parker touched glasses with Zipp and then downed the liquid flames. Gravity played havoc with him, tugging him off his chair. He steadied himself and blinked away the numbness, only to find his glass brimming over once again. He also realized Zipp had asked something.

"Sorry?" he ventured.

"You's accomplished many grand heists, but d'ya have any schemes ya regret giving up on?" Zipp repeated.

Parker thought on this for a moment and then chuckled, deepening the Gremlin's interest. "In fact, yesh," he said. "Last time I wash dis drunk, I planned on pinchin' the Hanging Tree."

Zipp pushed the hat's brim back. "The one in Malifaux City?"

"One'n only. Got far too many friends who ended up in the damn Gaol." He downed his glass and sank into the chair's plush warmth. "I wanted to make the Governor pay for 'em. And what better way than nipping his prized possession from right under his nose?"

Zipp tugged on the end of his pointed ear, thoughtful and oddly silent.

Parker closed his eyes for a moment, only to see the ghosts of Crooked-Tooth Peter and Sally Yarrow lazily twisting beneath the pale boughs. Their milky eyes stared at him accusingly, lips curled back in rictus.



## BEST LAID PLANS OF VICE AND MOONSHINE

He washed them away with another swig.

“And you, Capt’n? Anything yoush regret?” he said.

If Zipp answered, Parker didn’t hear it. An enticing numbness drifted over him, tugging him down, down into the shadows, and the shadows welcomed him and wouldn’t let go. This time, he surrendered to them without complaint.



Parker jolted awake, his head feeling four sizes too big. Someone was shaking his arm, but the roaring locomotive in his skull vied for his full attention. Acid blistered his stomach and throat and threatened to spill out of him.

If he wasn’t dead and in Hell, he wished someone would graciously rectify that oversight posthaste.

“Mr. Barrows!” The voice cut through an unyielding din of gunfire and pain.

With a predator’s instinct, he grabbed his gun and placed its muzzle beneath the speaker’s chin. This won him some blessed quiet. “Not smart waking a man from his hangover,” he muttered.

Parker’s blurry eyes focused until he made out Earl Burns’ face through the alcoholic haze. The engineer’s frantic expression went far beyond that of a man with a gun in his face.

Another roar of guns and explosions shook the airship, followed by distant whoops and cheers.

Parker forced himself up as he put his gun away, much to Earl’s relief. “What in December’s snowy arse was that?”

“As I was trying to say, Mr. Barrows, there’s trouble outside. You need to talk some sense into the Captain.”

Parker fumbled around as though he had forgotten how to use his legs. The room spun for a moment, as the icepick of pain stabbed deeper into his eyes. He swallowed down the nausea. The airship’s constant swaying didn’t help matters much; the slurry of moonshine inside him churned like a whirlpool.

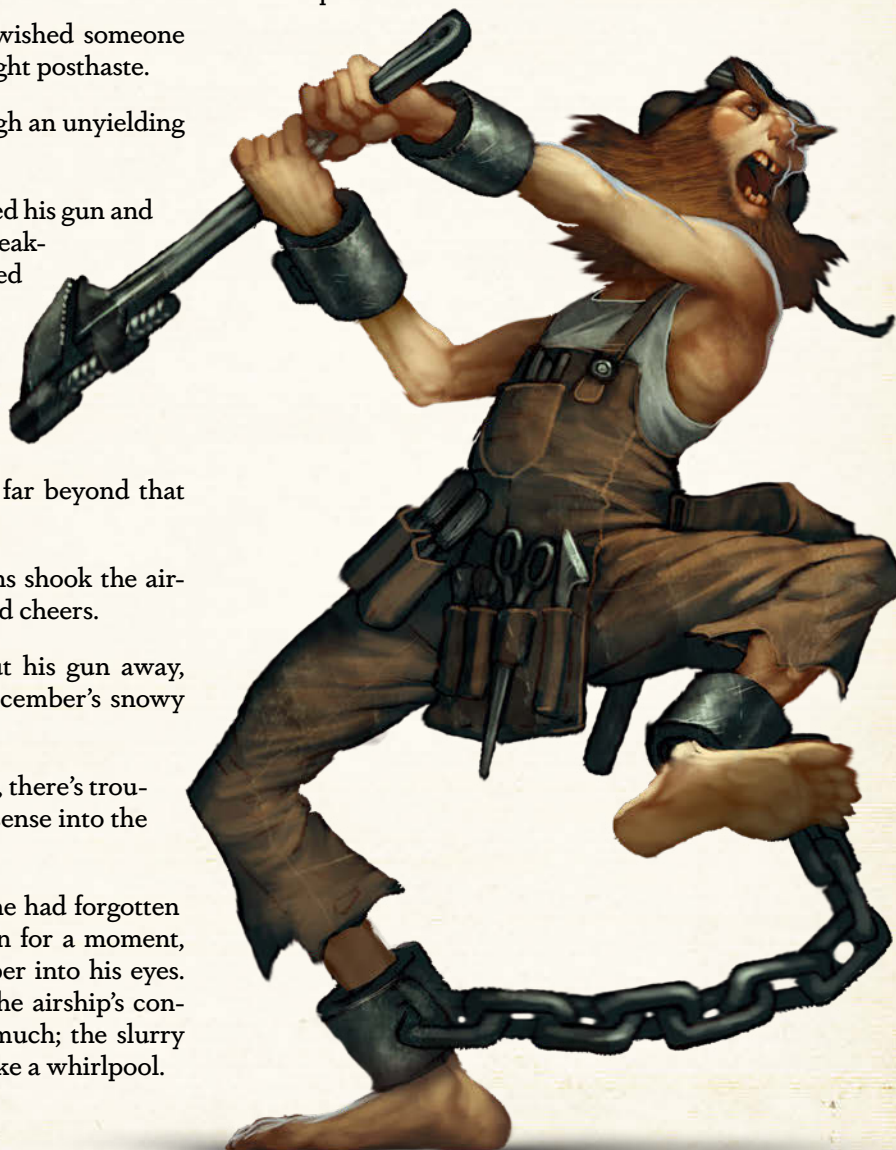
Beyond the stateroom’s porthole, the horizon blazed with thousands of gas lamps, each competing with the night sky’s unnatural hues. Lines of towers stood like sentinels, their harsh architecture jumbled together like some insane child’s building blocks. Here and there, holes of darkness yawned wide and threatening. His stomach tightened even more. Surely he wasn’t seeing what he thought he was.

*Malifaux City*, in all its grotesque splendor.

Parker suddenly sobered up real quick.

“Talk to them about what?” he said as he hurried to the small window.

“Stealing the Hanging Tree, sir,” Earl said while following him. “Captain Zipp said you and he had discussed this plan last night. But now the Guard has shown up and—”







He thrust a crumbled piece of paper into Parker's hand. It was filled with crude drawings of the Hanging Tree, the Governor-General's Mansion, and an oblong tube with flowery doodads, which he suspected was *The Infamy*. Different colored lines swirled and slashed over the paper, which formed rudimentary directions for tiny stick figures.

"Get me to the hangar. Now!"

Earl led Parker through *The Infamy's* opulent interior. They passed Gremlins and Banditos alike. Some acknowledged the pair, but most were too involved in the gun battle. The hangar wasn't much better, now emptied of its flying machines. The crew had erected crude barricades along the gangplank and shot at anything that moved. One Gremlin operated the Gatling gun, constantly being fed ammunition. Brass casings rolled around the floor, which added to the uneven footing. Doc Mitchell did what he did best and cowered in a corner.

Cautiously, Parker walked to the gangplank's edge and stared down.

*The Infamy* hovered fifty feet above the gray-black branches of the Hanging Tree. Even at this distance, the gnarled behemoth made for an intimidating sight. Thick roots spread out over the muddy hill as if tree and ground were all part of one bizarre beast. Age-old hanging ropes swayed amongst its boughs like tattered webs. Fortunately, they were unoccupied at the moment, the leafless tree devoid of its grisly, human decorations.

Iron Skeeters swirled and flew around the Hanging Tree like blowflies on a corpse. Several threw ropes and chains onto the tree's limbs and trunk, which were in turn connected to the airship. With a lurch, *The Infamy's* engines roared and the riggings went taut, trying desperately to pull the Hanging Tree from its foundations. Much to Parker's surprise, the airship seemed to be slowly winning this tug of war.

Down below, human and Gremlin gang members were locked in a raging gunfight with multiple Guild deputies. Both groups had taken cover behind stacks of mud and the brick and wrought-iron fence circling the Hanging Tree's base. The Guards were hopelessly outmatched and likely knew it, but time was on their side. Even in the darkness, Parker saw over a dozen Guardsmen running up the dirt road from the Governor-General's opulent and sprawling estate. Occasionally, a Skeeter broke formation and strafed them, which gave them collective pause.

Even so, it'd only be a matter of time before they'd make a real mess of things.

An arching flash caught Parker's attention as Zipp's lightning gun sparked across the battlefield. He fought back a wry smile; he could almost hear the Gremlin's theatrical banter from up here. As absurd as all of this was, he had to admit that things were leaning in their favor. Not bad for some drunken scrawls.

"You see, sir?" Earl said. "They've gone completely mad!"

"Well, Mr. Burns, sometimes madness comes with the territory," Parker laughed.

He caught the attention of the Gremlin on the Gatling gun. "What's your name?"

"Bitten-Ear, sir."

"Bitten, I need you to keep them busy, got it?" Parker pointed toward the Guardsmen coming up the road.

Bitten-Ear, face darkened with gunpowder, smiled brightly. "Yes, sir, boss!" The massive gun swiveled and belched forth a violent stream of bullets. Even at this distance, one of the guardsmen caught the full brunt of it, pirouetting back in a mist of blood. The other men and women scattered like startled rabbits, ducking behind anything solid.

Parker joined in the fun and blasted away as fast as his revolvers could manage. The Guardsmen on the hill tried to return fire but had little chance of being effective with the sheer volume of shooting coming their way. A few stray bullets ricocheted off the hangar's ramp, much to Earl's concern.

*The Infamy* lurched forward again. An inhuman rumble echoed across the hill as the Hanging Tree's roots began surrendering their terrestrial grip.

*I'll be damned*, Parker thought. *We're actually going to do this.*

Perhaps Fate heard him and decided to punish his prideful ways. Runes along the tree's limbs and trunk flared to life, bathing the hill in a sickly light. A low, inhuman howl rang out from nowhere and everywhere as if a wounded beast had roused from its slumber after having its limbs torn from its body.

From his elevated position, Parker saw the distant Breach shudder to life. Its cobalt glow convulsed and churned, shedding its hypnotic tranquility for



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increasing violence. The air pressed down on him, electric and heavy, like a storm about to break.

Everyone in the hangar sensed the invading presence. Their attentions shifted toward this rare spectacle. Parker took the telescope from a Gremlin spotter's numb fingers. He raised it to his eye and focused on the Breach. Its edges pulsed in time with the Hanging Tree's runes, ever faster, intensifying until... everything simply stopped. Both the Hanging Tree and the Breach returned to normalcy as if someone had blown out a candle, yet the menacing aura remained thick in the air.

As Parker watched, a ragged man appeared in the road as if from nowhere. At least, it *looked* like a man. His scarified flesh, pale as grave worms, smoldered and stretched over his bones like old leather. A stained, burlap hood obscured his features. Two pits of ghastly light stared out through crude eye slits, ablaze with unrepentant malice. His head loosely lolled with each lurching step. A thick rope dimpled his throat and dragged behind him like a broken leash.

"Jack Daw." The name came unbidden to Parker's lips.

Impossibly, as if hearing him, the revenant's unholy gaze turned toward Parker. Daw lifted a pallid hand and pointed in his direction. Parker could have sworn that Daw said something.

"Bitten, you get everyone back on board!" Parker's voice nearly trembled.

To his credit, Bitten-Ear saluted him and began barking orders to his comrades.

Parker rushed over and grabbed one of the mooring lines, testing his weight on it. "Earl, get to the wheel and fly us out of here the instant we're free from the tree."

Earl's eyes shone with confused fear. "But... the First Mate—"

"I don't care! Just get this rig ready to move or we're all dead." He waved his pistol at Doc Mitchell. "And you get ready for some serious doctoring. We're gonna need it."

Before either man could respond, Parker leaped into the cool night air.

He did not rappel so much as plummet toward the ground like a shotgunned quail. The bone-jarring impact came shockingly quick, rattling his teeth and

filling his mouth with blood. He lay on the cold dirt and struggled to get up. Pain bathed his ankle, but nothing seemed to be broken.

Sensing an easy kill, a Guardsman rushed at Parker. He rose and shot the deputy through the heart for his troubles. Ignoring the dying man, he turned and shambled toward the motley crew of Banditos and Gremlins while dragging his throbbing leg through the mud.



Such glory, such splendor.

Zipp could not be prouder of himself and his companions. With one deft stroke of genius and cunning, they had achieved the impossible and set new heights of criminality. As the Hanging Tree began being uprooted, he felt an overwhelming sense of elation bordering on the immodest. His name would ring out across Malifaux and strike fear into the hearts of all. True, this had been Mr. Barrows' plan, but it was he, Sky Pirate Zipp, who'd possessed the where-withal to recognize it as an opportunity to bind the Iron Skeeters and Barrows' Gang into one cohesive unit of skullduggery.

So, by default, this rousing success rested squarely upon his shoulders.

Even the Hanging Tree seemed to sense his superiority; its entire body exploded with an unsettling light display. No matter. Zipp would not be denied his prize.

He was musing over their impending victory when someone leaped out of *The Infamy's* hangar. They did little to slow their descent as they spiraled and crashed into the hillside. Much to Zipp's surprise, he realized it was Mr. Barrows himself. Even wounded, the gunslinger dispatched an assailant with ease and limped over to Zipp and the others.

Zipp smiled. "Mr. Barrows! You decided to join—"

Parker talked over him. "No time! We've got to get out of here now!"

He pointed where Jack Daw strode up the dirt road, slow and inevitable as death itself. Jaundiced mist and shadows coiled around his bare feet. As he drew closer, the Hanging Tree's branches began shivering in anticipation. Rotted corpses coalesced beneath



its boughs; their transparent forms swayed with increasing wildness. Miasma filled the air, burning Zipp's nose and tongue with its bitterness.

"Now," Parker repeated.

"And remove myself from this great story? I think not, Mr. Barrows. Besides, we'd need to untether *The Infamy* first."

"Then we'd better get to work. Since you can fly, I'll cover you."

Zipp hesitated barely a moment, reluctant to surrender his great prize. A further glance toward the unsettling apparition convinced him, and he joined Parker in rushing toward their comrades, trying to get their attention. Most remained focused, frozen in place out of fear or wonder, on the approaching specter. And with good reason.

Across the hill, Jack Daw reached an unsuspecting Guardsmen. He grabbed the first man by the hair and yanked his head back so sharply the Guard's throat tore open in a spritz of blood. The sound of gargling screams alerted the other Guards, who turned their weapons toward the hanged man. They may as well have been shooting into thin air.

The second deputy died instantly; Jack's backhanded blow staved in the side of his skull. The third, a fair-haired woman, was tossed aside like a porcelain doll to break on the wet cobblestones.

The world sped up again, focusing Zipp's vision and purpose. He leapfrogged up the hill toward the tree while Parker struggled to keep pace. They reached the first line where Mad Dog, the Quarrel Sisters, and a few Gremlins crouched behind a broken wall.

"Decided to grace us with your beautiful mug, have you?" Mad Dog snapped. "Grand plan you two dreamt up."

Parker opened his mouth but swallowed his retort. Instead, he pointed toward the thick ropes. "We need to untie the airship. Think you can handle that?"

"After all the trouble we've gone through?"

"Jack Daw's here," Parker said.

Mad Dog's jaw tightened at the name. "We're on it." He nudged the Gremlin beside him with the butt of his shotgun. "...Right?"

The Gremlin seemed confused and looked to Zipp for confirmation. "Boss?"

"A proper change of strategy is called for. Do as the ugly one says," Zipp replied. "Pass the word, if you would."





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The small group carefully followed Mad Dog until they reached the closest ropes while the Quarrel Sisters laid down some covering fire, though their efforts were unneeded. The remaining Guardsmen were far too busy dealing with Jack Daw to care about more terrestrial threats.

“Cut the other ropes. I’ll get our people,” Parker said as he rolled over the wall and headed toward the farthest group of Banditos and Gremlins. They were already working to free *The Infamy*.

Zipp fired his jet-pack and launched up into the air. Up ahead, a pair of Iron Skeeters shot frantically at Jack Daw. Zipp watched as the revenant lassoed one of the flying machines and yanked it from the sky. The rider and machine smashed into the Hanging Tree and exploded upon impact. Burning fuel rained down upon the hill; screams erupted as the flames washed over several Gremlins.

He drew a small knife attached to his jetpack and flew up into the tree’s branches. He avoided eye contact with Jack Daw as he frantically hacked away the remaining ropes from their grappling hooks. Most snapped away from the ship and its dangerous prize relatively easily. Unfortunately, the last rope came away at high tension, struck Zipp’s forearm, and sent him spinning, into the mud.

A terrified scream brought Zipp back from the brink of unconsciousness. Some dozen yards away, a hideous tug of war played out. Parker gripped Amelia’s legs, fighting to keep her with him. Jack Daw’s hanging rope curled around her neck and dragged her back toward the wrought-iron fence. She struggled to cut through the rope until both her and Parker’s strength gave way. The Hanged Man yanked her body from the sky and impaled her on the fence posts.

Zipp found his footing and launched himself across the hill. Just as he landed, Jack Daw’s rope snaked out of the darkness and wrapped around Parker’s wounded ankle, yanking him toward the bloodied fence. Somehow, the gunslinger managed to empty his six-shooter into the Hanged Man, which won him an all-too-brief reprieve.

Zipp rushed over and began hacking away at the cord. “Don’t fear, Mr. Barrows. I’ll have you out of here momentarily.” But the blade passed through the rope as if it wasn’t there, ineffectual. He may as well have been cutting at the air.

Parker groaned as he reloaded his pistol. “Thanks, but that’s not gonna work.”

Sure enough, the rope went taut again, and Parker was forcefully dragged halfway up the fence. He cried out as the metal sliced through his leg

Zipp turned and gazed right into Jack Daw’s soulless face. He stood only a few yards away, reeling Parker in like a catfish as he echoed out incoherent spouts of rage.

Without thinking, Zipp thrust his gun between the iron bars and pulled the trigger. Lightning arched across the hill and enveloped Jack Daw’s body. An earsplitting howl rang out from every direction; the revenant’s body was thrown back in a twitching tangle of burnt flesh. The rope around Parker’s ankle loosened, releasing him.

Parker fell to the ground, grunting in pain. Zipp put his good arm under Parker and helped him to his feet.

In that brief moment, Jack Daw had already recovered and stalked forward, rope in hand.

“*Mine*.” The word echoed out like a knife dragging against skin. Neither Zip nor Parker knew if he was talking about them or the tree, but weren’t willing to stick around to find out.

“Hang on, Mr. Barrows,” Zipp said, snagging the man’s belt.

Parker immediately recognized his intention. “Captain Zipp, I don’t think this is entirely wise.”

“And that’s why it’ll work.”

Zipp fired his jet-pack at full throttle, streaking up toward *The Infamy* in a roaring column of fire and smoke. His wounded arm snapped like kindling under the added weight; white-hot pain blinded him. He hissed through the agony. Every muscle in his body strained as he piloted them toward the open hangar bay. They spiraled and jolted wildly, soon completely out of control. The darkness returned, edging out his perceptions as *The Infamy* hurtled at them far too quickly.

Despite his pain, Captain Zipp felt oddly reassured.

No matter what happened, people would be talking about this event for some time to come.





Parker's appreciation for Gremlin moonshine was bolstered as he drunkenly observed Doc Mitchell's needle and thread stitch his leg back together. He downed another shot and leaned back against the metallic bulkhead.

He'd been assured he'd live, as would the other injured survivors. However, the same couldn't be said for Amelia, Slick Rick, and half a dozen Gremlins. Parker felt a twinge of guilt having been forced to leave them behind, their bodies now morbid additions to the Hanging Tree. All thanks to the oversight of that damned Jack Daw, whatever he might be. Maybe it was the booze talking, but Parker vowed to pay Daw back in full and then some.

"And how are you feeling, Mr. Barrows?" Captain Zipp asked as he limped over. His left arm hung in a sling, its fingers swollen up like breakfast sausages.

"I'll live, considering. And how are you and the ship, Captain?"

"*The Infamy* is in tiptop, Mr. Barrows. We're making speed to the town your Second Mate mentioned. Should be there within a day or so."

"That's good to hear," Parker replied. An uncomfortable silence fell between them.

Zipp broke it first. "They'll be talking about this for some time to come, Mr. Barrows. It shall be a tale for the ages."

"I suppose it might," Parker said.

"Our notoriety will grow. The legendary Iron Skeeters and Barrows Gang. Brave souls who tweaked the Guild's nose and lived to tell about it."

"Not sure if that's worth a few people's lives, Captain Zipp."

"It's the life we live, Mr. Barrows," Zipp said, nodding confidently. The edge of his mouth curled up. "Besides, we'll be better prepared for the next heist."

"The next heist?"

Zipp's infectious smile grew. "Of course, Mr. Barrows. One cannot deny the natural camaraderie shared by our two groups. It'd be a tragedy of criminal proportions to end this lucrative association. There are far too many opportunities for fame and fortune to be shared."

Parker's automatic retort fell silent on his tongue. He glanced around the zeppelin's hanger, taking in the sights and sounds of his people and Zipp's working together. Laughing and joking together, replaying their near death with humor and pride.

He recalled their first night and the liberty of being amongst peers. But mostly, he remembered how Zipp had plucked him from the jaws of death without any regard for himself. He'd be a right bastard to turn his back on that.

"That there are," he said as he extended his hand. "But next time, let's make sure we're sober?"

With his good arm, Zipp pumped his hand vigorously. "Agreed, Mr. Parker. So, partners then?"

"Let's not go that far," Parker said. Zipp's face grew crestfallen, so he quickly added, "But I'd say we're definitely friends, you and I, Captain."

Zipp laughed and took Parker's hand, squeezing firmly. "To friends then."

"Friends."

Zipp's eyes glinted roguishly. "And to profitable mischief?"

"Oh, that goes without saying, Captain. That goes without saying."













# BLOODLUST



by  
*David Tanja Ivey and Tim Akers*

**T**hey came to kill the Queen. Forty of the hardest men and women Malifaux had to offer, armed to the teeth and full of the fury that only greed and fear can provide. The forest seethed around them, spilling out wave after wave of twisted monstrosities, half flesh and half tangling vines, screaming as they rushed the mercenaries' defensive line. The sound of gunfire mingled with howls and cries. Lesser men would have been crushed. But these were not lesser men, these soldiers of fortune and violence. The Viktorias paid them well and chose them wisely. They were up to the task. Despite the numbers against them, despite the horror of corrupted bodies that boiled out of the forest to claw and nip at them, despite the single-minded violence of the enemy's relentless assault, the Viktorias' company was slaughtering the Fae. The bodies were piling up, and few of them were human.

Two figures danced through the middle of the carnage, moving to the rhythm of the battle. Twins, they moved as fluidly as the blood they shared, two bodies with one mind, united in violence. One bore a single long blade of orient design in one hand and a revolver in the other, mixing steel and lead in a storm of death. A manic fury filled her eyes. The other Viktoria fought more methodically, cutting through her opponents with twin blades. The passage of her daisho through the air sounded like the low droning hum of a dirge, interrupted only by the screams of her victims. To the men and women who fought at their side, the Viktorias were a whirlwind of blade and blood, the crack of gunfire and severed bone the only music in their dance.

Then something changed.

A hulking tree spirit broke free from the forest and trampled into the mercenaries' line. A Ronin

stepped forward to engage it, slicing through its gnarled limbs and scoring the bark of the creature's chest, before being driven back by the force of the creature's charge. The nearest Viktoria stepped forward to keep the line from breaking. She fired a fusillade of shots into the thing and then, when it wouldn't answer to lead, charged forward, swinging the wicked length of the Masamune Nihonto over her head. The Ronin went to one knee to let Viktoria pass.

Viktoria did not pass. Instead, as she approached the Ronin from behind, she dipped the sword and pulled it through the woman's back. Armor and flesh parted like silk beneath the ancient sword, barely slowing Viktoria's pace. The Ronin sluiced apart. Viktoria continued her charge, screaming as she met the tree spirit. A flurry of steel and flying splinters filled the air, and then the Fae also fell beneath Viktoria's blade.



The sight left the other Viktoria wide-eyed and stunned. Her twin suddenly turned on her and advanced, bloodlust written across her face as she lunged, thrusting the tip of her blade toward Viktoria's throat. There was only a moment of hesitation. Viktoria then rolled to the side out of her twin's path. She landed in a guard position, paired blades held warily toward her twin.

The Masamune Nihonto quivered, buried to the hilt in the chest of a shadow-wrapped Fae. The fiend had snuck behind the lines and had nearly gotten the drop on Viktoria. Only her twin's quick action had saved her life.

"Keep up, dammit," Viktoria snarled as she withdrew the Masamune Nihonto from the Fae's corpse and resumed the dance of death. Her twin, eyes still wide at the sight of the Ronin's murder, spared no

time in returning to the other Viktoria's side with her twin swords at the ready. But doubt began to gnaw at the back of her mind. Doubt, and even fear.



The Queen's forest drank deep that day. The blood of human and Neverborn alike mixed with the soil to turn the ground beneath their boots into a foul smelling mud. The mercenaries spread out across the battlefield, foraging for valuables among the fallen Fae and collecting their own dead. Despite the victory, their mood was sour, and a grim cloud hung over their conversations. The only prizes they found were crushed flowers and blunt wooden swords, hardly the treasure they had been promised. And of their dead, though they were few, their corpses were mangled nearly beyond recognition.

"Here's another," Kaya called from one of the many flowerbeds that had sprung up across the battlefield, like scabs on the bloody earth. She nudged the corpse carefully with her blade. A long gash cut the body in half. Kaya caught sight of a bangle tied around the corpse's ankle. Her heart skipped a beat. "I... think it was Tsukiko," she said. Although the Ronin had seen many battles since arriving in





Malifaux, something about her friend's corpse left in such a state left a twisting knot in the pit of her stomach.

"That puts us at a dozen losses. Not ideal, but it could have been worse, considering their numbers," a dispassionate Bishop mused. "It's odd. Other than the few who died in the ambush, the rest all died right here. I don't remember the fighting here being any worse than anywhere else. Viktoria, you two were nearby, weren't you?"

"We were," Viktoria answered sharply. She sat at the edge of the clearing, whetting the blade of the Masamune. A number of nearby mercenaries turned their attention to the twins at the woman's tone.

"A number of Titania's more vicious minions came from the woods over there," the other Viktoria answered. She gave her sister a look, then shifted her glare to a nearby copse of trees. "Tsukiko and the others were overwhelmed. We tried to save them, but it was too late."

There was a moment of silence. Bishop looked from one sister to the other, then shrugged. Most of the mercenaries went back to sifting through the battlefield, seeming to accept Viktoria's explanation. Others gave their commander a questioning look, but if any had doubts they didn't voice them.

"We push on," Viktoria said. She stood swiftly, giving the Masamune a practice swing before sheathing it. "The Queen awaits. Gather the personal belongings of the dead, and leave the rest. If they have next of kin, we'll deliver them when we return to the city."

The company hesitated, uncomfortable with leaving the bodies of their fallen behind. It wasn't hard to imagine what would become of them once the Fae returned. No one liked to think the same would happen to them, should they fall in the next battle.

"You heard her," Viktoria snapped, though whether she was angry at their hesitation, or her sister's heartlessness, no one could say. "Pack up and get moving. We've got a Queen to kill."



Days passed, and the company was smaller. Time moved strangely here. Long marches stretched from dawn to dusk, and then the night would come

and go and come again before dinner was finished. There were battles along the way, brief moments of terror sprinkled through the journey. Smaller Nephilim would burst from the treeline, raining chaos through their ranks, sometimes merely an inconvenience and sometimes deadly. The forest crawled with corrupted wildlife. Every step required one's full attention, every corner promised ambush and tedium. It wore on the company, grinding them down in both body and mind. And when they slipped, when their guard dropped or their mind wandered, the Fae would strike. Every night they buried another. Tonight, they buried John the Brute.

"To John, and his weird obsession with Nephilim girls!" one of the mercenaries shouted as he brought his glass up. The flickering light of the campfire reflected off the faces of a half-dozen mercenaries, faces already flush with cheap whiskey and nerves. Calls of "To John" filled the camp from a number of fires and even one or two from nearby tents where mercenaries had given up trying to sleep with the ruckus outside.

Sue drank, then spat the swill into the flames. Wincing, he produced a bottle from his private stock and passed it to his fireside companions. They took it gratefully, muttering their thanks as Sue returned to strumming his guitar. Bishop, Big Jake, and Kaya sat quietly around the flames. John had been one of them, a good friend, a good fighter. The mood around the fire grew increasingly dour as stories were shared and drink imbibed, and soon enough a silence fell over the four mercenaries.

"There's something strange going on," Bishop was the first to break the silence, his voice only loud enough for the other three to hear. He didn't want what he was about to say to spread among the camp. There were too many people he didn't personally know. Too many potential threats. "The other day I caught the Viktorias arguing over something, and again just yesterday. I've worked with those two more times than I can count, and not once have I seen them bicker like that."

"What can those two have to argue about?" Kaya muttered. "Which one gets to hold the Masamune tonight?"

"I didn't hear what it was all about. Didn't want to, neither. I learned a long time ago that you don't want to get into a sibling quarrel. But it was serious."



"I don't like the idea of the Viktorias fighting each other. Feels wrong. They've always been eerily single-minded," Kaya said. "I know the jokes about twins, but sometimes it's just creepy how in tune with one another they are."

"Journey through the Breach does strange things to folks," Bishop said. "Stranger than twins arguing."

Kaya took another swig from the whiskey bottle before passing it off. A combination of the evening's liquor and company had taken her mind off of her lost friend. Bishop's words brought a new concern to the forefront of her thoughts, however.

"You're right, though. Something's strange. I'd never say that the sisters are chummy with us, but usually they'd check up on us after a bad fight," Kaya said. "I just thought that they were focused on the job. Or maybe I was letting the stress get to me."

"Have any of your ever heard one of them talking to that damned sword?" Big Jake said. He spoke low enough that the others had to lean in to hear him. All three shook their heads.

"This morning when we were breaking camp, I went to ask them about our route. Only the one was about. Not sure she even saw me. She was just sitting there holding her sword up and talking to it," Jake continued and even held his hands up to show off just how Viktoria had been holding her weapon. "I got out of there before she noticed."

"Did the sword... talk back to her?" Kaya questioned.

"Not that I could hear, but she seemed to believe it was. Kept telling it not to worry, that we'd 'be there soon.' It was unnerving," answered Jake. "I know some of the Ronin like to name their swords and pamper them like children, but this wasn't like that. She was treating it like a real person."

Sue had enough. The big mercenary pushed himself up to his feet, startling the other three. The man in black shook his head a few times, slung his guitar over his back, and spoke.

"Are you listenin' to yourselves? You sound like a bunch of gossipin' children," Sue chastised his companions. A few others looked over to see what the commotion was about but were quickly drawn back into their own conversations. "There's never been siblings that didn't fight from time to time. Talkin' to your sword's a bit weird, I'll give ya that, Jake,

but I prolly talk to my guitar without thinkin' much about it. Unless she seems unhinged you shouldn't go spreading that stuff around. The Viktorias hired us to do a job. Not talk behind their backs."

The other three stared sheepishly into the fire.

"Now if you'll excuse me, much like a summer romance, whiskey's only temporary," Sue said, then walked into the darkness beyond the camp's light.







Sue made a sound of relief once the deed had been done and began to make his way back to camp. He was certain the others would have returned to their gossip just as he was sure the liquor had been making things seem more concerning than they were. Talking to her sword? Viktoria was probably just thinking out loud, and siblings fight all the time. They had enough to deal with on this job without making up stories about their boss.

A flicker of movement in the darkness caught his eye. His guns were in hand by the time the mountain lion landed in front of him. The creature didn't growl, didn't attack but just stared into Sue's eyes. That, and a strange object tied to the beast's back, made Sue question if it might be a tame animal. He brought his hands up and puffed his chest out to make himself look larger than he was. His mouth opened as he prepared to try and frighten it off, but his voice came out not as a threatening shout but a confused sound somewhere between a swear and a surprised cry.

The cat transformed before Sue's eyes. He could hear cracks and pops coming from the creature as its legs elongated and filled out. Hind legs and paws became uncomfortably human-looking, made more so by how the beast knelt and then stood upright as the rest of its body changed. The process was over quickly, though that was small comfort for Sue who had to watch as the feline became a wild, blonde woman.

"Lower your weapons. I mean you no harm," Myranda nodded to the pistols in Sue's hands that were still trained on her midsection. She sighed in annoyance when the man didn't budge. "If I wanted to kill you I'd have taken you from behind while you were taking your piss."

Sue couldn't really argue with the woman's logic and slowly lowered his guns, but caution kept them in hand.

The two figures stared at one another in the darkness for a few seconds before Myranda unslung a large book from her back. The tome's black cover gleamed like oil in the moonlight. It made Sue's skin crawl just looking at it. He sure as hell didn't want to touch it. But when the strange woman held the book out to him, Sue reached out and took it from

her hands against his better judgment. It squirmed like a snake tensing to strike.

"Titania knows that you're coming for her," Myranda said, drawing Sue's attention away from the unnatural tome. "Her forces are preparing an ambush for you, one that you will not survive. I have made a map of the surrounding area for you, marking the ambush point, and a safe path around. It will lead you to the Queen's court. I trust that your pack leaders will put it to good use."

"And the book?" Sue asked. The cover creaked as he opened it. There was a crudely drawn map between the cover and the first page. "It hardly seems worth carryin' something this heavy just to deliver a map."

"A gift. Ancient magic that will aid Viktoria in the fight to come," Myranda said. Her body began to change again. Her blonde hair turned brown and rough, while spotted plumage spread rapidly across her body.

"Wait," Sue said. Myranda's transformation halted partway. The unnerving mixture of woman and bird stared back at him like a silent predator waiting for her prey's last words. "Why are you helping us? Helping the Viktorias?"

"I want Titania dead as much as your pack leaders do," Myranda answered in a tone all-too-familiar to Sue. Not giving the man a chance to respond, Myranda completed her transformation from woman to bird.

With a screech, the owl took off into the night, leaving Sue alone with the book.



Viktoria stared down at the tome sitting atop the old and beaten table. Beyond the confines of their command tent, the sisters' mercenaries were busying themselves. The Queen's ambush had failed thanks in no small part to Myranda's aid, but there was still much to be done. The campsite had to be secured, firewood gathered, and tents put up.

It would keep their forces busy long enough for the Viktorias to discuss the "gift" they had been given.

The tome lacked the same oily appearance in daylight that it'd had beneath the twinkle of stars and gaze of Malifaux's moons. That didn't mean the ancient





magic contained within didn't leave a sense of unease, particularly among those who knew its secrets.

Viktoria's sister did not appear to be concerned with the book. If anything, the other twin looked bored as she swung her unsheathed blade about. Absent-mindedly, she flicked the blade through the air this way and that, like a child playing with a toy. The sight left Viktoria with a greater sense of unease than the book between them.

"How about you put that thing away? We've got a lot to talk about before we break camp tomorrow," she suggested. She couldn't hide the nervousness in her voice. The concern she felt for her twin was nearly at a breaking point. Ever since arriving in the Wildlands, Viktoria's sister had been growing increasingly erratic. Killing their own people had just been the first sign that something was wrong.

"What are you talking about? It's been sheathed since—" Viktoria shot back, but stopped mid-sentence as she noticed the sword in her hand. "I'm just practicing," she said, smoothly sheathing the Masamune. "What's got you so worked up, anyway?"

Her sister waited for several seconds before she closed her eyes. It wasn't worth getting drawn into another argument. She motioned to the book.

"The text is Neverborn," she said, opening to the page that had been marked for them. The text was familiar to anyone who had studied the language of Malifaux's natives. In one of the Viktorias' case, there had been no need to study, no need to cross reference a linguistic primer or textbook. It was her language. "It's a spell to summon the cursed one, Killjoy."

"A friend of yours?" Viktoria's sister asked offhandedly.

"He's a monster. There are stories of his strength, and his bloodlust. An undead creature from before anyone can remember," Viktoria answered. "He's a disgusting abomination, but one that could easily turn the tide of any battle for those willing to meet his price. I'm concerned that the book doesn't say exactly *what* that price is."

"I don't need the help of some walking corpse," Viktoria said. She drew the Masamune Nihonto in a smooth motion and plunged it into the wooden table. The table split open with a crack, startling Viktoria and drawing a laugh from her sister. A grin spread across the woman's lips, confident and wild. "I can handle anything Titania throws at me."

"We don't know everything she has at her disposal," the other Viktoria began to argue before her sister's voice snapped.

"I don't need any help. Not from this Killjoy monster. Not from the mercenaries outside. I don't even need you."

The words stung Viktoria more than she cared to admit, but she held her tongue. They didn't need another argument, not when they were so far from Malifaux, and surrounded by such dangerous enemies. Their prize was close. They couldn't afford to waver now.

"It doesn't hurt to have some sort of backup plan," she said. "I don't want to return to Malifaux and explain to Vanessa why most of our girls are missing."

"If you're so frightened by the Neverborn Queen then take the others and flee with your tail between your legs." Viktoria withdrew her blade from the table and brought the point toward the tent's flap. "As long as I have the Masamune Nihonto, I don't need you or anyone else. I will march into the Titania's court and behead her by myself if I need to... and no one, no *thing* will stand in my way."

Her sister felt an anger rising, a flame in her chest that wanted to be let out. Instead, she snatched up the tome and strode from the tent without another word. Let her sister believe what she wanted. Viktoria would do whatever it took to win tomorrow's battle.

Viktoria walked casually through the camp, tome in hand. She needed time to calm down. Maybe her sister was right. Maybe they could take on Titania without Killjoy's help. But she would rather be sure.

Around her, the camp buzzed with activity. The company of mercenaries scuttled about, preparing for the morning's battle, or at least distracting themselves from the fight to come. Or maybe they were just trying to appear busy, to impress the boss. It didn't matter. Viktoria had a plan. Now she just needed to find the right volunteers.

She had a number of potential candidates. These men and women had sworn to fight and die for their cause, or at least for the promised paycheck at the end. Most were driven by greed, of course, but the end result would be the same no matter their conviction. They were willing to die for gold. And whether they died in battle or as the result of... something else, it didn't matter to Viktoria. As long as they won the fight. As long as Titania died.



The sound of laughter drew Viktoria's attention to a quartet of Ronin sitting together. They were busy cleaning armor, sharpening swords, checking and double checking the ammunition in their pistols. Viktoria remembered that life, a simple existence of the weapons to hand and the friends who fought by your side. But she had other worries now, and other weapons.

"So how do you tell them apart?" the youngest of the four Ronin asked to the amusement of her seniors.

"You can't. We've tried," Kaya said with a laugh. "I've tried all sorts of tricks. Looked for distinct markings, personality quirks. Only thing that comes close is that one likes to use a single blade and the other likes to use two."

"Wouldn't that be enough?"

"You'd think so, but no. I think they change who uses what every so often to keep people guessing."

"And how would you know?" Viktoria asked as she walked up to their campsite. Her voice jolted the Ronin out of their reverie. The four girls began to stammer out apologies. Viktoria raised a hand to silence them. "You needn't apologize. We intentionally match our mannerisms, clothing, and fighting styles to leave others confused. Frankly, it's gotten to the point where we're not even sure which of us was born first."

"There are ways to tell us apart," Viktoria continued. Her smile became more of a smirk as she briefly considered telling these girls the truth. She wondered how they would take it. Would they think it a joke? Would the truth break them?

No. No sense in telling them that bit of information. Still, she held them in rapt attention, and it would be a waste not to use it.

"She's fond of raspberry pastries. Can't stop eating them. It's a disgrace," she said. The Ronin stared at her in confusion, trying to figure out if Viktoria was telling them the truth or pulling some sort of joke on them. Eventually, the four laughed. Whether it was true or not, the idea of one of the Viktorias buying an entire bakery's stock of pastries in her downtime held entertainment.

Viktoria waited until the laughter had died down somewhat before she held the tome out to the nearest Ronin. Confused, the girl took it and gave a questioning look to her commander.

"I've marked a page there for the four of you to memorize for the upcoming battle," Viktoria said, smiling warmly.

"Of course," Kaya said "But if you don't mind my asking, why?"

"It's a spell, a dangerous one, but it could win the battle for us. Only use it on my command," Viktoria said. She reached over and opened the book for the Ronin, pointing out the spell. "Don't say the words aloud until you're given the instruction to do so. Our target has eyes and ears among the trees, and we don't want her to know what we have planned until the trap is sprung."

Viktoria watched as the Ronin eagerly leapt upon the tome. Cries of "Yes, Viktoria," left their lips, but their admiration was lost on the woman as she turned and left the girls to their studies. Thoughts of the coming battle filled her mind once more.

"Desperate battles, desperate weapons," she muttered to herself. "Everyone dies eventually. Why not here? Why not them?"



The battle raged through the Queen's woods nearly a stone's throw from the very heart of Titania's domain. For the third time since their entry into the Wildlands, the Viktorias and their mercenaries clashed with the servants of Titania in full-fledged battle. Their prior fights had prepared them for what was to come, but that preparation only went so far. The tide of Fae and loyal Neverborn crashed against the invading humans. Orders from individual commanders mixed with screams calling for death and mercy that arose from both sides, punctuated by the ring of gunfire.

The sides seemed equally matched at the battle's dawn. The mercenaries had technology and discipline, but the Neverborn had greater numbers, ferocity, and the advantage of being in their element. It was a mercy, however small, that the Neverborn relied heavily on close combat tactics. Greater numbers and battlefield familiarity only served the Neverborn so well before hot lead from mercenary guns rained into their front lines. Pistols, rifles, and even a modified canon brought a final death to dozens of the Fae before Ronin and other close combat specialists fell upon Malifaux's native monsters.





The battle quickly spread throughout the forest. Ronin and Titania's warriors took to one another like bitter rivals while riflemen and snipers took shots at the most opportune targets. Among the Queen's forces slithered a massive serpent. The chaos of combat allowed the creature to blend into its environment with ease as it hunted for the perfect meal. Through the trees and among the warriors of both sides, it moved until it came upon a man aiming down the sights of his rifle. He had thought himself hidden, thought himself safe among the foliage. His surprise when the serpent wrapped around him pleased the creature almost as much as the feeling of his bones snapping within its coils.

The tides of battle forced many of the mercenaries together and tore them apart in equal measure. One minute a Ronin would be fighting alongside her sisters, and the next she'd find herself supporting one of the riflemen. Bishop and Big Jake fought back to back more often than not, but even they were swept up by the ebb and flow of combat. Sue, meanwhile, moved between smaller skirmishes, his pistols belting out a rhythm of hot lead and stinging smoke, lending his aid to whoever needed it the most.

Only two groups seemed to stick together among the mercenaries. Kaya and her four Ronin were bent on staying together. The quartet members were among the most vocal warriors on the field. One would call for help, and the others would respond, rushing to their sister's side.

The Viktorias needed no such tactics. They fought silently at the center of the mercenary forces, moving with the same grace and single-minded purity that their company had come to expect. The majority of Titania's forces were focused on the pair, either in an attempt to slay the Viktorias for their Queen or purely to avoid being cut down in the whirlwind of blades that they became in battle.

There was laughter and joy among the death and bloodshed. The twins reveled in the thrill of combat. Every Fae struck down by their blades just added to the sound of laughter coming from the pair. One laughed louder than the other, but both clearly enjoyed the slaughter.

Until Viktoria saw *her*.

Titania moved among the front lines. Her feet never touched the ground, but everywhere she moved there were signs of her presence. Magic, ancient and terrible, woven by the Neverborn Queen into the land, brought it to impossible life. Vines grew

wherever Titania's magic soaked into the soil, gnarled, thorny, and possessed with a thirst for the invaders' blood. Mercenaries found themselves fighting the Fae as well as the terrain itself as razor-sharp grass tore through their boots and trousers to shred their legs. Some attempted to take to the trees to avoid the murderous flora on the ground, only to find themselves the victims of grasping branches and crushing bark.

Viktoria didn't care about the mercenaries anymore.

*Kill her.* The thought filled her mind in a voice that was both hers and not hers. Her heart raced at the prospect. The Masamune shivered in her hands. *Kill her. Tear her wings off. Cleave her head from her shoulders. Crush her heart in our hand and bathe in the abomination's blood.*

Viktoria's sister was startled when she took off after the Neverborn Queen with the Masamune Nihonto at the ready. Viktoria's increasingly erratic behavior had come to a head. Even if she had expected it on some level, seeing her twin rush headlong after Titania left her stunned. Viktoria was fast, and although the other Viktoria's stunned surprise only lasted a second, it was enough for her sister to vanish amid the Fae that surrounded their Queen, cutting a bloody path to her target.





## BLOODLUST

Recovering, Viktoria broke into a sprint, dual blades at the ready. She couldn't see her sister, but she could see the carnage the Masamune wrought among the enemy warriors, and she could feel the other Viktoria's presence. In a burst of anger, she brought her swords into the wooden armor of the Neverborn around her. Enchanted or not, the armor provided little protection against the mercenary's fury.

It only took a few Fae falling beneath her blades before the Neverborn began to give her a wide berth. Fae warriors moved aside as quickly as they could as she ran after her sister, and in her anger, she almost didn't notice why. They weren't making room out of pure self-preservation. Without the twin sisters to hold their center, the mercenary forces were vulnerable to attack.

The Neverborn eagerly took advantage of this gap in the enemy line. They rushed forward, striking hard and fast. Fae knights charged the now-weakened humans behind a wave of magic that turned the ground into a twisting, rolling mass of twisting roots and razor grass.

Viktoria weighed her options. She couldn't leave her sister to face Titania alone, but the Fae were quickly turning the tide against her forces. Then she saw the four Ronin she had given the tome to. A brief hesitation, weighing the cost Killjoy demanded with the danger of battle. One was even using it as a bludgeon against the Fae, her sword having long since snapped in the armor of another. All four still drew breath, even if they looked worse for wear. All four were still together. Viktoria made her decision.

"The spell! Perform the spell!" Viktoria called to the four as she twisted one of her blades free of a Fae's throat. She didn't trust the tome's spell, and trusted the monster it promised to summon even less, but there was no other choice. She couldn't protect her sister from whatever insanity gripped her mind and fight alongside their mercenaries at the same time. She could see her sister just up ahead. She could see Titania turning to face her. The ever-bleeding, eyeless sockets still conveyed a sense of malicious amusement.



The four Ronin heard Viktoria's command over the chaos of battle as clear as if she'd been right

beside them. It was what the four had been waiting for since they'd been given the tome and told to prepare. The battle had taken its toll on each one of them. Two were injured and only standing from sheer force of will and fear of being eaten by the grass, and one had lost her sword. Kaya was exhausted. Every muscle in her body felt like it was on fire. They knew that they couldn't stop fighting or they'd be good as dead.

They said nothing to one another when the command came. Each had memorized the spell. Each began to recite it. They didn't know what it would do, but they trusted their commander.

The spell felt weird. The words were hard to form at first, like their mouths and vocal cords were rebelling against it. The more they recited the words the easier it became, until the chant flowed from their lips whether they wanted it to or not.

Kaya was the first to finish the spell and felt a surge of energy in her body that dispelled the exhaustion. She was elated as the magic invigorated her, and she prepared to lead a new charge against the Neverborn. It was only a brief moment before it all came crashing down around her. Within a heartbeat, the burning feeling returned throughout her body. Exhausted pain turned into something worse as she felt something wriggling inside of her.

She tried to scream, but nothing save a wet gurgling sound came out. It felt like a thousand serpents were slithering in her flesh, just beneath the skin. She clawed at her skin hard enough to leave deep gashes in a vain attempt to free the *thing* inside of her to no avail.

It was a mercy when the Ronin's body exploded outwards as the monster inside manifested fully: an ancient abomination of reanimated fat and muscle. Rusted chains pulled the creature's face tight. A gash from shoulder to belly had once been stapled closed, but now hung open to reveal the beast's foul innards.

In one hand the creature held a cruel hook and chain, spotted with rust, and in the other it wielded a meat cleaver, nicked and stained with the blood of countless victims. The beast lifted its hands toward the sky, the remnants of Kaya's body sloughing off its arms in the process. It tasted the blood in the air, savoring the carnage of the battle raging around it, adding its roar to the cacophony.

Killjoy had arrived.





A deadly silence fell over the conflict as the Neverborn abomination bellowed. Human and Fae, living and dead, all turned their attention to the creature. Some, upon seeing Killjoy, immediately began to pull back. Others watched anxiously to see what it would do. They didn't have to wait long.

Killjoy swung one of his meaty hands and sent the rusty hook flying through the air. The weapon dug into the shoulder of a nearby Fae. The Neverborn gave a yelp of pain as he was yanked into the razor grass at Killjoy's feet. His pain didn't last for long as Killjoy's foot came down on the warrior's head with a sickeningly wet squish.

Men and monsters scattered.  
Cries of fear and orders  
to pull back filled

the air as combatants that had been at one another's throats a moment before now took the fastest route away from the beast that had been summoned.

Killjoy relished the slaughter. His hook swung again and again, each time catching hold of a new victim and dragging them back beneath his feet as he charged through the offal. Every powerful step sent ripples through the beast's fat and shook off some blood from its previous victims, only to be replaced by a fresh layer of gore. The abomination swung his cleaver about in wide arcs, each one catching two or three victims at a time, with the strength to tear through each with ease.

The mercenaries quickly learned to keep a large distance from the monster. Although he was hunting the Neverborn, it was clear that he had no care for who or what was in his way. The wide, sweeping arcs of hook and blade risked catching human as readily as Fae.

"Get the hell out of here!" Big Jake shouted as he placed himself between Killjoy and a mixed group of

Ronin and Fae that were pulling their injured from the abomination's path. The monstrosity stopped dead in its tracks and looked down curiously at the man foolish enough to put himself in the way. Jake was unfazed by the monster before him and met the creature's gaze, stone-faced and resolute. "I will not see you slaughtering everything in your path, creature. Control your strikes or I will stop you."

"Move," Killjoy said, its voice raspy and malicious. The word brought with it the stench of the creature's breath: damp, hot, and fetid. Jake's eyes watered, but he remained where he stood. Hooks and chains pulled at Killjoy's face as the abomination tilted its head and raised its cleaver into the air.





When Jake didn't move, Killjoy stepped forward. Before the abomination could strike, Jake's tomahawk slid into the fat and muscle of Killjoy's gut. The beast howled, though no one could tell if it was in pain or delight.

Killjoy's lips pulled into a nauseating grin when it felt Jake try to pull his tomahawk back. The weapon was lodged firmly in the creature's belly. Killjoy looked down at Jake, watched the dawning horror form on the human's face before he brought one of his thick fists down. The human collapsed limply to the ground, just another body to carpet Killjoy's path.



Titania's wings beat the air with fast, powerful motions to keep the Queen out of the Viktorias' reach, but only just. Her eyeless face looked down on the sisters with silent disdain. She hid her nervousness behind lips quirked with amusement as she studied how the sisters tried to fight her. The one with two swords was careful, cautious. She seemed to be watching the Queen and her guard while protecting her twin. The other was like a wild animal. She was constantly moving toward Titania in an attempt to get the Queen within range, and any Fae that tried to stop her found itself bleeding into the earth.

The Neverborn Queen found it odd that the wilder one never once touched the pistol at her hip. Surely she knew how to use it, and certainly it would at least give her a chance of hitting a flying target. Perhaps she felt she didn't need it? Ah, the hubris of mortals. It never ceased to amaze her.

The wild Viktoria screamed as she pushed one of the autumn guards to his knees and used him to spring into the air. Titania's ever-weeping eye sockets opened in momentary surprise. The forest, her forest, obeyed her commands with vines and branches that moved to intercept the human woman's attack.

The other one, the calm one, was quick. As soon as her sister hit the ground, she was upon the vines and roots that tried to bind and choke the life from the wild one's body. Both were back to their feet within heartbeats. The attack had been unsuccessful, but it did surprise Titania into a more cautious approach.

Titania smiled down at the twins as magic danced around her fingertips. Her forest wasn't finished

with the human women. Vines and roots tore out of the soil to strike at the twins. Monstrous plants, ravenous for flesh and blood, moved unnaturally. The enchanted verdure was no match for the Viktorias, but Titania didn't need it to be; mortal flesh would tire eventually, while she would not. She would make them fight the entire forest if she had to. All she needed was one mistake to claim their hearts. She only regretted that it was taking them so long to succumb, a concern she wasn't willing to visibly portray.

The bellow of the mercenary's beast caught Titania's attention. It had gotten close, far closer and faster than she had expected. Members of her guard that hadn't fallen to the sisters lay crushed beneath its feet or strewn about in pieces nearby. Its chest heaved as it looked upon the Neverborn Queen. The abomination had raised its meat cleaver in preparation for a strike, but something stayed its hand.

Recognition burned behind Killjoy's eyes, a glimmering memory in the creature's mind of a time long ago. A time before the curse of living death. A time before its body was a bloated mass, in constant pain yet sentenced to misery unending. Before the directionless madness and burning rage was all it had.

"My Queen," the monster's raspy voice shuddered reverently as he fell to his knees.

"Arise," Titania said to the abomination, "and prove your loyalty to your Queen."

A look of terror passed between the Viktorias when the beast they had summoned shifted its attention to them. A repulsive grin spread across its lips where the rusty hooks permitted it as it rose to its feet. Killjoy pulled a deep, rasping breath before it charged at the twins.

The sisters dodged out of the way, but the creature was relentless. It twisted around and threw its hook at the twins. Viktoria brought the Masamune Nihonto up to deflect the attack, only for the blade to get caught up in the beast's chain.

Viktoria screamed as the weapon was torn from her hands and flew into the woods behind Killjoy. She could barely see the glimmering of light off the blade beneath a tree, but she could still feel its presence. She felt empty, like her heart had been torn from her chest and thrown into the dirt. There it lay, thumping with power and purpose that belonged to her, power and purpose that she *needed*.



Without the Masamune Nihonto, Viktoria was nothing. Just another child playing at being a hero. Just another pitiful wretch for the forest to consume.

Viktoria stood up slowly. Her body trembled without the comforting presence of the weapon in her hand. She didn't care that Killjoy stood between her and the weapon, or that the Neverborn Queen hovered nearby. Without the sword, she was nothing. She knew that. She needed to get it back no matter the cost.

Tightening her jaw, Viktoria burst into a sprint. If she could just get by the grinning monstrosity then she could grab the sword. Then everything would be all right. She didn't notice Killjoy moving until it was too late to dodge the cleaver that came down at her head.

The other Viktoria, however, was not so blind. She moved as fast as her legs would carry her after her sister. At the last moment, she tackled the other woman out of the way. The beast's weapon found purchase not in flesh, but in blood-soaked soil. The other Viktoria used the confusion of the moment to draw her sister's pistol and point it at Killjoy. She fanned the trigger, filling the monster with lead. Ripples of fat shivered around the points of impact, and dark blood ran in rivulets down the creature's flesh. But Killjoy was unfazed.

"Sue! Gather those you can and retreat!" Viktoria shouted as she dragged her sister back. Her twin was trying to wriggle free and claw her way toward the sword.

"No! I need it!" screamed the trembling Viktoria. She had lost sight of the weapon, but she could still feel it pulsing.

"I'm not going to let you die for a damned sword!" The other Viktoria's voice brokered no room for argument or refusal, nor did the grip she placed around her sister's body as she pulled Viktoria away from Killjoy, away from their ruinous campaign.

Viktoria struggled against her sister as the woman pulled her farther and farther away from the presence of her weapon. Slowly, she lost the strength to fight, until she was limp, dead weight in her sister's arms.

In the end, Viktoria could only watch as the remnants of their company fled from the battlefield. Some carried the wounded and the weak, much like her sister carried her. Others provided covering fire.

The Fae didn't pursue them. Many had fled when Killjoy began his slaughter. Many more were dead, their bodies turning into beds of flowers for the Queen's garden. Titania herself watched the retreating humans and smiled.



The Wildlands loomed in the distance. What had originally held the promise of glory and a hefty payday now served as a reminder of the mercenaries' defeat. Those that had made it out wanted nothing more than to put distance between themselves and the accursed forest lest it reach out and pull them back in. Most in the company were nursing wounds and memories that would haunt them the rest of their lives. But at least they had survived.

A pair of tents had been put up for the severely wounded while the rest made due with a hastily constructed overhang to shade them from the relentless assault of the Badlands sun. Of the forty and more who had entered Titania's domain, only about twenty of the mercenaries had survived to retreat. Many of those warriors died from their wounds before the company reached the edge of Titania's domain. A mere handful remained. Some weren't expected to make it through the night.

"How's he doing?" Bishop asked when the flap of Big Jake's tent opened. Sue answered with a shrug that he immediately regretted when pain surged through his broken shoulder.

"Hard to tell exactly, what with the doc in the gullet of some lizard," Sue answered through gritted teeth. "But he should pull through."

Bishop shook his head sadly and reached for his canteen, only to find it empty. Most of their supplies had been left behind in their retreat. Few had the strength to carry much out of the forest, and those that did could only hold so much.

"We'll hit one of the caches left behind tomorrow," Sue handed over his canteen. "Don't drink it all."



Viktoria sat silently and stared at the Wildlands. The Masamune Nihonto was gone, lost in the Queen's



cursed forest. The siren call of the weapon had followed her long into the company's retreat. She had tried to struggle against her sister's grip, but the further she was taken from her weapon, the weaker her body seemed to become.

Now she couldn't feel the weapon anymore. She knew it was still there, somewhere, but its presence had left her. The absence hurt, like an amputation hastily done and poorly mended. Everything in her body hurt from her toes on up, but most of all her head hurt. It felt like someone was setting off explosions within her skull, timed just perfectly so she could never get used to the pain. Worse, her body was still too weak to walk without assistance.

In the back of her mind, Viktoria wondered if she was going to die. She couldn't remember the last time she feared the prospect of dying. She couldn't even remember the last time she considered it a possibility. So many had died on her crusade, what was one more?

"How many?" she asked. Even her own voice set off a surge of pain that spread through her head and down her body. Her sister looked up from where she was cleaning her twin blades.

"Nine, including us." The other Viktoria didn't include the three in the tents. If they made it through the night, it'd be a miracle. She briefly considered mentioning them to her sister, but the tortured look on Viktoria's face kept it as just a consideration. "We'll give them all funerals when we return. It'll take time, but we'll ensure their next of kin are set as well."

"I'm sorry," Viktoria's voice was parched and pained with more than just the ailments of the flesh. "The sword. It was controlling me." She paused and shook her head. "No. I don't think it was controlling me. Influencing, yes," she corrected herself. "I can't figure out how long ago it started. I can't tell where my thoughts ended and the sword's whispers began."

"That wasn't you back there. If you were in your right mind then you would have never killed our own people." The other Viktoria's voice was firm and matter-of-fact, but with a gentleness to it, as well. She reached out to take her sister's hand and squeezed. "Whatever your thoughts are going forward, they're yours and yours alone. We'll return to Malifaux and rebuild once you've recovered."

"No. Without the Masamune Nihonto, I'm nothing," Viktoria muttered. Her attention began drifting

back to the Wildlands only to snap back as a disappointed growl came from her sister.

"You are Viktoria!" the other Viktoria's voice rose, not in anger but in something else, something the mercenary couldn't quite place. "A sword cannot wield itself, cursed or not. Without *you*, that weapon was nothing. It may have helped, but it was your effort, your blood, sweat, and tears that made you who you are."

The other Viktoria paused to lean forward until her face was mere inches from her sister. Even so close, Viktoria could barely hear her twin when she spoke.

"If you were any less, things would have turned out very differently that first day," she said. Her eyes, seen only by Viktoria, took on a look of something inhuman. A brief, fleeting moment before the other Viktoria leaned back and smiled. Her expression warmed and she squeezed her sister's hand again. "If you still think you're nothing without that sword after you recover, then I will ride your ass until you're better without it than you were with it."

Viktoria could only stare at her sister in silence for several long minutes. She felt a pang of guilt as she remembered their arguments and the things she'd said. When she opened her mouth again to apologize, the other Viktoria simply shook her head and smiled.

The silence continued until the sun dipped below the horizon.

"Should we go back for the blade after we've recovered?" Viktoria finally asked. She could feel her sister tense up at the suggestion. In truth, so did she. She still wanted the weapon at her side. The sense of worthlessness without it still ate at her mind even if her sister's words had helped. She hated the feeling but hated the sword even more for causing it.

"Couldn't help but overhear, but... you know," Sue's voice interrupted the Viktorias' thoughts, "most people that escape their shackles ain't keen to rush back into imprisonment."

The sisters looked to Sue, and then to one another for a moment before they nodded in unison.

"It would be foolish to storm into Titania's domain again," one Viktoria began only for her sister to finish.

"Tell the others to get some rest. We're going to break camp in a few hours. We'll carry the injured out of here, even if it kills the rest of us. If we move quickly, we may be able to save those we have left."





The members of Titania's court looked at the scene before them with bated breath. Most had been present for the battle, others had heard about what transpired. None of them knew what to expect from the monstrous creature that had rampaged through their numbers before turning on its human allies. Titania herself was curious rather than concerned about the creature that knelt before her throne. Even on its knees, the monstrosity towered over the Neverborn Queen.

"Many a turn has it been since I've seen your kind," the Queen coldly stated.

Killjoy looked upon Titania with respect, confusion, and no small amount of fear. Seeing her brought the monster's memories trickling back into his mind, memories of ancient times when he fought on Titania's behalf. Of times when the *others*, fearful of the Queen's pact, turned on her and her supporters.

Of being gifted the curse of undeath and then pain, madness, and rage.

"I was... caged, a prisoner," Killjoy tried to explain to the woman seated upon her throne. Although the Queen's face showed no emotion, he could still feel the scrutiny with which she judged him. "But now I am yours, and yours alone."

Titania finally smiled. Her expression was cold and cruel, fanning the hopes of those in her court ready to see Killjoy's execution.

"Of course," the Autumn Queen spoke, and the room breathed again. Some were disappointed that the beast who had so indiscriminately killed so many of them wouldn't be punished, but none dared to speak their objections. Even Killjoy remained quiet as he rose and moved to join the rest of the gathered Neverborn.

"Aeslin. What is it that you have brought to me?" Titania turned her attention to her Dryw as she came forward. A blanket of writhing vines followed behind her, atop which sat a Fae corpse, and within its grasp, a familiar sword.

"The blade of the invaders, my Queen," Aeslin answered as she turned and motioned to the weapon. The vines folded at her command to break the arms

off of the corpse and lift them and the weapon up to provide Titania with a better view. "Anyone who takes it up is overcome with bloodlust." She hesitated. "Toward you, my Queen. This one fought against its power until it was too much to bear."

The Neverborn Queen leaned forward on her throne to gaze upon the weapon. She furrowed her brow for a moment before her eyeless sockets widened. The Queen's surprise passed quickly, replaced with a look of amusement and delight. She recognized the soul trapped in the blade's wicked steel.

"This is quite the prize you have brought me. Shez'uul." She nearly smiled. "Hello again. How are you, now that you are unable to do anything but influence those too blind to see your prison?" There was a sadistic joy in Titania's voice. The Queen motioned with one hand, bringing roots from beneath the soil up and around the blade. The roots drew the weapon and the arms encased around it beneath the ground.

The gathered Fae assumed that was the end of the Tyrant's prison. That Titania would hide the blade away somewhere that it couldn't be found, forever banished from the land of the living. But the Queen had other ideas. A small tree grew up from the ground next to Titania's throne. Held within its thorny branches was the Masamune Nihonto, displayed as the Queen's trophy.

"My Queen, is it really wise to have such a *thing* so close to you?" Aeslin questioned. Her weeping eye sockets watched the weapon carefully, unsure if it was truly powerless without a host to wield it. Titania smiled at her courtier's concern but waved it away.

"Let all know that I do not fear the Tyrants. Not before when they sat at the height of their power, nor now in the shadow of their former selves." Titania's answer was firm and resolute. It was as much a show of her conviction to the gathered Neverborn as the act of bringing the weapon to her side had been.

Aeslin bowed to her Queen before she withdrew to the rest of the crowd. It wasn't until the creature's stench hit her nose that the Queen's Dryw realized she'd withdrawn within proximity to Killjoy. The monster's chain-stretched lips were drawn into a wide grin.













# A DISEASE DIVIDED

by  
*Tim Akers*

**H**ans sat in the highest point in all of Freiholt, keeping watch. The fledgling settlement stretched out beneath him. Von Schill built his little community on the bones of an abandoned prospecting camp once known as Hope, and those old bones poked through. Ramshackle buildings with fresh paint, shipping containers lashed together to serve as barracks, and the ruins of a train station without tracks served as the core of the town. There was even a circle of crates where the Freikorps would spar, jokingly called the stadium by most folks. The only thing that appeared to get any attention this early in Freiholt's development was the walls surrounding the town. Von Schill was the protective sort.

The surrounding territory was desolate, dominated by jagged rocks and low, rugged desert grasses that tore at your legs. It was miserable land. Perfect for Hans. And perfectly dull. There hadn't been a hint of movement on the horizon for weeks. Hans had found interesting ways of staying awake, like counting the number of snakes he'd see in a day to finding faces in the rocks and dust.

A sharp cough interrupted him. The other guard keeping watch with him, theoretically his spotter, buried his face in his hands, his shoulders wracked with a coughing spasm. Hans gave him an impatient side-eye.

"You all right, Mik?" Hans asked.

"Fine, fine," Mikkel said. He jerked the straps off his breather, dropping the mask to the ground. His face was beaded with sweat. "I haven't gotten used to the air out here yet, that's all."

"Missing that Mali-funk?" Hans asked.

"At least it was honest filth," Mikkel answered.

"I think it's the re-breathers," Hans said. "Can't compensate for clean breezes."

Mikkel blew his nose, then strapped the breathing mask back on. He started coughing again almost immediately.

"Go back in, Mik. I can watch the dust blow around all by myself."

"The commander won't like it."

"Von Schill doesn't have to know. Just get some rest," Hans said. *And stop making so much noise*, he added to himself. "Tell them I'm going to get some target practice in. Starting to feel rusty."

Mikkel nodded gratefully, then headed downstairs, coughing the whole way. When the sound of his misery was gone, Hans let out a long, patient sigh, and settled into his watch.



He leaned his rifle against the crude tower's parapet. Such amazing sightlines up here. The borders of Freiholt gave way to the sentry line, swept clean of all cover and dotted with makeshift guard towers. Not everyone had liked that, but Von Schill insisted on maintaining a strong perimeter, even if the solution was temporary.



In the grasslands beyond, the road that led to Malifaux stretched north, nothing more than two thin ruts in the ground that cut through the grass. Hans knew that the farther you got from Freiholt, the rougher that road became. Again, Von Schill wanted to give the impression of order and civilization, but the realities of Malifaux had their own plans. The Freikorps still had to patrol the road, to give potential clients the assurance of safety.

Something flickered among the grasses. Glossy black fur slipping between tufts of dry grass. Hans sighted in, adjusting the windage on his scope, then settling into the stock as his breathing slowed. The rat paused beside a rock, sniffing at the sunbaked earth. Hans took the shot. The report echoed off the buildings of Freiholt, drawing the attention of several soldiers lounging outside a pub below, but Hans' attention was downrange. The rat twitched and dropped, drawing a smile from the flaxen-haired sniper. *Death in one*, he thought. *Let's see the Katanaka make that shot ...*

His thoughts trailed off. Another glimpse of black fur flashed through the grasses. Hans raised the scope back to his eye. The dead rat had a friend, sniffing at the corpse. Hans cycled the bolt, keeping his breathing steady as he seated another cartridge. Before he could draw a bead, though, the rat scampered off. Brief disappointment was replaced by curiosity, as another rat appeared in his sights, quickly joined by another. He swept his sights northeast, slowly tracking the direction the rats had traveled. His vision blurred with the change of perspective, so he drew the focus back. What he saw made him hiss.

A string of rats scurried through the scrub brush, like a necklace of onyx gems, trailing back as far as the eye could see, one after another. Hans lowered the rifle.

"Well," he said. "Looks like we need to have a word with our dear ratcatcher."



The narrow space beneath the pub stank of spilled beer and piss. Benny shoved his lantern under the floorboards and peered through the cobwebs. The silver line of his wire snare winked back at him. He tugged on it and felt a satisfying weight. The dead rat bumped and scraped across the



rocks, snarled teeth grimacing in death. He snapped the snare open, hung the dead rat across his shoulder, then reset the trap. Satisfied with his bounty, Benny slid back out of the crawlspace, dragging his lantern after him.

Freiholt was proving a good home for Benny Wolcomb. When Hamelin had plucked him out of Malifaux's profitable slums and sent him packing to Von Schill's new settlement, Benny had doubted the wisdom of the move. New towns didn't have sewers, and Von Schill's mercenaries were famously ordered and notoriously tidy, whether in their kills, their drills, or their cups. At first, Benny thought Hamelin was trying to get rid of him. The old creep never did like it when Benny actually caught rats. But Hamelin had provided. Benny rarely saw the rats, or any sign of their habitation, until they showed up dead in his traps. It could only be the master's provision.

Benny pulled himself to his feet and started down the street, whistling tunelessly through his jagged, yellow teeth. The tether of dead rats banged jauntily against his back, their bodies twisting on the line. It was the middle of the day, but Freiholt was still quiet. A lot of folks were on some kind of job with the Viktorias, leaving the streets empty and the town's single pub still. Benny nodded to the pair of Freikorpsmenn standing watch at the grain depot. Surprisingly few rats to be found there. Benny made a mental note of it. Something to point out to the boss, when the time came. If it ever did.

As master - and sole - ratcatcher for Freiholt, Benny's office overlooked the wagon depot, which was more of an abandoned barn with a missing door. Von Schill had yet to establish regular coach service to Malifaux City, but those few visitors who made the trip were met with the finest building in Freiholt. No coaches today, though the handful of grooms and farriers in the depot's service kept themselves busy. Still whistling cheerfully, Benny hung his new catch outside his door, then ducked inside. His rooms were cramped, stuffed full of empty traps and the bags he had yet to unpack from his move. After tossing his ratskin coat on a hook by the door, he started to rummage through the mess of boxes piled on his desk to find something to eat.

"Hello, Benny." The voice came from just inside the door. Benny jumped, whirling around to see a short, slim girl perched on a stool behind him. "Can I get you to put that coat back on? Or at least a shirt or something."

"Miss Vanessa! What are you... uh, to what do I owe this exquisite pleasure?" Benny asked as he shrugged the coat back on.

"Just checking in." She slid from the stool, tapping her staff on the floor, like a drill sergeant inspecting the line. "You seem to have settled in pretty well. Making good headway on our growing rat problem." She grimaced up at the tapestry of drying ratskins that decorated one wall. "Better than I expected, really."

"Yes, well... when you hire Benny, you hire the best!" Benny declared. He rubbed his fat hands together, grinning crookedly. "Fewer rats. That's the Wolcomb way!"

"I guess. Though I have to say, the only place I've really seen rats is here in your office, already dead." She tapped the pile of empty cages just inside the door, shaking the dust off their tiny bars. "A suspicious mind would wonder if you're importing corpses, just to collect the bounty."

"I would never! Why the very imprecation impugns my sensibilities as a businessman, Miss Vanessa!" Benny drummed his fingers against his belly. He was sweating vigorously. "Besides. Only a fool would try to cross the Freikorps."

"And you're no fool, are you, Mr. Wolcomb," Vanessa said. "Well, keep up the good work. Wouldn't want to review that contract, would we?"

"My exclusive rights as ratcatcher in this fine town are guaranteed, and Von Schill is as good as his word," Benny protested.

"That he is. That he is. But he always includes a termination clause. Smart man, like that. Good with contracts." Vanessa turned back to the door, wrinkling her nose. "You might want to review the terms of your employment. And the conditions that could lead to your... dismissal."

"I haven't... I must... there's no clause..."

"Good day, Benny. Keep up the good work!" Vanessa said, then stepped outside.

Benny sat in a heap on the sweat-stained cot in the corner. What could she know about his business in Freiholt? Hell, Benny didn't even know what his business here was, just that the master had sent him, and he had gone. Nervously, he started whistling again. The room was getting warmer and warm-



er, and yet Benny couldn't seem to keep his hands warm. He rubbed them together. He was feeling a touch ill.

That's when he noticed his whistling had changed, picking up on an unheard tune that carried through the air, scratching through his skull like a fingernail. The master's song. Benny's mouth went dry, and his lips silent.

A rat scampered up on the cot. It peered at him with black eyes. Staring.

"Hiya, boss," Benny said quietly. "Nice timing."

The road was silent. Light glimmered through the cracks in a dilapidated shed at the end of the lane. Shadows moved toward it, men and women in the complicated armor of the Freikorps. They formed a perimeter and waited for the signal. Hans and Vanessa crept along behind them. They paused behind a barrel.

"So what do you think?" Hans asked, surveying the scene. The shack bordered the patrol route at the

The front door to Benny's office creaked open. The big man crept out, ratskin coat glistening in the light of the full moon overhead. It had taken the man longer to panic than Hans expected, but now he was on the move. Benny snuck down the empty street, heading toward the border of the little settlement. Hans lowered his scope and turned to Hannah. Vanessa lounged behind them, clearly bored with the whole operation.

"What'd I tell you?" Hans whispered. "He's up to something."

Hannah lowered her own binoculars and nodded. "Fair enough. The scouts will follow him and report back. Gather up some 'korpsmen. We'll get to the bottom of this."

"I don't know why you're bothering with all this cloak and dagger nonsense," Vanessa said. "I could feel that ley line straight through the grass. That's a lotta power just to attract a bunch of rats."

"We needed to know which side of the table our friend Benny was standing on," Hannah said. "You get going with the party. I'll get the suit powered up and alert Leopold."

"It's not going to take many of us to take down a guy like Wolcomb. No need to trouble the boss," Hans said.

"You heard Vanessa. There's a lot more power here than makes sense. Better safe than sorry," Hannah said. "Now get moving. I want this cleared up by morning."





edge of the settlement, tucked between two distant guard towers. If you were going to smuggle anything into Freiholt, this was a pretty good place to do it.

"This is definitely the place," Vanessa said. "The trail of rats leads here. Maybe the shack, maybe one of those storehouses. You sure about this? We could wait for Hannah."

"No need. We've got this," Hans said. He waved to the squad leader and gave the signal. "Stay close. I don't want to explain to your sisters how I lost track of you chasing a bunch of rats."

"Whatever," Vanessa said. She dropped her staff against her shoulder and started walking toward the shack. Hans hurried to keep up.

The Freikorps team flowed around the pair like black silk, reaching the door and setting up fire lanes. About halfway across the dirt road, one of them sneezed, and everyone froze. Hans swore to himself. *Bloody Mikkell. I thought he was off-duty!*

The moment passed. There was no sound from the shack. On Vanessa's signal, the team breached the door to the broken-down building, filling in quickly. Vanessa marched straight in, Hans mumbling behind her.

They were greeted by two figures; Benny knelt awkwardly on a rug of ratskins, hands limp against his thighs. The second figure was turned away from them. It wore an oversized black cloak that hung in loose folds over its body and sat on a crate of oranges. Spoiled fruit spilled out of the crate, and a small chorus of rats feasted on the sweet bloated remains. The rats noticed the team first, turning beady eyes toward Vanessa.

Hans came just inside the door and looked around. It was a bigger space than he expected, built into the storehouse next door. Crates and crates of food and other supplies, all of it spoiled, filled the space. The smell was overpowering. He dropped to one knee and brought his rifle to his shoulder. Vanessa swept past him. Benny finally looked up, blinking his eyes slowly, as though in a trance.

"Oh, hey guys," he said, his voice sleepy. "I can... I can explain all this. Honest."

"I think I've seen enough," Hans said. He fired, and the shot went through the robed figure's head, punching a hole through the hood. A plume of blood exited the other side, splattering Benny's chubby

face. A single rat flopped out of the cowl, landing in the figure's lap, shot clean through.

The figure turned. A dozen bright red eyes peered out of the hood, shifting and squirming as the rats fought to fill the gap Hans' shot had created. Benny's eyes went wide as flopped backward, scrambling behind a barrel of salted fish, just as the figure stood and started flowing toward Vanessa.

"What the hell?" Vanessa shouted. She crossed blade and staff, ready to meet the threat when Hans started shouting orders.

"What are you waiting for? Kill it!"

The Freikorps opened up, a hail of bullets went through the figure like rain through fog. Dead rats tumbled out of the robes, but its pace never slowed. The sound was deafening as the creature chittered at a high pitch, and errant shots and ricochets soon filled the room with splintered wood and the stink of ruptured crates. Vanessa finally shook herself free of her shock and grounded her staff. The earth here was powerful; the ley lines joined by other powers, ancient and vile. She drew them into her staff, then directed the power at the figure.

A blast of arcane fire swept across the room, boiling the spilled oranges and turning the chorus of rats into cinders. The figure burst into flames. The stink of burning fur and charred flesh filled the air as the figure came apart. Dozens of rats fell squirming to the floor, to run around in circles or flee for the cover of broken crates, even as the flames turned their bodies into ash. The fire spread, claiming the shack and quickly catching the storehouse.

"Go, go, get out!" Hans shouted. The Freikorps evacuated efficiently, but Vanessa was still in the middle of the room, pouring a stream of fire into the collapsing robe. More and more rats tumbled out, shrieking and scrabbling. Hans ran forward and grabbed Vanessa by the arm, pulling her back. The ceiling collapsed as they reached the door.

In the street, Hans stared up at the inferno. Both the shack and the storehouse were fully engulfed, the magically wrought flames greedily expanding to anything remotely flammable. The plumes of smoke that rose from the buildings were a wicked green, too thick, rolling down the street like a malevolent fog.

"Breathers!" he ordered, and scrambled to pull his own mask out of the pouch at his side. He pushed it



into Vanessa's hands, then took a spare from the sergeant. The smoke still stung his eyes, and the small whiff he'd had was turning his stomach into curdled milk. A klaxon signaling the fire started to sound in the distance. He pulled Vanessa close.

"Get to Hannah. There was plague in that..." he started to gag, quickly ripping his mask off before throwing up. He fitted the breather again before taking a long, bile-tinged breath. "We've released something. We need to find Benny. Find out what the hell he was planning."

"Sir?" one of the Freikorps called. He had the rat-catcher in hand. Benny looked like someone had stuffed a dead rodent down his throat, green-faced and covered in scratches. "He tried going out the back."

"Bring him," Hans said. "I'm sure Von Schill will have some questions."

He looked back up at the inferno. The storehouse collapsed into embers, and a curl of green smoke reached up to the night sky, blotting out the stars.



The next morning there was a body swinging from the gates of the Freikorps compound, beneath a sign that still said "Hope." It was bloated with disease, its chest covered in sores that oozed a viscous fluid onto the ground below. Given last night's incident, Von Schill had ordered a containment zone around the body. Freikorps engineers were working to access the body without contaminating themselves. Von Schill watched the proceedings from the balcony across the courtyard. Even at this distance, he had to hold a rag to his mouth to keep from gagging at the smell.

"Do we know who it is?" he asked. "One of ours?"

"No. Just some kid. Looks like a vagrant. They must have brought him all the way from the city. Wonder how they got him through the perimeter. We'll have to check the latest shipments," Hannah answered. The head librarian was in her full suit, gears whirling as she observed the corpse through a scope. "There's a note on his chest."

"Can you make it out?"

"Bring me the head of the Queen," she answered. "Any guesses on which unfortunate monarch they are referring to?"

"Of course," Von Schill said with a grimace. "Tatiana. Aren't the Viktorias on that contract?"

"With most of our best people," Hannah said. "Between that and this bloody head cold going through the ranks, it leaves us a little low on firepower. Whoever did this, they knew when to strike."

"Is there any question who this is? Rats, a bloated corpse, a storehouse of spoiled food belching plague when put to the torch, and that bastard Wolcomb?" Von Schill flexed the mechanical gears of his arm. It was acting up again, sending a deep ache into his shoulder. "This is Hamelin's work."

"What do you want us to do with the body?"

"Cut it down. Seal it up. We may have to study it for a vaccine." The warehouse fire had spread a vomitous disease through a third of the compound. None of the cases had yet proven fatal, but Von Schill preferred to not take any unnecessary chances. "Are the others waiting?"

"In the general sto—" Hannah corrected herself, still getting used to old signs for a new town. "In the town hall. We had to escort most in through the back, to keep them away from the body. Tara has her concerns."

"What does that woman care about a little disease? Not like she's going to die of consumption any time soon," he grumped.

"No. But she doesn't like taking orders. Especially from someone like Hamelin," Hannah answered.

"Fine. I'll be right down. And see that Wolcomb is there. I want to know how he's involved, and what Hamelin has planned for us if we don't comply." At the gates, the engineers had positioned a metal vat beneath the body, and were working to cut it free. The rope snapped, and the corpse slopped messily into the container. They hurried to seal it in, before it spread whatever pestilence had taken its life. Von Schill sighed. "It seems we're negotiating with monsters, now."

"Monsters still answer to contracts," Hannah said. "Just be sure we get the better end of the deal."

"I will, I will," Von Schill said, turning away. "I always do."





The back room was deathly silent when Von Schill entered. Everyone had heard about the bloated corpse at their gates, even if they hadn't seen it for themselves. Perhaps he should have escorted them directly by the body. Would have made the stakes of this meeting more apparent. Von Schill cleared his throat and looked around the room.

Tara and her pet witch sat in the far corner. The black-clad girl wore her corruption comfortably, the gnarled claw of her arm resting casually on the table. Karina stared sightlessly at the ceiling. Von Schill wondered how much was left of that woman. She seemed to give more and more of herself to Tara and her cause, leaving less and less of herself behind. The two of them would be hard to move. Von Schill still wasn't sure what Tara hoped to get from Freiholt. As long as she kept her silent masses away from the rest of the citizens, and didn't add to her ranks unnecessarily, he intended to leave her alone. But would she act when the rest of the settlement was threatened? It was time to find out.

Across from Tara and Karina sat Von Schill's contingent. Hannah Lovelace leaned over a pile of dusty tomes, combing the records for any hint of their opponent's weakness. None of them had named Hamelin, not yet. But everyone knew who – or what – they were facing. Hans lounged casually behind the librarian, feet on the table, rifle across his lap.

The rest of the seats at the table were empty. The sisters Viktoria were out on contract, Leveticus was splitting his time between Freiholt and Malifaux City, probably to the advantage of neither place. Few enough had answered his call to the new settlement, and most of those were occupied elsewhere. It was a bad time for a crisis. Which was probably the point.

A side door opened, and Benny Wolcomb stumbled inside, with Vanessa as escort. The Viktorias' youngest sister pushed the ratcatcher into a chair at the head of the table with obvious distaste, then leaned against the wall next to the door, folding her arms across her chest. The gathered outcasts leaned forward, staring at Benny mistrustfully. The ratcatcher was sweating profusely.

"So," Von Schill said. "Let's have a conversation, Benny. I thought we had a deal. I don't remember importing a rat king being part of our arrangement."

"It was a very unfortunate circumstance, Mr. Von Schill. Most unfortunate. I had no idea—"

"You had no idea about what? That there was a rat king living in my town? Did we interrupt your discovery of that fact, preventing you from informing us of the dire threat to the populace?" Von Schill bellowed. "Were you, even as we kicked in the front door, about to sound the alarm, thus saving us all from certain doom?"

Benny's eyes darted about the room. "Yes?" he ventured. Hannah snorted derisively. Von Schill leaned forward.

"Let me be clear, Mr. Wolcomb. I am a patient man. I am understanding. People sometimes make mistakes for which they are sorry, but those people must still be held accountable. However, I am *not* a forgiving man." Von Schill placed his hands on the table. The mechanical fist dug into the wood as he ground it into the surface. "Give me a reason to understand, rather than a reason to forgive."

Benny swallowed noisily. Von Schill backed off, giving the man a chance to collect himself. The rest watched closely as the rat catcher weighed his options.

"You gotta understand how it is..." a long pause as he reconsidered. "Hamelin, he's a hard man. He chased me out of Malifaux, on pain of death. I thought to lay low here, far away from him, but he... he followed me. He wants something. Something from you."

"Hamelin," Tara said, leaning back. "So we're dealing with Plague, then."

"You have nothing to fear from him," Karina whispered. "Plague is a terror for the living. Not us."

"Begging your pardon, ma'am, but he's changed. All of us have. You're no safer from Plague than me, or these fine folks," Benny said, motioning to the others at the table. "And with the Guild running around popping the heads off their own employees, I think he's trying to make his move."

"We never needed the Guild to protect us before," Hannah said from over Von Schill's shoulder. "We're not going to start needing it now."



"Easy to say, and easy to believe. But..." Benny shrugged flabby shoulders. "Plague'll take you, just the same."

"He's right," Hannah said. "Even if the sisters Viktoria were available, Plague would be a handful. With them on their damned hero's quest, we aren't exactly playing with a full hand."

"This wouldn't have happened if we were still in Malifaux City," Tara said. "You should have prepared for this sort of thing, Von Schill."

"There are always risks to any endeavor," he said. "If this is enough to break your spirit, you should never have come here in the first place. And you're welcome to return to the city. I'm sure the Governor-General will be glad to welcome you back. The Guild is very understanding of people in your... condition."

Tara responded with a cold, dead stare.

"Can we stop bickering for a minute and focus on the problem at hand?" Hannah cut in. The two didn't break eye contact with one another, but at least they stopped arguing. The librarian flipped through her records. "We all know what Hamelin is capable of, and how vulnerable a place like Freiholt is to that sort of threat. We lack a lot of the infrastructure that prevents the spread of disease. Without a proper sewer system, or drainage management, much less proper water distribution—"

"I know this is going somewhere, Hannah," Von Schill said. "Maybe we should get there more directly."

"Right. The point is, the very things that prevent normal disease are the same things that Hamelin has used in the past. We're both vulnerable and resistant. His usual methods won't work here." Hannah locked eyes with Benny. "Which I suspect is why he sent his friend, here. To prepare the way."





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"I'm not a spy!" Benny said quickly. "Just a guy trying to catch a break. And a couple rats."

"Sounds a lot like a spy to me," Tara said.

"Enough of this," Hannah said. "Hamelin has made his demands clear enough. Maybe the Viks will solve this problem for us. They're marching to kill Titania even as we speak. Has there been any word?" She looked at Vanessa.

"Nothing yet. But if anyone can do get the job done, it'll be them," Vanessa answered.

"Not that I doubt your sisters, Vanessa, but that was a fool's mission from the start," Von Schill said. "I urged them against it. That wilderness is Titania's domain. You don't march into hell and demand the devil's head."

"So what can we do?" Tara asked. "If Hamelin means to move against us, I don't plan on sitting around."

"Neither do I. But we don't have the firepower to fight him, at least not directly."

"Then we don't fight," Tara said quietly. "At least not directly. He's a rat. And Benny here has shown us how to deal with rats. Haven't you, Benny?"

The rest of the room turned to her quietly. She smirked.



A stagecoach rolled into the dilapidated station – a repurposed mining shed just outside of town – without anyone seeming to notice. The horses danced against their leads, eyes rolling wildly despite their blinders. They could smell the corruption in the air. The driver wrestled them to a halt, then stared uncomfortably at the frayed rope still hanging from the gates of the Freikorps compound. The ground beneath it was blackened and charred. The street was abandoned, except for a gathering of rats around the head of an alleyway beside the compound. The driver rapped on the side of the carriage.

"Freiholt, end of the line!" the driver said. "End of everything, by the looks of it."

The door creaked open, and Hamelin emerged.

The piper unfolded from the carriage, black staff in hand, the warped pipes of his flute banging against

his narrow chest. His feet squelched into the mud, but he didn't seem to notice. He looked around the street, almost as though he were lost, or confused as to why he was there.

Von Schill watched from the sniper's nest that overlooked the compound. Hans had assembled a blind, and the thin shafts of light that worked its way through the screen brought welcome relief from the sun. It was still sweltering inside. Sweat beaded Von Schill's forehead, and even Hans looked paler than usual. The pair of guards standing behind them in the cramped space looked positively miserable. They were sweating through the leather of their masks, and a ring of perspiration stained their collars.

"How sure are we about this?" Von Schill whispered.

"Benny insisted that Hamelin was focused on our food sources. Wanted to seed our supply with blight, then move once we were all too sick to fight back." Hans sniffed, then rubbed the back of his neck. "Losing the storehouse was a blow. He needs to hit before the Viktorias get back. Letting Benny leak that we just got a new shipment here at the compound seems to have done the trick."

"I don't understand this at all," Von Schill said nervously. "This is the most secure place in the 'holt. If he wants to move against us, he'll need to come in force, not alone, and not by stagecoach." His eyes scanned the horizon, looking for Hamelin's reinforcements. "What's his plan?"

"Whatever it is, we'll stop him." Hans couched his rifle, peering through the scope. "I have a shot."

"Do you honestly believe a single bullet is going to kill something like Hamelin?"

"A single shot is always my first plan," Hans said. "But you're the boss."

Von Schill raised his specs and watched Hamelin's progress. The piper ambled across the street, whistling to himself and looking around like a tourist in a new town. He skirted the gate and walked along the compound wall, disappearing from Von Schill's view as he reached the corner.

"We have eyes over there?" he asked.

"Hannah has the western wall, Vanessa is watching the east," Hans said, glancing in the direction of the other two patchwork watchtowers. "No matter where he decides to breach, we'll see it."





"I don't understand how he's going to..." Von Schill's voice dropped off. He gestured with his specs. Hans returned to his scope. "There it is."

They had a view of the interior of the eastern wall, just at the edge of their sight lines. A scurry of movement darkened to join the line between wall and floor. It grew and grew, until a pair of beady eyes poked through an unseen crack in the wall. Finally, a rat tumbled onto the ground followed by another and another, until they started to swarm into a ball of slick fur and yellow teeth. The swarm rose into the air until it was the height of a man. The rats started to cascade off the pillar, revealing Hamelin's scraggly form. The piper looked around casually, then strolled out of sight, still whistling.

"Fix one leak and another one springs up," Von Schill said quietly. He thrust the specs into the chest of one of the guards. The man snapped to attention, as though he had been dozing. *Everything's falling apart before it's even built*, Von Schill mused. *Sleeping on duty when their commander is standing right here! Next thing you know, they'll be marching out of step and forgetting the words to the Korps cadence!* "Send a runner to Hannah, pull her back. The target is already in the compound. And get a report on his movements from Vanessa."

"Yessir!" the guard snapped, then scampered off. Von Schill watched him go with distaste.

"They're getting lax," he muttered.

"Not much to guard against out here," Hans said. "Some action will do them some good."

"I hope you're right. Get to the training grounds. I want you in place before he gets there. He can't know anything is wrong."

"On it," Hans said, slinging his rifle over one shoulder and folding his tripod flat. Once he was gone, Von Schill motioned to the other guard.

"What's your name, soldier?"

"Mikkel, sir," the man said. His voice was a little dazed.

*Gods help me, is he drunk? What is this place coming to?* Von Schill started down the stairs. "You're with me. I want to be there when the trap snaps on this rat's neck."



The compound was well guarded, but predictable. These Freikorpsmenn thought like whole people, walking around on their legs, looking at everything from the impossible perch of their fragile necks. Hamelin knew better ways. It was easy enough to slip past the pair of guards, sweating in their ridiculous breather masks and leather armor, who watched the various intersections around the compound. Soon he was closing in on the training grounds. He slipped through the final barrier and stood up, looking around the circle of crates.

Row after row of supplies filled the center of training grounds, creating a labyrinth of narrow channels, dead ends, and blind intersections. Tarps lay over some of the crates, rustling in the stale breeze that blew in from the surrounding wastelands. Benny had reported well. Von Schill had wrangled emergency supplies following the fire. All of Freiholt depended on these supplies. As did Hamelin. The sand of the stadium shimmered in the blazing sun. The air smelled like sweat and spoiled food. Hamelin breathed it in deep.

*Such a primitive space*, Hamelin thought. *Does Von Schill know the master he truly serves? Death is death. No amount of marching in neat lines can change that.* Hamelin grinned to himself. At least both of their roads led to the same place, though by different means.

The piper walked to the nearest crate. It was marked as "Emergency Rations" and stank of boiled leather and gun oil. What these people were willing to eat shocked Hamelin. Von Schill must be desperate to feed his precious Korps such miserable food. He laid a hand on the crate, then shivered. Something was wrong.

"That's far enough." Von Schill's voice echoed off the crates that littered the training grounds. Hamelin froze, raising his head to the watch points that surrounded the makeshift stadium. Von Schill walked out of the shadows with Vanessa at his side. A pair of Friekorpsmenn flanked their commander, rifles lowered.

Hamelin turned to face the commander of the Freikorps. The glint of sunlight off sniper scopes



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sparkled from the distance. Hamelin's black eyes narrowed.

"Rifles laid in wait? Is this how you greet potential clients, Von Schill?"

"We've read your terms, Hamelin. I'm afraid we must decline your offer." Von Schill signaled to the guards. They advanced.

"You have mistaken the nature of our relationship," Hamelin said. "I have not made an offer. I have made a demand. You will join me, whether by your own will, or as a slave to mine."

Von Schill laughed, a short, sharp bark. "I'm still saying no, you rotten bastard. The Freikorps does not submit to bullies. Not now, not ever."

Hamelin gestured to the two guards, their rifles pointed at his belly. "You have made a grave miscalculation."

"Clearly you aren't familiar with my math," Von Schill answered. He signaled again. A flare went up from the parapets, a thin finger of smoke that ended in a sharp pop.

Several of the crates around the grounds creaked and fell open. A dozen Freikorpsmenn emerged, stretching from the cramped confines of their hiding places. Hamelin looked around, his expression unchanged. He nodded.





"Very good, very good. A swarm." He arched a brow in Von Schill's direction. "I approve."

"Take him. Leave something to burn when you're finished," he said.

The Freikorps surged forward. Hamelin hardly flinched as they reached him. He swept his staff in wide arcs, knocking aside the initial assault, face pinched in bemused concentration as he fought. The Freikorpsmenn kept to their bayonets and swords, afraid of catching their comrades in gunfire, dodging and weaving as Hamelin struck. He danced out of their reach, blocking with the warped length of that black staff, spinning and striking, moving as though he had no bones, as smooth and fast as the wind.

Von Schill watched with frustration as Hamelin fought off round after round of Freikorpsmenn. One man fell, then another. He glanced up at Hans' position. He might have to call on the sniper sooner rather than later, but he'd rather not risk his own men. He turned to Vanessa.

"He's making us look like fools," he said. "Do something."

"With pleasure," she said. "He's warping the ley lines, but I should... there it is." She held the tip of her staff in the air like a dowsing rod. She followed it into the training grounds, ignoring the guards rushing past her. Someone had given the weapons-free order, and the crackle of gunfire joined the chaos of the fight. Vanessa ignored it, working her way toward the center of the makeshift arena, ducking under crates and skirting her way through narrow passages. When she reached some invisible point, she gripped the staff in both hands and swept it over her head.

"Clear the line!" she shouted. The Freikorps, familiar with Vanessa's manner of solving problems, scrambled away from Hamelin. The piper looked up at her, his face splitting in a smile.

"Young Vanessa!" he said mockingly. "Your sisters have proven a disappointment. How will you serve?"

"Shut up," she snapped, then swung her staff down. Arcane power rippled across the haft, eddies of glowing light that coiled through the air. Vanessa struck the ground, and a bolt of sizzling energy shot through the sand, kicking up a spray of red-hot slag that fell in glowing globules of newly-formed glass. The bolt reached Hamelin and exploded. He flinched away, covering his face with the tattered

hem of his coat as blue-tinged flames washed over him. The air filled with the stink of burning rat fur.

As soon as the space around Hamelin cleared, Hans opened up. A sharp crack, the whistle of a passing round, and the front of Hamelin's shirt burst open. The piper went to one knee, supporting himself with his staff as he clutched at the wound in his chest. Freikorpsmenn rushed forward, kicking at the Tyrant, falling back whenever he struck and swarming him from another direction. Soon he was on his back. The staff fell from his hands. Vanessa circled, looking for a chance to strike.

"Enough!" Von Schill shouted. The Freikorps paused, falling back from their target. Hamelin lay still in the center of the opening. Their commander strode through them, holding his rifle casually, to loom over Hamelin's still form.

"You made a mistake, Hamelin. Few underestimate the Freikorps and live. Fewer still threaten us. Your plan was clever, I'll admit. Poisoning our food supply would have brought us to our knees." Von Schill spat in the sand next to the struggling piper.

Hamelin struggled to one elbow, leaning over the bloody sand. His pan flute scraped against the ground. He coughed, spitting onto the floor of the training ground.

"Yes, I see that, now. I see my mistake. Overestimating myself. A clever man like you would never come into a place like this without backup. Would you." Hamelin's voice was slow and acidulous. He dragged the flute off the ground, bringing it to his lips. "What a fool I am."

The music that came from the flute was violent, atonal. Just the sound was enough to cause Von Schill to flinch. Immediately he felt his gorge rise, and pinpricks of sweat broke out across his forehead and the small of his back. Nausea flickered through his guts. He took a step back, covering his mouth with his forearm.

Half the Freikorpsmenn around him vomited violently, a thick green ichor that filled their masks and seeped through the sweat-stained seams of their breathers. Von Schill felt the sickness crawling through his body, following Hamelin's dissonant song, turning his limbs to mush and his mind to fever. He braced against the sickness, steeling himself and he shrugged off the piper's nauseating spell. When he looked around, Von Schill saw that most of his troops had succumbed.



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As he reached to aid a nearby trooper, the rest of the surrounding crates fell open. Tightly packed supplies tumbled out, vegetables already brown and wilting, along with putrid slabs of meat and a sickening avalanche of spoiled fruit.

Von Schill put his hand on the shoulder of a nearby trooper as he stared at the wave of rotten food emptying onto the dirt, his eyes focused on what else was tumbling out from those crates.



“What the hell is going on down there?” Hans lowered his scope to get a wider view of the training grounds. The dozen Freikorpsmenn had fallen to some kind of plague, vomiting explosively, dropping weapons and fainting in the heat.

With the soldiers keeled over and holding their stomachs, Hamelin sprung his trap. The crates opened, and with the rotten food came graying limbs of children. With weeping sores for eyes and blank, cold expressions, they shambling out from beneath the vegetables, and within minutes, the Stolen flooded the arena. There were at least a hundred of Hamelin’s mindless drones to the Freikorps’ dozen, and those few were in no shape to resist. Like a swarm of cockroaches, the Stolen overwhelmed the near-defenseless Freikorps, stripping them of their armor and tearing away at their flesh.

Von Schill fought back, using every gun on his person without having the time to reload, but he was severely outnumbered and cut off from the rest of his forces before he could make a noticeable dent. The soldier beside him had already fallen to the ground, unconscious from the pain of the spreading disease.

Hans sighted along the barrel and started firing. There were so many targets; he tried to clear an area around Von Schill, but the commander was slowly being overwhelmed. Whenever Von Schill shoved one of the plague-ridden husks away, Hans put a bullet in their head, but for every urchin Hans killed, three more filled the gap.

Shouts rose up from behind him. He twisted around, trying to find the source of the panic. Guards were swarming away from the front gate, while the few on the wall of the compound were firing madly into the approach. Finally, even they abandoned their posts, jumping from the wall as something slammed into the gates. The gates splintered, then fell back.

A flaming wagon rolled through, carrying the shattered gate with it. The front of the wagon struck a guard tower, snapping it in half, then split open. Dozens of Stolen crawled through, their clothes on fire, eyes fixed as they lurched toward Hamelin. A drachen trooper rushed forward and lowered the charred tip of his flamethrower, spraying liquid fire over the mindless drudges. A few burst into flame, but a half dozen more stumbled through the smoke to swarm the trooper. He tried to fight them off, but they pulled him down, dragging at the straps of his weapon. The whole contraption went up in a ball of flame.

Stolen were pouring through the front gate. Hans glanced down at where Von Schill continued to fight, then turned his attention to the new attackers and started firing.

He cursed in between shots. “Should’ve taken the Viks gig...” Behind him, a flare shot into the air, the second of the battle. It whistled high above the compound before popping into a smoky star of red smoke.

The signal for aid. Danger close.



Vanessa tossed the expended flare-tube to the ground and drew her sword as the Stolen lurched toward her. She had to buy some time for the reinforcements to show up, assuming Tara was still playing along with Von Schill’s little plan. But for now, Vanessa just needed to stay alive.

One of the mindless creatures stumbled toward her, grabbing at her staff with pale hands. She swept her blade down, severing its hands at the wrist, then shoved him back with the tip of her staff. He fell backwards, but not before expelling a cloud of foul fumes that clung to Vanessa’s clothes like coal dust. She wished she had brought her re-breather with her, but there hadn’t been time. She tripped the next lurching attacker, stabbed them through their lungs and heart, then backpedaled away as the bodies started piling up. Her sword was slick with old blood and lumps of mucus. As she withdrew the blade, the tip got stuck in the dying creature’s ribcage. Vanessa nearly dropped it.

“Sis... never... explained...” she grunted as she struggled and twisted the hilt, “...the *removal* part!” Finally, the blade separated from the flesh between the ribs.



The crowd of Stolen around Von Schill grew and grew, obscuring Vanessa's view of the commander. One of the plague-touched slashed at her arm, tearing long rents through her flesh, and immediately she could feel a fever rising through her blood. After kicking them aside, she cut her way toward Von Schill's direction.

The commander was in a bad way. She could hear him panting in exhaustion as he fought off the Stolen. There were flashes of his metal arm through the mob, pummeling skulls and tossing corpses through the air. Some of those thrown bodies drew sniper fire from up above, but it was spotty. Vanessa spared a look for the heights, and saw that Hans was caught in his own pitched battle. As she watched, Hans leapt from the guard tower and into a crowd of Stolen. Where the hell did those come from? He was quickly up, limping toward her. She turned her attention back to the commander.

Von Schill stood, and he fought. Clouds of pestilent gas obscured the sky over the melee, but the commander kept shrugging off their effects, fighting through the creeping sickness that had crippled his Freikorps. Vanessa watched as he pummeled his way through wave after wave of Stolen. They locked eyes, and Von Schill shouted at her.

"Clear a lane back to the extraction point! This ground is compromised!"

"Sir!" she answered, then whirled around. A small knot of surviving Freikorpsmenn battled nearby. She fought her way to their side, cutting through the urchins to reach them. "Fall back to the mine, and take the fallen with you. Gather everyone you can. We're surrendering the training grounds!"

"But the commander," the man protested.

"Leave the commander to me," Vanessa said. "Get moving!"

She left them to organize the retreat, then battled back toward Von Schill. She had lost track of Hamelin in the melee. The closer she got to Von Schill, the thicker and more desperate the fight became. Soon she was battling alone, completely cut off from both the Freikorps and Von Schill. She fought on.

Her sword passed through the sleeve of a robed figure that loomed up in front of her. Rather than bleeding out, though, the figure squirmed and regrew. When it turned to face her, Vanessa saw a face

of rats, squeezing maws lined with yellow teeth instead of eyes.

"Didn't we already burn you!" she shouted. The rat king didn't acknowledge her question, but raised its arms and slithered closer. She tried to step back, but before she could get clear, its robe opened and disgorged a wave of rats. They swarmed across her legs, tangling her up, keeping her from retreating. Vanessa beat at them with her staff, but for every tumor-ridden rat she broke, another scrambled up her arms, clawed into her back. She was slowly being dragged to the ground by their sheer weight and numbers.

Von Schill's tortured shouts cut through the noise. Vanessa had a glimpse of the man vault over the heads of the Stolen. For a brief moment, he seemed to hover over the battlefield, rifle over his head like an axe, face covered in bloody abrasions. Rats wriggled across his chest, trying to cling to him even as he escaped their grasp. He crashed to the ground next to Vanessa, shouldering his way through the rat king, bursting the abomination like a bag of maggots. The rats fled, disappearing into the crowd, leaving the pair momentarily alone.

"Leopold, are you hurt?" Vanessa asked, already knowing the answer.

"Aye," he said quietly, then collapsed into her arms. His rifle slid to the ground. She stumbled under his sudden weight. The metal arm was cold and heavy. Vanessa braced against her staff and channeled healing energy into the fallen commander. He twitched, and lived, but was still badly hurt.

The swarm of Stolen that had been fighting the commander slowly turned in Vanessa's direction. She stepped between them and the kneeling Von Schill, grounding her staff and flicking bloody snot from her sword. They lurched closer.

Hannah Lovelace came crashing through the crowd, closely followed by reinforcements. By the state of their uniforms and apparent wounds, these Korpsmenn had already seen combat, probably when the madness started. The librarian's mechanical suit smashed through the Stolen, breaking bodies and scattering the enemy line. She loomed over the pair of them, glancing from Von Schill to Vanessa.

"Is he all right?" she asked.

"Not dead," Vanessa answered. "Yet."



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"Let's keep it that way." Hannah looked up at the disarray. "I need for you to open up some power for me."

"Ugh, no, no, no. That is a bad idea," Vanessa said. "It hurts like hell, and—"

"Vanessa!" Hannah snapped.

"Right, right, okay." Vanessa gathered skeins of force and power through her staff. A shimmering blue aura surrounded her, lifting her hair in an unseen breeze, causing her robes to whip around her. She gritted her teeth and braced for what was coming. "Do it already!"

Hannah turned on the mob of Stolen, then siphoned the energy off Vanessa's aura. Vanessa screamed as the transfer took place. Tears opened on her skin, framing her eyes in bloody cuts that opened under the force of energy coursing through her. Hannah took that power and channeled it through her suit. The metal fists shrieked with energy. Hannah laid into the Stolen, driving them back, punching craters into the ground and filling the air with flying bodies.

The Stolen fell back, if only briefly.

"We... need to work on that," Vanessa complained between exasperated breaths. "Feels like my blood's being pulled straight through my skin."

"You have my deepest sympathy," Hannah answered. "Perhaps later. Now we must—"

"I sent the signal," Vanessa said, still catching her breath.

"Yeah, I saw it." Hannah looked over the battlefield, then nodded toward gate five. "Let's get in place. This situation is out of hand."

"Not exactly how we planned it," Vanessa said, as she pulled Von Schill to his feet.

"Nope," Hannah said. "Nature of battle. Now quit talking and start running."

They fought while moving, the Stolen taking swipes at them as they retreated. Additional Freikorpsmenn joined their flight, fighting their way free of the grasping hands of the Hamelin's slaves, or clambering out of piles of the dead and wounded. The column limped toward the abandoned mine adit. This was the original strike around which the town of Hope had been founded long ago, before the Freikorps had moved in. It led to a dusty mine, now used to store supplies and sometimes to hide weapons.

It was also the closest thing Freiholt had to a sewer system.

Hans was waiting just inside the door. The stock of his precious rifle had a long crack in it, earned as he fought his way through the Stolen, but he kept shooting, wincing each time the splintered butt kicked into his shoulder.

"This is going great, boss!" he said as Von Schill limped through the gate. Hannah glared at him.

"Now we hunker down and wait," Vanessa muttered.

"Hopefully not too long," Hans said. "Not sure how long we can hold these tunnels."



The entrance to the mine was dark with shadows. The Stolen lined up in front of the gate, hesitant to go inside. Their placid faces stared unseeing into the darkness. There was a ripple in their ranks, the squeaking of rats and shuffling of feet, then Hamelin slipped through the crowd. He stood at the entrance and breathed in deeply.

"Ah, yes. Wise, my children. There's something in the air, isn't there? Foul medicine." He glanced around the mine. "Whatever it is they have planned, it won't be enough. But you were wise to stay behind."

Leaving the ranks of Stolen behind, Hamelin stepped into the refreshing darkness of the tunnels. Von Schill had prepared this place. The floors stank of disinfectant, and something astringent churned through the ducts that circulated fresh air into the mine.

"Am I just a stain on a blouse to you?" Hamelin shouted, his voice echoing against the walls. "You think a little soap and water will wash me away?"

The walls dripped with bleach. The fumes stung Hamelin's nose. *It couldn't be this simple*, he thought. *There must be something else... something...*

There. A scuffle of feet, a hurried whisper. So like his rats, these humans. Scuttling through shadows. So self-important. Waiting to be broken.

Hamelin came to an intersection. The whispers came from the right. He scraped his staff against the rock wall, emanating an abrasive screech, and the



sounds stopped. Hamelin smiled, then turned and walked the other direction as quiet as a stalking viper. *I know how bait works, little friends*, he thought. *You'll need to do better than that.*

The tunnel broadened, descending as it grew taller. The smell of disinfectant faded. He pushed his senses into the darkness. A familiar presence brushed against his awareness... an emptiness, given shape by death, and formed of hatred. Was it...?

"Hello, Hamelin," Tara whispered. Hamelin nodded, and turned to face her. "Did you think Von Schill would be fool enough to face you alone?"

"He made the same miscalculation," Hamelin said. He leaned his elbow down upon his staff and raised his pipes to his lips.

"And yet you leave your friends behind?" Tara asked. She strolled into the open. The splintered mass of her obsidian blade glinted in the harsh lights of the tunnels. "Arrogant *and* alone. Not a good look."

"Oh, my dear, I am never alone." Hamelin blew a dissonant tune on his pan flute. The darkness around them lit up with glittering eyes. "They might be small friends, but more than sufficient to destroy an empty shell like you."

"Let's test that theory," Tara hissed. She charged forward, driving at Hamelin, maybe hoping to get to him before the rats could reach her. But the swarm was already moving, tiny bodies flinging themselves against her, dropping from the ceiling and pouring out of the shadows.

She cut her way through them. Most of the rats died a bloody death under her blade, but a few vanished without a trace, leaving sizzling air and shock behind. For a few instants, Tara's black-wreathed form seemed to stutter forward, as though the world were a zoetrope spinning too fast. Hamelin gestured, and the rats parted, leaving him space to maneuver. As Tara slid between a mass of squirming vermin, Hamelin struck.

The black staff of Plague swung down, impacting Tara's twisted blade. Obsidian flakes shattered with the blow, filling the air with a cloud of glittering, black dust. Hamelin counterstruck, catching Tara in the knee and sending her sprawling. She fell through the floor, disappearing into the shadow with a snap. Hamelin circled warily.

"You can't hide forever, child. My rats will find you. They always do."

A cold wave and the smell of burnt ozone washed over Hamelin, giving him a second's warning before she struck. Tara stepped out of the nothingness, raining blow after blow down on Hamelin's staff. He caught each strike, turning them, his fluid limbs twisting inhumanly to match Tara's fury.

Finally, the black talon landed. With a scream, Tara brought her obsidian sword down on Hamelin's forehead. For a brief moment, it seemed as though his skin would turn the blade, but then a crease formed in his skull. The Soulstone sword passed through his body, but as it sliced, Hamelin disassembled into fragments of cloth and squirming rats. As he dropped the black staff in his hands, it dissolved into mist, disappearing.

Tara stood over him, hollow chest heaving with effort. The carpet of rats chittered in the darkness, moving in ever tighter circles off to the left. Tara turned to face the writhing mass of furry bodies. They piled up and up, briefly forming a rat king, before collapsing into Hamelin's familiar form. He gestured, and the black staff reformed in his hands.

"Your struggle is meaningless, Tara. You should know this better than most. You and I... we cannot be killed so simply."

"That's what I'm counting on. By the time he's done with you, you're going to wish that you could."

The first footstep, muffled by the carpet of rats, boomed through the darkness. Hamelin's eyes narrowed. He glanced over his shoulder. The battle had moved him to the far edge of the tunnel, where a hidden chamber lay in shadow. Something lurked inside the passage. His first glimpse of it was a grinning fire, like a furnace sheathed behind a mask of bars. There was a figure in the furnace, just an echo of a form, familiar and yet forgotten. He took a step back. The hammer reached him before he could vanish.

Talos blazed to life, its massive hammer swinging down at Hamelin. The piper fell, pinned in place by the hammer's weight. The ancient construct, Talos, lumbered forward, grinding the hammer into Hamelin's chest with each step. The weapon kept the Tyrant pinned, unable to disintegrate into a thin mist. It wrapped steel fingers around his waist, then shoved him screaming into the void in its chest. The bars clamped shut, and for a brief second, there was a flash of light in the furnace, and the smell of burning fur.





Hamelin went to his knees. Nothing surrounded him. There was a memory of flames turning his skin to parchment, then to ash, then to light. But the pain was gone. His staff was missing, the dissonant song that usually filled his head was muted.

He knew immediately that he was trapped inside Talos, buried somewhere deep in the heart of oblivion. His two halves, Hamelin the piper and Hamelin the Plagued, were pulling apart.

"Very well," he said, settling into the dark. "You have chased me long enough. I am here. Is this what you expected, Tara? You can't hope to keep me here forever."

"You're wrong," Tara's voice came from everywhere and nowhere. "That's precisely what this thing is meant to do. Keep people like you, forever, where you can't hurt anyone."

"Is that so? I can feel the furnace burning, the engine straining. Even now, your precious machine struggles to keep me." He shrugged his shoulders, and the world groaned around him. "This was inevitable. But so is your failure." Hamelin stood. "I am the first and will be the last; I am the disease that will end every living—"

"Quiet!" Tara appeared out of thin air, her form outlined by ghostly light, just an echo of herself, but enough to strike. Her sword went into Hamelin then disappeared, leaving a wound behind. Hamelin screamed in frustration and pinwheeled away. But there was nowhere to run. The next strike was just the sword, an echo of its form appearing and disappearing. Hamelin tried to bat it away, but it went through his hands and buried into his chest. He stumbled back.

"We know who you are, Hamelin, and what you can do. You can't escape." Tara's towering form loomed over him, twice as tall, her voice booming. "Talos won't let you. He was built to capture your kind. And now you're a mere scrap of what you once were."

Hamelin tried to escape, letting the rats consume his flesh, to reform again, but each painful attempt ended in failure. Tara disappeared into the black void. He lay there, chest heaving, trapped in this body. In this miserable flesh.

Something was holding him back. Some splinter of his being was trapped in the vacuum of Talos' body. It was the Plague, the Tyrant. Talos was originally designed to trap the spirits of the Tyrants, long ago. Tara had repurposed the machine, but apparently it was still capable of its original task. If he wanted to escape, Hamelin would have to find some way to pull free from that part of him. Or, better, to leave a splinter behind, and flee with as much of himself as he could preserve.

A rat in a trap. He wriggled, and a wound opened, like a limb or tail being severed from his body. Something he could lose and still survive.

He felt around the pain, discovered the thing that kept him here. So central, such a core part of his being, but also the anchor that sealed him in this tomb. And like a rat, he consumed himself, and left it behind.

Hamelin fell screaming back into the world. His form dropped in a hundred squirming bodies, melting back together like molten lead. Tara and Talos stood in the distance. They whirled to face him, suddenly aware that their trap had failed. But he didn't wait around. Hamelin dissolved into the shadows, leaving dead rats and disappointment in his wake.

Deep in Talos, a splinter of his soul shivered in the flames. A bit of Plague, lost forever, trapped in the void.



The sand of the training ground was sticky with blood and bile. There were two piles of bodies, one to burn, the other for the graveyard and the halls of memory. The Stolen were varied; children, the elderly, even businessmen in their filth-soaked suits. There were hundreds of them, somehow hidden in crates of food and shipped to Freiholt. For the Freikorps, the names of the fallen were added to the plaques that lined the entrance to the compound.

Von Schill watched the entire operation with barely contained fury. The embers of his cigar burned bright in the dying light of the day. Hannah cautiously approached him.

"Twenty-five dead, all told, though we're still combing the mines," she reported. "A lot more injured or sick. Not sure how long it's going to take for us to recover from this."



"And these?" Von Schill asked, gestured to the Stolen.  
"How many?"

"Sir? I'm not sure... hundred? They're just—"

"They were people, Hannah. Just like you and me."

"Not once Hamelin got a hold of them, sir," Hannah said. "They were less than that. They're better off dead."

"Maybe... maybe..." Von Schill's voice trailed off.  
"And Hamelin?"

"Nowhere to be found. Tara's still fuming over her machine. Insists he shouldn't have been able to escape."

"And yet, here we are," Von Schill said. "So many of us dead, and nothing to show for it. Our quarry has just disappeared."

"Creatures like Hamelin don't disappear, sir. They just lay low for a while," she said. "He'll be back."

"Good," Von Schill said, grinding his teeth. "Because that bastard is going to pay."













## LEVETICUS

Leveticus seems to be a man stuck in time, one who is at odds at the definition of aging - an illusionary construct of humanity's own making. No one, not even his most trusted associates, truly knows how long he has lived. Had they only known that deathlessness was within their reach, and the cost was something as small as another's life...

For years, Leveticus was the proprietor of Captivating Salvage and Logistics, a small shop in Malifaux City that offered 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 was the man to talk to, especially in regards to the strange or impossible. It is because of his storefront that he has managed to acquire relationships with all walks of life in Malifaux City.

If asked about the less than reputable incidents he was rumored to have engaged in, Leveticus would normally offer a shrug and a smile, dismissing such hearsay as beneath him. If someone came to him with evidence of his actions, well... Malifaux is a dangerous city. People disappear all the time. It is especially easy for a man who knows where to find obscure and rare items to also know the best places to hide a body.

While the Guild's recent outlawing of mercenaries did not directly affect Leveticus and his business, their increasing stranglehold over the city meant it was becoming exceedingly difficult to continue his more... controversial research. Freiholt would have no such restrictions however, so Leveticus made the decision to join them. Or, at the very least, start a Captivating Salvage and Logistics branch there. It would be unwise to completely jump ship without first ensuring that his business would flourish in a place as barren as the Badlands.

While Alyce sees to their transition and to the most recent Scavenger hires, Leveticus has used the absence of Victor Ramos and Douglas McMourning to plunder some of their safe houses for designs or notes that might benefit him. McMourning's research into longevity and immortality intrigue Leveticus, whose body is steadily degrading the more he uses his own magic to return from death.

Somewhere in the mortician's scribbled madness lies the secret, assuming Leveticus doesn't drive himself crazy deciphering medical insights from coq au vin recipes.

**LEVETICUS**  
*Master, Living*  
**AMALGAM**

**15**  
COST



5  
DF

7  
WP

FACTION

5  
MV

2  
SZ

**ABILITIES**

**DF/WP (■) UNMADE:** After resolving, the Attacking model suffers 1 irreducible damage.

**ENTROPY:** Enemy models that start their Activation within 1" suffer 1 damage.

**DEMISE (PARIAH'S SOUL):** After this model is killed, it may be Placed into base contact with a friendly Hollow Waif. If it does so, this model Heals 8 and removes all Conditions from itself, then kill the Hollow Waif.

**CHANNEL:** After this model declares an Action, if this model has at least 3 Health, it may suffer 2 irreducible damage to receive a 1 to that Action's duel and its damage flips.

**RUINOUS REPAIRS:** *Once per Activation.* After an enemy model within 1" suffers damage from either the **Entropy** or **Unmade** Abilities, a friendly model within 3" of it may Heal 1.

1

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9

10

**HEALTH**

**LEVETICUS**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>DEATH TOUCH</b> 1"   5X   Df - Target suffers 2/3/4 irreducible damage. If the target is killed by this Action, this model Heals 2. ■ <b>Desolate Warping:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> After killing, the target does not Drop any Markers. Summon an Abomination with <b>Slow</b> into base contact with the target. X <b>Necrotic Decay:</b> <i>This model may suffer up to 2 damage.</i> When resolving, target suffers +1 damage per damage suffered when declaring this Trigger.				
<b>UNMAKING</b> 12"   6   Wp - Target suffers 2/3/4 irreducible damage, ignoring <b>Hard to Kill</b> . ♠ <b>Aetheric Breakdown:</b> Immediately, the target may not use Soulstones or declare Resistance Triggers until this Action has resolved. X <b>Siphon Essence:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> After killing, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>ESSENCE TRANSFER</b> 12"   6   -   10 Target two friendly models. One target suffers any amount of irreducible damage, to a maximum of 4 or its current Health, whichever is lower. The other target Heals an amount equal to the damage suffered.				
♠ <b>SANGUINE EVOCATIONS</b> -   -   -   - Look at the top three cards of this model's Fate Deck, discard any number of them, and place the remaining cards back on top of the deck in any order. This model suffers 1 damage for each discarded card.				

**30MM**







# HOLLOW WAIF

The mastery that Leveticus has over death is not exactly intuitive. 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 lifespan if Leveticus does not watch them very carefully.



## HOLLOW WAIF

Minion (2), Undead  
Totem (Leveticus)  
AMALGAM

1  
COST

5  
DF

4  
WP

4  
MV

2  
SZ

**ABILITIES**

**DF/WP (5) UNMADE:** After resolving, the Attacking model suffers 1 irreducible damage.

**ENTROPY:** Enemy models that start their Activation within 3 suffer 1 damage.

**INSIGNIFICANT:** This model cannot take the Interact Action and is ignored for Strategies and Schemes.

1

2

3

4

5

HEALTH

HOLLOW WAIF

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>ENTROPIC SIPHON</b> <i>If the target is at half its maximum Health or below, this Action receives a 1 to its duel and damage flip. Target suffers 1/2/3 damage and gains <b>Injured +1</b>.</i> <i>X <b>Severe Injury</b>: Models damaged by this Action gain <b>Injured +1</b> for each X in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of <b>Injured +2</b>).</i>	8"	4	Df	-
<b>PAIN TRANSFER</b> Target suffers damage equal to the value of its <b>Injured</b> Condition, then end the <b>Injured</b> Condition on the target.	8"	5	Wp	10

30MM



**DESOLATION ENGINE**  
 Minion (2), Construct  
 Undead  
 AMALGAM

**10**  
COST

**3** Df **6** Wp **5** Mv **3** Sz

**ABILITIES**

**DF/WP (■) UNMADE:** After resolving, the Attacking model suffers 1 irreducible damage.

**ENTROPY:** Enemy models that start their Activation within 3 suffer 1 damage.

**HARD TO WOUND:** Damage flips against this model suffer a 1.

**FLURRY:** Once per Turn. After this model resolves a // Action during its Activation, it may discard a card to take that Action again.

**DEMISE (LOST FOCUS):** After this model is killed, it is instead Replaced with an Abomination, then the Abomination Heals 4.

**TERRIFYING (12):** After an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 12 Wp duel or the Action fails.

**HEALTH**

**DESOLATION ENGINE**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>DEADLY CLAWS</b> Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. ■ <b>Desolate Warping:</b> Enemy only. After killing, the target does not Drop any Markers. Summon an Abomination with <b>Slow</b> into base contact with the target. × <b>Consuming Touch:</b> This model Heals 1/2/3. × <b>Necrotic Decay:</b> This model may suffer up to 2 damage. When resolving, target suffers +1 damage per damage suffered when declaring this Trigger.	1"	6X	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>DRAW ESSENCE</b> This model suffers 1 damage. Models within range must each pass a TN 12 Df duel or suffer 2 damage. For each other model damaged by this Action, this model Heals 1.	(1)3"	-	-	-
✓ <b>CONSUME</b> Friendly only. This model Heals an amount equal to target's Health, then kill the target, ignoring its Demise Abilities.	3"	-	-	-

**50MM**

## 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.





There are few in Malifaux that Leveticus trusts more than Alyce, his young protégé and companion. She is impulsive, energetic, and while many question her sanity, 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 that crosses her path. With an unhinged confidence, Alyce often tests these abilities with reckless abandon. Nothing intimidates her long, which has gotten her both in and out of more trouble than she can count.



RUSTY ALYCE				
ACTION ACTIONS		RG	STAT	RST TN
<b>CLOCKWORK ARM</b>		1"	5X	Df -
Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.				
X <b>Severe Injury:</b> Models damaged by this Action gain <b>Injured +1</b> for each X in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of <b>Injured +2</b> ).				
<b>CLOCKWORK SEEKER</b>		12"	6	Df -
Target suffers 3/4/5 damage, ignoring <b>Hard to Wound</b> .				
X <b>Execute:</b> The target may either discard a card or a Soulstone. If it does neither, it is killed, ignoring <b>Demise</b> Abilities.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS		RG	STAT	RST TN
X <b>CREATE TRAP</b>		2"	6	- 12
This Action <i>cannot be taken while engaged</i> . Create a 50mm Destructible, Severe, Hazardous (Damage 1 and <b>Injured +1</b> ) Pit Trap Marker within range.				
X <b>AETHERIC HEALING</b>		-	6	- 10
This model may discard a card to Heal 1/2/3 based on the value of the discarded card.				



**ASHES AND DUST**  
Enforcer, Construct  
AMALGAM

**9**  
COST

**6** DF **6** WP **7** MV **3** SZ

**ABILITIES**

**DF/WP (■) UNMADE:** After resolving, the Attacking model suffers 1 irreducible damage.

**ENTROPY:** Enemy models that start their Activation within 3 suffer 1 damage.

**DEMISE (DESOLATE CORE):** After this model is killed, it is Replaced with an Ashen Core, then the new model Heals 6. Summon a Dust Storm into base contact with any table edge and at least 6" away from the enemy Deployment Zone.

**NIHILISM:** When this model would gain a Condition, it may instead discard a card to not do so.

**INCORPOREAL:** Reduce all damage this model suffers from Attack Actions by 1, to a minimum of 0. This model ignores terrain while moving and is unaffected by Hazardous Terrain. This model can move through other models and vice versa.

**HEALTH**

**ASHES AND DUST**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>DEADLY CLAWS</b> Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. ■ <b>Desolate Warping:</b> Enemy only. After killing, the target does not Drop any Markers. Summon an Abomination with <b>Slow</b> into base contact with the target. ■ <b>Like the Wind:</b> Push this model up to 5" in any direction, ignoring other models. X <b>Necrotic Decay:</b> This model may suffer up to 2 damage. When resolving, target suffers +1 damage per damage suffered when declaring this Trigger.	1"	6X	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>DRAW ESSENCE</b> This model suffers 1 damage. Models within range must each pass a TN 12 Df duel or suffer 2 damage. For each other model damaged by this Action, this model Heals 1.	(1)3"	-	-	-
■ <b>WHIRLWIND OF SCRAP</b> Target a Scrap Marker. Push this model up to 12" toward the target, ignoring other models. Then, remove all Scrap Markers that came into base contact with this model during this move. If this Action removed any Scrap Markers, every model that this model moved through suffers 1 damage.	12"	5	-	12

**50MM**

## 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 amalgamation 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 an unnatural 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 genius is unsure of how long this will last.





# 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.



**ASHEN CORE**  
*Enforcer, Construct*  
AMALGAM

2  
COST

1  
Df

8  
Wp

0  
Mv

2  
Sz

**ABILITIES**  
**ARMOR +2:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.  
**HARD TO WOUND:** Damage flips against this model suffer a .  
**DF/WP (■) UNMADE:** After resolving, the Attacking model suffers 1 irreducible damage.  
**ENTROPY:** Enemy models that start their Activation within 3 suffer 1 damage.  
**WITHERING AWAY:** Enemy models within 3 cannot Heal.  
**PARTS OF THE WHOLE:** This model cannot be hired.

1 2 3 4 5 6  
HEALTH

**ASHEN CORE**

**ATTACK ACTIONS**

RG	STAT	RST	TN
8"	5P	Df	-

**ENTROPIC SIPHON**  
*If the target is at half its maximum Health or below, this Action receives a to its duel and damage flip. Target suffers 1/2/3 damage and gains **Injured +1**.*  
**Siphon Life:** When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage and this model Heals 1.

**TACTICAL ACTIONS**

RG	STAT	RST	TN
3"	-	-	-

**DRAW ESSENCE**  
*This model suffers 1 damage. Models within range must each pass a TN 12 **Df** duel or suffer 2 damage. For each other model damaged by this Action, this model Heals 1.*

40MM



**DUST STORM**  
 Enforcer  
 AMALGAM

**6**  
 COST



**6**  
 DF

**5**  
 WP


 FRACTION

**7**  
 MV

**2**  
 SZ

**ABILITIES**

**DF/WP (☹) UNMADE:** After resolving, the Attacking model suffers 1 irreducible damage.

**ENTROPY:** Enemy models that start their Activation within 3 suffer 1 damage.

**HARD TO WOUND:** Damage flips against this model suffer a ☹.

**INCORPOREAL:** Reduce all damage this model suffers from Attack Actions by 1, to a minimum of 0. This model ignores terrain while moving and is unaffected by Hazardous Terrain. This model can move through other models and vice versa.

**PARTS OF THE WHOLE:** This model cannot be hired.


**HEALTH**

**DUST STORM**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>DEADLY CLAWS</b> Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. ♣ <b>Like the Wind:</b> Push this model up to 5" in any direction, ignoring other models. ✕ <b>Consuming Touch:</b> This model Heals 1/2/3.	1"	6	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
✖ <b>INITIATE REFORMATION</b> Target a friendly <i>Ashen Core</i> . Target gains <b>Shielded +1</b> . During the End Phase, if this model is in base contact with the target, this model and the target are Replaced with Ashes and Dust.	0"	-	-	-

**40MM**

## 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.









Malifaux has been a harrowing experience for young Marlana. As soon as she arrived at Malifaux Station, she and her parents were attacked by Witchling Stalkers. She fled, with the hunched creatures right behind her, and she would surely have perished were it not for the huge teddy bear that appeared out of nowhere to murder the Stalkers.

Her stuffed protector perished in the battle, but with the assistance of a strange benefactor, Marlena was able to sew the unburned pieces of the teddy bear back together, restoring it to life.

Separated from her parents, she was eventually found and taken in by Leveticus. He calls it an “adoption.” Marlena calls it a “kidnapping.” Worse, Leveticus insisted on moving them to Freiholt, which was as far away from Malifaux City. Still... there was a lot to see and do there. It even had kids her age, all learning magic and how to fight. Maybe she could, too. Then, when she had the skills, no one could stop her from saving her parents.



MARLENA WEBSTER				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
DEADLY CLAWS	1" 	6	Df	-
Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.				
 <b>Protect the Child:</b> Push this model 3" away from the target.				
ENTROPIC WITHERING	10" 	5	Wp	10
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage ignoring <b>Hard to Kill</b> and <b>Hard to Wound</b> .				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
 <b>ETHERIC HEALING</b>	-	4 	-	10
This model may discard a card to Heal 1/2/3 based on the value of the discarded card.				
 <b>Surge:</b> Draw a card.				



# SCAVENGER

Malifaux is an ancient world. Within the city itself, there are still whole neighborhoods of homes that have yet to be explored by human hands, and in the Necropolis below, there are potentially hundreds of miles of undiscovered catacombs and crypts. With the right gear and a lot of luck, a Scavenger can find ancient relics of arcane power or functional samples of Old Malifaux's lost technologies. Some Scavengers even survive long enough to earn a payday from it.

An experienced Scavenger is fairly easy to spot. Chances are they'll sport a prosthetic or two, built from more impressive but archaic-looking parts than the standard M&SU design. Their weapons will also appear unique and highly customized. Those who reach a professional level invariably drift towards full-time employment with Captivating Logistics and Salvage, or a similar crew, who can not only pay a fair wage for discoveries, but provide enough detail about the odd implements a Scavenger finds to utilize them in further expeditions.



## SCAVENGER

Minion (3), Living Construct  
AMALGAM

6  
COST



5  
DF

4  
WP

FACTION

5  
MV

2  
SZ

### ABILITIES

**ARMOR +1:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.

**DF/WP (☞) UNMADE:** After resolving, the Attacking model suffers 1 irreducible damage.

**TOOLS FOR THE JOB:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may draw the top card of its Discard Pile, then discard a card. Until the End Phase, this model may add the suit of the discarded card to its final duel totals.

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HEALTH

## SCAVENGER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>CLOCKWORK WEAPONRY</b> ☞ 1"	5	Df	-	-
Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. X <b>Severe Injury:</b> Models damaged by this Action gain <b>Injured +1</b> for each X in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of <b>Injured +2</b> ).				
<b>REFURBISHED SHOTGUN</b> ⚔ 8"	5	Df	-	-
Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able. Target suffers 2/3♣/3♠ damage. ♣ <b>Under Pressure:</b> Push the target 2" away from this model.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>WEIRD DEVICE</b> 8"	5	-	-	12
Once per Activation. This Action receives +2 to its duel total when targeting an Abomination. Friendly only. Target gains <b>Focused +1</b> . ♣ <b>Mend:</b> Target Heals 2. ♠ <b>Surge:</b> Draw a card. ♣ <b>Vanish:</b> Place this model anywhere within range. X <b>Burn Out:</b> Target suffers 2 damage and gains <b>Fast</b> .				
<b>FORAGE</b> 2"	-	-	-	-
Remove target enemy Scheme Marker. Draw the top card of this model's Discard Pile.				

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 tinkerers 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 (8)  
Construct, Undead  
AMALGAM

4

COST

4

DF

4

WP

4

MV

1

Sz

### ABILITIES

**DF/WP (≡) UNMADE:** After resolving, the Attacking model suffers 1 irreducible damage.

**ENTROPY:** Enemy models that start their Activation within ③ suffer 1 damage.

**WITHERING AWAY:** Enemy models within ③ cannot Heal.

**HARD TO WOUND:** Damage flips against this model suffer a ▢.

1 2 3 4 5

HEALTH

## ABOMINATION

### ATTACK ACTIONS

	Rc	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>CLAWS</b>	1"	4X	Df	-

Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.

× **Consuming Touch:** This model Heals 1/2/3.

× **Severe Injury:** Models damaged by this Action gain **Injured +1** for each X in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of **Injured +2**).

### VILE RECLAMATION

	Rc	Stat	Rst	TN
	6"	5	Wp	-

Target gains **Injured +1** and this model Heals 1.

### TACTICAL ACTIONS

	Rc	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>CONCENTRATED DEFORMATION</b>	(1)2"	-	-	-

*This Action may only be taken if at least two other friendly Abominations are within range. Replace this model and two other friendly Abominations within range with a Desolation Engine.*

30MM







## PARKER BARROWS

Parker Barrows was supposed to inherit a fortune, but it was taken from him by his scheming brother. The coward didn't even have the nerve to steal it honestly. Instead, he hid behind lawyers and litigation. To bring the law into this... Who does that?

Now Parker roams with the Barrows Gang, a group of outlaws and bandits just as contemptuous of the law as Parker. They steal anything that isn't bolted down (and even some things that are), hitting caravans, robbing trains, and shaking down well-off and naive travelers. Parker has his standards, however; he looks the people in the eyes as he robs them, never hiding his crimes behind a judge or a piece of paper.

But with success came notoriety, and while Parker was never one to shy from the attention, it did make him a bigger target for the Arcanists and the Guild. Well, you can't have a success story without someone else looking to dip their hands into your pockets.

Getting an invite from Von Schill to join him on the frontier seemed like a trap, but as he learned that mercenaries were in it just as bad as he was, he started to see the potential merits in banding together. Plus, having a little bit of muscle here and there for some of the more difficult jobs doesn't hurt any. At least that's how he justifies having to make another cut into his profits.

His more recent misadventures have led him to hunkering down in the Northern Hills more than he would have hoped. Living off of what crawls into a cave dwelling or an abandoned mine isn't the way Parker prefers, but being the best at what he does sometimes means lying low and remaining hidden from the Guild's robotic birds in the sky.

It's a lesson that the rest of the gang still needs to learn, as patience takes time. Luckily for them, there's a gold coin in the shape of a zeppelin waiting to be plucked, peeking just over the horizon.

Where that airship will take them is anyone's guess, but anywhere is better than here. Who knows, maybe the last job made the right impression and the bounty on his head has tripled as of late. It'd be a nice change of pace if the work came to him every once in a while.

PARKER BARROWS

Master, Living BANDIT

15  
COST



6 DF

6 WP

FACTION

5 MV

2 SZ

**ABILITIES**  
**A FISTFUL OF SCRIP:** After this model kills an enemy model, it may Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the killed model.  
**GUNFIGHTER:** This model may treat any of its ⚔ Actions as having a range of 1".  
**DRAW THEIR ATTENTION:** After this model resolves an Attack Action that damaged an enemy model, a friendly model within LoS of this model may discard a card to take the Interact Action.  
**RUN AND GUN:** This model's Charge Action may generate ⚔ Actions instead of ⚔ Actions.  
**EXPERT SHOT:** This model's Attack Actions ignore Friendly Fire.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14

HEALTH

PARKER BARROWS

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>SIX-SHOOTERS</b> ⚔12" 5♣ DF - Increase this Action's final duel total by +1 for each Scheme Marker within 3" of the target (to a maximum of +2). Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. ♣ <b>Highway Robbery:</b> Enemy only. After resolving, the target must Drop an enemy Scheme Marker into base contact with itself, in LoS of this model. ♣ <b>Reposition:</b> Move this model up to 3".				
<b>STICK UP!</b> 10" 6 WP - This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. Enemy only. Target suffers 4 damage. It may discard up to two cards, reducing the damage it suffers by 2 for each card discarded (to a minimum of 0). Then, this model draws cards equal to the number of cards discarded. ♣ <b>I Want the Soulstones:</b> Target must be able to use Soulstones. When resolving, the target must discard a Soulstone. If it does so, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>BANDIT RAID</b> 10" 6 - 12 This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. Other friendly models only. Push the target up to 6" toward an enemy Scheme Marker in its LoS. If the target is a Bandit, it may take a ⚔ Action. ♣ <b>CASHING OUT</b> (Y)4" - - - Remove all enemy Scheme Markers within range. For every enemy Scheme Marker removed this way, this model may either draw a card or add one Soulstone to its Crew's Soulstone Pool.				

30MM







# Doc Mitchell

Doc Mitchell's life hasn't gone quite how he had planned. His wife left him, his medical practice dried up, and after a string of failed business ventures, he found himself tangled up with the Barrows Gang.

They needed a doctor and, well... at least he was that. It wasn't his choice, but so long as they want a doctor and he wanted to keep breathing, everyone got along just fine.

These days, Parker has more people joining up than ever, and Mitchell hardly has time to contemplate his misery. Could it be that he's finally coming around? Maybe life as an outlaw doctor isn't so bad. Some of the men even give him tips, which would be appreciated if he was allowed to leave their hideout to spend any of it.

## Doc Mitchell

Enforcer, Living Totem (Parker Barrows)

BANDIT

4

COST



5 Df

4 WP

5 MV

2 Sz

FACTION

### ABILITIES

**INSIGNIFICANT:** This model cannot take the **Interact** Action and is ignored for Strategies and Schemes.

**HIGH TOLERANCE:** Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Poison** to 0.

**BEDSIDE MANNER:** After resolving an Action in which another friendly model within 3 suffered damage, this model may discard a card to Place the damaged model into base contact with this model.

**ARCANE RESERVOIR:** Crews containing one or more models with this Ability increase their Maximum Hand Size by one.

**QUICK CURE:** After taking the **Assist** Action, this model gains **Fast**.

1 2 3 4

HEALTH

## Doc Mitchell

### ATTACK ACTIONS

	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>FRANTIC FLAILING</b>	0"	4	Df	-
Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.				
<b>HIDDEN FLINTLOCK</b>	6"	4	Df	-
Once per Turn. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. After resolving, if this Action was used during this model's Activation and this model has LoS to a friendly Parker Barrows, this model must either discard a card or Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with itself and be killed.				

### TACTICAL ACTIONS

	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>EMERGENCY SURGERY</b>	2"	5	-	10
Other Living model only. Target Heals 1/2/3.				
☛ "This Will Numb the Pain": Target gains Shielded +1.				

30MM



# MAD DOG BRACKETT

Everyone in the Barrows Gang has a role to play. For some of the bandits, that role changes with each new heist, depending upon the task at hand. On one heist, a bandit might be in charge of gathering hostages, while on the next, she's tasked with watching the horses.

Only two members of the gang have roles that never change: Parker picks the target and decides on the plan, and his second-in-command, Mad Dog Brackett, fixes any problems that might come up with violence.

Hostages yapping too much? Jab a lit cigar into one of their eyes to make a point. Guard won't hand over the keys? Shoot him and blow the door open with a few shotgun blasts. Door reinforced too well for a shotgun? Send someone to fetch the dynamite.

To Mad Dog, life is simple. He takes what he wants, and if anything gets in his way, he blows it apart.



**MAD DOG BRACKETT**  
*Henchman, Living*  
**BANDIT**

9  
COST

6  
DF

5  
WP

5  
MV

2  
SZ

**ABILITIES**  
**RUN AND GUN:** This model's Charge Action may generate ⚡ Actions instead of ⚡ Actions.  
**HARD TO KILL:** When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.  
**A FISTFUL OF SCRIP:** After this model kills an enemy model, it may Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the killed model.  
**GRIT (AGGRESSIVE):** While this model has half of its maximum Health or less, its Attack Actions receive a ⚡ to their duels.  
**LIFE OF CRIME:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may remove a Scheme Marker within ⚡4 to gain Fast.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10  
**HEALTH**

**MAD DOG BRACKETT**

**ATTACK ACTIONS**

	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>BURNING CIGAR</b>	⚡0"	6X	Df	-
Target gains <b>Burning +1</b> and <b>Injured +2</b> . <b>⚡ Quick Shot:</b> Take a ⚡ Action, even if engaged. <b>⚡ "AHHH, MY EYE!":</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage and is Pushed up to 3" away from this model.				
<b>CHESTERFIELD SHOTGUN</b>	⚡8"	6X	Df	-
Target suffers 3⚡/4⚡/5⚡ damage. <b>⚡ Burst Damage:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +⚡ damage. <b>⚡ Drop It!: Enemy only.</b> Target must Drop an enemy Scheme Marker into base contact with itself, in LoS of this model. <b>⚡ Under Pressure:</b> Push the target 2" away from this model. <b>⚡ Clustered Rounds:</b> When resolving, this Action does not Drop any Blast Markers and damage from the Action ignores <b>Armor</b> .				

**TACTICAL ACTIONS**

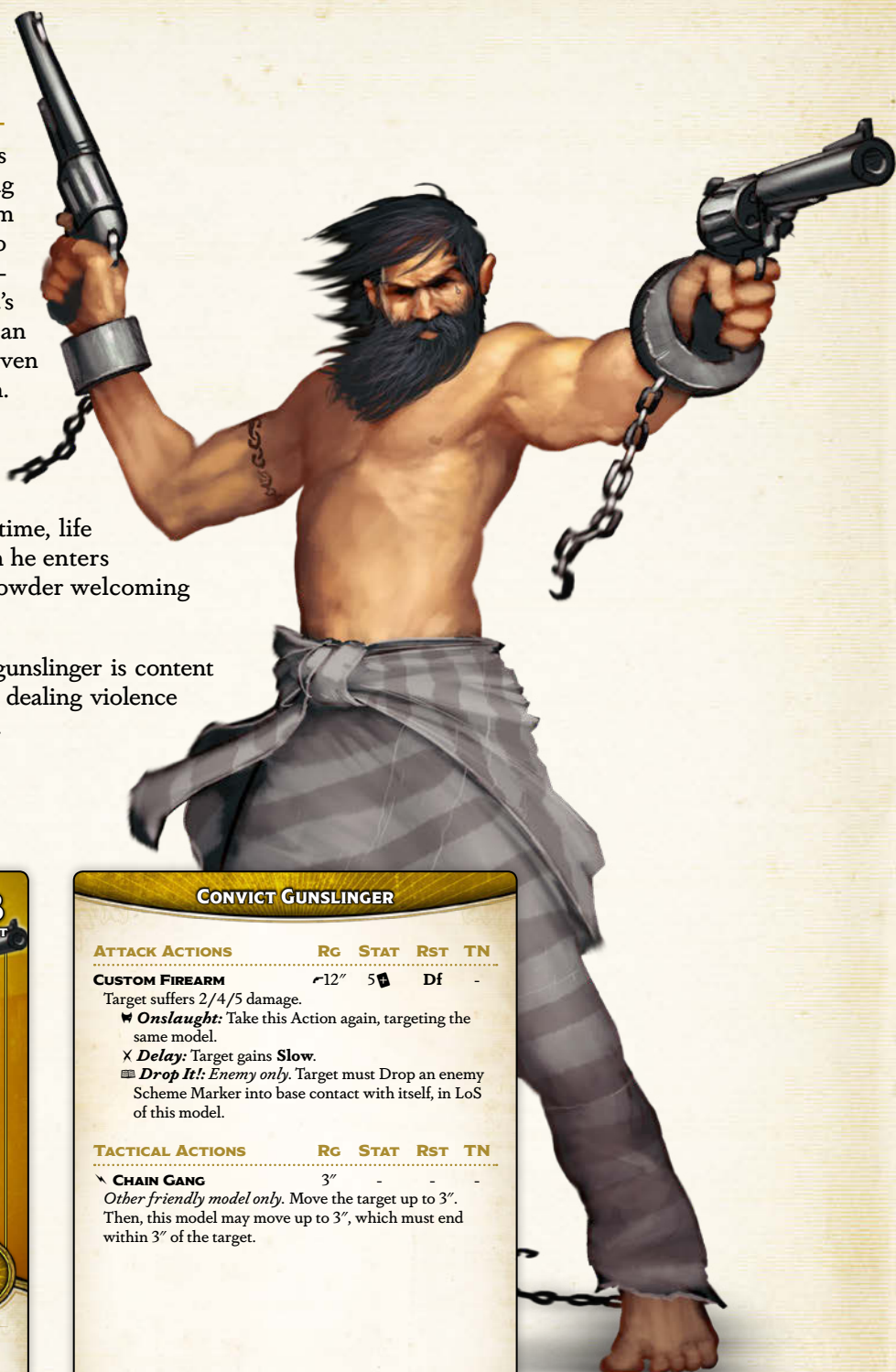
	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>⚡ BLOW IT TO HELL</b>	8"	5	-	10
Remove any other <b>Blown Apart Markers</b> <i>Dropped by this model</i> . Drop a <b>Blown Apart Marker</b> within range, then remove any <b>Destructible Terrain</b> within ⚡2 of it. Models within ⚡2 of a <b>Blown Apart Marker</b> do not benefit from having <b>Cover</b> . <b>Blown Apart Markers</b> cannot be removed from effects other than this Action.				

**30MM**



Any escaped convict with a gun fancies himself a gunslinger. Most see making their way in Malifaux on the run from the Guild as a preferred alternative to sitting in a cold cell Earthside, or sweating at backbreaking labor in the Guild's numerous mines in Malifaux. If they can keep their identity hidden, they might even manage a fresh start through the Breach.

But until that day arrives, the convict gunslinger is content to move from town to town, job to job, dealing violence when necessary to live... but to live free.



**CONVICT GUNSLINGER**

*Minion (2), Living*  
BANDIT

**8**  
COST

**5**  
DF

**5**  
WP

**5**  
MV

**2**  
SZ

**ABILITIES**

**BULLET PROOF +1:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model from ⚡ Actions by +1.

**GUNFIGHTER:** This model may treat any of its ⚡ Actions as having a range of // 1'.

**DF (W) QUICK DRAW:** If this Action is a ⚡ Action, the Attacking model suffers 2/4/5 damage. This damage flip suffers a B.

**RUN AND GUN:** This model's **Charge** Action may generate ⚡ Actions instead of // Actions.

**LIFE OF CRIME:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may remove a Scheme Marker within 1-4 to gain **Fast**.

**HEALTH**

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

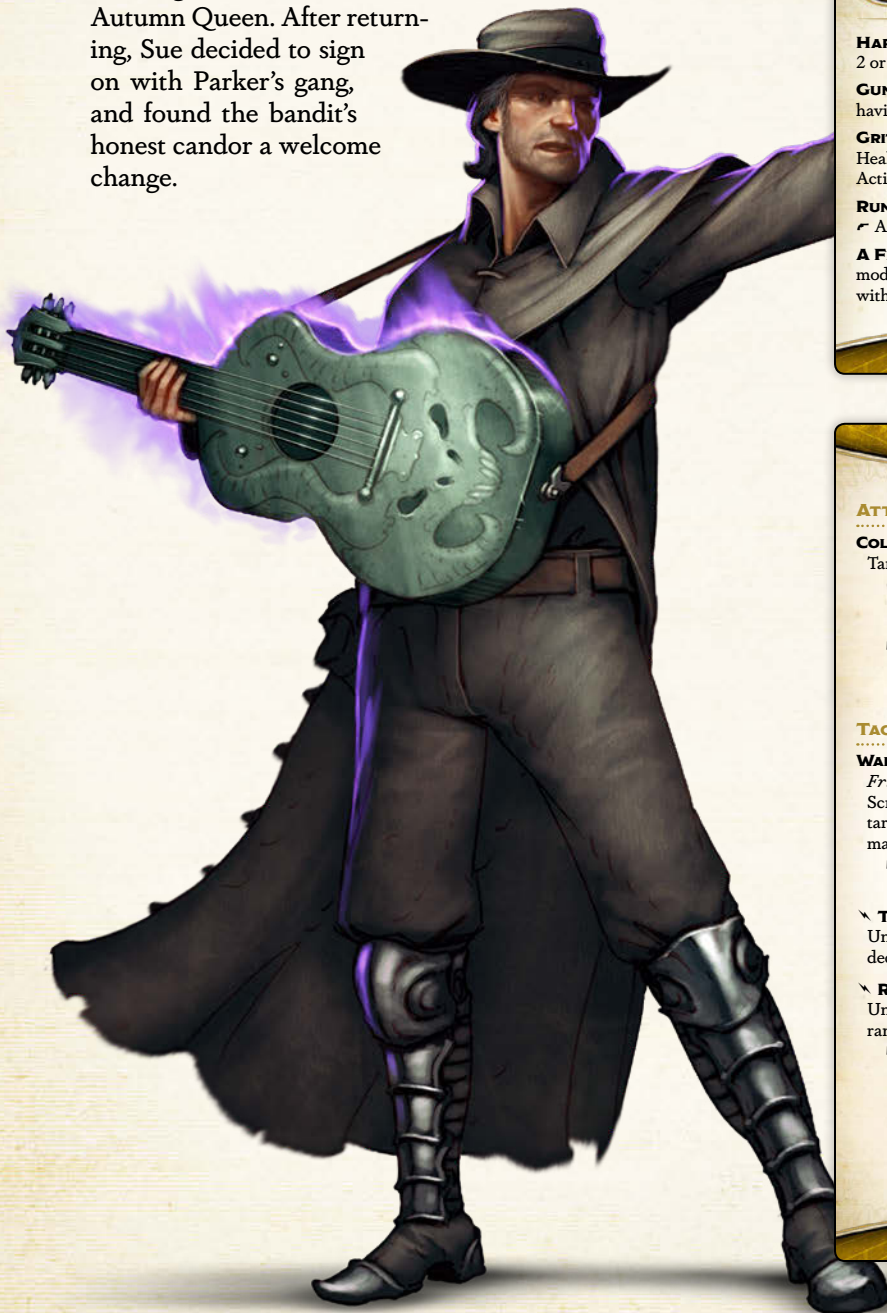
CONVICT GUNSLINGER					
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN	
<b>CUSTOM FIREARM</b>	~12"	5	Df	-	
Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.					
<div> <div> </div> <b>Onslaught:</b> Take this Action again, targeting the same model. </div>					
<div> <div> </div> <b>Delay:</b> Target gains <b>Slow</b>. </div>					
<div> <div> </div> <b>Drop It!</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Target must Drop an enemy Scheme Marker into base contact with itself, in LoS of this model. </div>					
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN	
<b>CHAIN GANG</b>	3"	-	-	-	
<i>Other friendly model only.</i> Move the target up to 3". Then, this model may move up to 3", which must end within 3" of the target.					



# SUE

The man in black is a mystery to folk, but one that is far more welcome than others in Malifaux. Where the unknown so often brings horror and the promise of death, in Sue there is a reprieve, either in the comfort of a bittersweet but hopeful song, or his skills with a pistol coming to their aid at the last moment.

Such was his skill that Viktoria sought him out for her battle against Titania. Though Sue could sense something darker driving the girl, he nevertheless agreed. It was only thanks to him that so many made it out alive, dragged to safety through the tangled, sinister forest of the Autumn Queen. After returning, Sue decided to sign on with Parker's gang, and found the bandit's honest candor a welcome change.



**SUE**  
*Enforcer, Living*  
**BANDIT**

8  
COST

5  
Df

6  
WP

**FACTION**

5  
MV

2  
Sz

**ABILITIES**  
**HARD TO KILL:** When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.  
**GUNFIGHTER:** This model may treat any of its ⚔ Actions as having a range of # 1".  
**GRIT (HURT):** While this model has half of its maximum Health or less, it may draw a card at the start of its Activation.  
**RUN AND GUN:** This model's Charge Action may generate ⚔ Actions instead of # Actions.  
**A FISTFUL OF SCRIP:** After this model kills an enemy model, it may Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the killed model.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8  
**HEALTH**

**SUE**

**ATTACK ACTIONS**

	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>COLLIER REVOLVER</b>	12"	5	Df	-

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

♣ **Critical Strike:** When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ♣ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).

☒ **Drop It!: Enemy only.** Target must Drop an enemy Scheme Marker into base contact with itself, in LoS of this model.

**TACTICAL ACTIONS**

	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>WALK THE LINE</b>	8"	5	-	11

*Friendly only.* Push the target up to 6" toward a Scheme, Scrap, or Corpse Marker within 6" and LoS of it. If the target has below half of its maximum Health, this model may draw a card.

☒ **Cleanse:** Remove all Scheme, Corpse, and Scrap Markers within (0)2 of the target.

⚡ **THE MAN IN BLACK** 03" 5 - 10  
Until the End Phase, enemy models within range cannot declare Triggers.

⚡ **RING OF FIRE** 03" 5 - 10  
Until the End Phase, other models treat the area within range as Hazardous (**Burning +1**) Terrain.

☒ **Rising Flames:** Enemy models within (0)3 of this model suffer 1 damage and gain **Burning +1**.

30MM



## WOKOU RAIDER

*Minion (3), Living*  
BANDIT, LAST BLOSSOM

# 8

COST



5  
Df

6  
Wp

5  
Mv

2  
Sz

### ABILITIES

**BULLET PROOF +1:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model from  $\curvearrowright$  Actions by +1.

**COMBAT FINESSE:** When this model is targeted with a  $\curvearrowright$  Action, the Attacking model's duel cannot be Cheated.

**EVER-CHANGING WIND:** After an enemy Scheme Marker is Dropped or Placed within 6", this model may move up to 3".

**LIFE OF CRIME:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may remove a Scheme Marker within 4" to gain **Fast**.

**CHARGE THROUGH:** This model's  $\curvearrowright$  Actions that are generated by the **Charge** Action receive a  $\curvearrowright$  to their damage flip.

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HEALTH

## WOKOU RAIDER

There are many pirates who plague the seas surrounding the Three Kingdoms back on Earth. Of them, the Wokou Raiders are the most feared, carrying out lightning raids on Guild shipping lanes and slipping back out to the open ocean.

Of course, it's no surprise that many of these raiders are affiliated with the Ten Thunders. Misaki originally brought some across the Breach in the hopes of putting their seamanship to use on the rivers of Malifaux. But navigating a river turned out to be very different from navigating the open ocean, and the experiment ultimately failed.

Even so, many of the raiders remain, putting their knowledge of quick attacks and close-quarters fighting to good use. Some have even developed an affinity for the wind and the weather as their nautical skills were brought to life by the ambient magic of Malifaux.

The loyalty of a gang of pirates is a tenuous thing, however, even for the Ten Thunders. They remain unpredictable allies, often ignoring any orders that do not come directly from Misaki herself.

**WOKOU RAIDER**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>BALANCED SWORD</b> $\curvearrowright$ 1" 5 $\curvearrowright$ Df - Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each $\curvearrowright$ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). <b>Drop It!: Enemy only.</b> Target must Drop an enemy Scheme Marker into base contact with itself, in LoS of this model. <b>Coordinated Attack:</b> Another friendly model may take a $\curvearrowright$ Action targeting the same model.				
<b>COLLIER REVOLVER</b> $\curvearrowright$ 12" 5 Df - Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. <b>Reposition:</b> Move this model up to 3".				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>A NEW HORIZON</b> 6" 6 - 10 $\square$ Target a Scheme Marker. Place the target anywhere within 6" of its current location.				

30MM





**BANDIDO**  
Minion (3), Living  
BANDIT

**5**  
COST

**5** DF **5** WP **5** MV **2** SZ

**ABILITIES**

**RUN AND GUN:** This model's **Charge** Action may generate ⚡ Actions instead of ⚡ Actions.

**TRIGGER FINGER:** Once per Turn. After an enemy model Drops a Scheme Marker within ⚡8, this model may take a ⚡ Action targeting the enemy after resolving the current Action. Only one model with **Trigger Finger** may do so per Action.

**DF (W) QUICK GETAWAY:** Enemy only. After resolving, Push this model up to 5" in any direction.

**LIFE OF CRIME:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may remove a Scheme Marker within ⚡4 to gain **Fast**.

**HEALTH**

**BANDIDO**

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>KNIFE</b> Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. X <b>Maim:</b> Target discards a card.	0"	4	Df	-
<b>COLLIER REVOLVER</b> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ■ <b>Drop It:</b> Enemy only. Target must Drop an enemy Scheme Marker into base contact with itself, in LoS of this model. W <b>Reposition:</b> Move this model up to 3".	12"	5	Df	-
<b>AT GUNPOINT</b> Target a non-Leader enemy model within 3" of an enemy Scheme Marker. Target must either discard a random card or take a non-⚡ Action that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name, chosen and controlled by this model.	8"	5	Wp	12

**30MM**

## BANDIDO

The Barrows Gang, as they have come to be known, are notorious outlaws that plagued the Northern Hills and Footprints near Ridley. Most people, the Guild included, focus on "Barrows" more than they focus on "Gang," and that's just fine for the men and women who ride alongside Parker. They all take the same share of loot (Parker sees to that), and only one man's face ends up on the wanted posters.

They come from all walks of life but, for their own reasons, have forsaken it all and ridden out to become outlaws. Some were members of the Union, others were guardsmen, and word has it that one even used to work at the Star Theater. Of course, they have many things in common, too.

They're all dead shots with a pistol, experts on horseback, and adept at making a quick getaway into the harsh terrain of the Footprints; any who aren't died long ago.





# VON SCHILL

Leopold Von Schill is a decorated soldier who was there in the first days of the Breach's reopening. With an uncanny ability to read enemy movements, his leadership proved invaluable in retaking Malifaux City. But he made an enemy of the one person he shouldn't have. Rankled by Governor-General Kitchener's self-interest and ruthless disregard for the men under his command, Von Schill tendered his resignation.

Banding together the men who had chosen to join him over the Guild, Von Schill founded the Freikorps, today considered one of the finest groups of mercenaries money has to buy. That didn't mean life was easy for the old soldier, who has suffered more than his share of injuries by refusing to lead from the rear.

Kitchener's death could not have been more fitting, in Von Schill's mind, but his replacement, Franco Marlow, proved to be just as much a problem, albeit for different reasons. Deciding that the Guild could not allow "profiteers" to continue operating under its suffrage, Marlow gave Von Schill an ultimatum: bring the Freikorps back into the fold or be declared criminals.

Von Schill decided on the latter, moving his operations into the southern Badlands and offering a safe haven to his fellow outlaws called Freiholt.

Built on an old abandoned prospecting town aptly called Hope, Freiholt is still very much in its infancy. While the buildings from the town's previous life are still mostly intact, everything else was just short of wiped away by the dust and sand. The walls, barracks, and training grounds are all repurposed shipping containers, strapped loosely together by rope and rail spikes. Even the train tracks that once lead all the way back to Malifaux City had been washed away by the time the Freikorps showed up.

But Leopold is a smart, resourceful man; Hope wasn't chosen by chance. Its foundation was already there, and the tunnels often only went one way, so there was little chance for an ambush from beneath. Irrigation was simple enough too, with a few thin rivers cutting through the desert within a stone's throw of the town's watch towers.

Outwardly, Von Schill acts like this was all according to Marlow's plan. Inwardly, he begrudgingly offers Franco a measure of respect. The Governor-General wanted to bring civilization to the frontier, and by founding Freiholt, Von Schill has unwittingly started to do just that.

## VON SCHILL

Master, Living Construct  
FREIKORPS

15  
COST



6  
DF

7  
WP

6  
MV

2  
SZ

ABILITIES

**ARMOR +1:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.

**SURVIVALIST:** When this model Heals, it Heals an additional +1 Health.

**SHOUTING ORDERS (FREIKORPS):** Friendly Freikorps models within 6 may discard a card to treat the Concentrate Action as a ♣ Action.

**DIVING CHARGE:** This model may declare the Charge Action while engaged. When this model takes the Charge Action, it ignores terrain while moving and can move through other models.

**BLAST RESISTANT +1:** Reduce all damage this model suffers from Shockwave, (U), and ♣ effects by +1.

HEALTH

## VON SCHILL

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>CLOCKWORK ARM</b> Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. ♣ <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ♣ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). ♣ <b>"Pull!":</b> Place the target within 5" of its current location, not engaged with this model. Another friendly model within LoS of the target may take a ♣ Action targeting it.	1"	6	Df	-
<b>CUSTOM CLOCKWORK RIFLE</b> This Action ignores Cover. Target suffers 2/4/5 damage, ignoring Hard to Wound. ♣ <b>Reposition:</b> Move this model up to 3".	14"	6	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>LOAD UP</b> Friendly non-Beast Minion or Freikorps models only. Attach an Equipment Upgrade to the target. The target may Push up to 2". ♣ <b>My Loyal Servant:</b> Another model (other than this model) within 3" of the target Heals 1/2/3. ♣ <b>Preparations:</b> Target gains Focused +1. ♣ <b>Quick Reflexes:</b> Take this Action again, targeting a different model. X <b>"Give 'Em Hell!":</b> Target may take an Action on one of its Attached Equipment Upgrades. If the target is a Minion, the Action receives a ♣ to its duel.	8"	7	-	12
<b>I'VE GOT YOUR BACK</b> Target other engaged friendly model. Target is Placed into base contact with this model.	6"	6	-	10
<b>SHRUG OFF</b> Discard a card. End one Condition on this model.	-	-	-	-

30MM







## STEAM TRUNK

*Enforcer, Construct  
Totem (Von Schill)*  
FREIKORPS

2

COST



4  
DF

4  
WP

  
 FACTION

5  
MV

1  
SZ

### ABILITIES

**ARMOR +2:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

**INSIGNIFICANT:** This model cannot take the **Interact** Action and is ignored for Strategies and Schemes.

**ARMORY:** After a friendly Minion or Freikorps model within 3 discards an Equipment Upgrade, it may discard a card to Attach a different Equipment Upgrade.

**DEMISE (EXPLOSIVE +2):** After this model is killed, models within 2 suffer +2 damage. This model does not Drop any Markers when killed.

1 2 3

HEALTH

STEAM TRUNK

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>RUMMAGE THROUGH THE TRUNK</b> <i>Once per Activation. Friendly non-Beast Minion or Freikorps models only. Attach an Equipment Upgrade to the target.</i>	2"	4	-	10
✦ <b>FIRE EXTINGUISHER</b> <i>Friendly only. Target ends the <b>Burning</b> Condition.</i>	2"	-	-	-
✦ <b>EMERGENCY SYRETTTE</b> <i>Friendly only. Target Heals 1/2/3 and ends the <b>Poison</b> Condition.</i>	2"	5	-	10

30MM

## STEAM TRUNK

A simple construct, the Steam Trunk has proven invaluable to Von Schill and his mercenary Freikorps. Little more than an armored steamer trunk on a pair of interlocking chain-treads, the Steam Trunk can carry a variety of useful equipment, loaded heavier than any mule or cart.

Each Freikorpsmann, and anyone else who happens to be accompanying Von Schill on a job, is trained to use any item in the trunk that is likely to have combat applications. The Steam Trunk also carries more mundane items as well, such as shovels and tents. However, by regulation, the items that are more useful in an emergency are stored at the top.

This mechanical mule, as some of the men have begun calling it, is often treated as a member of the team. Some have claimed that it has even begun to show pet-like intelligence, which worries Von Schill and his officers. They don't like the idea of a soldier risking his life to protect a mechanical container.





**ARIK SCHÖTTEMER**  
*Henchman, Living, Construct*  
 FREIKORPS

**10**  
 COST



**5** DF **5** WP **5** MV **2** SZ

**ABILITIES**

**ARMOR +2:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

**GRAVITY WELL:** Enemy models may not be Placed within 6" unless they are Placed by an effect generated by a friendly model.

**KINETIC AMPLIFIER:** When this model would suffer damage from a **Shockwave**, 2, or (1), it may discard a card to instead gain **Focused +1**.

**DIVING CHARGE:** This model may declare the **Charge** Action while engaged. When this model takes the **Charge** Action, it ignores terrain while moving and can move through other models.

**HEALTH**

**ARIK SCHÖTTEMER**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>ENHANCED FISTS</b> Target suffers 2/4/6 damage. <b>Puncture:</b> When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a 1 for each 1 in the final duel total (to a maximum of 10). <b>Armor Piercing:</b> When resolving, damage from this Action ignores <b>Armor</b> .	1"	6	Df	-
<b>AETHERIC GRENADE</b> This Action ignores LoS. <b>Shockwave</b> 2, <b>Mv</b> 13, <b>Damage</b> 2.	8"	5	*	12

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>CHARGE UP</b> Choose one of the Abilities below. Until the End Phase, this model gains the chosen Ability: <b>Polarized Shielding:</b> After an enemy model resolves a 1 Action that damaged this model, the enemy model suffers 1 damage. <b>Charged Fists:</b> Models damaged by this model's 1 Actions suffer +1 damage and are Pushed up to 2" away from this model. <b>Bright Aether:</b> Increase the value of any <b>Shockwaves</b> generated by this model by +1. Any models damaged by a <b>Shockwave</b> created by this model also gain <b>Distracted +1</b> .	-	-	-	-

**40MM**

## ARIK SCHÖTTEMER

With thick-lensed glasses and an asthmatic vapor-inhaler around his neck, Arik Schöttemer is the last man one would imagine serving as Von Schill's Ritterkommendant. Unable to play outside as a boy, Schöttemer was enchanted by books of medieval knights, of valor, duty, and dragonslaying. He felt his goal in life was to return these traditions to the modern world. Graduating from Humbolt in Germany, he was hired by the M&SU before being headhunted for the Freikorps Engineers. There, Schöttemer developed the Strongarm, an advanced suit of armor that not only protected its wearer, but enhanced their abilities to superhuman levels thanks to an aetheric converter of his own design.

After many failed (i.e. explosive) attempts to mass-produce his converter, Schöttemer shamefully declared his project a failure. But his true value to the Freikorps was discovered that same day, when an undead specimen began a rampage in the compound. Donning his armor, Schöttemer fearlessly slayed the monstrosity and saved more than a dozen men. Von Schill promoted him on the spot.





Unlike her sociopathic sister, Anna, who craved recognition and prestige, Hannah's single motivation was knowledge for its own sake. So it was a surprise to her when she was driven to resign from Oxford by those who envied her talents. It took little effort on Von Schill's part to convince her to come to Malifaux, where she found the logistics of running an autonomous army surprisingly suitable for her talents.

HANNAH LOVELACE				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>ENHANCED FISTS</b> Target suffers 2/4/6 damage. <b>☛ Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ☛ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). <b>☛ Sweeping Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +☛ damage. <b>✕ Delay:</b> Target gains <b>Slow</b> .	☛ 1"	6☛	Df	-
ANCIENT WORDS	8"	6	Wp	-
Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. <b>☛ Glimpse the Void:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Target must pass a TN 14 <b>Wp</b> duel or it is Buried. If the target is Buried by this Trigger, at the start of its Activation, Unbury it within 1" of an enemy model.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>↘ ADAPTIVE TACTICS</b> <i>Select one of the target's Tactical Actions that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name. Friendly Freikorps models only.</i> This model may take the selected Action. If the selected Action is a ↘ Action, it may be taken even if this model has taken a ↘ already during this Activation. <b>☛ Purification:</b> End one Condition on the target.	8"	6	-	12



# 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, to say the least.



**LAZARUS**  
 Enforcer, Construct  
 FREIKORPS

9  
 COST

5  
 Df

6  
 Wp

4  
 Mv

3  
 Sz

**ABILITIES**  
**ARMOR +2:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.  
**UNYIELDING:** When this model would take an Action outside of its Activation, its owner may choose for it not to.  
**BODYGUARD:** Other friendly models within 2 have Cover.  
**GRIT (ELIMINATION PROTOCOLS):** While this model has half of its maximum Health or less, it may treat its Actions as Actions.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8  
 HEALTH

**LAZARUS**

**ATTACK ACTIONS**

RG	STAT	RST	TN
1"	6	Df	-

**BAYONET**  
 Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.  
 ♣ **"Pull!":** Place the target within 5" of its current location, not engaged with this model. Another friendly model within LoS of the target may take a Action targeting it.

**GRENADE LAUNCHER** 10" 6 \* 12  
 This Action ignores LoS. Shockwave 2, Df 13, Damage 3.  
 X **Burnt to a Crisp:** Scheme Markers touching a Shockwave Marker or a (t) generated by this Shockwave are removed.

♣ **ASSIMILATE** 8" 6 Wp 14  
 Non-Master Construct only. Select a non- Action printed on the target model's Stat Card that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name. Until the End Phase, this model may treat the selected Action (and its Triggers) as though it were printed on its card. The Stat for the Action is considered to be equal to the Stat for this Action.  
 ♣ **Rapid Reconfiguration:** This model may take the selected Action.

**TACTICAL ACTIONS**

RG	STAT	RST	TN
-	-	-	-

**JUGGERNAUT**  
 Discard a card. This model Heals 1/2/4.

40MM



# DRACHEN TROOPER

Wielding the dreaded flammenwerfer takes not only skill but, as other Freikorpsmenn joke, more than a just a touch of insanity. It takes months of training to join the Drachentruppe, and many Freikorpsmenn wash out of the course before its completion. They just aren't able to reconcile the fact that they are rushing toward danger with canisters of volatile chemicals strapped to their back.

Those who are able to complete the training are a fearsome sight to behold on the battlefield however, and those same jokesters are the first to thank whatever deities they pray to that a Drachen Trooper was there the moment a horde of hungry zombies bursts through a wall.



**DRACHEN TROOPER**  
Minion (2), Living  
FREIKORPS

8

COST

5

6

4

2

DF

WP

MV

SZ

**ABILITIES**  
**ARMOR +1:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.  
**CLEAR THE AREA:** At the end of this model's Activation, it may remove all Corpse and Scrap Markers within (1)3.  
**DEMISE (FLAMING +2):** After this model is killed, models within (1)2 suffer +2 damage and gain **Burning +2**. This model does not Drop any Markers when killed.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

HEALTH

**DRACHEN TROOPER**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>KNIFE</b> Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. <b>Reposition:</b> Move this model up to 3".	0"	5	Df	-
<b>FLAMETHROWER</b> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. Models damaged by this Action gain <b>Burning +2</b> . <b>Flame Wall:</b> Target must have <b>Burning +3</b> or greater. Create a 50mm Hazardous ( <b>Burning +1</b> ) Pyre Marker within 1" of the target. <b>Mass Hysteria:</b> Push models damaged by this Action up to 3" in any direction.	10"	6	Mv	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>MOVE OR BURN</b> Friendly models within range with <b>Distracted</b> , <b>Slow</b> , and/or <b>Staggered</b> suffer 1 damage and end their <b>Distracted</b> , <b>Slow</b> , and <b>Staggered</b> Conditions. <b>Ignition:</b> Immediately, models within (1)2 of this model gain <b>Burning +2</b> .	(1)10"	6	-	10
<b>BURN IT DOWN</b> Remove all Destructible Markers within range. Until the End Phase, other models treat the area within range as Hazardous ( <b>Burning +1</b> ) Terrain.	4"	6	-	11

30MM





## 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**  
*Minion (2), Living*  
**FREIKORPS**

7  
COST

5  
DF

6  
Wp

5  
Mv

2  
Sz

**ABILITIES**

**ARMOR +1:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.

**ARCANE SHIELD +1:** During the Start Phase, this model gains **Shielded +1**.

**SIPHON POWER:** After this model declares an Action, a friendly model within 4" may suffer 1 irreducible damage. If it does so, this model may add one suit of its choice to the Action's final duel total.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

HEALTH

**FREIKORPS LIBRARIAN**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>ANCIENT WORDS</b> Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. <b>Burst Damage:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +2 damage. <b>Surge:</b> Draw a card.	8"	6	Wp	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>HEALING ENERGY</b> Target Heals 1/2/3. <b>Healing Burst:</b> Models within 10/2 of the target Heal 1.	8"	6	-	12
<b>CONSOLIDATE POWER</b> <i>Friendly Minion only.</i> Push the target up to 4" toward a friendly model in its LoS.	10"	6	-	10

**30MM**



# FREIKORPS ENGINEER

The signature body armor and diverse weaponry used by the Freikorps give them a competitive edge over their rivals, but such advanced technology requires constant maintenance. That task typically falls to the Freikorps' brilliant Engineers.

Most of the Engineers were personally headhunted by Von Schill, who lured them away from lucrative M&SU careers with the promise of less bureaucracy, oversight, and paperwork.

Because of their value to the Freikorps, the engineers are restricted from accepting their own contracts and usually only set foot on the battlefield when Von Schill or Hannah Lovelace require technical support in the field.



FREIKORPS ENGINEER

Minion (2), Living

FREIKORPS

6

COST

5

DF

5

WP

FRACTION

5

MV

2

SZ

ABILITIES

ARMOR +1:

Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.

SABOTAGE:

After this model kills a Construct, it may Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with itself.

TOOLS FOR THE JOB:

At the start of this model's Activation, it may draw the top card of its Discard Pile, then discard a card. Until the End Phase, this model may add the suit of the discarded card to its final duel totals.

1 2 3 4 5 6

HEALTH

FREIKORPS ENGINEER

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

CIRCULAR SAW-BLADE

1"

5

Df

-

Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.

Armor Piercing:

When resolving, damage from this Action ignores Armor.

Severe Injury:

Models damaged by this Action gain Injured +1 for each X in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of Injured +2).

CLOCKWORK REVOLVER

12"

5

Df

-

Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.

Critical Strike:

When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each P in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

STRENGTHEN ARMOR

6"

5

-

10

Discard a card.

Target model gains Shielded +2. If the target is a Freikorps model, it may draw a card. If the target is a Construct, it Heals 1.

Preparations:

Target gains Focused +1.

Light-Distorting Device:

Until the End Phase, the target has Concealment.

30MM



**FREIKORPS SCOUT**  
Minion (3), Living  
FREIKORPS

**6**  
COST



5 Df 5 WP 5 MV 2 Sz

**ABILITIES**

**ARMOR +1:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.

**FROM THE SHADOWS:** This model may be deployed at the start of the game, rather than during Deployment. If so, this model may be deployed anywhere on the table that is at least 6" away from the enemy Deployment Zone, and it may not take the **Interact** Action on the first Turn.

**ADVANCED SIGHTS:** This model's Attack Actions ignore Concealment and Friendly Fire.

**PURSUE:** This model's Attack Actions receive +1 to their duels when targeting models that have already Activated this Turn.

1 2 3 4 5 6  
HEALTH

**FREIKORPS SCOUT**

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>KNIFE</b> Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. ☛ <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ☛ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).	0"	5	Df	-
<b>CLOCKWORK RIFLE</b> This Action ignores Cover. Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. ☛ <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ☛ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). ☛ <b>Reposition:</b> Move this model up to 3".	14"	5W	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>QUICK RETREAT</b> This Action may only be taken while engaged. This model may move up to 4".	-	-	-	-

30MM

## FREIKORPS SCOUT

The Freikorps have a variety of talents to offer prospective clients. One of the more specialized roles is that of the Scout, all of whom belong to an independent force for the Korps.

Scouts 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. Scouts 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 Scouts 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. But all have been instructed to get a better lay of the land that surrounds Freiholt.





Since its arrival in Malifaux, the Freikorps has grown in size and influence, but only the best of the best are recruited into Von Schill's service. Whether it was coming to Malifaux along with Von Schill initially to work for the Guild, or joining up with the Freikorps when the band's contract was cut short by the Governor General, no Freikorpsmann regrets the decision. Although facing certain death is often part of their missions, the Freikorps are paid an honest wage for perils faced.

A Freikorpsmann is not just a warm body filling the ranks until he is killed and another nameless face takes his place. Each signs their contract of service with Von Schill himself and swears an oath of commitment in front of his brothers and sisters. It is their duty to protect one another and ensure whatever mission they are tasked with is completed.



# FREIKORPSMANN

*Minion (3), Living*

FREIKORPS

5

COST



5

DF

5

Wp



5

Mv

2

Sz

## ABILITIES

**ARMOR +1:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.

**RUTHLESS:** This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

**SURVIVALIST:** When this model Heals, it Heals an additional +1 Health.

**EQUIPMENT TRAINING:** When this model would discard an Equipment Upgrade, it may instead suffer 1 damage to not do so.

1

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4

5

HEALTH

FREIKORPSMANN				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>KNIFE</b> Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. <b>☛ Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ☛ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). <b>📖 Survival Skills:</b> This model Heals 1/2/3.	☛ 0"	5	Df	-
CLOCKWORK REVOLVER	RG	STAT	RST	TN
Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. <b>☛ Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ☛ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). <b>🔪 Reposition:</b> Move this model up to 3".	⤵ 12"	5	Df	-
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>🔪 REFERENCE THE FIELD GUIDE</b> <i>Discard a card.</i> Until the End Phase, this model adds the suit of the discarded card to its final duel totals.	-	-	-	-







# CAPTAIN ZIPP

Zipp is a sky pirate extraordinaire, the most feared Gremlin in the skies, and ruthless leader of the Iron Skeeters. Or, at least, that's what he rambles on about to anyone who seems interested (which, thanks to Zipp's determination and showmanship, is just about everyone in his vicinity).

Ever since the day Zipp discovered an aethervox and heard stories of grand adventure being broadcast across it, he knew he was destined for great things. He started by robbing caravans with a crew of other Gremlins, but it was never quite daring enough for him. He had dreamed of being a fearsome brigand or a dastardly clever villain, not a common thief.

Everything changed the day Zipp stole an experimental airship from the Guild. He's christened it the Infamy, and with it he terrorizes Malifaux from the skies.

Leaping from the ship on his moonshine-powered (well, at the very least, moonshine seems to work) jetpack, Zipp wields his purloined lightning gun against his unfortunate victims... or rather, he does so once his victims have heard a proper monologue.

To Captain Zipp, the mission and materials gained after succeeding are only as valuable as the stories they merit. After all, you can't just go around killing and robbing folks without a proper monologue. How else are they supposed to know who robbed them?

And his antics are starting to bear fruit. In a seemingly random occurrence, Captain Zipp crossed fated paths with one of his heroes, Parker Barrows, and after a long night of drinking that would make even the most alcohol-hardened Gremlin pass out, both the famed bandit and sky pirate agreed to join forces.

While the job that they dreamed up in their drunken stupor was about as well-thought out as making a silurid in charge of piloting an airship, a plan was nevertheless made to attempt the impossible. Knowing he would need to bolster his crew for such a task, Zipp put out an open call for those eager to seize glory, drawing like-minded oddballs and weirdos for miles around, attracting wrastlers and former Steamfitters alike.

CAPTAIN ZIPP

Master, Living

INFAMOUS

15

COST



6

5

8

1

DF

WP

FACTION

MV

SZ

ABILITIES

**DF (W) BLASTING OFF AGAIN:** *Enemy only.* After resolving, Place this model anywhere within 6" of its current location.

**GOT BETTER STUFF TO DO:** This model cannot take the **Interact** Action.

**CHATTY:** Enemy models within 6" must each discard a card to take the **Interact** Action.

**SPUTTERING EXHAUST:** Models within 12" of this model have Concealment.

**SHOWBOATING:** At the end of this model's Activation, if it Cheated Fate from its Control Hand during its Activation, it may draw a card.

**FLIGHT:** When resolving the **Walk** or **Charge** Action, instead of moving normally, this model may Place itself completely within X", where X is equal to this model's **Mv**. This model does not suffer Falling damage.

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4

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9

10

11

12

HEALTH

CAPTAIN ZIPP

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

**"UP WE GO!"** 2" 3 Sz -

*This Action cannot target models with **Flight**. Place the target anywhere within 3" of its current position. The target suffers 2/3/4 damage.*

✦ **You're Comin' with Me:** Push the target up to 3" in any direction, then Place this model into base contact with it.

✕ **Severe Injury:** Models damaged by this Action gain **Injured +1** for each ✕ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of **Injured +2**).

**ZIPP ZAPPER** 8" 6 Df -

*This Action ignores **Cover** and **Concealment**. Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. Push models damaged by this Action up to 1" in any direction.*

♣ **Burst Damage:** When resolving, the target suffers +♣ damage.

✕ **Convulsions:** *Enemy only.* Move the target up to 3". Then the target must either discard a card or this model may move it up to 3".

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

**"DROP THE PIANOS!"** 6" 5 - 10

*Once per Turn. Discard up to two cards and/or Pass Tokens. Create a 40mm Ht 3, Blocking, Destructible, Impassable Piano Marker anywhere within range. For each discarded card or Pass Token, Create an additional Piano Marker within range.*

✦ **What is Even...?:** Enemy models within 12" of one or more of the Created Markers must each pass a TN 14 **Wp** duel or suffer 2 damage and gain **Distracted +1**.

✕ **BORING CONVERSATION** 6" 6 - 13

*Until the End Phase, when an enemy model within range declares a non-Walk Action it must pass a TN 10 **Wp** duel or the Action fails.*

30MM







Earl Burns was once the lead engineer on a top-secret Guild project. He was in charge of a team of laborers making good pay. Now, he is a prisoner of a bunch of Gremlins who fancy themselves pirates and keep mucking about with the controls of his airship.

It all happened one night, just before the airship's debut. The Gremlins stole the ship and Earl along with it. It seemed they hadn't quite planned on how they would fly the thing and were happy to find Earl at the controls. Since then, he's spent his days repairing everything they have destroyed, explaining why firing guns around a hundred and twenty five thousand cubic feet of hydrogen gas is a bad idea, and generally trying to avoid losing the ship in a fiery death spiral.

The worst is the damned silurid that Zipp keeps around. Earl is certain that he will never be able to teach it to fly the ship, despite Zipp's demands, and it always licks its lips when it looks at him...



**EARL BURNS**  
*Enforcer, Living Totem (Captain Zipp)*  
**INFAMOUS**

**3**  
 COST

**5**  
 DF

**4**  
 WP

**5**  
 MV

**2**  
 SZ

**ABILITIES**

**"GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME!":** After a friendly model with **Flight** within **01** declares a **Walk** Action, this model may be Placed into base contact with that model after resolving the Action.

**LOOTED SUPPLIES:** At the start of this model's Activation, if it is within **01** of any Scrap or Corpse Markers, it may draw a card.

**"IS THIS REALLY HELPING?":** After a Piano Marker within **06** is removed, another friendly model within **06** may Heal 1.

**HEALTH**

EARL BURNS				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>HEAVY WRENCH</b> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. If the target is a friendly Construct, it instead Heals 2. <b>Dismantle for Parts:</b> <i>Enemy Construct only.</i> Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with the target.	1"	4	Df	-
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>"STOP DROPPING THINGS!"</b> Create a 40mm Ht 3, Blocking, Destructible, Impassable Piano Marker anywhere within range.	6"	5	-	10
<b>CHAIN GANG</b> <i>Other friendly model only.</i> Move the target up to 3". Then, this model may move up to 3", which must end within 3" of the target.	3"	-	-	-
<b>FREE LOOT</b> <i>Target an enemy Scheme Marker.</i> Place this model into base contact with the target. Then, remove the target and draw a card.	3"	-	-	-



# JOHAN CREEDY

A fiercely independent prospector, Johan preferred a life of solitude. His talents were modest, but he had a streak of luck that landed him a sizable stipend from the Guild. This irked the M&SU, who insisted his outfit, however small, pay its dues and hire only Union laborers. When he refused, they started sending troubleshooters, which he dealt with at the end of his hammer.

But the Union did not relent, and found more subtle methods to undermine him. With no choice but to cut his loses, Johan eventually hired on with a brazen airship captain promising lucrative contracts and zero M&SU oversight. The realization that he was now working for a Gremlin was enough to make even Johan crack a momentary smile.

JOHAN CREEDY

Enforcer, Living

Versatile

INFAMOUS

7

COST

5

Df

5

Wp

4

Mv

2

Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

**HARD TO KILL:** When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

**SABOTAGE:** After this model kills a Construct, it may Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with itself.

**SHOWBOATING:** At the end of this model's Activation, if it Cheated Fate from its Control Hand during its Activation, it may draw a card.

**FLURRY:** Once per Turn. After this model resolves a // Action during its Activation, it may discard a card to take that Action again.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

HEALTH

JOHAN CREEDY

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

RELIC HAMMER

// 2"

6

Df

-

Target suffers 3/4/6 damage, ignoring the **Shielded** Condition.

♥ **Knock Aside:** Push the target 4" in any direction.

REBEL YELL

6"

5

Wp

10

End all Conditions on the target.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

FINAL REST

(//) 4"

5

-

10

Remove all Scrap and Corpse Markers within range. Choose a number of friendly models in this model's LoS up to the number of removed Markers, then each chosen model Heals 1.

30MM



It wasn't until much later that Viktoria had realized that the void was not a void at all, but a voice. It spoke to her with words of power and glory, of thrones upon which to sit and kingdoms upon which to rule. Prizes and treasures that were once considered impossibilities, that even to fathom them was a waste of time for a mercenary always looking for the next easy opportunity, were now fresh fruit to pluck from a tree.

This voice assured her, comforted her, that the limitations of what she - no, they - could accomplish were only lines drawn in sand, and a tide was coming. With the voice's help, not only could they weather the storm, they would become it.

Eventually, she and her doppelganger aimed for a trophy that none have yet been able to claim, not even the Tyrants. Not for ages. The rarest prize for the strongest bounty hunters: the head of the immortal queen, Titania. She and her twin gathered what information they could before marching into the Badlands alongside several dozen of the most dangerous sellswords Malifaux had to offer.

With each kill, the voice became louder, and her doppelganger sister's became naught but a murmur. The voice asked for blood and Viktoria delivered an ocean, just as the voice had predicted. But there is always a cost to immeasurable power.

Even her twin saw her in a different light, driven not by glory or treasure, but by madness. As their numbers dwindled and when the time for desperate measures came, Viktoria Chambers was separated from her trusted Masamune and was forced to leave it – and its guiding voice – behind.

Reeling from her first defeat, Viktoria Chambers must now find a new drive that defines her. Luckily, she is not alone in this endeavor.

**VIKTORIA CHAMBERS** **11**  
Master (2), Living **COST**  
MERCENARY

6 Df 5 Wp 6 MV 2 Sz

**FACTION**

**ABILITIES**

**BATTLE TEMPO:** During the Start Phase, this model may Push up to 2" in any direction.

**SISTERS IN SPIRIT:** At the start of this model's Activation, another friendly Viktoria Chambers model within 06 may Place itself into base contact with this model.

**SYNCHRONIZED:** At the end of this model's Activation, a friendly Viktoria Chambers model within 06 that has not yet Activated this Turn may discard a card to do so.

**ASHES AND BLOOD:** If this model is this Crew's Leader, this Crew may hire another Viktoria Chambers model at Cost 0.

**INTO THE FRAY:** After this model kills an enemy model, all friendly models with this Ability Heal 2.

**DEMISE (UNBALANCED):** After this model is killed, other friendly Viktoria Chambers models Heal 3 and receive a 1 to their Df and Wp duels until the end of the game.

**HEALTH**

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

VIKTORIA CHAMBERS				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>ENCHANTED KATANA</b> ♣ 1"      7      Df      -				
Target suffers 3/4/6 damage.				
♣ <b>Whirlwind Attack:</b> Enemy models within (1)1 of this model, other than the target, suffer 2 damage.				
📖 <b>Bloody Fate:</b> Draw a card. If the target was not killed, discard a card.				
♥ <b>"That One Counts as Mine!":</b> Another friendly Mercenary may take an Attack Action targeting the same model, ignoring Friendly Fire. If this Action kills the target, this model may be treated as having killed the target instead.				
<b>CUSTOM FIREARM</b> ⚔ 12"      5      Df      -				
Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.				
♥ <b>Get In There:</b> A friendly Minion within LoS of the target may Push up to 3" toward the target.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>DRAGON'S BITE</b> 8"      7      -      14				
<i>Enemy only.</i> Push all friendly Viktoriya Chambers models within 6" of the target 6" toward the target.				
♣ <b>Dragon's Fangs:</b> One model Pushed by this Action may take a ♣ Action targeting this Action's target.				
♥ <b>THE SETTING SUN</b> 2"      -      -      -				
<i>Other friendly Viktoriya Chambers only.</i> This model and the target gain <b>Shielded +1</b> .				
♥ <b>EAST AND WEST</b> -      -      -      -				
Until the End Phase, while this model is not within 6" of another friendly Viktoriya Chambers, its ⚔ Actions receive a ♠ to their duels.				







# BISHOP

Bishop was once the best fighter the Pits had ever seen. He was fearless, talented, and ruthless. His only weapons were the chains they kept him locked up with between matches.

Those days are, thankfully, gone now: after his bloody escape, he became a bounty hunter, pursuing the deadliest targets where others feared to go, and always on the lookout for his former captors.

It was luck, or lack of it, that brought him to the Viktorias. They needed the best to take on the worst, and the reward would mean he'd never go hungry again. But it all went sideways, and Bishop barely got out with his life.

It seemed to him the sisters were making bets their swords couldn't cash. Best they part ways for a little while. He'd be around if they needed him. Meantime, Big Jake asked for his help to free his son, a cause that feels like a vacation in comparison.



**BISHOP**  
*Enforcer, Living*  
**MERCENARY**

**9**  
COST



6  
DF

6  
WP


  
**FACTION**

5  
MV

2  
SZ

**ABILITIES**

**ADAPTIVE:** At the start of this model's Activation, choose a suit. This model adds the chosen suit to its duel totals until the end of its Activation.

**BATTLE TEMPO:** During the Start Phase, this model may Push up to 2" in any direction.

**DF (X) CAGE FIGHTER:** If this Action is a  Action, the Attacking model suffers 2/3/4 damage, which cannot be Cheated.

**SWIFT:** At the start of this model's Activation, it gains **Fast**.

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
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8

9

**HEALTH**

**BISHOP**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>STAGGERING PUNCH</b>  0" 6 Df - Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains <b>Staggered</b> . <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each  in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). <b>Tactical Planning:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> This model's Crew gains a Pass Token. <b>Knock Aside:</b> Push the target 4" in any direction. <b>Delay:</b> Target gains <b>Slow</b> .				
<b>CHALLENGE</b> 8" 7 <b>WP</b> 13 Until the End Phase or when this model is killed (whichever comes first), the target must discard a card to target any model other than this model with an Action. <b>Defensive Reflexes:</b> This model gains <b>Shielded +1</b> . <b>Survival Skills:</b> This model Heals 1/2/3.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>CHAIN GANG</b> 3" - - - <i>Other friendly model only.</i> Move the target up to 3". Then, this model may move up to 3", which must end within 3" of the target.				

**30MM**



Taelor's penchant for drinking and carousing are well-known in most of the City's taverns. Her boisterous nature at the bar is both entertaining and annoying, and most folk who know of her simply let her exaggerated stories and boasts slide, or happily play along if a rube is in the audience who doesn't yet realize he's being played.

A true mercenary, Taelor found the idea of Von Schill's Freiholt a bit gauche. She would have finished her drink and moved on if it weren't for Parker Barrows, who sidled up and offered her an impressive payday for his next job after his last one had failed spectacularly.

After having a swig of the liquid fire he'd been drinking, she begrudgingly agreed as long as she was responsible for refilling the alcohol rations, for her sake and theirs.



Taelor				
Attack Actions	Rg	Stat	Rst	Tn
<b>Relic Hammer</b> Target suffers 3/4/6 damage, ignoring the <b>Shielded</b> Condition. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>☛ <b>Puncture:</b> When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a ☛ for each ☛ in the final duel total (to a maximum of ☛☛).</li> <li>☛ <b>From the Heavens:</b> When resolving, damage from this Action may not be reduced using Soulstones.</li> <li>☛ <b>Bloody Fate:</b> Draw a card. If the target was not killed, discard a card.</li> <li>☛ <b>Knock Aside:</b> Push the target 4" in any direction.</li> </ul>	☛ 2"	7	Df	-
<b>Bring It</b> Target moves its <b>Mv</b> +2" toward this model. Then, the target must take a ☛ Action that cannot declare Triggers targeting this model, if able. Any damage flips from the generated Action suffer a ☛.	12"	5	Wp	13
Tactical Actions	Rg	Stat	Rst	Tn
☛ <b>Shrug Off</b> <i>Discard a card.</i> End one Condition on this model.	-	-	-	-



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, discovered her own magical talents, and rose to a quasi-important position within Viktoria's band, though Vanessa felt that her sister (now *sisters*) just as often assigned her to the logistics work and dealing clients Viktoria didn't want to.

While Viktoria pursued glory against Titania, Vanessa is now seeking to strengthen her group's ties to Freiholt.

## VANESSA CHAMBERS

### ATTACK ACTIONS

RG    STAT    RST    TN

#### BALANCED SWORD

♣ 1"    5    Df    -

Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.

- ▣ **Bloody Fate:** Draw a card. If the target was not killed, discard a card.

#### ARCANE STAFF

♣ 12"    6    Df    -

Target suffers 2/3♣/4♣♣ damage.

- ▣ **Surge:** Draw a card.

### TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG    STAT    RST    TN

#### HEALING ENERGY

8"    6    -    12

Target Heals 1/2/3.

- ▣ **Healing Burst:** Models within (0)2 of the target Heal 1.

#### ♠ I'VE GOT YOUR BACK

6"    6    -    10

Target *other engaged friendly model*. Target is Placed into base contact with this model.

- ♣ **Mend:** Target Heals 2.

- ▣ **Preparations:** Target gains **Focused +1**.

30MM



**RONIN**  
Minion (3), Living  
MERCENARY

**6**  
COST



5  
Df

5  
Wp

5  
Mv

2  
Sz

**ABILITIES**  
**HARD TO KILL:** When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.  
**BATTLE TEMPO:** During the Start Phase, this model may Push up to 2" in any direction.  
**ON THE MOVE:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may move up to 3", ignoring other models.  
**FLURRY:** Once per Turn. After this model resolves a Action during its Activation, it may discard a card to take that Action again.

1

2

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4

5

6

HEALTH

**RONIN**

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>DAITO</b> 1" 5 Df - Target suffers 2/3/5 damage, ignoring <b>Armor</b> . <b>Puncture:</b> When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a  for each  in the final duel total (to a maximum of  ). <b>Reposition:</b> Move this model up to 3".				
<b>COLLIER REVOLVER</b> 12" 5 Df - Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. <b>Bloody Fate:</b> Draw a card. If the target was not killed, discard a card.				

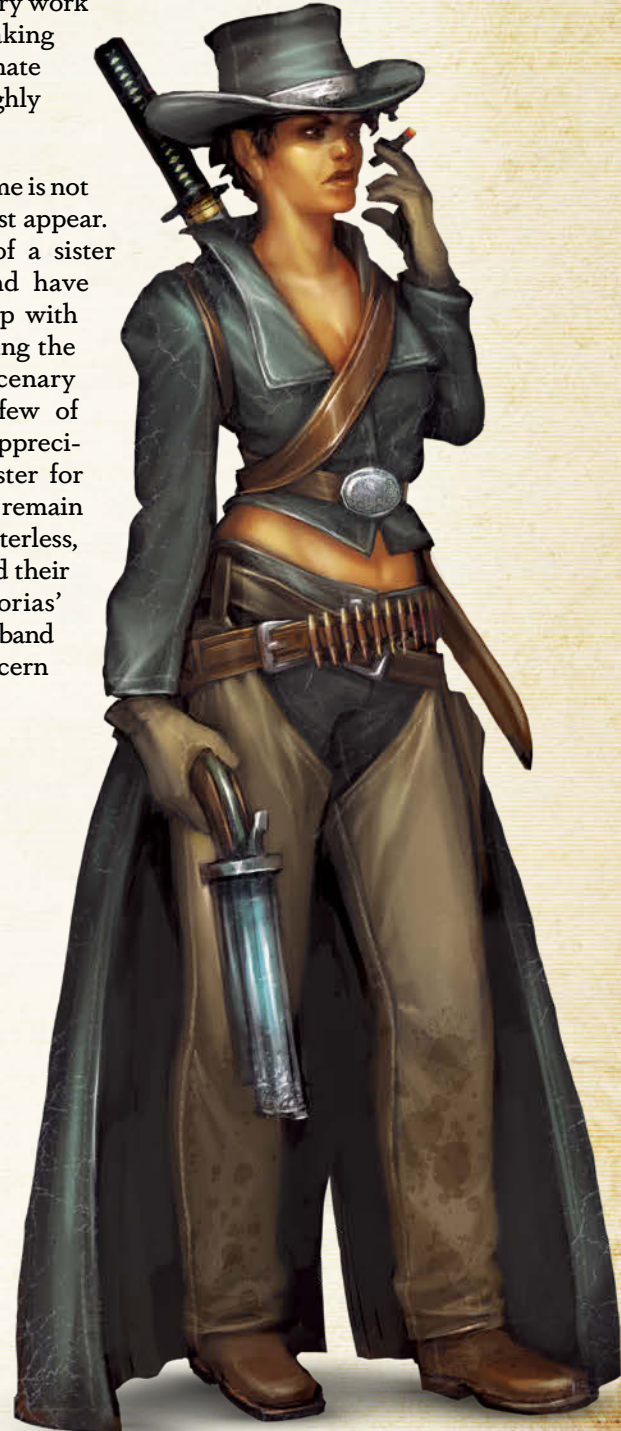
TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>FINAL SACRIFICE</b> This model may either draw two cards or add two Soulstones to its Crew's Soulstone Pool. Then, this model is killed.				

30MM

## RONIN







Ronin roam Malifaux as masterless mercenaries. Their contracts expired, failed, or forfeit for some other reason, these unfortunate souls lack the resources to return Earthside. Many become outlaws and are content to live off the hard work of others, while some take on whatever clandestine mercenary work they can, typically taking a fraction of a legitimate contract's fee for highly dangerous work.

But the future for some is not as bleak as it may first appear. Many have heard of a sister mercenary team and have located and taken up with the Viktorias, swelling the ranks of their mercenary band. Although a few of the Ronin do not appreciate trading one master for another, and elect to remain wandering and masterless, enough have pledged their swords to the Viktorias' bloody cause that the band is becoming a concern for those in power.





Since arriving Breachside, Big Jake has become notorious among bounty hunters, some of whom claim to have collected on his bounty, only for the laconic warrior to reappear. The few sympathetic folk he meets warily insist his son must be dead, but he assures them the ancestors say otherwise.

BIG JAKE					
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN	
<b>TOMAHAWK</b>	 1"	5	Df	-	
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.					
<p> <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each  in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).</p> <p> <b>You're Comin' with Me:</b> Push the target up to 3" in any direction, then Place this model into base contact with it.</p>					
<b>THROWN TOMAHAWK</b>	 8"	5	Df	-	
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.					
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN	
 <b>CONSULT THE ANCESTORS</b>	-	5	-	11	
Look at the top two cards of this model's Fate Deck. Then, for each card, place it either on top of its Fate Deck or in its Discard Pile.					
30MM					



# DESPERATE MERCENARY

The daily trains arriving in Malifaux bring cattle of all persuasions, even human. Many have come with a debt to the Guild that must be paid off before they can go back through the Breach. They have been led to believe that, in this land of riches, their debts will be paid quickly. It is only later that they learn this promise was a lie.

For most, fame and fortune are nothing but dreams. They must find contentment with what they have, and hopefully eke out enough of a life to feel it was worth it. For others, those who cannot compromise their ambition for the mundane, there is the life of a mercenary. It means inuring oneself to a life of violence and hard decisions, and just as before, only a handful will find the success they desire. The rest have to settle for an early grave. It's a risk every mercenary takes for a chance at glory.



**DESPERATE MERCENARY**
4  
COST

Minion (2), Living  
MERCENARY

4  
Df

4  
Wp

FACTION

4  
Mv

2  
Sz

**ABILITIES**

**BATTLE TEMPO:** During the Start Phase, this model may Push up to 2" in any direction.

**DISGUISED:** This model cannot be the target of Actions generated by the Charge Action.

**DEMISE (EXPENDABLE):** After this model is killed, its controller draws a card.

**RAPID FIRE:** Once per Turn. After this model resolves a ⚔ Action during its Activation, it may discard a card to take that Action again.

1 2 3 4  
HEALTH

**DESPERATE MERCENARY**

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>SWORD</b> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ⚔ <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ⚔ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).	1"	4	Df	-
<b>BROKEN-DOWN RIFLE</b> Target suffers 1/3/5 damage 🗡 <b>Bloody Fate:</b> Draw a card. If the target was not killed, discard a card.	14"	5	Df	-

30MM



# STUDENT OF CONFLICT

Investigator Artanyan once believed that the Student of Conflict was of magical origin, a creature made manifest by powerful sorcery amidst battle. This error nearly cost him his sanity, if not for a moment's hesitation before pulling the trigger.

The mistake is understandable, as the Student of Conflict is closely associated with the Viktorias, who often manifest distinctly Neverborn aspects. This girl is, in many ways, representative of their power. However, she is a product of her own ignorance, capable of such feats because she does not understand that she should not be so deadly.

Cared for by the Viktorias, they are the only family this nameless girl has ever known. In her quest to emulate her big sisters, she even hires herself out as a mercenary... a deadly and adorable mercenary.



**STUDENT OF CONFLICT**  
*Enforcer, Living*  
**MERCENARY**

**4**  
COST



4  
DF

5  
WP

  
FACTION

6  
Mv

1  
Sz

**ABILITIES**

**BATTLE TEMPO:** During the Start Phase, this model may Push up to 2" in any direction.

**SUBTERFUGE:** When an enemy Scheme Marker would be Dropped within 6", this model may discard a card. If it does so, a friendly Scheme Marker is Dropped instead.

1

2

3

4

**HEALTH**

**STUDENT OF CONFLICT**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>HIDDEN BLADE</b> Target suffers 1/2/4 damage, ignoring <b>Armor</b> . <b>Bloody Fate:</b> Draw a card. If the target was not killed, discard a card.	1"	4	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>COVETOUS CRAVINGS</b> Discard a Scheme Marker within 6" and LoS of target friendly model. Target gains <b>Fast</b> .	6"	4	-	10
<b>I'VE GOT YOUR BACK</b> Target other engaged friendly model. Target is Placed into base contact with this model.	6"	4	-	10

30MM







True to her word, Tara has been quietly serving Obliteration, destroying evidence of his existence and bringing new servants into the fold. Titania's return threatens her plans for Malifaux, and so she seeks a means to contain - or destroy - the Autumn Queen.

TARA				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>SOULSTONE SWORD</b>	1"	6	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.				
<div> <div> </div> <b>Glimpse the Void:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Target must pass a TN 14 <b>Wp</b> duel or it is Buried. If the target is Buried by this Trigger, at the start of its Activation, Unbury it within 1" of an enemy model. </div>				
<b>STUTTER TIME</b>	6"	7	<b>Wp</b>	10
<div> <div> </div> If the target is an enemy model, it gains <b>Fast</b>. If the target is a friendly model with the <b>From Nothing</b> Ability, it is Buried. </div>				
<div> <div> </div> <b>Leeching Strength:</b> <i>Choose a Buried model.</i> The chosen model suffers 1 damage and this model Heals 1. </div>				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>FROM THE VOID</b>	-	6	-	X
<div> <div> </div> <i>Once per Turn. Name any number of Obliteration Minions. The TN of this Action is equal to 10 plus the Cost of the named models.</i> Summon each named model with a Voidling Upgrade Attached. </div>				
<b>TIMESLIP</b>	6"	6	-	12
Place this model anywhere within range.				
<div> <div> </div> <b>Event Horizon:</b> This model may end the <b>Fast</b> Condition on any number of enemy models within (t)3. For each Condition ended this way, gain a Pass Token and one friendly model within (t)3 gains <b>Fast</b>. </div>				







# KARINA

It is possible that Karina came to Malifaux for reasons that are utterly unique. When she first read about the city that was discovered on the other side of the Breach, it was described as empty, everything pristinely in its place, without people.

Her disappointment at what she found was the first crack in her sanity. The tome she would later find further splintered her mind. Soon, she was dabbling in the necromantic arts. On the heels of new discoveries, she entered Obliteration's realm. Unlike Tara, the near eternity of solitude within drove her quite mad. Tara looks after this shell, waiting for Karina's mind to heal, if indeed it can.

In return, Karina looks after Tara, as best she can. She returned Tara to life, and heals her undead body, using Obliteration fueled magics.



KARINA

Enforcer, Living Totem (Tara)

OBLITERATION

5  
COST

4  
Df

4  
Wp

FACTION

4  
Mv

2  
Sz

ABILITIES

**AGE TO DESTRUCTION:** Enemy models with **Fast** that start their Activation within 14 suffer 2 damage.

**INSIGNIFICANT:** This model cannot take the **Interact** Action and is ignored for Strategies and Schemes.

**NECROMANCY SAVANT:** After a friendly Tara within 18 is killed by an enemy model, the friendly Tara may discard a card to Heal 4 and Bury itself.

**FROM NOTHING:** At the start of this model's Activation, if it is Buried, it may end another model's **Fast** Condition to Unbury into base contact with that model.

1 2 3 4

HEALTH

KARINA

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>ARCANE TOUCH</b> Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. X <b>Delay:</b> Target gains <b>Slow</b> .	0"	5	Df	-
<b>CLOCKWORK REVOLVER</b> Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.	12"	4	Df	-
X <b>STUTTER TIME</b> If the target is an enemy model, it gains <b>Fast</b> . If the target is a friendly model with the <b>From Nothing</b> Ability, it is Buried.	6"	4	Wp	10
X <b>Glimpse the Void:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Target must pass a TN 14 <b>Wp</b> duel or it is Buried. If the target is Buried by this Trigger, at the start of its Activation, Unbury it within 1" of an enemy model.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>CHANNELED HEALING</b> This Action can target <b>Buried</b> models, ignoring range and LoS. <i>Friendly only.</i> Target Heals 1/2/3. If it is Buried, it may discard a card to Unbury in base contact with this model.	6"	5	-	12
X <b>TIME WARP</b> Swap your Fate Deck and Discard Pile, flipping them face up or face down as appropriate. Neither Fate Deck is shuffled.	-	-	-	-

30MM



**AIONUS**  
Henchman, Living  
OBLITERATION

10  
COST

6 Df 7 Wp 6 MV 2 Sz

**ABILITIES**

**BUFFERING:** When an enemy model in LoS with **Fast** would Activate, this model may discard a Pass Token. If it does so, the opposing player is instead treated as passing their Activation.

**BEYOND TIME:** This model may target Buried models with Actions, ignoring range and LoS.

**A STITCH IN TIME:** After this model kills an enemy model with either **Fast** or **Slow**, this model may choose a model in its LoS to gain that same Condition.

**FROM NOTHING:** At the start of this model's Activation, if it is Buried, it may end another model's **Fast** Condition to Unbury into base contact with that model.

**TIME IS A FLAT CIRCLE:** After an enemy model within 8" is Buried, this model may have it gain either **Fast** or **Slow**.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10  
HEALTH

## AIONUS

He has had many names over the years, but none can fully capture the true essence of Aionus. He is the guardian of time, waiting patiently and watching silently as mortals are born, live, and die. The cogs of time continue to turn as the vast possibility of the future is slowly snuffed out, leaving only the unchangeable past, like ash after a flame. Through all of this, Aionus keeps his watch, slave to neither Fate nor Chance. He serves no master, exerting his will onto the flow of time as he sees fit. He slips in and out of the material world, influencing the vast tendrils of possibility in minor ways as the world hurtles towards its future.

All things must end. Mountains erode, oceans dry, and cities turn to dust. All that remains constant is time, slipping away like the lifeblood of the world. It was there in the Beginning, and so it will be in the End.

And with it, Aionus.

**AIONUS**

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>TICK, TOCK</b> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains this model's choice of either <b>Fast</b> or <b>Slow</b> . ☞ <b>Prey on Nothingness:</b> When resolving, this model may end a Condition on the target. If it does so, the target suffers +1 damage.	1"	6	Wp	-
<b>EVENTUALITY</b> This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. Enemy only. Target suffers damage equal to the Turn number. ☞ <b>Glimpse the Void:</b> Enemy only. Target must pass a TN 14 Wp duel or it is Buried. If the target is Buried by this Trigger, at the start of its Activation, Unbury it within 1" of an enemy model. ✕ <b>Leeching Strength:</b> Choose a Buried model. The chosen model suffers 1 damage and this model Heals 1.	8"	6	Wp	-
<b>SEVER TIMELINE</b> This Action ignores range and LoS. This Action may only target Buried models. Unbury the target within 3" and LoS of this model, not in terrain. ✕ <b>Fleeting Moments:</b> After resolving, gain two Pass Tokens.	-	5X	Wp	-
✖ <b>STUTTER TIME</b> If the target is an enemy model, it gains <b>Fast</b> . If the target is a friendly model with the <b>From Nothing</b> Ability, it is Buried. ☞ <b>Glimpse the Void:</b> Enemy only. Target must pass a TN 14 Wp duel or it is Buried. If the target is Buried by this Trigger, at the start of its Activation, Unbury it within 1" of an enemy model.	6"	6	Wp	10

40MM





## THE NOTHING BEAST

Enforcer  
OBLITERATION

9

COST



6  
DF

6  
WP

6  
MV

3  
SZ

ABILITIES

**TIME IS MEANINGLESS:** When performing opposed duels with enemy models with **Fast**, this model receives a to its duel.

**BEYOND TIME:** This model may target Buried models with Actions, ignoring range and LoS.

**TERRIFYING (11):** After an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 11 **Wp** duel or the Action fails.

**INCORPOREAL:** Reduce all damage this model suffers from Attack Actions by 1, to a minimum of 0. This model ignores terrain while moving and is unaffected by Hazardous Terrain. This model can move through other models and vice versa.

**FROM NOTHING:** At the start of this model's Activation, if it is Buried, it may end another model's **Fast** Condition to Unbury into base contact with that model.

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HEALTH

## THE NOTHING BEAST

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>OBLITERATE</b> Target suffers 3/4/6 damage. <b>Glimpse the Void:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Target must pass a TN 14 <b>Wp</b> duel or it is Buried. If the target is Buried by this Trigger, at the start of its Activation, Unbury it within 1" of an enemy model. <b>Leeching Strength:</b> Choose a <i>Buried</i> model. The chosen model suffers 1 damage and this model Heals 1.	2"	6	Wp	-
<b>STUTTER TIME</b> If the target is an enemy model, it gains <b>Fast</b> . If the target is a friendly model with the <b>From Nothing</b> Ability, it is Buried. <b>Stolen Moments:</b> Target must have <b>Fast</b> . This model Heals 2 and is Placed into base contact with the target.	6"	5	Wp	10

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>ACCELERATE TIME</b> <i>Once per Turn.</i> Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 14 <b>Wp</b> duel or suffer 2 damage and gain <b>Fast</b> . Models that already had <b>Fast</b> when this Action was declared have the TN of this Action increased by +2.	(1)6"	6	-	12
<b>STORM OF SHADOWS</b> Until the End Phase, models within range have Concealment.	3"	6	-	10

50MM

## THE NOTHING BEAST

While visible to intelligent beings, the Nothing Beast does not actually exist. Quite literally, it is a void in space where nothing exists. The creature's ties to the Obliteration entity grant it near perfect control of its "body," although "boundary" is likely a better description.

The creature is only visible because it chooses (thanks to its connection to Tara) to not destroy certain strands of light, much like a sentient (and willful) prism. Those who witness this creature are not truly seeing it, but rather the illusion made from what it chooses to not destroy.

Likewise, its speech, on the rare instance it chooses to communicate, is not sound. Rather, it destroys all noise that isn't the words it wishes to create. This effect is rather unnerving, and has been known to cause at least one stampede.





# TALOS

The Talos machinations were instruments of torture and suffering from the days of ancient Malifaux. Built in the aftermath of the Tyrant War, they were intended to imprison the essence of the disembodied Tyrants. The magic animating them was unable to fully contain the powerful spirits of their intended prey, however, and they were quickly abandoned by their creators once their failures were realized.

Millennia later, the remains of one of the damaged machines was discovered by the Guild and placed in their vaults for future study. It was promptly stolen by Tara, who saw the potential in the machine. She spent a small fortune in Soulstones having the Talos rebuilt. Once restored to a semblance of its former self, she infused it with a mote of Obliteration's power, giving it sentience and making it loyal to her cause.

Talos knows its target, but every day it goes without satisfying its purpose, it gets hungrier, and meaner. Tara is going to have to start feeding it something, and soon...



**TALOS**  
 Enforcer, Construct  
 OBLITERATION

**8**  
 COST



4  
Df

5  
Wp

5  
MV

3  
Sz


  
**ABILITIES**

**ARMOR +2:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

**TERRIFYING (11):** After an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 11 Wp duel or the Action fails.

**FLAMES OF THE VOID:** At the start of this model's Activation, enemy Buried models gain **Burning +1**.

**SOUL FURNACE:** Enemy Buried models suffer +1 damage from **Burning**.

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HEALTH

**TALOS**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>VOID HAMMER</b> Target suffers 3/4/5 damage. ☞ <b>Glimpse the Void:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Target must pass a TN 14 Wp duel or it is Buried. If the target is Buried by this Trigger, at the start of its Activation, Unbury it within 1" of an enemy model. ✕ <b>Leeching Strength:</b> Choose a Buried model. The chosen model suffers 1 damage and this model Heals 1.	1"	6	Df	-
<b>INTO THE FURNACE</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Target gains <b>Burning +2</b> and is Buried. At the start of the target's Activation, Unbury it within 1" of an enemy model.	1"	5	Wp	-
✕ <b>STEAL ESSENCE</b> Target a Buried model. Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. ✕ <b>Leeching Strength:</b> Choose a Buried model. The chosen model suffers 1 damage and this model Heals 1.	-	5	Wp	-

**50MM**



## VOID HUNTER

*Minion (3)*  
OBLITERATION

7

COST



5  
Df

5  
Wp

ACTION

6  
Mv

2  
Sz

### ABILITIES

**TIME IS MEANINGLESS:** When performing opposed duels with enemy models with **Fast**, this model receives a to its duel.

**TERRIFYING (10):** After an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 10 **Wp** duel or the Action fails.

**BEYOND TIME:** This model may target Buried models with Actions, ignoring range and LoS.

**INCORPOREAL:** Reduce all damage this model suffers from Attack Actions by 1, to a minimum of 0. This model ignores terrain while moving and is unaffected by Hazardous Terrain. This model can move through other models and vice versa.

**FROM NOTHING:** At the start of this model's Activation, if it is Buried, it may end another model's **Fast** Condition to Unbury into base contact with that model.

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HEALTH

VOID HUNTER

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>VOID STRIKE</b> 1" 5  Df - <i>If this model has no cards in its Control Hand, this Action receives a  to its duel.</i> Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.				
<b>Prey on Nothingness:</b> When resolving, this model may end a Condition on the target. If it does so, the target suffers +1 damage.				
<b>Glimpse the Void:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Target must pass a TN 14 <b>Wp</b> duel or it is Buried. If the target is Buried by this Trigger, at the start of its Activation, Unbury it within 1" of an enemy model.				
<b>EXISTENTIAL BITE</b> - 5 <b>Wp</b> - <i>Target a Buried model.</i> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage, Unburies in base contact with this model, and gains <b>Distracted +1</b> .				
<b>Non-Existence:</b> Bury this model. Draw a card.				
<b>STUTTER TIME</b> 6" 5 <b>Wp</b> 10 <i>If the target is an enemy model, it gains <b>Fast</b>. If the target is a friendly model with the <b>From Nothing</b> Ability, it is Buried.</i>				
<b>Stolen Moments:</b> <i>Target must have <b>Fast</b>.</i> This model Heals 2 and is Placed into base contact with the target.				

40MM

## VOID HUNTER

The Void Hunter is a more “evolved” form of the Void Wretch, a nonexistent predator that has a firmer grasp of its own nothingness, allowing it to endure while its lesser kin “exist” themselves to death over a period of only a few hours. The creation of these beings is a difficult process, and involves a Void Wretch consuming time energies, as well as matter. With Aionus as her guide, Tara has begun hunting down mages capable of manipulating time, solely to feed them to her Void Wretches in the hopes of creating a Void Hunter.

The Void Hunter’s speed and power is well utilized by Tara, who sends these creatures out at scouts and assassins of specific targets. With each bite, the flesh and bone of the target is simply gone, removed from existence. Such is their ability to warp space and time that the Void Hunter can even drag its prey from dimensional pockets, ensuring that when a Void Hunter has your scent, there is no escape.





## SCION OF THE VOID

Tara is Obliteration's sole envoy, but she is free to wield his power however she chooses. As such, she sometimes selects special individuals to carry a fragment of a fragment of his power. For the rare individuals that share her ideals, this power is a gift, and they are as free to use it as she does. If someone refuses, the power instead consumes them from the inside out, transforming them into Scions of the Void.

Barely sapient and no longer recognizable as human, Scions have had their previous personalities eaten away to almost nothing, leaving only the memories Tara deems useful. This makes Scions exceptionally dangerous, as they can formulate plans and act more or less autonomously, while still serving Tara's will. If one is destroyed, their power is returned to her and she will find another to carry it, whether they want to or not.



### SCION OF THE VOID

Henchman  
OBLITERATION

6  
COST



5  
DF

5  
WP

5  
MV

2  
SZ

**ABILITIES**

**DF/WP (5) FADE AWAY:** *Enemy only.* When resolving, reduce any damage this model suffers by 2, then Bury this model.

**AGE TO DESTRUCTION:** Enemy models with **Fast** that start their Activation within 4 suffer 2 damage.

**MARK OF OBLITERATION:** This model may take Actions while Buried. While Buried, this model may target Buried models or draw range and LoS for its Actions from friendly Obliteration Minions. After this model takes an Action while Buried, it suffers 1 damage.

**FROM NOTHING:** At the start of this model's Activation, if it is Buried, it may end another model's **Fast** Condition to Unbury in base contact with that model.

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HEALTH

SCION OF THE VOID

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>SIPHON EXISTENCE</b> Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. ☐ <b>Glimpse the Void:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Target must pass a TN 14 <b>Wp</b> duel or it is Buried. If the target is Buried by this Trigger, at the start of its Activation, Unbury it within 1" of an enemy model. ✕ <b>Diffusion:</b> <i>This Trigger can only be declared if both this model and the target are Buried.</i> When resolving, target suffers +2 damage and must discard a card.	1"	6X	Wp	-
<b>HUNGRY EMPTINESS</b> Target suffers 2 damage for each Condition on it. Then, end all Conditions on the target. ☐ <b>Siphon Strength:</b> Choose a Buried model. The chosen model Heals an amount equal to the amount of damage suffered from this Action. ☐ <b>Surge:</b> Draw a card.	10"	5	Wp	-
✕ <b>STUTTER TIME</b> If the target is an enemy model, it gains <b>Fast</b> . If the target is a friendly model with the <b>From Nothing</b> Ability, it is Buried.	6"	5	Wp	10

30MM



## VOID WRETCH

*Minion (3)*  
OBLITERATION

# 4

COST



4  
DF

4  
WP

5  
MV

1  
SZ

**ABILITIES**

**TIME IS MEANINGLESS:** When performing opposed duels with enemy models with **Fast**, this model receives a to its duel.

**BEYOND TIME:** This model may target Buried models with Actions, ignoring range and LoS.

**INCORPOREAL:** Reduce all damage this model suffers from Attack Actions by 1, to a minimum of 0. This model ignores terrain while moving and is unaffected by Hazardous Terrain. This model can move through other models and vice versa.

**FROM NOTHING:** At the start of this model's Activation, if it is Buried, it may end another model's **Fast** Condition to Unbury into base contact with that model.

**HEALTH**

VOID WRETCH

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>SIPHON EXISTENCE</b> Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. <b>Glimpse the Void:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Target must pass a TN 14 <b>Wp</b> duel or it is Buried. If the target is Buried by this Trigger, at the start of its Activation, Unbury it within 1" of an enemy model.	1"	4	<b>Wp</b>	-
<b>STUTTER TIME</b> If the target is an enemy model, it gains <b>Fast</b> . If the target is a friendly model with the <b>From Nothing</b> Ability, it is Buried.	6"	5	<b>Wp</b>	10

# 30MM

## VOID WRETCH

As reality chips away at the Nothing Beast, bits simply fall off, wounds that must be regenerated by proximity to the Obliteration symbiote. These bits serve without question, just as the Nothing Beast does, but they lack the creature's silent understanding of reality. They simply wish to destroy, rendering nothings from existence. It is only Tara's will that keeps them in check, although they will obey her even when she is nowhere to be seen.

These little creatures have a relatively short lifespan, perhaps a few hours. In that time, however, Tara can safely send them with her associates, knowing full well that in time they will begin to exist, being refilled by reality with the air, dirt, and grime of Malifaux. This makes them excellent bargaining chips, and an endless, if not very intelligent, resource.

















# 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 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.



**STOLEN**  
Minion (3), Living Totem (Hamelin)  
**PLAGUE**

1  
COST

4  
Df

4  
Wp

4  
Mv

1  
Sz

**ABILITIES**  
**SERENE COUNTESSANCE:** Enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a to their duel.  
**STEALTH:** Enemy models cannot target this model from more than 6" away.  
**DISEASED:** Enemy models that start their Activation within 3 gain a Bligh Token.  
**DEMISE (HUNGRY RATS):** After this model is killed, Summon a Malifaux Rat into base contact with this model. If this model was killed by an enemy model, Summon a Malifaux Rat into base contact with the enemy model, then the enemy model gains a Bligh Token.  
**INSIGNIFICANT:** This model cannot take the **Interact** Action and is ignored for Strategies and Schemes.

1 2

**HEALTH**

**STOLEN**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>FRANTIC FLAILING</b> Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.	0"	3	Df	-
<b>VOMITING DISEASE</b> Target a model with one or more Bligh Tokens. Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. If the target has 3 or more Bligh Tokens, this Action receives a  to its damage flip.	10"	5	Wp	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>MOLDY CHEESE</b> Once per Turn. This Action receives +4 to its duel total when targeting a Malifaux Rat. Vermin only. Target gains <b>Fast</b> . If the target is a Malifaux Rat, it may move up to 3".	6"	4	-	14
<b>You're Comin' with Me:</b> Push the target up to 3" in any direction, then Place this model into base contact with it.	-	-	-	-
<b>INEVITABLE FATE</b> Summon a Malifaux Rat into base contact with this model. Then, this model is killed and its controller may draw a card.	-	-	-	-

30MM



# BENNY WOLCOMB

For the most part, the Brotherhood of the Rat is a legitimate organization. The city's rat catchers work tirelessly to fight back the countless ranks of rats that live and breed in the sewers, but sometimes, the highbrow people of Downtown decide that they care more about negotiating for lower prices than they do about having a rat-free home.

That's where Benny comes in. Whether it's a sack of plagued rats dumped into someone's basement or just a bit of breaking and entering to "make up the difference" of a customer that didn't tip well enough, he knows all the ways to squeeze every last scrip out of a client.

If he wasn't spying on the Brotherhood for Hamelin, Benny might almost be considered one of its model members.

Currently, Benny is in Freiholt, ensuring a "rat free" environment while he waits for his master's arrival...



**BENNY WOLCOMB**  
*Henchman, Living*  
 BANDIT, PLAGUE

8  
COST

5  
Df

5  
Wp

FACTION

5  
Mv

2  
Sz

**ABILITIES**

**SACK O' RATS:** After this model suffers damage from an enemy model, this model may discard a card to Summon a Malifaux Rat into base contact with this model.

**DISEASED:** Enemy models that start their Activation within 13 gain a Blight Token.

**LIFE OF CRIME:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may remove a Scheme Marker within 14 to gain **Fast**.

**NIHILISM:** When this model would gain a Condition, it may instead discard a card to not do so.

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HEALTH

BENNY WOLCOMB

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>INFECTED BLADE</b> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains a Blight Token. <b>Drop It!: Enemy only.</b> Target must Drop an enemy Scheme Marker into base contact with itself, in LoS of this model. <b>X Taint:</b> Target gains a number of Blight Tokens equal to the number of X in this model's final duel total.	1"	6	Df	-
<b>DERRINGER</b> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. <b>Get In There:</b> A friendly Minion within LoS of the target may Push up to 3" toward the target.	8"	5	Df	-
<b>"SWARM THEM!"</b> Target model suffers an amount of damage equal to the number of Vermin models within 103 of it, plus 1.	8"	6	Mv	12

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>LOYAL RATS WITH TINY HATS</b> Summon a Malifaux Rat into base contact with each Scheme Marker within range. Then, remove each Scheme Marker within range.	103"	6	-	14
<b>WOOLZY RAT</b> <i>Friendly Vermin only.</i> Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target. This model may choose whether the Dropped Marker is friendly or enemy. Then, kill the target.	6"	6	-	12

30MM



**Nix**  
*Henchman*  
**PLAGUE**

**8**  
COST



**5**  
DF

**6**  
WP

  
FACTION

**5**  
MV

**2**  
Sz

**ABILITIES**

**DISEASED:** Enemy models that start their Activation within 03 gain a Blight Token.

**INCORPOREAL:** Reduce all damage this model suffers from Attack Actions by 1, to a minimum of 0. This model ignores terrain while moving and is unaffected by Hazardous Terrain. This model can move through other models and vice versa.

**CRUEL DISAPPOINTMENT:** When a friendly model within 03 would suffer Severe damage, it suffers Moderate damage instead.

**SWEET TASTE OF FAILURE:** After an enemy model within 03 fails a duel, this model Heals 1.

**NIHILISM:** When this model would gain a Condition, it may instead discard a card to not do so.

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**HEALTH**

**Nix**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>SPECTRAL BITE</b> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. <i>X Taint:</i> Target gains a number of Blight Tokens equal to the number of X in this model's final duel total.	1"	6X	Wp	-
<b>BLEEDING DISEASE</b> Target suffers an amount of damage equal to the number of its Blight Tokens.	12"	6	Wp	10

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>DRINK SPIRIT</b> Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 15 Wp duel or gain a Blight Token.	04"	6	-	12
<b>LOOSE BOWELS</b> Until the End Phase, after an enemy model within range declares an <b>Interact</b> Action, this model may discard a Blight Token from the enemy model to cancel the <b>Interact</b> Action.	06"	6	-	10

**40MM**

## 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.





**RAT KING**  
*Minion (2), Beast*  
 PLAGUE, VERMIN

7  
COST



5  
Df

6  
Wp



5  
Mv

2  
Sz

**ABILITIES**

**DISEASED:** Enemy models that start their Activation within 3 gain a Blight Token.

**STRENGTH IN NUMBERS:** While this model has half or more of its maximum Health, it receives 1 to its damage flips.

**SWARM:** After this model ends a move in base contact with an enemy model, after resolving the current Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 12 Mv duel or gain **Slow**.

**DEMISE (EXPENDABLE):** After this model is killed, its controller draws a card.

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HEALTH

## 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 places of the city. The rats crawl over one another, forming one hideous, writhing mass of tails, teeth, and fur.

The rats that form a Rat King somehow move together as if they are dancing to some obscene tune. Twisting and wriggling, 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. Isn't it?

**RAT KING**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>SWARM OF YELLOW TEETH</b> 0" 6x Df - Target suffers 2/4/5 damage and gains a Blight Token. <b>Onslaught:</b> Take this Action again, targeting the same model. <b>Spray of Filth:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> After killing, models within 1/6 of the target gain a Blight Token.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>RAT PROBLEM</b> 1/3" Kill all Malifaux Rat models within range. Summon a Rat Catcher with <b>Slow</b> within 2" of this model, then kill this model.				
<b>GNAW</b> 5" <i>This Action cannot be taken while engaged. Target a Scheme Marker.</i> Place this model into base contact with the target, then remove the target.				
<b>CONSUME</b> 3" <i>Friendly only.</i> This model Heals an amount equal to target's Health, then kill the target, ignoring its <b>Demise</b> Abilities.				

40MM





The Brotherhood of the Rat are an exclusive group, 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. However, the exorbitant fees that they are paid 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				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>RUSTY TRAP</b>	1"	5X	Df	-
Target suffers 2/2/3 damage and gains a Blight Token.				
<div> <div></div> <b>Infestation:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Summon a Malifaux Rat into base contact with the target.         </div>				
<div> <div></div> <b>Delay:</b> Target gains <b>Slow</b>.         </div>				
<div> <div></div> <b>Black Death:</b> When resolving, the target suffers additional damage equal to the number of Blight Tokens it had when this Action was declared (to a maximum of +2).         </div>				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>MOLDY CHEESE</b>	6"	6	-	14
<i>Once per Turn. This Action receives +4 to its duel total when targeting a Malifaux Rat. Vermin only.</i> Target gains <b>Fast</b> . If the target is a Malifaux Rat, it may move up to 3".				
<b>RAT SNAKE</b>	2"	-	-	-
<i>This model may kill a friendly Vermin model within range.</i> This model Heals 1. If this Action killed a friendly Vermin, this model instead Heals 2 and draws a card.				
<b>ROTTING ODOR</b>	0)5"	-	-	-
Any number of friendly Malifaux Rats within range may be Placed within 2" of this model.				



# 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 Plague is not protecting them, merely delaying the inevitable until they are no longer useful.



OBEDIENT WRETCH

Enforcer, Living  
PLAGUE

5  
COST

5  
DF

4  
WP

FACTION

5  
MV

2  
SZ

ABILITIES

**MANIPULATIVE:** If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a to their duel.

**DISEASED:** Enemy models that start their Activation within gain a Blight Token.

**STEALTH:** Enemy models cannot target this model from more than 6" away.

**TUMMY ACHES:** Enemy models with Blight Tokens cannot Cheat Fate during opposed duels with this model.

**DEMISE (HUNGRY RATS):** After this model is killed, Summon a Malifaux Rat into base contact with this model. If this model was killed by an enemy model, Summon a Malifaux Rat into base contact with the enemy model, then the enemy model gains a Blight Token.

1 2 3 4 5

HEALTH

OBEDIENT WRETCH

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

**TOSSED RAT**

8" 5 Df -

Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.

**Infestation:** *Enemy only.* Summon a Malifaux Rat into base contact with the target.

**Skittering Vermin:** A friendly Vermin in this model's LoS may move up to 3".

**BLEEDING DISEASE**

12" 5 Wp 10

Target suffers an amount of damage equal to the number of its Blight Tokens.

**ANALYZE WEAKNESS**

10" 5 Wp -

Until the End Phase, all damage the target suffers ignores **Armor and Shielded**.

**Skittering Vermin:** A friendly Vermin in this model's LoS may move up to 3".

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

**INEVITABLE FATE**

- - - -

Summon a Malifaux Rat into base contact with this model. Then, this model is killed and its controller may draw a card.

30MM



# WINGED PLAGUE

Hamelin is always on the lookout for new ways to spread his disease. Most recently he was inspired by the filthy birds of the city. Why, what better way to do it than through the air? He used his knowledge of alchemy and came up with a design based on the many gamin common to Malifaux. The result is a wretched thing, covered in sores and puss, that soars through the air on rotting wings.

Hamelin puts his new creations to excellent use. However, nothing in Malifaux can ever truly be controlled for long. Some of his new creations escaped his clutches while he was occupied with more important matters. Now they roam the skies and the streets, spreading sickness and plague at random, which the Tyrant would likely approve of anyway. Some clever individuals have even trapped them and let them loose on their enemies.



WINGED PLAGUE

Minion (3), Beast  
PLAGUE, VERMIN

4  
COST

5  
DF

4  
Wp

FACTION

5  
Mv

1  
Sz

ABILITIES

**DISEASED:** Enemy models that start their Activation within 03 gain a Blight Token.

**FLIGHT:** When resolving the Walk or Charge Action, instead of moving normally, this model may Place itself completely within X", where X is equal to this model's Mv. This model does not suffer Falling damage.

**THE PLAGUE SPREADS:** During the End Phase, if there is an enemy model within 06 that does not have a Blight Token, this model may Push 6" toward it.

**DEMISE (GROSS EXPLOSION):** After this model is killed, every model within 02 gains a Blight Token.

1 2 3 4  
HEALTH

WINGED PLAGUE

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

CLAWS

1" 4X Df -

Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.

X Taint: Target gains a number of Blight Tokens equal to the number of X in this model's final duel total.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

FESTERING WOUNDS

6" - - -

Remove two Blight Tokens from target enemy model.

Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target.

30MM



## MALIFAU RAT

*Minion (12), Beast*  
PLAGUE, VERMIN

2

COST



3  
DF

2  
WP

5  
MV

0  
SZ

FRACTION

ABILITIES

**INSIGNIFICANT:** This model cannot take the **Interact** Action and is ignored for Strategies and Schemes.

**PUNY:** This model does not Drop any Markers when killed and has no engagement range.

**JUST A RAT...?:** At the start of this model's Activation, this model may end its Activation. If it does so, the opposing player discards a Pass Token and this model's controller chooses a friendly model to Activate.

**MINDLESS:** When this model is Summoned, it is treated as having already Activated this Turn, and neither player gains or discards any Pass Tokens.

**DEMISE (EXPENDABLE):** After this model is killed, its controller draws a card.

1 2

HEALTH

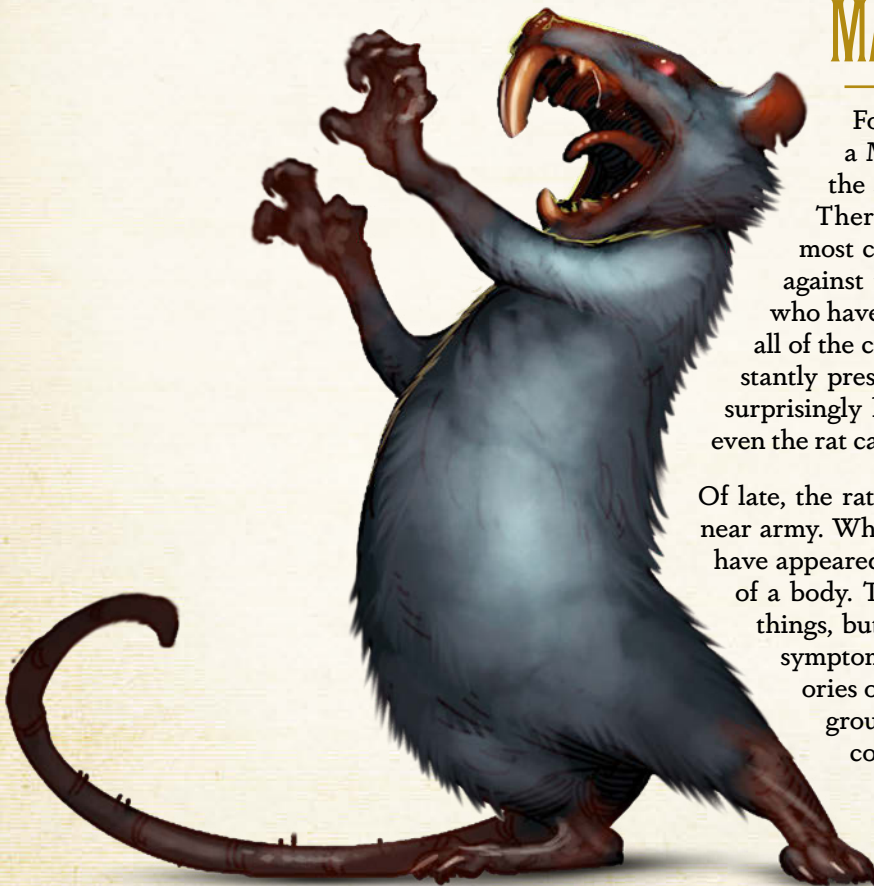
MALIFAU RAT

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>YELLOW TEETH</b> <i>Increase this Action's final duel total by +1 for each other friendly Malifaux Rat within 2" of the target. Target suffers 0/1/1 damage and gains a Blight Token. For every two other friendly Malifaux Rats within 2" of the target, the target suffers +1 damage.</i>	/// 0"	3	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>TANGLE TOGETHER</b> <i>This Action may only be taken if there are at least three other friendly Malifaux Rat models within range. Replace this model and all friendly Malifaux Rat models within range with a Rat King.</i>	(X) 3"	-	-	-

30MM



## MALIFAU 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 catching one of the most surprisingly lucrative jobs 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 amongst groups of those in the know, but nothing is confirmed.



# 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. For years, at the top of the tree, beyond the reach of any man, a man named Jack Daw hung.

There are many legends of this mysterious corpse, which had been present since the reopening of the Breach. Guardsmen whisper that he can't be cut down, that he will disappear for hours only to return at dawn. Terrified survivors claim to have seen a man matching his description - his head bagged and his neck fitted for the noose - leading a horde of angry dead against those who have committed some act of betrayal, no matter how righteous, leaving only the innocent to bear witness. These were all stories to keep children in bed at night, or so many have thought. The Guild denies it all, of course.

Unbeknownst to any but perhaps Zoraida, Jack Daw was once a normal, mortal man; a petty thief from the days of the Breach's first opening. Up until recently, he barely remembered anything from his mortal past, only that he had been betrayed to a fate worse than death. There is no face or name tied to that memory, only an instinct, a premonition, and the runic tattoos etched across his decaying skin.

Those who cross through the Breach and into Malifaux for the first time these days are unlikely to see Jack Daw's seemingly lifeless corpse drifting in the wind, regardless of the hour. His complete absence has become a source of unease. Those who are charged to guard the tree from trespassers and vandals welcome this sudden and extended disappearance, but to those that have a deeper understanding of the darkness that rests at Malifaux's core, it is nothing short of an omen.

Some say that they have seen him in the city. An eerie green glow from an alley here, a severed noose covered in maggots there, a maniacal laugh as soft as a whisper... The stories are as wide spanning as they are panic-inducing. What could possibly cause the hanging man to leave those unhallowed grounds?

What stirs in the ill-famed Jack Daw can only be known to the hanging man himself. But he is nearly ready for his story to be told.

JACK DAW

Master, Undead

TORMENTED

15

COST

5

7

5

2

Dr

Wp

Faction

Mv

Sz

UNDYING:

When this model suffers damage, it may discard a card. If it does so, the damage this model suffers is changed to 1 irreducible damage.

INJUSTICE:

When a Tormented model in this Crew would draw one or more cards, this model may instead Heal 1 for each card that would have been drawn.

TERRIFYING (12):

After an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 12 Wp duel or the Action fails.

TORMENT:

At the end of this model's Activation, if it damaged an enemy model with an Attached Upgrade, it may draw a card.

DISTURBING WHISPERS:

Enemy models within 6" of this model suffer -1 Wp.

GHOST OF MALIFAU:

This model ignores terrain while moving and is unaffected by Hazardous Terrain. This model can move through other models and vice versa.

1 2 3 4 5 6

HEALTH

JACK DAW

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

DEAD MAN'S COLLAR

1" 6 Mv -

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. If the target has Staggered, it must discard a card.

Can't Breathe:

Target must have Staggered. When resolving, the target suffers +2 damage.

Punishment:

Push a Tormented model within LoS of the target up to 3" toward the target, ignoring other models.

Execute:

The target may either discard a card or a Soulstone. If it does neither, it is killed, ignoring Demise Abilities.

SUPPRESSED MEMORIES

8" 6X Wp -

Target suffers 2/3/3 damage. Then, if the target is an enemy model, Attach an Injustice Upgrade to it.

On Your Heels: Enemy only.

Place this model into base contact with the target.

Punishment:

Push a Tormented model within LoS of the target up to 3" toward the target, ignoring other models.

DRAWN TO BETRAVAL

16" 6 Wp 12

Target a Tormented model and choose a different Tormented model in its LoS. Push the target 6" toward the chosen model, ignoring other models.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

WHISPERED TRUTHS

(1)3" 6 - 12

Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 13 Wp duel or gain Slow.

Denial:

Enemy models within range with Attached Cursed Upgrades suffer 2 damage.

FICKLE TORMENTOR

(1)4" - - -

This model draws cards equal to the number of enemy models within range with Attached Cursed Upgrades.

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. Upon taking her hand, 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 slow, quietly wasting away over the course of months. Jack Daw found her after she died, drawn to the betrayal that had slain her. The mad spirit kept her soul from moving on by exposing her to the truth of her suffering. 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

Enforcer

Totem (Jack Daw)

TORMENTED

2

COST

5

DF

4

WP

5

MV

2

Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

**INCORPOREAL:** Reduce all damage this model suffers from Attack Actions by 1, to a minimum of 0. This model ignores terrain while moving and is unaffected by Hazardous Terrain. This model can move through other models and vice versa.

**TORMENT:** At the end of this model's Activation, if it damaged an enemy model with an Attached Upgrade, it may draw a card.

**BETRAYAL:** Enemy models within 6 must each discard a card to Cheat Fate.

**INSIGNIFICANT:** This model cannot take the Interact Action and is ignored for Strategies and Schemes.

1 2 3 4

HEALTH

LADY LIGEIA

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

TALONS

0"

4

Df

-

Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.

**Take It All:** This Trigger can only be declared if the target is an enemy model with one or more Attached Upgrades. The target may discard one of its Attached Upgrades. If it does not, it suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains Injured +2.

PROJECTED VOICE

10"

4W

Wp

-

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

**Stagger:** Models damaged by this Action gain Staggered.

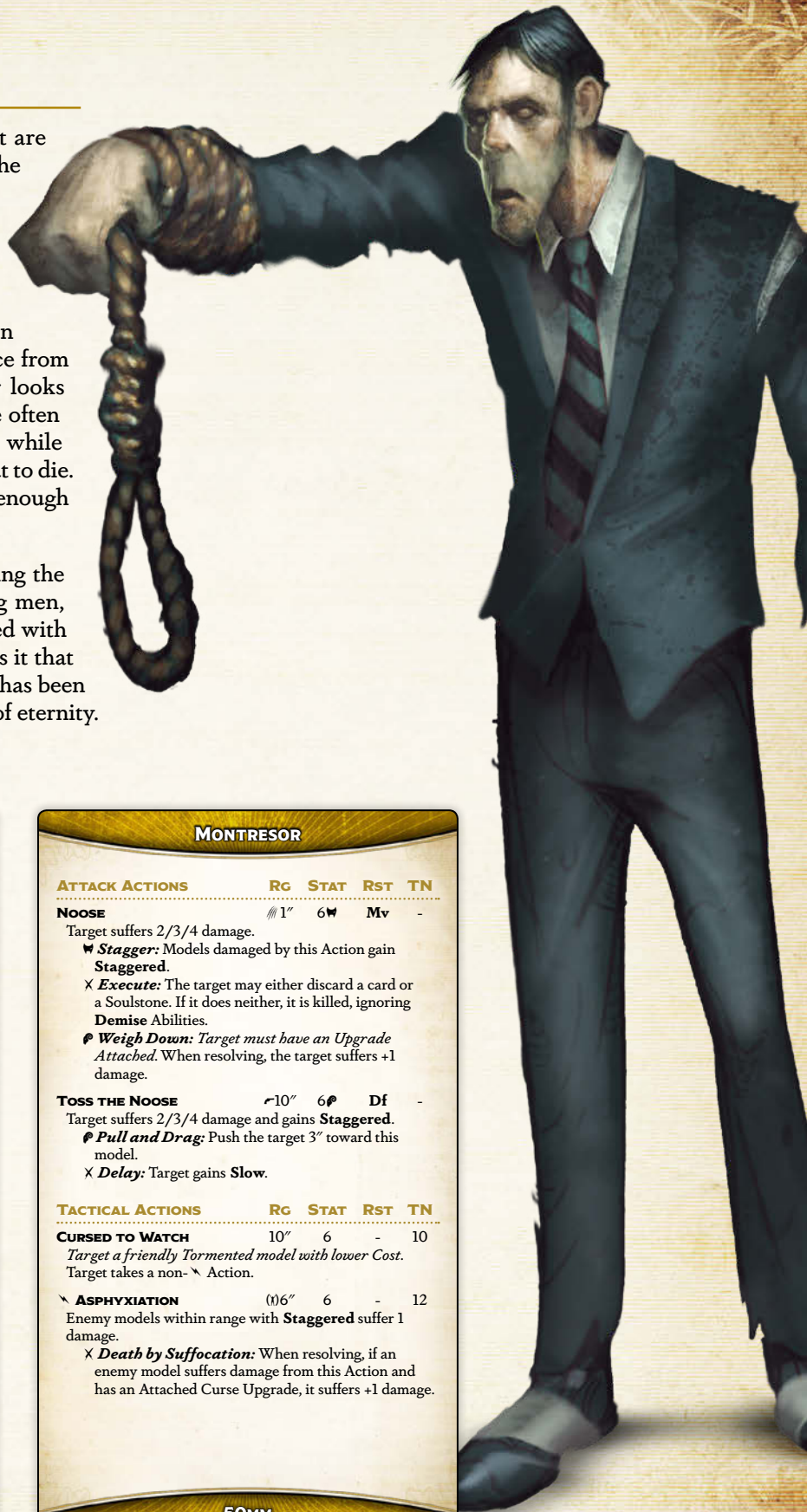
30MM



# 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. He often 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

TORMENTED

9

COST

6

DF

5

WP

FACTION

5

MV

3

SZ

ABILITIES

**TERRIFYING (11):** After an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 11 WP duel or the Action fails.

**HARD TO WOUND:** Damage flips against this model suffer a B.

**SUFFOCATION:** Enemy models with **Staggered** that start their Activation within 6 suffer 1 damage.

**HANGING ROPES:** The **Staggered** Condition cannot end on enemy models within 6.

**TORMENT:** At the end of this model's Activation, if it damaged an enemy model with an Attached Upgrade, it may draw a card.

**DEMISE (ETERNAL):** Once per Turn. After this model is killed, it may discard a card. If it does so, it Heals 4.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

HEALTH

MONTRESOR

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

NOOSE

1"

6W

Mv

-

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

♥ **Stagger:** Models damaged by this Action gain **Staggered**.

× **Execute:** The target may either discard a card or a Soulstone. If it does neither, it is killed, ignoring **Demise** Abilities.

♣ **Weigh Down:** Target must have an Upgrade Attached. When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage.

TOSS THE NOOSE

10"

6P

Df

-

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains **Staggered**.

♣ **Pull and Drag:** Push the target 3" toward this model.

× **Delay:** Target gains **Slow**.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

CURSED TO WATCH

10"

6

-

10

Target a friendly Tormented model with lower Cost.

Target takes a non- Action.

ASPHYXIATION

6"

6

-

12

Enemy models within range with **Staggered** suffer 1 damage.

× **Death by Suffocation:** When resolving, if an enemy model suffers damage from this Action and has an Attached Curse Upgrade, it suffers +1 damage.

50MM



# DEAD OUTLAW

Wandering like lost shadows to renegades and scoundrels, Dead Outlaws, subconsciously or otherwise, attempt to retread the steps taken by their former selves. What killed them or what brought them back are both irrelevant questions to answer. Freed from the burdens of life, such as food and drink, they can now seek out the one thing that keeps the world spinning 'round: scrip. To these instinctual undead, that's the one thing that matters.

For a gang in need of bodies, a Dead Outlaw is a crown jewel. Not only are they decent shots with a Collier, they're also able to take a few bullets to the gut as the rest of the party walks away with a day's winnings. Then there's the added bonus of working with a zombie: there's a pretty good chance that they'll get up to do it all over again without a blink of an eye.



**DEAD OUTLAW**  
Minion (3), Undead  
BANDIT, TORMENTED

6  
COST

4  
DF

5  
WP

5  
MV

2  
SZ

**ABILITIES**  
**HARD TO WOUND:** Damage flips against this model suffer a .  
**CURSED BULLETS:** This model's Attack Actions ignore Friendly Fire when targeting Tormented models or when targeting models engaged by Tormented models.  
**GUNFIGHTER:** This model may treat any of its Actions as having a range of .  
**RUN AND GUN:** This model's Charge Action may generate Actions instead of Actions.  
**TORMENT:** At the end of this model's Activation, if it damaged an enemy model with an Attached Upgrade, it may draw a card.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7  
HEALTH

DEAD OUTLAW

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>COLLIER REVOLVER</b> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. <b>Drop It:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Target must Drop an enemy Scheme Marker into base contact with itself, in LoS of this model. <b>Stagger:</b> Models damaged by this Action gain <b>Staggered</b> . <b>Mutilate:</b> When resolving, if the target has <b>Slow</b> , it suffers +1 damage. Otherwise, it gains <b>Slow</b> .	~12"	5	Df	-
<b>AT GUNPOINT</b> Target a non-Leader enemy model within 3" of an enemy Scheme Marker. Target must either discard a random card or take a non- Action that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name, chosen and controlled by this model. <b>Confusion:</b> Target gains <b>Staggered</b> . <b>Buried Grudge:</b> When resolving the generated Action, models damaged by it suffer +1 damage.	8"	6X	Wp	12
<b>TACTICAL ACTIONS</b>				
<b>COVETOUS CRAVINGS</b> Discard a Scheme Marker within 6" and LoS of target friendly model. Target gains <b>Fast</b> .	6"	5	-	10
<b>TOO GREEDY TO DIE</b> Until the End Phase, after a Scheme Marker is Dropped within range, this model may Push a Tormented model within LoS 3" toward the Dropped Marker.	06"	-	-	-

30MM



# 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.

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 wrongdoing 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.



**GUILTY**  
Minion (3), Undead  
TORMENTED

5  
COST

6  
DF

4  
WP

5  
MV

2  
SZ

**ABILITIES**  
**HARD TO WOUND:** Damage flips against this model suffer a .  
**TORMENT:** At the end of this model's Activation, if it damaged an enemy model with an Attached Upgrade, it may draw a card.  
**DEMISE (NO REST FOR THE WICKED):** After this model is killed by an enemy model, the enemy model must Attach a Wicked Upgrade.  
**GUILTY AS CHARGED:** Friendly Tormented models may treat this model as an enemy model for the purposes of Actions, Abilities, and Triggers.

1 2 3 4 5 6  
HEALTH

**GUILTY**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>AGONY</b> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ♥ <b>Stagger:</b> Models damaged by this Action gain Staggered.	1"	5	Mv	-
<b>FEED ON GRIEF</b> If the target is within 2" and LoS of a Corpse Marker, this Action receives a  to its duel. Target suffers 2/2/4 damage. If this Action kills the target, this model Heals 2.	8"	5	Wp	-
♥ <b>SHARE GUILT</b> Target must discard a card. If the target has an Attached Upgrade, it gains Staggered. X <b>Share Pain:</b> Target suffers 1 damage.	8"	5	Wp	12

40MM



## HODGEPODGE EFFIGY

*Enforcer, Construct*  
*Versatile*  
EFFIGY, PUPPET

# 4

COST



4  
DF

4  
WP

5  
MV

1  
SZ



FACTION

### ABILITIES

**ARMOR +1:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.

**HARD TO KILL:** When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

**ACCOMPLICE:** After this model ends its Activation, a friendly model within 6" that has not Activated this Turn may discard a card or Pass Token to do so.

**BEFORE AND AFTER:** This model cannot be hired into a Crew containing an Emissary of Fate model.

**HELPING HAND:** If this Crew's Leader is a Henchman and the same Faction as this model, when hiring, this model's Cost is treated as 0.

1234

HEALTH

**HODGEPODGE EFFIGY**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>KNIFE</b> Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. <b>Armor Piercing:</b> When resolving, damage from this Action ignores <b>Armor</b> .	0"	4	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>PLENTY OF WARES</b> Target Heals 1/2/3.	6"	5	-	12
<b>AURA OF THE LOST</b> Until the End Phase, after a friendly model within range kills an enemy model, this model may discard a card to add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.	3"	5	-	10

# 30MM

## 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 this side of the Breach.

Hodgepodge travels freely, sensing dozens of different methods of magic and treating them as pathways. 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 EMISSARY

Here was a riddle, a contradiction cobbled out of wood and cloth and hex-charms: how to create a symbol to bind the Outcast, when the very nature and definition of one is to fall outside boundaries and definitions? The Hodgepodge Effigy began the answer, and the Hodgepodge Emissary completes it.

It is to embrace the nondescript and the misfit, making one's own nature as improvised and temporary as the shifting nature of the Outcast. The Effigy constantly remade itself from patchworks of aetheric threads and borrowed physical pieces; the Emissary no longer needs to violate its own physical form but expresses its entropy through its roaming, ever-changing hoard of relics, trinkets, machinery, and trash. As ever, its home is in the interstices of Malifaux, salvaging and discarding, bestowing and stealing, paying and demanding, embodying the Outcast's restless, thrown-together life and the scrabble and dealing of their survival.



**HODGEPODGE EMISSARY**

10  
COST

Enforcer, Living  
Versatile  
EMISSARY OF FATE

6  
DF

6  
WP

4  
MV

3  
SZ

**ABILITIES**

**MANIPULATIVE:** If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a to their duel.

**HARD TO KILL:** When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

**MOVE ALONG:** Friendly models that start their Activation within gain +1 **MV** until the end of their Activation.

**HEALING DRAUGHTS:** Friendly models that start their Activation within Heal 1.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

HEALTH

**HODGEPODGE EMISSARY**

**ATTACK ACTIONS**

	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>TRAMPLING HOOVES</b> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains <b>Injured +1</b> . Place this model anywhere in base contact with the target. <b>Knock Aside:</b> Push the target 4" in any direction.	0"	6	Df	-
<b>THROW JUNK</b> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. <b>Delay:</b> Target gains <b>Slow</b> .	10"	6X	Df	-

**TACTICAL ACTIONS**

	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>PLENTY OF WARES</b> Target Heals 1/2/3. <b>Extra Supplies:</b> When resolving, the target Heals an additional +1. <b>Something in My Pack:</b> The target cannot have an Attached Trinket Upgrade. Attach a Trinket Upgrade to the target.	6"	6	-	12
<b>AURA OF THE LOST</b> Until the End Phase, after a friendly model within range kills an enemy model, this model may discard a card to add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.	3"	6	-	10
<b>A WEARY ROAD</b> <i>Friendly only.</i> Move the target up to 3", then Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with it.	6"	-	-	-

50MM



Well, he doesn't even get angry at that stupidity any more. Just laughs it off. But it's obvious they were there for him. Everyone in the Badlands knew his playing. Best that'd ever been. They'd see to it he was better'n the best, they said, so long as he kept on being the best.

A close-up photograph of a dark blue, possibly velvet, garment. A decorative strap with silver-colored buttons and red tassels is visible, running diagonally across the frame. The background is a light, textured surface.

PRIDE				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>GUITAR BASH</b>	0"	6	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/3 damage and gains a Sin Token.				
♣ <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ♣ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).				
♣ <b>Confusing Feelings:</b> Target gains <b>Distracted +1</b> .				
<b>THIS SONG'S ALL ABOUT YOU</b>	8"	6	Wp	-
Target may discard up to two cards. For each card the target does not discard, it suffers 2 irreducible damage and gains <b>Distracted +1</b> .				
X <b>Sin Spiral:</b> Target gains a Sin Token, then this model Heals 1.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>DESTRUCTIVE PERFORMANCE</b>	(1)3"	6	-	12
<i>Once per Activation.</i> Enemy models within range with one or more Sin Tokens must each discard a Sin Token and suffer 3 damage.				
♣ <b>The Beat Goes On:</b> <i>Discard a card.</i> Another friendly Crossroads model in this model's LoS may take the <b>Destructive Performance</b> Action.				
↖ <b>SOLO</b>	①6"	6	-	14
Until the End Phase, friendly models within range always Cheat Fate after enemy models in opposing duels.				



**BARBAROS**  
Henchman, Living  
Versatile  
NEPHILIM

**9**  
COST

**5** Df **6** Wp **5** Mv **2** Sz

**ABILITIES**

**BLACK BLOOD:** After this model suffers damage from an Action or Trigger, every model within (0)1 suffers 1 damage. This model ignores damage caused by **Black Blood**.

**REGENERATION +1:** At the start of this model's Activation, it Heals +1.

**ARMOR +1:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.

**DF (X) CAGE FIGHTER:** If this Action is a // Action, the Attacking model suffers 2/3/4 damage, which cannot be Cheated.

**NEPHILIM LOYALIST:** This model may not be hired into Crews lead by Nekima.

**HEALTH**

## BARBAROS

The Nephilim called Barbaros carries many scars, both at the hands of humans and his own kind. It was his fierce will that helped him survive his early years, first as a slave in the Pits, whose owners paid to have his growth artificially stunted and his wings rendered useless, and then the indignity of his escape through the city sewers. His own people rejected him for his deformities, yet still he fought, refusing to be put down like some runt, impressing even Lilith with his ferocity and skill. In a rare act of respect, she welcomed him to her side. For that honor, he swore his life to her and her alone.

Lilith's fall to her sister Nekima has forced Barbaros into exile, but he refuses to despair. In his mistress' name, he will carve Nekima's head from her body and free Lilith from Nythera, no matter who he must call ally.

**BARBAROS**

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>MACUAHUITL</b> Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. ☛ <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ☛ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). ☛ <b>Shove Aside:</b> Once per Activation. Push the target 4" away from this model. Then, this model may Push up to 4" and declare a // Action targeting a different model.	1"	6W	Df	-
☛ <b>CHALLENGE</b> Until the End Phase or when this model is killed (whichever comes first), the target must discard a card to target any model other than this model with an Action.	8"	7	Wp	13
<b>BRING IT</b> Target moves its Mv +2" toward this model. Then, the target must take a // Action that cannot declare Triggers targeting this model, if able. Any damage flips from the generated Action suffer a ☐.	12"	5	Wp	13
TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
☛ <b>BLOOD FOR BLOOD</b> This model suffers 1 damage.	-	5	-	10

**40MM**





# HANS

An assassin for hire on Earth, Hans was serving multiple life sentences with plenty of enemies who could reach him in prison. When the offer came for him to serve out his sentence in Malifaux, he was all too glad to volunteer. Hard labor and the threat that his Earthside enemies would eventually find a way to reach him pushed Hans to escape his mining gang not long after arriving. In those early days, the Guild could not spare enough manpower to pursue its escapees and instead relied on the wild surroundings to eliminate a foolish fleeing prisoner.

Hans was no fool. His criminal past long lost in the bureaucracy of the Governor's office, he now sells his sniper rifle to the highest bidder.



**HANS**  
*Enforcer, Living Versatile*

**8**  
COST

**4**  
Df

**6**  
Wp

**4**  
Mv

**2**  
Sz

**ABILITIES**

**DISGUISED:** This model cannot be the target of Actions generated by the **Charge** Action.

**ADVANCED SIGHTS:** This model's Attack Actions ignore Concealment and Friendly Fire.

**RUTHLESS:** This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

**SNIPER:** When this model takes a Action, it may lower the value of its **Focused** Condition by 1 to treat the Action as having +10" range.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

HEALTH

**HANS**

**ATTACK ACTIONS**

	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>CLOCKWORK RIFLE</b>	~14"	6	Df	-
<i>This Action ignores Cover. Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.</i>				
<b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each  in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).				
<b>Tactical Planning: Enemy only.</b> This model's Crew gains a Pass Token.				
<b>Stagger:</b> Models damaged by this Action gain Staggered.				
<b>Delay:</b> Target gains Slow.				
<b>WARNING SHOT</b>	~14"	5	Df	-
Target gains <b>Distracted +1</b> .				
<b>Aggressive Warnings:</b> When resolving, the target suffers 2 damage.				
<b>Daze:</b> Target gains <b>Stunned</b> and is Pushed up to 3" in any direction.				

**TACTICAL ACTIONS**

	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>REFERENCE THE FIELD GUIDE</b>	-	-	-	-
<i>Discard a card. Until the End Phase, this model adds the suit of the discarded card to its final duel totals.</i>				

**30MM**



# THE MIDNIGHT STALKER

The newspaper stories of Seamus' latest killing spree invoke a wide range of emotions among the city's residents. Sorrow from the families of the victims. Anger from the guardsmen who once again failed to catch him. Regret from the undead reporter who wrote the story. Only one man feels professional outrage.

The Midnight Stalker is a serial killer, but he is not a mere murderer like Seamus. What he does is art, a satire written in blood and bone; the sort of murder that horrifies, yes, but which also challenges the preconceptions of society.

Soon, it will be his name in the headlines, and then the city will have the sort of killer it deserves.

THE MIDNIGHT STALKER

Enforcer, Living

Versatile

8

COST

5

DF

5

WP

5

MV

2

Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

**MANIPULATIVE:** If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a  $\square$  to their duel.

**INVADER:** At the start of this model's Activation, if it is on the enemy table half, this model gains **Fast**.

**SHOWBOATING:** At the end of this model's Activation, if it Cheated Fate from its Control Hand during its Activation, it may draw a card.

**HONORABLE:** This model cannot gain the **Distracted** Condition. Enemy models that target this model with Attack Actions ignore the  $\square$  suffered from the **Distracted** Condition.

**DEMISE (ETERNAL):** Once per Turn. After this model is killed, it may discard a card. If it does so, it Heals 4.

**HIDDEN IN PLAIN SIGHT:** While not within LoS of this Crew's Leader, this model is treated as having the same Keywords as this Crew's Leader.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

HEALTH

THE MIDNIGHT STALKER

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	STAT	RST	TN
<b>SERRATED BLADE</b>	1"	6	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.				
<p><b>☛ Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ☛ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).</p> <p><b>✕ Maim:</b> Target discards a card.</p>				
<b>THREATEN</b>	8"	5	Wp	-
Choose a Keyword. Target gains <b>Adversary (X)</b> , where X is the chosen Keyword.				
<p><b>☛ On Your Heels: Enemy only.</b> Place this model into base contact with the target.</p>				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	STAT	RST	TN
<b>LEAP</b>	6"	7	-	10W
Place this model anywhere within range.				

30MM



# PROSPECTOR

The Miners and Steamfitters Union has a firm grip on the Soulstone mines of the Northern Hills, but south of the city, in the Badlands, it's every Prospector for themselves. The Soulstone veins in that barren land are often much smaller than those up north, but this has done nothing to dissuade a steady stream of Prospectors from trudging out into those empty lands in search of their fortune.

Tenacious and stubborn, the typical Prospector spends her days working hard and her nights dreaming of striking it rich. A handful of small Soulstones can make a Prospector rich... provided that she survives long enough to sell them.



**PROSPECTOR**  
Minion (3), Living  
Versatile

**6**  
COST

**5** Df  
**5** Wp  
**5** Mv  
**2** Sz

**ABILITIES**

**MANIPULATIVE:** If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a to their duel.

**DOWSING STICK:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may Push up to 3" toward any Scheme Marker in its LoS.

**MINE SOULSTONE:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may gain **Stunned**. If it does so, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.

**THIS WILL FETCH A HIGH PRICE:** After this model uses the **Interact** Action to remove an enemy Scheme Marker, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.

**HEALTH** 1 2 3 4 5 6

**PROSPECTOR**

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rc	STAT	RST	TN
<b>MINING TOOLS</b> The target may not declare Resistance Triggers during this Action. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.	1"	5	Df	-
<b>"I'VE STRUCK SOULSTONE!"</b> This Action may not be declared while engaged. Enemy only. Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with this model. Push the target its Mv toward this model.	8"	5	Wp	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rc	STAT	RST	TN
<b>APPRAISE</b> Remove target Scheme, Scrap, or Corpse Marker. Flip a card, which cannot be Cheated, and resolve the following effect based on the value of the flipped card: 0-5: Draw a card and then discard a card. 6-10: Draw a card.	6"	6	-	10
<b>MALIFAUZ MINING LAW</b> Until the End Phase, enemy models treat the area within 1" of friendly Scheme Markers within range as Hazardous Terrain. X <b>I Can Dig It:</b> Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with this model.	16"	6	-	12

**30MM**



**MALIFAUx CHILD**  
*Enforcer, Living Versatile*

3  
COST



4  
DF

4  
WP

5  
MV

1  
SZ

**ABILITIES**  
**MANIPULATIVE:** If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a  $\square$  to their duel.  
**DISGUISED:** This model cannot be the target of Actions generated by the **Charge** Action.

1 2 3  
**HEALTH**

**MALIFAUx CHILD**

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	STAT	RST	TN
<b>SICKLES</b> Target suffers 1/1/2 damage. If the target is engaged by another friendly model, it suffers +1 damage.	1"	4	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	STAT	RST	TN
<b>JUST LIKE YOU!</b> Once per Activation. Target a model with higher Cost than this model. Select one of the target's non-Tactical Actions that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name. This model may take the selected Action with a penalty of -2 to its Stat.	5"	-	-	-

30MM

## MALIFAUx CHILD

In Malifaux, where death lurks around every corner, the innocence of childhood is quickly stripped away. Families come to the new world seeking fame, fortune, or at the very least the opportunity to better their standard of living. What most find is terror, suffering, and an early grave. The magic that infuses Malifaux seeps into the children that come through the Breach, their growth forever altered by the fickle energies.

If left to their own devices they would likely be capable of great magics in time. However, many follow powerful entities around (sometimes from the shadows) and engage in an odd type of hero worship, rushing to aid and copy them, even in the heat of battle. Some turn this adulation into something dark and useful, while others find it an annoyance.





## UPGRADE CARDS

### EFFIGY OF FATE | 2

This Upgrade is a part of every Faction.

This model gains the following Ability:

**EFFIGY OF FATE:** During the Start Phase of Turn 3 and every Turn after, this model may be Replaced with an Emissary of Fate model that shares a Faction with this model. If it does so, the new model Heals 2.



#### LIMITATIONS

Restricted (Effigy)

### SERVANT OF DARK POWERS | 2

This model gains the following Abilities:

**HERALD:** During the Start Phase of the first Turn, this model may move up to 6".

**UNNATURAL VIGOR:** After killing an enemy model, this model Heals 2.

If this model is a Minion with the **Terrifying** Ability, it increases the value of its **Terrifying** Ability by +1. If this model is a Minion that does not have the **Terrifying** Ability, it gains the following Ability:

**TERRIFYING (11):** After an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 11 **Wp** duel or the Action fails.



#### LIMITATIONS

Plentiful (2)

### SOLDIER FOR HIRE | 2

This model gains the following Abilities:

**HARD TO KILL:** When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

**THIS WILL FETCH A HIGH PRICE:** After this model uses the **Interact** Action to remove an enemy Scheme Marker, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.

If this model is a Minion, it gains the following Ability:

**BOUNTY HUNTER:** After this model kills an enemy model, it may draw a card. If the enemy model was an Enforcer or Henchman, it may draw an additional card. If the enemy model was a Master, it may draw two additional cards and add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.



#### LIMITATIONS

Restricted (Living)  
Plentiful (2)

### WANTED CRIMINAL | 2

This model gains the following Ability:

**PROTECTION MONEY:** After an enemy Scheme Marker is Dropped within 6", this model may draw a card.

This model gains the following Action:

**ATTACK ACTIONS**    **RG**    **STAT**    **RST**    **TN**

**EXPERT THIEF**    1"    5    Df    -  
Target a model that can use Soulstones. Target must discard a Soulstone. If it does so, add a Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.

If this model is a Minion, it gains the following Ability:

**SWAGGER:** After this model resolves the **Walk** Action, if this model does not have the **Focused** Condition, it gains **Focused +1**.



#### LIMITATIONS

Plentiful (2)



# CURSE OF INJUSTICE

If Jack Daw is this Crew's Leader, increase this Upgrade's **Plentiful** Limitation to **Plentiful (5)**.

This model gains the following Abilities:

**TORMENTED:** This model has the Tormented Keyword.

**HEAVY WITH GUILT:** During the Start Phase, this model gains **Staggered**.



## LIMITATIONS

Special (Cursed, Injustice)  
Plentiful (2)

# PUNISH THE WICKED

This model gains the following Abilities:

**TORMENTED:** This model has the Tormented Keyword.

**DEMISE (DEATH ROW):** After this model is killed, the opposing player may Summon an enemy Guilty into base contact with this model. The Summoned model suffers 2 damage.

**FOUND GUILTY +1:** Increase the opposing Crew's Maximum Hand Size by +1.



## LIMITATIONS

Special (Cursed, Wicked)  
Plentiful (3)

# GRENADE BELT

After this model resolves an Action listed on this Upgrade, discard this Upgrade.

This model gains the following Actions:

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>CLOCKWORK GRENADE</b>	8"	6	*	13

*This Action ignores LoS. Shockwave 1, Mv 12, Damage 2.*

✗ **Burnt to a Crisp:** Scheme Markers touching a **Shockwave** Marker or a (t) generated by this **Shockwave** are removed.

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>FLASH GRENADE</b>	8"	6	*	13

*This Action ignores LoS. Shockwave 1, Mv 12, Distracted +2.*

♣ **Cataclysm:** When resolving, Drop another **Shockwave** Marker within range and LoS.



## LIMITATIONS

Special (Equipment)  
Plentiful (2)

# LAND MINES

After this model resolves an Action listed on this Upgrade, discard this Upgrade.

This model gains the following Ability:

**DEMISE (EXPLOSIVE +2):** After this model is killed, models within (t)2 suffer +2 damage. This model does not Drop any Markers when killed.

This model gains the following Action:

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>LAND MINES</b>	6"	6	-	10

Create two 50mm Destructible, Severe, Hazardous Mine Field Markers anywhere within range.

♣ **Reposition:** Move this model up to 3".



## LIMITATIONS

Special (Equipment)  
Plentiful (2)



## UPGRADE CARDS

### REINFORCED ASSAULT SHIELD

When this Upgrade Attaches to this model, this model gains **Shielded +2**.

After the value of this model's **Shielded** Condition is reduced to 0 during the Activation Phase, discard this Upgrade.

This model gains the following Ability:

**ARCANE SHIELD +2:** During the Start Phase, this model gains **Shielded +2**.

This model gains the following Action:

**TACTICAL ACTIONS** RG STAT RST TN

✓ **I'VE GOT YOUR BACK** 6" 5 - 10

Target other engaged friendly model. Target is Placed into base contact with this model.

☛ **Defensive Reflexes:** This model gains **Shielded +1**.



#### LIMITATIONS

Special (Equipment)  
Plentiful (2)

### ROCKET BOOTS

After this model resolves an Action listed on this Upgrade or an Action generated by the **Charge** Action, discard this Upgrade.

This model gains the following Ability:

**CHARGE THROUGH:** This model's **Charge** Actions that are generated by the **Charge** Action receive a **1** to their damage flip.

This model gains the following Action:

**TACTICAL ACTIONS** RG STAT RST TN

✓ **LEAP** 6" 3W - 10W

Place this model anywhere within range.



#### LIMITATIONS

Special (Equipment)  
Plentiful (2)

### ROCKET LAUNCHER

After this model resolves an Action listed on this Upgrade, discard this Upgrade.

This model gains the following Actions:

**ATTACK ACTIONS** RG STAT RST TN

**ROCKET LAUNCHER** 12" 6 Df -

Once per Turn. Target suffers 2W/3W/4W damage.

☛ **Critical Strike:** When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each **☛** in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).

**TACTICAL ACTIONS** RG STAT RST TN

✓ **BLOW IT TO HELL** 8" 5 - 10

Remove any other Blown Apart Markers Dropped by this model. Drop a Blown Apart Marker within range, then remove any Destructible Terrain within (1)2 of it. Models within (1)2 of a Blown Apart Marker do not benefit from having Cover. Blown Apart Markers cannot be removed from effects other than this Action.



#### LIMITATIONS

Special (Equipment)  
Plentiful (2)

### MEMENTO

This model gains the following Ability:

**COMPANION:** After a friendly model ends its Activation within 6" of this model, if this model has not Activated this Turn, it may discard a card or Pass Token to do so.



#### LIMITATIONS

Special (Trinket)



PRETTY FLORAL BONNET

O

This model gains the following Ability:

**DON'T MIND ME:** This model may take the **Interact** Action while engaged or if it has taken the **Disengage** Action this Activation.



**LIMITATIONS**

Special (Trinket)

VITALITY POTION

O

This model gains the following Ability:

**REGENERATION +1:** At the start of this model's Activation, it Heals +1.



**LIMITATIONS**

Special (Trinket)



THE ENDLESS VOID

O

If Tara is this Crew's Leader, increase this Upgrade's **Plentiful** Limitation to **Plentiful (5)**.

When this model is Summoned, it comes into play Buried.



**LIMITATIONS**

Special (Summon, Voidling)  
Plentiful (2)



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Looking for more info on which models work with each Master or on how to build the best Crew? Visit [wyrd-games.net](http://wyrd-games.net) for all of that fun stuff.



# THE OUTCASTS



**MBE**

BAD THINGS HAPPEN



# THE OUTCASTS



**C**ast aside to the fringes of society, the Outcasts are the renegades, scoundrels, and outlaws that lie in wait for a golden opportunity. Some walk down a lonely road, seeking coin or control, while others are more interested in infamy. As long as their existence and freedoms aren't impeded by man-made laws, the Outcasts will continue to live their lives as they see fit, whether that means selling their protection to the highest bidder or stealing from that very same pocket – sometimes both.

## M3E

Malifaux Third Edition is a story-driven skirmish game that carries the events from the lore directly into the characters' mechanics. With a streamlined hiring system, straightforward and updated rules that don't get in the way of the fun, and enough strategic depth to keep those mental gears turning for years to come, it's never been a better time to dive into the world of Malifaux.

Seek your fortune, test your luck, and stake your claim in this fast-paced and brutal tabletop miniature skirmish game.



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