

RESURRECTIONISTS



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I might start with an itch, a whisper, a shiver; a need to be scratched, screamed, or delivered. The Resurrectionists, like the stitches and sutures that keep their corpses together, are grave robbers, serial killers, and innovators that are loosely bound together by common enemies, goals, and the voice in their heads. Most have retreated to places like the Quarantine Zone or the sewers, where their practices are judged not by their peers, but more often worshiped. Able to manipulate and master the inevitability of death, the Resurrectionists are difficult to put down, as they keep getting right back up.

Necromancy, for all the power it provides to those with even the narrowest understanding, could not be possible without the manifestation of death itself. Brought forth from its own dark realm, this tangible form with intelligence beyond mortal comprehension and power as limitless as the stars in the sky, stretches across all known realms to bring an end to life's cycle of repetition. This being, this great ruiner, this necessary darkness, has been given only one name since it was summoned by the fearful during the Tyrant War: the Grave Spirit.

Once the portal to its realm of decay was opened, its connection and reach could not be undone. Though the mechanisms within Kythera would be later destroyed, the Grave Spirit's influence unto Malifaux would forever remain as a permanent mark upon the world. Perceived as a stain to many and a boon to others, some small measure of its consciousness lingers in the world, whispering into the minds of the curious or crazed, encouraging them to take up the dark art as a catalyst for their own ambitions, whether they are aware of its persuasions or not.

The first necromancer in Malifaux's recorded history has no family to remember him and no name etched upon his tombstone. Though his identity has been buried along with the bones of the corpses he summoned, his methods continue to serve as inspiration for those who wish to walk a similar path. When his army of the undead marched into the city's streets, the damage would not be left against the brick and stone, but in the minds of men. The curtain had been lifted, and the sights beyond the implausible and terrible would cascade further than the Grave Spirit itself could have dreamed.

Years later, it would be the Guild and their propaganda machine that would coin the rabble of necromancers as the Resurrectionists; a term used to harm them, to belittle them as nothing more than weak willed body snatchers, but this label would be used as a plate of armor, a badge of honor. The former Governor-General spoke out about them as a cabal of corpse defilers, plotting in the Quarantine Zone against the good people of the city. And while some of that might be true, they are anything but unified. The shambling undead are often loyal to their creators, but those creators each have goals of their own.

Some see necromancy as a means of scientific discovery. Doctor Douglas McMourning, who once worked in plain sight as the Guild's coroner, experimented with the corpses that found their way to the morgue. A missing body part was just a missed opportunity. Now that his clandestine efforts have unraveled, he no longer needs to refrain himself, and is able to push the boundaries without all the red tape. Like McMourning, Professor Albus Von Schtook also seeks knowledge through unconventional means. As an educator of the undead at the University of Transmortis, he teaches his students in the sewers of the Cistern Seven, but is ready to bring his lectures to the uneducated hopefuls above.

Others utilize the dark arts as a means of violence or vengeance. The once desperate Kirai Ankoku heard the whispers in a time of need, but the voice was not of the Grave Spirit, but of another ancient entity. With the Gorgon's assistance, she is able to channel her grief through malice, bringing forth relentless spirits to right the many wrongs of her past.

With a similar bloodthirst, the Red Chapel Killer had no interest in necromancy until he crossed through the Breach, but the whisper was loud, and he was an excellent listener. Roaming about Malifaux by day under numerous pseudonyms, Seamus can truly be himself at night when he kills with reckless abandon. Being a talented serial killer often means living a solitary life, but not when you can bring them back so that they can accompany you on your next outing.

As a result of his vicious machinations and with the help of the Gorgon's Tear, Seamus created Molly, a rare and unique undead who can think and speak on her own. Having found her own footing, she now walks her own path, freeing those who have been forgotten, and becoming as much a presence in Malifaux as her creator.

There are others like her who drink from the dark cup as a necessity to survive, or to help others do so along the way. Yan Lo, an ancient fractured spirit temporarily bound to this mortal plane, searches for fragments of his shattered past to lift himself of this eternal burden. Reva Cortinas shrouds her goals and obligations in mystery, but those who seek her light have become a fervent, loyal cult, hanging on her every action like a savior.

But not all necromancers can be saved. Recently, the Resurrectionists have been dealt a heavy blow, as Aloysius Nicodem, once a powerful and terrifying master of the undead, was defeated in his bid to take the city of Malifaux away from the living. Though his body rots into the ground like those he unearthed from his mortuary, his methodologies continue to be studied and scrutinized, allowing his soul to live on.

Separate as they may seem, the Resurrectionists are loosely bound together thanks in part to their enemies who oppose them, and in the dark and divine whisper that beckons to them. Their paths cross most often when searching for the ripest graveyards or to eliminate a common threat, but no one master has yet been able to stitch this fractured coalition of madmen together. While corpses are as rare a commodity as companionship for a necromancer, one good slaughter is all it takes to amass an army.



by Mike Wallace

A lbus Von Schtook awoke with a cry of fear. Gasping for air, he put two shaky fingers to the side of his neck and sighed with relief as he felt his heartbeat pulse under them.

Another night conquered, he mused. Or day, he had to admit. The sun meant very little in Cistern Seven. Either way, he knew it was 6 o'clock on the dot. It was the only time he ever woke up.

He rose out of bed, tossing aside old blankets, and stretched out his aching limbs. His bedchamber had a series of tiny ducts that connected to the tunnels above and, eventually, the surface. It was the closest thing he could get to fresh air, even if it meant the air was perpetually damp.

He opened his wardrobe to consider the day's attire. In his youth, Von Schtook had considered clothing a symbol of status, the purest expression of the civilized man, and while he had matured to more important pursuits than personal vanity, he still took pride in his appearance. Smiling, he took down the same suit he always wore, despite owning many others.

It hung from its hook, frayed in some areas and worn to require patches in others. It had been stained with layers of dried blood. He whistled as he dressed and adjusted his tie while staring at the reflective metal tubing that ran in seemingly random directions across Cistern Seven.

He looped a belt around his waist, pausing after each loop to tuck a pouch, trinket, or vial onto it. Then, he attached leather straps to his torso, loaded with all manner of instruments, mostly cutting tools in one form or another, but also bottles of ink, pens, pencils, and chalk. He nodded in approval as he gazed at himself, running a hand through his wild, curly hair. He donned his goggles, which doubled as his spectacles, then slid them up to his forehead. Nodding in approval, he slipped on his laceless boots and went for a walk around Cistern Seven.

The cistern itself was typical of old-world architecture, though Von Schtook often daydreamed that Malifaux City's sewers were much older in origin. A vast, warehouse-like space, the cistern was characterized by a series of tall pillars that supported its arching ceiling. Darkness, not walls, turned this place into a maze. Featureless and without many landmarks beyond a pillar with a scratch mark or two, one could easily get lost without a map or years of experience.

The walls of the cistern boasted the occasional floodgate that led into auxiliary overflow chambers, ranging in size from that of a private office to that of an auditorium, depending on how much water normally pumped through any particular tunnel above them. These chambers made up the University's classrooms and workshops. The classes were sometimes flooded by sewer runoff, but it didn't seem to bother the University's students, or if it did, none of them ever spoke openly about it.

Water under the bridge, as he liked to joke.

The school was studiously quiet, as usual. Even in his absence, academia never rested. Cistern Seven was dimly lit with blue flame lanterns, the kind that

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made the shadows darker and deeper than normal. Shapes lurked in those shadows, barely visible to Von Schtook's human eyes, but their movements created sounds of flesh and metal touching wet stone floors, echoing into the open air.

"You there." He gestured to one shuffling figure. "Don't you have classes this morning?"

The shape slowly twisted in a way that suggested that its spine was not connected to its lower torso. Flesh stretched and mechanical parts clanked as its clockwork eyes extended from its head, getting a good "look" at Von Schtook.

"Room Thirteen, Preservation Techniques 101, yes?" Albus asked. He pointed the student in the right direction.

The monstrosity said nothing; it couldn't, because it lacked a larynx. It started to shuffle away, walking backwards down the hallway. Von Schtook shook his head. Freshmen had a tendency to get lost. And when they got lost, they either loitered like sheep or started damaging things. The walls had more than a few cracks and gouges from such exercises another reason to keep his students focused on their studies.

He paused outside one of the larger reservoirs: Room Thirty-Seven. Metal tables had been arranged like desks, with an assortment of machinery lining the walls that hummed, buzzed, and billowed engine smoke. Strong overhead lights had been hung above the tables. One table sported the corpse of a heavy-set man whose internal organs had been removed and carefully piled up beside him.

A dozen creatures had assembled around the table. They had been human once, mostly. Now they were twisted and torn, their flesh cut apart and either replaced with an assortment of mechanical parts or simply stitched back together with stitches and straps bolted right to the bone. There was no rhyme or reason to any of their configurations, making each an asymmetrical nightmare of art.

One of the larger creatures gestured toward the corpse and then to the pile of intestines next to it. It gesticulated wildly and fluidly, pantomiming scissors, stitching, and even patting its own stomach while making a chuckling gesture that several of its fellow students mimicked. Von Schtook chuckled with them. "Blown out, indeed," he agreed.

The creatures whirled. Their eyes were flat and dead, but behind them seemed to be a greenish flicker of manic intelligence. The largest creature, leading the class, put its hands, or, rather, one hand and a large surgical saw, on the table and rasped through its throat.

"Professor?"

Albus shook his head. "Merely observing. But oh, remember the liver!"

The lead creature banged a fist on the table, nodding frantically. This drew its kin's attention back to it, and it began to mime injecting the body with something, and the class became entranced. Some of them even began jotting down notes.

Content, Von Schtook continued on his way. The University seemed to be in good spirits. His creations, his Iron Zombies, fluttered about, self-sufficient and devoted to learning. Classes were in session, students gathered to learn the arts of necromancy and amalgamation, one generation preparing to create the next, sharing their insights, and innovating the state of undeath to match the modern era.

As it should be, he acknowledged.

A chirp from above drew his attention, and he glanced up to see a tiny metallic object darting down towards him, flapping bat-like wings made from flayed skin. He recognized it as one of his students' creations, a human head, properly zombified, and grafted with the same sort of mechanical doodads the Guild put in their purely metallic Watcher constructs. It landed with a bounce on the guard rail and then toppled over, smashing itself on the stone-brick floor at the Professor's feet.

Von Schtook frowned and dug into a belt pouch, producing a key ring loaded with tiny tin whistles. There were dozens of them, so it took him a moment to find the correct one. He blew into the silent whistle, and then put the ring of whistles away. While he waited, he scooped the mangled head-and-wings off the floor for a closer look.

After several minutes, an Iron Zombie skittered up the walls of the Student Forum and clambered over the railing before Von Schtook. The Student of Steel hissed out a cry of anguish as it saw the broken head, reaching out for it with mechanical hands, one of which was a lengthy serrated blade.

Von Schtook tsk'ed, and the Student of Steel fell still.

"This is a wasteful travesty," Von Schtook began, circling the zombie, the broken creation tucked under his arm. "Vital school resources destroyed. Do you know how long it took us to capture one of these little observers?"

The Iron Zombie hung its head, absently scratching the floor with its bladed arm.

"You should have considered that this device required a means to *land* safely. For that reason, I ought to put a permanent demerit on your grade." He wagged his finger at the Iron Zombie. Then he sighed and held up the broken head. "But the fault... is partly my own. Creating a marvel like this had me quite excited, and I hadn't considered the necessities of *feet*, either."

From the shadows came heavy footfalls. A Student of Sinew, one of the hulking "Hall Monitors" Von Schtook used to keep the student body in line, appeared, drawn to the opportunity to dispense discipline. Von Schtook waved it back.

"Not today," he said. "You sent this contraption out to survey the city, yes? If you can show me what it saw, we will not consider this a failed project."

He handed the flying head to the student, who immediately began dismantling it, extracting the cracked crystal lens from its eye socket. It produced a twin, connecting them via a series of copper wires and enchanted mechanisms taken from the original

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Guild Watcher from which the creature had been built. Finally, the Student of Steel produced a projection lantern, lit it, and set the cracked lens inside it, creating an image that glowed on the walls of the cistern.

A small body of students had gathered, and even the Student of Sinew was absorbed with the opportunity for an impromptu lesson on the Watcher's inner mechanisms.

The projection showed what the lens had seen, moving backwards at a rapid pace. It flew through tunnels and sewer networks, emerging in a drainage ditch that was in a northern part of the city. Von Schtook drew his goggles down to his nose and tried to discern the location. Eventually, he realized it was showing whole neighborhoods flattened into rubble by some kind of enormous vehicle, like a castle on massive treadwheels.

Fascinated, Von Schtook leaned in closer and saw the aftermath of some kind of battle. He recognized the Guild Amalgamation Enforcer, Charles Hoffman, and that garish mechanical suit he used to walk. Alongside him came a hulking example of an amalgamation, a beefy-looking fellow with a mechanical mask and an intimidating-looking machine gun fitted to its arm.

"A fine bit of engineering, old boy," Von Schtook admitted. "What a boon to the University if we could induct you..."

The zombies gathered around Von Schtook chuffed with eager laughter, but he silenced them with a gesture. Hoffman appeared battered and weary, but this recording had to have been from more than an hour ago. He would likely be well on his way to the Guild Enclave, and well beyond Von Schtook's reach.

But he *had* been in a fight, and Von Schtook was curious as to what the man had been fighting. He watched intently as the head continued its survey, catch sight of what had spurred it to return to the cistern.

The flying head made a few more patrols about the city, pausing over areas it considered interesting: a marketplace full of people, some kind of riot between the Guild and the Union of Miners and Steamfitters, nothing particularly noteworthy. Von Schtook's hopes dropped.

But then the head came to hover over a small alley not far north of the Southgate Slums. The head was buffeted by some kind of kinetic force that sent it spiraling about, and then the recording turned to stare into the face of a lovely, stern-looking woman with black hair and a dress that appeared to be purely mechanical, as if she were wearing some kind of fullbody iron lung. The woman was seriously injured, bleeding profusely from a stomach wound, but still tried to drag along her heavy garments with a kind of dignified stoicism, despite her mangled arm hanging from her shoulder and her face twisting from the intense pain.

Von Schtook felt a tingling at the back of his mind, an echo of a whisper of an idea that suddenly boomed in his brain like only the thunderbolt of an epiphany can provide.

"Ha-ho!" he cried, clapping his hands. "Take me to the surface at once! I think we've found a promising new student!" He clapped the shoulder of the Student of Steel who had produced the flying head. "Top marks, my boy! Top marks!"

The Student of Steel was practically bouncing with joy as Von Schtook left. The professor rushed towards one of the open-air elevators he'd had installed on the walls of the cistern. As he went, he took up one of his tin whistles and blew into it. A great winged shape immediately took flight, circling the cistern before landing with a mechanical clatter before Von Schtook.

The Valedictorian curtsied, wings extended out like a dress. "Yes?" she asked. Her voice sounded like escaping steam.

"I've received the most unorthodox but tantalizing application," Von Schtook said, fairly giggling. "She looks quite formidable, so I'd like you to accompany me while I handle this personally."



Anna Lovelace heard one of the mechanisms in her clockwork dress grind to a halt. The enchantments on her left side failed, and the sudden weight of the equipment—far greater than she could carry without its gravity-manipulating capabilities—came down on her already-numb legs. Her left knee gave out with a pop, and she struck the brick wall of the alleyway with a clatter of metal. She put her one good arm out to stop herself, but ended up face-first in the muck, letting out an unintended cry of pain.

She forced herself to remain silent. Malifaux City was a jungle of brick and iron. Cries of pain and the scent of blood would draw predators for miles around.

Using the crumpled mass of of metallic dress as a counterweight, she rolled onto her back, guarding the oozing wound in her stomach with her shredded arm. She had not anticipated Charles Hoffman's affinity for machinery. Much as she was reluctant to admit it, she had underestimated him.

Although his intelligence was a far cry from her own, his journey to Malifaux had borne him a significant advantage: technopathy. He had turned her dress on her with a mere thought. Her only recourse had been to use the trick blade in her sleeve to stab herself. Having shattered the enchantments, it whisked her away from the battle, and in doing so nearly left her arm behind, leaving her in a black void that felt akin to being buried alive in a cold, wet grave. But without taking such drastic measures, Hoffman could have done far greater damage; if the wrong switch was pulled or the wrong diode was turned, the dress could have crushed, twisted, and squeezed her body into the size of a cantaloupe.

But it seemed her desperation, not Hoffman, would do her in. She was more than certain her intestines had been punctured, and after nearly an hour, the wound still refused to clot. Clinically, she deduced that sepsis would set in soon, if she didn't exsanguinate first.

Crippled and bleeding out, she finally admitted that her arrogance had led to this moment. She had made the ruins of the Majestic, the Guild's failed mobile-bastion, into her lair, and kept all her equipment within. She had made no other contingency plans, no cache of vital supplies in the event she had been forced to flee, and certainly no friends or family that she could rely on – especially not her sister. Even the enchantment in her blade had required another death to return her from the void, and she had not prepared for that, either. It was pure luck that the magic had sensed a nearby murder, unrelated to her battle with Hoffman. She'd been wrenched out of the blackness to find herself standing over a vagrant, his throat slit and his meager possessions already looted. Had the culprit remained near the scene of the crime, she might not have been able to fend him off.

The weight of her failures gnawed at her mind. She flexed her fingers into claws, feeling the cold, reptilian fury blend with hot, raw hatred for Charles Hoffman. He had robbed her of her vengeance and left her to die in this alley, just another one of Malifaux's many victims.

Should have let him kill me, she thought. If only to spit in his face and laugh as I left him to mewl over his walking corpse of a brother!

Her eye twitched, a nervous tic she had developed during her schoolyard rivalry with Ryle Hoffman. She rubbed her temple, trying to will the twitch away.

Thieves, the whole lot of them, she thought. That's all Charles Hoffman was; not a thief of ideas like his brother Ryle, but rather a thief of autonomy. He had *turned* her dress against her. It sickened her. She felt violated by the intrusion of his mind into her work, more so than even Ryle, who could only ape her achievements and steal credit for her work. No. Charles Hoffman was a monster!

Wetness touched her cheeks. She opened her eyes to see the evening sky was heavy with rain. Thunder rumbled somewhere distantly. She had to get off the street. She needed to get out of her clockwork dress and to find someone to clean and heal her wounds. She couldn't let it end like this, not now, wailing in an alley like an abandoned infant.

She reached for the clasps of her dress, knowing she could never get anywhere while wearing it, now that its levitation mechanisms were no longer functioning.

Something flew overhead, big enough to block out the rain for a heartbeat. Anna glanced upward, scanning the edges of the rooftops, but could make out nothing in the gloom. Hoffman had found her earlier using the Guild's aerial observation devices. Was he looking for her now? How could he have found her so quickly? *She* didn't even know where she was!

Instead of unbuckling herself, Anna reached for the controls that would allow her to activate her gravity well, and if that failed, she could still draw on the blade attached to her shredded arm, somehow. She waited, holding her breath and tears in those few agonizing moments, but whatever had moved overhead did not return.

After a minute of absolute silence, Anna began to unbuckle her dress. If she was quick, she could duck into one of the nearby buildings. It had to be safer than the open street. Another sound struck her over the din of the rain: the wobbly creak of a wheel drawing closer. Soon, she heard the sound of footsteps and humming.

A figure appeared at the end of the alley, standing under the light of a street lantern. He held an umbrella in one hand, casting him in heavy shadow, but she saw a sturdy iron wheelchair at his side.

"Ah, here we are," he said. His voice was calm and pleasant, which only unnerved Anna more. She kept silent, but then he started to approach, pushing the wheelchair towards her. Lightning flickered in the skies above, and she caught a good look at him: a scrawny old man in a blood-stained suit, with unkempt hair and thick goggles resting against his forehead.

"Oh, good evening!" he said, with a tone that implied he wasn't at all surprised to find her. Something disturbing flickered in his eyes as he looked her over. "Did you have a bad fall? One of my students informed me, so I procured this for you." He patted the wheelchair.

Anna didn't move. "Who are you?" There was something familiar about his voice...

The man stood up straight and sniffed. "Professor Albus Von Schtook, chancellor of the University of Transmortis!" He smiled with a look that stole some of the heat from Anna's blood. "I see you've heard of me. How flattering to know my reputation precedes me."

Anna considered her escape route. She'd have to lure him in close enough to strike him. She didn't want to risk her dress failing her at a critical moment and making him too wary to approach. "What do you want?"

Von Schtook tilted his head to the side as if disappointed in her. "Well my dear, I'm here for you. A little... *bird* told me you were passing through Southgate, and I knew it was vital that I seek you out. The University is always looking for new students, you see. And after witnessing your duel with the Amalgamation Enforcement head, I think you'd fit right in."

Anna pursed her lips. "I admit... I've heard of you. Your broadcast on provoking pain responses from paralyzed nerves was inspired—"

Von Schtook beamed. "Why, thank you! It's so refreshing to get positive feedback on my work! Oh, we must take a tour of the University at once!" "-But I'm afraid I won't be able to oblige you," Anna concluded.

His face darkened. "Oh? And why is that?"

She knew she was on the knife's edge. Every path in front of her was a risk, but some sticky ends sounded more appealing than others. "As you can see, I've been... injured. I require medical care. I would not be able to attend a tour of your University today. Perhaps another day?" She grimaced in pain.

Von Schtook waved his hand dismissively. "If I halted classes every time someone needed 'urgent medical attention' we'd never get *anything* done. Besides," his eyes took on a manic glee, "bleeding out won't bother you a bit after a bit of... mm, *enhancement?* The University has a very strict admissions policy. No living allowed, you see."

Anna felt her stomach turn to lead. She forced herself to keep a stoic face. "Then perhaps you could help me? I cannot stand on my own, and you look more the academic type than one for hard labor, no offense."

He chirped a laugh. "None at all. Folk like you and I are better suited to exercising the mind over the body, correct? I do confess to being intrigued by your garments. Quite unlike anything I've ever seen before."

"Thank you," Anna said. "Then please help me out of it."

Von Schtook gaped, and fairly blushed. "Out of your clothes? Oh my, that's hardly proper for a gentleman! And student/teacher trust!"

Anna frowned. "I am dressed under the harness."

"Oh, of course," Von Schtook said, looking relieved. "I suppose it would avoid uncomfortable chills and unpleasant chafing. All right, let's see." He drew in close, leaving the umbrella with the wheelchair.

"Here," Anna said, gesturing at a buckle above the small of her back. "In my condition, it's quite painful to reach..."

Von Schtook nodded, mumbling to himself. He had to lean over her to get close.

With the last fibers of her strength, Anna drew up her mangled arm. Her hidden blade extended from her sleeve, weakly locking into place with a metallic crunch. With her other hand, she reached over

and steadied her wrist, aiming for his neck. A heavy force *slammed* into the ground beside her, splashing mud and knocking Von Schtook back. A taloned metal foot came down on Anna's weapon, pinning it against the cobblestones. The pain would have been excruciating, but her body was so exhausted that it was lost in the rest of the fading agony. Anna found herself looking up into the cold, passionless eyes of a creature that was now both zombie and amalgamation but had clearly once been a woman. For a brief moment, blinking away tears and rain, she thought of Ryle Hoffman, but this wretched creature wasn't even pretending to disguise its undead nature.

Von Schtook slowly stood up and cleaned his goggles with a rag. When he turned, Anna saw a baleful glint in his eyes. As he approached, his posture was much less cordial and friendly. He loomed over Anna with hands clasped in front of him.

"That goes on your permanent record," Von Schtook said. He turned, staring at the wheelchair. Anna knew he had to be considering killing her then and there.

After what felt like an eternity, he whirled about again. The anger in him had drained away and what was left was a comfortable, almost grandfatherly smile. "Aren't you spirited?" He chuckled, producing a tool from his belt. Working quickly, he carefully dismantled the blade on Anna's forearm and put it in his belt. "An intriguing device. Retractable *and* enchanted! You *do* have talent!"

Von Schtook's monster reached down and hauled Anna up, clockwork dress and all. Its scythe-like limbs didn't seem to have any trouble as it deposited her into the wheelchair. It flexed its bat-like wings and pushed the chair forward.

"Well, no time like the present!" he said. "Let's have that tour of the grounds then, shall we?"



Von Schtook felt a spring in his step as he led the way, allowing the Valedictorian to push his newest student along. They slipped into a drainage ditch that was already beginning to fill with rainwater and followed the maze-like sewer tunnels with practiced familiarity to Cistern Seven. "Ah, yes, here we are!" Von Schtook clapped his hands, speaking up for the first time since they'd left the alley above. He glanced down at Anna, whose face was pale and pained. "Still conscious, miss? I take a grim view of those who sleep through my classes!"

He slapped her, just hard enough to draw the focus back into her eyes. She glared hate at him, wrapped in all the dignity she could muster.

"Very good," he said. "Here we have Cistern Seven, home of the University of Transmortis. A humble little school—far from the prestige of Heidelberg, I'll admit. But to my reckoning... much, *much* older. We've renovated as much as we can, providing proper lighting, facilities, storage, student gathering spaces, etcetera, etcetera. I run a very tight ship. It's even part of the school's official motto: Organization Liberabit Vos!"

Anna mumbled something, took a breath, and repeated herself. "Where are your students?"

"Oh, all about!" Von Schtook said, waving his arms. "The Student Forum might be a bit dimly lit, but it's comforting for them and not such a heavy drain on energy resources for the school."

He stopped their procession in the center of the Student Forum that overlooked the drainage sump. "If you'll orient her northward?" He motioned to the Valedictorian. "There you go. To the North, you'll find the Hall of Steel. Some of the University's most talented engineers can be found there, studying the processes of amalgamation, construct locomotion, Soulstone engines, history, and philosophy. To the West is the Hall of Sinew. Medical courses are the highlight, but we also teach sociology, culinary trades, and I sometimes host an astronomy course every now and again. Fascinating things, stars. I was originally a professor of astronomy, at Heidelberg, before I found my calling."

Anna shook her head, barely able to hold it up. Blood began to spill down the front of her mechanical dress.

"Finally, to the East is the Hall of Viscera. Some of our finest students wind up there; you might find a few slithering about. Literally, of course." He giggled. "Courses include arcane studies, magical theory, and while I generally frown on religious courses in a private school, a few contemporaries host a theological course on Earth and Malifaux-based religions. Now, I'm sure you're curious to see our amalgamation labs first—" Anna responded by collapsing out of the wheelchair. The clatter of her clockwork dress drew the attention of the entire school, and Von Schtook heard several of them approaching.

Frowning, Von Schtook rubbed his chin while the Valedictorian gathered Anna back up into the chair. Passing students paused in their activities, barely visible in the dim light, watching with a mix of curiosity and anticipation. It had been *weeks* since they'd dissected anyone for conversion.

But there was a place for everything, and everything must be in its place. Von Schtook waved them off, then grabbed Anna's chin to hold her face up. Her eyes were blurry, barely responsive. She was bleeding out faster than he'd anticipated. "Still with us, my dear?" he asked. "Blood loss seems inevitable at this point. But we must continue the *tour*."

Anna surprised him by lashing out. Not to attack him, but to grab hold of his collar. "I demand medical attention *now*."

Von Schtook smiled softly. Her hand was trembling, and she was barely able to hold her arm up. "My

> dear, you must sit quietly. We'll attend to you if and when you prove to be right for the school." He pulled her hand from his collar.

"Now!" Anna snapped. She let go of him to grab a small knob that jutted from the side of her dress and twisted it. Gears groaned and sparks hissed from within, and for a moment, Von Schtook

believed the entire contraption—damaged as it was would simply break down.

Instead, he felt a *whumpf* wash over him. He was knocked backward into the Valedictorian, who was sent over the railing and into the sump drain. Von Schtook caught hold of the railing just in time, but the force that assailed him would not relent.

"This is how it will happen, old man," Anna snarled, her voice somehow amplified above the noise of machinery working in her clockwork dress. "You have medical equipment here. You *will* attend to my injuries! You will ensure that I survive alive and intact, or I will set my equipment to overload and to *hell* with your University as I bring the city above you down on your head!"

"Intact?" Von Schtook raised an eyebrow. The defiance in this woman was noteworthy, but in the back of his mind he sensed that she was bluffing. Her dress was barely functioning, and while the science behind it was impressive—centuries ahead of its time by his understanding of controlling the forces of gravity he doubted she could knock down a pillar of the cistern, let alone the rest of the University.

Still, if she could do damage to the school, it would be an unseemly, perhaps irreparable mess.

But to leave her intact? How would he allow her to join his school if she still had a pulse? It was unthinkable! But if she left, she would be the first being to escape his school—what a scandal that would cause! Transmortis had a perfect attendance record!

"Define intact," he continued. "Because I'm afraid all of the medicine in the world isn't saving that arm."

"Keep. Me. Alive."

A little whisper at the back of his mind brought him a measure of reassurance and control. Organized. He had to stay organized.

"Organization will set you free," he said, more to himself than to her. "Very well. Please allow me to steer you to our operation theater."

Anna never took her gaze off him. Her head swiveled like a cobra to watch him grab the handles of the wheelchair and, with considerable effort, wheel it forward. The Valedictorian hauled herself out of the sump behind them and let out a mechanical hiss of annoyance, but Von Schtook waved her off. "Top marks, young lady," he said reassuringly. "But allow me to continue the lesson here."

The Valedictorian hesitated, never taking her flat, dead eyes off Anna. But she eventually slunk away, vanishing into the darkness of the cistern.

"There now, you see?" Von Schtook said. "The theater is this way."

He hummed as he walked, but his mind worked over his options as he tried to ignore Anna's steely glare. "I have to confess, I don't get to operate on many live patients. Well, none that I intend to walk away from the table!" He chuckled. "And I'm mostly self-taught. You don't mind, do you? Of course not. It's not like there's much choice. I *could* just let you bleed out. Maybe you wouldn't have the strength to activate this clever little outfit of yours. Then again, maybe you could, and that would make a mess. I must confess that I find this all highly irregular."

"Shut up," Anna muttered, a slight shudder in her voice.

"Come now," he admonished. "There's no reason we can't be civilized. You should reconsider a conversion. I haven't indulged myself, but the others assure me it's quite liberating. Undeath has a way of numbing pain. And I think you would be quite impressed with our school. Why, given your clever inventions, I suspect you would be quite an asset! Rise to the top, the cream of the crop, so to speak!"

Anna only grunted. It seemed to take all her effort to keep her eyes on him. He brought her to a heavy metal flood gate.

"Excuse me." He pulled his goggles down to his nose and worked the chain that slowly lifted the gate.

The operating theater was an auxiliary reservoir, cylindrical in shape, with a large drain in the center of the room that was covered with heavy, rusted iron bars. A mortuary slab had been set next to it, along with wheeled tables lined with surgical equipment. Electric lighting was arranged on tripods around the room.

"Quite impressive, is it not?" he asked. "Ah, the memories. Some of my best work has been performed here."

He followed Anna's stare to the splash of dried blood running from the mortuary slab to the drain. "Ah," he said. "I see one of my students has been indulging.

himself between classes. But beggars can't be choosers, can they?"

He wheeled Anna to the table. "Now, we should remove that equipment..."

"No!" Anna snapped. She worked the machinery in ways he couldn't follow, creating a surge of energy that propelled her up onto the table and knocked her wheelchair aside like she had swatted a fly. Her face went nearly gray from the effort, and she collapsed onto her back with a pained cry.

"Now operate!" she said through gritted teeth.

Von Schtook shrugged. He pulled his operating tools within reach, checked them for cleanliness, and nodded. "I'm afraid we have no anesthetic."

She simply stared at him.

He cleared his throat and tried again. "And if you die on my table? Do I have permission to... bring you back?"

She made a disgusted face and then twisted something on her shoulder. "Timer," she said. "If I don't reset it every fifteen minutes, it will activate. For your school's sake, *don't* let me die."

Von Schtook allowed himself a smile. Such decisive defiance. "Very well. I'll do my utmost, Miss...?"

She swallowed. "Lovelace. Anna Lovelace."

"Anna," Von Schtook said. He hesitated. It had never seemed important to him to get her name until now, yet it felt like a good idea. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he found the idea of saving her life not only intriguing scientifically, but potentially beneficial. He set aside one tool—one that would have almost certainly ended her life if he'd wished—and picked up a more precise and delicate instrument.

"Oh!" he said with a smile. "I hope you'll indulge me this. I promise it won't harm at all."

He went to a set of equipment near the door, working the knobs and levers. Aethervox static hissed in the air. A microphone hung from the ceiling, suspended by a cable, and he pulled it over to hang over the operating table.

"This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity," he confessed. "So, let's begin!" He tapped the mic. "Welcome, citizens of Malifaux. Welcome to the University of Transmortis weekly lesson. If you're new to our program, allow me to introduce myself: Professor Albus Von Schtook. Today we have a very special lesson. Before us we have a new student, a recent applicant. Sadly, she suffered an injury earlier today, and for the sake of mutual profit, we'll be conducting reparative surgery. I know, I know, this is a deviation from the norm. But circumstances demand non-conformity, so we must adapt! The patient has requested no anesthetic, possibly to ensure it does not dull her senses. Suffice it to say, we will begin with an exploratory incision to discover the depth and severity of the wound. Miss Lovelace, are you ready?"

Anna stared at him like he was crazy; perhaps she was only now realizing it. A brilliant student, he surmised, but a little slow on the uptake.

Shrugging, he began to cut. Shoulder first.



Albus gasped for air as he sat upright in bed. Shaking hands wiped sweat from his brow. Six o'clock. Always. He swung his legs off the bed, letting the stone floor cool his feet. In the pitch darkness, he stared at nothing and wondered why it bothered him. The sense of having his own internal clock helpful, albeit out of his control—had never much mattered to him until recently.

He went to his armoire, already knowing what waited for him. His fingers tested the thickness of worn patches of his suit. His brow furrowed at the sheer amount of old blood staining the thing. It was unseemly. A man of his status, even one of his current profession, should take greater pride in such things.

He mulled over the thought as he dressed and stalked into the cistern, hands clasped behind his back. The student body was livelier than usual, in terms of motion. Many were gathering in the Hall of Steel, clamoring for entrance to one of the larger workshops. Von Schtook considered ignoring it to brood some more, but ultimately his scientific curiosity won him over, and he strode towards the workshop. Students parted for him obediently, but it was clear they didn't like losing their vantage points.

"The application of the coil does more than provide added stability; the spring greatly improves the transfer of kinetic force," Anna Lovelace spoke in a firm, clear voice before the assembled students. As she instructed, she pointed to the systems that she referenced, only now with the new metallic arm and fingers that replaced her former mangled limb.

She still walked with an uncomfortable stiffness, but she had used the weeks of recovery to repair parts from her clockwork dress to proper working order. She even managed to improve on the mechanisms



of her own invention, requiring only pieces to rest on her hips to achieve the same gravity-defying goal. While her feet still touched the floor, the pressure and stress on her joints was greatly reduced by the lift from her impressive machine. The Iron Zombies had packed the workshop to attend her lesson. Some hung back and intently watched Anna like a cat seconds before pouncing on a bird. The rest watched the lesson with rapt attention, their eyes tracing over the mechanical assembly Anna had provided for her demonstration: an amalgamated forearm partially dissected to reveal the mechanisms cleanly fastened to the bone underneath.

As Anna spoke, she touched an exposed tendon with her metallic finger, flexing the index finger of the hand. The arm sprang forward. Its fist slammed into a brick held to the table by a vise. The impact smashed the brick into chunks and powder.

She almost allowed a smile. Turning back to the class, Anna delicately pushed her glasses up her nose. "I trust the ramifications of this mechanism are self-evident."

There was a raspy exhale from the class. Some bobbed their heads in agreement, some with limbs took notes, and others conferred amongst themselves in broken sentences of strained syllables. Von Schtook stepped aside as the classroom emptied, the students returning to their own work and positively twitching with excitement at the potential of this latest breakthrough.

When the room was almost empty, Von Schtook strode forward. Anna disconnected the amalgamated pneumatic limb from its power source.

"Another stirring lesson," he said. "Top marks, my dear. Or it would be, if you were a student..." He let the suggestion hang in the air, more out of habit than hope.

Anna eyed him. Months of wary glances had gradually softened to the same clinical distance she gave everyone and everything she interacted with. "Your approval matters little to me, Professor. Nevertheless, I hope my contributions will be appreciated."

Von Schtook ground his teeth behind his lips. "Another day, another back and forth, is it?"

Anna returned to her work, her back to him. "It's not a discussion I enjoy, which is why I don't instigate it like a broken record." Von Schtook winced. He ran a hand down his suit, suddenly preoccupied with straightening out a wrinkle. "It's very irregular to have... guest lecturers. However accomplished."

"Not so accomplished," Anna said. "Half of my demonstrations are ignored. And the classes I am permitted to attend are impossible to understand because few of your 'students' are capable of *speech*."

"In my defense, most of the applicants strain their larynx to non-functionality during the conversion process."

"Your winged enforcer seems capable of speaking, if she ever wanted to."

"The Valedictorian is made of sterner stuff. Even before earning her iron. You are very much like her, in a way. Your devotion to research, the pursuit of knowledge..."

Anna snorted quietly.

Von Schtook smiled as he began cleaning his goggles. "Though from your bearing, I'd say the knowledge isn't as important as being *appreciated* for it."

Anna tensed and turned to glare at him. "Meaning what?"

Now it was his turn to look down on her. He strode towards her table, ignoring the implications of getting too close to her anti-gravity equipment, and quietly looked over the amalgamated pneumatic. It really was a marvel of engineering, and Anna had a surgeon's talent for blending flesh and machine. He tried to keep his face impartial as he spoke. "I suspect that your induction into our school has less to do with what you see as the *untidiness* of the conversion process, and more to do with being... lost among the masses?"

Anna's fingers twitched. "Mind your tongue, professor."

"You mentioned that half of your demonstrations were being ignored," Von Schtook said, abruptly changing the subject. "It's not like my students to be truant."

She continued to glare at him for a few moments and then let her face return to its neutral disinterest. "I suspect they still see me as prey."

He shook his head. "They still have the dents you left in skull and steel. They learned their lesson, and I forbade them trying to convert you on their own." "After three weeks," Anna added.

"They might not see you as one of them," Von Schtook said. "You are an outsider."

"I believe the answer is less obvious," she said. "I believe it is a lack of communication. Not from myself but from you."

"Oh?" Von Schtook asked unenthusiastically; he knew what was coming. He started for the door.

"I've been in this... sewer... for months," Anna said. "I've studied, I've *contributed*, and yet still you refuse to share the entirety of the University's accumulated knowledge."

"You seem to know plenty," Von Schtook said. "Some of the students in today's lesson have been present since the earliest days of Transmortis, yet they hang on your words like freshmen. It's refreshing to see."

Anna ignored his attempts at distracting flattery. "If I had full access to the *library*, I would not spend weeks preparing for lessons on topics your students already know by heart!"

He allowed himself a chuckle. "Why, Ms. Lovelace? Is it infuriating to you to not get what you want?"

She worked her jaw. "Considerably. But between the two of us, my request is far more *reasonable*."

"I think not," he said. "This is my school, one founded on traditions older than this city itself! If you wish access to the grand totality of our knowledge, then you will go through the proper channels!"

Anna's growl rose to match his. "Then perhaps our professional relationship is over, and I will dismiss myself from this sham of a school!"

"A *sham*?" Von Schtook echoed. There was a sudden shriek of metal from somewhere nearby, followed by the clamor of the student body—all of them—rushing up the cistern towards him.

"Careful, *professor*," Anna hissed, one hand working the mechanisms on her hip.

"I am Professor Albus Von Schtook!" he cried, marching towards her with deliberate slowness. As he did, the Iron Zombies slithered into the room, moving about on coiled snake-like bodies or scythelike limbs, a horde of undead flesh and gnashing machinery. They coiled behind him, ready to spring forward.

"With a word, a *whim*, I could have you torn, piece by piece! I've always been curious by psychological theories about which side of the human brain contains knowledge and memory. Perhaps I'll have you bisected vertically, and see if *two students* can match the whole they came from!"

Anna pinched her lips. "If you take another step, I will do more than damage your precious school; I'll bring this entire sewer down your heads! See if you can *study* your way through a few hundred tons of rock!"

The standoff took on an uncomfortable stillness. Only the steady *tick-tick-tick* from Anna's dress measured the moment.

"This argument is pointless," Anna intoned. "Has a single week gone by where we aren't prepared to kill one another over what we want?"

Von Schtook felt his fingers impatiently tapping against his thigh, jangling the ring of tin whistles he kept there. "You've been a terrible disruption to the comfortable routine of the school, Ms. Lovelace."

Anna held her chin up. "Is that such a bad thing?"

"Yes!" Von Schtook snapped, wringing his hands. "Since I opened its doors, this school has not seen fit to suffer the audacity of the living! The students that came before you were like you once, gifted, resourceful, but they found their way here, found their *purpose*. I want to give you *yours*, Anna. Like any good teacher, I want you to be everything you can possibly be."

"My *purpose* is for *me* to decide," Anna said. "I've suffered the whims of men who have stolen what's mine by right before, and I'll be dead before I bow to you. Or anyone else!"

They both hesitated, mulling over each other's arguments.

Anna was the first to act. She relaxed her fingers over the controls of her dress only slightly. "Perhaps it isn't me who's disrupting your school, Von Schtook."

He eyed her warily. "What do you mean?"

She glanced at his assembled students. "You've grown complacent, Albus. Look around you. You've built... you have a fine school. I would be lying if I told you I haven't felt a kind of... academic kinship here that I have not felt in all my life. Knowledge is savored. Talent is *nourished*. And I'm free to commit myself to my work without fear of such stingy trifles as the law, or someone stealing my work to publish it as their own."

"So why do you cling so tenaciously to that *pulse* of yours?" Von Schtook asked.

She straightened her back. "Because it's mine. I want to keep it as badly as you want to keep *yours*. Don't think I'd missed the fact that you haven't converted *yourself*. I'm sure any of your student body would be capable of it."

Von Schtook licked his lips. "I... I had considered it..."

"Of course you did," Anna said, her voice surprisingly gentle. "But you decided otherwise. May I guess why? You love this school."

He winced. "I am a man of academia," he confessed. "I opened Transmortis to immerse myself in the science of Resurrectionism. The *secrets*. The joys of discovery. Always." He rubbed his temple.

Anna cleared her throat. "And yet, day in and day out, you leash yourself to the same old methods. You bring them down here and you convert them. Or dissect them. Another of your Iron Zombies joins the ranks and the cycle starts all over again. That's not discovery, Albus. That's repetition. You're in danger of stagnating."

"Preposterous!" Von Schtook dismissed, waving his hand. He fumed over the very thought of it, even as his eyes drifted over the students around him, then to the old blood stains in his suit.

The same configuration of students. Sinew, Steel, Viscera. Sinew, Steel, Viscera. Listing them out in his head, it turned into a mantra that rang over and over.

Six o'clock. Every day.

Von Schtook shuddered, suddenly revolted. He tugged a kerchief from his pocket and began to clean his goggles.

All right. Perhaps she had a point. But he wouldn't just *give* that point to her. "And I suppose, what? You should just have free run of the place? Of the *library*? That would solve all the school's problems?"

Anna's lip twitched. "My solution is a simple one: stop hacking every student you receive to *bits*. Let them learn, and contribute and *benefit* from both. How many Resurrectionists would kill—repeatedly to have access to Transmortis?"

Von Schtook balked. "I never turn away a student!"

"You never let them *go*." She gestured with her chin at the tin whistles on his belt.

He patted them. "This is for summoning purposes only!"

"Oh please," Anna said. "The only thing holding this horde of yours back is *you*. And me." Her dress clicked as if to punctuate her point. "Think about it, Albus. Your school is suffering for lack of talent except what you drag down here. Up above, in the streets, there are Resurrectionists doing so *much* with their knowledge. Think of what they could share with you. What you could share with them!"

Another silence hung in the air. Von Schtook rubbed his chin and pondered the possibilities. "I confess, I have thought of connecting with minds in the private sector. Most of what I've heard from them is grapevine gossip at best. What I wouldn't give to have Doctor Douglas McMourning deliver a speech or two..."

Anna blinked. "McMourning? The Guild pathologist?"

He ignored her. "And those creations of Mr. Leveticus! Inspired! Top marks for that man, despite the crowds he runs with."

"To say nothing of the resources a living student body would offer," Anna said. "More reliable news from the source. Resources that aren't as easy to come by in this sewer." She raised an eyebrow. "Offcampus facilities for field testing..."

Von Schtook inhaled sharply. "Astronomy!" he murmured.

"Starting to get the big picture, are we?" Anna asked.

He gave her a pained look. Then he turned to the students. "Assemble, everyone. Assemble."

The students didn't move. They were already assembled.

Von Schtook stood up straight. "It's come to my attention that there has been a lull in our performances of late. Now, now! I don't want any of you to start pointing fingers at one another! The fault is my own. If you'll forgive the vernacular, I've become a bit too set in my ways. Old age perhaps. No matter." He started to walk back and forth, his usual habit while lecturing. "So from this day forward, we'll be implementing some changes. Not all at once, of course. Trying something new. Experimenting, you might say. I know some of you will not agree with it, some of you will see cause to resist. Normally, I would welcome this kind of adherence to tradition. But I want you all to think of this as a challenge. To take ourselves out of our comfort zone, and embrace hardship! I'll present the new details in time, once I've gone over them with the University of Transmortis' newest career counsellor, Ms. Anna Lovelace!"

He gestured to her, and Anna blinked back at him, incredulous. "I-what?"

"She's speechless, as you can tell," Von Schtook chuckled. He turned to the students, who hadn't moved since he'd begun speaking. "Now settle down. Quiet down. I know what you're thinking. Old Professor Von Schtook has gone 'round the bend. But once the new policies have been put in place, I think you'll agree that she and I have only the best intentions for the university."

"Wait," Anna said. "I didn't agree to any-"

"Oh, come now, Ms. Lovelace," Von Schtook said. "You made your point. You don't wish to be a student, and you've convinced me. I agree; you'd make a much better *teacher*. And you get to keep your limbs. And that pulse you seem so worried about. Here, here!"

He started clapping, and the students joined in, clanging their metallic limbs together and staring at Anna like starving cats before a plump mouse.

"All right, all right," Von Schtook said. "We've wasted enough time today! Shouldn't you all be in class? Off with you!"



Anna Lovelace stood under the stars, waiting while the Transmortis students gathered her belongings and equipment into crates. The streets were empty, but in the distance she saw glowing street lamps, watched the aircars gliding over Downtown, and heard the distant rumble of an arriving train from Malifaux Station.

In her hands, she gripped a rolled up piece of paper, wringing it as though it were a man's neck. One man in particular. Sneering, she unfurled it to reveal a "Wanted" poster. An artist of middling talent had provided an unflattering rendition of Anna's face and a more detailed depiction of her clockwork dress, something that would be more likely to turn heads in public. "For the crimes of illegal amalgamation and murder." And that was the mere tip of the iceberg of shakeups she'd learned of since returning to the surface.

Changes in the Guild, in the Union. The outlawing of mercenaries. And from what she'd heard, war had broken out on Earth.

She heard the whistle of a train, a mournful sound of departure. Von Schtook had allowed her to come to the surface for the first time in months, but only to gather her own equipment and belongings. The University was to be her new home. But for several minutes, she stood watching the lights of Downtown, considering the possibility of running. Her dress could hold the Iron Zombies at bay while she fled. Maybe board a train for Earthside? Far away from Malifaux and Transmortis.

One of the snake-like Iron Zombies approached, coughing up a few syllables. She wasn't sure which was more disturbing, that the thing was attempting to speak to her, or that she was slowly starting to *understand* the choked voices of the students. She hugged her arms and nodded without looking back at him. "I'll be along in a moment."

The Student of Viscera hesitated. She heard the strain of its mechanized tail, the telltale ding of its spring mechanisms tensing. Anna put a hand on her hip, against the controls for her upgraded gravity well, and turned to face the Iron Zombie. Its eyes burned into hers, the angry hate plain even on its deadened face.

"Is there something more you wish to share?" she asked in a steady voice.

The Iron Zombie pounced. Blindingly fast, it cleared the small balcony in less time than it took to blink, but Anna had already pulled the trigger by then.

The engine on her hips hummed to life, sending out a surge of gravity that hammered the leaping Zombie like a speeding freight train. The blast slammed it flat against the door behind it, and then through it. Wood and glass shattered as the Zombie tumbled to the floor of the dilapidated apartment that she had once used as a safe house.

She strode forward, fearless of retaliation. Von Schtook had offered her the tin whistles he used to summon his students, but Anna left them in her pocket. "All of you, to me."

She spoke clearly but didn't bother to shout. They had heard the commotion and had already started to gather. Curious, they surveyed the scene and their dazed comrade before turning their sights on her.

"I understand some of you have been conspiring behind my back," Anna said, mustering all the unimpressed disdain she could. "Well, now it's time for your next lesson. Transmortis has changed... and it's time for you to change with it, or..."

She drew up a swirling black mist from the aether. It twirled around the enhanced blade attached to her robotic arm, and lashed it into the stunned Student of Viscera. The creature recoiled in pain, its body ripping and tearing at itself. The Iron Zombie tried to scream but could only wheeze breathlessly before curling its tail into itself like a frightened dog.

A heartbeat passed where she again considered running. Instead, Anna met the eyes of the other students. "I am not some instrument of study. I am not a student to be converted. I am not weak. I am not *kind*. I am your *teacher*, and you will respect me or I will peel you apart far *slower* than you would me."

She gave the cowering zombie another shove with her gravity well, smacking it against the wall.

"Take this *lesson* back to the rest of the student body. Anna Lovelace will not tolerate disrespect. Pick him up off the floor, and get ready to leave. We're done with this place."

She strode out of the room, leaving the open balcony and the lights of Downtown behind.



Albus Von Schtook yawned. It took him several moments to realize he was awake. He sat up, blinking and confused. His brow was dry. His breathing was calm. His memories weren't overloaded with half-impressions and fading memories of nightmares he could never recall in his conscious moments. He hadn't felt this rested in ages. Fascinated, he lit his bedside lamp and checked the clock.

"Five forty-two!" He giggled. "How positively bizarre!"

He stood up, stretching tired limbs. His body felt light on his feet. What was this energy? He skipped to his armoire and opened it, marveling at the prospect of having *choices* in his wardrobe. His old suit had received some much-needed repairs. It was still in tatters, he had to admit, but it was far more presentable than it had been in some time. Most of the blood was gone. The leather patches at the elbow were fresh.

Beside it was a new suit, a mismatch of clothing gathered from the last batch of potential students. It was mostly color-coordinated, and he *adored* the tie.

Von Schtook giggled. "What to wear?" he asked. Oh, the possibilities. He considered the new suit, but decided to try out the old one. "No need to go all half-cocked all at once."

He dressed, then belted on his tools and organized them carefully. He was looking forward to a day of new beginnings, new semesters!

The cistern was abuzz with excitement. News of Von Schtook's new policies had spread quickly, and now the students were eager to see them implemented.

He stopped one of the Students of Sinew. "Has Miss Lovelace returned yet?"

The hulking student bobbed its head once.

"Good man," Von Schtook said. He went to seek out the career counsellor in her new office and saw the entourage carrying in box after box of equipment, along with Student Two-Twenty-Seven. "What's this?"

One of the students dragging its kin grunted and shrugged.

Von Schtook made a face. "What did I tell you about the new policies?" he chastised, wagging his finger at the injured Two-Twenty-Seven. "That, my boy, earned you a failing grade. You're lucky that she didn't pull you apart then and there. I take you've learned your lesson?"

Two-Twenty-Seven hissed wearily, its head bowed under the prospect of a poor grade.

"Very good," Von Schtook said. "Bear it in mind. In the future, I won't be so lenient."

He went into Anna's office, a spacious former supply closet and drainage sump. "Settling in, are we?"

Anna turned from overseeing the students assembling her desk and unpacking her luggage. "I think this space will be suitable, provided that we keep the moisture to a minimum."

"I can have them redirect the vents," Von Schtook said. "I thought you said the equipment was from a safe house? This looks more like an entire workshop."

"Well, we may have made a stop on the way back," Anna said. "One of the Guild's evidence lockups for confiscated amalgamations."

"Oh-ho?" Von Schtook asked. "Top marks, my dear. Er, well. Nice job."

Anna pushed her glasses up her nose; as she did, Von Schtook realized that the gesture was the closest thing he had ever seen her do to a smile.

"I'm glad you're back," Von Schtook said. "I wanted to show you something."

Anna hesitated, but then fell into step behind him. He led the way to the Hall of Sinew. As they approached the main dissection laboratory, a clamor of voices, some screaming, some pleading, filled the air.

The lab had been reorganized to make room for several large cages, within which had been gathered an assortment of people. Most sported some nasty bumps and bruises, but they were all intact. Three hulking Students of Sinew stood watching the cages impassively.

"What's the meaning of this?" Anna asked, raising her voice just enough to be heard over the din.

"A new semester, my dear! We're implementing the changes we discussed!" Von Schtook eyed the students eagerly. "I've got nothing but high expectations for all of you!"

"Who the hell do you think you are?" one of the bigger specimens roared. "Do you have any idea who I am?"

Von Schtook winked at Anna. "I think he'll be a good contender."

"Contender for what?" Anna asked.

"Why, these are *applicants*, Anna!" Von Schtook said, clapping his hands together. "The first of many!"

"Why are they caged?"

"Oh, well..." Von Schtook started to clean his goggles. "The thing is, this is a very prestigious school. We can't just have anyone come in off the street. The cream of the crop will rise to the top, as they say."

"Meaning what, Albus?"

Von Schtook chortled and nodded to the Students of Sinew. They opened the cages.

"All of you gathered here today have come seeking a scholarship at the University of Transmortis," Von Schtook said, ignoring a few of the protests. "And all of you will have it. I've already made my mind up about that. However, the nature of your education will depend on a few variables. The first being whoever can reach the Valedictorian in the center of the cistern *without* being caught. Those who do will get to keep their pulse. Those who don't..." He nodded to the Students of Sinew. "We'll still find a way to fit most of you into the student body."

The applicants hesitated in disbelief.

"Have you all wax in your ears?" Von Schtook asked. "The test begins now!" He took out a whistle and blew it. The undead of Transmortis came alive, hissing and snapping.

The student applicants fled. Most of them. A few dropped to their knees, screaming in fear or trying to close up the cage to find some measure of safety. The big one Von Schtook had pointed out hurled a blast of greenish fire at one of the Students of Sinew, blinding it long enough for him to dart away, leaving a middle-aged woman to be torn apart in his stead.

"Ho ho!" Von Schtook laughed. "Good show, my boy! That shows initiative!"

Cistern Seven fell into an echoing chorus of screams and howls that made its way to the Southgate Slums above.



At the end of the day, Anna and Albus oversaw the induction of the new living students. All three of them. The remainder would soon be inducted as more traditional members of student body.

"That did not go precisely as I had hoped," Anna said. "I thought we agreed to open the school to all students?"

"We did," Von Schtook said. "Change takes time, Ms. Lovelace. And my students and I are a bit set in our ways. Maybe in a semester or two, things will smooth over. You have to admit, though, it was a brisk day of testing!"



Anna shrugged. "It was... educational."

"And look!" Von Schtook said, pointing to a young man who had not been torn apart by the Iron Zombies. He stared at nothing, his eyes blank. "That one lived, too!"

"He didn't do anything," Anna said. "I don't even recall seeing him during the test."

"I think the students ignored him," Von Schtook said. "Imagine! Not even worthy of dissection. Poor lad. But he *did* survive. He doesn't look quite up to snuff for academia, though, does he?"

Anna sighed. "Perhaps a janitor?"

"Oh, quite so, quite so!" Von Schtook agreed. "Someone fetch him a broom!"

"Or a mop," Anna suggested. "And bucket."

Albus laughed. "I'm feeling so inspired! What should be our first lesson?" He held out his elbow for her.

Anna stared at it, then at him, and rolled her eyes before hooking her arm around his. "First, I would like to look through your library proper. *All of it*, Albus. I won't be teaching repeat lessons again. It was embarrassing enough when they all wanted to kill me."

"Very well, very well. But I call dibs on the anatomical reconstruction courses!" Von Schtook insisted. "I've been struck with such ideas concerning the, ah, *chassis* of our new students. I'd like them to be the first to receive new forms befitting the University of Transmortis!"

"Then I would like to propose a field trip," Anna said. "Perhaps offering some off-site education to a few prospective students would help us find more talent worthy of breathing?"

"Enticing!" Von Schtook said. "I'll be sure to let everyone know with my next broadcast. Do you think Dr. McMourning would be interested?"

"I imagine so. I heard he lost his job at the Enclave."

"Scandalous! Tell me all the details!"







by Mari Tokuda

Where do you think he went?" Molly pondered as she sprawled on a small patch of grass and stared up at the dark sky. "How do you think he went?"

A bat flapped by overhead, shrieking like a terrified child as only the bats in Malifaux could.

"Maybe he learned how to wiggle his ears and flew away," Molly mumbled. She turned over on her stomach. Several insects skittered out from her dress. "Or maybe he pushed himself along the ground with his tongue."

The enormous, vaguely man-shaped creature sitting next to her grunted. Limbs, not all of them human, sprouted from his torso as though he was some kind of fleshy tree. Staples and stitches crisscrossed his massive gray body. A pair of ratty pants she'd made for his modesty hung from half a pair of suspenders.

"Oh, I agree, Archie. That'd be a lot of ground to taste. Yuck." Molly scrunched up her face.

Archie sighed.

"Yes, ice cream is much better tasting, but you can't propel yourself through the consumption of frozen treats alone." Molly tapped her chin. "Though, I would certainly choose to travel that way if I could."

Archie shifted his position.

"Oh, I know you would, too." Molly smiled as she imagined how licking an ice cream cone could set one into motion. She rocked herself into a sitting position. "It does boggle the mind, though. Where did that good-for-nothing-head-without-a-brain go? And, how? I don't know how losing him is even possible, what with him yapping all the time." With a moan, Archie stood and stretched his limbs.

"You miss him, too, don't you?" Molly asked.

Archie huffed.

"Oh, you're hungry!" Molly patted her stomach through her thin dress. "After all this talk about ice cream, I am too." Her eyes seemed to gleam in the dark. "I know just the place."



Molly and Archie meandered their way through the Industrial Zone. Certain factories and warehouses continued to function even at this late hour. The distant clang and hiss of industry and the stinging aroma of chemicals clung to the damp air.

Molly could practically feel her hair frizzing even more.

"Go on," she said as she puffed her hair with her palms. She'd always thought that her hair liked being hair; that its sheer volume was a celebration of what it was.

"If I remember correctly, there is a cold warehouse full of ice cream somewhere down here." She pointed at a series of enormous, identical buildings. "At least I think it was ice cream," she mumbled to herself. With a small string of saliva hanging from the corner of his mouth and an eager smile, Archie plodded along next to her.

They passed several empty buildings, huge and hulking. Most were plastered with layers upon layers of advertisements. "One Night Only at..." "March for Union..." "Parade to celebrate new..."

Molly spent time trying to fill in the blanks. "People come here and then look for every distraction to forget that they're here. I'll never understand it," she sighed. One of Archie's smaller hands patted her on the back.

"This is it!" Molly whispered. "Lift me up."

Just as she clambered onto Archie's shoulders to look through a frosty window, a voice reached them through the cavernous alleys of the warehouse district. "No, just a head!" it said.

Molly tilted her head to hear better, her explosion of hair bouncing with the movement.

"And, it talks," the same voice said in disgust. "Those creepy Death Marshals keeps going in to see it... and it never shuts up."

"How?" another voice joined the conversation.

"Magic? Resurrectionist claptrap? Who the hell knows?" the first voice replied. "All I know is that he doesn't have a body and can hold a conversation. It's the creepiest thing I've ever seen. Even in this godforsaken place."

"That's him! They're talking about Philip! What're the odds?" Molly brought her hands together in delight and whispered, "He didn't get lost. All that hot air didn't send him flying away. He was kidnapped!" She furrowed her brow. "Ice cream will have to wait." She hopped down from Archie's shoulder. Archie gave a small moan of disappointment.

Together, the woman and the monster crept down the alleyways until, by the dim light of the moon, they saw a pair of Guild Guards leaning against the wall of a Guild storehouse. "All right, well, have a good night," the Guard they'd heard before said.

The other waved and headed off. "Have a good shift."

"Now's our chance." Molly grinned.

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"Excuse me," Molly called out as she approached.

"H-hey! You! Stop right there!" the Guard cried, bringing up his revolver. When he saw her, he chuckled to himself and relaxed his shoulders. "Geez, lady. Scared the shit outta me. What are you doing way out here so late at night?"

"What are you guarding here?" she asked, peering all around. "Is it ice cream? I didn't know the Guild started getting into the dessert trade."

"What?" the Guard asked, perplexed. "No, not-"

Molly sighed in exasperation. "Never mind." She smiled at him. "However, there is one little thing you can help me with."

"And what's that?" he asked.

"I'm looking for information on my friend, Philip."

"Sorry, ma'am. I don't know a Philip," the Guard shrugged.

"Oh, I think you do. You were just talking about him." Molly moved into the light of a gas lamp hanging over a warehouse door, wild eyed.

The Guard raised his gun. "Hold up. You stay right there."

"Now, now. You don't have to be scared of us," Molly exclaimed, laughing softly at the very idea of someone fearing her or Archie.

"Us...?" the Guard asked. He clicked back the hammer.

Archie lumbered out from the shadows and into the light. A sharp report of gunfire and the Guard's curses tore through the dark.

"Excuse you," Molly huffed as she stuck her finger through the new hole in her dress that continued into her torso.

"B-but, I shot you," the Guard stammered.

"I noticed." She pouted. "I liked this dress, too."

"Why aren't you..." he began. His eyes narrowed in realization. "You're dead."

"Well, undead," Molly corrected him.

The smell of burned gunpowder and the sound of another blast filled the air. "You shot me again. Why would you do that? Didn't we just..." Molly sighed in frustration. "I could forgive the first time as an accident, but this is getting downright insulting. Are you going to buy me a new dress?"

The Guard babbled incoherently about her being a zombie, a monster, an enemy of the Guild, of taking a bullet to the chest but not feeling anything, but it all came out as a jumbled mess.

"I just had one *little* question." She crossed her arms, covering both gunshot wounds. "Then we *were* going to leave you alone. But now..."

"Like hell," the Guard nervously snarled.

"Archie, would you be a dear?" Molly gestured toward the Guild Guard.

Archie stomped up and curled his fingers around the man's throat. The Guard shot at him, too.

Molly closed her eyes and pinched the bridge of her nose. "Didn't we just go through all that?"

Archie squeezed.

The Guard choked out something incomprehensible, but his face suggested he was pleading for his life.

"Oh?" Molly inched closer, ensuring she heard him clearly. "You're willing to help us now?"

"What choice do I have," he rasped, pointing at the meaty hand and slimy tentacle circling his neck.

On light feet, Molly pranced around, pirouetting to a song only in her head. Leaning forward, she stuck her index finger in the man's face. "One question."

The Guard, staring cross-eyed at Molly's finger, nodded.

"I knitted Philip a hat. Have you seen him? Where can I deliver it?" She paused for a moment. "Hm. That's more than one question isn't it?"

"Philip?" the Guard stammered.

"Philip," Molly repeated. "The talking head. The one that muckraker Lady J has." She leaned in further, her slight frame somehow looming over the man, her dead, empty eyes piercing through him. "So? Where is he?"

Archie's fingers tightened some more.

The Guard looked away. "Th-the Enclave."

Molly gave him a dull stare. She knew a lie when she heard one. "We were doing so well. Archie?"

The lumbering giant squeezed and lifted the Guard by the neck, holding him a few inches off the ground until he was beet red in the face. Just before it seemed as though he was about to pass out, Archie let go. The Guard collapsed to his knees, gasping for air.

"We can be friends, you know. Best of friends," Molly said, smiling as she knelt down beside the Guard. "But you don't build a friendship on a foundation of lies, now do you? Let's try again, but this time, I'll ask you a question and you'll answer it truthfully."

"I-I can't tell you. Nobody's supposed t-"

"Nobody needs to know. It's just a little secret between friends. We're good at keeping secrets. Right, Archie?"

Archie smiled.

"Now, we both know that Philip isn't in the Enclave. If he was, well, he probably would have already rolled his way out the front door by now, security being what it is. And we know he's not in the Gaol. We would've heard about them using him as a football in there."

The Guard looked up, tears welling up in his eyes.

"So, our friend. '*The creepiest thing you've ever seen.*' Your words, not mine. Where was it that you saw him again?"

"They'll kill me if I tell you," the Guard looked up and whimpered.

"Who, the Guild? Sweetie, those lubberworts don't even know who you are. You're more likely to die in some random alleyway than by some pencil pusher."

The Guard's eyes met with Archie's, who never stopped smiling.

"Say, what's your name?" Molly asked.

"M-Mitchell."

"Mitchell what?"

"More, uh, Morehouse."

"Well, Mitchell More-uh-Morehouse, I'm Molly Squidpiddge, and as you already know, this is Archie.

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We just miss our Philip so much. Now that we're all friends, wouldn't you want to help find him?" Molly said convincingly. She then leaned in and whispered in his ear. "And if you don't help us, I'll tell Archie here that you're full of ice cream and that the only way to get it out is to *squeeze* it out. I have to warn you, he *loves* ice cream."

The tentacle on Archie's back began to stretch upward into view. Mitchell immediately started talking. "I-it's being held in interrogation. Th-There's an unmarked building a f-few blocks south from the Enclave. Really, I mean it. On Crescent Street. Looks abandoned. Just says the address above the door: 1391." Molly smiled and rested her hand on his shoulder. "See? That wasn't so hard."

Archie backed up several steps, dropping his massive hands while his tentacle absentmindedly scratched an itch.

"Now, we can let you go, but only if you promise not to say anything."

Mitchell glared up at her.

"You shot me *twice*, and *I'm* the villain here?" Molly frowned and pulled a small knife from the pocket of her dress.

He scrambled for his weapon.

Molly kicked the gun out of reach. Archie wrapped his arms around Mitchell and lifted him into the air.

"Look, I hate to do this, especially to such a good friend, but I just can't have you telling your *other* friends that I'm coming for Philip." Sticking her fingers in his mouth, she yanked his jaw open.

He tried to snap his teeth closed around her fingers. When that didn't work, he strained against Archie's arms and gurgled something at her.

"I couldn't have put it better myself," she muttered, and sliced out his tongue.

Mitchell screamed around the blood pouring out of his mouth.

Stuffing a dirty rag in his mouth, she told him, "Keep that in there until the bleeding stops." She pressed her finger against his lips. "And, no telling anyone about this, all right?" She winked and waved his severed tongue at him. "Get it? Don't *tell* anyone...? Ha! I am in such a peculiar mood today." He thrashed and struggled, his face full of rage.

"Don't make me take your fingers, too."

His eyes went wide, and he went still.

She patted him on the head. "Good."



Later that night, several Guild Guards in a warehouse district office heard heavy footsteps, a thump, a knock on the door, and retreating laughter.

"What was that?" one of them wondered out loud.

"I wouldn't open it," another warned. "Who knows what's out there."

"Ugh. You sound like my father," a third complained. "Scared of everything." She yanked the door open and looked down in surprise. "Mitchell? That you?"

A garbled shout came from outside. All the Guards clustered around the doorway to find one of their own with a bloody rag stuffed in his mouth.

"Ooooh. Ouch," the first one said as he removed Mitchell's rag.

They stared into the gaping hole where Mitchell's tongue was supposed to be.

Mitchell howled at them.

"That doesn't look good, friend," the second one added.

"We should probably get him to a doctor," the third one said, but she remained riveted to the spot, ogling.

Mitchell nodded vehemently, whimpering like a wounded dog.

"Mm hmm," the others said, not moving.

"Aaaaaah!" Mitchell yelled at them.

The other Guards jumped into action.

Mitchell kept screaming, hoping to drown out the memory of heavy footsteps and the threat of ice cream.



That same night, Molly drummed her fingers on her writing desk in the dingy basement she called home. A huge, black Remington typewriter took up a large portion of the desk, its worn keys a testament to Molly's dedication to journalism.

Archie hunkered down in one dark corner and watched her. A persistent leak dripped water onto his head. The place smelled of mildew. He liked it.

It wasn't ideal, but it was better than the last one. And the next place would be even better, she was sure of it. Just because she was no longer alive didn't mean she couldn't have dreams and ambitions of a place that had an intact roof and a lack of creeping mold.

Archie moaned a question at her.

"Right, right. Philip, our kidnapping victim." Molly jumped up and began to pace. "You know, I can't believe he didn't just roll away." She shook her head. "How are we going to get him back? We can't very well waltz in there; it's likely to be well guarded. They'll try to kill us. You and me, doubly so." She thrust her finger in the air. "We need a plan, Archie. Operation: Free Philip."

He looked up at her hopefully.

"Ice cream? Again? Well, maybe after we find him. We *will* need to celebrate."

He gave her a gap-toothed smile.

"We need a distraction. Something to have the rest of those louts in the Enclave look left while we go right." Molly chewed on her fingernail. "But how?"

She studied the damaged and decaying map of Malifaux she'd nailed to the wall. Her eyes traced where she had marked the Gray Lord, the club where she and Kirai had set things right. "No, I can't ask for help. This is my problem." Molly turned in place. "We shouldn't face them head on."

Molly thought back to the posters, of the events that kept the people distracted. She glanced at her typewriter. "Hmmm."

Archie began to scratch at his belly.

"Don't play with your stitches," Molly said. She tapped at her chin as she looked at Archie's staples, a sophisticated and modern surgical technique Dr. McMourning had pioneered and employed.

A smile brightened Molly's pallid features. With a swish of her skirts and toss of her wild hair, she settled herself in front of her typewriter.

"I'll need a new pseudonym," she said to herself assuredly. "They'll come looking. Anyone smart enough to connect the dots, that is. Plus, Miss Polly Tortalin is more of an indomitable editorial gal. Advertisements, marketing mumbo jumbo... fluff pieces are for Ellie."

The clunky hammering of the letters embedding themselves into the paper sounded throughout the night.



The sun was just beginning to turn the horizon a sickly green, and the early morning mist turned the cobblestones slick and slimy as Molly tip-tapped her way Downtown. The wooden sign for the *Malifaux Tattler* squeaked as it swung in the breeze.

Even at this hour, the whirring and thudding of a printing press reached her. Molly inhaled the sharp tang of ink that always surrounded the place. She smiled. It smelled like an exposé, the truth, a little sensationalism, and the beauty of an informed public.

With a crinkle, Molly slipped an envelope halfway under the door. Typed on the outside was her headline and byline, "March for McMourning Devised by Deceased, by Elthia Pigeon." She rapped on the door with her knuckles and slipped back into the shadows.

Molly watched as the door opened. Nellie Cochrane poked her head out and snatched at the gift Molly had left. The editor-in-chief of the Malifaux Tattler scanned Molly's article and pressed her lips together. Then, she disappeared back into the office.

As they walked away, Molly looked up at Archie's sullen face.

"I know, I know. I would've preferred meeting face to face, too, but we're on a very tight schedule. There was no time to powder. But don't you worry!" She

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nudged him with her elbow. "I have no doubt that she'll print it. Nellie loves me! Or, she loves my nom de plume, Ms. Tortalin, anyway. Here's to hoping she enjoys Miss Pigeon just the same."

Archie continued to walk.

Molly sighed. "No, really! She does! Besides, there's nothing she hates more than being the last one to a story." With a confident nod to herself, Molly continued, "It will definitely go into the afternoon edition, and before Operation: Burn Down 1391 goes into motion."

Archie squinted.

"Not that we're actually going to burn it down. Well, not unless we have to. It needed a name, and if Philip finds out that we called this little adventure 'Operation: Find the Missing Head', I'd never hear the end of it!"

The only response she got was a grunt.

"Hmph. You know, you could have a little more faith in me," Molly retorted.

Archie scratched his head.



"So, this is it, huh?" Molly leaned back on her heels. She found herself in a dank, hastily-made underground tunnel. They had to climb through the sewers to get there, and the smell still clung to her shoes. It wasn't as impressive as she'd expected.

Archie nervously gestured at the iron door.

"Oh, Archie. There's nothing to be scared of." Molly put a gentle hand on his arm. "I'd bet that Doctor 'I Probably Have An Eyeball Collection' McMourning is hiding some place far, far away from here."

Archie's lips pulled back in a smile that looked more like a grimace.

"That's the spirit. Everything's gonna be all right." Molly grinned back at him. She turned back to the door and yanked on the heavy lever that acted as the handle. A rusty squeak answered her.

Archie pushed his shoulder against the door. With a grunt and a heavy push, he broke the hinges and sent it crashing to the ground. "Well done, Archie!"

He bobbed his head.

The sounds of squawks, shrieks, and piercing screams immediately reached them. Luckily for Archie, there was no sign of Dr. McMourning. He'd abandoned his lab and all of his "works."

"Hello, everyone!" Molly waved at all the amalgamations and undead creations filling the cages that lined every wall. The creatures collectively howled at her in what she assumed was a warm welcome. "Come on in, *new* Nanny."

A tall, silent undead woman in a long, black dress pushed Philip's pram out from the shadows and in through the broken doorway. Pieces of wood, rolls of paper, paintbrushes, and buckets stuck out of the small carriage.

With a rustle, Molly spread a blank banner across the floor. "Hmm. Monsters for McMourning," she declared as she splashed the slogan across it in red paint. Red handprints and Archie's tentacle-prints accompanied it.

"McMourning Made Me!" went onto a wooden sign with a picket.

"We March for McMourning!" proclaimed another sign.

Molly chortled as she created more accessories for the parade she'd fabricated.

A slap of paint emblazoned "Zombies Were People Too" across a sash. Molly slipped the sash over Nanny's head and placed festive streamers in her hands. "Don't you look fantastic!"

The Nanny didn't react. Molly gave her a wide smile and a friendly pat on the shoulder.

"We'd better hurry it up, Archie," Molly announced as she began to open the different cages, "We do have a timeline."

Archie broke locks and let the doctor's creations out. He winced at the appearance of the other monsters.

Molly, on the other hand, crowed with delight at each new creature she encountered, and gave them each a name. "You look like an Alexander. Oh, and she is definitely a Maude. And a good day to you, Albert." McMourning's various undead creations didn't seem to react to Molly's painfully cheery demeanor, but they accepted the signs, banners, and pieces of Guild uniforms Molly handed them.

It wasn't long before McMourning's abandoned creations crowded the lab's main room looking like the motliest group of necromantic Guild fans Molly could ever imagine. "It's beautiful," she whispered, admiring her work.

As it became more and more difficult to move around with all the bodies in the way, Molly called, "Oh, Nan!"

The Nanny wandered over.

"Please take everyone through this tunnel and through the Quarantine Zone." Molly smiled and tipped her head. "Remember, knees high and streamers fluttering, Nanny." Molly demonstrated a lively march and pumped her arms in the air. "Just like that."

The Nanny did a wooden mockery of the movement.

Molly shrugged. "Good enough. To the Quarantine Zone!" She made a shooing motion.

Nanny meandered down the dark tunnel.

"All right, everyone! Follow Nanny!" Molly gestured at the moaning, groaning, shuffling creatures of McMourning's making. "Single file, please." She cheered them on as they shambled past her. "Looking good, Hazel!" Clapping her hands, she squealed, "Great enthusiasm, Virgil!"

The lumbering flesh construct she'd named Virgil stomped toward the tunnel with dead eyes and a cheery party hat perched on his head.

More and more constructs and undead creatures made their way out of the bowels of McMourning's lab as Archie freed them.

"Have a fun parade," Molly called after them.

As the tumult died down, Molly headed deeper into the lab. In a dark corner, she found Archie fumbling with a sealed door. Standing on her tiptoes, Molly peered through the small window set in the metal. Two round, bloated Gremlins, stitches across their torsos and the telltale color of decay spreading across their flesh, bobbed about, almost floating in the air.

A grin brightened Molly's face as she watched them. The file clipped to the wall called them "Little Gassers." Molly laughed as she read aloud, "Added poison to abdomens to increase potency and fatality of 'death toots.' Clears a room in a jiffy." With a cackle, Molly spun the dial that unsealed the door.

Groaning, the heavy door opened on rusty hinges. The Little Gassers continued to bounce around the room.

"I'll name you Toot," Molly said as she took one tiny Gremlin hand. She grabbed the other Gremlin. "And I'll name you Poot."

Archie looked over at the departing wave of undead experiments. The screams of the living already echoed down the tunnel from the distant exit where the undead spilled out into the world. Molly sighed. A spike of jealousy struck her. Nanny was already having a good time. She just knew it.

"I know you want to join them, Archie," Molly consoled him. "I do, too, but, we have other – more important - business. We have to retrieve Philip. It'll be fun." She gestured at the inside of the pram where a knitted hat in a riot of colors lay. "I worked so hard on that."

With that proclamation hanging in the air, Molly skipped off toward the Enclave, her two Little Gassers in tow.



Standing just close enough to see the doors of the Enclave, Molly and her entourage (she'd always wanted an entourage) waited in the shadows.

Archie licked at yet another ice cream cone. The vendor had not been happy to see them twice in a day.

As Molly poked her head out of the shadows, she heard the distinctive sound of boots slamming onto the street. She ducked back once she saw a shock of red hair, followed by the distinctive Death Marshal dusters and coffins.

As the sound of their boots and cursing subsided, she looked back at Archie and whispered. "They took the bait!"

Happy that for once things seemed to be working out for her, Molly slipped from the shadows, following behind the troupe of Death Marshals at a safe distance.

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Archie followed behind, obedient, loyal, and sweet.

It didn't take them long before they'd reached Crescent Street, which was much more like a back alley than a maintained road. More garbage than cobblestone, the street was poorly lit and abandoned by all but the rats and the smell of old blood. The street existed in contrast to the rest of the Downtown district, as though a whole road could be swept under a rug to be forgotten forever.

Building 1391 was nestled between two small, nondescript storehouses, both of which appeared identical and abandoned. The only difference between 1391 and its neighbors was that there was a person sitting in front of it. On the stoop of their destination, an out of shape, younger gentleman slept in a warped and peeling rocking chair. If it wasn't for the ram pin on his lapel, Molly wouldn't have even guessed that he was Guild.

As they reached the doors of the Building 1391, Molly waved at the "Guard" on duty.

"Oh, hello!" The Little Gasser she'd released began to drift away. She snatched at its hand again.



He woke with a start, nearly falling out of his rocking chair. He blinked repeatedly, unable to find the words, hoping it was the distortion of the sleep in his eyes that altered what was before him.

"Say hello, Archie."

Archie shook a tentacle at the Guard, who paled.

"I have a question for you," Molly informed the man.

Sweat beaded on his forehead and he began to stand.

Molly blinked. "Are we scary, Archie?"

Archie shrugged.

"No, you're absolutely right. We're not scary at all."

The Guard squeaked and began to move faster. Before he could lever the door open, a tentacle wrapped around his shoulder and brought him back face to face with Molly.

Molly gave him what she thought was a reassuring smile.

He whimpered.

"Tell me, do you have any pets?" Molly leaned forward, making sure to smile even bigger and more reassuringly.

He began to gasp for air.

"Put your head between your knees. I hear that helps," Molly said. She furrowed her brow. "No pets, huh? How about family?"

He groaned and bent over, facing the ground.

"I'm just trying to put you at ease," Molly informed him. "Oh! Would you like some ice cream?"

Archie held the cone away from the Guard.

"Look at him. He's having a difficult day, Archie."

Archie frowned, hesitated, took one last lick, and offered his ice cream to the guard. A big, melted drop splashed on his filthy boots, improving them.

"N-no... thank you," the Guard stammered.

With a sigh of relief, Archie stuffed the entire cone in his mouth.

"See? You can talk!" Molly cried.

The Guard grimaced.
"I just need to know a few things, then we'll move on." Molly almost lost her grip on one of the Little Gassers and became distracted with getting it under control again. It appeared they liked to wander. "What can you tell me about the inside of this place?"

The guard shook his head.

"Hmm." Molly frowned. "How about what they do here?"

"I can't..." the guard moaned.

"Any Death Marshals in there? Or have they all left to watch the parade?"

The Guard let out a sob.

"All we've done is ask you some questions and offer you ice cream." Molly raised her eyebrows at the Guard.

Archie grunted with impatience.

The guard looked up at them, his jaw set in sudden determination... even though his knees trembled and his hands shook.

"Are you going to help us now?" Molly asked.

"No," the guard's voice wobbled. "You are undead scum."

Molly gasped. "That's just rude. Scum, really?"

"Scum," the guard spat.

Reaching his hands out, Archie picked up the man over his head and shook him aggressively. The Guard's limbs flailed like a rag doll.

"Archie!" Molly scolded.

With a sharp exhale, Archie dropped the Guard, then patted the man's head with a large hand. The sound of crunching cartilage and the Guard's scream made the large zombie step back in surprise.

"You broke by dose!" the Guard cried, clutching at the blood gushing from his face.

Sighing, Molly held the Little Gassers out to Archie. "Hold these." She knelt next to the Guard, pulled his hands from his face, and studied his nose. "Would you look at that. You're right. It *is* broken."

"I doe!"

"I can fix it."

"Doe!" He scooted away, shaking his head, droplets of blood flying from his face.

Molly frowned and held up her hands. "I really need your help."

"Doe! Dever!"

Archie growled and leaned forward, the two Little Gassers floating less-than-ominously next to him.

The Guard squeaked and brought his hands up. "I'll helb! I'll helb!"

Molly clapped her hands together. "Fantastic. We'll help each other." She crouched down in front of him and swatted his hands away as he tried to fend her off. "Stop it. I'm *helping*."

The Guard went limp, defeated by her tenacity. That personality trait had served her well when she was a journalist, too.

"Hopefully, you had a deviated septum and this little breakage fixed that right up. Maybe you can sleep without snoring now, huh?" With a crunching and snapping sound, Molly realigned his nose. He howled.

Molly chuckled. "So dramatic. It's just a little cartilage." She tilted her head and squinted her eyes. "I think it looks better now."

Tears streamed from the Guard's face as he cradled his nose. "It feels crooked."

"Nonsense." Molly stared at the Guard. "Now, it's your turn."

He shivered as her glazed-over eyes drilled into him.

Within a matter of a few minutes, words rushed out of the man's mouth, a near-incoherent babbling of phrases and directions. Somewhere in the mix of explaining that he would have loved to have the ice cream but he had a sensitive stomach, that this was only his third day on the job, and other panicked nonsense.

He told them why Building 1391 existed in the first place: interrogating off-site was a request from the Governor-General himself; it was tough to concentrate with all the screaming. He agreed with Marlow, praising him, and then continued to ramble off about where they were keeping Philip, where Lady Justice and the new Judge were off to, how many soldiers were still in the building, and even described the layout of the place in vivid detail. It was incredible

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what he knew with having been on the job for just a few days.

"See? That wasn't so hard." Molly grinned.

Archie gave the man a grateful smile and patted him on the back... with a little too much force. The Guard dropped to the ground like a flattened pancake.

"You knocked him unconscious, Archie," Molly said as she moved the collapsed man back into his rocking chair, making sure that she tilted his head so that the blood pouring from his nose didn't stain his clothes.

An apologetic groan escaped Archie's mouth.

"Oh well." Molly shrugged. "It happens. Luck isn't on everyone's side. I'd wager that we'll see him as one of McMourning's creations one day. We can only hope for a second chance like that, huh? I'll call him Fritz. He looks like a Fritz, doesn't he?"

Archie nodded.

"All right. Let's go." Molly put two fingers in her mouth and sounded an ear-piercing whistle.

Stomping footsteps answered her call.



A creature with multiple heads and mismatched legs, held together with Dr. McMourning's distinct stitches bounded toward them. Gaping wounds, scales, feathers, spines, and fur covered the miscreation. One of its heads roared, its fangs bared. Another head screeched, its beak agape. It clawed eagerly at the air with a hoof and a talon.

"Take down the door, please, Buttercup," Molly shouted at the monster.

Buttercup's snake-like tail twitched in delight. Pumping its leathery wings, it increased its speed and slammed into 1391's surprisingly heavy doors. Under Buttercup's assault, the doors bowed inward and crashed down against the polished floors, leaving deep scratches and dents.

A Guild Sergeant stood just inside the now-open doorway, coffee in hand, staring in surprise. An awkward silence hung in the air.

"Hello!" Molly waved at the Sergeant. He dropped his drink and pulled out his Peacebringer.

"Oh, do you have to?" Molly frowned.



The Sergeant repeatedly pulled back on the hammer of his gun.

With a sad flutter of her hand, Molly said, "Sic 'em, Buttercup."

Buttercup leaped. The Sergeant screamed, but one of his wild shots managed to hit Buttercup square in the chest, throwing its flying leap off target. If the footsteps Molly heard were any indication, the sound of the shot had summoned some of the Sergeant's friends. Things were going too smoothly, anyway.

Buttercup readied itself for another lunge. Despite having a three-headed undead monster at her side, Molly didn't like their odds. The Guild were dangerous business. This wasn't supposed to be a fight; it was a break in.

Molly had to think quickly. Her journalistic instincts kicked in. Sometimes all it took was a random question on the spot to make someone stumble.

"Excuse me!" she yelled out, raising her hand as though it held a pen. "Elthia Pigeon here with the Malifaux Tattler. Are you willing to go on record about the treatment of prisoners here in this establishment? This will just take a second."

Right as he snapped his head around to see what moron was asking questions like that in a time like this, Buttercup leaped. Within a few seconds, there was nothing left but bloodied limbs and a shattered skull.

"What, cat gotcher tongue?" she laughed, then started to pet Buttercup's lion head. "Good boy."

With a purr, Buttercup rolled over, tongues lolling and exposing its fur- and scale- covered belly.

Molly rubbed the giant tummy with both hands and cooed, "Who's such a good little science experiment? You are. Yes, you are."

"Halt!" a voice Molly immediately disliked commanded.

She and Buttercup both looked up at the Guard.

Buttercup growled.

"You're right. Go get her." Molly took a step back.

Buttercup pounced. With a beak clamped around one arm and a lion's maw around the other, the third head was free to close around the Guard's neck.

"Things are getting awfully messy! Oh well. At least they didn't suffer," Molly rested her hand on one of Buttercup's heads. "This way," she sang and began strolling down the dark hallway. The Little Gassers



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squirmed out of Archie's grip and slipped their little hands into Molly's. Some air escaped out of each of them. She smirked.

Her mood soured when she entered the next room and saw several Guild Guards, guns and blades at the ready. Clearly, not enough of the Guild were thrilled about seeing the parade. This was what she had hoped to avoid, but she always came prepared. With a sharp poke to Toot, its bloated stomach ruptured, filling the room with a noxious and obscuring gas. Most began coughing and retching, but a few covered their faces in time before they were affected. With their free hands, all who were able started firing at Molly and her companions. Buttercup roared and charged at them, stomping, slashing, and goring, its tail lashing back and forth. The few dealing with the gas in the immediate area fell under its claws, but the others filled it with bullets.

Molly thought about joining the fray, but quickly realized that the best thing she could do was use this opportunity as a distraction to grab Philip and get out.

A pang of guilt ran through her chest as she grabbed Poot and Archie, and ran out of the room. The pained screams and roars echoed in the hall behind her, then suddenly stopped. There were no more sounds that followed.

"Good boy," Molly whispered to herself.

As they moved further through Building 1391, she thought of Nanny leading her colorful company through the streets, followed by Death Marshals and Lady Justice herself. The thought made her smile.



"Tell me about what you remember of your life before undeath," the Investigator said. She perched on a wooden chair across the table from where they'd propped Philip up. In front of her were stacks and stacks of loose notes jotted by previous interrogators. This was her fifth visit. She wasn't getting anything of substance out of him, so she decided to try a different angle.

He grinned. "You know. Things were better back then. People were better. Food was better... Having intestines helped with enjoying food back then, though. Do you have any idea what it's like to eat without a stomach? It's a mess." "Do you miss being alive?" The Investigator raised one eyebrow, her patience waning in record time.

"Obviously not," Philip scoffed. "Lost a lot of weight since then." He waited a moment, smirked, and winked. "Why, when I was a child, I had to walk uphill both ways in the snow, carrying the stone tablets we used instead of the paper you young'uns can get away with today."

She coughed and muttered under her breath.

"What?" Philip demanded.

"I said that sounds like a tough place... to, you know, grow up," she replied.

"It was. I think this would be a good time to nod, but as you can see, I don't have a neck," he informed her. "It was also a better place."

"Mm hmm."

Philip continued to talk about things he couldn't necessarily remember, but wanted to believe, anyhow.

After a time, he concluded with, "And, that's how I ended up in Malifaux."

"Is that so?"

"Yes! Weren't you listening?" Philip groaned. "I was an academic. Or, maybe a luggage porter." He paused. "No, definitely an elite soldier of fortune."

"Those are very different things," the Investigator lazily observed.

"Well, I don't think I could have survived Kythera if I weren't at least *one* of those things," the head snapped at her, condescension dripping from his tone.

"You went to Kythera?" she asked, looking up at him, then scribbling in her notebook.

"Of course." If Philip could have puffed out his chest, he would have. "You haven't? Maybe the next time you're on holiday, take a little trip down there and-"

"Tell me everything," she asked, pen hovering over the page. Was he finally about to spill something of substance?

"Oh, it was horrific." He tried to make his expression solemn.

"And...?"

"Awful. Even worse than my childhood. Why, I-"

She sighed. "You don't remember anything, do you?"

"I didn't say that..." Philip grimaced.

"Never mind," the Investigator said. "How about you tell me about..." She peered at her notebook. "The Gorgon's Tear?"

"Oh, the Gorgon's Tear!" Philip's face brightened again. "It is quite the artifact. A lovely thing. I can see it now. Yep, absolutely lovely. Though, not as lovely as my old mum."

"Mm hmm." She looked back down at her notebook, already tired of the conversation.

"The Gorgon's Tear is quite the important little rock. You know, I hear they found it the first time the Breach opened," Philip said, the words tumbling out of his mouth.

"Is that right?" The Investigator looked up again in interest.

Philip smirked.

"Why is it so important, Mr. Tombers?"

"Have you seen it? Pffft, I don't think so. If you had, you'd just know. Because it gives life to those who need it most, like us," Philip scoffed. "Why without it, Molly wouldn't be here... I might not be here. And, Nanny certainly wouldn't've around to push me in that pram. And, really, I think that's the most important part."

"Of course it is," the Investigator murmured. She said, "Where is it now?"

Philip paused for a moment. He looked as though he was listening for something.

"Where is the Gorgon's Tear now?" she repeated.

With an arrogant grin, Philip told her, "Oh, that old thing? Let me think, let me think. There are so many places it could be right now. Malifaux's a big place, you know? Could be frozen up there in the Ten Peaks. Could be in the belly of some young gupp. But you know what? It's not. It's in Seamus' head."

"What?"

"Oh, yeah, right up in there. Fwump! Shoved right up in that noggin. Thing's no pebble, neither. Between you and me, I still think there's some breathing room for it up in that brain of his, though. Know what I mean? Ha! Then again, it could have fallen out by now. Maybe rolled its way down to the sewers. Do they have gupps down there? Probably. I'm sure there's plenty of stuff for them to eat. Roaches, rats, little kittens, other gupps... Know what food I miss the most, though? Jellies. You get yourself some good bread - none of that cheap stuff, no, you've got to make sure that the crust is top notch - and you could put all kinds of jellies on them. Apricot, strawberry, grape..."

The Investigator's mouth turned up a tiny bit as she wrote down almost everything he said. "I appreciate all your cooperation today, Mr. Tombers."

"Well, I do like to help," he said with a flippant roll of his eyes. "Besides, today's my last day here!"

"How do you figure that?"



Molly and her miscreants found their way through a few more hallways, each one darker and quieter than the last. Eventually, she found a plain black door with a piece of paper taped to it, with the words "Do Not Disturb – Interrogation in Session" scribbled across it.

She halfheartedly twisted the doorknob, expecting it to be locked, but the door swung open, revealing a small, metal plated room with a large steel door. Molly briefly looked at herself in the reflection, combing her hair with her fingers and checking to make sure she didn't have anything in her teeth. Archie looked at himself for seemingly the first time, trying to wrap his head around the image mimicking his every move.

Before Molly could explain to Archie how a mirror works, she heard a familiar voice muffled behind the steel door. There was only one person in the world that could ramble on about jellies for that long. She knew she was in the right place.

"That's as good a cue as any." She nodded at Archie.

With a low groan, Archie swung his three fists. The steel door crumpled under his strength like wet newspaper.

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Molly peered around Archie's bulk. "Hi, Philip! I heard you talking all the way down the hall. I just followed your beautiful voice!"

The Investigator leaped to her feet, dropping her notebook with a thud.

"See? I told you," Philip crowed.

As the Investigator tried to rush past Molly and escape, Archie reached from behind and slammed his tentacle into her body. He squeezed past the table and chairs, walking over the woman's prone form, crunching and smashing her into the floor.

"Great timing," Philip told them. "She was really starting to bore me." He narrowed his eyes. "Who's that?"

With a flourish, Molly gestured at the patchwork behemoth and the Little Gasser. "You don't know Archie? Didn't you meet him last time? Well, this is Archie. Archie? Philip. Philip? Archie. He likes ice cream."

"I like ice cream," Philip said.

"Then you two will get along just swimmingly! And this is Poot. Unfortunately, I don't think Poot will be with us for much longer."

"I would shrug if I could," Philip replied and rolled his eyes in as dramatic a fashion as possible.

Molly smiled. "I missed you, Philip."

"They listened to me, you know." The talking head pouted.

Swooping down, Molly put the Investigator's notebook in her pocket. With her free hand, she scooped Philip up and walked back out the door, avoiding the puddle of gore that was once the interrogator.

Archie made quick work of any opposition as they headed back toward the front door.

"So, who's Poot?" Philip asked, eyeing the chubby Gremlin with suspicion.

"He's my new friend from McMourning's lab," Molly informed him as she dodged the occasional spray of blood.

"More friends, huh?" Philip grimaced. "And what of our old friends? You find a new Nanny?" Severed limbs flew through the air as Guild Guards wailed. Molly ducked. "Nanny is on a well-deserved holiday."

"What about this 'march' that I heard people talking about when they weren't talking to me?" Philip prodded. "Was that your doing, too?"

Molly nodded and stepped around several corpses. Gunshots echoed through the hallways ahead. "I organized a parade!"

Philip batted his eyes. "Well, if that isn't the kindest thing I've ever heard. You shouldn't have. For me?"

"Well, ummmm..." Molly gave an awkward laugh and looked away. "No. For Dr. McMourning."

"Why him?" Philip demanded.

"Philip," Molly groaned. "Think about it. Do you think that I could distract most of the Guild by throwing a parade for you? You were already here! They wouldn't care."

"Hmph."

"Besides, Dr. McMourning is a big name right now and everyone's all up in a huff'n'puff about finding him," Molly added. "I had good reasons."

"Not good enough."

Molly frowned. "I had to find you, Philip."

"I wasn't in any danger, Ms. Squiddpidge," Philip snapped.

"Didn't you miss me? I made you a hat."

"Not another one," Philip groaned. "It wasn't all bad in there, you know. They were just starting to be great conversationalists! You think Nanny is going to start spouting off about her life experiences? New recipes? The weather?! I don't think so!"

"Don't be so dramatic," Molly grumbled. "Archie's always willing to listen."

Archie looked back at her, a Guard with a broken neck dangling from his huge hands. His eyes went wide, and he blinked, then smiled.

"Yes, we can get some on the way home." Molly gave him an indulgent smile.

With a grin, Archie returned to his murder.

"I want ice cream, too." Philip shouted.

"You can get ice cream, too," Molly sighed.

"I might forgive you, then. Maybe. As long as they have cherries."

"How magnanimous of you," Molly chuckled. "I really did miss you, you know."

"Hmph."

As they returned to the dark, quiet hallway, Molly let go of Poot's hand.

With another snicker, she poked the dead Gremlin. A strange, relieved look flashed across its face as the high-pitched whine of escaping gas emerged from it.

"Not another one!" a panicked Guard shouted from behind them.

"Bye, Poot!" Molly called over her shoulder as she hustled through the broken door after Archie, leaving behind a small explosion and a rancid odor.

"Slow down," Philip complained. "You're bouncing me all over the place. I'm getting a little dizzy. I'm a person, not some meat-parcel."

"Really, I missed you," Molly asserted, not sure whether she was trying to reassure Philip or herself.

"Yeah. Sure. Let's go get that ice cream," the head replied with the hint of a smile on his face.



The room was dark and cold and damp. A lonely light hung on the ceiling, pointed down onto a disemboweled corpse spread out on top of a worn kitchen table. Its throat and stomach were held open by surgical clamps. A bucket full of entrails and organs sat beside it.

Dr. McMourning leaned over the cadaver with a wide grin on his face, his hands deep into the corpse. He pulled out its intestines and held up the cord, then squinted. Light found its way through most of the tissue – all except for a fist-sized blot. After a quick incision, McMourning pulled out the blockage. The object jangled like metal slapping against metal. "They're always in the last place you look. Ha! Hmm." He was unable to hold in his excitement. "That's one way to make sure you don't lose your keys. Sebastian? Sebastian! Where did that little bubble of snot g-"

Sebastian was standing beside the doctor, possibly for hours, with a newspaper in his hand. He looked equally as excited, but it wasn't because he wanted to find out which lock those keys opened.

"Oh. There you are. Where have you been? Hmm. I've been looking all over for you. You knew that I needed help installing these new bile ducts. Do something with this, will you?" He tossed Sebastian the keyring. It slapped against the newspaper and dropped to the floor.

Sebastian eagerly placed the newspaper on the one section of the kitchen table that wasn't covered in blood, opened to the third page, and pointed to an article.

"Smart thinking, Sebastian. A sterile environment is important, especially with our mobile operation."

Dr. McMourning made a final incision, pulled out the intestines, and was about to place them on top of the newspaper, but the headline beneath Sebastian's finger caught his eye. He dropped the intestines on the floor instead and picked up the newspaper off the table.

"A parade? For me? Ha!" His eyes scanned the article. "I've always said that a successful surgery is cause for celebration, but this?"

He re-read the article. "It is! By my own creations, too. Isn't that nice? Isn't that nice? Sebastian?"

"Oh, yes, very nice, sir."

He nodded to himself and smiled. "How did they get out of the lab on their own?" he wondered, then turned back to Sebastian. "Why didn't you tell me of this sooner?"

"Found it on a stoop. Read it with my morning biscuit. Thought you might like it."

McMourning's eyes widened. "You can read? Remarkable! Today is full of surprises."









W Now entering the Breach of the Great Boundary," the conductor announced over the loudspeaker.

As the night sky outside the windows gave way to the sinister darkness of the Breach, a hush fell over the passengers. The train rattled and hissed. Under the train car's swaying lamps, men and women perched on the uncomfortable seats.

"What's out there?" the one child on the train asked, his voice small and high. He stood on the seat and pressed his face against the glass. After only a moment, he paled and sat, silent. Something in the murky, blackness had alerted him to the dangers he would face once they reached their destination. He was one of the smart ones.

Kirai saw a few passengers clutch at the icons their particular religion favored. Others appeared impatient and restless, with a vicious light in their eyes.

Only the desperate, recklessly greedy, or savagely lethal came through the Breach.

With a buzzing hiss, the lamps flickered out all at once. Several passengers screamed in surprise. Instead of reflecting the inside of the train, Kirai could see outside the heavy, glass windows.

In that instant, she saw a figure on a nearby hill, silhouetted against the night sky, a noose hanging from his neck and a hood over his head. Even from the shadows, he seemed to stare at her. A chill ran up and down her spine.

What a welcome.

The lamps flared. Once again, she saw her own face in the glass.

"Malifaux Station," the conductor called out as the train's rattling slowed.

Kirai grabbed her valise and made her way down the train. With light footsteps, she stepped around enthusiastic passengers who tumbled into the aisle. Several times, she pushed past people who stood, frozen, still unsure of their decision to leave their Earthside homes. Some small part of her pitied them, though their caution made them the likeliest to survive this wild place.

As she reached the station platform, Kirai smoothed the wrinkles from the skirt of her conservative, brown walking suit and adjusted the monstrosity of a hat on her head. The enormous brim hid her face from anyone who didn't look too closely. She found the excess of feathers, silk flowers, and stuffed birds horrifying, but it was fashionable in the King's Empire... and, she had to admit, good for distracting her conspicuous features.

Guild parasites, Union bloodsuckers, and regular grifters descended on the passengers. Not even the roar of the train heading to Industry Station could cover the clamor of deceit and extortion taking place in the city's entryway. The telltale sounds of a fight breaking out reached her.

No doubt about it, she was home.

With a tight grip on her valise and on the lookout for pickpockets, she moved through the crowd. It was easy. There was always a little space around her, as though the living could feel the touch of the

dead she brought with her everywhere. Even still, the crowded station slowed her down.

"Excuse me." A hand reached out and grabbed her upper arm.

A glance down revealed shoes and uniform trousers. Guild Guard. It took all of Kirai's willpower to keep herself from reflexively reaching for her weapon. There were too many people for a fight here. She kept her face tipped forward and covered by the brim of her hat. "Yes?"

"I have a few questions to ask you," the Guard said.

She plucked his fingers from her arm and stopped in the middle of the floor. "What do you need to know?"

"We're checking luggage to make sure no contraband comes in with the passengers," he explained.

"The Guild inspected our bags before we boarded the train," Kirai replied, a chill in her voice. Besides, she'd already paid a hefty bribe to bring the relics she had in her valise back with her.

"Sometimes, our Earthside compatriots are not as thorough as we'd like them to be." The Guard chuckled. "We're also looking for criminals trying to come through."

Kirai almost snorted. This side of the Breach was rife with those who had little respect for laws. "And you think I am a smuggler or a criminal."

"Well, I'm not suspicious of *you*," he said hurriedly. "I just need your bag so that I can take a quick peek."

"At my personal effects in this public place?" she asked. "I would rather you did not."

"Why?" The Guard laughed. "Do you have something to hide?"

"Everyone does, do they not?"

He leaned over to get a closer look at her face under the brim of her hat. His eyes widened as he caught a glimpse of her.

She lifted her head and saw him staring past her at a collection of wanted posters decorating a station wall. In the upper right of the collage hung a crooked rendition of Kirai's face. "You are Kirai Ankoku," he breathed. He reached for his revolver and the whistle hanging from his pocket.

"How inconvenient," she replied. Before he could call out, she snatched the knife from his belt and sank the blade through his ribs and into his left lung.

He made a strange gurgling sound and sank to the ground.

She was already walking away when the first screams started.

"It was her," a voice shouted after her. "The one in the ugly hat!" Footsteps followed.

Kirai swore under her breath and ducked into the ladies' retiring room. "I guess Philip is not getting this hat, after all." She yanked the hatpin out of her hair and tore the hat off her head. Stomping footsteps and voices came from the hall. As she slipped out of her clothes, she pulled a wrinkled yukata out of her valise. She shrugged and thrust her arms through the sleeves.

She had just shoved her Empire-style clothes out of the window and was adjusting her sash when two Guild Guardswomen burst through the door. With a bland expression, Kirai turned to face them.

"Have you seen an Empire woman in a terrible hat come through here?" one of the Guardswomen demanded.

Kirai blinked. "No."

"You look awfully familiar," the other Guard mused. "Have we met before?"

Kirai shrugged and thought back to the wanted poster. "I often work in the Little Kingdom."

"I've probably seen you there," the Guardswoman murmured. "Qi and Gong?"

"At one time."

The Guardswoman studied Kirai.

"Come on. We have to find that woman," her partner snapped.

Kirai let out her breath slowly as the two Guards stomped out of the retiring room. "That is not ideal." She let her long hair down to cover her face as she left the retiring room and headed for the doors. New inhabitants of the city crowded around the bleeding guard sprawled on the floor of the station. Those who knew this place went about their business, not giving the growing crimson stain another glance.

She walked at an unhurried pace, dodged Guards, and tried to not draw attention to herself.

Finally.

The doors closing behind her muted the cacophony. She took a deep breath. It was blessedly quiet. The air filled her nose, smelling both bitter and charged, like a lightning strike. It was familiar and menacing.

Home, indeed.

From around the corner of the building, Kirai heard someone announce, "We found the hat. It's truly awful."

"Search everyone!" came the immediate command.

Kirai left through a back door and slipped down the road, vanishing before anyone could stop her.



The breeze enveloped her like hushed voices. She hadn't been gone long, but Kirai had almost forgotten how it always sounded like this place was speaking to her. Perhaps it was, in its own way. It was an unsettling, but not unsurprising, thought.

Kirai glanced back behind her again. Every time she heard voices or a vehicle, she melted into the shadows.

The cobblestone streets were dark and grimy. The lights were dim and intermittent. Where she was going, there were no Guardsmen to intervene in anything untoward. Her shoulders relaxed. She liked it when she was the most dangerous thing around. Besides, she only had so much time and hoped that no more distractions waited for her.

Just before she reached the city proper, she spotted a quiet side road. In the moonlight, it appeared abandoned and overgrown. Tree roots slithered across it. The strange, spiky weeds that grew in this place burst from the ground. With a purposeful gait and as long a stride as her yukata would allow, she headed that way.

"Why do we have to go to the Hanging Tree at this time of night?" an annoyed voice beyond a turn in the road demanded of an unseen companion.

At the sound, Kirai, with quiet steps, shifted into the shadows on the side of the road before the speaker or spoken to saw her. "People keep seein' Jack Daw after those idiots tried to steal the tree, so now we have to guard it," came the reply. Two Guardsmen clomped toward her. "Lucky us."

Kirai ground her teeth. Someone just had to report Jack Daw sightings tonight. The Guild just had to send guards right now.

"Don't say his name out loud, Jonas," the first Guardsman hissed in warning.

"That's a stupid superstition," Jonas replied, puffing his chest up. As they approached, Kirai saw his eyes warily move from side to side, belying his bravado.

"Besides, it's not like we'd be able to do anything against something like him," Jonas's partner muttered.

He wasn't wrong. Kirai unsheathed her shears.

"You worry too much, Cuinn." Jonas chuckled as he patted his gun. "No one's even seen Jack Daw at the Hanging Tree since he left. Besides, nothing's getting past us toni..." His severed head thudded to the ground, punctuating Jonas' final word.

Cuinn screamed.

Kirai flicked Jonas' blood from her shears and stared the remaining Guardsman down. "I have business this way. I will let you live if you let me past."

The Guardsman fumbled with his gun, floundering with the hammer until he forced it back with a metallic click. He pointed the gun at her. "Are you working with Jack D-daw? H-how do I know you'll really let me live?"

With a wave of her hand, she gestured for him to move aside.

His hands trembled. His knees shook, but he stood his ground.

This was taking too long. Dropping into a crouch, Kirai lunged forward, plunging her sharpened shears into his torso before he could fire. Cuinn let out a wet gasp as he collapsed to the ground.

Kirai kicked his gun away from his grasping hands and continued down the road. "Now we'll never know, Cuinn." The breeze picked up, twisting Kirai's hair around her, dancing playfully. This place seemed pleased by the blood she'd spilled. Like always.

She heard the tree before she saw it. The ropes knotted into nooses creaked as the bodies dangling from them swung in the breeze, dark shapes in the dim light. She tied her dark hair back as she searched for a corpse in the highest branches. His body was gone. Still. The implications of that were not good.

The gate squealed as she pushed it open, drowning out the whispers for a moment.

The closer she got to the Hanging Tree, the stronger the foul odor of rot became. As distasteful as it was, this, too, was a part of death. She inhaled, taking it in. Appreciating it. Overcoming it.

Kirai approached the Hanging Tree and released the shears strapped to her leg. With a snip, one of the bodies swaying from a lower branch fell to the ground with a thud.

As she began to wrestle the noose from around the man's neck, she felt someone watching her. Kirai looked up.

"Mr. Daw. This is the second time I have seen you today," she coldly addressed the being observing her. This night was not going the way she had hoped. She dropped what she was doing, the rope slithering to the ground. Her hand returned to the cool handle of her shears. She studied him.

Eyes burned from slits in a hanging hood. The rope of his own noose dragged on the ground behind him. The stench of brimstone and decay wafted off him. He was an anomaly from beyond the veil of death. With a physical body, he wasn't just a ghost, but he felt like an untethered spirit nonetheless. Despite her comfort with death and the undying, Jack Daw made Kirai's skin crawl. And nothing good ever came of his presence.

She hoped it didn't come to a fight. He was one of the few things in this world she wasn't sure she could defeat.

They stood, scrutinizing each other for several long moments. He stayed still, eerily so. Kirai felt the pressure of each second ticking away.

Then, Jack moved. It was a strange, jerky motion that reminded Kirai of a puppet. She stepped back into a defensive stance.

Jack's pale, nicked fingers tipped with ragged nails tore the head off the dead man before grasping the noose Kirai had dropped. With a grunt, he held it out to her.

With one hand still on her shears, she reached out to grab it from him.

"Why?" she asked, her voice mild.

The odd creature stared at her with his searing gaze.

No one knew why Jack Daw did anything, or so the nursery rhyme said. That only made her more suspicious.

Kirai reached down and tucked her valise under her arm, still holding her shears out in front of her. With slow steps, she made her way back toward the gate. As she shut it with a squeak, she saw Jack scratching his fingers down the bark of the Hanging Tree, leaving bloody streaks in its place. Did he know what he was giving her? She stared at the weathered, stained length of rope.

"A circle of death with ties to both sides of the Breach," she whispered to herself. "A beacon for the dead." For Francis.

When she looked back at the Hanging Tree, Jack was gone.

It wasn't long before she also vanished into the night.



The next evening, Kirai made her way to one of Nicodem's graveyards. As she uncovered a niche carved into the base of a stone angel, she glanced over her shoulder and ignored the man who approached her.

"Kirai? That you?" he called from halfway across the cemetery.

With a twinge of annoyance, she tucked the small package from the stone angel into her satchel, replaced the panel, and stood. Apparently, this encounter was unavoidable.

"It *is* you," the man crowed. "I was wonderin' when you'd be back." He eyed her up and down. "Yer lookin' good as ever."

"Mortimer. You have a new suit," Kirai stated. She'd never seen him in something that wasn't stained somehow. Despite his well-tailored clothes, he still oozed a certain sliminess that had nothing to do with his appearance.

> "I'm lookin' good as ever, too, eh?" He tried to grin, but it came out as more of a leer.

"I suppose. You are still repugnant," she replied, her tone cold.

"Aw. Kirai," he whined. "I thought we 'ad some kinda bond. Y'know, since we were both Nicodem's lackeys." He pouted. It was not endearing in the least.

"I was never a 'lackey.""

"Sure. Sure." He gave her a conspiratorial wink. Her expression remained stony.

Mortimer cleared his throat. "So, how long've you been back?"

"I would like to speak to Nicodem. Where can I find him?" she said. If he was going to bother her, he could at least be useful.

"No small talk, eh?" Mortimer grumbled with a hopeful look at Kirai.

"No."

With a suspicious glance around, Mortimer leaned in closer. Kirai took a small step back. He pouted again. Nevertheless, he whispered, "Nicodem's dead."

"What?"

"Are you surprised?" Mortimer asked. "Is tha' yer surprised face? It's not much different from yer usual face..."

"Explain."

"Well, yer not terribly 'xpressive, if y'know what I'm sayin'," he babbled. "Never 'ave been."

"About *Nicodem.*" A headache began to form behind Kirai's eyes. Mortimer had that effect on her.

"The Death Marshals got to 'im. That Justice wench sliced 'im up." He shuddered.

The Guild. Again.

"Who is running his graveyards?" Kirai demanded. "I need a body."

"Good luck wi' that." The man shrugged.

The temptation to kill the toad where he stood was a powerful one, but she was running out of time. Instead, she forced the words through her teeth, "Can you help me get a body?"

"Like partners?" Mortimer perked up.

Kirai regretted saying anything. "Yes."

He puffed himself up, held his lapels and thrust his chest out. "Apologies, pretty lady, I can't partner with you today. I'm gonna to be late as it is."

She shrugged, annoyed in more ways than she knew possible.

"However, I can *loan* you a minion of your very own," Mortimer said with unbearable condescension. "Fine."

Mortimer's eyes twinkled. "But, you'll owe me," he sang.

Her stomach turned. This was for Francis. For Francis. "Fine."

He clapped his hands with glee. "Come wit' me."

She nodded and followed the bouncing steps of Nicodem's former bootlicker.



"Ta daaaaaa," Mortimer opened the door to the back of the funeral home. "The undertaker's assistant helps me with corpses all the time. He's just through here. I've a bit of sway wit' the current owner of the graveyard here."

"Mm hm."

"Not like I had with the previous undertaker, though." Mortimer looked at her expectantly.

She walked through the door and ignored him.

"Nicodem," Mortimer hissed. "He was the previous undertaker."

"You had better get going. I would hate to make you later than you already are," Kirai said with a look at the door.

"Oh, well..."

"Let me put it this way. If you do not go, I will kill you, and you will never make it to your meeting at all." She casually brushed her shears with her fingertips.

"ByeKirai.Niceseein'ya.Welcomeback." And he was gone.

Kirai massaged the bridge of her nose. No one was more maddening than Mortimer, but he was occasionally helpful... Which just made his existence even more maddening. It was vicious punishment or a cosmic joke. She wasn't sure which.

She pushed through a heavy curtain that rasped against the rod holding it up. The choking smell of formaldehyde hit her. A young man, thread and needle in hand, was sewing up a crude incision in a dead woman's flesh.

When he looked up, he exclaimed, "Kirai?"

She studied his dark hair, chiseled features, scar, and eye patch. "You have changed occupations, Jian."

The corner of his mouth quirked up, equal parts amusement and despair. "You could say that." His fingers anxiously hovered in front of the piece of cloth covering his right eye. The pink ridge of a scar ran from his hairline to his cheek and underneath the eye patch. He grimaced. "It doesn't pay as well."

Kirai tilted her head and studied him. "Madam Winter would not throw you onto the street for that. You are still handsome, just a bit more menacing. That is not a bad thing."

"If only Madam Winter still ran the Qi and Gong," Jian lamented.

She waited.

Jian continued, "She died. Renzo took over as manager."

So, she would have to deal with Renzo and not Madam Winter. That was not ideal. "I see," Kirai said with a distinct iciness.

"You were never fond of Renzo, were you?" Jian mused. In fact, she liked Renzo even less than she liked Mortimer. That hadn't always been true, though.

"Did he kill Madam Winter?" she asked.

"I suspect so, but he covered it up well." The young man sighed, and his shoulders slumped forward. "Takara helped him, I'm sure."

There were good people at the Qi and Gong. Renzo and Takara did not fit into that category.

"What do the Ten Thunders think?" There were a lot of variables to consider with this change in power.

Her former colleague gave her a crooked smile. "Things are shifting within the Ten Thunders. The Qi and Gong has a new owner, too. Don't remember her name, though. As long as Renzo's bringing in money, I don't think anyone is looking too closely." Greed was constant. Who owned what didn't matter. The world always revolved around currency, even when someone like Renzo abused his power. Kirai gestured at her own face. "And this?"

"A fight broke out." He waved at his face. "Renzo took everything I had. He said it was to pay for the surgeon. Then, he kicked me out because it was too difficult to find me clients."

"Considering how well you did, you should have had more than enough to pay for a surgeon."

"It took a long time for me to recover. The wound got infected. I'm lucky to be alive. I didn't know that he controlled my money until it was too late." Jian frowned. "He would kill me if I tried to get back what he owed me."

"He would kill someone for looking at him the wrong way."

Jian chuckled, a sad sound. "That is true."

"Though this was interesting and helpful, I did not come here for information," Kirai said.

"Of course." Jian stood up straight.

"Mortimer." His name left a bad taste in her mouth. "He said you could help me get a corpse."

Jian hesitated, his dark eyes wary. "You are friends with Mortimer?"

"I would not call him my friend."

"But, it's true? That you raise the dead?"

"In a sense, yes." Kirai raised a hand. An ethereal being flickered into view above the corpse on the table. She clenched her fingers into a fist. A mask settled on the ghost's face, binding it to her.

The man shuddered and backed away, needle and thread still in his hands. "That is not right, Kirai."

She shrugged and waved her hand, dissipating the mask and dismissing the spirit.

"How could you possibly need my help?" He stared at where the ghost had vanished.

"My ghosts do not fully exist in this plane. They can kill, but they cannot help me haul a body."

"Oh." Jian pointed at the body on the table. "Want her? She was a murderer and terrible tipper and could do with some punishment in her afterlife."

Kirai shook her head. "I need a specific body. Francis Kitchener. And, I need to keep it from the Guild."

"Hm. He is in one of those fancy mausoleums, right?"

"Yes."

"His father was the previous Governor-General?"

"Yes."

Jian started and examined Kirai. "Wasn't he the reason you left? He was more than your client..."

Kirai nodded once, a curt movement.

"That was why they told us not to fall in love." Jian gave her a disappointed look.

She knew, but she didn't care. "Will you help me?"

His eye softened. "Of course. You are still my friend. It is a bit more prominent an area than I would like, but I think we can get Francis out of there. There are only a few Guild Guards at any given time in the cemetery. We can dodge them and get your body wherever you need it. First, we need a wheelbarrow."

"I will meet you at his mausoleum."

Jian wiped his hands on his apron and moved toward the curtain.

"And I need you to deliver him to the Qi and Gong." Kirai peered at him out of the corner of her eye.

Jian groaned as he turned to look at her. "Kirai, you can't be serious."

She faced him. "The nice room at the end of the hall on the top floor."

"I don't know if my friendship goes this far," he grumbled.

"I will pay you double what Mortimer does."

He sighed. "All right. I want you to know that I would have done it for free." He slipped past the curtain, his movements as graceful as ever.

"This way, I will not owe you," Kirai mumbled to his retreating back.



Even though she'd never visited Francis' mausoleum, she knew her way there. She'd stood on the other side of the graveyard's fence enough times to know. It was also impossible to miss. His mausoleum was a hewn stone affair that was as gaudy as the hat she'd bought Earthside. As she got closer, she smelled incense and perfume so strong that it made her sneeze. Every surface was carved or gilded.

It was awful. A gift from a Governor-General father who never knew him.

She placed her hand on the cool stone. "I know that you hate this," Kirai said as she took in the small, overwhelming building. A brief chill brushed against her shoulder. She took that as agreement.

A pair of ostentatious, metal doors with a heavy lock on the front blocked her way in. She lifted her hand, prepared to summon one of the other inhabitants of the cemetery, but a familiar odor undercut the overwhelming perfume emanating from Francis' grave, and she froze.

Dragging footsteps made their way around the stone structure. Jack Daw shambled into view, his filthy torn pants and discolored skin in sharp contrast against the flawless marble.

"We meet again," Kirai said in cold greeting.

His eyes stared out of his hood at her.

It was unsettling to have his gaze trained on her. It was as though he had focus, but no intent of his own. "You are soulless," Kirai concluded.

He snapped his teeth together. After another moment of his intense glare, he turned and walked away with his stiff, telltale gait. When she couldn't smell him anymore, Kirai shuddered and shook off the dread Jack carried with him.

With a wave of her hand, she continued her work. A spirit rose out of one of the other graves, pulled by forces beyond its control. At Kirai's command, the ghost slithered into the lock and burst it from the inside. A metallic scraping sound filled the air as she pushed the doors open. She sneezed as more perfume wafted out at her. With quiet footsteps, she entered the crypt.

And then she saw it. She stood still and silent, Francis' horrible stone sarcophagus in front of her. She hesitated before reaching out, touching the cold marble lid with her fingertips.

Footsteps and the squeak of a wheel that needed oiling came from behind her.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Jian asked, his voice low. "You don't want him to rest in peace?"

"If he were resting in peace, I like to think I would let him stay that way," Kirai said. She ran her fingers over the loops and whorls of the carved stone. "But, he appears to me in battle. I think he's not ready to leave this plane of existence."

Jian crossed his arms over his chest and narrowed his good eye in scrutiny. "And you want him back."

"And I want him back." From her satchel, Kirai produced a short crowbar. The stone chipped, pieces scattering across the spotless marble floor, as she shoved the iron bar under the lid.

Eventually, with Jian's help and the scrape of stone against stone, they got the top off.

The two of them leaned over the opening, anxiously peering inside.

Whatever the Guild had done to preserve his body had worked. A lock of his hair curled over one closed eye. Kirai brushed it away from his face. His skin was pale, but not waxy. He didn't stink of decay. He didn't have the telltale bloat and discoloring of the dead, either. Francis looked like he was sleeping.

A warmth filled Kirai's chest as she looked at him. "My love. How I have missed you," she breathed. With that, she reached into the sarcophagus, grabbed his lifeless arms, and began to drag him out of his grave. "Make sure he is not injured," she commanded.

Jian lifted Francis' legs. "You have changed, Kirai."

"I have."

Together, they wrangled the corpse into the wheelbarrow. It wasn't dignified, but it was the best Kirai could do.

"I need you at the Qi and Gong at midnight tomorrow," Kirai told her former colleague. Jian curled his lip. "I'll be there, but I'm not happy about it." He lifted the handles of the wheelbarrow.

"Thank you."

He paused inside the doorway of the mausoleum. "By the way, I saw your wanted poster. It is a good picture."

"Thank you."

Jian smirked at her.

"Hey, what are you doing in here?" a voice asked from outside the crypt. It echoed strangely against the stone. A head peered around the doorway. Guild Guard. The man's eyebrows shot up under his hat as he stared. "Isn't this Francis Kitchener's mausoleum? Wait, aren't you Kirai Ankoku?" Then, his mouth

twisted into an eager grin.

"I've always wanted to face a filthy Resser."

"Go. I will take care of this," Kirai ordered Jian as she strode out of the mausoleum, the Guardsman on her heels.

Jian hesitated for a moment. "See you tomorrow, Kirai." With the clatter of the wheelbarrow's wheel, Jian was gone.

Her opponent gripped his Guild-issued saber. It whispered as it left its sheath.

"You will regret this," she warned as she pointed at him with her shears.

He snorted. "This was the entire reason I joined the Guild."

"Such arrogance."

"It's not unfounded," he replied as he charged. His saber crashed against Kirai's blade. Twisting her shears, she knocked his sword out of the way and stabbed her weapon toward his heart. At the last possible moment, his saber blocked her strike. He furrowed his brow.

She spun out of the way of another advance, turning it into an attack of her own.

He parried as she swiped at him.

"You're good," he smirked.

So was he. Better than most low-level Guild Guards. How irritating.

A wild swing nearly beheaded her.

Her shears just missed lopping off his leg.

Back and forth, they fought, dancing around each other, their blades ringing when they clashed.

Her hair stuck to the sweat on the back of her neck. She panted.

He lunged toward her, his blade slicing off a piece of her silk trousers as she twirled out of its path. She continued her momentum and whirled around. He tried to bring his sword back in time, but she was too fast. With a spiraling movement of her own weapon, she sent his saber clattering among the gravestones.

His hand darted into his coat, revealing a tiny, hidden handgun. He pointed it at her. Instead of backing up, she pounced. Slashing at his hand, she knocked his aim to the side. The bullet bounced off a headstone in a small shower of rock chips.

The Guild Guard swore and shouted, "Resser!"

"Goodbye." Kirai cut through his torso, her sharpened shears slicing through him with ease.

"Kirai Ankoku, you are wanted by the Guild dead or alive," a voice announced behind her. Another one? Why were these Guardsmen never alone?

She turned around to face a cocked and loaded revolver pointed at her forehead. In addition, another Guild Guard stood off to the side. He was also aiming his gun at her.

Not just one, but *two* Guardsmen. Annoyance flashed through her.

The closer one shook his revolver toward her. "Will you come quietly, Resser?"

"What do you think?" she replied.

He fired, but she had already moved, spinning away to duck behind Francis' mausoleum. A bullet pinged off the stone. The Guard cursed.

Did he really think it would be that easy? That was offensive.

Her nose filled with the acrid smell of spent gunpowder and her ears rang with the report of his gun. There were only two Guards to deal with now; she wouldn't need to call on everyone. She exhaled and prepared for the pain to come. The fury burning in her soul was so easy to find, to wield. Kirai tapped into the magic and tore through the fragile seam between this world and the spirit world.

Her slithering Seishin emerged from death's maw and made their way toward the Guardsmen. The two men bellowed orders to each other and fired round after round at her ghosts.

When she heard the jangle of empty bullet casings hitting the ground, Kirai moved. Before the first Guardsman could reload, she faced him, her shears glinting in the sun's weak light. His eyes widened as he caught sight of her. His fingers fumbled. Throwing the gun to the ground, he flicked a hidden knife out of his sleeve.

The other Guard grinned as he pointed his gun at her. "Looks like you're coming with us dead," he gloated. Smart. They saved some bullets for her.

She froze, her shears ready to slice through the man in front of her.

A dark shadow fell over them.

"What the..." the second Guardsman complained.

They all looked up to the top of a nearby mausoleum. A lanky form with a hangman's hood and noose stood above them.

"Is that...?" the Guard with the knife hissed.

"Jack Daw," Kirai finished for him. Her Seishin were gone. Either of the Guards or Jack could kill her in the moment of focus it took to rip her way through the veil and conscript another soul to do her bidding.

Her muscles bunched, ready to fight or flee; she wasn't sure which.

With the speed of a predator, Jack launched himself off the stone structure. There was no hint of the strange, lurching movements he usually had. Kirai turned to face him, choosing to defend against the more dangerous enemy.

Jack's hanging rope snaked around the throat of the man with the revolver. The gun fired, striking Jack in the stomach. He growled and gnashed his teeth under his hood. As he reached toward the man who'd shot him, Kirai swung her shears at the Guard next to her.

"You're working together," he cried.

"Apparently," she said as she knocked the knife from his hand and beheaded him.

When she looked back at the other fight, Jack crouched over his victim, continuing to maul him with his bare hands. He was covered in blood and gore up to his elbows.

"He is dead," Kirai informed him.

Jack grunted, then looked past Kirai.

She followed his gaze to the far side of the graveyard and saw yet *another* Guard in the middle of adjusting his trousers, staring at them. Guardsmen were everywhere in this place, like some kind of sanctimonious plague. The cemetery had a slight incline that allowed him to see everything. Then, he ran.

Kirai swore. "My ghosts and I cannot catch him. Can you?"

Jack shook his head in a way that reminded her of a dog with a wet coat.

She backed away from the mysterious creature, holding her shears between them. "It was a pleasure, as always, Mr. Daw," she said, her tone dry.

His teeth chattered as he watched her depart.



It took a long time for Kirai to shake off her encounter with Jack Daw.

She looked over her shoulder every so often as she wandered through the city collecting the equipment and artifacts she'd need. She visited a warehouse in the Industrial Zone and ran her fingers along the outer wall, silently counting. She pried a brick from the mortar and grabbed a slim package before patting the brick back into place.

As the day wore on, Guild Guardsmen appeared more and more frequently. She was forced to flit between alleyways and stores to avoid capture.

Ducking into a dingy store in the Slums that had filthy windows, a sticky floor, and the distinct aroma of old milk, she barely managed to dodge a contingent of Guild Guards. She couldn't kill them all. Another inconvenience.

"Incense, ground bone, and saltpeter," she told the shopkeep.

The woman turned to grab the items and said, "Have you seen the Guild and their little show of power out there?"

"Mm." Kirai kept an eye on the door.

"We don't need this. Do they plan on making business even more difficult?" she grumbled as she dug through a disorganized crate behind her counter. Before she found what she was looking for, she popped her head up from behind the counter. "I even saw Death Marshals walking the streets earlier."

Kirai muttered an oath.

"Exactly!" the shopkeep agreed as she plunked down the requested items on the counter. She took Kirai's money as she continued to gripe about the Guild. Silently, Kirai agreed with her every word.

As Kirai turned to go, the woman said, "You look familiar. Have we met before?"

Her expression didn't change as Kirai replied, "I have one of those faces."



Kirai stayed in the basement of an abandoned mansion in the Southern Slums. Rats squeaked and scurried in the corners. A mansion down the street had burned to the ground, and she thought she could still smell a hint of the smoke. With a shrug, she collapsed into a dusty, discolored chair and slept.

The next day, the Death Marshals and Guild Guard swarmed even the Southern Slums. The Guild's obsession with necromancers was grating to the extreme. She hadn't even killed that many people. A small frown tugged at her lips. She schooled her expression back into neutrality and took to the streets.

Kirai took seedy alleyways, back rooms, and any hidden storehouses she knew about. Before his demise, Nicodem's list of contacts throughout Malifaux had been impressive. She'd seen only a small piece of his empire. With speed and more than a few threats, she managed to slip through the ever-tightening Guild net.

As she emerged from an underground saloon that catered to rogue Arcanists, Kirai caught sight of the edge of the Little Kingdom.

"Almost there," she mumbled, taking her first steps toward the Ten Thunders' territory.

"Stop, Resser!"

She turned to see a pair of Guild Guards pounding down the street toward her, their revolvers aimed at her. "So close." Closing her eyes, she reached through the pain to death itself and *called*.

The Guards crumpled, two masked phantasms standing behind them with dripping swords.

The apparitions vanished as she crossed the threshold of the Little Kingdom. The Guild wouldn't dare chase her into Ten Thunders territory... she hoped.



It wasn't long before Kirai stood outside the Qi and Gong, staring up at the building. This place, where it had all begun... or ended.

The first time she'd seen it, the Qi and Gong's showy red paint, silk curtains, and extravagant decorations had impressed her with its lavishness. Madam Winter, its proprietress, had possessed an air that made the place feel opulent. Now, without her commanding presence, it all seemed so garish and unnecessary.

Kirai considered the building for a moment. Maybe the Qi and Gong hadn't changed, but she had.

As she watched, lamps began to light up the windows. The silhouettes of young men and women wearing very little flitted past the curtains, enticing and mysterious. Music began to play. Perfume and candle smoke floated into the street. In the early hours of the night, the Qi and Gong was beginning to wake up.

The Kirai who had worked here had hopes, dreams, and plans to get her family out of the Three Kingdoms. After Francis' death, after learning about how the Guild worked, how the world worked, she realized that she had been naive.

Though Madam Winter had treated her well enough, she kept things from her workers. The things she claimed were possible often weren't. The Ten Thunders also made life a challenge. She exhaled. The only part of her life from then that she missed was Francis. Besides, she no longer fit here. That Kirai was dead. She was weak, anyway. She never would have made it in the end. The Kirai she was today had Francis to thank for her strength. She loved him, but she also owed him a great debt.

Kirai stepped forward and reached out. Creaking, the door opened before she could grab it. A huge man with bushy facial hair hauled a case of clinking bottles under each arm. He looked like the hired muscle he was. Fa, her old friend.

"Ankoku-san?" he said as he caught sight of her. Then, his mouth turned down. "Madam Winter is no longer with us."

"I heard. Jian told me."

"That poor kid. Does he know that the fight was started deliberately? Renzo wanted him out." The man placed the crate on the ground and ran a meaty, tattooed hand through his short, dark hair. "Renzo is still mad that you left before your contract was up. Even though he knows what happened."

"That is because he was not able to steal all my money at the time," Kirai said. "And because he is as heartless as I am."

Fa opened his mouth to protest, then studied her and her indifference. "You weren't always this way."

"No, I was not."

He heaved a sigh. "What are you doing back here?"

"I need the nice room at the end of the hall."

He crossed his massive arms over his chest.

"I am going to resurrect Francis."

"That is not funny, Ankoku-san." Fa grimaced in disgust.

"It is not a joke." After a moment, she added, "You and everyone else should probably leave. The ritual is a dangerous one."

He raised first one eyebrow, then the other. "You're serious."

"Quite."

"I didn't believe it when I saw the wanted posters." He narrowed his eyes at her. "I'd hoped that someone was framing you, that they weren't real."

"Believe what you like," she said, her expression bland. "You should still leave."

"Necromancy is dangerous," he stated.

"Not as dangerous as I am," she replied. "You had better go. Warn whomever you would like on your way out. I will take care of the others."

"You really have changed." The giant of a man who, nightly, stared down influential members of the Guild and easily tossed the most dangerous criminals in Malifaux out onto the street shrank away from Kirai. He couldn't stop her, and he knew it. "Whatever you do, do not hinder me," she told him.

Fa looked her in the eye and nodded. "Boss Renzo won't go without a fight."

"Good."

He shivered at her icy expression. "What killed your kindness, Ankoku-san?"

"Go."

Fa rushed through the hallways of the pleasure house that masqueraded as a tavern. In a low voice, he warned the servants and staff, "There's going to be a fight." Young men and women wrapped silk robes around themselves as they rushed into the cool night air. With a clatter, the waitstaff placed trays of strong drinks and aromatic food on any nearby flat surface as they fled. Kirai followed Fa and glared at anyone who moved too slowly for her liking. They rushed past tables for gambling and through the kitchen.

As Kirai passed through one of the lounges, a young woman with a rosebud mouth and a cascade of dark hair chuckled at her and Fa. She lay draped over a chaise longue.

"If it isn't Ankoku-san," she spat the honorific out so that it sounded like an insult. "Is this little fight your idea? I've done the same thing, but I actually work here."

Takara. If she wanted to die, Kirai wasn't going to stop her.

With an undeniable grace, the other woman slid off the chair and shadowed Kirai, staying just out of the way. "You know, after you vanished, and Renzo kicked out Jian, I became the top earner here," she said in her throaty voice. "Madam Winter always discouraged competition among the staff, but not Renzo. He's been good for the Qi and Gong. I always hated Madam Winter."

Kirai changed her mind. "I will kill you right here and now." She swung her shears toward Takara's throat.

"What the hell is going on?" an angry, nasal voice demanded from somewhere deep inside the Qi and Gong.

That voice. Kirai hesitated. She ground her teeth together in frustration. She'd thought she was past his betrayal. Her blade brushed Takara's skin but didn't break it. The woman's mouth turned up in glee. She sang, "You're in trouble." Like a snake, she slithered out of Kirai's grasp. "And he's furious. Good luck." Then, she was gone.



"What's this?" the same voice snarled from the lounge doorway.

Kirai turned. A man dressed in the height of Three Kingdoms fashion stood with dozens of people ready to fight for him. He'd always tried to protect what he viewed as his. Now, he had the means. "Renzo," Kirai acknowledged.

"Boss Renzo," he corrected her sharply. Then, he leered. "What a beauty you are, Kirai-chan. Unforgettable. Did you come back to work for me? I hear you have some problems that you could use some help with." He inspected his fingernails, as though he was already bored with their conversation.

He had changed, too. She suppressed a shudder. Her face retained its neutral mask.

"You should leave," Kirai told him, ignoring his attempt to goad her.

He laughed. "Are you really giving me a command in my own kingdom?" Waving his hands at the excessive luxury, he said, "We may have come through the Breach together, but things ended up quite differently for us, did it not? You have a price on your head, and I run the Qi and Gong."

If he didn't get out of her way, he wouldn't be running much of anything.

"And your family?" Kirai asked.

"Still living their pathetic, little lives in the Three Kingdoms." He shrugged.

At least Kirai felt guilty about abandoning her family. The Renzo she'd known would have.

Takara sauntered in and placed a calculated, gentle hand on his sleeve.

"What?" he snapped.

With a moue, she brushed her fingers along her throat. A nasty welt marred her skin and oozed a trickle of blood. Renzo's face turned red with rage. "Who dared touch my highest earner?"

His. His. He was obsessed with possessing people and things. Even so, he didn't own the Qi and Gong and never would. His pettiness and avarice would get in his way every time.

Dramatically, Takara turned her gaze toward Kirai and pointed at her. "I should have known," Kirai muttered under her breath.

"Kirai," Renzo's voice was low and furious.

She sighed, gripped her shears, and settled herself in a comfortable position. "Shall we get this over with, Renzo-kun?" She beckoned with her hand.

"Boss Renzo," he growled through gritted teeth. In the same breath, he snarled, "Kill her."

The whisper of guns leaving their holsters, the click of hammers pulling back, and the hiss of steel leaving scabbards were welcome sounds to Kirai's ears. Being here, in this place. Missing the Renzo she grew up with. Talking to this infuriating doppleganger. She wanted a fight. Needed one.

Without any hesitation, she reached through the thin boundary that separated life from death and welcomed the agony that came with it.

"What the...!" someone near the back of the group cried before his question was cut off with a wet gurgle.

Two ghostly figures with long hair and expressionless masks tore through Renzo's rear ranks. Blood sprayed. Gore dripped. Limbs fell. Gunfire erupted. Screams. So many screams.

A new horror poured forth from Kirai's own body.

Ikiryo crowed with delight as she spun around, eviscerating those around her with ease.

A psychic scream tore through her mind as one of her Seishin fell. Then, the other vanished in a cloud of smoke.

Even with her spirit allies, Kirai couldn't hold off all of Renzo's men alone. So, she would become less human and more deadly. Kirai gave her spirit a curt nod.

The wraith grinned, an awkward gaping of her mouth. They melded. Kirai tasted blood that wasn't

hers. She felt the euphoria of pure wrath. She lost herself. Her spirit. Her body. She was Ikiryo. They were vengeance.



"Kirai?"

Through the fog of rage and revenge, Kirai heard someone shouting something. That was her name. Wasn't it? Or, was she Vengeance?

"Kirai!"

With a soft gasp, Kirai returned to herself. Blood covered her clothes and matted her hair. Her shears gleamed red. The metallic smell both choked and soothed her.

Jian's eye was wide. His head swiveled from side to side, taking in the corpses sprawled across the floor around them. He stood in a nearby hallway, hauling Francis' crumpled body in the wheelbarrow they'd stolen. His voice wavered as he asked, "Are you Kirai? Or, are you a monster?"

He seemed somehow far away.

"Both, Jian," she told him. Her voice sounded distant even to her.

He stared at a bloody mess on the floor and stammered, "Is that Boss Renzo?"

Kirai prodded him with her toe. "Was."

Collapsing to his knees, Jian said, "That was terrifying. You. Are. Terrifying."

"Thank you." Kirai took in the carnage all around her. It didn't look like she'd killed any innocents... this time. Fa and the other workers had vanished.

The only thing to break the silence was the steady drip of fluids and a quiet moan. "It seems the Qi and Gong is empty now," she said.

Gesturing around them, Jian replied, "Are you surprised?"

Kirai shrugged, indifferent.

"What happened to you?" Jian asked, his voice a concerned whisper.

"Why does everyone keep asking me that?" Wasn't it obvious?

He blinked at her and opened his mouth a couple times to say something. His shoulders slumped, almost deflating. He gestured at his wheelbarrow. "Where do you want him?" he asked, resigned.

"Upstairs. The room at the end of the hall." Kirai pointed.

Jian began to go up the stairs, pulling the wheelbarrow up with him, a loud bump reverberating with each movement. The tall man gave her a strange glance, then said, "The ghosts with the masks..."

Kirai waited for him to finish.

"They remind me of you," he said. "Deadly. Expressionless. Focused on retribution."

"Perhaps that is why they are drawn to me," Kirai replied as she followed Jian.

"That is what I also suspect. You don't find that disturbing, Kirai?" He paused to study her.

"Not anymore."

He just frowned and continued up the stairs.



At the top of the stairs, Kirai squeezed around Jian and his precious cargo. She led the way to the farthest, most private room in the Qi and Gong.

The wooden door had been replaced since she'd last been here; it opened with a small squeak. The filmy curtains were open. Dim lamps and flickering candles gave it a dreamy quality. Someone had tried to sand out and repair the bullet hole in the wardrobe instead of buying a new one. Unfamiliar, cheap perfume tickled her nose. It was her old room, but not.

Still, this was where she had fallen in love with Francis.

This was where he had died protecting her.

This was where she would bring him back to life.

And, after that, she would never have to see this rathole again.

With that motivation, Kirai got to work. She pointed at the bed. "Put him there."

From the bag she'd slung across her shoulders, Kirai pulled out the Soulstones she'd grabbed from the cemetery and a variety of artifacts. The odor of rare, expensive herbs burned her nose. A lot of people had died on both sides of the Breach for her to acquire everything in her satchel. It was worth every life lost. She also set up candles and incense. She knew that some of these were hoaxes, but this wasn't just one ritual. It was an ill-advised amalgamation of rites and ceremonies from a handful of traditions, including knowledge stolen from Malifaux itself. But, she was willing to try anything for Francis. Her Francis.

She looked over to where Jian had placed him on the bed. With a grunt, she shoved the bed in front of the balcony, right over the spot where he'd died.

"Can I go now?" Jian asked, his eyes darting from side to side.

"Yes."

He stepped towards the door and hesitated before going through it. "You know that if the Ten Thunders hear about what happened to the Qi and Gong, they will come to kill you." He rushed through his words.

"They can try."

Jian shook his head. "Goodbye, Kirai. I hope our paths never cross again."

That was likely for the best. She continued to set up her ritual. "Thank you for your help."

Quiet footsteps signaled his exit.

With her cleaned shears, she snipped off a lock of Francis' hair. She dropped it into a small bowl that had gems embedded in the lip of it. The green jewels had the appearance of snakes wrapping around the vessel, not unlike the ring Francis had given her so long ago. Kirai pricked Francis' finger and squeezed out a drop of dark, thick blood into the bowl.

Her deft fingers untied the noose she'd taken from the Hanging Tree and placed it on Francis' body.

More preparations. More artifacts. More blood. The ritual wasn't a short one.



Kirai had no idea how much time had passed. She swiped a trickle of sweat off her forehead and concentrated on controlling the power of the Soulstones. Melding their energy with the spiritual and magical currents from the artifacts was a delicate, dangerous process.

Not that danger had ever deterred her before, but this time Francis was at stake. She could not make a mistake. Pushing away the guilt and other emotions she lived with, she spun threads of power into the pieces that would create a portal that pierced the veil.

The sound of something scraping against the cobblestones drifted up from the street.

Every instinct in her told her to make sure it wasn't a threat. Taking a deep breath, she instead returned her focus to her task.

She sprinkled an herb mixture over a bowl holding an opalescent fluid and a brazier that, based on its distinct decorative elements, came from this side of the Breach. A wave of power emanated from the artifacts.

The air above Francis' body shivered with a popping sound as a spiderweb of cracks formed between this world and death itself. The gate was opening. Kirai felt her lips turn up in a tiny, victorious smile.

This time, angry voices floated up from the street. They devolved into shouting, then gunfire and the clang of weapons.

All expression evaporated from her face. Kirai shook her head and stared back down at the diagrams she'd brought with her. "Ignore it," she mumbled to herself.

The click-clack of snapping teeth answered her. Kirai looked up. Jack Daw crouched across the room from her, staring at her through his hangman's hood.

"I am a bit busy, Mr. Daw," she informed him, her fingers creeping toward her shears. "Are you here to hinder me?"

He shook his head in that feral way of his. She studied him for a moment before turning back to her task.

Pounding footsteps headed down the hall toward them. Jian threw the door open.

"What are you still doing here?" Kirai growled.

"Kirai, the Ten Thunders, the new owner's people, and Guild Guardsmen are right outside the tavern door. They are here to kill you... if they don't kill each other first." His good eye landed on the figure in the corner. He sucked in a short, sharp breath.

"Jian, this is Jack Daw."

He shuddered. "This is the company you keep now?" It did not sound like he approved.

"Apparently," Kirai stated. "Why did you not leave?"

"I was leaving, but then I saw who was coming down the street." Jian pressed his lips into a flat line. "I thought I should warn you."

"That was stupid."

Jian glared at her. "I suppose it was. Must you be such an ingrate?"

"Yes. Because you put yourself in danger."

His eye flicked back toward Jack. "Can he hear us?"

"I assume so."

Jian gasped in fear.

The crash of splintering wood came from below.

"Is this how I die?" Jian groaned.

"You can try to climb the trellis back down," Kirai said as she ground something in a mortar and pestle.

"You didn't see how many armed people are down there," Jian snapped.

Kirai let out a small sigh. "Or you can hide behind the wardrobe. Hopefully a stray bullet won't hit you."

Jian tiptoed past Jack Daw, who followed him with his eyes. With a grunt, Jian pulled the wardrobe away from the wall, the feet scraping against the wood floor. He grimaced. "Madam Winter would have hated to see those scratches."

"Well, it is a good thing she is dead." Kirai glanced at him, the faintest hint of annoyance entering her eyes. She tilted her head toward Jack Daw. "I assume that you have some interest in what I am doing, otherwise you would not continue to follow me around."

Jack continued to stare at her in that unnerving fashion of his.

Kirai continued, her voice sure. "So, make sure that they do not interrupt me, or I will not finish."

Jack Daw stood, his limbs twitching and lurching in a distinctly unnatural way. Then, he drifted out into the hallway.

Kirai's joints protested from holding the same position for so long as she got up to close the door behind the odd being. She exhaled. The portal was a mere distraction away from collapsing or warping with unexpected consequences. Reaching into her connection with the dead, she began to manipulate the energies once again.

In the distance, she heard more gunfire and screams.

Jian gasped.

"Hush." She poured a thin stream of scented oil into a bronze oil lamp. The lid went on with a faint

ringing sound. A white flame danced on the wick that protruded from the small spout.

Plucking threads from the curtain of death itself, she wove them with the various ceremonies she'd discovered over the last year.

The veil shattered with a peal of thunder, giving way to a spectral whirlpool centered over Francis' corpse. Kirai drooped forward, sweat pouring off her brow, exhaustion suffusing every limb.

The moment a phantasmal hand appeared in the gateway and began to reach toward Francis, she knew it was working. Her mask slipped as a triumphant smile crossed her features. "Welcome home, my love."

The door slammed open with a bang. Again. Jack Daw meandered in. Smoke wafted up from some new bullet holes in his body.

Kirai's smile vanished. Leaning to the side, she peered out of the open door. A shadow of movement and the sound of empty bullet casings bouncing down the stairs gave her enemies away. "How many of them are out there?"

Jian whimpered.

Jack snapped his teeth together.

"At least close the door behind yourself," Kirai said. "Do you want to make it easy for them?"

Useless. She almost wished Mortimer was here to help her. Almost.

A glance at the portal told her that Francis still needed time. Kirai pulled her blade out and readied herself for battle, despite how weak she felt from the ritual.

Rapid gunfire turned the wooden door into splinters.

"Shall we, Mr. Daw?" Kirai gestured toward the hall.

Together, they descended on the men and women taking cover in doorways and clustered in the hall.

"Once more into the fray, Ikiryo," Kirai intoned into the veil.

Kirai's step faltered as her body became an entrance to the realm of the dead. Her Onryo and Seishin charged.



Detached from emotion, her physical body, everything, Kirai looked around her. Bodies and blood coated every surface. Jack Daw stood still, not even breathing, gore covering his arms. He watched her.

As Vengeance itself, Kirai felt no pain. Infinite rage simmered just beneath the surface, ready for her to tap it.

Something down the hallway caught her eye. The gate.

It was not part of her revenge. It didn't matter. Or, did it?

A ghostly being was emerging from the portal. Its shadowy arms embraced its own corpse. Half its essence was still in the spectral plane.

"Francis," she murmured.

Unimportant.

"The most important," she said, coming back to herself, returning to her physical body. She felt blood cooling on her skin, tasted it on her tongue. Her nose filled with the smell of death. A faint dripping sound reached her ears. From her or Jack Daw? Did it matter?

"Francis," she repeated, reaching her hand out and taking a stumbling step toward the bedroom.

The apparition in the portal turned its head to look at her. He gave her the half smile that made her heart flip in her chest. On shaking legs, she lurched toward him. "My love."

"Resser..." a low growl came from behind her.

Looking back, Kirai saw a Guild Guardsman, his leg ripped from his body, pointing his revolver at her. She threw herself to the side.

Just as the Guard pulled the trigger, Jack moved. Chittering, and with a speed Kirai didn't know he possessed, Jack reached the Guard and snapped his neck.

Everything slowed down. The caustic smell of gun smoke burned her nose. The report of the gun made her ears ring. Turning her head toward the bedroom, she saw the brazier shatter, its smoke dissipating into nothingness, its magic melting away. "No."

A breeze stirred Kirai's hair. A bone-deep wailing followed it.

"No," she cried. "The gate." Her fragile ritual, it was coming undone. "No!"

The passageway linking Malifaux to the abyss writhed like a living thing, trapping Francis' soul within it. His spectral form struggled. The portal convulsed. A blast of wind, strong as a squall and smelling of sulphur, howled out of the opening.

Jack Daw shoved Kirai aside and made his way into the room.

"Something's wrong!" Jian shouted as though Kirai needed his observation.

Kirai moved against the tempest, her bloody hair whipping at her face. If she could get there in time, she could save Francis. Only one thing could fix this. Her eyes found Jian cowering behind the wardrobe. A human sacrifice. His one good eye went wide as he saw her stalking him. "Kirai. We are friends."

"I do not need friends."

"You helped me. You said I was like your little brother."

"I am sorry." She drew her blade back.

"You don't look sorry!" Jian screeched. "Please, Kirai. I don't deserve this!"

No, he didn't. He was innocent. She gritted her teeth. She needed to kill him.

Right next to her, she heard teeth snap together and a low muttering. Jack Daw. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed runes glowing wherever his bare skin was visible. She leaped back, immediately on the defensive.

"Jack," she warned.

Burning runes appeared on Jian's skin. He screamed a terrible, gurgling sound.

"He. Is. Mine." Jack leaned forward and crushed Jian's skull with one hand. As the life left him, Jack held him so that the last of his life's blood poured over Francis and what was left of the brazier.

Kirai started. Jack Daw knew what the ritual needed. She stared at the portal, willing it to regain its balance. As the wind's keen began to die down, Francis' soul began to move again. She exhaled in relief.

Jack wandered toward the portal. Digging a bullet out of his flesh, he dropped the deformed metal into the bronze oil lamp with a ping.

What was he...

A ripple inside the portal caught Kirai's attention. Another soul was pushing its way through.

"What have you done?" she snarled. The gateway wasn't stable enough for two souls, much less at the same time. She reached for the threads of power, began to manipulate them.

But, everything was happening too quickly.

The portal contracted and expanded. Cracks formed in the very air around it.

Francis' spirit reached one hand desperately toward his body and one toward her, fighting against the other life trying to make its way through. The other soul pushed him back toward death. And then, with a flash of lightning and the sound of a thousand windows shattering, the portal exploded. The force knocked Kirai to the ground.

A primal roaring drowned out all other sound. Jack Daw clutched at his head, moaning, screaming, cackling, and thrashing about.

Swaying, Kirai picked herself up, rushing to Francis' side.

Kirai gripped her love's hand. It was warm. Alive.

His eyes opened.

"Francis," she breathed.

But his gaze was empty, devoid of any consciousness. Where was the man she loved?

She turned to where Jack Daw shuddered in the corner. He looked up at her, his eyes staring at her through his hood. For the first time, they were aware... as though *be* had a soul.

He had manipulated her. This was what he was after the entire time.

"You planned this," she spat. "Bastard."

In a whirl of blades and rage, she lunged at Jack.

He laughed as his suddenly fluid movements twisted him out of harm's way.

Raising her hands, she snatched at the veil, shoving every bit of her power into shackling Jack Daw's spirit. He slipped out of her control. He was a spirit, but also too much like Nicodem's zombies, and he was too firmly anchored to his withering body. She panted as he slipped out of her grasp, and she broke the connection. Instead, she called forth the spirits of the dead in and around the Qi and Gong. "Kill him," she commanded.

Ethereal creatures swarmed Jack Daw. They vanished into wisps of smoke as he tore them apart with his bare hands. Others, he cursed with his glowing runes. The entire time, he muttered with chattering teeth. Directions or a chant, as though he was trying to find his way. Calling Ikiryo, Kirai became Vengeance once more and sped toward him.

Jack dodged blow after blow, choking out broken sounds with each evasion. His voice echoed and overlapped, hanging in the air like a snake's hiss. "Frrrraaaaaannnnnncccccciiiiiiiissssss."

"You will not say his name," Kirai screamed.

He paused and tilted his head in confusion. The echoes stopped. "Memories?" Behind his hood, his eyes went wide, wild. "No. No!" With a flailing fist, he struck through her incorporeal state, through Ikiryo and straight into her physical body.

Kirai felt and heard her ribs break as she landed hard against a wall. She choked and wheezed as she tried to inhale.

Shrieking and clawing at his face, Jack Daw careened down the hallway, hurtling past Kirai.

Crawling across the floor, she reached for her shears, but she was too late. Jack Daw was gone.

"Bastard," she choked out.

His cackling laughter echoed off the buildings of the Little Kingdom and reached her through the window. Shouts of surprise, terrible screams of the dying, and gunshots followed his shrieks as he made his way down the streets.

Kirai ignored the sounds of chaos coming from down below. Turning, her eyes sought the body on the bed. She grimaced as stabbing pain shot through her broken ribs.

Writhing in an agony that went far beyond the physical, Kirai dragged herself to the bed and collapsed next to Francis. He didn't react, not even to blink, an empty vessel with a soul now out of reach. A keening wail tore itself from her throat, the devastation of her loss complete.

What had she done?





STAT CARDS • EXPERIMENTAL

Dr. McMourning

Douglas McMourning is a genius; a surgeon of unparalleled skill. His colleagues could not understand why a man of his talents would want to come to Malifaux to serve as chief mortician, but the choice was not entirely his. The Guild wanted the best and they got it, even if it was for a job that a literate parakeet and a conveyor belt could perform. Bodies came in, he certified cause of death, and then they were dumped in the furnaces to ensure they'd never be reanimated. It was simple, but demanding and thankless work.

Perhaps it was the tedium, or an honest desire to aid the Marshals, or simple scientific curiosity that compelled McMourning to dabble in Resurrectionism. With each experiment, each success, McMourning gleaned insights into the nature of biology and the methods of necromancy. And the deeper his mind wandered, the more his sanity peeled away.

Soon it was hard for him to recognize reality from the chaotic mess of ideas and noise in his mind. But he managed, thanks to his "staff" of experiments-turned-employees, including his assistant, Sebastian, and his Nurses. He was even able to make breakthroughs in reconstructive surgery, repairing Sonnia Criid's horrifically burned face, and making classified "adjustments" for Lucius Mattheson.

But the status quo could not stand. The Guild's new Governor-General decided more permanent measures were needed to deal with Resurrectionism, and summoned a troupe of Spanish necromancers, the Domador de Cadaveres, to perform a ritual with an ancient Earth relic called Bran's Cauldron. The ritual would have cleaned Malifaux of the last traces of the Grave Spirit, ending its malign corruption of the world. Fearing what it would mean for him, McMourning alerted his fellow Resurrectionists, namely Nicodem and Seamus, and together they hatched a plan to stop the ritual. The plan went poorly, but as the Guild stood on the edge of victory, McMourning was able to shatter the Cauldron and escape.

Though he is now hunted by his former compatriots in the Guild, McMourning has never felt better. He no longer has to live in two worlds, forging papers and living a double life. He's free to be himself. Free to innovate, to experiment, and now when he needs a corpse, he can help himself to all of it. And its family!



HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a \square .

PRECISE: This model's *M* Actions ignore Armor, Hard to Wound, Hard to Kill, and the Shielded Condition. ORGAN DONOR: After this model damages another model

with a *m* Action, this model Heals 2.

CATALVST: Models with **Poison** that start their Activation within **0**3 suffer 1 damage from **Poison**.

PERVERSE METABOLISM: When this model would suffer damage from **Poison**, it instead Heals an amount equal to the amount of damage it would have suffered.

FIELD TESTING: If this model is this Crew's Leader, after a friendly model with **Perverse Metabolism** is Summoned or Deployed it gains **Poison +2**.

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CO HEALTH OND

DR. MCMOURNING

ATTACK ACTIONS	Pc	STAT	Det	TN		
SKULL SAW Target suffers 2/3/5 damag card or gain Injured +2. @ Critical Strike: Whu +1 damage for each @ ii (to a maximum of +2). X Infect: Nodels damag Poison +1 for each X ii (to a maximum of Pois	// 1" ge and mu en resolvi n this Act ged by thi n this Act	7X ist either ing, the t tion's fin s Action	Df discard arget su al duel t gain	a ffers otal		
RANCID TRANSPLANT Target a model within 5" of Target gains Injured +1 and end one Condition of its che does so, the target gains that (if any). ♥ On Your Heels: Ener- base contact with the ta	d Poison oice on th t Condition <i>my only</i> . 1	+2. This ne friend on at the	model 1 ly mode same v	l; if it alue		
► BLOOD POISONING Target suffers damage from to the value of its Poison C of 5 damage). Reduce the va Condition by 5.	ondition	(to a ma	ximum			
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN		
Twisted Genius (!)4" Once per Turn. Remove three Corpse Markers within range. Summon a Flesh Construct with Slow into base contact with this model. This model gains Distracted +1.						
• Doctor's Orders Discard a card. Friendly or	6" nly. Move	- e the targ	- get up to	- 4″.		
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EXPERIMENTAL • STAT CARDS

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STAT CARDS • EXPERIMENTAL, ZOMBIE





Zombie Chihuahua

McMourning's first successful experiments with the undead came in the form of reanimated animals. One such experiment was a particularly feisty chihuahua. While Sebastian had "subdued" it rather lethally, the bites and scratches he bore were a testament to the little beast's tenacity. McMourning prepared the animal's corpse for reanimation, and then performed the scientific method that would bring it back from the beyond. As with several of his other near-successes, this attempt also appeared, at first, to be a failure. His inability to raise even this pitiful animal from the dead had McMourning truly questioning his talents as a necromancer.

Then, with a shudder, the chihuahua's zombified form leaped up and promptly bit McMourning on the nose. It yipped excitedly at him, wagging its little tail. McMourning swept the foul creature up in his arms and let it lick his face with its swollen tongue.

EXPERIMENTAL, FORGOTTEN • STAT CARDS



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 \square .

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health. FADING (TOXICITY): After this model discards any cards, it gains Poison +2.

PERVERSE METABOLISM: When this model would suffer damage from **Poison**, it instead Heals an amount equal to the amount of damage it would have suffered.

1 2 3 4 5 0 7 8 0 0 .000 HEALTH (002)

ROGUE NECROMANCY

FUX.) -	MUMIO/1429	190121000		. Cartill	
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN	
 SAVAGE BITE Target suffers 3/4/5 damag Puncture: When reso flip receives a f for eac maximum of the second second second second contact with another energy model. X Infect: Models damag Poison +1 for each X in (to a maximum of Pois) 	olving, th ch p in th ace this n hemy mo tion agai ed by thi h this Act	ne final d nodel int del with in, target is Action	uel tota o base in 5″ an ing that gain	l (to a d	
PROJECTILE VOMIT Target suffers 1/1 € /1 € ↑ this Action gain Distracted × Blank Stare: Discar and must discard a carc × Necrotic Decay: This damage. When resolving per damage suffered with	l +1 and 1 d a card. l. s model n ng, target	Poison + Target g may suffe t suffers	1. gains Sl e <i>er up to</i> +1 dama	ow 2 uge	
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN	
► AMBUSH If this model is not in Conce a card. If this model is not e					
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Rogue Necromancy

While many of the Resurrectionists in Malifaux only use human bodies in their experiments, McMourning is not as fastidious. Though his interest in necromancy began as mere curiosity, over time it turned to madness, and he began crafting more complex monstrosities from larger, more intimidating beasts. The Rogue Necromancy was one of his greatest early successes.

McMourning kept the first creation in his secret lab, using it to eat some of his failed experiments, and sometimes releasing it to perform tasks that required its particular brand of savage violence. But as with all things, he moved on to more ambitious projects. Caged and hungry, it eventually broke free and was found by Molly. Taking pity on the creature, she has given it permission to roost in the Quarantine Zone, watched over by Archie of some of her more capable friends. Luckily, McMourning never forgets a procedure, and has already begun to make a replacement.



STAT CARDS • EXPERIMENTAL

KENTAUROI

Named after the mythical tribe of centaurs, these undead amalgamations are the product of the twisted mind of Dr. Douglas McMourning. By combining the upper half of a human with the lower half of a horse, McMourning had hoped to create a zombie that was both swift on its feet and capable of using weapons.

Kentauroi are, indeed, quite fast, but the part that most necromancers seem to have latched onto - much to the doctor's annoyance - is that these zombies can be ridden like a horse without sacrificing combat potential.

If there's any drawback, it's that the act of attaching human to horse is quite awkward, and as a result, Kentauroi tend to fall apart literally - more often than more traditional zombies.



KENTAUROI

ATTACK ACTIONS

M 2." Df FILTHY SPEAR 6X Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. Models damaged by this Action suffer +1 damage if this Action was generated by the Charge Action.

RG STAT

RST TN

P Rear Up: Enemy models within (1)2 of this model must each pass a TN 13 Df duel or suffer 2 damage. ₩ Like the Wind: Push this model up to 5" in any

direction, ignoring other models. X Infect: Models damaged by this Action gain

Poison +1 for each X in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of Poison +2).

RG STAT RST TN 2″ 6 RIDE WITH ME 12 This model may target another friendly model of lower Sz. Push this model up to 5" in any direction. Then, if this Action targeted another friendly model, Place the friendly

model into base contact with this model.

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Discard a card. End one Condition on this model.

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EXPERIMENTAL, MORTUARY • STAT CARDS

RAFKIN

As a boy, Thomas Rafkin was fascinated by the progression of decay. In medical school, he was confounded by their bizarre efforts to preserve life, and began conducting secretive experiments with various chemicals to both accelerate and arrest the decomposition process. When the school learned of his actions, he was expelled, but fled before he could be arrested.

When he started working in Nicodem's mortuary, he soon learned of his practices in the black arts and became an eager pupil, advancing his knowledge of chemical agents with the magic of necromancy. Nicodem's death was unexpected, and Rafkin decided it was better to flee before the Guild kicked in the door. Now a pupil in his own studies, Rafkin keeps his true intentions secret from the outside world, but takes full advantage of Nicodem's old mortuary.



	RAFK	IN	
CK ACTIONS		RG	STAT

ATTA

RST TN

- When resolving, this Action's damage hip may be Cheated even if it suffers one or more □.
 × Infect: Models damaged by this Action gain
- **Poison +1** for each X in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of **Poison +2**).

FLASK OF FORMALDEHYDE r 8'' 6 * 11 Shockwave 1, Mv 14, Poison +2. • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

- P Big Boom: When resolving, this Shockwave gains the following effect: Damage 1.
- Swift Action: Take this Action again.

TACTICAL ACTIONS Rg STAT Rst TN * TRANSFUSION 6" 6 12

Target two models within range. Reduce the value of one target's **Poison** Condition by up to 3. The other targets gains the **Poison** Condition at a value equal to the value reduced by this Action.

- Swift Action: Take this Action again.
- X Gaping Wounds: Models that had their Poison Condition reduced by this Action suffer 1 damage and gain Injured +1.

STAT CARDS • EXPERIMENTAL

SEBASTIAN

A "patient" of McMourning's early experiments on living tissue, Sebastian serves as the Doctor's personal assistant. Sebastian's duties extend to anything McMourning deems beneath him.

Sebastian frequently puts himself in danger thanks to his unwavering loyalty. He is also the poor sod who is tasked with dispatching failed experiments. Thankfully, Sebastian is an artist with the bone saw and can dismantle a body in moments, even a living one. He becomes a whirling dervish of metal, lopping off limbs and severing torsos in a gory display that borders on performance art, and makes McMourning consider re-evaluating the man. Well, sometimes.

Since McMourning fled the Guild, Sebastian has been a busy man. Douglas needs more bodies, and since the Guild won't deliver them, the hard work again falls on Sebastian. Still, it means McMourning usually gets the body he wants right away, instead of having to paw over a dozen or so cadavers that are usually too damaged to be of much use for anything but spare parts.





RUTHLESS: This model ignores the Terrifying and Manipulative Abilities of other models.

HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a [].

CATALYST: Models with **Poison** that start their Activation within **0**3 suffer 1 damage from **Poison**.

WICKED: When this model makes a successful *M* Action generated by an enemy model's **Disengage** Action, this model may resolve the Action's normal effects (including Triggers) instead of reducing the enemy model's Push distance.

PERVERSE METABOLISM: When this model would suffer damage from **Poison**, it instead Heals an amount equal to the amount of damage it would have suffered.



SEBASTIAN

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
RUSTY BONE SAW Target suffers 2/3/5 damage <i>P Critical Strike</i> : When		7X		-
+1 damage for each p in (to a maximum of +2).	this Ac	tion's fin	al duel	total
suffers + 1 damage. × <i>Infect:</i> Models damage Poison +1 for each × in	d by thi	s Action	gain	
(to a maximum of Poiso		1011 \$ 11112	ai duei i	otai
FLASK OF FORMALDEHYDE Shockwave 1, Mv 14, Poiso	≁8″ n +2.	6	*	11
* BLOOD POISONING Target suffers damage from the				10 qual
to the value of its Poison Co of 5 damage). Reduce the val Condition by 5.				n
♥ Get in There: A friend target may Push up to 3 ⁿ				of the
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
Man's BEST FRIEND Target a Corpse Marker. Su with Slow into base contact the target.				

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MALIFAUX THIRD EDITION • RESURRECTIONISTS

EXPERIMENTAL, ZOMBIE • STAT CARDS



BLOATED STENCH: After this model suffers damage from a /// Action, the Attacking model gains Poison +1 after resolving the current Action.

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

RUTHLESS: This model ignores the Terrifying and Manipulative Abilities of other models.

PERVERSE METABOLISM: When this model would suffer damage from Poison, it instead Heals an amount equal to the amount of damage it would have suffered.

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FLESH CONSTRUCT

ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST	TN
TEAR APART/// 1/"6DfTarget suffers 2/3/5 damage.	-
 Puncture: When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a for each P in the final duel total (to a maximum of fl). X Infect: Models damaged by this Action gain Poison +1 for each X in this Action's final duel tot (to a maximum of Poison +2). X Swallow You Whole: After killing, the target of the section of	l otal
not Drop any Markers, and this model Heals 1/2	/3.
PROJECTILE VOMIT 8" 5 Mv Target suffers 1/192/1929 damage. Models damage this Action gain Distracted +1 and Poison +1.	- d by
TACTICAL ACTIONS RG STAT RST	TN
▼ RECKLESS This model suffers I damage. This model gains Fast.	

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FLESH CONSTRUCT

Flesh Constructs are assembled using parts from the heartiest victims available. These walking nightmares are an amalgamated mess of limbs from multiple victims, each chosen for its resistance to injury and brute strength. Intelligence is a low priority when it comes to assembling a Flesh Construct, and consequently these undead appear slow and shambling.

Once engaged with its target, the Flesh Construct uses its size and strength to tear pieces away using whatever brutal weapon is at hand, typically a meat hook or other sharp implement. When the Flesh Construct is unable to locate a weapon, it resorts to tearing its victim apart limb from limb, even devouring pieces in a feeding frenzy. Where this hunger for flesh comes from is unknown, but any necromancer talented enough to assemble a Flesh Construct knows better than to linger too long between feedings.

STAT CARDS • ASYLUM, EXPERIMENTAL

Nurse

Believing the promise that he could keep them looking "eternally youthful," the women who serve McMourning embody the adage "beauty is only skin deep." Intrigued and disgusted at the thought of experimenting on living flesh, McMourning devised a method by which he would preserve the beauty of his living Nurses for decades, but by using dead flesh.

Driven completely insane by the process, each Nurse is clothed in the flesh of McMourning's most beautiful victims. The onset of decay in the new flesh indicates it is time to replace it. The process is terribly painful for the Nurse (let alone the "donor"), tearing further at her sanity.

The Nurses are often able to interact with the citizenry and perform tasks for their Doctor. Others have turned their insanities to the laboratory, concocting new "medications" that require "field study."



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

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NURSE

ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS #0" 5X Df

- Target suffers 2/2/3 damage. X Daze: Target gains Stunned and is Pushed up to 3"
 - in any direction.
 - X *Infect:* Models damaged by this Action gain **Poison +1** for each X in this Action's final duel total
 - (to a maximum of **Poison +2**). ♥ *Stagger*: Models damaged by this Action gain Staggered.

SEDUCTION 10" 5 Wp Target ends its Focused Condition (if any). Then, the target gains Distracted +1.

♥ A Small Favor: Target must have Poison +3 or greater. Non-Master only. Target takes a non-Action chosen and controlled by this model that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name.

TACTICAL ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN

- ▶ **BOTTLE OF PAINKILLERS** 3″ 6X 10 *Friendly only.* Target Heals 1/2/3. This model may end one Condition on the target.
 - *"This Will Numb the Pain"*: Target gains Shielded +1.
 - Preparations: Target gains Focused +1.
 - ₩ Pulled Here and There: Push either this model or the target up to 3".
 - X Smashed: Target gains Poison +2.

EXPERIMENTAL, ZOMBIE • STAT CARDS

Guild Autopsy

Amongst the many things Guardsmen face in Malifaux, seeing their dead comrades shuffling towards them is one of the more unsettling. Their flesh rotting under their tattered and stained uniforms, these unfortunate corpses stumble forth, clumsily wielding their weapons in decaying hands. It is a disturbing thing to have to kill your former compatriots, but the undead have no such hesitations. The Guild investigates and destroys these wretched souls as swiftly as possible, hiding the truth as best they can.

For years, the source of the Guild Autopsies was a mystery. According to records, each Guard casualty is noted and their bodies destroyed in the crematorium, yet they continued to spring up. It was only when Dr. McMourning was outed as a Resurrectionist that the truth was exposed. These days, McMourning takes his Autopsies from those who come to kill him, and only occasionally mails forged documents claiming they were "properly disposed of."

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	Substitution Automation Automation <td< th=""><th>AT SV T SM T A SM T A</th></td<>	AT SV T SM T A SM T A
	BLOATED STENCH: After this model suffers damage from a <i>M</i> Action, the Attacking model gains Poison +1 after resolving the current Action.	
	HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a 🖯.	
-	LOOT THEIR CORPSE: At the end of this model's Activation, it may remove a Corpse Marker within Q 2 to add one Soulstone to its Crew's Soulstone Pool.	
	PERVERSE METABOLISM: When this model would suffer damage from Poison , it instead Heals an amount equal to the amount of damage it would have suffered.	1
	123456	1
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GUILD AUTOPSY

STAT CARDS • EXPERIMENTAL

Little Gasser

Gremlin corpses, as a rule, usually don't get a chance to decompose. If they're killed in the swamp, their bodies are usually either devoured by whatever killed them or left behind to be eaten by the first scavenger to come along. In the few instances where a Gremlin's corpse is left unmolested after its death, the decomposition process produces a high volume of unpleasant gas that escapes the Gremlin's body in the most efficient way possible. These "death toots" are most likely one of the reasons why Gremlins don't get too upset about the deaths of their loved ones; it's hard to be somber when the departed is constantly releasing squeaking bursts of gas from its bottom.

McMourning noticed this property of the little creatures and, after a bout of demented giggling, decided to improve upon it. He added poisonous chemicals to the Gremlins' abdomens before stitching and plugging both ends of their digestive tracts, causing the lighter-than-air gasses inside them to well up and lift the Gremlin's corpse into the air.

Like decomposing balloons, the Little Gassers are at the mercy of the wind, whether natural or, in the case of a slipped stitch, internal.



HORRIFIC ODOR: At the end of this model's Activation, it

may have models within (1)2 of it gain **Poison +1**. **FLICHT**: 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.

BLOATED STENCH: After this model suffers damage from a *M* Action, the Attacking model gains **Poison +1** after resolving the current Action.

PERVERSE METABOLISM: When this model would suffer damage from **Poison**, it instead Heals an amount equal to the amount of damage it would have suffered.

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LITTLE GASSER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
FRANTIC FLAILING	/// 0″	4X	Df	-
Target suffers 1/2/3 damag	e.			
₩ You're Comin' with	Me: Pus	h the tar	get up t	0
3" in any direction, the	n Place tl	his mode	l into b	ase
contact with it.				
X Infect: Models damag	ed by thi	s Action	gain	
Poison +1 for each X in	n this Act	ion's fina	al duel 1	total
(to a maximum of Pois	$(n \pm 2)$			

TACTICAL ACTIONSRcSTATRSTTNPULL MY FINCER(1)2"5-10Models within range gain Poison +1.♥ Reposition: Move this model up to 3".

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EXPERIMENTAL • STAT CARDS



PACK MENTALITY: During this model's Activation, it increases its final duel totals by +1 for each other friendly model with the same name within **Q**3.

HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a \square .

HUNTING PARTNER: Friendly models' Attack Actions ignore this model for the purposes of Friendly Fire. Enemy models within **1** must discard a card to declare the **Disengage** Action.

PERVERSE METABOLISM: When this model would suffer damage from **Poison**, it instead Heals an amount equal to the amount of damage it would have suffered.

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CANINE REMAINS

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ATTACK ACTIONS		RG	STAT	RST	TN
SNAPPING JAWS Target suffers 1/3/4 of <i>Critical Strike</i> +1 damage for each (to a maximum of	e: When ch 🖗 in 1				
TACTICAL ACTIONS		RG	STAT	RST	TN
ANNOYINC Until the End Phase, a declares a Tactical Ac gains Distracted +1. • CARRION AWAY Remove a Corpse Ma. At the end of this mod Marker into base cont	rtion oth rker in del's Act	er than - base co. ivation	Walk o - ntact wi , Drop a	r Char - th this i	ge, it - model.

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Canine Remains

Unlike other magical traditions, necromancy is rarely something an individual seeks out and learns from a teacher. Its secrets are unlocked through investigation of fragments of moldering scrolls and tomes – often the ramblings of madmen. Most fledgling Resurrectionists do not begin gathering dead humans and reanimating their corpses. Instead, they begin by honing their craft on less complex creatures.

Stray dogs are plentiful in the city streets. These animals provide ample opportunity for a novice to practice newlylearned talents, bringing the canine's inanimate corpse back to some semblance of life. Reanimated Canine Remains serve as the Resurrectionist's servants and guardians until such time as her talents have advanced beyond mere parlor tricks. They seem fiercely loyal to their creators, even more so than the typical obedient zombie, and retain much of their canine ferocity.



STAT CARDS • FORGOTTEN

Molly Squidpiddge

Molly was an up-and-coming journalist when the Breach reopened. Very intelligent, and with an uncanny talent for uncovering the truth, Molly quickly established herself in Malifaux City. The Guild Public Relations Division had an entire team trying to quash the "Squidpiddge problem." Ironically, her silence came at the hands of Seamus, one of the Guild's most wanted criminals.

But even after death, Seamus wasn't done with her, and crashed her funeral to raise her as a Belle to steal her away. The Red Chapel Killer seemed unusually obsessed. He didn't dress her up like the other Belles (partly due to her constantly throwing up blood), and when she was destroyed, rather than replace her, he used the Gorgon's Tear Soulstone to repair her. This had the unintended effect of restoring her mind and independence, and Molly fled.

It wasn't long until she made a new Resurrectionist friend in Kirai Ankoku. With a newfound purpose to uplift Kirai from a spiraling depression, Molly agreed to help put an end to many of the prostitution rings in the city, leaving only a river of blood behind; a crimson stain that traveled all the way to the entrance of the Qi and Gong.

Staying ahead of Seamus - and thanks to the events with Kirai and the Guild - hasn't been easy. She has tried to make a life for herself, despite her own troubles getting in the way. These days, many undead seeking sympathy often find it in Molly. Sadly, one of her closest friends, a zombified head by the name of Philip, was snatched up by the Guild.

To get close enough to get him back, Molly has infiltrated the *Malifaux Tattler* as a freelance journalist, hoping to use the position to learn where the Death Marshals are keeping Philip. Though she knows she may be discovered at any moment, Molly cannot deny how good it feels to be writing again.

Despite her best efforts at the *Tattler*, finding where Philip was being kept has been an arduous process at best. Keeping up with perfume and makeup to conceal her... condition is an expensive endeavor, not to mention that every Death Marshal and Guild Guard she interviews seem to be more interested in the sewers (or themselves) than a talking severed head.

But if Molly is anything, she's creative. Sooner or later, an idea will come to her, and when that happens, it'll only be a matter of time before she grows tired of Philip talking her ear off once again.



LETHE'S CARESS: If this model is this Crew's Leader, after an enemy model within LoS declares an Action that it has already declared during this Activation, it suffers 2 damage. SERENE COUNTENANCE: Enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a \exists to their duel.

HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a \square .

THE GORGON'S INFLUENCE: At the start of this model's Activation, it may draw cards until it has the same number of cards in its Control Hand as the opposing player.

FADING (MEMORIES): After this model discards any cards, it may choose an enemy model within **Q**8 to gain **Distracted +1**.

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MOLLY SQUIDPIDDGE

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ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
"One More Question!" Target gains Slow. If the target suffers 1/3/4 damage.	8" et is en	6 P gaging a	Wp ny mod	- els, it
Prey on Nothingness: may end a Condition on t target suffers +1 damage.				
Draw Out Secrets: Draw base contact with the tar		cheme N	larker i	nto
X Debt of Gratitude: Tai Marker friendly to its Cre it cannot, it suffers 2 dam	ew fror			
DISTURBING STORY Target suffers irreducible dan in the number of cards in its C Hand Size (to a maximum of # Stagger: Models damag Staggered.	Control 3).	Hand a	nd Max	
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM Target a friendly Forgotten N Activated this Turn. Either ti discard a card. Target may A Turn.	his moo	lel or the	target	must
LOST KNOWLEDGE Remove target Marker. Drav	8″ v two c	6 ards.	-	11
PREMONITION	(1)4″	-	-	-
Any number of friendly mode a card to gain Focused +1 and direction.				scard

STAT CARDS • FORGOTTEN

Necrotic Machine

The Necrotic Machine is a relic of Old Malifaux, left behind to slumber as the aether it drew power from faded. Since humans have returned to Malifaux, bringing fresh energy to the aether, it has stirred to action once more. When Molly found the creature, they both recognized a strange combination of physical being, necromantic power, and ancient energies in each other. The Necrotic Machine saw Molly as an intriguing reminder of the ancient directives in its memory, and a possible way to restore some of Old Malifaux. Molly saw the Machine as adorable, naming it Ponto and treating it like an oversized mechanical pet.

She even gave it a pink bow, as she felt it needed a feminine touch. Ponto seems quite content with its accoutrement and its new mistress, obeying Molly without question. It even bites on command, though that bite comes in the form of gleaming syringes filled with necromantic oils capable of providing a swift death.



ARMOR +2: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2. NEUROTOXINS: Enemy models with the Poison Condition within @3 cannot use Soulstones or declare Triggers.

CEASELESS ADVANCE: During the End Phase, if the opposing player has no cards in their Control Hand, this model may Push up to 2" and take an Action.

FADING (REMEDY): After this model discards any cards, a friendly Master within LoS Heals 1.

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.

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NECROTIC MACHINE

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
VENOMOUS STRIKE Target suffers 2/3/4 damag <i>Puncture:</i> When reso flip receives a b for ear (to a maximum of b) <i>Braining Strike: D</i>	olving, thi ch 🌈 in th).	is Action he final d	i's dama uel tota	ĭ
discard a card. X <i>Infect:</i> Models damag Poison +1 for each X in (to a maximum of Pois	ged by this n this Act son +2).	s Action ion's fina	gain Il duel t	otal
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
STRANCE BEHAVIOR The opposing player draws Pile. If that card was a Mod model may move up to 3" a	erate or S	severe ca	rd, this	
 EMERGENCY SYRETTE Friendly only. Target Heals Condition. 	2″ 1/2/3 ar	5 nd ends t	- he Pois	10 son
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FORGOTTEN • STAT CARDS

Archie

Archie lives a simple unlife. He follows Molly because she is the only person who was kind to him, despite his fearsome

appearance. Sometimes she asks him to smash things. He usually does what Molly says; he is drawn to her for some reason, even beyond her kindness, that he does not entirely understand. Sometimes people try to hurt him. He doesn't understand why, but it always makes him angry. When that happens, he goes into a rage, smashing down doors, tearing off limbs, and stomping people into bloody puddles. But when it's all over, Molly is always there for him with kind words, and sometimes even an ice cream cone.

Archie likes how things are now. They're far better than before, when the cruel doctor would hurt him. The doctor would always smile while sewing on a new limb or giving him another shot.

Archie considers his decision to smash the doctor's lab to pieces and escape out into the city to be one of the better ones he has made during his life after death.



FADING (BRAIN FREEZE): After this model discards any cards, it Heals 1/2/3 based on the value of one of the discarded cards.

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

	rget suffers 3/4/6 damage. ■ Sweeping Strike: When resolving, the target suffers + 2 damage. ■ Bowled Over: Push target 4" away from this model, then Push this model 4" toward the target. × Dismember: Enemy Living, Undead, or Beast only. Drop a Corpse Marker into base contact with the target. accorpse Marker within 2" and Place it into base that the target. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ■ Spread It Around: When resolving, the target suffers + 2 damage and models damaged by this Action gain Staggered. ■ Mass Hysteria: Push models damaged by this Action up to 3" in any direction. ETICAL ACTIONS EAP 6" 5₩ - 10₩
suffers + 1 damage. ■ Bouled Over: Push target 4" away from this model, then Push this model 4" toward the target. (Dismember: Enemy Living, Undead, or Beast only. Drop a Corpse Marker into base contact with the target. L CORPSE 8" 6P Df	suffers + 1 damage. Bouled Over: Push target 4" away from this model, then Push this model 4" toward the target. Dismember: Enemy Living, Undead, or Beast only. Drop a Corpse Marker into base contact with the target. CORPSE 8" 60 Df - lose a Corpse Marker within 2" and Place it into base tact with the target. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. Tear Off a Bite: This model Heals 2. Bypread It Around: When resolving, the target suffers + 1 damage and models damaged by this Action up to 3" in any direction. TICAL ACTIONS RC STAT RST TN EAP 6" 5W - 10W
A Dismember: Enemy Living, Undead, or Beast only. Drop a Corpse Marker into base contact with the target. L CORPSE 8″ 6 Df - L CORPSE 8″ Add Place it into base tact with the target. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. P P Spread It Around: When resolving, the target suffers + target and models damaged by this Action up to 3″ in any direction. Action up to 3″ in any direction. TICAL ACTIONS RC STAT RST TN EAP 6″ 5₩ - 10₩	A Dismember: Enemy Living, Undead, or Beast only. Drop a Corpse Marker into base contact with the target. L CORPSE 8″ 6P Df - L ORPSE 8″ 6P Df - D Faar Off a Bite: This model Heals 2. Spread It Around: When resolving, the target suffers + target suffers + target damage and models damaged by this Action gain Staggered. - Mass Hysteria: Push models damaged by this Action up to 3″ in any direction. TICAL ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN EAP 6″ 5₩ - 10₩
boose a Corpse Marker within 2" and Place it into base bttact with the target. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. P Tar Off a Bite: This model Heals 2. ■ Spread It Around: When resolving, the target suffers + 1 damage and models damaged by this Action gain Staggered. ■ Mass Hysteria: Push models damaged by this Action up to 3" in any direction. TICAL ACTIONS RC STAT RST TN EAP 6" 5₩ - 10₩	boose a Corpse Marker within 2" and Place it into base ettact with the target. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. P Tear Off a Bite: This model Heals 2. B Spread It Around: When resolving, the target suffers + 1 damage and models damaged by this Action gain Staggered. Mass Hysteria: Push models damaged by this Action up to 3" in any direction. TICAL ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN EAP 6" 5W - 10W
CAP 6″ 5₩ - 10₩	CAP 6″ 5₩ - 10₩
	LEAP 6" 5\ - 10\

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ARCHIE

STAT CARDS • FORGOTTEN

Philip and the Nanny

On an ill-fated academic expedition, Philip Tombers was one of the first people to experience the horrors of Kythera. Driven mad by what he witnessed, he would eventually die and be brought back by Seamus to learn about the Grave Spirit. The reanimation restored Philip's mind - much to the chagrin of those who are around to listen to him - and over time his ravings have become more coherent.

Molly took him with her when she left Seamus, and assigned the Nanny to act as his porter, moving him about in a pram, which Philip tolerated with dignified restraint. Unfortunately, during one of their escapades, Philip was snatched by the Death Marshals and the Nanny was unceremoniously destroyed. Seeing him more useful as a tool than ashes, Philip feeds information to the Guild - though not enough for them to feel he's outlasted his usefulness. He silently hopes Molly finds him soon, as well as a new Nanny to keep him company, or at least wheels an aethervox next to his head so he can at least listen to the news...



MANIPULATIVE: If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a to their duel.

DEADLY PURSUIT: During the End Phase, this model may Push up to 4".

"He's STARTING TO MAKE SENSE...": After an enemy model within **0**6 gains the **Focused** Condition, it suffers 2 damage.

CHATTY: Enemy models within **O**6 must each discard a card to take the **Interact** Action.

RAMBLING MAN: After a friendly model within **0**3 discards a card, if it has a **Fading** Ability, this model may also gain the effect of that Ability.

PHILIP AND THE NANNY

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
PRAM RAM	/// 1″	5	Df	-
If this Action was generated				it

- recieves a to its duel. Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. **Puncture:** When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a to for each *P* in the final duel total (to a maximum of **10**).
- Accidental Roll Over: Push this model 5" in any direction, ignoring any models. Models that this model moved through this way suffers 1 damage and gain Poison +1.
- X *Mutilate:* When resolving, if the target has **Slow**, it suffers +1 damage. Otherwise, it gains **Slow**.

"ONE MORE QUESTION!" 8" 6 Wp -Target gains Slow. If the target is engaging any models, it suffers 1/3/4 damage.

- ♥ Boring Topic: Models within (1)3 of this model must each pass a TN 12 Wp duel or gain Slow.
- X Debt of Gratitude: Target must remove a Scheme Marker friendly to its Crew from anywhere in play. If it cannot, it suffers 2 damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN

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.

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FORGOTTEN • STAT CARDS

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THE FORGOTTEN MARSHAL

He looked down at his right hand, marveling at its design. He opened and closed it, watching the tendons pull tight underneath his skin. He yearned to know more, to understand. And yet, that yearning was what got him here, in this alley, bloody and full of holes. He couldn't even remember his own name; the magic had stripped that from him. But it had given him so much more.

The others training to be Death Marshals didn't understand. Couldn't understand. His curiosity had grown with each day as they studied the art of death; he had asked so many questions. But questions had drawn attention, and attention had gotten him shot and left in this lonely alley. They assumed him dead, they were wrong. Maybe it was the dark magic. Maybe luck. He didn't know or care. He had lost his name. He had lost his title. He had lost his way. Even so, as he raised his bloody body to its feet, he smiled. He still needed to know more.



STAT CARDS • FORGOTTEN, ZOMBIE

RABBLE RISER

Occasionally, when a body is reanimated in undeath, some of its essence come along for the ride. The stronger the desire, the more likely it will make the journey. An example of this phenomenon is the sadistic demeanor of a Rabble Riser. These particular undead relish causing harm and mayhem.

Typically raised from the bodies of dead murderers, a Rabble Riser is a never-tiring machine of death. Their yearning for violence makes a Rabble Riser a barely controlled weapon of its master, but some seem to appreciate their second chance at slaughter and obediently serve without a struggle. Armed with two keenly-sharpened swords, a Rabble Riser throws itself into battle against its foes with brutal abandon. Having an unending thirst for violence, these zombies do not mindlessly strike, but attack with lethal precision that can quickly overwhelm the untrained.



RABBLE RISER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
Sword	// 1″	5	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.				
P Critical Strike: When	resolv	ing, the t	arget su	uffers
+1 damage for each 🖗 in t	his Ac	tion's fina	al duel	total
(to a maximum of (2)				

♥ Quick Reflexes: Take this Action again, targeting a different model.

 CHALLENCE
 8"
 5
 Wp
 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.
 X

 X Daze: Target gains Stunned and is Pushed up to 3" in any direction.



FORGOTTEN • STAT CARDS



completely within X", where X is equal to this model's Mv. This model does not suffer Falling damage.

ENVELOPING DARKNESS: Models within @3 have Concealment.

AGILE: This model may leave the engagement range of enemy models with the Walk Action.

FADING (SHADOWS): After this model discards any cards, it may Push up to 5" in any direction, ignoring other models. Models moved through this way must pass a TN 13 Mv duel or suffer 1 damage

> n-2-3-3-5-6 ഹാന HEALTH താറ

NIGHT TERROR ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN // 1″ 5 Df **CLAWED WINGS** If this model's controller has fewer cards in its Control Hand than the opposing player, the target cannot declare Triggers during this duel. Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. Vou're Comin' with Me: Push the target up to 3" in any direction, then Place this model into base contact with it. X Fear of the Dark: Discard a card. Target gains Staggered. TACTICAL ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN **Ø**3″ 5 -NEGATION AURA 10 Until the End Phase, enemy models within range must each discard a card to Cheat Fate. ₩ Reposition: Move this model up to 3".

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NIGHT TERROR

While humans regularly become caught in the tangle between life and death, they are not the first denizens of Malifaux to do so. The Night Terrors are such creatures, still trapped between now and the day they died during the fall of Old Malifaux. In times past, these winged beasts would bear their prey to the ground, sink curved fangs into the struggling victim, and feed on the blood that flowed forth.

Night Terrors are able to wrap themselves in darkness, concealing their approach and dampening one's ability to tap into the aether. Victims often only hear their flutter of their wings in the night skies before the creatures burst out of the gloom to attack with a flurry of claws. They attempt to isolate a victim and drag it off into the dark to be torn apart, then circle back to attack the rest.

STAT CARDS • FORGOTTEN

Crooligan

All large cities have undesirables, the homeless and the abandoned. Children are no exception, and these young people are sometimes grouped together into gangs by teenagers or even adults who put them to work as pickpockets or burglars, breaking into buildings and making off with everything they can carry. Crooligans are the undead equivalent of such gangs, often "recruited" by the same Resurrectionist who murdered them.

Typically, a pack of Crooligans will attack from ambush, striking with whatever crude implements they can get their hands on, and overwhelming a target with sheer numbers. Then they steal whatever valuables the body carries and move on to the next victim. Once they've finished, they vanish back into the shadows, returning to their master with their plundered loot.





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.

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

FADING (FOOTPRINTS): After this model discards any cards, it may remove an enemy Scheme Marker within 2" and LoS.

By YOUR SIDE: At the start of this model's Activation, it may discard a card to Place itself within 2" of a friendly non-Minion that shares a Keyword with it.

> -00000 -000 HEALTH (000)

CROOLIGAN ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN 5 /// 1/ Df SHARP DEBRIS If this model's controller has fewer cards in its Control Hand than the opposing player, the target cannot Cheat Fate during this duel. Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. Drop It !: Enemy only. Target must Drop an enemy Scheme Marker into base contact with itself, in LoS of this model. EXPERT THIEF /// 5 Df Target a model that can use Soulstones. Target must discard a Soulstone. If it does so, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool. Reposition: Move this model up to 3". TACTICAL ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN 2" Remove target enemy Scheme Marker. Draw the top card of this model's Discard Pile. ЗОмм



STAT CARDS • REDCHAPEL

SEAMUS

Malifaux is home to monsters of all shapes and sizes. Neverborn of ancient power, with alien minds and malevolent purpose. Arcanist terrorists who bend the rules of reality. Veteran soldiers leading armies of mercenary soldiers. But on the bounty boards and wanted posters of Malifaux City, one smiling face stands out.

His name is Seamus, but the papers have referenced him with a list of names ranging from the Red Chapel Killer to the Star Slasher. He's the most notorious serial killer in human history. And Malifaux is his hunting ground.

No one knows how many people Seamus has killed over the years. This is, in part, due to Seamus raising his victims to become his "Belles," but also due to the sheer number of people that he's killed and in the many ways in which he kills. When people speak of Resurrectionism, Seamus is the man their mind's eye conjures: a cackling lone psychopath murdering and reanimating victims in the night, with no true goal other than to spread death and misery in his wake.

Seamus' crimes are many. No one is sure when his killing spree began, but he first came to the Guild's attention when he single-handedly murdered every girl in Sybelle's Saloon, taking every last one for his own entourage. Basking in the limelight, he happily claimed responsibility for the massacre, and soon his twisted smile was on the front page of every newspaper.

Never one to sit on his laurels, he became more brazen, murdering respected journalist Molly Squiddpidge and then crashing her funeral to steal her body, raising it as his favorite Belle. Hungering for death on a massive scale, he sought out the ruins of Kythera in the Bayou and almost succeeded in activating it, which would have unleashed the Grave Spirit on Malifaux and doomed all life, had it not been for Ramos and his Leviathan's unceremonious interruption.

After unwinding with a murder-spree across the alleyways of the city, Seamus was finally brought down and left for dead. For her own reasons, Molly used the Gorgon's Tear, a fist-sized green Soulstone with a unique energy, to resurrect the madman. Since his resurrection, Seamus' powers have grown, and with it, his thirst for slaughter. Fittingly, he was one of the three Resurrectionists who attacked the Guild Enclave, disrupting the ritual of Bran's Cauldron that would have expelled the last traces of the Grave Spirit from Malifaux.

These days, Seamus is back to being Malifaux's most wanted man again, and he wouldn't have it any other way.



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

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

REDCHAPEL KILLER: When targeting an enemy model engaged by another Redchapel model with an Attack Action this model does not suffer Friendly Fire and receives a 🚺 to that Action's duel.

FEAST OF FEAR: Once per Activation. After an enemy model fails a Wp duel caused by this model, this model Heals 2.

"WHY HELLO, LOVE": After an enemy model ends a move engaged by this model, if it is not the enemy model's Activation, this model may take a / Action targeting it.

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RUTHLESS: This model ignores the Terrifying and Manipulative Abilities of other models.

SEAMUS **ATTACK ACTIONS** RG STAT RST TN // 1″ BAG OF TOOLS 6 Df Target suffers 2/3/5 damage and gains Injured +1. Unexpected Ferocity: When resolving, target suffers additional damage equal to the value of its Distracted Condition (to a maximum of +2). X Execute: The target may either discard a card or a Soulstone. If it does neither, it is killed, ignoring Demise Abilities. .50 FLINTLOCK **~**10″ 6 Df Once per Activation. Target suffers 4/6/8 damage, ignoring Hard to Wound # Get in There: A friendly Minion within LoS of the target may Push up to 3" toward the target. X Daze: Target gains Stunned and is Pushed up to 3" in any direction. TERRORIZE 8″ 7 Wp Enemy only. Target is Pushed its Mv in inches away from this X Mental Trauma: Target must either discard a card or suffer 3 damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN 12″ SECRET PASSAGE

This Action may only be declared if this model is within 1" of Blocking Terrain. Place this model anywhere within range within 1" of Blocking Terrain.

A CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION 2"

model.

This Action can only be taken if this model is this Crew's Leader. This model may remove target Corpse Marker on the enemy table half. This model may take an Action. If this model removed a Corpse Marker from this Action, the generated Action may ignore any special requirements listed in italics.

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MALIFAUX THIRD EDITION • RESURRECTIONISTS 83

REDCHAPEL • STAT CARDS

STAT CARDS • REDCHAPEL

COPYCAT KILLER

4

Immaculately dressed with a nearly identical suit and ridiculous top hat to Seamus, the Copycat is a concentrated amalgamation of Seamus's narcissism, lechery, and penchant for brutality. The Copycat cackles with impish delight when it inflicts pain and suffering on the living, currying its master's favor with each slash of the knife. He even carries a smaller, but no less lethal, version of Seamus' ridiculous flintlock pistol. When the Copycat fires it, the blast of the weapon nearly blows him off his feet - a sight that never fails to amuse Seamus.

The Copycat's dress and mannerisms have even fooled Seamus' enemies, if only in the shadows. It has learned how to deepen its high voice into a tone that resembles Seamus' own, and its singsong mocking calls can be heard coming from the shadows of dark alleys. This ruse has served Seamus and the Copycat well, leading their victims into traps from which they never return alive.

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. INSIGNIFICANT: This model cannot take the Interact

Copycat Killer

Totem (Sean REDCHAPEL

Action and is ignored for Strategies and Schemes. COPYCAT CRIME: When this model kills an enemy model,

a friendly Seamus model may be treated as if it had killed the enemy model instead.

REDCHAPEL KILLER: When targeting an enemy model engaged by another Redchapel model with an Attack Action, this model does not suffer Friendly Fire and receives a 🚯 to that Action's duel.

> 1234 CO HEALTH OND

ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST Df SHEARS /// 1 5 Target suffers 2/2/4 damage. F Unexpected Ferocity: When resolving, target suffers additional damage equal to the value of its Distracted Condition (to a maximum of +2). X Maim: Target discards a card. HALF-PINT FLINTLOCK **~**8' 4 Df Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. Wild Shot: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. Then another friendly model within range and LoS of this model suffers 1 damage. **TACTICAL ACTIONS** RG STAT RST TN MISTAKEN IDENTITY Drop a Confusion Marker into base contact with this

COPYCAT KILLER

TN

model, then Place this model into base contact with a friendly Seamus model. Place the friendly Seamus model into base contact with the Confusion Marker Dropped by this Action and then remove the Marker.

REDCHAPEL, ZOMBIE • STAT CARDS

MADAME SYBELLE

Madame Sybelle was once the successful proprietress of Sybelle's Saloon, which was more cathouse than bar. But a clean, respectable, and professional one. Sybelle was a woman of discipline, both in philosophy and in service. Her girls took care of themselves in both mind and body; they knew her disappointment would come at the end of a firm lashing.

The creature Sybelle has become remembers only fleeting glimpses of the day Seamus came to her establishment. Screams, fire, terror, and then... None of that matters anymore. She remains a dutiful hostess, and she's been with Seamus longer than any other, even that little trollop, Molly. When Seamus wasn't around, the Belles instinctively turned to her for leadership, and while her throat can only offer up a deathly shriek, she can still communicate with her whip, bringing even the more willful, younger Belles into line.



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 8.

BUMP IN THE NIGHT: After an enemy model ends a move engaged by a friendly Minion within 06, if it is not the enemy model's Activation, that Minion gains Focused +1.

SCARLET TEMPTATION: Enemy models within Ol suffer a to **Wp** duels generated by other friendly models. **NOBOOOD**

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6″ Target other engaged friendly model. Target is Placed into base contact with this model.

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Until the End Phase, enemy models within range that

start their Activation engaged reduce their duel totals by 1

P Bolster Strength: Friendly models within range

MADAME SYBELLE

If the target is at half its maximum Health or below, this Action receives a 🕻 to its duel. Target suffers 3/3/4

P Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each 🖗 in this Action's final duel total

W Pulled Here and There: Push either this model or

Move the target its Mv toward a friendly model in its LoS. ₩ Confusing Feelings: Target gains Distracted +1. X Unrequited Love: Enemy only. Choose another enemy model in the target's LoS. The chosen model

12″

06″

Sweeping Strike: When resolving, the target

RG STAT

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RG STAT RST TN

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6

M 2."

RST TN

Df

Wp 12

ATTACK ACTIONS

(to a maximum of +2).

suffers + damage.

the target up to 3". X Maim: Target discards a card.

gains Distracted +1.

VUNDIVIDED ATTENTION

until the end of their Activation.

BECKONING CALL

TACTICAL ACTIONS

Heal 1.

VI'VE GOT YOUR BACK

BLEEDER LASH

damage.

STAT CARDS • REDCHAPEL

Bête Noire

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She haunts the City's shadows and alleyways, and has for as long as anyone can recall. Few have seen her shadowy visage and lived. Those who have remember impressions of their encounter... but never her face. Who or what the Bête Noire is may be a mystery no one will ever solve.

Her movements are ephemeral, able to cross through shadow or disappearing in a black fog when she wishes. However, Bête Noire is no ghost. The wicked blades she wields are as real as her gruesome ability to come forth from a recently deceased body. Although Bête Noire's victims pray for a quick death she takes long minutes - sometimes hours to deliver the mercy they pray for. None know the true reason behind her sadistic tendencies, but they are in line with those of the Resurrectionists. and she occasionally makes brief, wordless, alliances.

Enforcer, Undead Cost	P
REDCHAPEL	
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	1
DF ARTON	/
ABILITIES	
	100

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.

DF/WP (=) FADE Away: Enemy only. When resolving, reduce any damage this model suffers by 2, then Bury this model.

SCARLET TEMPTATION: Enemy models within Ol suffer a to Wp duels generated by other friendly models. POUNCE: After an enemy model ends a move engaged by this model, if it is not the enemy model's Activation, this model gains Fast.

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BÊTE NOIRE

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	Stat	RST	TN	
PAIRED KNIVES	/// 1″	61	Df	-	
Target suffers 2/3/4 dama	ge.				
Critical Strike: Wh					
+1 damage for each 🖗	in this Ac	tion's fina	al duel	total	
(to a maximum of +2).					
X Mutilate: When res	olving, if t	he target	has Sl	ow, it	
suffers +1 damage. Oth	herwise, it	gains Sl	ow.		
♥ One with the Night	Bury thi	s model.			
POISONED FATE	6″	6	Wp	12	
Until the End Phase, after an Action resolves in which the					
target Cheated Fate, the target suffers 2 damage.					
X Deja Vu: Discard a card. Draw two cards.					

TACTICAL ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN

RISE AGAIN

This Action can be taken while Buried. Target a Corpse Marker, ignoring range and LoS. Unbury this model into base contact with the target. Then, remove the target and this model may take the **Charge** Action.

TRAIL OF GORE

Remove target enemy Scheme Marker. Take a // Action or the Walk Action.

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MALIFAUX TIHIRD EDITION A RESURRECTIONISTS

Bête Noire

REDCHAPEL, ZOMBIE • STAT CARDS

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DEAD DOXY

The Dead Doxies were an idea Seamus hatched after deciding he needed Belles of a higher caliber than the usual cathouses could provide. He turned his attention to the Star Theater, but the place was a fortress, and his resources were always tied up elsewhere. Not to be discouraged, Seamus invented "Sebastian Baker, Dream Maker," and started spreading rumors of a dashing, high-profile agent looking to bring the magic of moving pictures to the new world. It wasn't long before Colette's girls started showing up at his door, hoping for a bit of immortality in celluloid. What they found was immortality of a very different kind.

Dead Doxies can still dance and mime, but they can no longer sing as Seamus cut their throats. He doesn't hold that against them, though. He still sends Baker's calling cards to the Star, though he suspects - with some amusement - that Colette has started burning the cards whenever they show up. More's the pity when Seamus finally decides to make a call in person.



HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a \square .

DF (#) REGRET: After resolving, if this Action is a // Action and this model suffered damage, immediately end the Attacking model's Activation.

SCARLET TEMPTATION: Enemy models within ①1 suffer a to Wp duels generated by other friendly models.

DEAD DOXY

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
FANCY CANE	/// 1″	6	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.				
Inexpected Ferocity:	When	resolvin	o targe	t

suffers additional damage equal to the value of its Distracted Condition (to a maximum of +2). Beautiful Clothes: Target gains Distracted +1.

X Blank Stare: Discard a card. Target gains Slow and must discard a card.

SEDUCTION 10" 6 Wp -Target ends its Focused Condition (if any). Then, the target gains Distracted +1.

 ♥ Confusing Feelings: Target gains Distracted +1.
 × Unrequited Love: Enemy only. Choose another enemy model in the target's LoS. The chosen model gains Distracted +1.

TAKE BY THE HAND 6" 5 **Wp** 11 Push the target 3" in any direction. Then, Push this model up to 3" toward the target.

STAT CARDS • REDCHAPEL, REVENANT

Mourner

When someone watches their loved ones die moments before they themselves are murdered, their bodies may rise up as a Mourner. Dressed in black, Mourners linger near the site of their death, or the graves of the recently slain, seemingly overcome with grief. They weep openly, sometimes hysterically, crying out to an indifferent universe at the injustice suffered in life.

But only a fool would approach a Mourner to offer comfort or sympathy. When the living approach, Mourners become monstrous, lashing out with filthy claws. As their prey watch friends and allies fall one by one, the Mourner feeds on their grief and sorrow, and ultimately create new Mourners to join the congregation.

It isn't known if the Mourner is putting on an act to lure victims or is simply insane from grief and death that it attacks the living out of some desperate need to share its pain. Regardless, the result is often the same.



MOURNER ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN Df SHAPP CLAWS 111 5 Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. • Unexpected Ferocity: When resolving, target suffers additional damage equal to the value of its Distracted Condition (to a maximum of +2). ₩ Confusing Feelings: Target gains Distracted +1. 8″ 5 Wp FEED ON GRIEF 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. ♥ On Your Heels: Enemy only. Place this model into base contact with the target. TACTICAL ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN MOURN THE DEAD **Q**3″ Until the Start Phase, Corpse Markers within range are treated as friendly Scheme Markers. If a Corpse Marker counts as a friendly Scheme Marker for both players, it does not count as a friendly Scheme Marker for anyone. ЗОмм

MALIFAUX THIRD EDITION • RESURRECTIONISTS

REDCHAPEL, ZOMBIE • STAT CARDS

Rotten Belle

Disturbingly attractive in their moldering dresses and decaying skin, Seamus has been collecting Rotten Belles since his visit to Madame Sybelle's Saloon after being drawn in by their colorful costumes and flirtatiously subservient behavior. Seamus refers to all of his undead as his Belles, making no effort to hide his patronage. When one of his Belles is destroyed or lost, he seeks out someone with similar features to replace her, perpetuating his fantasy that his Belles have eternal life.

Although not as intelligent as some undead, a Belle is a creature of feral cunning, capable of using the illusion of feminine wiles to get close to its victim before leaping out and tearing in with whatever may be nearby, whether that be a rusty parasol, metal-edged fan, or just its rotting teeth and claws. The Belle is not picky and will use whatever weapons or tools are readily available to get the job done.



SCARLET TEMPTATION: Enemy models within ①1 suffer a to Wp duels generated by other friendly models.

> 0-2-3-0-5-0-5 -C:0 HEALTH 00-0

ROTTEN BELLE



STAT CARDS • REDCHAPEL, ZOMBIE

Dead Dandy

When Seamus learned that he had a rival, he was positively giddy. A little healthy competition keeps one from getting boring and soft! He set out to inspect the Midnight Stalker's latest, most public work yet; a mass slaughter at a Downtown lock-in party. Seamus felt the Stalker had potential, but the atmosphere had felt drained, leaving just another pile of lifeless corpses in fine garments.

Inspired, Seamus set out to one-up his opponent. Learning of the next lock-in, he spent days preparing; he took over a tailor's business, preparing gowns, dresses, and especially hats for the occasion. Then he snuck into the host's manor just before the doors were locked. When the servants arrived the next day, the party-goers - now sporting slashed throats and bullets to the heart - still danced to and fro, dressed to the nines! The Dandies threw themselves into the streets, a parade of Malifaux's best-dressed, and murdered a dozen more before the Guard responded in force.

Now, Seamus thought, that's how you end a party!



DEAD DANDY

ATTACK ACTIONS	Be	STAT	Der	TN
FANCY CANE Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. <i>Unexpected Ferocity:</i> suffers additional damage Distracted Condition (to	// 1″ When equal	4 resolving to the va	Df g, targe lue of i	- t
BITING INSULT <i>Enemy only.</i> Target gains Dist not yet Activated this Turn, th Token.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	Rst	TN
PROPER MURDER MYSTER Target a Scheme or Corpse Ma Scheme or Corpse Marker into target. Then, remove the target	<i>arker</i> . o base			12
30 м	M			

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STAT CARDS • ANCESTOR, RETAINER

Yan Lo

In many forms across many paths in as many years, Yan Lo has existed. While harnessing and summoning the spirits of his ancestors is a strength unique to himself, he is a broken man, wandering aimlessly while trying to piece together his shattered past. There are only glimpses, brief windows of clarity, that remind him of his wrongdoings and of the great and terrible oni that cursed him to this fate, tearing his spirit from the mortal plane in the process. Yan Lo's fractured spirit was forced to wander, unable to truly die but incapable of finding his way back to the physical world. His memory was in tatters, and it was only through the devotion and focus of his descendant, Chiaki Katanaka, that he was finally shown the way back to the physical world.

As the pieces of Yan Lo's broken spirit drew close to the beacon, his mind was brought back together for the first time in centuries. He could finally remember who he was and what he sought, and for short moments, he could even manifest his spirit in the physical realm. He could not gather such strength for long, but that brief encounter was a turning point for them both.

When Chiaki crossed into Malifaux, Yan Lo followed his niece. There he found abundant magical energy, which he harnessed to allow a more lasting transition into the physical world. The clouded paths that he had once walked were now clear to his eyes, and with some effort, his spirit was able to cross from one path to the other. When he was not needed by his descendants, he tested the boundaries of these paths, twisting their routes in an effort to fully regain his humanity. While traveling, he found the spirits of his most powerful descendants – Izamu, Toshiro, Yin – and brought them back to Malifaux to serve in the modern age.

Finally, after harvesting the souls of hundreds of his descendants, Yan Lo was able to craft a mortal form that was less fleeting, though just as fragile, as his need to walk the paths means that his physical body is only as permanent as his mortality allows. While he appears to be nothing more than a frail old man, Yan Lo's spirit is ancient and powerful, and he is capable of drawing upon the power of multiple paths to become truly terrifying.

His service to Baojun Katanaka was rewarded with information about his past, and now, Yan Lo knows who is responsible for the centuries of torment that his spirit was forced to endure. He has turned his efforts toward learning more about the fearsome Lingxuzi and, eventually, subjecting the treacherous oni to the same soul-shatter curse.



ASCENDANCY: At the start of this model's Activation, Attach an Ascendant Upgrade to this model.

DEMISE (SHATTER RELIQUARY): After this model is killed, it may discard a Reliquary Upgrade Attached to any friendly model within **0**10 to Heal 3/4/5.

FORTIFY THE SPIRIT: For each Ascendant Upgrade Attached to this model, this model adds +1 to its duel totals (to a maximum of +3). If this model has three or more Attached Ascendant Upgrades, it gains +1 Mv.

RECOVER LOST SOULS: After a friendly model with an Attached Reliquary Upgrade is killed within **0**6, this model may Attach all Reliquary Upgrades attached to the killed model.

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YAN LO

the second s				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
THE DARKEST MAGICS	~ 12″	4	Wp	-
This Action ignores Friendly Fi				
damage. If this model has three of		Attache	d Ascen	dant
Upgrades, target suffers +1 dama		117.1		
My Loyal Servant: Another model) within 3" of the target			than th	15
X Drain Magic: Target disc			model	maw
draw a card and then discar			model	inay
THE TREACHEROUS PATHS	8″	4	TVI-	10
Place this model into base conta	•		Wp	10
this model may Push the target u				
Upgrade Attached to this model		ioi cucii	11000110	
18				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
TRANSCENDENCE	(1)4″	4	_	12
Friendly models within range ga	in Shie	lded +1.		
Growing Power: This ma			vo or fei	wer
Attached Ascendant Upgro				
models within range may P	ush up	to 2″ in a	ny direc	tion.
REBUILD CORPUS	10″	-	-	_
Target friendly non-Ancestor n	odel ar	nd choose	one of i	ts
Attached Reliquary Upgrades.				
model named in the title of the t			de, ther	1 the
new model Heals 5 and draws tv	vo card	s.		
X INSTILL YOUTH	8″	3	-	10
Other model only. Target Heals				
Attached Reliquary Upgrade, it	Heals a	n additio	nal +1 ai	nd
may end a Condition.		coord o D	aliquar	
It's Dangerous to Go Ale Upgrade Attached to this m				
target.	iouer di	ia mitachi	n to the	
0				

ЗОмм

98 MALIFAUX THIRD EDITION • RESURRECTIONISTS

ANGESTIOR, REPAINER • STAT CARDS

STAT CARDS • RETAINER

Soul Porter

While he walked the paths between life and death, Yan Lo found other things silently creeping along their currents. The Soul Porter is one such creature. It hunted in the periphery of the spirit realm, capturing souls in the soft glow of its lanterns. Yan Lo watched it for decades in an attempt to learn just what the little creature did with the souls that it captured, but its motivations remained unclear.

Ultimately, Yan Lo decided that whatever purpose the Soul Porter might have was inconsequential next to his own goals. When he returned to the physical realm, he brought the diminutive creature with him to make use of its abilities.

The Soul Porter prefers to linger near the spirits of those who have returned from beyond death. Its lanterns capture their fleeing souls when they are killed, preventing their return to the afterlife and allowing Yan Lo to retrieve them with little effort. Each time its master pulls a soul from its lanterns, the Soul Porter grows sad and despondent, but the moods of his silent servant are simply not a concern for Yan Lo.



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.

RECOVER LOST SOULS: After a friendly model with an Attached Reliquary Upgrade is killed within **O**6, this model may Attach all Reliquary Upgrades attached to the killed model.

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

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SOUL PORTER

Briver.			6	
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST T	'n
BLADED SPEAR	/# 2″	4	Df	-
Target suffers 1/2/3 damag				
X Marked by the Ance Adversary (Ancestor		rget gan	15	
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST T	'N
EMPOWER ANCESTOR	8″	6		0
This Action may not target once per Activation. Ances				
to its Mv in inches.	ior only.	rarget in	ay move t	ιp
* FINAL REST	(0)4″	5		0
Remove all Scrap and Corp		-	-	.0
Choose a number of friend				
up to the number of remove model Heals 1.	ed Marke	rs, then e	each chose	en
model meals 1.				

ANCESTOR, RETAINER • STAT CARDS



REGENERATION +2: At the start of this model's Activation, it Heals +2.

LANTERN OF SOULS: Enemy models within **0**5 ignore their **Demise** Abilities.

ASSASSIN: After this model kills an enemy model that has not Activated this Turn, this model gains **Fast**.

DEMISE (RELIQUARY): After this model is killed, a friendly model within 8" may Attach the Reliquary (X) Upgrade, where X is the name of this model.

EXTENDED REACH: Enemy models within **()**2 cannot take Attack Actions generated by the **Charge** Action.

SIPHON POWER: After this model declares an Action, a friendly model within **0**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.



MANOS, THE RISEN

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
YARI Target suffers 2/3/4 damage	solving, 1 Heals 1. model u s tors: T	p to 3″.	t suffer	- s +1
SPIRIT BARRACE This Action ignores Friendly damage. Divine Strike: The ta within (1)2 of the target	arget and	l enemy i		- 3/4
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
Place this model anywhere w <i>Sudden Strike</i> : This n			M Acti	ion.

Mands, the Risen

There are many paths to eternal life. Some are perilous, while most are simply unpleasant. In the Three Kingdoms, there existed a cabal of sorcerers known as the Jiangshi, who prolonged their own lives by stealing the souls of others. They were a terror to peasants, who saw them as undying monsters, not corrupted humans. In time, a group of monks named the Order of Balance could no longer tolerate their selfishness, and fought against them. But one among the Order became tempted by the promise of immortality and turned against his brothers, all but wiping them out. That traitor is Manos.

For centuries, Manos has walked the Earth, stealing the life from those who have cheated death, and selling his services in the mystic arts to the highest bidder. Though he was thought slain by agents of the Ten Thunders, Manos - having consumed many souls - is not so easily destroyed. He now seeks vengeance upon the last living member of the Order of Balance, and a soul that will grant him true immortality.



STAT CARDS • ANCESTOR, RETAINER

Toshiro, the Daimyo

Once a lord of the Katanaka clan in feudal Japan, Toshiro was brought to ruin by the hands of his own warriors. Known throughout as a ruthless leader, willing to enact and justify any measure of excessive violence in order reach his goals, the Daimyo had unknowingly driven some of his army to rebel. Men who he believed to be loyal betrayed him in the front lines of battle. Despite his best efforts, Toshiro was eventually slain by those who had once sworn their lives to protect him.

> Centuries later, with the Daimyo's desecrated and bloodied fan in hand, Yan Lo led Toshiro's spirit back to his unburied remains, to rise again and wage war upon their common enemies. Those few loyal soldiers who fell while trying to protect their Daimyo have dragged themselves from the dust and dirt of that ancient battlefield to defend him once more - only death will not stop them now.

-			Toshiro, the daimyo					
	THE DAIMYD		ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN	
	Henchman, Undead ANCESTOR, RETAINER		BALANCED SWORD Target suffers 2/4/5 dama My Loyal Servant: model) within 3" of th War Eternal: If thi damage flip, draw a ca Coordinated Attaca take a M Action target	Another 1 he target H is model C ard. k: Anothe	leals 1/2, heated ther	/3. nis Acti y mode	ion's	
			TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	Rst	TN	
	5 6 6 6 6 7 6 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7		DAIMYO'S GIFT Minion only. Target gains Commander's Ord Cut Them Down: T UNENDING FEALTY Once per Turn. Target a C Ashigaru with Slow into b then remove the target. Th 2 irreducible damage.	lers: Move 'he target f 6" Corpse Ma base conta	e the targ may take 6 <i>arker</i> . Su ct with th	a // Ac - mmon ne targe	ction. 16× an et,	
	HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a □. LEADERSHIP: When taking <i>m</i> Actions, friendly Minions within 0 6 receive a 0 to their duels. BLOATED STENCH: After this model suffers damage from a <i>m</i> Action, the Attacking model gains Poison +1 after resolving the current Action. DEMISE (RELIQUARY): After this model is killed, a		 FOUL-MOUTHED MOTIVATION Other friendly model only Focused +1. 				12 gains	
	friendly model within 8" may Attach the Reliquary (X) Upgrade, where X is the name of this model.	61 1						
	0 2 3 0 5 0 7 8 9 10 C 7 HEALTH R.S.		4	Омм				

ANCESTOR, RETAINER • STAT CARDS

YIN, THE PENANGALAN

Yin was not always the serpentine mass of organs that she is today. Once, she was human, hopeful and in love. But sometimes, all it takes is a single act to fully break someone, and in this case, the person closest to her broke her heart into so many pieces that the only thing left was an unending anguish. It became a poison, consuming her with bitter hatred. Even as her body disintegrated from time and pain, this suffering would keep her from dying, cursing her to forever linger the mortal plane.

> In a rare kindness, Yan Lo has beckoned out to her, claiming with his guidance, she could break through the barrier of malice that was built around herself. He aims to break the curse, to free Yin from this eternal loathing, so that she can finally rest at peace. But in doing so, she must first dig deeper into the horror that made her to come back out through the other side, unbound and untethered.



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.

YIN, THE PENANGALAN ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST Df /// 1 TEAR APART 6 Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. P Drink Blood: When resolving, this model Heals an amount equal to the damage suffered. Vou're Comin' with Me: Push the target up to 3" in any direction, then Place this model into base contact with it. X Delay: Target gains Slow. FEED ON GRIEF 8″ 6 Wp 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. H On Your Heels: Enemy only. Place this model into base contact with the target. X Marked by the Ancestors: Target gains Adversary (Ancestor). Grasp with Viscera: Push any number of models within (1)3 of the target 2" towards this model. RG STAT RST TN TACTICAL ACTIONS 6″ 5 **N DARK BARGAIN** 10 Friendly only. Target suffers 1 damage and may then take the Interact Action. Siphon Life: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage and this model Heals 1. Grasp with Viscera: Push any number of models within (1)3 of the target 2" towards this model. 40мм

STAT CARDS • RETAINER

Ashigaru

When the armies of the Katanaka rebelled at the end of a particularly bloody massacre, the surviving clan members were forced to flee the battlefield. The final battles for the survival of the clan were fought not in open fields, but in the palatial houses they owned. There, the attackers were met by the Katanaka's House Guards. Compelled by dark magics to fight to the death, and unable to give ground or surrender, the House Guard had to be cut down to a man.

Though their bodies were dismembered and scattered across the kingdoms decades ago, the same compulsion still lingers in their bones. Yan Lo has spent a great deal of time searching out these lost graves and the skeletal remains within. If enough pieces are brought together, the Ashigaru's trapped soul can take control of the long dead body once more. Their free will long gone, they can do nothing but take up their yari once again, forced to serve the clan in death by the curse placed upon them in life.



ARMOR +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1. EXTENDED REACH: Enemy models within @2 cannot take Attack Actions generated by the Charge Action.

TAKE THE HIT: After an enemy model targets a friendly model within 02 with an Attack Action, this model may discard a card to Place itself into base contact with the friendly model and become the new target of the Attack Action (ignoring range, LoS, and targeting restrictions). HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has

2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

ACO HEALTH AND

Ashigaru

Атт	TACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
YAR	1	/# 2″	5	Df	-
Ta	rget suffers 2/3/4 dama	ge.			
	Puncture: When res	olving, thi	is Action	's dama	ige
	flip receives a 🚯 for ea	ch 🖉 in th	e final d	uel tota	d
	(to a maximum of	.).			
	Shove Aside: Once p	er Activa	tion. Pus	sh the t	arget
	4" away from this mod	lal Than	this mod	al may	Puch

4" away from this model. Then, this model may Push up to 4" and declare a // Action targeting a different model.

VILE RECLAMATION 6" 5 Wp Target gains Injured +1 and this model Heals 1.



STAT CARDS • REVENANT

Reva Cortinas

Reva was born to a wealthy family that was well-established within the ranks of the Guild. She was always an awkward child and never quite fit in, but all of that took on a whole new meaning when her family moved to Malifaux City.

She began taking walks through graveyards late at night and whispered to spirits that weren't there. Most disturbingly, she instilled a sense of purpose and devotion in those around her that should have been beyond the ability of a child.

Over the years, her mother and father took her to every doctor they could find until finally seeking the help of an Exorcist. However, instead of helping to rid the girl of a possession, he relinquished her from the clasps that kept her tied to the bed in the attic, making enemies of the Guild, his former employers, in the process. But when he walked up those stairs and met face to face with Reva Cortinas, the instinct to ignore his responsibilities as an Exorcist and instead release the shackles overtook him. It was as though his entire life was in darkness, and it was the first time he saw the faint flicker of a flame trapped behind glass, waiting to be released.

Upon being freed, Reva wandered the Slums and Quarantine Zone, amassing followers as she went, both living and undead alike. She treated walking corpses with the same respect and dignity as any who would follow her. Seeing her devotees suffer is the only thing that seems to truly anger her, and it brings a fire with it that promises the certainty of death, no matter where the perpetrator flees.

Reva and her followers have slowly moved through the Quarantine Zone, gathering more like moths to a drifting candle flame. Resources quickly began to strain, but the fates smiled on them when the Freikorps evacuated the Powderburg District to build their own secluded compound. Recognizing that the fortifications they left behind in the QZ would make an ideal settlement, Reva and her believers have relocated there. Only a few buildings have been reclaimed, as Von Schill left a gauntlet of traps behind to discourage would-be looters, but so far it is the best promise of safety the group has from those who don't understand them.

There is a fire inside Reva, and to some, it is a warmth that stretches out and over them like a welcoming embrace. To feel connected to something greater is often enough to follow, to let go of the weak trappings that binds oneself to this world, but for the followers who have been in the dark for so long, Reva is not only a beacon, she is the unyielding answer.



ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST TN			
ETHEREAL REAPING If this model is unengaged, it may during its Activation from any model with Shielded within Knock Aside: Push the ta X Death Ascendant: Drop contact with every Scheme target, then remove those S	<i>Corpse</i> 8. Targe arget 4″ a Corp Marke	<i>re range j Marker</i> t suffers 3 in any di se Marke r within (or friendly 6/4/5 damage. rection. r into base			
 FEED ON GRIEF 8" 6 Wp - 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. If bis Action Life: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage and this model Heals 1. X Siphon Essence: Enemy only. After killing, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool. 						
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST TN			
 THE UNQUIET DEAD Target a Pyre Marker. Enemy must each pass a TN 14 Wp due Injured +1. ♥ Perdition's Flame: Take different Pyre Marker. X Cauterize: Friendly mod Marker Heal 1 and gain Sh Pyre Marker. 	el or suf this Ac els with	fer 2 dam tion agair in (1)2 of	age and gain n, targeting a the Pyre			

EMBRACE THE FLAME 6" 6 - 10 Reduce the value of the **Burning** Condition on the target and any models within (0)3 of the target by any amount. The target Heals an amount equal to the total value of **Burning** reduced this way (to a maximum of 3).

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STAT CARDS • REVENANT

Corpse Candle

The first undead to come to Reva's side were two zombies she found in the slums. She protected them, gave them aid, and helped guide them as they tried to find their way in their new unlife. She gave them a place to belong, a purpose, and a guiding light to follow.

These two shambling undead became the first of many Corpse Candles; beacons of Reva's light in the dark. For those who have lost their way, they are the cairn on a trail. And to those who do not follow her, they are warnings to turn back around before it's too late.

Corpse Candles are Reva's servants, not bound to her through magic like most other Resurrectionists and their creations, but bonded to her by true loyalty.



CORPSE CANDLE

RG	STAT 4	Df	IN
/// 0″	4	Df	
		DI	-
t. If the ta	rget is in	i base c	- ontact
RG	STAT	Rst	TN
110 10	ge up to 3	3″ in an	Y
	t, t, if the ta arget g RG ())3"	pp to 4" toward t. if the target is in arget gains Stur RG STAT (1)3" -	p to 4" toward a Pyre t. If the target is in base of arget gains Stunned . RG STAT RST

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REVENANT • STAT CARDS

VINCENT ST. CLAIR

Vincent St. Clair originally became a Guild Exorcist to help people. He saw the terrifying works of the Resurrectionists, and he intended to stop them before they could claim any more innocent lives. But as the years wore on, he realized that he was just as much of a monster as those he faced. For every undead abomination he put down, he found his orders requiring him to cut down an innocent, whether they were possessed or simply in the way.

All of that changed the day he met Reva. Her ailment was a pockmark to her family's name, and they sought his help to rid them of their problem. Instead of attempting a ritual on the girl, he set her free. He still wonders why he did it; perhaps he had finally had enough, or perhaps he fell sway to the girl's strange power.

Now he is Reva's right hand. He is always by her side, giving her advice and watching her back. In part, he watches for the Guild and those who would seek to harm her, but he'll also be there when the vile undead that follow her inevitably turn on her.



VINCENT ST. CLAIR

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
STAGGERING PUNCH Target suffers 2/3/4 damage a ♥ Quick Shot: Take a ← A				-
SANCTIFIED CROSSBOW This Action ignores Friendly. damage, ignoring Incorporea © Critical Strike: When +1 damage for each @ in t (to a maximum of +2). X Exorcism: Target must Attached. Target is killed © Carry the Flame: If th a Pyre Marker, Push that target.	l and H resolvi his Act <i>have a</i> is Actio	arget suf Hard to Y ng, the ta ion's fina Summo	Wound arget su al duel t <i>n Upgra</i> LoS thr	ffers otal ade ough
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
CREMATION Target a Corpse Marker. Dro (Burning +1) Pyre Marker int target, then remove the target. B Shifting Terrain: Push direction.	to base the M	contact larker up	with the	n any
► PROTECTIVE SPIRITS Friendly models within range	(1)3″ gain S l	6 hielded	+1.	12

LAMPAD

During the days of the first Breach, conflict erupted between the miners of Prosper and their Council overseers. The mages reacted with violence, and at some point, the coal deposits beneath the town caught fire. Prosper fell into a sinkhole, and a century later, those fires are still burning.

The souls of the dead became Lampads, sentient flames that are capable of taking control of corpses. They "ride" these flaming corpses in order to travel beyond the borders of their smoldering home, creating new Lampads each time someone succumbs to their magical flames.



FUNERAL PYRE: After this model kills another model, it may Drop a 50mm, Hazardous (Burning +1) Pyre Marker into base contact with the killed model.

DANCING IN THE FLAMES: Once per Turn. After this model resolves the Walk Action, it may Place any Pyre Markers that it moved through during that Action into base contact with itself.

FLAMEBORNE: Reduce all damage this model suffers from Burning to 0.

DEMISE (POSSESSING FLAME): After this model is killed, it may discard a card to Place itself into base contact with a Pyre Marker within **0**6. If it does so, remove the Pyre Marker, then this model Heals 3.

THE FINAL VEIL: After another model is killed within **0**6, this model Heals 1.

000000000 .com Health 200

LAMPAD



REVENANT • STAT CARDS

DRAUGR

Malifaux is known to awaken latent magical abilities in people as they cross the Breach. But not every magical talent can be used in life. There are some with the ability to return from the grave even stronger than they were in life. Of course, the individual often has no idea they have this talent until they have been put into the grave. These people rise as the Draugr.

Although Draugr retain some of the intelligence and will that they had in life, they are often driven mad by their transition. They awaken in the cold ground, abandoned there by those they loved, and they are forced to claw their way free. Sometimes getting out of the grave takes weeks of struggling through the cold, unyielding earth.

Some Draugr seek out those who wronged them in life. Some retreat to the wilderness, hiding from the humans that will now shun them. Others have followed the fire in the dark to Reva, to fend off the unending cold, and wield weapons with merciless ferocity as a means of protecting the flame.



DRAUGR

RG	STAT	RST	TN
<i>Activa</i> Then,	<i>tion</i> . Pu this mod	sh the t lel may	arget Push
RG	STAT	Rst	TN
p a 50: to base 8″ g. Place nodel g	mm Haz contact 5 e this mo gains Bu g, up to 2	with th del into rning v Burnin	12 base vith
-	-	д ру 5. -	-
	m 1" ing, th ℓ in	<i>m</i> 1" 6 <i>m</i> 1" 6 <i>ing</i> , this Action <i>in</i> the final d <i>Activation</i> . Pur Then, this model <i>Rc</i> STAT 8" 5 <i>p</i> a 50mm Haz to base contact 8" 5 <i>g</i> . Place this model gains Buse <i>surning</i> , up to	ing, this Action's dama in the final duel tota Activation. Push the t Then, this model may Action targeting a diffe RC STAT RST 8" 5 p a 50mm Hazardous to base contact with th 8" 5 p. Place this model into nodel gains Burning turning, up to Burning rege's Burning by 3.

40мм

STAT CARDS • REVENANT

Shieldbearer

Shieldbearers are from the slums of Malifaux. A chance meeting with Reva has inspired them to fight anew, fighting for themselves and those around them. They are drawn to Reva's strength of character, her ability to ease the passage of the dying, and the sense that she is the catalyst to something greater.

Whatever the reason, each Shieldbearer is loyal to Reva and has taken up arms to join her fight. They fight with what they can find, often the broken swords and shields left behind by fallen Guildsmen, later etched with runes meant to protect them from meeting with the afterlife before it is their time.

This strange militia is more effective than it should be, driven by their belief in the one they follow. And follow it they shall, to the ends of this world and the next, in the name of protecting Reva Cortinas.



ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN *///* 1″ 5 Df RUNIC BLADE Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. This model Heals 1. P Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each 🖗 in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). X Dismember: Enemy Living, Undead, or Beast only. Drop a Corpse Marker into base contact with the target. /// 1// SHIELD SLAM 6 Df Target suffers 1 damage and is Pushed up to 2" in any direction. Smolder: Reduce the value of the target's Burning Condition by I. Target suffers 1 damage from Burning. Knock Aside: Push the target 4" in any direction. TACTICAL ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN **BLASPHEMOUS RITUAL** 3″ Remove target Corpse Marker. Friendly models within (1)3 of this model gain Focused +1. PLANT THE SHIELD This model gains Shielded +1. At the end of this Activation, after resolving any other effects, this model gains Staggered. ЗОмм

SHIELDBEARER

REVENANT • STAT CARDS

Restless Spirit

There are some spirits that either refuse or are unable to leave the mortal plane, hanging on to the fabrics of this realm because of a grudge, an obsession, or an unresolved vengeance. These Restless Spirits are often found lingering in graveyards, not far away from where their corpses lie. They are known to lash out at innocents who are visiting lost loved ones. Barely reflections of their former selves, they act out with the need to make all around them suffer as they did in their former lives.

Miraculously, in her many visits to the mausoleums and cemeteries that dot the city, Reva has been able to calm these raging apparitions. Not only do they resist the temptation of attacking her, the Restless Spirits more often join her loyal followers, as though their wandering existence is being fulfilled. Whether doing so means bringing them closer to eternal rest remains a mystery, but they seem just as satisfied in acting out her will as they did terrorizing bystanders.



STRENGTH FROM THE GRAVE: Once per Activation. After this model resolves the **Walk** Action, a friendly model within **()** may gain **Shielded +1**.

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.

THE FINAL VEIL: After another model is killed within **0**6, this model Heals 1.

DO O O

RESTLESS SPIRIT

Provense.				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
TOMBSTONE Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. X Dismember: Enemy Li only. Drop a Corpse Mark the target.	ving, L		or Beas	
TERRORIZE Enemy only. Target is Pushed this model. X Display Their Dead: I within 2" of this model. E Action gains Distracted	R <i>emove</i> nemy 1	e a Corps	se Mari	ker
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
▲ GRAVE ROBBER Drop a Corpse Marker anywh	2" nere wi	7 thin rang	ge.	12
30м	М			

STAT CARDS • TORMENTED

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, Jack Daw has 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 uneasiness, ironic since his presence used to do the same. Those who are put in charge 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.



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 MALIFAUX: This model ignores terrain while moving and is unaffected by Hazardous Terrain. This model can move through other models and vice versa.

JACK DAW

ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN
 DEAD MAN'S COLLAR (11" 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. X Punishment: Push a Tormented model within LoS of the target up to 3" toward the target, ignoring other models. X 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. W M - W On Your Heels: Enemy only. Place this model into base contact with the target. X 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 hoose a different Tormented
<i>model in its LoS</i> . 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. X Denial: Enemy models within range with Attached Cursed Upgrades suffer 2 damage. 12 12 12
Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 13 Wp duel or gain Slow . X <i>Denial:</i> Enemy models within range with Attached
Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 13 Wp duel or gain Slow . × <i>Denial:</i> Enemy models within range with Attached Cursed Upgrades suffer 2 damage. FICKLE TORMENTOR (1)4"

TORMENTED • STAT CARDS

DYWER

STAT CARDS • TORMENTED

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, telling her what had happened. Ligeia, enraged by her death, haunted her sister-in-law and slew the woman.

Ligeia now serves as Jack Daw's herald. Wherever the mad spirit goes, she is with him and her haunting cries announce the presence of Jack and his tormented spirits. She shares his rage, and despises mercy. There can be no forgiveness from her, no hiding from the guilt. Everyone must pay for what they have done.



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 CO HEALTH OND

<section-header> Larrena R S A R R M Max Max</section-header>	SHEERS PROTOCOLOURS IN			N. P	-
TALONS ∅ 0″ 4 Df - Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. 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. 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″ 4₩ Wp - Target suffers 2/32/42 damage. ₩ Stagger: Models damaged by this Action gain	La	dy Ligeia			
 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″ 4₩ Wp - Target suffers 2/3°/4°2 damage. ₩ Stagger: Models damaged by this Action gain 	ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST 1	
 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″ 4₩ Wp - Target suffers 2/3°/4° damage. ₩ Stagger: Models damaged by this Action gain 	TALONS	/// 0″	4	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3 2/4 2 damage. ★ Stagger: Models damaged by this Action gain	Take It All: This I target is an enemy r Upgrades. The targe Upgrades. If it does	Frigger can or model with or et may discar	<i>ne or me</i> d one o	o <i>re Attaci</i> f its Attac	hed •
	Target suffers 2/3€/4€ ♥ Stagger: Models d	damage.			-
		202010010000000000000000000000000000000			~ =



TORMENTED • STAT CARDS

Hanged

The arts of necromancy are not limited to raising the dead in corporeal shells. True Resurrectionist talent is able to tease forth a spirit and bind it to the summoner, forcing it to abide. One such binding is that of the Hanged. Hanging is the preferred choice of execution for both the law and the lawless in Malifaux. The list of crimes for which one may be hanged is long. The bodies often contain the insane spirits of the executed, and a skilled necromancer knows the proper rites needed to control the spirit.

The Hanged remains bound to a necromancer's will until its body receives proper burial and consecration. While the spirit lingers, the air surrounding it is filled with its maniacal whispers, occasionally interrupted by a soul-chilling scream.

Anyone untrained in the necromantic arts and unfortunate enough to catch a few sentences find their sanity's shackles... loosened.



HANGED

94-012				
TTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
 BEAD MAN'S COLLAR Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. it must discard a card. <i>Draw Out Secrets</i>: D base contact with the target of the secret secret. <i>Staggered</i>. <i>Weigh Down: Target n</i> Attached. When resolvin damage. 	If the t rop a So get. ged by t nust hav	cheme M his Actic ve an Up	larker i on gain g <i>rade</i>	1
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage ♥ On Your Heels: Enemy base contact with the target	y only. I	ns Stag		- into
 HORRIFYING WHISPERS Enemy only. Attach a Forbidd On Your Heels: Enemy base contact with the targ X Mental Trauma: Targ or suffer 3 damage. 	y <i>only</i> . I get.	Place this	s model	into
ACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	Rst	TN
NTROPIC CURSE Until the End Phase, when a 1 Heal, it reduces the amount it of 0). WReposition: Move this 1	Heals	by 2 (to a		
30	1M			

STAT CARDS • TORMENTED, URAMI

Jaakuna Ubume

The stories revolving around the spirit of Jaakuna Ubume often state that she was once a mother who drowned her only child. In Malifaux, there is a spirit that resembles those old wives' tales, seen by anyone who regularly travels by boat. Some say that they have seen a lonely figure standing in the still water of the Bayou, or hovering above a peaceful lake, or beneath a bridge on a quiet night.

Regardless of where they see her, what she does is the same in each account. With a hidden expression, the spirit of Jaakuna Ubume attempts to beckon onlookers into the water and down into the murky depths by tricking them into believing that her child is drowning and in desperate need of saving.

While some are able to break away from her dark invitation, her soothing voice can act like a great weight upon one's soul, making it difficult to slip away from her spell.



JAAKUNA ÜBUME

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
TEAR APART	/// 1″	6	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.				
♥ You're Comin' with M				
3" in any direction, then H	Place th	nis mode	l into b	ase
contact with it.				
♥ Stagger: Models damage	ed by t	his Actio	n gain	
Staggered.	£ 1.:1	1:		
X Feast of Vengeance: A Leader Heals 1/2/3.	ner kil	ling, a fr	iendly	
PROJECTED VOICE	~ 10″	5	Wp	-
Target suffers 2/3€/4€ dama				
₩ Mass Hysteria: Push m			by this	
Action up to 3" in any dire	ection.			
LURE	12″	7	Wp	12
Move the target its Mv toward	l this n	nodel.		
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
V DROWNING AURA	Ø 3″	7	-	12
Until the End Phase, enemy m	odels t	reat the	area wi	thin
range as Hazardous Terrain.				
	in the second	Contraction of the local division of the loc		1003
50M	M			



TORMENTED • STAT CARDS

CROOKED MAN

Animated by a burning desire to complete something left undone, Crooked Men are the victims of mine cave-ins. They are forced to dig themselves out of their own rubble-filled tombs, returning to the world with limbs shattered and bones jutting out at odd angles. They shuffle to greet whatever need draws them forth. Despite their shattered and feeble appearance, Crooked Men can withstand a great deal of punishment before the creature's hold fades. The destruction already wrought to their bodies leaves them with little that can be further harmed.

Resurrectionists have been known to orchestrate cave-ins to witness this phenomenon, sometimes bending Crooked Men to their will. This often takes the form of a bond of promise between the necromancer and the Crooked Man. For the creature's service, it is promised aid in achieving its unfinished goal. This is a pact often broken.



SHAFTED: After an enemy model within LoS suffers damage from Hazardous Terrain, it gains Staggered. HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a ⊖.

BLAST RESISTANT +2: Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Shockwave**, (t), and **1** effects by +2. **TORMENT:** At the end of this model's Activation, if it damaged an enemy model with an Attached Upgrade, it may draw a card.

DEPTHS OF MALIFAUX: This model is unaffected by Severe and Hazardous Terrain.

-0-2-5-0-5-0-7-8 -0-00 HEALTH (00-0-10)

CROOKED MAN

 ATTACK ACTIONS RC STAT RST TN MINING TOOL MI" 6 Df - The target may not declare Resistance Triggers during the target may not declare Resistance Triggers during the states of the arget suffers 2/3/4 damage. Weigh Down: Target must have an Upgrade Attached. When resolving, the target suffers 4, damage. A Defay: Target gains Slow. EATMOUME 8" 6 Mv - Target suffers 2/2 4/3 the damage. Models damaged by this Action gain Staggered. MALIFAUX MINING LAW 96" 6 - 12 MALIFAUX MINING LAW 96" 6 - 12 Matified Phase, enemy models treat the area within for friendly Scheme Markers within range as tazardous Terrain. Shifting Sands: Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with every enemy Scheme Marker into base contact with this model. 				_	
The target may not declare Resistance Triggers during this Action. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. • Weigh Down: Target must have an Upgrade Attached. When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. * Delay: Target gains Slow. EARTHQUAKE 8" 6 Mv - Target suffers 22/22/32 damage. Models damaged by this Action gain Staggered. TACTICAL ACTIONS RC STAT RST TN * MALIFAUX MINING LAW 06" 6 - 12 Until the End Phase, enemy models treat the area within 01 of friendly Scheme Markers within range as Hazardous Terrain. * Shifting Sands: Drop a Scheme Marker within (1)3, then remove every enemy Scheme Marker within (103. * I Can Dig It: Drop a Scheme Marker into base	ATTACK ACTIONS				IN
 this Action. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. Weigh Down: Target must have an Upgrade Attached. When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. X Delay: Target gains Slow. EARTHQUAKE 8" 6 Mv - Target suffers 2*/2*/3* damage. Models damaged by this Action gain Staggered. TACTICAL ACTIONS RC STAT RST TN MALIFAUX MINING LAW 06" 6 - 12 Until the End Phase, enemy models treat the area within 01 of friendly Scheme Markers within range as Hazardous Terrain. Shifting Sands: Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with every enemy Scheme Marker within (013, then remove every enemy Scheme Marker within (03). X I Can Dig It: Drop a Scheme Marker into base 		.,=	-		
EARTHQUAKE 8″ 6 Mv Target suffers 22/22/32 damage. Models damaged by this Action gain Staggered. TACTICAL ACTIONS RC STAT RST TN MALIFAUX MINING LAW 06″ 6 - 12 Until the End Phase, enemy models treat the area within 01 of friendly Scheme Markers within range as Hazardous Terrain. ♥ Shifting Sands: Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with every enemy Scheme Marker within (03, then remove every enemy Scheme Marker within (03, th	this Action. Target suffers : Weigh Down: Target Attached. When resol	2/3/4 dai et must ha	nage. <i>ve an Uț</i>	ograde	ng
Target suffers 2⊉/2⊉/3⊉ damage. Models damaged by this Action gain Staggered. TACTICAL ACTIONS RC STAT RST TN * MALIFAUX MINING LAW 06″ 6 - 12 Until the End Phase, enemy models treat the area within 01 of friendly Scheme Markers within range as Hazardous Terrain. M Shifting Sands: Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with every enemy Scheme Marker within (1)3, then remove every enemy Scheme Marker within (1)3. × I Can Dig It: Drop a Scheme Marker into base	X Delay: Target gains S	Slow.			
 MALIFAUX MINING Law 06" 6 - 12 Until the End Phase, enemy models treat the area within 01 of friendly Scheme Markers within range as Hazardous Terrain. ★ Shifting Sands: Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with every enemy Scheme Marker within (03, then remove every enemy Scheme Marker within (03. ★ I Can Dig It: Drop a Scheme Marker into base 	Target suffers 2 2/2 /3 2	damage. N	•		by
 Until the End Phase, enemy models treat the area within 1 of friendly Scheme Markers within range as Hazardous Terrain. * Shifting Sands: Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with every enemy Scheme Marker within (1)3, then remove every enemy Scheme Marker within (1)3. * I Can Dig It: Drop a Scheme Marker into base 	TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	Rst	TN
	 ★ Shifting Sands: Drocontact with every energy (1)3, then remove ever within (1)3. ★ I Can Dig It: Drop a 	emy Scher y enemy S a Scheme	me Mark Scheme N	er with Marker	in
	3		COLUMN STREET	No. of Concession, name	1000

STAT CARDS • TORMENTED, URAMI

Drowned

Bodies floating face down in the river are not uncommon in Malifaux. Both the Guild and Arcanists like to make people vanish beneath the murky waters. Typically, they are not even killed first, so there is no evidence linking anyone to the tragic "accident." This callous cruelty leaves a devastated soul trapped in a rotting and bloated body, unable to come to terms with its death. Over and over it remembers the burning pain of suffocation, followed by that one last gasp that flooded its lungs before the body died in dark solitude.

Resurrectionists can raise these unfortunates, but controlling them is a different matter. They will seek out their murderers regardless of other instructions, water bubbling endlessly from their mouths. Clasping the weights they were tied to, they will pursue their targets ceaselessly until their revenge is complete. Only once this is done can the person that raised them take control, giving their own orders to the tortured spirit within.



damaged this model, the Attacking model suffers +1 damage. **RIFTIDE:** Once per Activation. When this model Drops a Marker, it may instead Drop a 50mm Hazardous (Damage 1 and **Staggered**) Riptide Marker (it is still treated as a Marker for be effect). During the End Phase, remove all Riptide Markers. **HARD TO WOUND:** Damage flips against this model suffer a **COMBAT FINESSE:** When this model is targeted with a Action, the Attacking model's duel cannot be Cheated. **TORMENT:** At the end of this model's Activation, if it damaged

an enemy model with an Attached Upgrade, it may draw a card. **DEPTHS OF MALIFAUX:** This model is unaffected by Severe and Hazardous Terrain.

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COM HEALTH ONO

DROWNED ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN ANCHOR /// 1 Df Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. Weigh Down: Target must have an Upgrade Attached. When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage X Daze: Target gains Stunned and is Pushed up to 3" in any direction. **PROJECTILE VOMIT** 8″ 5 Mv Target suffers 1/122/1222 damage. Models damaged by this Action gain Distracted +1 and Poison +1. P Weigh Down: Target must have an Upgrade Attached. When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. ₩ Undertow: Push all enemy models within (1)3 of the target 3" toward the target or a Riptide Marker. STARTLE 8 5 Wn Target gains Staggered. ЗОмм



STAT CARDS • TRANSMORTIS

PROF. VON SCHTOOK

Professor Albus Von Schtook, Dean of Admission at Transmortis University, is a man truly devoted to academia. Each new semester is a fresh start that fills him with a lively energy, and each new student is like fresh clay, waiting to be rendered into something... better suited to Transmortis' unique curriculum.

Originally an Astronomy Professor from Heidelburg, Albus came to Malifaux to study the stars. But while his colleagues enjoyed success in other avenues of science, Von Schtook was baffled. Malifaux's stars refused to obey the laws upon which he was so familiar; the arrangement of stars shifted imperceptibly, and no constellation lasted more than a few months. After stumbling upon more questions without any answers, Von Schtook felt that his mind had slipped beyond comprehension and into a space where every scientific doubt became an endless, unsolvable rabbit hole. The less he was able to grasp, the more frustrated he became, and soon, Von Schtook fell into a deep and confounding depression, a feeling he had been able to overcome all his life as long as he was able to connect the dots between theory and fact.

Much like losing a lifelong lover, the heartache in his inability to study the stars made him turn away from the sky forever, so much so that he felt it necessary to hide from them. He concluded that the only way to do so was to rid his eyes of the view altogether, and so he found a home in the Cistern Seven.

No one is certain why Von Schtook turned to necromancy; perhaps it was the bodies that drifted and collected in the reservoir that inspired him, their wet, gray, and shining corpses like stardust against the black, murky water. Or perhaps all it took was a whisper and a lonely ear waiting to hear it...

After months of reclusion, he surprised his colleagues by inviting them for holiday drinks at his home beneath the Southern Slums, which was also the same night that they had all vanished. Then one bleak April evening, the citizens of Malifaux received a signal that overrode their aethervox programs and were presented with Von Schtook's first lesson; the transformation of a screaming subject into an Iron Zombie, an abhorrent merging of flesh and machinery.

Though he has kept the University of Transmortis sequestered away for years, recent events have spurred Albus to take a more active role in the education of his fellow Resurrectionists. Transmortis has opened its doors, in a fashion, to any who seek its knowledge, though only those of exceptional talent will earn a passing grade without becoming a permanent member of the undead student body.



STUDIED OPPONENT: Once per Activation. After resolving an opposed duel with an enemy model, this model may draw a card if it has any suits in its final duel total that are also in the enemy model's final duel total. **SEEN IT ALL:** This model cannot gain the **Stunned** Condition.

DF/WP (X) DISARMING: When resolving, if the Attacking model did not declare a Trigger, reduce the damage this model suffers by 2.

ACADEMIC SUPERIORITY: Enemy models within 06 ignore any Abilities, Actions, or Triggers gained from their Attached Upgrades (other than Insignificant).

RECRUITMENT DRIVE: If this model is this Crew's Leader, after a friendly Transmortis model kills an enemy model, this model may Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the killed model.



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CO HEALTH ONO

PROF. VON SCHTOOK

Country of the second s				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
GRUESOME LECTURE Target suffers 2 2/3 2/4 2 dam. Action gain Injured +1. Focused Attention: This	age. Mod s model g	ains Foc	used +1.	
X A Lesson in Biology: Dr contact with each Corpse of the target. Then, remov within (1)2 of the target.	or Scrap	Markers	within	(1)2
ADMINISTRATIVE REVIEW	10″	6X	Wp	12
This model may end any numb × Positive Results: Target i Upgrade Attached, it gains × True Disappointment: ² X is the highest value Con a minimum of 1). ♥ Coordinated Attack: An a /// Action targeting the sa	Heals 1. 1 s Fast. Target su dition er nother fr	if the targ iffers X d ided by tl iendly m	get has a amage, v his Actio	n where on (to
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
ACADEMIC BROADCAST Once per Turn. Friendly Transi gain Focused +1 and may Push Surge: Draw a card.				
• Peer Review Friendly Transmortis models on to the target.	10″ nly. Attao	6 ch a Lectr	- ure Upg	12 X rade
CRADE ASSIGNMENT	6″	-	-	-

Target a Scrap or Corpse Marker. Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target, then remove the target and this model may draw a card.

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STAT CARDS • TRANSMORTIS

Research Assistant

Now that the University of Transmortis has opened its doors to the living, it has become that much more hectic to manage. Von Schtook could depend on his Iron Zombies to pursue knowledge at their own initiative, and depend on none of the trappings that the living need to function, like food or breathable air. In the meantime, Von Schtook's own research projects have suffered as his attention is constantly being diverted by other matters.

That's where the Research Assistant comes in. This plucky young man found his way into Cistern Seven on his own, which showed gumption, and he survived long enough to avoid being converted into an Iron Zombie, earning himself top marks. While he's far from the most promising student on campus, he has proven to be a remarkably efficient, carefully keeping notes, fixing timetables, and providing just the right tool at just the right time, sometimes without Von Schtook even realizing he needed it.



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

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CO HEALTH OND

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	T
FRANTIC FLAILING	/// 0″	4	Df	-
Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.				
Reposition: Move this	model u	ıp to 3".		
ALCHEMICAL VIAL	~ 8″	4	*	10
Shockwave 2, Mv 13, Dama	ge 2 an	d Poisor	1 + 1 .	
P Cataclysm: When reso	olving, I	Drop ano	ther	
Shockwave Marker wit	hin ran	ge and L	oS.	
Not a Bomb?: When r				g
the Shockwave Marker	,		11	
Shockwave Marker. Dr				
base contact with the Sh	iockwa	ve Mark	er, ther	1
remove the Shockwave	Marke	r.		

 ➤ VILE RECLAMATION 6" 4 Wp Target gains Injured +1 and this model Heals 1.
 ■ Surge: Draw a card.

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TRANSMORTIS • STAT CARDS

Anna Lovelace

The younger Lovelace sibling, Anna is a dark reflection of her sister. While Hannah has only ever desired to learn, Anna is obsessed with recognition. She would have quickly rose to greatness if it weren't for Ryle Hoffman, a rival whose genius equaled her own. After months of tense competition, Ryle was eventually hired by Viktor Ramos, over her.

It sent Anna over the edge. She sabotaged the train delivering Ryle to Malifaux, killing dozens of people. When she heard Ryle had survived, she came to Malifaux and abducted him. To her surprise, Ryle was effectively braindead, and being kept alive by his brother. Charles fought Anna, nearly killing her, and she was forced to flee... right into Albus Von Schtook's hands.

Anna survived the University of Transmortis for months with her wits and weapons, resisting all attempts by Von Schtook to convert her into an Iron Zombie. Eventually, her resolve won out, and Albus compromised by naming her Career Counselor. Despite the company she now keeps, Anna cannot deny that Transmortis suits her.



ARMOR +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1. GRAVITY WELL: Enemy models may not be Placed within 06 unless they are Placed by an effect generated by a friendly model.

STUDIED OPPONENT: Once per Activation. After resolving an opposed duel with an enemy model, this model may draw a card if it has any suits in its final duel total that are also in the enemy model's final duel total.

HOSTILE WORK ENVIRONMENT: Enemy models within 06 may not be targeted by the Actions of other enemy models.

CO HEALTH OND

ANNA LOVELACE

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
Dissectors	/// 1″	5 P	Df	-
Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.				

P Siphon Life: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage and this model Heals 1.

- Glimpse the Void: 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.
- X Infect: Models damaged by this Action gain
- **Poison +1** for each X in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of **Poison +2**).

SPIRIT BARRACE r12" 6X Wp -This Action ignores Friendly Fire. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

X Zombify: Living only. After killing, the target does not Drop any Markers. Summon a Mindless Zombie into base contact with the target.

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN

REMOTE DETONATOR 18" 6 - 10 *Friendly Undead only. This Action ignores LoS.* Push the target up to 3" in any direction. Models within (1)2 of the target must each pass a TN 13 **Mv** duel or suffer 3 damage and gain **Injured +1**. Then, kill the target and this model may draw a card.

GRADE ASSIGNMENT 6" - - -*Target a Scrap or Corpse Marker*. Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target, then remove the target and this model may draw a card.

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STAT CARDS • TRANSMORTIS

THE VALEDICTORIAN

In the crumbling, mold-ridden subterranean classrooms of the University of Transmortis, the Valedictorian stands at the head of the class. Professor Von Schtook's most gifted student does not excel in just one field of study, but in all of them. Many hours of careful study and personal tuition have given the Valedictorian a wealth of information on the limitations of flesh and steel, as well as extensive alterations to her body. Her ability to fly was a personal milestone for the Professor, though saner minds have declined to publish his notes.

Able to speak, albeit with a limited degree of sentience, the Valedictorian often leads the Professor's recruitment drives when he needs a new class of students. Her enthusiasm for others to learn at the feet of her eminent teacher inspires her fellow students, pleases the Professor, and horrifies the citizens of Malifaux. Those who refuse face the wrath of the Valedictorian's scalpel-sharp weapons, only dying after she has finished dismantling them. Compared to those she enrolls, the dead are the lucky ones.



ARMOR +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1. **HARD TO WOUND:** Damage flips against this model suffer a \square .

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.

STUDIED OPPONENT: Once per Activation. After resolving an opposed duel with an enemy model, this model may draw a card if it has any suits in its final duel total that are also in the enemy model's final duel total.

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



THE VALEDICTORIAN

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
DISSECTORS	// 1″	7	Df	-
Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.				

- Puncture: When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a for each P in the final duel total (to a maximum of ff).
- Shove Aside: Once per Activation. Push the target 4" away from this model. Then, this model may Push up to 4" and declare a M Action targeting a different model.

LECTURE NOTES 6" 7 Wp 10 Target gains Stunned.

♥ On Your Heels: Enemy only. Place this model into base contact with the target.

TACTICAL ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN

VALEDICTORY (1)4" 6 - 10 Remove any number of Corpse or Scrap Markers within range. Discard a card. Choose a card in this model's Discard Pile with a value equal to the value of the discarded card, +2 for each Marker removed when this Action was declared, and then draw that card.

P Bolster Strength: Friendly models within range Heal 1.

₩ Swift Action: Take this Action again.

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STUDENT OF VISCERA

Below the sewers, in a place even Resurrectionists would hesitate to go, is a macabre sight that would turn any stomach. Professor Von Schtook's biology classes are ones he believes the students enjoy taking as much as he enjoys giving them. His horn rimmed glasses perched on his nose, the professor discusses the key aspects of living bodies, how they die, change and are maintained. As he demonstrates the finer points of dissection, the students on his experiment tables repeat his key points endlessly in atonal murmurs.

The metallic slithering of the Student of Viscera is not the most threatening noise, but it chills anyone that hears it like few other sounds can. The truly terrifying moment is when the noise stops, as once the Student is close to someone, the Professor's patient teaching is put to practical use. The exceptionally quick may get one chance to strike the horrifying creature before it expertly dismembers them in a flurry of dissection blades. The slow, or those that flee, never see the scalpels reaching for them.



ARMOR +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1. HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a [].

STUDIED OPPONENT: Once per Activation. After resolving an opposed duel with an enemy model, this model may draw a card if it has any suits in its final duel total that are also in the enemy model's final duel total.

CONSTRICTION: Enemy models engaged by this model suffer a \Box to duels generated by the **Disengage** Action. **RUSH:** When this model takes the **Charge** Action, increase

the distance it Pushes by up to +2". UNIMPEDED: This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain.

STUDENT OF VISCERA

ATTACK ACTIONS RC STAT RST TN DISSECTORS /// 1" 6X Df Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.

- **P** Puncture: When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a **G** for each **P** in the final duel total (to a maximum of **G**).
- ♥ Onslaught: Take this Action again, targeting the same model.
- X 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).
- LECTURE NOTES
 6"
 6
 Wp
 10

 Target gains Stunned.
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 - X Blank Stare: Discard a card. Target gains Slow and must discard a card.

TACTICAL ACTIONSRGSTATRSTTNEMERGENCY SURGERY2"5-10

- Other Living model only. Target Heals 1/2/3. ♥ Bloody Display: Enemy models within (1)4 of this model must each pass a TN 14 Wp duel or be Pushed
 - 4" away from this model.

AMBUSH

If this model is not in Concealing Terrain, it must discard a card. If this model is not engaged, it may move up to 3".

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STAT CARDS • TRANSMORTIS

Student of Sinew

The academic path, as Professor Albus Von Schtook tells his more reluctant students, is not for everyone. There are many lesser teachers in the advanced sciences, he explains, whose students are not fit to enroll at the University of Transmortis. Von Schtook has instituted a system of hall monitors to prevent such undesirables wandering into the lectures, giving extra classes in the diplomacy needed to deal with other academics' pupils. The Students of Sinew are the recipients of this tuition, expertly prepared to handle these rivals and interlopers. Each student vies to prove their suitability for the vaunted position, making the classes fiercely competitive. Von Schtook welcomes their dedication to the maintenance of the University's standards, stating firmly that education would only be wasted on those without minds to open.

The students often undertake extra credit assignments in the sewers and cisterns of the University, where the primitive protégées of lesser academics wander aimlessly, and they often use that knowledge without hesitation.



STUDENT OF SINEW

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
DISSECTORS Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.	ing, thi Ø in th	ie final d ion's dan	's dama uel tota nage flij	al
COMMAND CORPSE This Action cannot target the per Activation. Non-Leader is a non- ↑ Action that does not model by name, chosen and co	<i>Undea</i> Attach	<i>d only</i> . Ta Upgrad	arget ta es or li	<i>n once</i> Ikes st a
 LECTURE NOTES Target gains Stunned. X Mental Trauma: Targor suffer 3 damage. 		5 either d STAT		
KEEPING THE PEACE Until the End Phase, enemy m declare the Charge Action mu duel or the Action fails.	©6" nodels ust eac	6 within ra h pass a '	- inge tha I'N 13 V	10 at Wp
40M	M			

TRANSMORTIS • STAT CARDS



ARMOR +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1. HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a ⊟.

STUDIED OPPONENT: Once per Activation. After resolving an opposed duel with an enemy model, this model may draw a card if it has any suits in its final duel total that are also in the enemy model's final duel total.

SABOTAGE: After this model kills a Construct, it may Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with itself.

0-2-5-0-5-6-7-8 ~~~ HEALTH @~~

STUDENT OF STEEL

Frank.				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
DISSECTORS Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. Puncture: When resolv flip receives a for each (to a maximum of 10). Armor Piercing: Whe this Action ignores Armo	ing, th I in the in the in resol	ne final d	's dama uel tota	ŭ
ANALYZE WEAKNESS Until the End Phase, all dama, Armor and Shielded. <i>Rip and Tear:</i> Take a <i>model.</i> This Action received	Actio	n targeti	ng the s	
 LECTURE NOTES Target gains Stunned. X Mental Trauma: Target or suffer 3 damage. 				a card
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
▲ FIELD REPAIRS Construct only. Target Heals I	3″ 1/2/3.	5		12
30M	м	1000		

STUDENT OF STEEL

The engineering course at the University of Transmortis covers the design and construction of a wide range of constructs. Von Schtook extols the virtues of certain alloys, the importance of considering rust and wear, and the use of the right power supply for the construct's frame. He encourages his students to follow his example and study these concepts practically whenever possible. New students are tasked with examining the construction flaws of their classmates, while the graduates undertake field studies on the surface. These students proudly present their research to Von Schtook on their return, the piles of split plating and torn gears testament to the quality of their education.

The Students of Steel concern the citizens of Malifaux far less than they concern the upper ranks of the Miners and Steamfitters Union, whom use constructs as tools and symbols of might. Despite their somewhat stilted walk and the archaic engines that power them, a single student can dismantle the most powerful and expensive constructs this organization possesses with frustrating ease.

STAT CARDS • TRANSMORTIS

UNDERGRADUATE

For most of its existence, the University of Transmortis did not welcome the living. Prospective students were invited (or kidnapped) to tour the grounds of Cistern Seven, and after Albus had gotten a good measure of them, they would either be dissected for parts, or converted into an Iron Zombie.

The Undergraduate is the "first step" in the conversion process. Still vaguely humanoid, the Undergraduate sports a few painful looking and invasive amalgamations that - were they not already insane and undead - would almost certainly drive them mad with pain and horror. It's important to keep the mind preoccupied during this step, as the brain is still very much intact and capable of perceiving what's been done to it. Von Schtook overcomes this by ensuring the school cafeteria provides its Undergraduates with a carefully designed diet of meat, injected with chemical concoctions designed to keep the mind... malleable. After a few weeks of healthy eating and continuous study, the Undergraduate's cognitive process evens out, and they can begin the next phase of their education.



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

STUDIED OPPONENT: Once per Activation. After resolving an opposed duel with an enemy model, this model may draw a card if it has any suits in its final duel total that are also in the enemy model's final duel total.

By YOUR SIDE: At the start of this model's Activation, it may discard a card to Place itself within 2" of a friendly non-Minion that shares a Keyword with it.

MADE TO KILL: Once per Activation. After this model is Placed, it may take a /// Action after resolving the current Action.

PATRONIZE: When an enemy model starts its Activation within **0**3, this model may choose a suit. The enemy model adds the chosen suit to its duel totals until the End Phase.

COM HEALTH OND

UNDERGRADUATE

ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN Df MORTAL RUMINATION 111 5 Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. ₩ Bowled Over: Push target 4" away from this model, then Push this model 4" toward the target. X 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). 2." 5 LEAD THE WAY **Df** 11 This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. Target model is Pushed 4" in any direction, then Push this model up to 4" toward the target. X Share Pain: Target suffers 1 damage. **TACTICAL ACTIONS** RG STAT RST TN 6″ 6 STUDY 12 Target a Scrap or Corpse Marker. Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target, then remove the target. Burge: Draw a card. ЗОмм

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AMALGAM, TRANSMORTIS • STAT CARDS



ARMOR +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1. HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a \Box .

ENTROPY: Enemy models that start their Activation within **0**3 suffer 1 damage.

STUDIED OPPONENT: Once per Activation. After resolving an opposed duel with an enemy model, this model may draw a card if it has any suits in its final duel total that are also in the enemy model's final duel total.

NECROPUNK

Necropunk

The combining of clockwork and steam with undead flesh is not a new science. The residents of Old Malifaux experimented with such mergers, creating Steamborgs and necrotech creatures. Much of their learning has been lost, but dedicated research by necromancers has led to some breakthroughs. The results are the small monstrosities dubbed "Necropunks" by the Guild's Guardsmen.

Each Necropunk is a unique blending of clockwork and flesh, giving the zombified corpse the agility and dexterity of the living. Swarms of these spider-limbed creatures are capable of tearing apart their victims. Because of the simplicity in their construction, Necropunks are almost always encountered by the Guild when they raid a Resurrectionist's laboratory. They throw themselves mindlessly at their enemies, giving their master valuable time to escape out the back.

ATTACK ACTIONS				
AT IACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
CLAWS Target suffers 1/2/4 damage. <i>Puncture:</i> When resolv flip receives a \Im for each (to a maximum of \Im). <i>MOnslaught:</i> Take this A same model.	ving, thi P in th	ne final d	uel tota	ŭ
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	Rst	TN
▶ LEAP Place this model anywhere w	6″ ithin ra	4₩ nge.		10₩

ЗОмм

STAT CARDS • URAMI

Kirai Ankoku

Kirai's ability to control the spirit world was unlocked when her fiancé, Francis Kitchener, was killed protecting her from an assassination attempt ordered by his father, the former Governor-General. Francis' final gift to her, a serpent ring with emerald scales, was all she had left of her old life. Though neither of them knew it, this ring was connected to the ancient entity known as the Gorgon. Through this, her grief and sense of hopelessness were able to break through the barrier to the afterlife and call on the spirits that dwelt there. She was even able to hurl part of her own soul, twisted by her desire for revenge and fueled by the Gorgon's influence, into the physical world to take her revenge.

While she was initially unaware of what she was truly capable of, Nicodem realized the truth after seeing the butchered remains of her victims. He took great care to ensure she accepted his tutelage, hoping to use her to summon sentient spirits back into his own creations, but that endeavor ultimately failed at the hands of a Tyrant.

Many moons have passed since that night. Since then, Kirai has begun to understand her connection to the spirit world, with or without the ring. She now no longer feels the pain of her loss so deeply, and instead has weaponized that pain in the form of vengeance.

With Molly Squiddpidge at her side, Kirai began a campaign of destruction, brutalizing the men who once controlled her, and others like them. But her thirst for vengeance has never fully sated, and it likely never will be, now that the person she held responsible for her lover's death – his father – is deceased, and not by her hands.

It wasn't until a woman in a dark cloak approached Kirai with an offer that she finally felt that there was a chance to fill the void that was once her heart. This woman spoke for an Earthside group called the Court of Two, and requested Kirai's help to bring upon an army of spirits. For better or worse, with the help of Binh Nguyen, Kirai succeeded, and the promise that woman made that night, of providing the ritualistic means to bring back her lost love to life, was to be fulfilled.

With the knowledge and tools at hand, Kirai Ankoku has returned to Malifaux to do what is necessary. She just has to reclaim his body from a Guild crypt first.



VENCEANCE +1: After resolving an Action that targeted and damaged this model, the Attacking model suffers +1 damage.

PROTECTED (URAMI): After this model is targeted by an enemy Attack Action, it may discard a card to change the target to a friendly Urami model within 2" of this model (ignoring range, LoS, and targeting restrictions).

LIFE LEECH: When an enemy model starts its Activation within **0**4, this model Heals 1 and the enemy model suffers 1 damage.

HATRED: When the Adversary (Urami) Condition would end on an enemy model within LoS, this model may suffer 1 damage. If it does so, the Condition does not end.

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CO HEALTH ONO

KIRAI ANKOKU

and a company of the				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SHEARS Target suffers 2/2/4 damage. X <i>Execute:</i> The target may a Soulstone. If it does neit Demise Abilities.				
SPIRIT BARRACE This Action ignores Friendly . damage. ■ Mark Soul: Target gain ♥ Coordinated Attack: A take a // Action targeting × Friends on the Other killing, Summon a Gaki w with the target.	s Adv Anothe the sau Side :	ersary (er friendl me mode Enemy o	Urami ly mode l. <i>nly</i> . Aft). el may
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BLOOD AND WIND Once per Turn. Name a Uran Action is IOX plus the Cost of the named model within range Upgrade to it.	the na	med mod	del. Sun	nmon
SOOTHE SPIRIT Other friendly Urami model f "This Will Numb the I Shielded +1. Preparations: Target g	Pain":	Target g	ains	10 /3.
► I've Got Your Back Target other engaged friendly into base contact with this mo		6 I. Target	- is Place	10 ed
30M	M			1-11-

STAT CARDS • URAMI

KIRYO

Ikiryo is Kirai's inner rage and pain brought to life, a piece of her soul that Kirai unleashes into the physical world to dole out carnage and death. For a time, Kirai was not even aware of Ikiryo's presence, her own mind fading to darkness whenever her emotions drove her over the edge. With time and acceptance of her powers, Kirai has not only learned of her frightening other half, but can unleash it at will. But she must do so sparingly, because Ikiryo does not share Kirai's desire for restraint, and wants to slaughter all, regardless of whether or not they are deserving of such a fate.

For a time, Kirai used the presence of Francis Kitchener to balance her emotional state, keeping Ikiryo under control. Now that Francis has gone silent, and Kirai is overcome with despair, it is hard to say who is still in control; the woman, or the darkness in her heart.



VENCEANCE +1: After resolving an Action that targeted and damaged this model, the Attacking model suffers +1 damage.

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.

KIRAI'S SOUL: This model may be Summoned by the **Blood and Wind** Action as if it were a Minion. If it is Summoned in this way, it does not Attach a Vengeance Upgrade and the Action ignores its Once per Turn restriction.

0-0-0-0-0-0--0-00 HEALTH (0-0-0-

IKIRYO

	ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	
	DEATH TOUCH		6X		-
	Target suffers 2/3/4 irredukilled by this Action, this n			he targe	et is
4	Puncture: When res			's dama	ige
	flip receives a 🖬 for ea		e final d	uel tota	ĺ
	(to a maximum of DD ♥ Onslaught: Take this		noin tor	ooting t	ha
	same model.	s Action ag	gaili, tai	getting t	ne
	× Feast of Vengeance Leader Heals 1/2/3.	After kil	ling, a fr	iendly	
	PROJECTED VOICE	~ 10″	5	Wp	-
	Target suffers 2/3€/4€ da	mage.		•	
	TACTION ACTIONS	De	6	Dom	TR
	SHRUG OFF Discard a card. End one C	RG - Condition of	-	-	TN -
	× Shrug Off	-	-	-	TN
	× Shrug Off	-	-	-	TN
	× Shrug Off	-	-	-	TN
	× Shrug Off	-	-	-	TN
	× Shrug Off	-	-	-	TN
	× Shrug Off	-	-	-	TN
	× Shrug Off	-	-	-	TN
	× Shrug Off	-	-	-	TN

URAMI • STAT CARDS

Datsue Ba

Before the dead from the Three Kingdoms can cross into the afterlife by crossing the river Sanzu, they must first face the judge of souls. Though she shuffles along like a withered old crone, the Datsue Ba is quite capable of catching the most reluctant of spirits waiting for her judgment. Her bond with the river means that a hissed curse leaves her victims unable to flee as she draws near them.

With a cruel blade, she peels away skin and cloth alike to be weighed, taking great delight in punishing her victims for their crimes. Few souls escaped her clutches unscathed.

Since being drawn to Kirai, who she sees as a living embodiment of judgment, the Datsue Ba has begun judging souls before they are dead. She flays innocent and guilty alike, trapping the guilty in the Soulstones that empower her lantern, while condemning the innocent to roam the world as tormented spirits, unable to slake the thirsts they had in life.



VENGEANCE +1: After resolving an Action that targeted and damaged this model, the Attacking model suffers +1 damage.

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.

INCORPOREAL: Reduce all damage this model suffers from Attack Actions by J, 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.

LANTERN OF SOULS: Enemy models within **0**5 ignore their **Demise** Abilities.



STAT CARDS • URAMI

Goryo

Goryo are the spirits of strong-willed warriors or lords who martyred themselves in battle. Their will is such that they are able to bind lesser spirits to themselves, gaining power and skill from the spirits they subsume. They sometimes haunt the places where they died, but they can be called into the material world by a Resurrectionist with enough skill.

Those who seek to summon a Goryo are playing a dangerous game. The spirits are often filled with rage at the living, constantly re-enacting the final battle that put them in the grave. The spirits that follow them are significantly less powerful, but they are still a danger. If a Goryo can be controlled, it may prove to be well worth the effort. Unlike most spirits that act out of sheer rage or hunger, the Goryo brings with it all of its knowledge of martial prowess and tactical skill. They have been known to cut down skilled swordsmen and outmaneuver elite mercenary units.



FRENZIED CHARGE: This model may ignore the Once per Activation restriction on the Charge Action.

ACTO HEALTH ONON

ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN BALANCED SWORD /// 1 Df Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. Puncture: When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a 🚺 for each 🖉 in the final duel total (to a maximum of 🖬 🖬). ₩ Flay: When resolving, this Action's damage flip may be Cheated even if it suffers one or more × Feast of Vengeance: After killing, a friendly Leader Heals 1/2/3. 10″ 500 Wp MARK OF VENGEANCE

GORYO

Until the End Phase, the target cannot Heal.
■ Mark Soul: Target gains Adversary (Urami).
♥ On Your Heels: Enemy only. Place this model into base contact with the target.

X Share Pain: Target suffers 1 damage.

RG	STAT	RST	TN
(1)3″	6	-	12
			wp
	(x)3″ must ea	(1)3" 6 must each pass a	RG STAT RST (1)3″ 6 - must each pass a TN 13 e, which suffers a ⊟.

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URAMI • STAT CARDS



VENCEANCE +1: After resolving an Action that targeted and damaged this model, the Attacking model suffers +1 damage.

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.

SOUL HUNTER: After this model kills an enemy model, Attach a Soul Hunter Upgrade to this model.

0-0-0-0-0-0-0 60% HEALTH (200)

SHIKOME

2 como				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
MENACING TALONS Target suffers 2/3/6 damage. <i>P Puncture:</i> When resolv flip receives a () for each (to a maximum of ()). <i>B Armor Piercing:</i> Who this Action ignores Arm × Feast of Vengeance: A	ving, th () (P) in th en resol or.	ne final d lving, dai	's dama uel tota mage fr	ď
Leader Heals 1/2/3. CHALLENCE Until the End Phase or when (whichever comes first), the t target any model other than t <i>Rip and Tear</i> : Take a model. This Action recei <i>M On Your Heels: Enemy</i> base contact with the tar	arget m his moo Actio ves a y only. 1	ust disca del with a n targeti to its du	ard a ca an Action ng the s nel.	on. ame
30A	4M			

Shikome

These deadly predators stalk the boundaries of the world beyond, hunting for those touched by the grave. For anyone brave enough to summon them, the Shikome are valuable - if somewhat dangerous - allies. To those facing them, they are a merciless storm of fang and talon. They are said to have been created to bring those that have earned death's judgment into the afterlife.

Often hunting in pairs, the Shikome stalk their prey from above, waiting for the right moment to swoop down with talons outstretched. Their hapless victim is hauled into the sky, often being torn apart as the hunters fight over their prize. What is left to fall to the ground can be nearly impossible to identify. Some have tried to hide and wait for the Shikome to lose interest. What few people realize is that the Shikome never grow tired, and the scent of fate upon someone never fades. There is only one escape once they are on your trail: death.



STAT CARDS • URAMI

LOST LOVE

Where Kirai Ankoku goes, she is followed - some might say haunted - by the spirit of the man she loves. Francis Kitchener was so unlike his father; a kind-hearted dreamer and noble soul who loved Kirai as she loved him. Two star-crossed lovers, doomed by fate.

For a time, the spirit of Francis followed Kirai in her grief, drawn to her sorrow like moth to a flame. He was torn between his desire to comfort and be with her, and the constant draw of the aether on his soul.

> The actions she committed to learn the secret were grave, but at last she had the knowledge to summon him back, thanks to the Court of Two.

Now she only had to get his body back and perform the ritual; then everything will be perfect again. Won't they?



Los				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
FRANTIC FLAILING Target suffers 1/2/3 dama Grab On: Target ga Activation.		4 End this	Df model's	-
DISPEL MAGIC End one Condition on the <i>Mark Soul</i> : Target		5 ersary (Wp Uramij	12).
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
Other friendly Urami me Cleanse: Remove a Markense srikkin (2) a	ll Scheme,	Corpse, a		
	o <i>del only</i> . T ll Scheme, of the target	arget He Corpse, a	and Scr	/3. ap

URAMI • STAT CARDS

ONRYO

Most souls leave the physical world and drift gently into the aether. A few are so obsessed and enraged by the injustices they suffered in life that they become trapped on the boundary between worlds, a spirit of vengeance and fury. If the boundary is weak enough, and their hatred strong enough, these souls can tear their way back into the world of the living as Onryo. It is said that a broken heart is one of the few things strong enough to break the barrier that holds them in the afterlife.

These spirits leave a trail of destruction in their wake as they hunt down the people that wronged them, haunting their victims relentlessly until their death. Onryo are often drawn to those among the living who have suffered great wrongs, as their grief and rage is a familiar siren call to these vengeful spirits. Those that enter the world in that way can confuse their pain with that of their caller, hounding their summoner's foes as they would their own.



DEMISE (HAUNT): After this model is killed, enemy models within (1)2 gain **Adversary (Urami)**.

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STAT CARDS • URAMI

Gaki

The punishments that the Datsue Ba inflicts on souls that fail her test are many and varied, but always cruelly specific to someone's sins. Those she deems exceptionally greedy, jealous, or materialistic are cursed to walk the earth as Gaki. Every desire they had in life is twisted into an insatiable hunger for flesh, torn from the living or the dead. The most tortuous part of their punishment is that their giant mouths and swollen stomachs are joined by a narrow throat; they can gorge nonstop, but can never swallow enough to satisfy their monstrous appetite.

Gaki can often be found where there is likely to be bloodshed and death, as it provides them with plenty of food. While they are unable to work as a coherent pack due to their all-consuming obsession with feeding, they are often found in groups simply because they all sense food nearby. Once one attacks someone there are inevitably more nearby that will swarm the unfortunate prey, tearing them apart in a frenzy of hunger.



VENGEANCE +1: After resolving an Action that targeted and damaged this model, the Attacking model suffers +1 damage.

EAT YOUR FILL: After killing an enemy model with a *m* Action, this model Heals 2.

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.

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
MIGHTY JAWS	/// 0‴	5	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.				
Coordinated Attack:	Anothe	er friendl	y mode	el may
take a /// Action targeting	the sai	me mode	ĺ.	
X Dismember: Enemy La				t
only. Drop a Corpse Mar				
the target.				
0				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
× Can . Fares	2//			



URAMI • STAT CARDS



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

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.

MINDLESS: When this model is Summoned, it is treated as having already Activated this Turn, and neither player gains or discards any Pass Tokens.

SPIRITUAL HEALING: Friendly Urami models that start their Activation within **()**2 Heal 1.

DEMISE (EXPENDABLE): After this model is killed, its controller draws a card.

ට ව ංඋංශ HEALTH නො

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	Rst	TN
SIPHON EXISTENCE Target suffers 1/2/3 dama		4	Wp	-
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	Stat	Rst	TN
GUIDE SPIRIT Friendly Urami only. Tar	8″	3	- 1- A oti-	10
Priendly Orami only. Tar				
			U	

Seishin

As the spirits of the departed dissolve into the aether, the scraps of sentience fading away can be drawn into the physical world as Seishin. Swirling and howling, they are torn from what should have been finality to serve one, last purpose. These spirits often appear as small dragons, though this may be because they are most often called on by Kirai, who prefers that form. They are not able to function as fully independent entities, being too limited in both intelligence and spiritual power.

They can, however, be used as simple messengers and scouts, returning to their master when threatened, or having completed their assigned task. They are also used as sacrificial tools in various rituals. Seishin live brief, servile existences before boiling away into the aether again, their inglorious ends often coming at the hands of their own master.

STAT CARDS • EFFIGY, PUPPET



CARRION EFFIGY								
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	Stat	Rst	TN				
ENTROPIC SIPHON 68" 4 Df - 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. X 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).								
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	Rst	TN				
STITCH UP Undead only. Target Heals	2″ s 1/2/3.	5	-	10				
Until the End Phase, enem Heal or reduce damage wi			inge car	nnot				
3	Омм		and the					

Carrion Effigy

Life and death always exist in a delicate balance, flowing endlessly from one to the other in an endless cycle. Carrion sees this flux everywhere, and maintains it with gentle pressure where needed.

Humans have severely disrupted the balance, first with their use of magics and then with the falling of the Red Cage. Now, the fulcrum shifts wildly from one moment to the next, causing things to exist in both life and death at the same time. The balance will be restored, if Carrion must work forever. Even if it must use the Resurrectionists to help.

The humans try so hard to deny death, defying it at every turn. Each one going about its petty little life like it will never end. But Carrion can always see the end, always sense the encroaching chaos and decay that must swallow all things.

Carrion strips away the petty illusions the humans use to get through their short lives, showing them the balance as it was meant to be...
EMISSARY OF FATE • STAT CARDS

CARRION EMISSARY

So the great man's machinations have torn themselves apart, as the Swamp Hag knew they would, and the catastrophe that this failure threatened to visit upon Malifaux has been narrowly avoided. The land still sits beneath its sun and moons, and the days and nights turn, and the people move on anew. But the end was never truly averted. The dark is still waiting. The Carrion Emissary knows this truth, carries it reverently like a funerary urn. Death is patient.

It waits ahead for life to catch up to it, all unknowing of what it races toward. The Carrion Emissary tells this truth to those prepared to hear it.

And the Grave Spirit is moving again. Averting the disaster simply means Malifaux has been preserved for the power beneath Kythera to prey on it anew. The Carrion Emissary prophecies this truth, and perhaps soon someone will understand it.



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.

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.

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

THE FLESH CRAWLS: Friendly Undead models that start their Activation within 06 gain +1 Mv until the end of their Activation.

> <u>n 0 8 4 8 6 0 8 0 m</u> CO HEALTH OND

Course -				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BEAK Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. X <i>Infect</i> : Models damaged Poison +1 for each X in t (to a maximum of Poison	l by this his Act	6X s Action ion's fina	gain	- total
ROT AND REND Target suffers 3/32/42 dama this Action gain Injured +1. <i>My Loyal Servant:</i> An this model) within 3" oft × Infect: Models damaged Poison +1 for each X in t (to a maximum of Poison × Zombify: Living only. A not Drop any Markers. So into base contact with the	other n he targ l by this his Act n +2). after kil ummon	nodel (o et Heals s Action ion's fin: ling, the a Mind	ther tha 1/2/3. gain al duel target	in total does
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
	6″	6X	-	14
Create two 50mm Ht 2, Block Impassable Coffin Markers ar base contact with each other. X Unexpected Zombie: 3 into base contact with a 1 Action, then remove that	nywher Summo Marker	e within on a Min Created	range, dless Zo	ombie
• AURA OF DECAY Until the End Phase, enemy n Heal or reduce damage with S			- ange car	10 nnot
50M	M			

CARRION EMISSARY

STAT CARDS • HORSEMAN

Dead Rider

Where the Dead Rider came from is a mystery. It seems likely that someone created it, but as none of the Resurrectionists encountered by the Guild thus far have the necessary skill for such a feat, it must be a product of Old Malifaux. This terrifying being attacks convoys, slaughtering anyone too slow to escape with an ancient looking scythe. The Guild knows it only attacks Soulstone transports, beginning with an attack on the guards before cutting through to the cargo and making its escape. Often it takes several bodies too, snatching them up with the scythe blade to sling them across its saddle.

While the Guild's response has been to send more guards, this has had limited effect; it only results in more deaths, which seems to invigorate the Rider. He still claims his prize every time, taking more bodies in exchange for the fiercer resistance. What exactly the Rider does with the Soulstones is uncertain, but the bones seem to be used to repair the Rider after each battle.



UNIMPEDED: This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain. **HARD TO WOUND:** Damage flips against this model suffer a \square .

RUTHLESS: This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

CHASING FATE (X): During the Start Phase, this model gains Fate Tokens equal to the current Turn number. When declaring Triggers, this model may discard any number of Fate Tokens to gain + X to its final duel total for each discarded Token.

DF (X) FORGED IN DEATH: When resolving, reduce the damage this model suffers by 1 for each X in its final duel total.



DEAD RIDER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SCYTHE	// 2″	6	Df	-
Target suffers 3/4/5 damage				
X Reap: Push this model	up to 2"	in any d	irectio	n for
each X in its final duel t	otal. Th	en, Place	the tar	get
into base contact with th				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	Rst	TN
REVEL IN DEATH	(1)6″	6	-	12X
Enemy models within range	suffer 1	damage a	and gai	n
Injured +1.		U	U	
YYY Stinning Southo:				

XXX *Spinning Scythe:* Take a *M* Action targeting a model within 6" and LoS.

XXXX **The Dead Hate the Living:** Summon a Mindless Zombie into base contact with any number of Corpse Marker within range, then remove those Corpse Markers. Each Mindless Zombie Summoned in this way may then Activate immediately after this model's Activation ends, one at a time.

XXXXX **Soulfire:** When resolving, increase the damage of this Action to 2/3/4, ignoring **Hard to Kill**. Add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool for each enemy model killed by this Action.

RIDE WITH ME 2" 6 - 12 This model may target another friendly model of lower Sz. Push this model up to 5" in any direction. Then, if this Action targeted another friendly model, Place the friendly model into base contact with this model.

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CROSSROADS • STAT CARDS



MANIPULATIVE: If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a to their duel.

RESONANCE: At the start of this model's Activation, if there is another friendly Crossroads model within **0**6, this model gains **Focused +1**.

HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a \square .

CONSUMED BY SLOTH: When an enemy model within **0**6 would Heal, this model may discard a Sin Token from the enemy model to instead allow a friendly model within **0**6 to Heal the same amount.

DRAWING THIS OUT: After an enemy model within @6 Heals, it gains a Sin Token.

-0-0-0-0-0-0-0 -0-00 HEALTH 00-0-0

SLOTH

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BORED TO DEATH Target suffers 2/3/4 damag <i>Lie Down and Nap:</i> gains Shielded +3 and X Maim: Target discard	<i>Discard</i> ends its <i>P</i>	ns Slow a card.	This mo	- odel
RICOR MORTIS Target gains Slow. If the tar model, it instead gains Fast X <i>Sin Spiral</i> : Target gai model Heals 1.				10
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	Rst	TN
DESTRUCTIVE PERFORMAN Once per Activation. Enem one or more Sin Tokens mu and suffer 3 damage. If the Beat Goes On: If friendly Crossroads mo take the Destructive P	y models st each di D <i>iscard a</i> del in thi	within r iscard a s <i>a card</i> . A s model?	Sin Tok nother s LoS m	en
* RESTING IN THE BLUES Other friendly model only."	10″ Farget gai	ins Slow	and He	eals 3.

ЗОММ

SLOTH

Despite the frenzy that night, there was only one body in the ruins of the Crossroads Hotel come sunup. He had stood listlessly on the stage with the rest of them, carried his part of the tune, and hung his head as the man and woman all in red and black parted the crowd and danced in the center of the floor.

He's pretty sure they said things to him, but he didn't bother to listen. Wasn't much he bothered with any more. He was long past seeing the point. At midnight, when the madness ignited, he just lay where he'd been knocked sprawling, closed his tired eyes, and waited for the end.

> Joke was on him, of course. Fortune was fickle. His body might be cold and his breath stopped, but his fingers are still nimble on the strings. A deal's a deal, and the song ain't over yet.

STAT CARDS

Grave Golem

The Grave Golem is quite unlike the Golems used by other elementalists. The spirit imbuing a Grave Golem is created from the decay saturating the soil of a cemetery, transforming a mound of coffins, soil, sod, and tombstones into a walking graveyard.

Grave Golems suffer from a constant sense of hunger, one that necromancers can direct at their enemies as easily as a mindless zombie. With a body composed of dense earth and stone, the Grave Golem can smash down even the hardiest opponent, but the true power of a Grave Golem is their endurance. While other Golems can be smashed into uselessness, Grave Golems are only temporarily dismantled; as long as there is enough decay and material in the surrounding area, the Grave Golem can rebuild itself and continue to fight. When the battle is over, the Grave Golem then gorges itself on corpses, momentarily granting itself a sense of peace that spreads to its allies. But it won't belong before the hunger returns, and the Grave Golem rises to seek fresh bodies...



REGENERATION +2: At the start of this model's Activation, it Heals +2.

HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a []. DEMISE (IMMORTAL SOIL): After this model is killed, it

Heals 4 and is Buried.

UNEARTH: At the start of this model's Activation, if it is Buried, Unbury it into base contact with a Corpse Marker, then remove that Marker. If this model cannot be Unburied in this way, it is killed.

<u>n 0 8 4 8 0 0 8 0 m</u>

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GRAVE GOLEM

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
HUGE FIST	/// 1″	6	Df	-
Target suffers 3/4/6 damage.				

Knock Aside: Push the target 4" in any direction.
 Zombify: Living only. After killing, the target does not Drop any Markers. Summon a Mindless Zombie into base contact with the target.

 HURL CORPSE
 8" 5
 Df

 Choose a Corpse Marker within 2" and Place it into base contact with the target. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

 × Clinging Dead: Remove up to two Corpse Markers within (1)2 of the target. When resolving, target gains Staggered and suffers +1 damage for each removed Corpse Marker.

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
× FINAL REST	(1)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.





STAT CARDS

Asura Roten

Lured to Malifaux by rumors of necromancy, Asura Roten had hoped to use that dark power to return her husband and children to life. By the time she had learned enough to do so, however, she no longer had any wish to condemn her family to undeath. But her motherly instincts were still intact, and she began protecting the desperate people she encountered in the Quarantine Zone until finally they had grown large enough to form the community of Rottenburg.

Her zombies worked alongside the people she protected, guarding them, hauling supplies, and patrolling the streets. Unlike most necromancers, Asura treats the dead with respect, which often places her at odds with her fellow Resurrectionists.



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.

THE FINAL VEIL: After another model is killed within ()6, this model Heals 1.

NECROMANTIC FONT: When hiring, this model is treated as having the Zombie Keyword.

> n 2 3 4 5 6 7 3 ഹാര HEALTH താറ

ASURA ROTEN

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
ATTACK ACTIONS TEAR APART Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. <i>Puncture</i> : When resolv flip receives a for each (to a maximum of for). X Zombify: Living only. A not Drop any Markers. Su into base contact with the DECAY Target suffers 22/22/32 dam	// 1" ing, thi for the fter kill immore target 8"	5 1 is Action he final d lling, the h a Mind :. 6	Df i's dama uel tota target o less Zor Df	- lge ld does mbie
<pre>this Action gain Injured +1.</pre>	olving, naged l	friendly	Undea ction ir	d istead
ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE Summon a Mindless Zombie i model. ■ Come to Me: When ress model into base contact w of this model. ▼ Swift Action: Take this	olving, vith an	Place th y table e	e Sumr	noned
Re-ANIMATE This Action ignores range. Fr target of this Action is a Mina receives +X to its duel. Target	lless Zo	ombie, th	is Actio	

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STAT CARDS • MORTUARY

Mortimer

"A job's a job," Mortimer likes to say. Despite this, Mortimer can proudly say he's never worked an honest day in his life. Thief, vandal, graverobber... life on the bottom wasn't exactly glamorous, but as long as there was a fistful of coin in it for him, ol' dependable Mortimer would never turn down a gig. And there were plenty of them in Malifaux City.

It was there where Mortimer met Nicodem, who likely would have added the graverobber to the rank and file of undead if Mortimer hadn't proven his ability to keep his mouth shut. With everyone focused on Nicodem and his death-dealing, no one noticed Mortimer using his job to pilfer goods off the dead.

Too bad Nicodem had to go and get himself killed. But that's okay. Mortimer could sense a change in the wind, and now he's moving on to bigger, flashier things...



REGENERATION +1: At the start of this model's Activation, it Heals +1.

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. CHATTY: Enemy models within **0**6 must each discard a card to take the **Interact** Action.

NECROMANTIC FONT: When hiring, this model is treated as having the Zombie Keyword.

MORTIMER	

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SHOVEL Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. ♥ Knock Aside: Push the X Dismember: Enemy Like only. Drop a Corpse Mark the target.	target ving, L	Indead,	or Beas	t
DECAY Target suffers 2€/2€/3€ dam this Action gain Injured +1.	8″ nage. N	6 Iodels da	Df amaged	- by
FRESH MEAT Friendly Undead models with up to 3" toward the target.	other r irget H w.	nodel (o eals 1/2	ther tha /3.	an this
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
➤ GRAVE ROBBER Drop a Corpse Marker anywh × Unexpected Zombie: S into base contact with a M Action, then remove that	Summo Aarker	on a Min Created	dless Zo	
30м	м			

STAT CARDS

BONE PILE

In the summer of 1906, the Resurrectionist Nicodem raised a horde of zombies and marched on the Guild Enclave. He was defeated, however, and nearly all of his zombies were destroyed by the Death Marshals. In the wake of his attack, corpses became scarce, and the other Resurrectionists were forced to open up older tombs and crypts to find new minions.

Barring ancient curses, skeletons had been considered too difficult to animate, at least until one enterprising necromancer stumbled upon the secret of creating Bone Piles. Rather than animate the skeleton, the necromancer summoned a spirit and bound them to the mouldering bones. As a result, Bone Piles tend to have a jumbled appearance, but they make up for it by being able to shuffle their bones around into whatever arrangement best suits their current task.



remove a Corpse Marker within **1**2 to Heal 2. **HARD TO WOUND:** Damage flips against this model suffer a \square .

NUMBSKULL: This model cannot gain Conditions.

UNEARTH: At the start of this model's Activation, if it is Buried, Unbury it into base contact with a Corpse Marker, then remove that Marker. If this model cannot be Unburied in this way, it is killed.

RUTHLESS: This model ignores the Terrifying and Manipulative Abilities of other models.

> 0-2-0-0-0-0-0-0 -0:00 HEALTH 00:00

BONE PILE

ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN Df SHAPP CLAWS /// 1 Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ₩ Rake the Eyes: Choose a suit. The target must reveal the top three cards of its Fate Deck and discard any of the chosen suit. Place the rest back on top of the deck in any order. X Pick the Bones: After killing, this model may take the Interact Action after resolving the current Action. **~**10″ 6 BONE JAVELIN Df Target suffers 2/3/4 damage, then this model suffers 1 irreducible damage. P Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each 🖗 in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). X Dismember: Enemy Living, Undead, or Beast only. Drop a Corpse Marker into base contact with the target. TACTICAL ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN THE ENEMY DOWN BELOW If this model did not Unbury this Turn, Bury it. THROW 'EM A BONE 4″ This Action cannot be taken while engaged. This model suffers 1 irreducible damage. Other friendly model only. Target may end one Condition on itself or Heal 1/2/3. ЗОмм

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STAT CARDS • MORTUARY

Gravedigger

Whether in Malifaux or back on Earth, death is a constant companion to life. The people of the Three Kingdoms prefer cremations and aboveground shrines to burials, but in the western world, tossing the corpses of the dead into a hole in the ground is still seen as the "appropriate" way to deal with them.

The question regarding who does the tossing generally falls upon the Gravediggers. Just about anyone with a shovel and a wheelbarrow can become a Gravedigger, and the profession attracts would-be Resurrectionists for obvious reasons. Even those with no necromantic aspirations of their own can make a good profit on the side by selling the corpses of the dead to their fellow Resurrectionists. Delivery, of course, costs extra.





CORPSE COLLECTOR: After a Corpse Marker is Dropped within **0**6, this model may Push 4" toward it. RECENT FUNERAL: After deployment, Drop a Corpse Marker anywhere within this Crew's Deployment Zone. FIELD OF CORPSES: At the end of the game, all Corpse Markers within **0**6 are treated as friendly Scheme Markers. If a Corpse Marker counts as a friendly Scheme Marker for both players, it does not count as a friendly Scheme Marker for anyone.

> 1 2 3 0 5 5 5 .000 HEALTH 000

> > GRAVEDIGGER

TORON CONTRACTOR	1110/10/20	997755		Tank!
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SHOVEL Target suffers 2/3/5 damage	/// 1″	5	Df	-
♥ Accidental Roll Over direction, ignoring any r model moved through th gain Poison +1.	nodels. nis way s	Models t suffers 1	hat this damage	and
X Dismember: Enemy Li Drop a Corpse Marker in target.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	Rst	TN
STITCH UP Undead only. Target Heals 1, ■ Preparations: Target	/2/3.	5 ocused -	- -1.	10
* GRAVE ROBBER Drop a Corpse Marker anyw	2″ here wi	8 thin ranş	- ge.	12
 BLASPHEMOUS RITUAL Remove target Corpse Mark (1)3 of this model gain Focus 		- ndly moo	- lels wit	- hin

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ZOMBIE • STAT CARDS

MINDLESS ZOMBIE

Not every undead is reanimated by necromantic ritual. Some are unable to rest after death due to circumstances left unresolved. Other undead are cursed to walk the land for eternity, passing their curse on to their victims.

These wandering undead are mindless creatures, shambling from victim to victim. With each killing, their ranks swell, the curse passed on to the victim who rises from death to join its unending torture. Once a zombie plague has begun, it is very hard to put down and must be burned out.

Only the most talented or deranged mind would attempt to control these mindless creatures, but some do. They are easily summoned, and for a time can be controlled by sheer willpower. The stronger the talent the longer this time tends to last. But eventually, in the pursuit of power, a misstep occurs.



MINDLESS ZOMBIE

- WARE				and the
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	Stat	RST	TN
CNASHING BITE Target suffers 1/1/3 damage. X Infect: Models damage Poison 1 for each X in (to a maximum of Poiso X Zombify: Living only not Drop any Markers. S into base contact with th	d by thi this Act n +2). After ki Summor	ion's fina lling, the n a Mind	gain al duel to target d	loes
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
* "BRAAAIIIINNSSS"	8″	_	_	_
301	мм	-		



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)



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This model gains the following Abilities: LOOT THEIR CORPSE: At the end of this model's Activation, it may remove a Corpse Marker within **Q**2 to add one Soulstone to its Crew's Soulstone Pool.

RUTHLESS: This model ignores the **Terrifying** and Manipulative Abilities of other models.

If this model is a Minion, it gains the following

Ability:

DEADLY PURSUIT: During the End Phase, this model may Push up to 4".



This model gains the following Ability: N **REGENERATION +2:** At the start of this model's Activation, it Heals +2. <u>Grave Spirit's Touch</u> This model gains the following Action: TACTICAL ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN 3″ **BLASPHEMOUS** RITUAL Remove target Corpse Marker. Friendly models within (1)3 of this model gain Focused +1. 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)

This model gains the following Abilities:

N

THE WHISPER

INTUITION: At the start of this model's Activation, it may look at the top three cards of its Fate Deck and then return them in any order.

RESEARCH SPECIMENS: After this model kills an enemy model, this model may draw a card.

If this model is a Minion, it gains the following Ability:

STUBBORN: Enemy Attack Actions that are resisted by $\mathbf{W}\mathbf{p}$ suffer a \Box when targeting this model.





LIMITATIONS

Special (Ascendant)

After Attaching this Upgrade, this model may $oldsymbol{\Theta}$ take the The Darkest Magics Action. This model gains the following Abilities: <u>Blodd Ascendant</u> 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. GUNFIGHTER: This model may treat any of its Actions as having a range of # 1". LIMITATIONS Special (Ascendant) After Attaching this Upgrade, this model and every friendly model with an Attached Reliquary Upgrade Heals X, where X is equal FLESH ASCENDANT to the number of Ascendant Upgrades Attached to this model. This model gains the following Abilities: **REGENERATION +2:** At the start of this model's Activation, it Heals +2. ETERNAL WARRIORS: This model's Instill Youth Action can target friendly models with Attached Reliquary Upgrades regardless of LoS. This model gains the following Action: TACTICAL ACTIONS RG ST RST TN Discard a card. This model Heals 1/2/4.

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LIMITATIONS

Special (Ascendant)

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Forbidden Knowledge

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After Attaching this Upgrade, this model and every friendly model with an Attached Reliquary Upgrade may Place itself within X" of its current location, where X is equal to the number of Ascendant Upgrades Attached to this model. This model gains the following Ability: **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.

> LIMITATIONS Special (Ascendant)

This model gains the following Abilities: TORMENTED: This model has the Tormented Keyword.

PSYCHOTIC BREAK: At the end of this model's Activation, the opposing player may Push this model up to 3" in any direction. Then, this model must discard a card.

CURSE OF THE HANGED MAN: At the start of this model's Activation, it may discard a card and suffer 2 irreducible damage to discard this Upgrade.

> LIMITATIONS Special (Cursed, Forbidden) Plentiful (3)

If Jack Daw is this Crew's Leader, increase this Upgrade's Plentiful Limitation to Plentiful (5).

This model gains the following Abilities:

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New Student

TORMENTED: This model has the Tormented Keyword.

HEAVY WITH GUILT: During the Start Phase, this model gains Staggered.



If Prof. Von Schtook is this Crew's Leader, increase this Upgrade's **Plentiful** Limitation to Plentiful (5).

After Attaching this Upgrade, this model gains **Slow**. Then, if there is not a friendly Prof. Von Schtook model within $\mathbf{0}$ 6, this model suffers 2 irreducible damage.

> LIMITATIONS Special (Summon, Enrollment) Plentiful (2)

MALIFAUX THIRD EDITION • RESURRECTIONISTS

If Prof. Von Schtook is this Crew's Leader, increase this Upgrade's Plentiful Limitation to Plentiful (5).

This model gains the following Ability:

RECRUITMENT EFFORT: After this model kills an enemy model, it may discard this Upgrade to Summon a Transmortis Minion with Cost less than or equal to the enemy's Cost into base contact with the enemy model. Attach an Enrollment Upgrade to the Summoned model. The enemy model does not Drop any Markers when killed.









If Kirai Ankoku is this Crew's Leader, increase this Upgrade's Plentiful Limitation to Plentiful (5).

After Attaching this Upgrade, this model gains Slow.

This model gains the following Abilities:

THE PRICE OF HATRED: At the start of this model's Activation, a friendly Kirai Ankoku suffers 1 irreducible damage.

DESPERATE GRUDGE: This model adds + X to the final duel totals of its *///* Actions.



This model gains the following Ability: ADAPTIVE: At the start of this model's Activation, choose a suit. This model adds the **A PALE HUNGER** chosen suit to its duel totals until the end of its Activation.

0

LIMITATIONS Special (Soul Hunter) 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** for all of that fun stuff.

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Driven by the whisper of something beyond mortal comprehension, the Resurrectionists are a loose collection of necromancers, crypt keepers, and mad scientists. Their dark ambitions and mutual hatred for those who don't understand them are the stitches that keep them together. While their paths often cross when searching for a corpse in the nearest graveyard, these Resurrectionists are just as willing to create an undead subject from a living source instead, voluntarily or otherwise.



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