



BAYOU

MALIFAUx

THIRD EDITION



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THE BAYOU



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CREDITS

CREATIVE DIRECTION

Nathan Caroland & Eric Johns

PRODUCER

Kelly Brumley

DESIGN

Matt Carter, Mason Crawford, & Kyle Rowan

ADDITIONAL DESIGN

Aaron Darland

WRITING

Andrew Bud Adams, Graeme Stevenson, & Joe Zieja

ADDITIONAL WRITING

Tim Akers, Kyle Rowan, & Mike Wallace

EDITING

Tim Akers, Kayli Ammen, & Kyle Rowan

GRAPHIC DESIGN & LAYOUT

John Cason

ART

Aleksandar Aleksandrov, Stefane Enjorlas, Hardy Fowler,
Sarah Lindstrom, Cristophe Madaru, Alyssa Menold,
Thomas Vergot, & Iwo Widuliński

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE BAYOU	4
THE ANTI-KYTHERA MECHA MISSED 'EM	6
THUNDER FUEL, GREMLIN FIRE	26
THE SLAUGHTER AT STONE HILL	44
STAT CARDS	66
UPGRADE CARDS	152
KEYWORD INDEX	156

ALPHABETICAL MODEL LIST

Akaname.....	127	LaCroix Raider	97	Skeeter	68
Alphonse LeBlanc	141	Lenny Jones.....	69	Slop Hauler	107
Apprentice Wesley	120	Lightning Bug.....	146	Som'er Teeth Jones	66
Banjonista	74	The Little Lass.....	130	The Sow	104
Bayou Gator	116	Lucky Effigy.....	148	Sparks LeBlanc	132
Bayou Gremlin.....	76	Lucky Emissary	149	Spawn Mother.....	114
Bayou Smuggler.....	85	Mah Tucket.....	128	Spit Hog	73
Big Brain Brin	131	Mancha Roja.....	81	Squealer.....	108
The Brewmaster	118	McTavish.....	113	Stuffed Piglet	147
Burt Jebson.....	83	Mechanized Porkchop.....	151	Survivor	136
Bushwhacker	135	Merris LaCroix	95	Swine-Cursed	144
Cooper Jones	124	Moon Shinobi.....	125	Taxidermist	142
Earl Burns.....	80	Old Cranky	75	Test Subject.....	137
Fingers Leong.....	122	Old Major	101	Trixie Belle.....	134
The First Mate	82	Olivia Bernard	140	Ulix Turner	98
Flying Piglet	87	Ophelia LaCroix.....	88	Voodoo Doll.....	112
Francois LaCroix	91	Penelope.....	100	War Pig	102
Gautraeux Bokor	145	Pere Ravage	93	Whiskey Gamin	126
Georgy and Olaf.....	70	Pigapult	143	Whiskey Golem.....	121
Gluttony	150	Piglet	109	Wild Boar	105
Good Ol' Boy.....	71	Popcorn Turner	123	Wong.....	138
Gracie.....	103	Rami LaCroix	96	Wrastler	86
Gremlin Crier.....	72	Raphael LaCroix.....	92	Young LaCroix.....	90
Gupps.....	117	Rooster Rider	133	Captain Zipp.....	78
Hog Whisperer	106	Sammy LaCroix	94	Zoraida	110
Iron Skeeter	84	Silurid	115		



THE BAYOU



R*ootin', tootin', swamp pollutin', gun-shootin', moonshine bootin', Silurid recruitin', good-for-nootin' but havin' a good time Gremlins.* The Bayou is the home to creatures of varying types and sizes, ranging from the slippery marsh carp to the stinkiest of skunk apes, but the one that causes the most mayhem is the Gremlin. To an outsider, these imitators of southern hospitality and human ingenuity seem to not have any singular motivations beyond creating the most havoc, but the backwater of the Bayou is as much a sanctuary of secrets as it is a bastion for the strange.

Spreading like creeping vines from the edge of Malifaux City to the unexplored stretches of ocean, the Bayou is an expansive swamp that acts as more than just a home to its inhabitants. From its lazy willows to impenetrable fogs, its mosquito swarms to mangroves, and its murky depths to miles of uncharted land, the swamp is a natural fortress that defends those who are willing to protect it.

The heart of the Bayou is connected by sleepy creeks, and if they are the veins of the swamp, then the Blackrill River is the aorta, as it runs all the way from the Ten Peaks to the marsh's core. Regardless

of where the water flows or rises, the Gremlins have built a collection of ramshackle homes and villages atop the muck. These shacks, treehouses, and reclaimed boats are loosely strung together by wooden planks, rope, and fishing line; all materials supplied by the humans who left them behind or from the few smugglers willing to trade with the rambunctious bunch.

Whoever said that mimicry is the sincerest form of flattery had never interacted with a Gremlin. While you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, nearly every aspect the Gremlins' society can be

traced back to human tomfoolery, but through the warped lens of a whiskey bottle. Thanks to strong alcohol, explosive firearms, and four-stringed banjos, the Gremlins have developed a fascinating and frightening caricature culture that'll bless your heart just before they blow it up.

While blunderbusses and dynamite are their preferred methods for hunting, and moonshine is their beverage of choice, the one thing Gremlins covet most is clothing. Hats hold a particular importance, as a large trilby or topper denotes a position of power, but a small hat is worth as much as a hill of beans. And while material possessions are important to the Gremlin hierarchy, letting loose during weeklong bashes are likely the only reason why the Bayou hasn't yet been burned to the ground – as much as they've tried.

Another acquired habit that came to prominence was the family name. The Joneses, led by Som'er "Teeth" Jones, are the biggest bullies of the Bayou, treated by their kin with admiration, envy, and fear. The Tuckets are the most at odds with the Joneses; Mah Tucket is more cunning than her crooked counterpart, but no less willing to be an annoyance to surrounding settlements. The La-Croix, who patrol the rim of the Red Cage, are masters of makeshift weaponry thanks to the few Guild patrols that have wandered this far south. But those families are just three pigs in a pig pen. You can't forget the Turners, the LeBlancs, the Benois, the Brackenridges, the Gautreaux, the Fishbockers, the Cruickshanks, the Tongs, the Leongs, the Nuema...

While these small, green-skinned copycats might be armed to the teeth the minute they're born, being a Gremlin in the Bayou is still risky business; the creatures that dwell in the swamp are arguably more dangerous than any bushwhacker or banjonista. Silurids are something between a frog and a wolverine, and would be at the top of the swamp's food chain were it not for humanity's interference. Other parts of the Bayou are riddled with grotesque Grootslangs, ravenous roosters, bloodthirsty Skeeters, and gargantuan gators, but no other creature is as vital (and terrifying) as the pig. Not only will they eat just about anything or

anyone, they're meaner than molasses and can charge tusk first at an alarming speed. Luckily, hogs – wild or otherwise – are rarely found wandering outside shallow areas and farms.

Further into the marsh, beyond the path of frogs and beneath a starless sky, is the dilapidated hut of the Swamp Hag, Zoraida. Once human, she is now a seer of Fate and something else entirely. Zoraida is sought out by the desperate and naïve, to solve simple problems in their lives without considering the cost. She reaches into a well of primordial power with unknowable depths, but she has never gifted anyone with a worthwhile reward – not without taking something vastly more valuable first. Despite her reasoning and ambitions being as clouded as the water beneath her home, Zoraida is worshiped by those around her and feared by those who are not. Even the Tyrants know her name.

Despite being willing to speak to the Swamp Hag, there are some places where many Gremlins refuse to go. The Red Cage, both the moniker for a Tyrant's prison and its craterous aftermath after it came crashing down from the skies, is a hellscape that now pours the mechanical and undead abominations out from the pit of the world. The near-constant rain and flooding keeps the Red Cage from draining the swamp, but its effects upon the ecosystem are nevertheless felt in the region. During the dry season, remnants of ancient structures from a time long forgotten jut out from the clinging marshes. Buried beneath the layers of lilies and algae, below the still and stagnant water, and within ages of sediment is a twisting, labyrinthine sister city, and with it, the many secrets it keeps.

The Bayou, both as a swamp and as a society, is often ignored by the rest of Malifaux, and only the Guild has given them any semblance of attention with cheap bounties for their heads. But while the other Factions are splintering from within, the families in the Bayou are beginning to work together – which is a truly terrifying thought. Raiding small, human settlements isn't nearly as satisfying as it once was; there are much bigger prizes to be sought out. Gremlins are just about ready to show the rest of Malifaux what it means to have a good time.



THE ANTI-KYTHERA MECHA MISSED 'EM



by
Joe Zieja

Som'er Teeth Jones sat back in his big, creaky chair and reconsidered many of the choices he'd made in his time in the Bayou. There were moments where, perhaps, he could have been a little more ruthless, grabbed a little more treasure, or stabbed a few more backs. So many missed opportunities for crippling the other Gremlin families flashed in his memory, times when he could have put Mah Tucket out of business forever. Som'er was proud, tough, and still confident that he'd end up the indisputable top Gremlin in the Bayou, but he had no doubt that he'd made some mistakes along the way.

Right now, he felt like he was looking at one of those mistakes. His son, Lenny, sat at the end of a long table built almost exclusively from Frostrun driftwood, *still* holding a pig under one arm. The pig, to its credit, seemed to have gotten used to it. Either that or it realized that while it was under Lenny's arm, it was *not* dinner.

"Can we please get this meetin' over wit'?" Mah Tucket said, leaning back in her chair and waving her spoon around. "I gots 'portant things to do."

"It ain't a meetin'," Lenny said, his voice low and slow. He looked like he was trying to lock eyes with Mah for effect but couldn't remember where the voice had come from. "We's already met."

Lenny nodded along as he spoke as if to give himself the encouragement to get the next word out. Som'er knew he was slow, but before he'd been "promoted"

to Gremlin-General, at least he'd kept relatively quiet. Now, with a sense of authority and an enormous hat, he tended to add the occasional airheaded thought about what he thought the Gremlins should and shouldn't do. The power had clearly gone to his head.

"Oh shuddup, boy," Som'er said.

Lenny looked at Som'er and bowed his head a little, allowing Som'er to see the top of his hat. The hat, which signified his status, was actually just a smidge larger than Som'er's. Lenny had taken steps to make it bigger by using tree sap to stick on whatever he could find. Feathers, leaves, even the half-decayed carcass of what Som'er thought might have either been a skunk or a very dirty rabbit. Som'er often told him it looked ridiculous, but he was actually a little impressed. It *was* a big hat.

"Anyway, Mah, what're you in a hurryfor? Im-portant things? Pah! You gots nothin' to do at all." Som'er spit a wad of phlegm in Mah's general direction.

"I think, uh, that all Gremlins should 'im pork and things."

The pig under Lenny's arm gave a little snort. Everyone ignored him. The other Gremlin family leadership in the room, Ophelia, Zipp, the Brewmaster, and Ezekiel Gautraeux, stayed relatively quiet, more interested in eyeing up their opposition than whatever Lenny was saying.

"Aw, whadda you know?" Mah said to Som'er, clacking her spoon on the table. The many Gremlins whose minds had wandered snapped to alertness, causing several to fall off their chairs. "I got plans for days up 'n here." She gestured at her head. "More'n you's got in that empty balloon o' yours."

Elbowing Trixiebelles, who was chuckling next to her, Mah gestured at her own head. "Why, wit' such a small hat weighing down that big ol' head o' yours, I figured it might as well just float on off!"

The Tuckets howled with laughter. Som'er's pistol was in his hand.

"Oh yeah? What you knows about plannin'? You can't plan a lunch." Som'er said.

"I can plan the fanciest, tastiest lunch you's ever seen, balloon head," Mah said, standing up. Her chair fell to the ground behind her, and she held her spoon high above her head as though she would use it to split the ground underneath them.

"Oh, ain't that fresh," Som'er said. "Next thing you'll be tellin' me is that you're gonna go raid Hollow Point." Som'er laughed, slapping his knee.

Mah looked at him, dead serious. "As a matter o' fact, I's gonna."

The room fell silent.

"Say what, now?" Som'er asked.

"You gon' do what in where?" Trixiebelles asked, receiving a sharp elbow from Mah.

"C'mon now, Trixiebelles," Mah said through clenched teeth. "You knows all about that there secret plan to steal all that stuff at the Hollow Points."

"Stuff?" Som'er said.

"Stuff?" echoed nearly every Gremlin in the room.

"Gadgets 'n stuff," Mah confirmed with a nod. "They's got it all, I heard from a con-fee-den-tial source that they's got some real nice goodies, ripe for the takin'." She leaned close into the table. "Y'all heard of the Leviathan?"



THE ANTI-KYTHERA MECHA MISSED 'EM

"Leviathan," Ezekiel shuddered. "The bane of Kythera. Powerful technology."

Everyone had heard of the Leviathan.

"They gots it there in that Hollow Point," Mah said, "and I's gots a plan to steal it."

The entire Gautraeux family recoiled as though someone had slapped them in their collective face. Some of them leaned forward hungrily, their faces hot with anger. Som'er didn't get what all the bokors were upset about, but he was too busy thinking fast to bother asking them.

"Oh, I sees," Som'er said, standing up. He started to walk around the room, trying to look tough. "So I guess y'all had some spies minglin' around our territory, dint'cha?"

"What sort of stupid're yous talkin' now, Som'er?" Mah asked.

"How else would y'all've heard 'bout our plan to steal the Leviathan? We been workin' on that forever, and we was just 'bout to put it into action."

"Oh shush yer stupid face," Mah said, baring her teeth. "You ain't got no plan."

"We do gots a plan," Som'er said, baring his own. "And I bet it's a sight better 'n yours."

"It ain't!" Mah shouted.

"It is!" Som'er shouted.

"Ain't!"

"Is!"

Mah huffed, breathing hard. "Well, if you's so smart, and I'm so smart, why ain't we workin' together?"

Mah looked extremely surprised that those words had just come out of her mouth. Som'er tried to hide his own shock. Had Mah Tucket really just suggested that they *team up*?

"What?" Som'er said.

"Yeah," Mah said, looking rapidly to the side and back again at Som'er. What hesitation had been in her face a moment before was now gone. She grinned wolfishly. "Yeah, that's right. We'll do it team-like. A couple of pals. Brothers 'n sisters in Gremlinhood, fightin' for the better o' Gremlinkind. We'll both go 'n steal that there Leviathan."

"I don't think this is a good idea," Lenny said.

"Oh shuddup already and preside o'er the meeting, *Gremlin-General*," Som'er said.

"It's not a meetin', pa. I already knows you!"

"As it happens," Som'er said, ignoring his idiot son, "I hads the *very same* idea." He grinned back at Mah, showing as many of his teeth as he could in single facial expression. "I'm thinkin' that sounds like a *marvelous* plan, Mah Tucket. I din't know you was so smart."

"That's 'cuz you don't open your ears none, balloon-head. Why don't we go our separate ways, muster our forces all official-like, and go get us some Union goodies?"

Mah held out a hand to Som'er, who looked at it like one might look at a coiled Razorspine Rattler. Som'er had a feeling deep in his belly, and he wasn't quite sure what to do with it. He wasn't scared of anything, so it wasn't fear, but maybe it was just a little bit of hesitation.

Som'er shook. "All right, Mah. Let's see who can be stealin' the most stuff."

"This meetin' is over," Mah said as she stepped away from the table. The rest of the Tuckets got up with her. "It's lookin' forward to our new partnership, Som'er Teeth Jones."

"Does anyone wanna pet my pig?" Lenny shouted as everyone ran out of the room to plan, leaving the Gremlin-General alone.



Mah Tucket did not have plans to raid Hollow Point.

"But Mah," Trixiebellesaid. "I thought you said—"

"I knows what I said, girl!" Mah said, whapping her on the butt with her spoon. The sound crackled, and Trixiebelles howled in pain.

"Wouldn't hurt so much if them shorts weren't so damn tight," Mah said. Trixiebelles stuck her tongue out at her, but Mah was too busy planning to notice. She paced around her house, kicking various items out of the way as she went. Mah liked plotting and conniving, but she preferred to know what she was

doing first. All this improvisation bunk was for the birds.

Several other Tucket Gremlins lounged against the walls, some of them napping, others drinking. None of them would be of any use to Mah now, but she never really expected them to be of any use except as cannon fodder. Mah was the only one with half a brain around these parts, with Trixiebelles coming in a close second with a quarter of a brain.

"We're gonna fix Som'er good," Mah said. "We jus' gotta figure out how. Think with me, girl. What could we do?"

"We could stab 'im in the back?" Trixiebelles offered.

"Naw, too obvious."

"Push 'im off a cliff?"

"In a swamp? Where we gonna find a cliff?"

"Poison his food?"

Mah whacked her again with the spoon. "Trixiebelles! You know better than to ruin good home cookin'."

"Yes, Mah." Trixiebelles rubbed the spot on her head where Mah had hit her.

"No," Mah said. "It's gotta be somethin' special-like. Somethin' that'll help us get that stuff from Hollow Point *and* put an end to those good-for-nothin' Joneses."

Mah and Trixiebelles fell into silence again, with Mah slowly tapping her spoon against the surface of the table without any particular rhythm. Trixiebelles spent a few moments looking very serious before going back to flirting with one of the Gremlin boys in the corner. *That worthless girl!* Mah was about to harangue her for being such a distraction, but before the words came out, her mouth turned into a slow, sly smile.

A distraction. That's what they could do for Som'er Teeth Jones. In fact, that was just the thing that they all needed to make this work.

"Hey Trixiebelles," Mah said. "Pull yerself out of that boy's face and come back 'ere."

Trixiebelles rolled her eyes, tugged down her hat, and sauntered—much too slowly—back to the table. Mah, because she was gracious and forgiving, let it slide. Trixiebelles had given her a great idea, after all.

"What now, Mah?" Trixiebelles asked.

"You know the other day when Som'er wouldn't shut up?" Mah asked.

"You mean every day, Mah?" Trixiebelles snorted.

Mah chuckled. "That's why I like you, Trixiebelles. No, I mean right after we gave his idiot son that big hat. He was talkin' about how all the humans fight for glory, an' how much he liked it."

"Glory?"

"Yeah, you know. Standin' atop the corpses of your enemies wit' your chest 'n the air, wearin' all kinds of fancy shirts and medals and stuff. The humans'r talkin' 'bout it all the time. It's mighty important."

"Well, Mah, I'm not sure I'm followin' none. Can you eat glory?"

"No, Trixiebelles, you can't—"

"Can you drink it?"

"Trixiebelles," Mah said, "you cannot drink glory. You need'ta open up your ears and start doin' some listenin' instead of all that flirtin'. You hear me?"

To Mah's surprise, Trixiebelles pulled out a chair, sat down, crossed her legs, and leaned forward like she actually cared what Mah was saying. Mah cleared her throat and stepped back, holding her spoon in both hands.

"You know how Som'er is always walkin' around tellin' everyone that he's the best at this and that, and the strongest and this and that, and the most handsome and this and that? Well, he thinks all of those things because he's got that big head o' his. And a big head is just the kind 'o head that we can fill with glory. Glory is what you get when you do really stupid, dangerous things just to impress someone."

Mah thought that was a pretty good explanation of glory. At least, that's what she'd gathered over the years of watching humans try to get it. It seemed like just the kind of thing that Som'er would want a wheelbarrow full of.

"Oh!" Trixiebelles said, her eyes brightening. "I get it now, Mah. It's just like when little Krek thought I'd give him a kiss if he swam across the Frostrun holdin' a pig 'n each arm." She sighed. "Poor Krek." She looked up. "But... What's that gotta do with Som'er Jones? Are we gonna give him some glory?"

THE ANTI-KYTHERA MECHA MISSED 'EM

"Oh yeah, Trixiebelle," Mah said, turning her spoon over in her hands. "We're gonna give that balloon-head all the glory he ever wanted."



"Oh yeah, Lenny," Som'er said. "We're gonna give Mah Tucket some buckshot in her back."

"That don't sound like somethin' that Mah would 'preciate," Lenny said, switching his pig to the other arm. The giant hat he was wearing flopped forward, obscuring his vision,

but Lenny didn't try to get it out of the way. It had been doing that all day.

The Jones' main house was more of a conglomeration of lean-tos and improvised structures than it was a mansion, but Som'er liked it that way; it made it pretty easy to destroy if he was in the right mood. It wouldn't take that long to build back up, and then it'd be sitting there waiting for him to destroy it all over again.

"Mah Tucket ain't supposed to 'preciate it," Som'er said. "She's supposed to die in a hunk 'o burning Gremlin flesh 'n fire. That's why we's over here schemin' and plannin', you big idiot."

"Oh," Lenny said. "I guess that's all right then. We don't like the Tuckets very much, do we?"

"No, son," Som'er said. He leaned back in his big rocking chair, moving back and forth as he pondered. "No, we's don't."

Som'er played out a bunch of scenarios in his head, trying to figure out which one he could use to kill the most Tuckets at the same time. They'd be in the middle of Union territory, and most of those humans looked for an excuse to kill a Gremlin, especially if they were working for the Guild on the side and wanted to make some extra scrip. Maybe if he got ahead of them somehow and bribed the Union to go after Mah? That wouldn't be very honorable-like, but Som'er wasn't a very honorable-like Gremlin.

No, he decided, that wasn't good enough. He needed the satisfaction of pulling the trigger himself, seeing her face right before the end. Or seeing the back of her face right before the end, seeing as he was planning on shooting her in the back.

That's why he kept returning to the idea of the juicy Union tech they were going to steal. All he'd have to do once he got his hands on it was let Mah take a couple extra steps forward and *blam!* Tucket pudding.

Lenny was making a low humming noise, which usually meant he was about to say something stupid.

"What is it, Lenny?" Som'er said, half closing his eyes.

"Where's Hollow Point, pa?" Lenny said. "Me pig's not up to walkin', and I don't feel like carryin' it too far."



Som'er spat. "Boy, how can you not know where Hollow Point's at? That's where almost all them humans come into the Bayou from! Just across that there Frostrun."

Lenny reached up to scratch his forehead and finally moved the brim of his hat out of his vision. "That river's awfully cold, pa." Som'er couldn't come up with any of his good ideas while his idiot son was talking.

"Shut your trap, boy. We ain't gonna swim," Som'er explained. "We always lose a number o' the boys when we take boats. We got enough to spare, I think, and we could put the Tuckets on the boats that don't look so good. That might solve half the problem a'fore we even get there."

"But then who is gonna help us steal all the stuff?" Lenny asked.

"I said quiet, boy!" Som'er snapped. "No... If we do that, we're not gonna have all the Gremlins we need to help us steal all of the good stuff. So we can't sink 'em in the Frostrun." He leaned forward, traced his fingers over his kitchen table, and flicked decaying bits of flesh out of his way.

Lenny and Som'er sat quietly for a moment.

"Maybe instead o' boats, we could take rafts?" Lenny asked.

Som'er debated just shooting the boy on the spot. "What part 'o yer razor-sharp intuition helped you figure that out?"

Lenny looked around the room. "Razor-sharp what now?"

Som'er only shook his head. "Rafts are just worse boats! You might as well ask yer pig to fly."

Lenny looked confused, which meant that there was absolutely no change in his facial expression.

"Why wouldn't we just use boats, then?" Lenny said.

"Cuz our boats don't do so hot in the Frostrun, boy," Som'er said. "We Gremlins are made for swamp sailin', not river sailin'. We might lose half of us just tryin' to get to the other side. How many times do I have to tell you?"

"But what if it was the Tucket half?" Lenny said.

Som'er stared at his son. "...We just got done talkin' 'bout that not two minutes ago! You 'member when I realized we needed their help in the attack and lootin', don'cha?"

"I 'member, pa," Lenny said. His expression said otherwise.

Som'er also didn't know how he'd put holes in all of the Tucket boats. All the boats looked the same. He'd be just as likely to sink the Joneses.

"Besides," Som'er said, "I got one more idea that I'm fixin' on usin', if'n I can get the details right. Maybe my most genius plan ever. Just gotta wait for—"

At that moment, however, Ezekiel Gautraeux came in the door. Well, he more "floated" into the room than he walked. The Gautraeuxs were all about these damn robes and appearing mystical all the time, so whenever they moved, they seemed to want to try to look as much like ghosts as possible.

"Took you long 'nuff, Zeke."

In response, the Gautraeux held his arms dramatically above his head. "There were other... matters that required my attention."

"Yeh, right," Som'er said. "Look, whatever voodoo you folks do all the way by them Kythera ruins ain't no business 'o mine."

Ezekiel didn't respond except to pull a small wooden flask out of his robes. He took a sip, and passed it to Som'er, who drank greedily.

"Ah," Som'er said. "Whatever I might think 'bout your mystical blabbityblah, you Gautraeuxs make some pretty fine shine, if I do say so myself."

Ezekiel nodded, then proceeded to sit at the open seat at the table. He snatched the flask back from Som'er and drained a fair bit of it himself.

"What do you need?" he asked.

"I wanna talk about your voodoo," Som'er said.

"But pa, I thought you jus' said it ain't no business 'o yours?" Lenny asked.

"Whatever I say's my business is my business!" Som'er said, slapping the table. "Now you listen here, Zeke. I got an idea 'bout buildin' a bridge across that Frostrun. But it ain't a normal-like kind of bridge. This is what I'm proposin'..."



"What is a Gautraeux doing here?" Mah asked. "I thought we was gonna do this teamwork-like."

"We is," Som'er said. "Our team just got a bit bigger, is all."

He seemed much too relaxed for a Gremlin that was about to go attack a Union stronghold. He was up to something, of course, but Mah had expected that. She was up to at least three or four somethings, after talking with Trixiebelles and some other select members of the Tucket family.

They had decided to meet again in the "briefing" room where they'd originally come up with the idea. Most of the other families had turned chicken-shit and backed out, saying that this was their crazy idea and they'd have to go through with it on their own. Ophelia had actually walked away howling with laughter when Mah had asked for a temporary alliance. That girl was still upset over being sidelined for Gremlin-General, but it didn't matter to Mah. The meeting room was much less crowded now that there weren't a bunch of cowards taking up all the space.

Lenny, with his hat and his pig, sat at the end of the table, looking just the same as he always did. The sight of the pig made Mah realize that she hadn't eaten in a spell. They'd been so wrapped up in their genius that Mah had forgotten lunch. Mah never forgot lunch. In a way, that made the whole thing a little more exciting.

"Well, you know, I got some friends in the Union and all that, seein' as I'm such a sociable and likeable Gremlin," Mah said. "I dunno if you recall, but I's the one who first found out 'bout the Leviathan."

Ezekiel shuddered.

"Yeah, I was wonderin'. How *did* you know 'bout all that?" Som'er said, a suspicious gleam in his eye.

"Every lady's got her secrets," Mah said, grinning. "And speakin' of which, I found out another little bit of information. You know the train that comes in from the north?"

"The one what ships all them goodies back and forth? What of it?"

"Well, the tracks don't end outside the Pumpin' Station," Mah said. "In fact, there's a little gate that lets the cars to go right through. And you know wouldn't it be just fancy if one of them trains went through with a bunch 'o Gremlins on it?"

Som'er squinted, that suspicious look still on his face. Couldn't he take anything that Mah said at face value? Of course, she *was* trying to murder him and his whole family, but she thought she was a little better at being conniving and clever than that. It didn't matter; soon Som'er wouldn't be able to be suspicious of anything because he'd be Gremlin soup outside the front gates of Hollow Point. He'd never be able to resist his role in her plan.

"And how do you think that's gonna happen?" Som'er said, snorting with laughter. "We gonna take both our families 'n shove 'em in a train car? I reckon the Union wouldn't be too keen on sellin' us tickets."

He slapped his leg, howling. The rest of the Joneses joined on a chorus of mocking jeers. Mah didn't let it get to her. She kept picturing the bloody mess that they'd all be when this was over, and that made her feel a sight better. Mah kept her face as calm as possible until the laughter died down.

"No, you dimwitted Joneses," Mah said. "Us Tuckets are gonna be board that train. You Joneses are gonna be doin' something much more 'portant."

Som'er raised an eyebrow. Mah could tell he was trying to look disinterested, but she noticed that he couldn't help but lean ever-so-slightly forward in his chair.

"Oh?"

"Yess'um," Mah said. She got up from her chair and started walking around the room, making eye contact with all of the Joneses she could see. She tapped her spoon softly in her hand as she went, trying to put as much sweetness in her tone as she could. This was the important part.

"You Joneses might all be dimmer than a candle wit' no wick," she said, "but ain't nobody can deny that you lot are some of the strongest fighters we got here in the Bayou. Us Tuckets are better at not bein' noticed, you know? That's why we're gonna do this in two ways at once."

She circled back around the table until she was in front of the rest of the Tuckets.

"Us sneaky Tuckets on the train." Mah gestured with her spoon over her shoulder.

"You brave Gremlin warrior Joneses at that there front gate." She gestured with her spoon at the other side of the room, where Som'er didn't look nearly as excited about this plan as she'd hoped.

Locking eyes with Som'er, she tried to lay it on a little thicker.

"You've got so many strong Gremlins at your side, Som'er Jones. Ain't nobody going to beat you head on, 'specially if we Tuckets lend you some 'o our best guns."

Som'er raised an eyebrow. "You gonna lend us *guns*?"

Mah nodded gravely. "We gots to do this sort of thing for the good of Gremlin kind, y'know? It's the right thing to do 'n all that."

"What kinda guns you gonna be lendin'?"

Mah fumbled. She hadn't intended to lend anything to Som'er but it seemed like a bad idea to back out now.

"Uh, we was gonna lend you some shotguns 'n some rifles, aaaand—"

"I wanna new hat."

Everyone in the room looked at Som'er.

"You's already wearin' a hat," Lenny said.

"Shut'cher mouth, boy. Are *you* gonna come fight on the front lines?"

"No, pa, I gotta stay behind 'n be a leader 'n take care 'n the pigs aaaand—"

"Then I wanna new hat. One fittin' for the strongest Gremlin in the Bayou."

"Pa," Lenny said, "if you wear a big hat while fightin' over there, it's gonna make you easier to aim at. Don't we always aim for whoever has the biggest hat—"

"The biggest hat there is, Som'er Teeth Jones, you're gonna have it!" Mah suddenly exclaimed.

Lenny spoke up. "That sounds like we're a *diversion*, pa."

"I know what a *diversion* is, boy," Som'er said. "A *diversion* is that all those Union folks are gonna be too busy staring at my amazin' hat to shoot straight. This ain't a diversion. This right here... this is glory. And we gon' git some."

"Yeah y'are!" Mah shouted, clacking her spoon on the table. "Joneses! Joneses! Joneses!"

She waved to her half of the room, who stared back at her as if wondering why she was repeating Som'er's name. She glared at them as she repeated the chant. She must have said the damn word fifteen times before Trixie Belle caught on and started echoing her. Soon after, the whole room was cheering at the very satisfied looking Som'er Teeth Jones.

Mah's plan was going to work.



Mah's plan was not going to work. Som'er wasn't a complete and total idiot; he knew she wanted to embarrass him by sending him into battle without a good hat. Now he had a really great hat. And there would be lots of glory. Glory was the best.

And, of course, he was about to kill a bunch of Tuckets getting across the Frostrun. Not *all* the Tuckets, of course, but enough.

The two families had gathered on the south bank of the Frostrun, all of them likely wondering why there weren't any boats nearby. Normally, if the Gremlins were going to attempt a raid to the other side of the river, they would get their boats ready under the cover of darkness and launch them without any torches so that the humans wouldn't see them coming. Now they were meeting just after sunset, and there were clearly no boats anywhere to be seen.

"What's with all this weird timin', Som'er?" Mah asked. "You know this ain't how we cross the 'Run."

The Tuckets and the Joneses were set up like they were set to battle each other instead of the humans, with Som'er's clan on the west and Mah's clan on the east. The dull shine of weapons made the whole landscape a green-gray mess.

"Have a lil' bit of patience 'n a lil' bit 'o faith," Som'er said. "We gots some stuff up our sleeves, too. Just y'all wait."

THE ANTI-KYTHERA MECHA MISSED 'EM

He tried not to snicker and give his part of the plan away, but he couldn't help it. A little chuckle escaped from his lips like a small, drunken burp. Mah gave him a sideways look but didn't ask any more questions.

This was it, the moment that Som'er had been waiting for! He was about to embarrass the Tuckets, and probably kill a good sight of them in the process. Not enough to make the raid on Hollow Point a failure, but enough to make them weak and ripe for the picking once Som'er got his hands on the Leviathan technology. This was just the start of his clever, multi-stage plan.

Ezekiel approached the front of the Tucket gaggle, scanning up and down for the most impressionable of them. Of course, all of them looked impressionable and mindless, but Ezekiel claimed to have an eye for these sorts of things. Since bokors were all about mind control, Som'er supposed that maybe Zeke had some extra insight into the mind that Som'er didn't. To Som'er, they all looked like idiots.

Gremlins, as a rule, didn't like magic all that much, except those Gautraeux, who practically worshipped the damn stuff. Normally, even Som'er would be a little put off by all the glowing hands and booming voices and all that. This time, however, the anticipation of his victory overrode his fear, allowing him to stare into the mystical maneuvers of Ezekiel with something approaching a Gautraeux-like wonder. He snickered again.

"Join hands, all of you!" the bokor said, his voice booming like thunder. "Make a bridge of Gremlins across the Frostrun!"

The targeted Tucket Gremlin's eyes went wide, his mouth slightly slack. His whole body snapped into rigidity, and his hands curled into fists. For a moment, it looked as though he was about to enter a deep sleep, his eyes half rolled back into his head. Som'er grinned. This was going to be beautiful.

Suddenly, the Tucket snapped back into awareness, looking Ezekiel squarely in the face.

"Are y'all outta yer damn mind?" the Tucket said. "No!"

"I told you it wouldn't work," Ezekiel said, his voice adjusting back to normal.



"Okay everyone," Som'er said, waving his hands in the air. "New plan! Any ideas?"

"We got boats," someone said.

"We gonna use the boats!" Som'er said. "All aboard!"



Luckily for everyone, the Frostrun had been tamed by a long spout of cold, dry weather, decreasing the melt from the mountains high above that fed the river's raging waters and lent it its name.

Sure, they lost half a dozen boats to the raging waters, but everyone knew that was bound to happen. If you were too dumb to paddle through, you were probably too dumb to fight the Union and break into Hollow Point. And that was exactly what they were going to do.

Right after they finished sacking this village.

"We don't have time to be playin' 'round," Mah said to Som'er as he supervised a group of Joneses dragging all the livestock from the (now abandoned) hamlet toward a bonfire made from the (now destroyed) horse stable.

"Aw come on, Mah," Som'er said. "You said yourself that us Joneses was the toughest bunch of Gremlins we had. And us tough Joneses can't fight on no empty stomachs."

"We gonna fight with no stomachs at all if we wait 'round here 'til the Union shows up 'n catches us out in the open!" Mah grumbled. "We gots a train to catch. If we don't sneak aboard before it makes its last stop in Hollow Point this evenin', we gonna be stuck out in the middle of nowhere with nothin' to do 'cept die."

"All right, all right," Som'er said, rolling his eyes. "Here, lemme try and stop a bunch of Gremlins from pillagin'." He cleared his throat and, without raising his voice at all, said flatly, "Hey y'all. Hey. You stop that right there. Go on now. Stop."

Of course nobody heard him over the chaos and merriment. When nothing happened, he turned to Mah and shrugged, a goofy grin on his face, then went off to eat some horse meat offered to him by one of his Jones sycophants.

Mah sighed. She supposed he had a point. It wasn't only Joneses that had gotten sucked into the allure of a human village ripe for the raiding. Hell, she'd probably shot more humans than Som'er in the last hour or so. Sure, they needed to get moving, but a little mayhem was good for morale, or something like that.



It had been too much mayhem. And now absolutely everyone was drunk.

But that was fine. At least, Som'er thought that was fine. He was also feeling pretty fine. And drunk.

Mah was a bit more careful but had certainly not abstained from the festivities. She had barely been successful in corralling the Tuckets and marching them off into the wilderness, where they were planning to sneak around Hollow Point to the northern side where they could hop aboard a train. According to Mah, there was some kind of maintenance station that was just a mile or so west of Hollow Point.

Som'er's job, with all his Joneses, was to sit there and wait in the ditch until he saw the train go by. Then they were going storm that gate and make a big ruckus. Then Mah was going to open the gate and let the Joneses in. Then they were going to rush the mountain and steal the Leviathan technology. Then Som'er was going to blow the Tuckets up.

Practically nothing could go wrong with this plan.

"Pa!" Lenny shouted.

Som'er jumped. "Lenny? What in the hell are you doin' here? You was supposed to stay behind and watch o'er things while the rest of us was out gettin' some glory!"

"I got scared and lonely," Lennny said. He patted the pig he was holding on the head. The pig snorted contentedly. "So I snuck on one of them boats."

Som'er squinted as he looked at his son. There was something different about him, but he couldn't quite place it. Then again, he was also drunk.

"Where's your hat, boy?" Som'er said, finally realizing what seemed so different. Lenny had left his Gremlin-General hat back in Bayou.

THE ANTI-KYTHERA MECHA MISSED 'EM

"I wanted to be one of the guys again," Lenny said. "I didn't want no special treatment or nothin' so I left the hat at home." He paused and looked around. "It also wouldn't let me fit on the boat without knockin' anyone overboard, so everyone made me take it off."

Som'er growled and muttered something non-descript under his breath. Looking around, he took stock of the situation. In front of him were the gates to the Hollow Point center. Through there, they would be able to go to the Pumping Station, if they chose, or go directly into the mountain itself. The mountain was much more likely to be the place where the humans stored the juicy tech, so he and Mah had agreed to check there first. The train also would let the Tuckets off closer to that point, anyway. Unfortunately, that meant that the Joneses would have to fight through the center of Hollow Point to get to the mountain.

All they had to do was wait in the ditch until they heard the train.

Som'er woke up a few minutes later, wondering what had happened. Maybe he'd had a bit too much to drink. But the village they'd ransacked had housed several kegs of beer! That kind of find was a rare one; usually if you wanted to raid the alcohol stores, you had to go to one of the bigger towns, and they were always very heavily guarded. Mah said she figured it was some kind of shipment that was spending the night. Lucky for them.

"Pa," Lenny said.

"Shhh," Som'er said sleepily. "I'm listenin' for the train. I won't be able to hear it over your gum flap-pin', so why don't you zip it for a minute?" A faint buzzing sound registered at the edge of Som'er's awareness. At first, he thought it was just the sound of the Frostrun raging in the distance, but soon he realized that several—well, several dozen—of his Jones counterparts were snoring in their hiding places.

"It's fine," Som'er said out loud. "We're just waitin', anyhow. It'd be good for some of us to get some shut-eye before all that glory."

All they had to do was wait in the ditch until they heard the train.

"Pa!" Lenny said again.

"Didn't I just tell you to shut up?" Som'er said.

"That was fifteen minutes ago, pa," Lenny said. "You's been asleep."

"I ain't," Som'er said, yawning. "I been as aware as a fox. Asides, all we gotta do is wait in this ditch for—"

A train horn sounded. It was extremely close. It was going extremely fast.

"Aw, shit," Som'er said.



"Well that ain't the brake," Mah yelled as the train horn sent sonic vibrations through her body.

Mah had never been on a train before. She was pretty sure she liked it. It was fast. Loud. Exciting. But she really wished she had thought to figure out how to operate the damn thing before the Tuckets killed the crew.

"This don't seem very sneaky-like, Mah!" Trixiebellesaid, screaming over the howling wind and the incessant grinding of the train's massive engine.

"I know what I'm doin'!" Mah yelled as she pulled frantically at the controls. The human with the funny hat that had been driving the train left a bit of himself all over the console (and Mah couldn't read that well to begin with), so there weren't any instructions for her to follow. But there weren't that many levers and buttons and switches. Just enough to make it interesting. For the first time in her life, she wished Zipp was here; he was obsessed with human technology and could have figured this out right away.

In fact, now that she thought of it, maybe it would have been good to include Zipp on a mission that revolved around using, and then stealing, human technology. It was a little late for that, now.

"Mah," Trixiebellesaid. "What's that?"

Mah followed the line of Trixiebelles' finger out the front of the train and toward a whole mess of lights that were getting very big very fast.

"That there's the gate!" Mah yelled. She turned around, knowing that almost nobody was going to be able to hear her. "All y'all Tuckets better hold onto somethin'!"

Just so she felt like she was doing something, Mah reached up and pulled the chain that sounded the horn. It rang out just before the front of the train collided with the gate at full speed, smashing through as though it had been made out of old, rotted wood. The impact sent Tucket Gremlins rolling forward like tumbleweeds, screeching and howling something fierce, barely audible above the grinding of the train. It tilted one way, then back the other, then finally came off the rails altogether and flopped sideways.

The world turned ninety degrees to the right. The wall of the car became the floor, the other wall of the car became the ceiling, and the Gremlins became projectiles. The crunching of stone, splintering of wood, and groaning of metal doing things that metal was not supposed to do had turned the world into a symphony of chaos, surpassing everything that Mah had experienced to her memory. Granted, there wasn't a whole lot of time to reflect on the noise level of past experiences while she was holding on to one of the train controls for dear life.

That control, incidentally, turned out to be the brake she'd been looking for the whole time. Even though the train was now completely off the tracks, she could hear the wheels screech as the brake applied and the engine came to a complete stop.

Mah's ears rang. All around her, Gremlins in various states of disarray picked themselves up (or didn't) and instinctively prepared their weapons for what was about to be a bit more combat than they'd initially intended. Trixiebell was upside down with both her legs over her head, a position that Mah figured she was used to by now.

"Git up 'n go!" Mah yelled. "Get to the mountain, and get us some shiny stuff!"

Gremlins poured out of the train, their war cry drowning out the alarm bells that rang out all over Hollow Point. Torches and lamps were being lit wherever they were available, and men of the Union able to fight gathered up their weapons and ran as fast as they could toward the source of the noise.

Except, they weren't running toward the train that had just blown a hole in the fortified complex; they were running toward the front gate.

Where the Joneses were.

Mah couldn't help but jump in the air and whoop. Trixiebell must have noticed too, because she shot

a few celebratory rounds into the air and cackled wildly.

Their plan had worked! Som'er Teeth Jones was about to be crushed outside the gates of Hollow Point.



From what Som'er understood about the plan, the Joneses were supposed to storm the gate, cause a ruckus, and then the gates were supposed to open and let them in.

Storming? Check.

Ruckus? Ongoing.

Gate? Still closed.

"What in the hell's goin' on 'round here?" Som'er yelled. Thankfully, the shock and surprise they'd caused had disoriented the Union troops, and they clearly weren't ready for a fight. Some of them were running around with rifles in their underwear, shouting orders at each other in a pitch more suited to a Gremlin's voice than a human's.

The Gremlins, however, had been ready for this. They were spoiling for a fight long before they crossed the Frostrun, and now their enthusiasm showed in spite of their drunkenness. Maybe because of it. Lenny, to Som'er's surprise, was charging through a line of advancing Union riflemen, swinging the pig he carried by its hind legs and sending humans flying out of his path. At first, Som'er was contemplating telling him not to waste food, but then he saw its effectiveness. The pig was rather large, and so was Lenny. It made for a terrifying combination.

By some stroke of luck, the Union's fortifying wall defenses were either not operating, or not operating properly, which allowed the Gremlins free range in the field in front of the gate. Som'er tried as hard as he could to see if there was some way he could breach the door on his own. What the hell was Mah doing over there?

Som'er fired a quick flurry of shots into a group of what he thought were Union troops who could just as easily have been Gremlins, or civilian humans, or even a bunch of Silurids for all he knew. It was so damn dark and he was pretty drunk. Whatever he was shooting at, he wasn't even totally sure he hit any of them.

THE ANTI-KYTHERA MECHA MISSED 'EM

Why wasn't that damn gate open? Why would Mah come all the way out here only to not open the gate?

Then it hit him. Som'er had been set up. This was all a big diversion so that Mah could get the goods and leave Som'er and the Joneses to die.

"Damn it all, son!" Som'er said as he came alongside Lenny and fired his blunderbuss into the face of an unfortunate Union troop. "We's been set up!"

"It's called a *diversion*, pa," Lenny said. "And I told you—"

"You shut your damn mouth 'n listen," Som'er said. "We gonna die if we just sit here like a buncha idiots. You 'n me 'n the Joneses are goin'ta circle to the west 'n get in through that big hole that Mah just made with that there train. Then we're gonna get in front 'o them, get to the loot first, 'n use it to kill every damn Tucket we see. Clear?"



"Clear, pa," Lenny said. He clubbed a downed soldier over the head with his pig, much to the dismay of both the pig and the soldier.

That crafty, conniving, dastardly witch! It didn't matter that Som'er was pretty much going to do the same thing to her as soon as he got his hands on that juicy Union technology. It was the principle of the matter. Gremlins didn't stab Gremlins in the back!

Unless they were facing the other way.

"All right everyone!" Som'er yelled over the din of battle. "Y'all finish whatever killin' you're doin' over here first, and then follow me. The race is on!"



The distraction at the front gate had worn out, it seemed. That and the fact that the Tucket Gremlins had been indiscriminately shooting or blowing up nearly everything that had been in their path from the breached wall to the mountain entrance. Mah couldn't blame them; it was in the Gremlin's nature to sow chaos wherever they went. She did wish, however, that just once they might be able to calm down a bit and focus on the goal.

The hollow, gigantic mountain interior of Hollow Point was well-lit by gas lamps and torches, casting light that glinted across giant heaps of metal and stone. Mah didn't know too much about what went on here, but she'd bet either a whole lot of nothing or a whole lot of something; the place looked like a Jones house after a drunken party, but she couldn't tell if it was from lack of use or way too much use. Tables and chairs littered the stone floor, butted up against strange metallic equipment of dubious usage and origin. It reminded Mah of Zipp's workshop, only bigger, which told her that it was probably an actual workshop.

"Everyone spread out and start huntin' for stuff!" Mah said. "Grab anything that looks shiny and interestin' 'n git the hell outta here! The Union's comin' for us from behind 'n we don't wanna fight here."

Mah hustled around the main entryway, looking at everything, picking things up, shaking them, smelling them, and even licking them. None of it was

recognizable to her, not even anything that looked like a gear or a gun. The nuts and bolts were easy to identify, because they were actually nuts and bolts, but everything else remained a mystery.

Towards the back of the entryway, Mah could see that the cavern continued on into the mountain, but she knew they wouldn't have time for that. The Union would be on their heels in no time, and there was unlikely to be another way out of the mountain.

Outside, she could hear the first rumblings of panic and fighting reaching the entrance. They were already almost out of time.

"Hurry up, y'all!" she yelled. "Eventually they gonna run out of Joneses to kill out there, and then they're gonna find some Tuckets to kill instead!"

"Oh, I think I found some Tuckets to kill right here," Som'er Teeth Jones said.

"You!" Mah yelled, whirling around. She shot at him but missed in her surprise.

"That's right," Som'er said. A band of Jones Gremlins fanned out behind him as they rushed into the mountain. "Us."

The whole cavern seemed to stand still. Outside, more noises blossomed from the awkward silence that had taken over the mountain laboratory. These were *definitely* Union troops, or at least some kind of human force, quickly mustering and heading toward the mountain entrance fast. Mah and Som'er looked at each other without blinking. Someone near the back of the cavern belched loudly.

"So what're we gonna do 'bout this?" Som'er said. "If'n I'mma kill you right now, we all gonna die here." He grinned. "'Specially you, Mah. You gonna die 'specially."

Mah wasn't totally sure what he meant by that, particularly because she was holding her own weapon and pointing it at Som'er. Som'er, who was holding a blunderbuss from about thirty feet away, wasn't going to do as much damage as Mah was going to do with a revolver. Then again, Mah was a little drunk, too. With the way they'd all behaved during the ransacking of that village, there was a good chance that a fight in this cavern would waste all of their ammo and hit absolutely no one.

Whatever conversation they were about to have was interrupted by something tumbling into the entrance

of the mountain and exploding. It sent things flying in every direction, including Gremlins, and Mah barely saw the form of Som'er hurling towards her, his face a mask of shock. He wasn't totally caught off guard, though, as he took the time to aim at her, mid-air, and fire a round out of his blunderbuss. It went wide, shattering a glass beaker on a nearby table.

Well, the time for scheming had ended, and the time for wanton violence had begun. So be it. But Mah would be damned if she let the Joneses walk out of here with more Gremlins alive—and more loot in their pockets—than the Tuckets.

"Awright, Tuckets!" Mah yelled, knocking a Jones Gremlin unconscious with the back of her spoon. "Grab, kill, and run!"



"All y'all Joneses!" Som'er yelled. "Grab what you can and git! We's outta time."

He was positive he'd given the order before Mah, since he was so smart and all, but it didn't matter much at this point. The explosion that had rocked the cavern had been some kind of bomb thrown in from the Union forces on the outside who were obviously trying to smoke them out. Som'er could hear one of the humans on the other side of the mountains screaming bloody murder at his troops for using "incendiaries near the valuables," which Som'er took to mean "blowing up important things." Either way, there weren't any more explosions. That was good; it meant that the humans were going to have to come into the cavern to fight. That gave them time to find more stuff. The bad part was that as soon as they left the cave, the humans would be able to use whatever they wanted to fight.

Som'er started looking around the room, deciding to let his Gremlins do the fighting for him as he scanned for anything that might be valuable. He had no idea what he was looking at. He found one toothed device that he was pretty sure humans used to make their hair look nice, but it didn't look like it was very good at shooting people.

"What 'bout this o'er here, pa?" Lenny yelled from a distance. Som'er looked over to see his son, dutifully wielding his pig against a group of Tuckets and stopping between strokes to gesticulate at a large wooden crate near the back corner of the main room.

THE ANTI-KYTHERA MECHA MISSED 'EM

"That's a big wooden crate, you dummy!" Som'er yelled. He picked up what he was sure was a toothbrush, another useless human item.

"T'mma talkin' 'bout the inside, pa," Lenny said.

Som'er spat and shot a Union man in the chest with his blunderbuss, sending him flying backwards into another group of Union men, who fell backwards onto the feet of a third, advancing group of Union men. It was a very satisfying sight. Dashing over to where his idiot son was defending a giant wooden box, he helped Lenny mop up a couple of Tuckets, and then climbed up the side of the crate and glanced down inside.

He didn't quite comprehend what he saw, but he knew that he wanted it, and he knew that he wanted it now. It wasn't just clean and metallic, it was downright glimmery-shiny-glossy!

And it definitely had *triggers* on it.

"Oh," Som'er said. "Oh my. Lenny! This is it! This is the Levee Ice Man, or at least some of it. Git up here and help me with this, ya big lunk!"

"Leviathan," Lenny said as he loped over.

The pace of the battle all around them intensified, leaving Som'er's ears ringing just about every other second. He popped his head out of the crate for a moment and looked around for anything that he might have to shoot. He found a few things. He shot them. It was a pretty standard bit of insanity for the Gremlins, but Som'er had his eye on the prize.

Unfortunately, that meant that he didn't have his eye on Mah.

"You git!" Mah yelled as she swung at him with her spoon.

Som'er had been glanced by the spoon before, but had never taken a direct hit across the side of his skull, so he anticipated a small, sharp sting. Instead, he felt himself being blown sideways with an incredible amount of force from the opposite direction.

Som'er tried to yell, but he'd gotten the wind knocked out of him so it came out as a strangled gasp. Slamming into the side of the cavern wall, he slid down like a thrown egg, wondering what the hell had just happened. His unfocused eyes came to rest on the edge of the crate, where he saw, not Mah, but Lenny, holding something that looked like a metallic

pedestal, except it was pumping back and forth with ferocity, making hissing sounds as it retracted.

"Sorry, pa!" Lenny called out. "I didn't know it was gonna do that!"

For as bad as Som'er felt, Mah looked the worse for wear. She'd ended up getting blown through a large pile of refuse that had practically exploded upon her impact. Although clearly—and unfortunately—not dead, there was no doubt in Som'er's mind that she was extremely dazed. He could practically see the drool coming out of her mouth from his own crumpled position.

Pulling himself to his feet, he waved off Lenny's apology (mostly because he was having trouble getting air to come out of his lungs) and jogged back over to the crate.

"What the hell is that?" Som'er said.

"I got no idea pa," Lenny said. "It says L-E-G-5c on it. What's that mean?"

"No idea!" Som'er said, practically diving back into the cate. "But we gotta find out what else is in here, quick."

He started digging through the pile of rubble, realizing very quickly that there was no way he was going to be able to carry any of this. So he popped over the top of the crate and waved his arms.

"Hey! Y'all git over here and help me with this stuff so we can skeedaddle!"

Immediately, he saw Gremlins start rushing toward him and, without thinking, Som'er started handing pieces of equipment in the crate to Lenny. After a few rounds of this, they both realized that Lenny was stronger, so he hopped inside the crate, too, tossing out pieces of the Leviathan to any Gremlin that came over the edge of the crate.

Boy, it was getting loud outside.

"Hey, pa," Lenny said after they'd picked nearly half the crate clean. It obviously wasn't the entire Leviathan, but it was enough. "You been checkin' to see if we's handin' stuff to Tuckets?"

Som'er stopped, an unidentifiable piece of metal in his hands, and looked at Lenny.

"You mean to tell me that *you* ain't checkin'?"

"No, pa. Thought that was your job."

Som'er took a moment before sticking his head over the top of the crate to find what looked like, well, a hoard of drunken Gremlins using old Union technology to kill each other.

"Aw, shit," he said.



Mah Tucket was in the middle of a firestorm. The interior of the mountain threatened to collapse with every blast. Union troops were fleeing Hollow Point instead of trying to defend it, now that the Gremlins had gotten ahold of some of their tech. Mah had been too far away to get anything herself, but she'd always preferred her spoon anyway. Trixiebelle was lashing about with a long piece of sharp, curved metal that didn't look very high tech.

Actually, now that Mah was looking closer around the room, it didn't appear that there was a lot of high tech usage going on at all. Most of the parts that the Gremlins had stolen from the crate looked to be connectors and rods and other parts that had no apparent usage by themselves, so they were just enthusiastically using them as bludgeoning weapons. Someone - she couldn't see who - did appear to have some kind of rapid fire pistol, or cannon, or something, but they didn't have any ammunition.

"Mah Tucket!" Som'er yelled, appearing from out of the chaos in front of her. He was holding what looked like the largest blunderbuss Mah had ever seen. Lenny, behind him, was helping him keep it up.

Mah froze where she stood. None of her Tucket Gremlins were around her at the moment. In fact, many of them were slowly fighting their way toward the entrance. She had given them instructions to get what they could and flee, of course, but she wished that they hadn't picked this *one time* to follow her orders so quickly.

"You thought you could jus' leave us Joneses for dead," Som'er said. "Well, we got a bit more upstairs than you thought we did." He took a menacing step forward. Unfortunately, he didn't tell Lenny, who was talking to his pig, to take a step forward, so Som'er fell on his face when the device didn't move with him.

"Damn it, boy!" Som'er said. "Can't you see I'm grandstandin' here?"

"Sorry, pa," Lenny said, stepping forward.

Som'er cleared his throat. "Well I guess the mood is all spoiled now. But I wanted to say that you thought you could trick me but you din't. So now if you would kindly turn yerself 'round so that I can shoot you in the back, it'd be most appreciated."

Mah didn't know what else to do in this situation except what she always did; she scowled at Som'er Teeth Jones and waved her spoon in the air.

"You go straight to hell, Som'er Teeth Jones!" she screamed.

"You first," Som'er said with a grin. He pulled the trigger.

Absolutely nothing happened.



THE ANTI-KYTHERA MECHA MISSED 'EM

"Damn it all, Lenny, what did you—"

"Oh, sorry, pa. Forgot to put the—"

The ground underneath Som'er and Lenny exploded with the blast of whatever it was they were using, sending both Gremlins flying backwards, through the air, and out the entrance of the mountain.

"You morooooooooooooon!" Som'er yelled.

Mah was about to gloat over the obvious victory that the Tuckets had just achieved, but the Union had other ideas. Now that some of the Gremlins were spilling out of the mouth of the mountain entrance, the Union had fewer reservations when it came to blowing things up.

And blowing things up is exactly what they began to do.

Something landed next to Mah and knocked her sideways into the legs of a table. The table collapsed, sending glass and metal tools raining down all around her, but it ended up being a good thing since it protected her from the next burst of shrapnel that came hurtling toward her. Mah heard Trixiebelle yell something unintelligible from the other side of the room.

"Tuckets!" Mah cried. "Grab and git!"

Gremlins poured out the entrance of Hollow Point and raced back toward the spot where the train had broken through the wall. Some Gremlins—she couldn't tell what family they were from—started moving back toward the main entrance, since fewer Union troops seemed to be in the area, and for a moment Mah thought about going with them. But then some kind of vehicle with machine guns on it started rolling toward that area, and Mah thought that perhaps it was not the wisest course of action.

Just as she turned toward the train wreck again, she noticed that another train wreck was developing. The Union hadn't just resurged; they'd called in reinforcements. What had simply been the night watch now transformed into something resembling an organized army. All over the open field Gremlins were being exploded, shot, or otherwise obliterated. The hole where the train had come through the gate rapidly filled with Union troops. The ground rumbled with the sounds of war.

"Oh, we in trouble now," Mah said to nobody in particular. So it was a great shock when Som'er responded.

"Yep," he said. In his hands, he appeared to be holding a stripped-down version of the weapon he and Lenny had previously found.

"Thought you'd shoot me in the back," Mah said.

Som'er, without looking at her, held up the weapon, which was smoking from very recent use.

"Missed," he said.

"Ah," Mah said.

In front of them, a group of Gremlins tackled a heavily armored Union troop waving a flamethrower around. They managed to get the business end away from him, but not before gasoline leaking from the backpack the soldier was wearing ignited, sending all of them flying outward.

"We gonna die, if'n we don't work together," Som'er said.

"Yep," Mah said.

"I'mma still shoot you in the back someday," Som'er said.

"I'mma still gut you with my spoon," Mah said.

"I'd be insulted if you din't."

A long moment of silence followed.

"I tell you what," Som'er said. "I'm gonna take all my little pieces of Leviathan and go over there." He pointed to the right of the train wreck. "You take all your little pieces of Leviathan and go over there." He pointed to the left of the train wreck. "And we just pour hate and discontent into that little hole until all of those Unioners go away. Then we get back on the boats, and we don't talk to each other fer a while."

Mah drew a pistol and shot a Union rifleman who had gotten too close.

"Som'er Teeth Jones," Mah said. "I think that's a fine idea."



"Gremlins."

The word bounced off the walls of the small, well-guarded, and well-insulated room. Outside, torches and lamps blurred lines in the darkness as the man carrying them raced across the deteriorating battlefield that Hollow Point had become.

Outside the observation tower's window, chaos had erupted so quickly, and with such immeasurable force, that Ackerton was having trouble putting it all into words.

"*Gremlins*," Yulk repeated.

At least the Gremlins looked like they were fleeing, carrying whatever they could out of the mouth of Hollow Point and back toward the train gate. Ackerton thought they'd do this, so he'd hoped to outsmart them by ordering everyone to reinforce that point as soon as they'd entered. There were no tunnels leading through the mountain, so the Gremlins would have to come out eventually. And when they did...

"Yes, sir," Ackerton said, looking at the floor. He knew he shouldn't have traded watch command nights with Piff. Anything involving Piff always ended up going sideways.

"You let *Gremlins* into Hollow Point."

"To be fair sir, we didn't let them—"

"You let *Gremlins* crash a train into the wall of Hollow Point, pour in like a damn rat infestation, and let them run off with who knows what kind of technology."

"Well, they haven't run off yet, sir," Ackerton said, gesturing out the window. "In fact, it looks as if we might be able to—"

A huge explosion rocked the entire base, sending Ackerton stumbling to the side. Yulk didn't move an inch. When he recovered, Ackerton peered out the window to see what had happened. Where a large body of Union troops had been standing just a moment before, there was now a smoking hole in the ground, decorated with bright, colorful flames.

Oddly, he found himself trying to figure out how to make blue flame instead of trying to figure out what had just happened.

"Well," Yulk said, "it looks like they figured out how to use some of the stuff they stole."

A pair of Gremlins—just a couple of silhouettes in the darkness, to Ackerton's eyes—had split their forces to either side of the hole in the wall and started firing whatever they had into the breach. It seemed as though the Gremlins were holding Hollow Point, and the Union had been the ones trying to force their way in.

Yulk didn't offer any more commentary as the Union forces melted under the pressure of the ancient technology, combined with all of them being in a single spot upon which the Gremlins rained down fire. Ackerton thought the expression about sitting ducks was appropriate, but something about his survival instincts told him to remain quiet.

Then, as suddenly as it began, it ended. Gremlins ran out the hole, like ants fleeing from a flooded ant-hill, and vanished into the darkness. Hollow Point fell silent. Except for the secondary explosions. And the crackling of flames. And the screaming of men and Gremlin alike. And a Gremlin pulling the steam horn in the obliterated train for no apparent reason.

Hollow Point wasn't actually that quiet.

"Ackerton?" Yulk.

"Yes?" Ackerton said, his voice cracking.

"Go get a shovel."

"Yes, sir," Ackerton said. If he found Piff, he was going to hit him with it.





THUNDER FUEL, GREMLIN FIRE

by
Andrew Bud Adams

The Brewmaster stood back to appraise his growing store of ingredients. He held one hand behind his crooked back and fingered his bamboo staff with the other. His apprentice Wesley crawled through the sacks, crates, and barrels, scratching items off a list one-by-one.

"Blackroot from the Knotwoods? *Scratch*. Lichen from a bioluminescent grotto in the Ten Peaks... *scratch!*"

"Check," the Brewmaster said.

Wesley paused. "Boss? Er, I mean, master?"

"Check," not scratch." If there's one thing that the Brewmaster had noticed in his numerous 'shine trades with the city folk, it was that he could get more scrip if he spoke like them, though it became considerably more difficult after a few sips of his own brew, not to mention trying to teach Wesley.

The apprentice's face lit up with a grin. "Ah!" He went back to taking inventory. "Skeeters fossilized in tree sap from south'a the Bogs? *Check*. Almonds roasted right inside the magical pulse of the Breach? Dunno how some drunk Gremlins got *that* one right, but check! Blood cherries from a homestead out in the Badlands? *Check*. Plenty'a fuel for the fire, bo—uh, master."

His apprentice stopped his inventory to shoo away the latest minions returned from their errands, three Bayou Gremlins who'd just dropped off their contribution, or "Tri-Chi tri-bute," as they called it. They carried a heavy clay jug between them, wrestling over the right to present their prize to the Brewmaster. Wesley intercepted them, grabbing the jug from their hands and sending them scurrying with a few

whacks - the universal Gremlin expedient. One of the Gremlins tripped over his wide-brimmed hat in the rush to the door. He scooped it up and bowed the rest of the way out. Wesley watched them go with distaste.

"They were not worthy of such an important assignment, b-... *master*."

"And yet, they seem to have succeeded," the Brewmaster said. He nodded to the jug in Wesley's hands. "Or have they?"

Wesley popped open the jug and waved it in front of his noseless face. His tongue flicked in and out like a snake's. He smiled. "Well, no kiddin'. They did it. They brought you Song! I'll be."

The Brewmaster could not keep his enthusiasm in check. The bottles that dangled from his bamboo staff jangled as he bent closer to his apprentice. "Test it," he said.

His apprentice was happy to comply. Careful at first, he kissed the jug's mouth, then suddenly threw back a sample in a single up-and-down jerk. He swilled the pungent liquid in each cheek, looked left and right, and then swallowed. His eyes disappeared over his grin.

The Brewmaster took the jug and smelled it. "Creamy. Sweet. Honey and" —he sniffed again—"pinesap?"

Wesley took the jug back, dutifully double-checking the master's analysis by taking another deep shot of the brew. While he was so occupied, three Tanuki wandered through the door. The round bodies and soft fur of the raccoon spirits looked out of place among the lean, scrawny figures of the Gremlins. Each one carried a large gourd, marked in the sacred kanji of the Thunders' brewery. They came in loose-limbed and clearly inebriated, gazing around the room with sleepy eyes, snouts snuffling at the smell of whiskey in the air, oohing and awing at everything they saw. The copper corpses of Guild machines, acting now as brewery vats, impressed them the most. Giggling, they pointed little claws at the vats, talking in the chattering language of their kind.

"How much Song is left after you three got your paws on it?" Wesley wondered aloud as he descended on them, snatching away their suspiciously light gourds.

The Tanuki lowered their heads and studied their footpaws. One of them burped; the other two giggled.

Under his master's watchful eye, Wesley opened a gourd and tasted its contents, returning that same satisfied smile. "Song'n this one, too."

This news was somewhat worrisome. The Brewmaster had sent two teams after the Ten Thunders' secret beverage with the expectation that neither were likely to return. The successful theft of one batch was long odds. Both missions succeeding went far beyond fortuity and into suspicion.

His apprentice guessed his concern. Like overcooked moonshine, relations with the Ten Thunders had recently turned sour. They'd given the Brewmaster weapons with which to arm the Bayou Gremlins. He may have led them to believe the Gremlins would use those weapons against the Guild and Union settlements opposing Promise. He also may have left the weapons with the Tongs instead. According to the Brewmaster's Moon Shinobi scouts, the Tongs *did* use them... but against Promise, not its enemies. It was likely that the Thunders were looking for payback.

Wesley turned a hard stare and sharp finger on the Tanuki. "You wasn't followed, was ya?"

They took the question as an accusation and passed it among themselves like a hot potato, finally shaking their heads in vigorous unison. At any rate, it was obvious they didn't *think* they were followed.

Wesley deferred to the Brewmaster, who studied them a moment longer before nodding—a soothsayer satisfied by what only he saw (or pretended to, at the very least).

This seemed to boost the Tanuki's spirits, or stir the spirits they'd already downed, and they forgot that they were expecting to be paid with more brew. When they shuffled out it was with proud grins and swaggers.



THUNDER FUEL, GREMLIN FIRE

"Song, but no recipe, boss, er, master," Wesley said. "Maybe if you taste it yourself?"

The Brewmaster sat down, swishing the contents of the half-empty gourd. "No rush, Wesley," he said. Such moments were meant to be savored. Finally, he lowered his dark scarf, touched the lip of the gourd to his mouth, and drank deeply. He wasted none, and Wesley watched wide-eyed, as if witnessing someone speed read a tome fat with knowledge. When the Brewmaster was done, he let out a long, easy breath and smacked his lips slowly, nodding all the while.

Hands steeping and unsteeping impatiently, Wesley asked, "And, master? Can you reproduce it?"

Still deep in thought, the Brewmaster arched an eyebrow. "Reproduce? No."

Wesley's face fell.

"*Perfect?* Maybe."

His apprentice clapped, eager to get started.

But there was still the question of *how*. Wesley waited expectantly, and for long moments the only sounds were the boiling vats, hissing steam, and the grist mill turning above them. The Brewmaster paced alongside the massive pile of new ingredients. He carried the empty gourd of Song with him, enjoying the bouquet that still lingered inside while assessing the odd grains, fruits, and random contributions his Gremlins and Tanuki had brought him. They were unique, maybe even special... but were they enough?



Gremlin facilities tended not to last long. It had nothing to do with standards, considering their willingness to use them long after they'd sunk into the swamp or caught fire. But even Gremlins had to admit when a shack was now a lumberyard, when a tree fort was now an ash pile, when a fanboat was now death on metal wings. Fortunately, all of the above could be repurposed. It was spiritual, really, how all things broken and dead and useless were reborn by Gremlin hands. The fallen shack was reincarnated as a pig fence, the burnt treefort as gumbo seasoning, the misfiring fanboat as a projectile weapon or personal gyrocopter. In fact, many of these transformations occurred *before* the original structure had run its course, sometimes while still in use by the previous owner.

The latest, greatest hooch house was no exception. Wide open like a stage, it combined Popcorn Turner's slapdash distillation components with the Three Kingdoms influence of the Brewmaster and his Tri-Chi, providing the friendly rivals a neutral setting for a little brewing competition, or "Competishine," as Cooper Jones was calling it. She stood among glass bottles, bulbous gourds, upturned top hats, and various other empty containers on a rickety table. Jars rattled as she paced and showboated, bumping them with the barrel she wore, but her attention was on the crowd of both contestants' fans and followers. They cheered in sections when she introduced



the two contestants, but together whenever a bottle or jar fell off the table and shattered. All Gremlins were hard-wired with a deep love of things breaking, as any decent Bayou orator knew – and exploited without hesitation.

“Shuddup now, ya cretins, so’s I can give you his grace, his eminence, his most holy of Gremlins—no, not most *holey*, dingbats; Buckshot Barnaby over there still gots the record—the wise and weird (and sure to lose) ...‘Brew’ ...‘master!’”

Cooper gave it plenty of volume, but was careful to nudge only a single jar off the table. It didn’t break on impact and instead landed with an unsatisfactory *squelch* in the mud. Disappointed, the Gremlins clapped a little half-heartedly.

“Now let’s hear it fer the shiner o’ both moons, the legger o’ boots, the slayer o’ salty snacks, the hero o’ hillbillies, a god ‘mong Gremlins, the greenest and hairiest and stretchiest and barrel-ridin’-est and best whiskey-makin’ sonofadrunk ya ever gonna see...the one and only *Popcorn Turner!*”

This time she landed hard in the middle of the table, catapulting most of its contents in various directions to punctuate her speech with a cacophony of shattered glass and clay. The crowd erupted.

“She’s tryin’ta sway them in Popcorn’s favor,” Wesley muttered from the open platform, taking a step forward. “Don’t worry, master, I’ll-”

The Brewmaster rested his hand on Wesley’s sleeve. “The hooch will speak for itself.”

He threw Popcorn a shrug and salute. The hairy Gremlin lounged in his bib overalls, bare feet resting on a barrel of mash, soaking in the adulation of the crowd. He tipped the tattered straw brim of his hat to the Brewmaster and grinned around the barley stalk hanging from his teeth, like he’d already won.

“Beggin’ yer pardon, yer eminence, but I is perfectly amicable to that,” Popcorn said. “I reckon you’ll need it! Humans calls it a handycap, I hear. You’ve a noticeable *deficiency* of help-meets, so best you keep yer ‘prentice close.”

He gestured at the red-eyed, barrel-bodied Whiskey Gamin squeaking and rolling around his side of the distillery, carrying bottles in their claw-hands and lighting fires with their spray-spouts.

Wesley rolled white oak containers into position while the Brewmaster climbed higher in their multi-level equipment, aligning conductor arms and coils and collector jars. “Keep your cap, Popcorn, but thanks all the same.”

“Gentlegremlins, brew yer ‘shine!” Cooper Jones hollered in the yard. The crowd hollered back. The Competi-’shine had begun.

Grains were poured into boiling chambers made of all manner of metal junk. Wesley raced the Whiskey Gamin at chopping fruits, vegetables, and the odd critter. He was the more dexterous knifer, but barely gained on them when forced to dodge their own blades half the time, which they struggled to keep hold of. Popcorn and the Brewmaster oversaw the addition of ingredients to their own stills. Popcorn stuck to what he knew, combining mash, barley, and rye. He glanced on occasion at the recipes he’d nailed to the wall, a ritual that began with suspicious peeks in his competitor’s direction before poking through a poorly erected curtain of old clothes and feathers. The Brewmaster kept his recipe in his head, even inventing it as he went, sampling his secret stash of Song every so often to stay inspired, though here and there it found its way into the mixture itself. Cold water ran through an overly intricate labyrinth of pipes and hollow logs held aloft by everything from strings to animal intestines. Some filled the water jackets—actual exoskeletons of giant yellowjackets in Popcorn’s case, as he took the nomenclature literally. The rest drained between beam braces that hoisted the whole place above ground, where it was no longer of any concern to them. Before long the drainage pooled across the yard, causing the Gremlin spectators to sink unnoticed an inch into the swamp.

The two rivals worked mostly in silence, but their respective assistants made up the difference. They were happy to advertise each action to the other and to the crowd, speaking louder each time as if volume alone would win the day. Joining the bubbling and squishing and splashing and whistling and the occasional burst of flame was their ongoing dialogue of nothing but brewing babble and distillation drive.

“Hey, Weasel! Yer mash makes ours look like gravy!”

“You sure that’s malt, Cooper? Tastes more like, uh, salt!”

THUNDER FUEL, GREMLIN FIRE

"Ain't you a peach? Save the honey fer the hooch, boy!"

Their temple of spirits pumped out billowy black smoke and all manner of tantalizing odors. Those flowing off Popcorn's end were rich and woodsy, while the Brewmaster's work wafted sweet and creamy, with a hint of sharpness. The combination drove their fans crazy. Their appetites whetted, the assembled Gremlins dove into the complimentary beverages offered by (or stolen from) the Whiskey Gamin with feverish enthusiasm. This inspired the audience to start competitions of their own, sometimes Gremlin versus Gremlin, later pig versus pig, because the effect the 'shine had on the swine was hilarious to any un-trampled onlookers.

As the day wore on, they stomped the benches and hung from the heavy Bayou trees and rolled in the mud until not a one of them recalled the Competishine itself. By the afternoon, when the humidity was thick as molasses and the hazy sun beat them slow and senseless, most Gremlins were snoring loudly, propped on each other's heads and ends with their limbs all akimbo.

Inside, Popcorn Turner and Cooper Jones were barely awake themselves, nestled comfortably inside sacks of sugar and yeast. Here and there one would climb out, exposing the squirming grubs and salamanders beneath, to stir the boiling contents of dirty tubs and basins and to refill whatever older hooch they were drinking. Popcorn would pause to scratch his beard and his hindquarters, grinning proudly at his competitor's side of the structure, croaking, "Thataboys" and "Don't give up, now" and "I'm right proud o' you, yer eminence, feighin' to deignin' down 'mong us lowly Bayou folk."

Wesley would only smile and the Brewmaster would only nod, neither pausing in their work, even if that "work" looked a great deal like watching and waiting for the pots to boil, so to speak. Between the Song and the new ingredients, they wouldn't be thrown by Popcorn's popping.

Then, with barely a sound, a Moon Shinobi dropped onto the platform from the ceiling of drooping branches. The Brewmaster only turned his head slightly

as the masked Tri-Chi Gremlin slid up to Wesley and whispered something in the apprentice's pointy ear. Wesley nodded, frowned, stroked the hair on his chin, and tugged his topknot.

The Brewmaster waited.

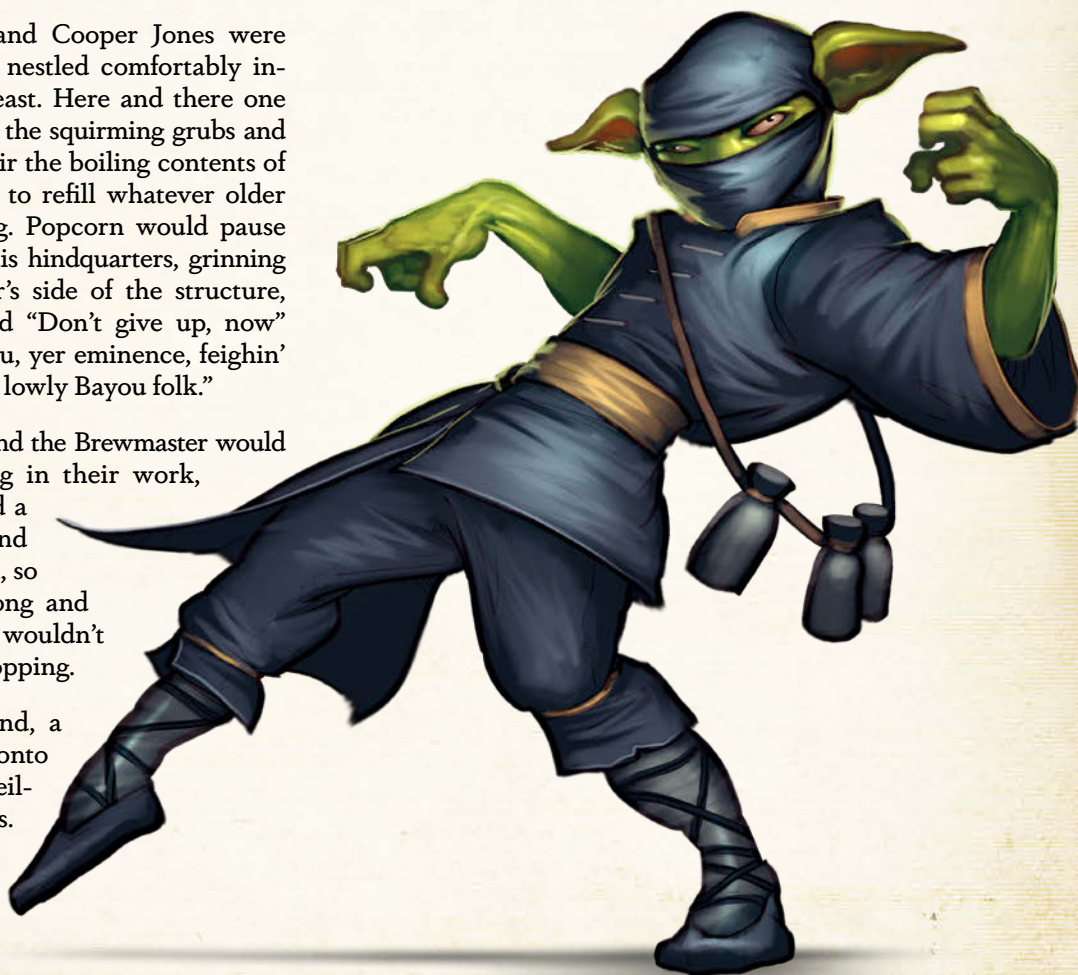
"Ten Thunders, master," his apprentice told him finally.

The Brewmaster considered, then said, "The usual welcome, Wesley."

Their attention crossed the yard full of snoring, thumb-sucking Gremlins and fell on a body lounging against a tree. This one wasn't a Gremlin or any manner of worshipper, but a potbellied thug missing his Oni mask and most of his clothes. Flies buzzed around him, though that didn't help clarify whether he was dead or merely dead drunk.

Wesley twiddled his fingers nervously, glanced at the Shinobi, and shook his head. "Not this time, master. A Katanaka leads them. They're not far."

The Brewmaster sighed.



"Too much fuel in yer fire, eminence?" Popcorn Turner crowed from his nest.

The Moon Shinobi disappeared into the trees again. The Brewmaster sent Wesley to hitch his wagon. "Nothing unexpected," he replied finally, facing his competitor. "And nothing I can't handle. Unfortunately, I have to withdraw from—"

"*Withdraw* from the Competishine?!" Popcorn said, shocked. He wanted to win, but fair and square.

"—the stage," the Brewmaster clarified. "Just for a moment. This shouldn't take long."

"If'n you say so, Brewboss!"

The Brewmaster hesitated, then gestured with his staff at his side of the platform, at the different tiers and tuns all hard at work turning his unique take on Song into the Competishine's winning brew and his own greatest triumph. "I trust..."

The old Gremlin cackled. "Dontcha worry none! Popcorn's gotcha covered and then some. Coop!"

His assistant came to attention surprisingly fast, saluting and everything. "Yessir?"

"I wancha to keep an eye on his eminence here. Bring 'im back in one piece so I win this here Competishine fair and square. No one to gloat to if he's dead!"

Cooper Jones grinned. "My pleasure, Pops!"

She made one stop on their way out of the yard. After shoving a few unconscious Gremlins off their perches, she tapped the tower of barrels currently serving as the crowd's bleachers.

"Hey!" she shouted.

Nothing happened at first. She yelled and hit them again, this time with the pneumatic welding torch clutched in her hand.

Watching this decidedly hazardous maneuver, Wesley side-eyed the Brewmaster, who raised a hand as if about to advise Cooper differently.

Before the Brewmaster could give his warning, Cooper's pounding activated a particular rune carved into one of the barrels. The whole mound stirred. With a whirring clatter, the stack of barrels rose off the ground, scattering its covering of sleeping Gremlins. Some of the Gremlins slid limply off without waking, landing with a splat in the mud.

Others, believing another furnace was about to explode (as they often do), leaped clear in surprise without looking where they fell. Through hoots and hollers, the creaking and groaning of wood, and the noisy burp of mud emerged a humanoid construct built from barrels of all sizes. Eyes glowing with the amber moonshine that sloshed inside it, the Golem marched to attention beside Cooper Jones. She climbed aboard its humped back and grinned at the two Tri-Chi.

"Point us at the action, boys!"



The big pig pulling the Brewmaster's wagon chose their road through the Bayou, either because the Brewmaster trusted its nose or because he didn't trust his ability to control it. Regardless, he was confident it would lead them to the Ten Thunders, or the Ten Thunders to them, and one was just as good as the other. Admittedly, the latter seemed more likely, what with the pig's occasional bursts of speed, punctuated by excited snorting, that sent the wagon and its contents rattling something awful. Then there was Cooper Jones' jolly, banshee-like singing of a rowdy Gremlin yodel, her lack of a banjo notwithstanding.

In retrospect, Wesley wondered if singing was too generous a word. The din coming from atop the shoulders of the golem was more akin to a drunken wildcat having a heated territorial dispute with a chain-smoking crow, with neither winning.

The croaking and yodeling eventually fell off as the pig's path brought them up a shallow rise to firmer ground, and they broke through the twisted swamp undergrowth into a natural clearing. They no longer detected the typical buzz of oversized mosquitoes tracking them, and none of them could shake the feeling that more than the severely arched and grumpy trees were watching them. Tall grasses and drifting fog made for poor visibility, however much their Gremlin eyes were accustomed to it.

Then, in this perfect place for an ambush, the late afternoon sun made an appearance, pale and unworldly, like it couldn't quite pierce the swamp's unique atmosphere, but could briefly change its color palette. Twisted bark and vines like nooses glowed orange, the ground yellow, and the Gremlin crew found themselves illuminated.

THUNDER FUEL, GREMLIN FIRE

And not only them. The brief glow peeled back the shadows of the far side of the clearing long enough to reveal half a dozen figures in fearsome oni masks. Ten Thunders agents.

The leanest and most extravagantly dressed took a step forward, a broad-bladed nagamaki polearm resting on her shoulder. The Katanaka battle standards on her back barely stirred in the thick, still air. Her mask, an inhaler of some kind, hung loosely around her chin by two hoses. Her expression was calm and cold at first; however, after watching the Gremlins, hearing the pig's snorting, smelling the sharp vapors from the rickety wagon and Golem, her lips snarled to an angry grimace.

Momentarily overwhelmed with disgust, she said something quiet but cruel. "Uragirimono." Her dark eyes were fixed on the Brewmaster.

"Say what now?" shouted Cooper.

Every Ten Thunders agent glared at her. Wesley shot her a look of concern, too, trying to get her attention, but she was too pleased with herself to notice any of it.

"You have taken something, Brewmaster. Something that doesn't belong to you," the Boss said, pointing her nagamaki. "The Ten Thunders do not take kindly to theft. Or betrayal."

"Well, ain't she the serious type," Cooper said with a whistle. "Comin' into our swamp and—"

The Brewmaster held up his hand to quiet her. The Ten Thunders' Boss and her cadre of agents turned to him expectantly, fists tightening on their weapons.

But he didn't speak. Instead, he dropped the pig's reins, reached for his staff, rose slowly, backed out the side of the wagon seat, hung there for a moment, searched for the ground with his foot, found it, dropped, let his clothes settle, and finally looked up at the Katanaka Boss.

"Apologies," he said, with the slightest bow. "Do I know y'all?" Wesley noticed his slip, but said nothing.

She momentarily considered ignoring the banter, only to raise her voice, and said, "I am Arashi, of the Katanaka clan. I am the storm, sent to wash away deceivers like you."

"All blustery winds, you ask me," Cooper Jones muttered.

"No one *did* ask you, Cooper," Wesley said quietly.

But she went on: "Maybe we call you windbag! Ten Toots! Ain't silent *or* deadly!"

Arashi turned toward the barrel-dressed Gremlin like a rotating head on an ice statue.

"Cooper!" Wesley repeated, drawing his hand across his throat and shaking his head rapidly.

"Weasel!" she snapped back.

The Brewmaster ignored them. Then he ignored the Boss and her agents. He turned his back completely, walked to the back of the wagon, and rummaged through its contents.

Arashi's men tensed. They started forward, weapons at the ready, but she signaled for them to hold their ground. After a long moment, the Tri-Chi leader found what he was looking for, and reappeared from around the wagon.

"There's no need to argue. I'm thinkin' this might help," he said.

He approached the agents again, slowly and carefully. Cradled in one arm was a box of glass jars, tinkling almost musically. He stopped several yards from the Boss and held it out to her, respectfully bowing again, but never taking his eyes off of her.

She raised her nose. "What's this?"

"One of my finest batches, Hog's Moon," the Brewmaster said proudly.

Arashi arched an eyebrow, then smiled for the first time—an unsettling smirk. "Are you trying to *bribe* me?"

The jars jingled again as the Brewmaster shook his whole body back and forth. "No, but fer you, I'd part ways with it, if'n we leave this all behind us..."

A murmur rippled through the Ten Thunders crew. Arashi cut them off with a snap of her fingers. "You're brewing more than just pisswater these days, Gremlin. Brewing big trouble, I think, or we wouldn't be here. Is that stolen Song in those jars?"

The Brewmaster cocked his hooded head. "Song?" Wesley can carry a tune, but..."

Arashi gave a nearly imperceptible gesture. An imposing agent stepped forward and shook something out of a sack—a mass of limbs, fur, and bloated bellies. The mass sprawled onto the ground in the form of one Bayou Gremlin with a big brimmed hat and one fat Tanuki, the same who dropped off their tributes earlier. Both lay motionless. Wesley gasped in spite of himself. The Brewmaster frowned, then took a sip.

So the Song thieves *had* been followed.

“Enough. The only thing you will be trading today is your lif-”

She was interrupted by a long burp at her feet. The Bayou Gremlin and the Tanuki both sat up in a haze. Not dead after all, but merely incredibly drunk, the two temporarily took pause to look around. The Tanuki woozily raised his hand as if to object that this was not the tree where he had passed out in, but then looked up, shrugged, and figured it might as well have been. The Gremlin, wide eyed and blinking, nodded to himself, thinking that last shot

of moonshine must’ve been a doozy, and that he’d have to get his hands on some more as soon as he got back. They both met gazes, each with the same ridiculous grin, and then pointed at one another, as if to say “This guy knows how to party.”

As everyone looked on, completely dumbfounded, the raccoon spirit rolled over and grunted, resulting in the off-key twang of musical instruments. Beneath his soggy bottom were a shamisen and a two-stringed banjo, both covered in matted fur and mud. He stared owlishly at the shamisen for a moment before plucking a string and playing a high note. The Gremlin grinned, snatched up his banjo, and looked it over like a jewelcrafter eyeing an uncut diamond before helping the Tanuki to its feet. Both of them stumbled off, arm in arm, giggling to a nearby tree.

“Did that...?” Wesley stammered out.

“Ye-up, looks like they got into the good stuff,” Cooper said jealously.

“Kinda ruined the moment,” Wesley replied, still staring in disbelief as the Gremlin and Tanuki struggled with their instruments.

“Are you kidding me?” Arashi said, well beyond annoyed. With her escalation of threats interrupted, she was left with a loss for words, having the moment ripped away from her by two drunken fools. In order to take out her anger and recapture the moment, she turned to the Brewmaster and scowled. “Disgusting freaks, all of you. I will enjoy ridding you from this world.”

The Brewmaster suppressed a quiet chuckle as he watched the pair, after a moment’s deliberation, set all but one of his bottles down. He screwed the top off and took a long drink. They all waited. And waited. When he was finally done, he stared blankly at Arashi, her pointed expression clearly meant, *Are you done yet?* His lower face exposed, the Brewmaster smiled at her, swished the moonshine inside its jar, and raised it for another gulp.



THUNDER FUEL, GREMLIN FIRE

The Brewmaster drank slowly, reflecting. Maybe the Ten Thunders who sent these agents, who wanted him dead, would have accepted a larger tribute of some kind—the Brewmaster's wagon full of moonshine, the lost agents' weight in scrip, a few servants on loan, all of it together. Of course, they probably meant to take it all by force.

This was a grave miscalculation. Maybe no Gremlin was entirely Malifaux, so steeped were they in the human traditions they'd adopted; but it was the Malifaux side of them, the part spawned in this world, that made them purer lords over it than any of the humans. It was the Gremlins who suffered the humans, not the other way around. The Three Kingdoms' influence on the Tongs, on the Brewmaster, on his Tri-Chi, was the *humans'* tribute to *them*, one the Brewmaster had allowed, had accepted, had even perfected.

And the time had come to use it against them.

Arashi's grimace mirrored the Brewmaster's bitter brew face. They had reached a silent understanding—the acceptance that there would be no compromise between them, no peace. Only consequences.

Apprentice Wesley reached into the wagon for two cloudy bottles of his own special label, Stout'n'Kraut. He did this quietly, but the clearing was quieter, and so the clinking of glass was amplified in everyone's ears.

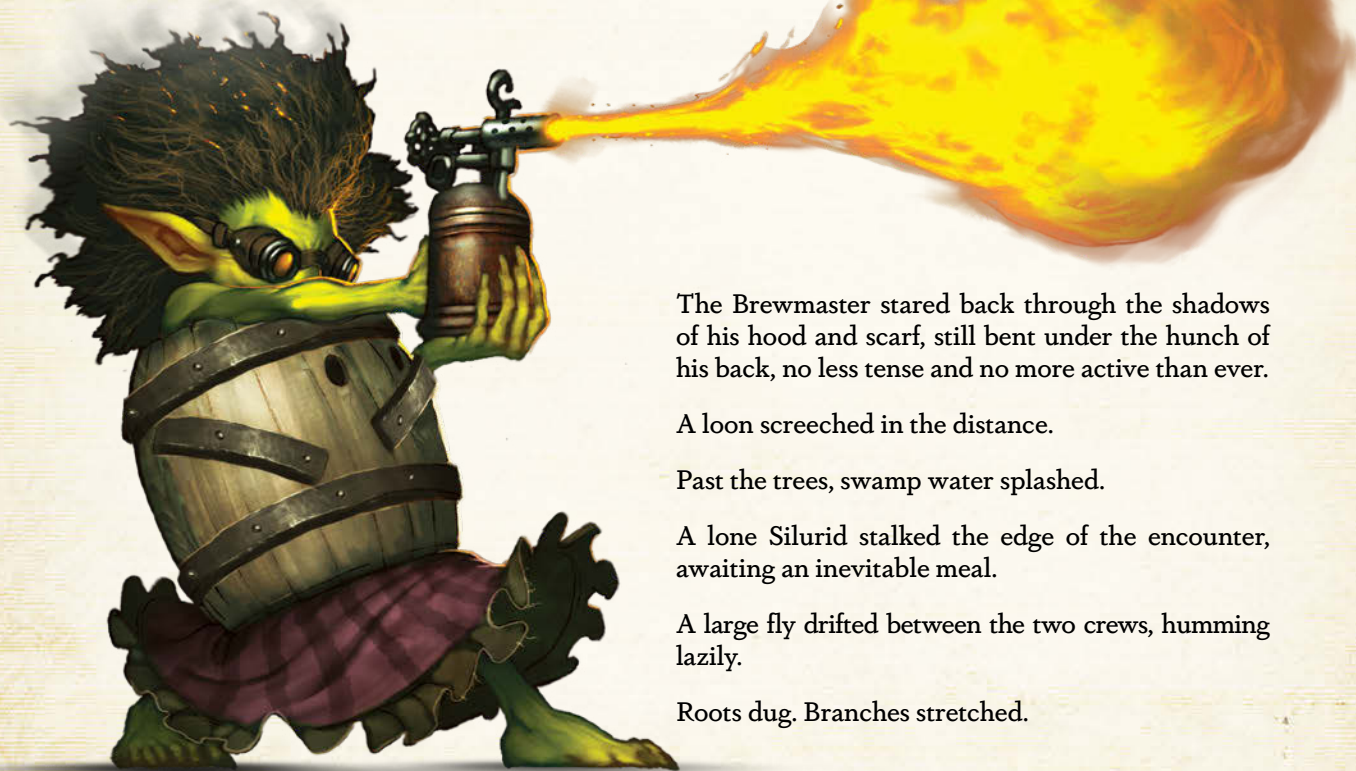
Arashi's personal lackeys, with heads and faces covered, slid quietly into different stances, their hands tight around their weapons. Lotus Eaters slipped purple blossoms into their mouths.

The soft soil squelched under the weight of the Whiskey Golem. Though the only one not truly alive, it was also the least still. Its tiny barrel legs strained under the weight of its much larger upper body, and it swayed rhythmically, gorilla arms hanging and the high-proof liquid sloshing ominously inside it.

"Fine, death it is, then." Arashi said, cutting through the quiet.

"Sure about that?" The Brewmaster asked as he pointed his thumb toward the Tanuki and Gremlin resting against the tree trunk. "Could follow their lead 'n have ourselves a drink."

"That's not going to happen." Arashi stared resolutely at the Brewmaster - even as she secured that menacing metal inhaler over the lower half of her face.



The Brewmaster stared back through the shadows of his hood and scarf, still bent under the hunch of his back, no less tense and no more active than ever.

A loon screeched in the distance.

Past the trees, swamp water splashed.

A lone Silurid stalked the edge of the encounter, awaiting an inevitable meal.

A large fly drifted between the two crews, humming lazily.

Roots dug. Branches stretched.



"Aw, to heck with this," grumbled Cooper Jones, then opened up with her blowtorch. "Play us a song, boys. Shoulder to the holder, dingleberries!"

The commotion that followed snapped the Tanuki and the Bayou Gremlin into a brief sobriety, both agreeing with Cooper in seeing an opportunity to set the mood for the battle unfolding before them. Their frantic little fingers ran over the strings like fists in a barroom brawl.

A spout of flames roared across the clearing, forcing the Ten Thunders to shrink back and scatter. The fire spraying just over the Whiskey Golem's head triggered a response in its limited but mystical sentience. It wasn't built to think for itself... but the heat loomed large in its glass eyes, reflected off them with horrible foreboding, and in that moment it achieved something akin to self-awareness. And along with that came the realization that it was a fifteen-foot tall construct made almost entirely of wood. Wood soaked in, and filled with, a highly flammable liquid. With a Gremlin on top. Who was brandishing a blowtorch.

It panicked.

Barrel biceps bulged and hose fingers grasped desperately at the cackling Gremlin on its back. Cooper didn't realize what was happening until it was too late, and found herself soaring through the air, yodeling at the top of her lungs and spraying fire in all directions. Strangely, this proved to be a more effective combat tactic than she or the Golem could have predicted, and the whirling jets of flame scattered the Ten Thunders agents in all directions.

Her flight was short-lived, however, and the ground was fast approaching. Cooper vanished inside her barrel like a turtle just before hitting the ground, grunted with the impact, rolled several yards, then popped back out near the Bayou Gremlin and Tanuki strumming their instruments with hair crazier than ever.

"Pick up the pace, boys. This ain't no slow dancin' two step!" Cooper nearly sang.

Eager for a brawl, she spotted the giant wooden maul one of the agents carried toward her, mistook it for a barrel of moonshine (because that's exactly the sort of weapon a Gremlin could approve of), and set it aflame. Nothing happened. Laughing behind his mask, the agent raised and dropped the flaming hammer with the force of one mighty step, like a railroad worker driving a spike.

"Aw rats," she muttered.

For a moment, Arashi and the Brewmaster had a line of vision to each other, a path without flames or rivals. They locked eyes, but then the Katanaka Boss gestured with her polearm. Two agents came between them like a curtain, charging with their heads low and their weapons at the ready. Their rapid steps matched the hollow twangs of the Tanuki's shamisen.

After finishing the jar of 'shine, the Brewmaster let out a natural breath, expelling all tension. He was so loose that it seemed his dark robe was empty, flapping beside his bamboo staff like nothing more than a banner.

Both agents lunged, their perfectly timed attacks passing by the fluid Brewmaster without finding flesh. With an unexpected push, the Brewmaster leaned against his staff and used the speed of their own movements, launching them both straight toward Wesley.

By this time, the Brewmaster's apprentice was as equally limber. The Stout'n'Kraut coursing through his veins was going to do the fighting for him. He took advantage of their upset balance and simply turned a lazy circle, making it look an awful lot like they crashed into his heavy hamper by accident. They came up covered in shards of broken glass, spitting moonshine out from under their masks.

Shrugging as if to say, "Don't mind if I do," Wesley bent backward and poured the two flasks he was carrying in twin streams down his throat.

Still being held up by the tree, the Tanuki let his last chords echo, distracted by one of Wesley's half-empty bottles when it rolled nearby. The raccoon spirit squirmed away from his spot, grabbed the bottle, took a swig for himself, then passed it to his impromptu bandmate and new best friend, who proceeded to down the rest.

Arashi's mocking laughter was muffled by her mask, suggesting the Brewmaster was a fool to even make a move. She shrugged the sashimono flags off her back, freeing her shoulders to twirl her nagamaki. The wide blade of the polearm whistled through the air as it gained speed. Soon it whirled around her in a deadly blur. She moved faster and with more control than should be possible, owing to the strength-enhancing vapors pumping through her mask.

THUNDER FUEL, GREMLIN FIRE

That was good. An enemy's strength was like the Brewmaster's store of ingredients. So much potential.

Fuel for the fire indeed.

Arashi came at him. Her lunges and swipes found only air. They became fewer as he turned and redirected them, throwing off Arashi's center and causing her to stumble. She wasn't used to fighting an opponent of his small size and failed to compensate. Each slash either missed by an inch or passed harmlessly through his clothes without connecting.

The Brewmaster was like a reed in the wind; he reeled this way, bent that way. He took a step to the left but somehow his body moved right nonetheless. His staff locked with hers and she tried to yank him off his feet, but he stepped into the pull as she backedpedaled. His palm in her gut was the final push she needed, and she fell... then spun in midair, putting her feet back beneath her. The Brewmaster narrowly ducked the propeller arc of her blade.

A deafening crash jolted Cooper Jones out of her stunned state. She shot upright, goggles askew, eyes wide, and felt her dress in a panic. All that was left of her barrel was one metal hoop – the rest had been smashed into splinters by that big oaf's maul. She was uninjured, although she probably looked plenty dead, lying there among the broken spars. Slowly, she turned toward the hammer-wielding agent, marking him for kindling, but he had already moved on.

That's when she noticed Lotus Eaters picking on her Whiskey Golem.

Though more agile than they'd first expected, it was still slow and ponderous. Though bigger, they outnumbered it. They danced around it, bending around its swipes and punches, then countering with sharp jabs to its joints. Bolts popped free, planks splintered, and pungent whiskey sloshed out. Its movements were already slower and more erratic, rivets missing, hinges dented, hoops hanging, splintered staves showering the ground. It could have been Cooper's imagination, but the construct seemed to be sweating beads of whiskey, groaning in frustration, losing its patience and making more mistakes as a result.

She straightened her goggles, then snatched up her torch and ran back into the fray. The plucking of the banjo bounced to her rhythm as she ran to the Golem's rescue.



One of the hampered agents had found his feet again and came at Wesley, twin kamas and the long hair of his top braid twirling like a tornado. Wesley backed up, bobbing back and forth, surprised, tipsy, though somehow never lost his balance. The other agent lunged from behind, keeping low with his swords. Wesley's dopey face didn't register concern or any sort of concentration; yet just as it seemed he might trip, or get caught in the agents' sharp blades, an unwise swig from his flask became a lucky block, a staggering misstep a fortuitous trip.



They lunged again from either side – and both were rewarded with the satisfaction of blades striking flesh. At least until they realized it was each other's. Then the swordsman's mouth made an *O* shape; his eyes drifted upward in time to watch the straw hat fall off either side of his head, split in two by the sickle embedded in his skull.

The kama's owner barely had time to react to the shock of killing his own man. Wesley pounded the human in rapid succession until his bottles broke, embedded in the eyes of the oni mask. The man screamed and fell. Wesley stared at the spectacle both in amazement and in pity, focused too much on their demises than his surroundings.

An arrow sped from out of the surrounding trees, smacking into his shoulder. Wesley looked at it for a long second.

"Ah," he said, then fell limply to the ground.

The music stopped altogether as both the Bayou Gremlin and the Tanuki noticed the Ten Thunders Archers hiding in the trees.

More arrows went *thunk thunk thunk* into the Whiskey Golem, one of them between Cooper Jones' fingers. She was in the middle of a few hasty repairs, desperately clinging to its arm while it swung in circles at the Lotus Eaters. One rolled on the ground, half his body burning. Cooper glared at the treeline and growled, "Lousy swine! Pincushionin' my baby when ah'm try'n'a fix it!"

The Golem was puzzled, too. It stopped fighting and studied the arrows protruding from it. At first it moved gingerly, reaching its finger toward the fletching; but three more arrows appeared for each it touched, until there were too many to choose from. Roaring angrily, it grabbed a fistful and yanked, accidentally smashing its valve knuckles into a Lotus Eater's face in the same motion.

"Not like that!" Cooper Jones cried, but it was too late. Each arrow hole unstoppered an arching fountain of whiskey.



Facing both Arashi and her maul-wielding agent, the Brewmaster kept a triangle between them to avoid being flanked. The Katanaka Boss shouted orders to circumvent this tactic, but

the Tri-Chi Gremlin tottered seemingly at random, keeping them off-balance and out of position. He disarmed the agent's burnt maul with the man's own momentum and a careful pinch of his wrist. Laughing off the Brewmaster's return jabs, the big man pulled a long studded club off his back.

Without hesitation or ceremony, he swung, and it was the immediacy of the action that caught the Brewmaster off guard. The club met with the Gremlin master's staff, narrowly missing his head. The spikes ran across the bamboo, shaving off a layer before the club smacked against the ground. To counter the attack, the Brewmaster flung the bottom edge of the staff up into the agent's chin. The agent spat out a tooth, licked his bloodied lip, and smiled viciously.

Arashi used the distraction as a window of opportunity. As the Brewmaster turned to counterattack, she brought down her nagamaki diagonally with enough force to end it all with one swing. Whether readjusting himself from the last attack or regaining his balance, the Brewmaster tilted backwards, let loose the grip of his staff, and caught her blade with the hollow end. The tip of his staff split against the metal, but in the fluid motion, he managed to deflect another deathblow.



THUNDER FUEL, GREMLIN FIRE

Arashi came in with another swing, and the Brewmaster used her energy against her, connecting with the wooden base of his geta against her elbow as she attacked. The agent's club crashed down again, shattering a bottle strung to the Gremlin's hip, but the Brewmaster caught a ceramic shard before it fell to the ground and flicked it into the agent's shoulder. The three continued to trade blows and deflections. For every three or four swings of Arashi's blade, one would find purchase, either slicing into the Brewmaster's robe or carving away at his staff or sandals. He retaliated in kind, continuing to wear them both down with dodges and swerves, but fending off both attackers was quickly wearing him down, as well.

Arashi's patience had clearly boiled dry. Her body was slick with sweat from the gas and swinging

her heavy nagamaki. Her club-swinging agent was breathing heavily, exhausted. Their finesse was gone. Both were making huge efforts to alternately slice or crush the elusive master.

The Brewmaster could see the silhouettes of the Ten Thunders Archers crouching in the low canopy at the far side of the clearing, launching salvos into the Whiskey Golem. It was creaking and staggering from the onslaught and couldn't take much more. Distracted, the Brewmaster attempted to fling up his staff to redirect the blows, but they were too much at once. The three weapons met.

In a risky gambit, the Brewmaster let loose his grip from the staff, allowing the energy of their attacks to bring it down into the mud. On the way down, the agent's studded club slammed into the Gremlin's shoulder. Ignoring the pain, he used the blow's power to spin, grab Arashi, and roll onto her back. He kicked the agent out of the way, bit the cork out of the last bottle attached to his hip, and jammed it upside down into the Boss' breathing tank.

He somersaulted off Arashi's back as she stumbled, already tasting his brew in growing confusion. He ignored her for the moment, gripping his wounded shoulder and casting a silent command into the trees.



Moon Shinobi fell on the Archers.

For a moment, the Gremlin's banjo sped faster and louder than the Tanuki's shamisen, but they soon clicked back into melodic unison. Their strums became slower and more deliberate. They must have been sobering up.

The Archers were quick to respond. A blue-masked Shinobi, limbs and ears splayed like a star, took an arrow through the chest.

The Archers leaped out of the way, moving from branch to branch, letting arrows fly in midair. The Shinobi followed, moving quicker and lighter among the trees, balancing with drunken swaying motions, their clawed fingers still gripping cups that weren't there. The Archers released three arrows at once; when they connected with a nearby



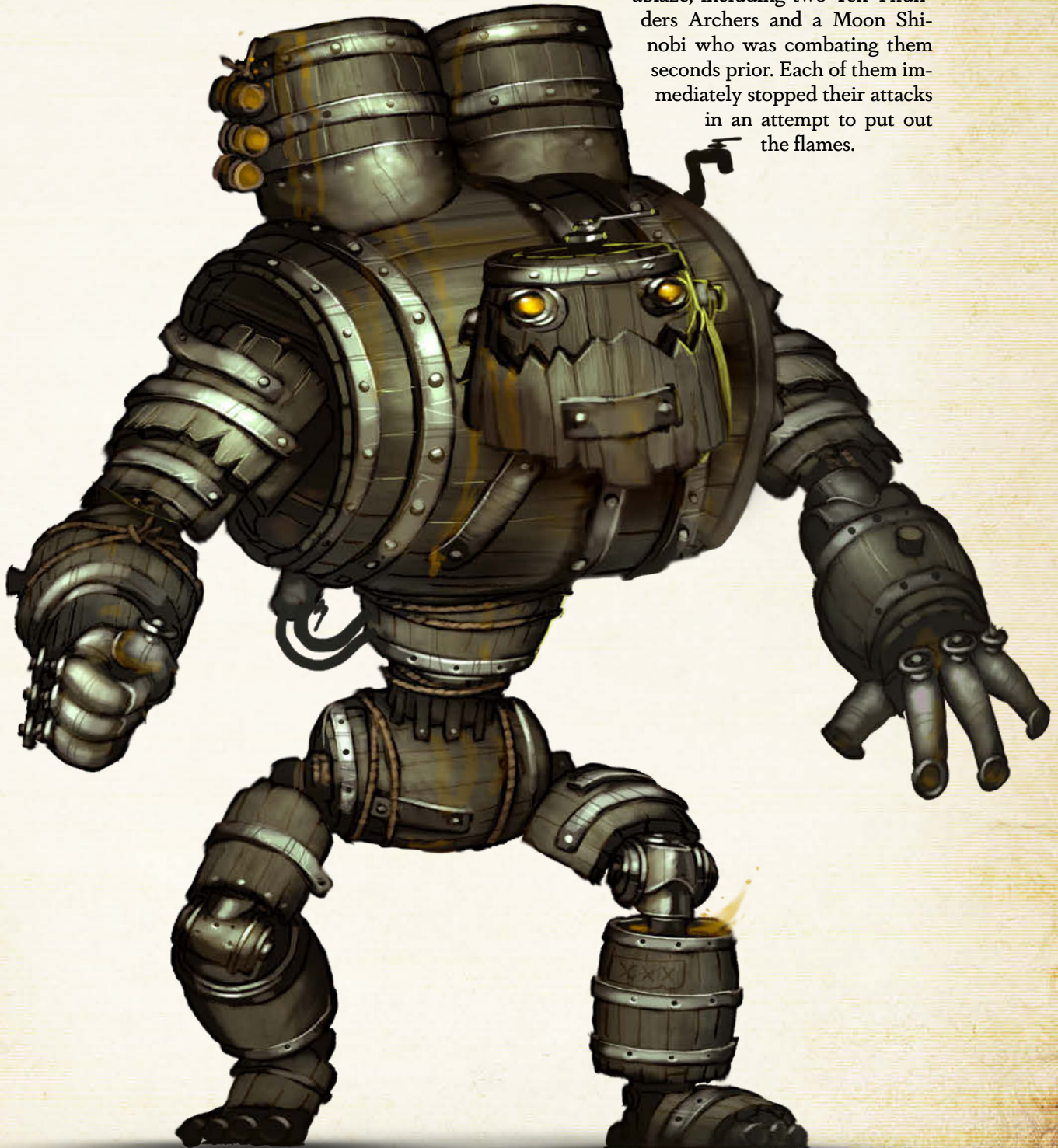
trunk, the Shinobi used them as hand and footholds. The Gremlins landed on the Archers' helmets; the Archers launched them back off.

Both the banjo and the shamisen twanged with a heavy, rhythmic beat.

Then the trees caught fire.



Cooper Jones hooted happily, shooting flames into the streams of whiskey escaping her Golem. The resulting fountain of burning liquor set everything ablaze, including two Ten Thunders Archers and a Moon Shinobi who was combating them seconds prior. Each of them immediately stopped their attacks in an attempt to put out the flames.



THUNDER FUEL, GREMLIN FIRE

Black and acrid smoke rolled through the clearing, causing those closest to flee while all covered their faces, minimizing the stinging and burning. Even Cooper gave her blowtorch a rest, coughing and fanning her face.

Her Golem, however, became a big, stumbling target. Limping, one arm hanging, its wide glass eyes looked this way and that, finding no escape from the fire and smoke. Behind it, a Lotus Eater materialized suddenly, eyes forward like a predator, hands drawn back into claws. He struck like chain lightning, his knuckles and palms exploding the Golem's shoulders, hips, and knees. It spun uselessly, a pitiful last-ditch effort, and a final strike to its midsection doubled it over. Cooper Jones went tumbling into the smoke. In the commotion, the Lotus Eater staved in the Whiskey Golem's head. It stood quivering for a moment, then fell forward with the snapping of wood, rope, and metal, pouring what little whiskey lifeblood it had left onto the ground.

The Lotus Eater rested his hands on his hips, taking a moment to savor the victory. In between gasping breaths, he reached into his pocket, pulled out a red lotus flower, placed it between his lips, and began to chew. Briefly forgetting where he was, lost in the petals' flavor and the rushing adrenaline they caused, he closed his eyes and slipped into a temporary trance-like state as he recovered. In the second his guard was down, the sharp blade of his leader's nagamaki punched straight through his back and out of his chest. He stared down at the blood; the wound a red blossom, then fell forward to the ground. Before he could begin to beg or question, he was already dead.

Arashi stood behind him – her expression crazed and manic. Her head hung; the bun in her hair had come loose, and her red, irritated eyes squinted in pain from the smoke. The attack was intended for the Brewmaster, but he had misdirected it to his own ends. She placed her foot onto the fallen agent's shoulder, then pulled free her weapon from his flesh.

Distraught and disoriented, the woman clawed at the mask over her mouth. It came loose with a hiss. She spat blood onto the ground, her chin covered in viscous green and red. A cloud of acrid liquor poured down her chest. Unable to think or see clearly, she looked around at her dead men and at the surrounding flames. Breathing rapidly, face contorted in rage, she screamed and lunged at the Brewmaster.

An archer came to his Boss' aid, sending an arrow through the air. The Brewmaster noticed just in time and spun backward, the arrow grazing his face as it passed on, only to strike Arashi instead. As she stared down at the arrow quivering in her chest, her hand hovered around it in disbelief. She fell backward with a crash of steel and shattering tanks, dead.

The Archer dropped his bow. Slowly, he undid his helmet and stared, jaw hanging in shock at his own grave mistake.

In unison, the Tanuki and Gremlin belted out three more notes, *dun dun dunnn*, then fell over in contagious laughter.



The Brewmaster surveyed the quiet battlefield. Nearby, the pig hitched to the wagon dug her snout in the dirt, oblivious to its surroundings. The clearing was a mess of mud, blood, and blackened grass. The edges still smoked from the burning trees. The Whiskey Golem was a heap of scrap. One of its smaller barrels that still contained moonshine caught sparks and exploded suddenly, causing the Tri-Chi leader to flinch under flying rivets.

A single Archer, the last, stood watching the Brewmaster as if through the large eye carved in his helmet. They regarded each other quietly. With no more arrows in his quiver, the man dropped his bow and went to the aid of a comrade. The two hobbled off, one nursing his nose. Nearby, a surviving Lotus Eater—the one Cooper had burned—woke with pained gasps. Slipping a red blossom into his mouth, he staggered after the others.

The Brewmaster watched them go, thinking about those blossoms and stroking an idea. He glanced up at the Moon Shinobi still perched high in the trees and signaled "No survivors." As they began to give chase, he called out after them. "Bring me those flowers they been chewin' on, too."

They weren't the only ones to recover. Hearing Wesley call to him, the Brewmaster went to his assistant's side and treated the arrow wound in his collar with the hot nozzle of Cooper's blowtorch and plenty of moonshine to numb the pain.

Cooper Jones herself eventually came picking through the field, and in her Golem's wreckage found a satisfactory barrel to wear. Of course, it had to be properly consecrated. She offered it to the Brewmaster like a sacrifice.

"I'd be pleased if you'd hallow this here Golem garment, yer eminence!"

He was tired and not exactly in the mood for an impromptu ceremony, but such was his burden. Taking the barrel from Cooper, he sprinkled it with a better brew than it once contained.

Cooper's face wrinkled like she was expecting more, so he muttered a few inebriated phrases—not that they would make a difference.

"Bottom's up, 'n bless yer heart." He opened one eye to find Cooper still quizzical, so he asked, "Got somethin' to add?"

Instead of backing off, she nodded, grabbed her barrel back from him, and punched through both ends. Peering through it, she declared, "See? Hallowed!"

The Brewmaster coughed one chuckle in spite of himself.



It was dark when they returned to the Competishine. No one came to meet them, as the Gremlin spectators had all passed out. They found Popcorn Turner where they'd left him, though now an old lantern full of glowbugs kept him company, along with a shiny new barrel of his finished brew. He opened the spigot into a mug—not his first refill, by the bleary expression on his face—and raised it in a toast.

"Whad I tell ya, yer eminence? Covered and then some! Good on ya, Coop. Thatagirl!"

Cooper Jones blushed. "Go on, you!"

"Shame 'bout yer 'shine, though," Popcorn said, nodding gravely at the Brewmaster's side of the stage.

It was as they'd left it, but untended, the brew had boiled too hot. What had once smelled smoky, creamy, and rich now just smelled burnt. Most of the ingredients had congealed and crusted. What little was collected in glass jars burned low and colorless.

Cooper punched Wesley in the arm. "Real shame, Weasel!"

Wincing in pain as he poked at his wounded shoulder, the apprentice frowned with sympathy for his master, who merely sighed.

"Congratulations, Popcorn," the Brewmaster said, bowing his head graciously.

Popcorn Turner grinned. "Aw, heck, ol' Brewie. Wuzn't no fair Competishine with you not even bein' there for half o' it. What sorta victory'd ya call that? How about a rematch?"


The Brewmaster produced several colorful blossoms from inside his sleeve and passed them back and forth over his face, inhaling their potential. The dead Lotus Eaters had made no objections when he claimed their tribute. He smiled.

"More fuel to the fire."










THE SLAUGHTER AT STONE HILL



by
Graeme Stevenson

Ulix was having a perfectly fine day. The sun had just begun to lazily creep over the hillside as he had finished preparing the day's pig slop, a recipe passed down from one Turner to the next. Ulix spent a considerable amount of time perfecting the portions and percentages - just the right amount of wheat here and beans there. Scratched into one of the wooden beams of the shed reflected the changes made from generation to generation. Only his secret ingredient remained unwritten.

A small piglet followed at his heel, oinking excitedly.

He checked his pocket watch. "Some'n's up early," he said, putting away the watch and patting her on the head. "Go on now, getcha place in line or there won't be none left." She scuttled to the outer edge of a small trough, barely able to contain herself.

Ulix had to hurry; the ever-cherished sound of squeals and the earth squelching was his signal that the farm was waking up. He finished carefully filling up every last trough, got a safe distance from the shed, and let out a whistle.

Like a storm of swine, the entirety of his pig farm charged toward their breakfast. The sound of slurping and slopping was expectedly overwhelming. Even Penelope, his closest companion and his farm's guard dog, was enjoying her meal.

What wasn't expected, however, was the sound coming from a distance. Company.

It wasn't Som'er - could usually smell the gunsmoke long before you heard him coming. It wasn't McTavish. He usually showed up in the middle of the night, drunk off his ass, to pass out with the pigs. It wasn't Mah, neither; she rarely even showed up anymore, now that she found her way to weasel in with a few Foundry folk. Nope. It had to be none other than Burt Jebson. Great.

Penelope's ears finally perked up when she the pots and pans smash together in the distance. Ulix responded to his visitor by slowly walking into his hut and locking the door behind him.

It wasn't long until Burt was at his door. "You in there, old man?"

"No, I ain't," Ulix replied. "Now get lost."

"Well, shucks." Burt sounded outright perplexed, then started talking to Gracie. "He ain't here! I know, I know. I'mma surprised as you. S'alright, girl. We'll find us somethin' nice like."

Ulix stood by the door, listening in. He cursed, spat on the ground, then opened the door a crack. "What you here for, boy?"

"You *is* here! Well, aint that a-"

"And you 'bout to be lunch less you tell me why yer on my stoop, you good for nothin'."

"At least some things 'round here ain't changin'," Burt said assuredly. "It's Gracie. She been picky 'bout what she been eatin' lately and-"

"Gracie? Why din't you say so in the first place?" Ulix swung the door open. He immediately saw Gracie's face. She looked ill. "Damn, boy, what you feedin' her?"

"I-"

"Shuddup and get inside already."



Everything about this place was disjointed.

Arkwright sucked his prominent front teeth as he reviewed the scene. Directly ahead, the land rose steeply to form a ramp of earth - a ridge perhaps a hundred feet high. This ridge ran for about twice this distance on either side before it fell back into the lazy undulation of the Bayou skyline.

The peak of this ridge had at one point been a sharp apex but wind and time had eroded this to a vague hump. The ridge itself would probably have vanished back into the surrounding swamp were it not for the stonework on the south face.

Blocks of limestone, each one the size of a goods wagon, had been stacked to form a structure that seemingly disappeared into the earth ridge. The blocks were fitted together very snugly without mortar - only gravity and ingenuity held the construction together - and everything about it, from the simple design to the prolific symbols carved into the stones, cried out Ancient Amazonia.

Which is exactly why it was such a curiosity. Records have shown various Breaches opening on Earth, such as Abyssinia, just outside of Tenochtitlan, and

of course, Santa Fe, but not even a single book in the Explorer's Society library ever mentioned a connection to an Amazonian civilization. Despite it being one of the most extensive amongst collections this side of the Breach, any information on Old Malifaux was scarce at best, let alone any information in regards to a lost Earthside people.

Many of their temples and histories have been lost to the annals of time; clay tablets crumbling to dust, homes and grave sites overgrown and torn apart by complex root structures, and vandalism have made it nearly impossible to understand their culture. If there was a



connection to Malifaux, it wouldn't be entirely surprising, but it would raise more questions than answer those that had previously existed.

Arkwright had an inquisitive mind, and spent a significant time of his academic career studying various geoglyphs found by other explorers within the forest. Taking into account his dedication to extensive research and studies, the Explorer's Society offered him the prestigious opportunity to direct this new expedition. Accepting, Arkwright knew if he was to discover something worthwhile from this forgotten place, he would finally find himself within the esteemed circle of the Society, a much coveted status.

In a brief meeting with Mr. Ngaatoro, an intimidating man with a face tattoo and the finest suit he'd ever seen, additional information was provided, such as recreations of ancient glyphs that suggested a "great tear in the sky" above a kingdom surrounded in a sweltering green, and figures as tall as the tallest trees pouring out from the tear. Other documents suggested that tribesmen had entered through this Breach, even going as far as mentioning how the stones blocks were dragged through.

Admittedly, discovering anything substantial was long odds. But to Arkwright, he would be willing to risk it all in order to further advance his career. A senior luminary within the Explorer's Society, a dreamlike position. He had banked everything he owned, and called in as many favors as he could on the slim chance that the Society was correct – that an Amazonian civilization had made contact with Malifaux – and had built something that had remained untouched for millennia. A fool's hope, or a golden opportunity? Regardless, there he was, in the heart of the Bayou, and there it was, standing before him.

A temple, built into the side of an artificial hill in the middle of a swamp was an uncommon enough sight, but the shanty town that had grown against it like a shabby timber beard looked downright bizarre.

The explorer had seen enough of what the Gremlins called architecture on his journey south to recognize which culture was responsible for these buildings, although they failed to obey any form of order or regulation that he could detect.

Shacks sat around and atop one another in apparent disregard for their neighbors' privacy or even right of access. Animal pens of all shapes and sizes adjoined and in some cases bisected or completely

surrounded most of these shacks, but why they had been constructed was a mystery as virtually all of the animals – mostly pigs and chickens – were wandering free around the environs of the village in blithe ignorance.

Many small green figures moved among them; Arkwright could see them jawing to one another; jawing over piles of un-chopped firewood, jawing at the bucket well in the center of the tiny village, jawing over cans of whitewash and motionless hog-hair brushes, jawing while leaning against shack walls.

In fact, the only aspects of the village that suggested any industry were the sporadic and dangerous-looking constructs of boilers and copper piping; Arkwright could see several. He was too far away to hear the bubbling percolation, but the strong smells of mash and alcohol left no doubt about what the Gremlins were doing with this apparatus.

"Smells good," said Barber at his ear. "The boys haven't had a drink since they left Ridley."

"I'm not paying them to drink," Arkwright responded.

"Oh, there's no need to *pay* them," Barber said. "They'll be happy to do it for free."

Arkwright disliked the mercenary leader. He disliked the man's cavalier attitude, his rubbery loose-limbed gait, his lack of personal hygiene, but most of all he disliked that ever-present crooked leer. Barber had suffered some kind of facial trauma in his youth; something that had badly scarred the lower right-hand side of his face, smashed his jaw, and knocked out all the teeth on that side. Now he had a permanent smirk, and Arkwright couldn't shake the conviction that it was at his expense.

"There will be no consumption of alcohol on this expedition," he said firmly. "I'll see to it that any man caught imbibing intoxicants will forfeit the remainder of his expedition pay."

Barber spat casually into the dirt – his expression was one of careful neutrality but Arkwright chose to interpret the action as a silent protest. "You're the boss," Barber said.

Behind them lounged a dozen men, all of them weighted down with heavy packs, coils of rope, cauldrons, water bottles, clockwork rifles, machetes, and all the other trappings of an expedition chartered to force its way through miles upon treacherous miles of boiling swampland that was under siege from humidity that was as thick as a blanket.

They had started with sixteen men, plus Arkwright and Barber. Ngaatoro, his fixer and only connection to the Explorer's Society, had deemed that more than enough men to lug the essential equipment, potable water, and rations needed for two months in the southern Bayou.

He'd lost two men to Silurids and a third to a water moccasin that seemed as long as the river itself. Their lives were taken alongside the crew's boats, which meant a much more arduous journey for the lot. A fourth man was lost to an unknown infection that had caused the man's flesh to balloon and turn translucent. He had moaned for three days, then screamed for three more until Barber put a bullet in his skull. No one complained – it meant the men didn't need to take turns carrying his litter and, although sickened by the brutality, Arkwright had his first night's unbroken sleep in almost a week.

The men grumbled incessantly. They complained about the clouds of biting insects that dogged them, and about the leeches that had to be burned off their shins (and sometimes thighs) after each long day's slog through the brackish water. They were unhappy with the weight of the packs, although Arkwright had known laborers to hump twice as much across the Andes or trek through the islands in the Gulf of Aegina without a word of discontent.

They disliked the rations, the lack of alcohol – Arkwright believed in keeping a dry company and had not requisitioned any intoxicants, other than a small chest of spirits for medicinal use to which he held the only key. They even muttered amongst themselves about the pay. Murmurs of sufficient volume to reach the expedition leader, of course.

In short, Arkwright had never known a more discontented expedition crew.

It was true that the conditions were tough, but no more so than any other adventure he had been on. Arkwright understood that the caliber of the men Ngaatoro had chosen was simply far below anything he was used to, no doubt for reasons of financial prudence. Also, to his experienced eye, the men on this expedition seemed exclusively a variety of soldiery rather than the more usual majority of laborers, salted with a few experienced gunmen. These men were accustomed to a certain degree of hardship but not the constant back-breaking punishment of the expedition trail; guns for hire, not backs.

However, like the captain who finds the timbers of his vessel weak and rotten after he has already put to sea, he had little choice but to carry on.

Especially when both his reputation and career were on the line. To some, the very idea that a lost Amazonian civilization had visited the stretches of the southern Bayou in Malifaux, let alone constructed a temple to their gods, was implausible at best and downright outlandish at worst. Mr. Ngaatoro's stern expression, and the potentiality of his career skyrocketing, were enough motivations for Arkwright.

Curiously, there was no sense of burning triumph now that he looked upon his theory writ stone. In fact, he only felt a vague anxiety that there would be nothing portable to be found in the temple that he could use to populate the presentation he was already beginning to formulate in his head. Photographic plates were all very well, but a few items of pottery or even a tablet would be wonderful additions, and really cement the legitimacy of his discovery in the minds of his colleagues, past and future alike.

He snapped open his pocket watch, glanced at it.

"We still have almost half a day's light," he said. "More than enough time to begin a cursory examination of the temple. Let's get to work."



Stone Hill was a village that had fared better than most.

One family of Gremlins existed more or less in harmony with the Bayou and its various denizens, having long ago taken advantage of the high artificial bluff that formed the base of the manor. The elevation of just a dozen feet was enough to keep them well clear of the swamp water. That alone gave them blessed relief from fevers, biting insects, and opportunistic predators, but there was the added benefit of less chance of flooding during the rainy season, plus shacks didn't collapse anywhere near as often as usual thanks to the firm packed earth.

There was also the manor itself, which gave the residents of the village certain bragging rights. It wasn't every settlement in the Bayou that had a gigantic stone temple in it – most other bosses had to make

THE SLAUGHTER AT STONE HILL

do with a wyrdwood shack. Lofty Buke's digs were better than some folks who lived in the city itself, and that was saying something. Or, at the very least, that's what he told everyone the first time they'd visit.

Lofty Buke used to be better known as Lemon Buke, mostly for the fact that he had no teeth and his mouth had collapsed in like he'd been sucking on the afore-mentioned fruit, but Lofty had gradually come into more common currency about the time he started hiring some of the little ones as "props." Being a "prop" was considered a solemn task in the village, and mostly involved following Lofty around with a long stick to make sure his absurdly tall hat didn't tilt too far in one direction and topple to the ground.

Other than this, it was a village much like any other: poor in coin, but rich in gossip. The locals also had a recipe for moonshine that enjoyed a modest reputation in the area – Ol' Stony. It was a piquant brew with earthy undertones, hints of jasmine, water hyacinth, and occasional paralysis.

On this particular afternoon, Lofty had ambled over to Clemet's still for a refill. His jug was nearly empty and these hot summer days gave him a powerful thirst.

"Clemet," he said by way of greeting, watching the thin clear stream of potent alcohol vanish into the depths of the stone jug.

"Lofty," Clemet responded with a faint yet deferential nod, also mesmerized by the glistening thread of 'shine.

Like his pappy before him, and his pappy's pappy, Lofty enjoyed exclusive use of the smooth stone plates, cups, jugs, and other accoutrements of the temple as befit his station. Of course, the Gremlin interpretation of "exclusive" was "pretty much anyone so long as ol' Lemonface didn't see it."

"Hot, innit?" Lofty commented as the liquid level slowly climbed.

"Hot, ayuh," Clemet agreed.

Not quite at the halfway point.

"Course, tastes better outta stone," Lofty said absently. "Keeps it cool."

"Zat so?" commented Clemet politely, who had two stone jugs of his own hidden under his bed and was inclined to agree.

"You bet. Heavier than a pig in the mud, but ain't nothin' finer than a cold cup o' Stony, I tell you what."

"Yep."

About two-thirds full, now.

"Harb says it gonna rain tonight," Clemet commented at length.

"Git out," Lofty said. "Ain't a cloud in the sky, an' the air's dryer than straw. But if Harb said it, then Harb said it."

Clemet twisted the spigot, cutting off the flow about a thumb's breadth from the top of the jug.

"That'll do 'er," Lofty nodded his thanks and reached for the jug, but Clemet's attention was on something over his shoulder.

"Well, paint me pink," the shiner swore. "Looky there."

There was a line of men walking out of the swamp, each as disgruntled as the next.



Barber could see that he and his men were getting plenty of attention as they fanned out into the village, but it didn't look much like the welcome kind.

He'd done more than his share of traveling over the years and had seen some strange things, but he'd never actually laid eyes on a Gremlin before. He'd heard of them, of course, but they were a secretive and distrustful people and kept very much to themselves.

Curious looking, too, with their bandy little legs, lumpy features, and disproportionate ears. Most of the buildings, devices, and clothing Barber saw in the village were rough simulacrum of humanity, but it was clear that beneath the surface these creatures were anything but.

Barber had been in these swamps for a month, and they were some of the toughest terrain he'd had the misfortune to traverse – it would take an especially hardy breed to carve out a life here, let alone form a society.

Yet somehow these wiry, half-sized nuisances had managed that and more. They flourished.

Barber nudged a fat piglet out of the way as he led his men into the village proper. He hadn't eaten anything but hard tack and salt pills for over a week and his mouth watered at the thought of hot pork crackling fresh from a cook-fire. The eyes of his men roamed over the glut of animals that clucked and grunted around them and knew they were thinking the same thing.

The Gremlins were beginning to drift out of their shacks. They kept their distance, but Barber noticed every one of them was holding some type of weapon, sophisticated and handcrafted alike, and the uniformly hostile stares strengthened his first impression that though these little savages wore short pants and aped humans, they were anything but.

More like wolves in villagers' clothing.

It was hard to tell if Arkwright noticed the threat, but then again, his kind rarely did. Brought up in privilege and surrounded by academia, he was more or less blind to the concept that he might actually be in danger on one of his expeditions, and the current situation proved no different. After all, the hired help did the dying so that he could survive to relish in the prestige of the Society.

The skinny explorer had already marched right past the congregating Gremlins in his canvas knickerbockers and pith helmet, and was standing hands-on-hips, staring up at the stone monolith at the back of the village.

"Wonderful," he was saying. "Wonderful. Bring up the box camera and the tripod – I want to take plates of these carvings here..."

After a few were taken, Arkwright gestured to two of the hired hands. "Michaels, Staub, accompany me inside. Bring everything you can carry."

Their boss didn't seem to notice as they clumsily dragged the equipment into the stone structure. Barber's nostrils caught a sharp and familiar scent. Alcohol.

There were three stills in plain view – all of them rickety looking affairs made from tarnished copper piping and a confusing jumble of cauldrons and boilers, and all of them were operational.

"Finally," laughed one of his men – a big ox called O'Hallan. "Time for a drink, boys."

He pulled a battered tin cup from his pack, but was stopped in the act of reaching down to open the spigot by a small, green figure wielding a knife.

"Get'cher hands off," the Gremlin snarled, showing sharp yellow teeth. "Ain't for the likes o' you."

O'Hallan laughed in genuine surprise – in truth, it did look a ridiculous spectacle being threatened by a stringy creature half his height and a fifth his weight, and the other mercenaries joined in. Barber, however, could feel the growing tension and stepped forward with his palms raised.

"Easy now," he said. "We're all friends here."

"Ain't no friends o' yours here, mister," growled the same Gremlin, his eyes darting back and forward. "Y'all ain't welcome here."

Barber continued his placating gestures, nonetheless. "No need for that. We're just passing through. Thought you might like to trade a little, first, is all."



THE SLAUGHTER AT STONE HILL

"No trade," the Gremlin spat, unrelentingly vicious. "Y'all don't belong here so better git goin' before there's trouble."

Another Gremlin that took a fair share of whoopings from the ugly stick and a top hat made of twigs and fur stepped forward. His absurd hat wobbled and a tiny Gremlin child scuttled forward to poke it back into place with a long pole.

"Lofty Buke, boss 'round 'ere," the Gremlin stated with some pomp, after a lengthy clearing of his throat. "I don't know what business you folks think you have here, but I c'n tell you straight – this is our place an' you don't come to our place without an invite." He sucked his mouth to let this weighty statement sink in, then added slightly more anxiously, "which we ain't giv y'all."

Barber kept an understanding grin on his face and his hands well away from his holster, but in the corner of his eye, he could see O'Hallan starting to look irritated. The big man had the florid expression and strawberry nose of a dedicated drinker and he'd been dry for far too long already. The stubborn Gremlins between him and the moonshine were rapidly losing their novelty and before long he would be inclined to do something rash.

There was a clatter of timber and raised voices behind him – Barber turned to see several of his men arguing heatedly with a small cluster of Gremlins over a barrel that had been dropped and cracked a seam on the hard dirt. There was a confusing scrum of hands trying to press cups and earthenware jugs against the spraying 'shine, while others stood over it and pointed accusatory fingers.

"Time to stand aside, little feller," O'Hallan said, his expression now scrunched into an ugly and essentially stupid glower. "I got me a thirst."

"Go ahead an' try it," the Gremlin spat back. "Gonna look pretty funny tryin' to swallow with yer throat slit."

The open threat raised tempers and voices on both sides. Several more of the mercenaries stepped in to support O'Hallan, and slipped their clockwork rifles off their shoulders.

It was about this time that Barber understood what was going to happen next. He'd been around violent and unprincipled men all his life, and had seen

how quickly civility and reason could unspool like a badly knitted sweater when one man wanted the property of another badly enough.

His men were worn and angry from weeks in the swamp, tired of being perpetually wet, hungry and sober. This little Gremlin village was a virtual oasis with its dry ground, a succulent bounty of domesticated livestock, and most importantly, the only alcohol within fifty miles.

They would probably have taken more than their share in the end, but would have paid for at least some of it when Barber pressed the issue.

The unremitting intractability of the Gremlin locals, however, had fanned the flames of conflict, and these men- whom one could not consider to be moral by any stretch - were coming to the conclusion that they were just going to take it *all*.

Barber could tell that this heated argument was going to dissolve into a fight. And judging by the difference in size and armament, that fight would quickly become a slaughter.

Barber was uniquely placed in that he alone had the authority to stop the situation descending into chaos. He could order his men to back off to the edge of the swamp, and he was dangerous enough that they would obey, but they would hate him for it. Hate him enough, maybe, for him to meet with an unfortunate accident on their homeward journey as one drink-free, leech-infested month stretched into two.

Besides, Barber found that he was tired. Bone-tired. Tired of this expedition, the bad food, the meager pay, and Arkwright's chafing bridle of superiority. He was tired of this cursed swamp putting obstacles between him and the things he wanted most.

And right now, he found that what he wanted most was a drink.

So, he did nothing other than watch as O'Hallan shoved the Gremlin with the knife to one side, put his cup under the spigot, and twisted it open. The first drops of clear liquid had barely struck the base of his cup when the Gremlin sprang back up in a puff of dust and stabbed his knife to the hilt in O'Hallan's eye.

Barber un-holstered his clockwork pistol in a smooth action and shot the Gremlin through the chest at a range of five feet.



The interior of the temple was, if anything, more impressive than its exterior.

Arkwright ran his fingers along the cool stone engravings, muttering under his breath while two sullen mercenaries followed him with the bulky camera and tripod.

The stones at chest height were engraved with symbols of eagles, tree spirits, and spirals. The carvings were in excellent condition, protected from the elements by the impermeability of the temple's outer structure, and he resolved to take wax rubbings of every panel as soon as he had finished mapping the interior.

He moved deeper into the gloom after a brief pause to light a torch. The amber illumination rebounded splendidly off the stone, and there was ample light to see by when he left the last of the afternoon sun behind.

It was wonderfully cool down here.

He made his way slowly through a small antechamber, past rows of unblemished pillars and into a much larger hall. Archways lined either side, and in each recess, a statue. Whether long forgotten kings or representations of ancient gods, Arkwright didn't know, but in-depth examination would reveal their secrets sooner or later.

There was evidence of Gremlin habitation; dirty rags here, a straw sleeping pallet there, but it could all be swept aside for the photographic plates later.

He swung the torch from side to side as he advanced, wondering how many of these glorious statues he could persuade the men to wrestle back to the city for display, when the unsteady light caught something else at the far end of the hall.

Two deep alcoves cut into the stone on either side of the back wall contained dozens of disintegrating bones – almost certainly the laborers who died during the construction of this temple. Between them, however, was a doorway that had been bricked up with much smaller stones.

This was odd – a noticeable departure from the construction around him. There was another chamber beyond this and it had been sealed. It bore

the same exacting, mortar-less masonry, but the stones were much smaller, more manageable.

There were four skeletons in a heap around the closed doorway. Jumbled bones and rags were all that were left, but a picture was forming in Arkwright's analytical mind.

The Breach used by these people must have lasted for years, possibly decades, and then it had closed, no doubt as abruptly as it had appeared. Anyone left in the temple would have been cut off from Earth, condemned to die in this inhospitable place.

He looked down at the bones. Faithful priests, perhaps, or acolytes of the temple. They had sealed this doorway with the last of their strength, using blocks small enough to move by hand. Sealed it to protect... what?

The Gremlins, miraculously, had never even noticed this blocked doorway.

Arkwright shone his torch at the wall and turned to the waiting mercenaries.

"Did someone bring the prybar? Get this open."

It took some considerable grunting and puffing, but the two men eventually managed to dislodge a stone, then another, and another and before long the domino effect took over. When the dust had cleared, Arkwright was the first through, eyes gleaming with academic avarice as he stepped into a darkness that had last been lit thousands of years prior.

The chamber beyond was small, but ornately carved, obviously a place of worship. More shriveled skeletons here, perhaps a dozen, all strewn around a central dais with a shadow above it.

At first, he thought it was a tunnel – a small shaft leading deeper into the structure for air circulation or perhaps to emit light from the earth-smothered rear of the temple.

It soon became obvious that there was something there, but it was drinking the light. Swallowing it faster than the torch could illuminate it, so that all that could be discerned was a vague rhombus standing on its long axis.

"What in the world..." Arkwright muttered.

He held the torch close, but the object refused to be revealed. It remained a smoky, indistinct shape.

THE SLAUGHTER AT STONE HILL

"How wonderful," he breathed. What would his soon-to-be Society peers make of this?

A faint peal of thunder echoed into the chamber.

Arkwright cocked an ear, almost absently. He heard it again.

Practical thoughts began to shoulder their way into his daydream of academic revelry. The expedition was very low on water, and Ngaatoro had mentioned they would be traveling close to the monsoon season. Rainwater was a commodity too precious to waste, and he doubted that smirking idiot Barber possessed the wherewithal to take advantage of it.

Grumbling, he turned and headed back to the entrance while he made some mental calculations. They had enough flat-packed timber with them for four small crates. The strange artifact had to come back with them, even if only so he and his colleagues could figure out what it actually *was*.

He was still debating to himself as he approached the entrance when the thunder rolled again, and again. Only it sounded less like thunder now, and more like gunfire. Also, the coolness of the temple was giving way to the uncomfortable humidity of the Bayou once again, but there was no hiss of torrential rain to accompany it.

The sky outside, peeking through the canopy, was a brilliant cloudless blue, he marked, as he came blinking into the daylight. Blue sky, brown earth, and bodies.

Dozens of bodies. Small green ones.

The village looked like a tornado had swept through it. Many of the shanties had been broken open or completely knocked over, as had most of the animal pens. There were dead Gremlins draped over fencing, hanging out of windows, laying in doorways. Many more sprawled in the dirt around the stills, and a few lay face-down at the outer periphery of the village, apparently cut down in mid-flight.

There were dead men amongst them, too; Arkwright could see at least five mercenary corpses, half-buried in Gremlins like wasps overcome by ants.

The men that were left were busy bandaging knife wounds on their legs, or kicking over bodies, ready with an aimed rifle for any that only feigned death.

At the far end of the village, Barber stood with that sardonic half-grin on his face and drank slowly from

a broken pitcher, in the methodical manner of a man intending to get very drunk.

"What is the meaning of this?" Arkwright demanded, striding over motionless green bodies and getting right into Barber's smug face. "What in blazes have you done now?"

"Don't lay this on me, *professor*," Barber retorted. "You weren't here when it kicked off."

"Twelve armed men against a village of..." the explorer looked around, "farmers and children. Explain yourself."

Barber nodded in the direction of the hulking mound that had once been O'Hallan. "One of your 'farmers' killed O'Hallan with a knife through the eye for wanting a drink. The rest was self-defense."

Arkwright was not in the least saddened at the loss of O'Hallan – the man had been a loud, boorish sloth, either incapable of or unwilling to carry anywhere near the burden that his size suggested manageable. The loss of manpower, however – any manpower – was unforgivable.

"So thanks to O'Hallan's alcoholism, we have lost roughly half our labor force," he assessed. "Not to mention slaughtered innocents. How is this going to look on my report? A destroyed career before it has even started..."

Barber shrugged. "I doubt anyone's going to be outraged about something they don't know happened."

"There are bodies everywhere. Are you blind, sir?"

The mercenary leader took a step closer and lowered his voice very slightly. "It's going to take a month, minimum, to get back out of this swamp. More like six weeks now that we're at half strength. I'd say another month before you get a chance to exhibit your findings and then at least another *six* months before another charter gets organized to come back out here."

"Your point being?"

"My point being, in six months, this place will be so overgrown that no one will question our story that the village was already abandoned when we arrived. The local critters will take care of the bodies, and I'll make sure my men understand that we found this place empty. You destroy the photographic plates you have of anything other than the temple, and we're good."

Arkwright was fuming, but he knew the mercenary was talking sense. A scandal like this, even one in which Arkwright himself was blameless, would tarnish his reputation before he even had the time to earn one.

Once it got out that his men had wiped out an entire village of indigenous inhabitants, he'd never even be considered to be invited into the Explorer's Society. He'd be shunned forever, marked as a failure.

It was the only solution that guaranteed any future in the field, but he hated acknowledging that the mercenary was right.

"I thought I said no drinking," he snapped by way of a parting shot.

Barber feigned an injured look. "I nearly got killed today. I need something to settle my nerves."

Arkwright opened his pocket watch, stared in a fume at the numbers without registering them, and snapped it closed. "I want my exhibition pieces crated up and ready to go within the hour. I'll not spend a night in this charnel house."

Barber raised the broken pitcher in salute. "Your good health," he said, and drained it.



Ulix had his foot up on the railing of his front porch as he leaned back in a rocking chair that his grandpappy carved himself. His eyes were closed, but he listened intently to Gracie as she ate enough food for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. He smiled.

"Damn, I ain't never seen her eat like that. What you puttin' in that slop?" Burt nearly shouted.

"Slop," Ulix replied.

Burt tried to think of how he could possibly repay Ulix. So as to not startle her, he quietly walked up beside Gracie and opened up one of the satchels on her hip, removing a jug and two small cups. Normally, when Burt had an idea, it was usually a bad one, but this time, he might've been onto something.



THE SLAUGHTER AT STONE HILL

"Big Stump's what ol' Brewie calls this one. It'll grow some hair on that lip o' yours," Burt laughed through a wide smile, then poured them each a glass.

The stuff did have a bit of a reputation. It was a rare thing to get a taste of the Brewmaster's finest. Ulix opened one eye, but just barely. "Aw'right," he replied. "Bottoms up."

"Bottoms up," Burt echoed. He took a long swallow and set his mug down with a sigh.

He'd always liked Ulix's toasts. Some folks liked the sound of their own voices and were inclined to waffle on, mistaking the silence around them for encouragement rather than just because a whole lot of mouths were hanging open in anticipation of taking a drink. But not Ulix – straight to the point, he was.

The lame old Gremlin reached over and poured another tot into Burt's mug. "Big Stump, you said?"

"Big ol' Stump." Burt gulped it down, letting the fiery alcohol hit his stomach, then rebound and punch him right in the brain. He would have formed a complimentary remark were it not for the instant potency of the brew and finding himself, for the moment at least, stumped.

"So how're things here?" Burt finally asked, once he'd lowered himself into a comfy looking padded chair on the stoop.

"S'fine." Ulix said, his eyes closed again.

"I hear ya. Up north, it's the same as always, I reckon," Burt replied. "Lot of folks is happy about young Lenny puttin' on the Big Hat. Others, not so much."

Ulix grunted in ascent. "Zoraida."

"Ain't nobody round my way seen her for weeks," Burt said. "You don't reckon she's up and split, do ya?"

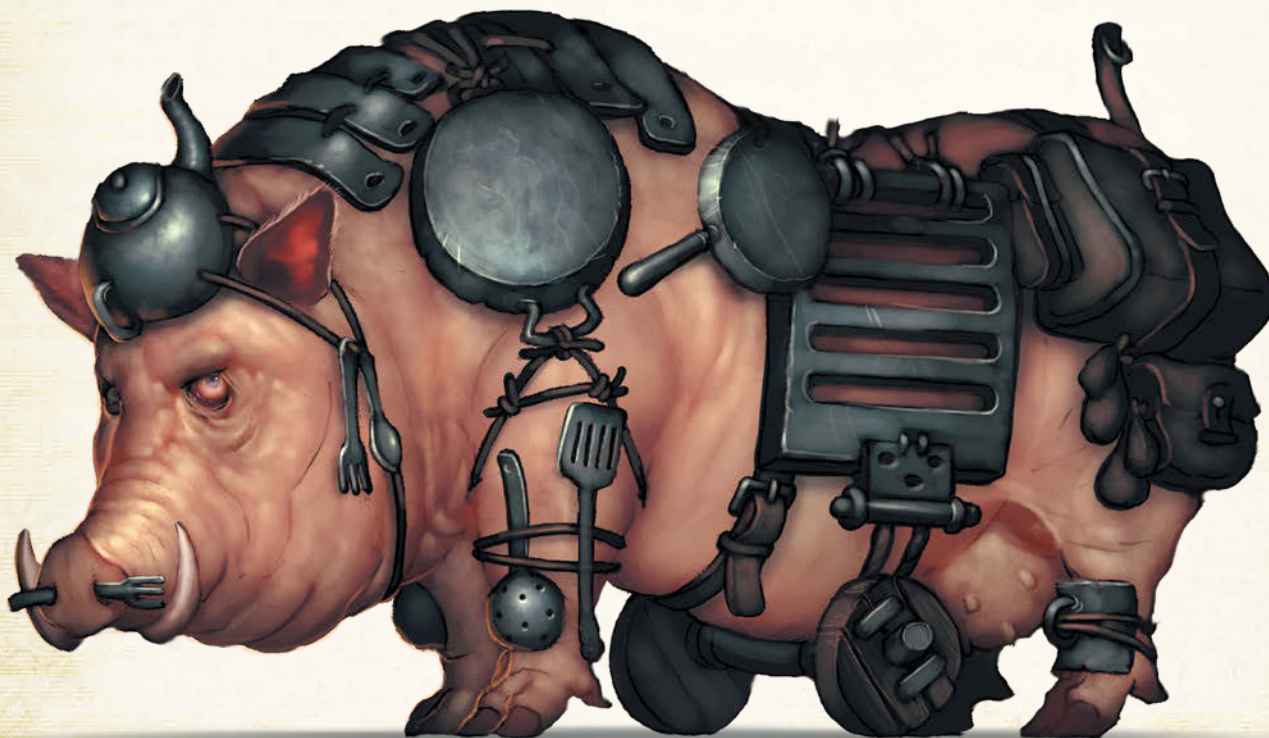
"Nah," Ulix shook his head. "She'll come 'round."

"Sure hope so," Burt said, helping himself to another shot of Big Stump. A gigantic pink snout appeared over the railing and began to root excitedly, the soft jangle of pots and pans accompanying the much louder quaffing.

"Don't mind, do ya?" Burt asked, indicating his huge hog, Gracie, guzzling down the high-end 'shine.

Ulix chuckled, stroking his thick beard. "Couldn't refuse that grand old lady nothin'. She always wuz my favorite."

Sharp teeth nipped gently at the fingers of his other hand in mild protest.



"Favorite *hog*," Ulix corrected himself, looking down into the sapphire eyes of Penelope, his faithful dog. "Everybody knows you're my best girl." He gave her scratches behind the ears and she settled, content that all was right with the world again.

"Actually," Burt continued. "Talking of Zoraida..."

But he never got to finish. There was another sound in the distance, Ulix frowned, then sat up. Great, more company.

"This yer doin'?" He scowled.

"I don't reckon, nope," Burt replied, just as dumb-founded as ever.

"Mis'r Turner! Mis'r Turner!" Multiple piping voices screeched from afar, continuing to repeat the same thing over and over again until they got close enough. A gaggle of young and out-of-breath Gremlins ran through the farm, covered in mud. "Mis'r Turner!"

Ulix waved his hands at the squawking young ones, wincing. "Easy, easy – I'm old but I ain't deaf!"

"Mis'r Turner! You gotta come!" the eldest of the group insisted, all wide eyes.

"Settle down and tell me what's goin' on," the old hog-master grumbled. "Billy-Roy better not have any more cases of swine-fever on his ranch. I *told* him to separate–"

"Sorry for interruptin', but it ain't Billy-Roy," butted in another.

Something about the genuinely stunned faces of the little ones began to fill Burt with unease, and Ulix's expression showed he was feeling the same.

"Come on, little 'un," Burt said. "Tell it straight."

One of the smallest ones began to cry, and the others looked like they were soon to follow suit.

"Stone Hill," the biggest one said. "It's Stone Hill."

Burt knew the village – he'd been there once, a couple years back. Great big stone house for their boss. What was that old coot's name again? Lemon something...

Ulix had leaned forward in his chair, his expression grim and attentive. "Tell it all, boy. What's happened?"

"They're dead!" the young one blurted, beginning to sob. "They're all dead!"

Ulix closed his eyes, then shook his head. "It's been tellin' 'im... Gotta fix them leaks. Those stills ain't gon' fix themselves. One little m'stake and suddenly, boom, up'n flames. With that much shine, the whole damn place'll–"

"Naw, Mis'r Turner. It ain't no explodin'," one of the quieter Gremlins chimed in. "City folk came marchin' in, shootin' up the place..."

Ulix's expression was a sour grimace. He mumbled something under his breath akin to "Can't have that" and "Not 'round here, they're not." The old Gremlin turned his head toward the front door behind him, then spat on the floor. "Burt, make yer-self useful and go fetch my bow. We's gon' huntin'."



"Well?" Burt asked. "Whaddya think?"

It had taken them nearly two days to reach Stone Hill, even with Ulix's extensive knowledge of the Bayou. They'd used high paths and secret ways where the vegetation was thinner to make as much time as possible, and he'd cursed his bad leg every step of the way for slowing him down.

The village was long deserted by the time they arrived.

Many of the bodies were already gone; Ulix could see the drag marks through the earth and heavy webbed prints where enterprising Silurids had risen out of the swamp to snatch an easy meal.

Enough were left to tell the tale, though.

He found a storm of bare Gremlin prints in the earth, deep and stark like they were running and leaping. Almost obscured in the maelstrom were heavy boot prints – city folk. He found eight sets of them leading out of the village, heading north. Back towards Malifaux.

Spent brass casings were everywhere. Clockwork rifles, most likely – large caliber. Not the sort of thing carried by a traveling merchant or bandits. Soldiers, perhaps. Or mercenaries.

THE SLAUGHTER AT STONE HILL

Six big mounds of earth lay in a row at the west end of the village. So the fight wasn't all one-sided.

They buried their dead but left ours to rot, Ulix mused.

It couldn't have happened much more than a few days ago, and the bodies that remained still told the tale of how they died. Bullets. Rifle butts. Boots.

There were other tracks, too, less obvious in origin. Three dimples in a triangular arrangement, here and there and everywhere, all around the entrance to the manor, like someone had set down a whole mess of barstools. Ulix was scratching his head with that one until Burt found ripped up pieces of heavy wax paper thrown into the swamp. When the worst of the mud was wiped off, he found fragmented monochrome images of the manor, and the occasional frowning Gremlin face.

Ulix didn't have much familiarity with photography, but he'd once seen the ol' Cruickshank get his image taken by a snake-oil salesman with a wagon-full of trinkets. A box draped in black cloth, on three legs.

The tracks made a lot more sense now, but why would a bunch of lousy humans be taking images of the manor?

He threw the shredded photographs away. He would ask them, just as soon as he caught them.

Pursing his lips, he whistled.

Boars surged out of the undergrowth. Huge ones, six or seven hundred pounds apiece, heavily muscled and covered in coarse hair, with curved tusks as long as a Gremlin's arm. They formed a ring around the old hog-wrangler, dwarfing him.

Pigs loved Ulix. They would grunt and squeal in his presence, roll onto their backs at the first sign of a possible scratch, gratefully accept the bits of carrot and onion he sometimes found in his pockets, and generally were very content in his presence.

These bruisers, however, barely made a sound other than heavy agitated snuffing from their flat snouts. They could smell the old violence on the air, and could sense Ulix's dark and vengeful mood. They knew a battle was coming. They were killers, and they were eager for what came next.

"Eight of 'em," Ulix said to Burt. "Went north, maybe two four past."

Burt looked at the sky, then started to count his fingers. "Big lead."

"They're movin' slow. Got wounded. And weighed down – they took somethin' from here. Somethin' heavy." Ulix spat. "We'll catch 'em."

"Ayuh," Burt nodded. "And when we duz?" He grinned wildly.

Ulix looked around at the broken, drained stills and the splintered shacks. He saw a collapsed big hat, riddled with bullet holes. Twisted bodies, beaten into the dirt. A Gremlin child, her face covered with long blue-black hair.

Wordlessly, he clambered onto the largest of the boars, gripping its bristles tightly with both fists, turned its head north, and dug his bad leg into its flank.



Barty, a mercenary who rarely ever left Ridley, hated skeeters.

This damned swamp was full of them. Everywhere you turned, there was a cloud of skeeters, zipping past your ear and making you jump. They were sneaky, too – more than once he'd looked down and found one, fat with his blood, clinging to his arm. Come out of nowhere and feasting on him without so much as a 'scuse me.

And if that wasn't bad enough, the bites itched. Lordy, how they itched.

He and the other men were all covered in them, and sometimes Barty wondered if somebody would find them years later, just dried up old husks with all the blood sucked out. Skeetered out.

He paused to get his breath. At least he didn't have to deal with the giant ones he heard rumors about. They'd been slogging all morning through knee-deep swamp water and his legs and back ached from the exertion and the thirty-five-pound pack on his back. Just in the last hour, they'd found some marshy ground to walk on, but it was so overgrown with dense scratchy bushes, trailing vines and reeds that he wasn't sure if he'd prefer to be back in the swamp after all.

The others continued on, heads down, puffing like the beasts they'd been reduced to on this excursion. Barty had lost track of how many days it had been since they left that Gremlin village; it felt like years now.

Every day was the same – constant slog in a line with a back-breaking load across his shoulders, stopping every few hours for a mouthful of brackish water laced with 'shine and a bite of cold pork, then on again. They marched until it was too dark to see, then spent a fitful night trying to sleep in the oppressive heat, with ominous croaking and splashes all around. It was almost a relief to be shaken up for a turn on guard duty. When the first threads of orange sunlight came over the canopy, it was time to lift that detested pack and start all over again.

It had been Barber's idea to take the 'shine – over his *Lordship's* protests of course, at least until the merc leader told him why. Their water rations wouldn't last the trip home, even with their reduced numbers, and they were going to have to start drinking swamp water. However, the 'shine was more or less neat alcohol – a mix of one part 'shine to four parts swamp water made an unpalatable but mostly safe alternative to fresh water, as the alcohol killed off pretty much everything swimming around in it.

Not completely everything, he thought, as his stomach bubbled and fizzed. He'd caught a dose of something out here, but whether it was from the insect bites, the stagnant water, or the pork that was already on the turn, he couldn't say.

It was time to find a quiet spot to relieve his aching guts. He slid off his pack, propped his rifle against it, and pushed a little deeper into the undergrowth. The others were already out of sight, but he could still hear them crashing and blundering up ahead – it wouldn't take him long to catch up.

He'd barely got his hands on his belt when he felt his ankles clinch tight. Ever fearful of snakes, he staggered back and found that knotted vines had been tied around both ankles, with a pair of green hands vanishing into the vegetation behind him.

A lot of observations crashed into one another over the next second or so, like a freight train whose engine had braked too hard.

Two vines were tied to him, one to each ankle. They snaked off a ways into the undergrowth. They were tied to pigs. Two real big pigs. There was a Gremlin standing between them. A mean looking old feller with a stumpy leg and a beard. He had a stormy expression on his face.

"Gitup," he said, and slapped the rumps of both pigs. Hard.



THE SLAUGHTER AT STONE HILL

Barty was yanked off his feet as the powerful animals launched forward and the vines snapped taut. By the time he had drawn breath to scream he was racing through the reeds and bushes at breakneck speed like the world's worst-designed chariot.

Shrieking didn't seem to help, but he did it anyway because he was terrified, and because being wrenched through the thorns and vines at the pace of a galloping horse *hurt*. Every time he tried to crane forward to get at the vines around his ankles, he got bonked on the head by something, or jerked to one side or the other.

The boars were running roughly parallel, snorting as their powerful limbs churned, and it seemed to Barty that they were looking for something specific; they kept angling to one side or the other as they charged forward.

And then they found it – a big fat wyrdwood tree, maybe six feet in diameter and bent over under its own weight. The hogs made straight for it, accelerating until Barty was barely touching the ground at all, skipping along like a flat stone over a pond.

Faster and faster they ran, charging straight at the tree – and then they shot right past it. One on either side.



The mercenaries found what remained of Barty a few minutes later.

Barber had heard the crashing undergrowth and shrieking, and thought that perhaps a Silurid had grabbed the hindmost man, but the commotion traveled much too fast even for a hungry reptile.

One loud meaty thud and an anguished scream, then silence. It hadn't made much sense until they found the body.

Barty was accordioned against the tree, his torso compacted and crushed into the stout wood. He'd clearly hit it at considerable speed. While there was a lot of blood, there was no sign of his legs.

The Silurid theory was still an option until they ventured a short way further up the trail made by whatever had crashed through the bushes and found two severed legs, each one tied to a length of

sturdy vine. From the marks and the blood trail, it looked like they'd been dragging him until the tree got in the way. Barty had stopped, but his legs kept going for another twenty yards or so.

Not a good way to check out.

"Some sort of animal?" asked Pillory, the merc responsible for the aethervox, looking sickened.

Barber crouched to examine one of the legs and its thick bundle of securely tied vine knots. "Doubt it."

"What's going on?" demanded Arkwright. He had glanced at the dead mercenary and was now studiously avoiding the sight, mopping his freshly shaved upper lip with a silk kerchief.

"We lost Barty," Barber said. "Looks like we've got company."

The mercenaries eyed the shivering green wall around them. The Bayou had never seemed welcoming, but right now it felt positively hostile.

"We keep moving," Arkwright said. "And double the watch tonight."

"You're the boss."

Barber nodded for the men to get underway again, but before he stepped over Barty's remains, he slid his pistol from its holster and checked to make sure the rounds were still dry. He had a feeling he'd be needing it soon.



It sounded a bit like the cracking of a whip.

Someone had bent a long supple branch back as far as it would go without splitting, and secured it with vine. That same someone had lashed about a dozen thin stakes along its length, each one whittled to a lethal point, between six and eight inches in length. This mysterious industrialist had then looped a second vine around another couple of stakes in the ground and stretched it taut across a narrow game trail through the undergrowth, attaching one end to the vine that held the coiled branch.

By the time Barber had pushed his way to the front, the tripwire had already been stumbled over, the branch had lashed out, and five wooden spikes were buried deep in Selwyn's thighs.

For a big man, he screamed like a girl.

The mercenary leader clamped a hand over his mouth while the others clustered around; some to help, others through morbid fascination.

"What? What? What's this?" blustered Arkwright, arriving at Barber's elbow. "Good lord!"

"Ambush," the mercenary leader stated the obvious. "They've trapped the trail ahead of us."

Two men held Selwyn as they drew the stakes out. He went down like a sack of potatoes and lay there moaning while they bound him up.

"Can he walk?" Arkwright asked.

"Doubt it," Barber said. "Even if his legs aren't broken, the muscles are all torn up."

"Perhaps, perhaps some sort of litter..." the explorer muttered, looking at the tree limbs around them.

Barber took hold of his arm and squeezed it.

"And who's going to carry it?" he asked under his breath. "You're fast running out of manpower, *professor*. We're down to six able-bodied men – which includes you, by the way. We've still got about three weeks of swamp in front of us, and four crates to lug. And zero boats. I'll let you do the math."

Arkwright frowned in thought, stroking his clean-shaven jaw. Barber had never understood the starchy custom of shaving with a razor every dawn irrespective of location or situation – every other man here had a beard. The explorer probably thought it was the mark of a gentleman; Barber just saw a waste of drinking water.

"The aethervox. We can vox for help. There must be someone out there able to get a signal," Arkwright assured himself. "Yes, we find help, and they can get us out of this mess."

"There's no way they'll pick up our signal through all this foliage," Barber said. "Besides, we're probably out of transmitter range."

Arkwright was already moving; stepping over the groaning Selwyn and taking hold of Pillory's shoulder. "Break out the vox, Mr. Pillory. We're going to call for more men."

The mercenary glanced doubtfully at Barber, but did as he was told and lowered his heavy pack to the ground. The canvas front was rolled up so that he could get at the control face inside – a half-dozen knobs and glass dials set in a wooden cabinet frame.

The faint sputter and buzz from the speaker as he fiddled with the frequency gauges told Barber everything he needed to know, and he walked away to leave the mercenary fruitlessly calling for aid.

Arkwright was bouncing on the balls of his feet, hands behind his back. He looked pleased with himself, as though he'd singlehandedly saved them all. "Not to worry," he said. "I'm sure there's someone in the area that will step up to the challenge. We'll have soldiers and supplies in no time, brought to us via airship. A rope from the skies will pluck us from this hell. No finer rescue will be made this day. Mark my words, gentlemen."

Selwyn's moans were turning into gurgles. Barber looked down at the man and saw his face had gone gray, and brown froth was leaking slowly from his mouth. He twitched once, went poker straight, and expired with a wet sigh.

"Guess we don't need a stretcher after all," he said.

"Poison," agreed Michaels, sniffing at one of the stakes.

There was a quiet spell while that sank in, with only the rustling and burbling of the swamp and the eerie whistling of the vox for company.

Finally, Pillory switched the set off. "Sorry, sir. Nothing. I can't get a signal."

"Well, boys," Barber said. "I think I'm done with this job. How about you?"

There were murmurs of assent from the remaining mercenaries and a few grins.

"I beg your pardon?" Arkwright interrupted.

"Strip down to the essentials – water, food, ammunition. We'll cover a lot more ground not having to haul all that junk."

The men started dropping their packs on the ground, tipping the contents out into the undergrowth. Carefully packed crates full of stone crockery rolled into the marshy water.

THE SLAUGHTER AT STONE HILL

"Stop! Stop at once!" Arkwright demanded. "I have a *contract*. You are to provide transportation and protection throughout the entirety of this expedition. The entirety!"

"Sorry, *professor*," Barber said. "Saving my neck is more important than your damned exhibition."

"You'll forfeit the remainder of your pay," the explorer warned.

"Can't spend it if I'm dead."

"Scoundrels! Villains!" Arkwright was incensed, his face puce. "I'll see you all hanged for this!"

"You'll have to get out of this swamp first," Barber said, lifting his much lighter pack to his shoulder and starting to follow the remaining four mercenaries. "Pillory – bring the vox. Might come in handy if we can find some high ground."

"Wait! You can't leave me here!"

"Okay," Barber said over his shoulder, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "I'll go get help. You wait here."

They left him in the small clearing, surrounded by crates, pots, buckets, canvas tents, and an ornate oak-boxed shaving kit.



Ulix watched them go, crouching in the shadows just beyond the edge of the clearing.

They were alert now, he saw. Rifles off shoulders and pointed in their direction of travel. And they were checking where they put their feet – any snares and traps would be spotted.

That was fine. There was more than one way to wrassle a herd.

Time for a more direct approach.

Silently, Ulix vanished into the undergrowth.



Barber could never have guessed what the source of the sound was in the distance, even if his life depended on it. Which it did.

The noise started very faintly, and so far off that he took it for the wind picking up in the canopy. The clouds had been gathering for the last twenty minutes or so and he was quietly hoping for rain to recharge their canteens.

The noise grew in volume, the hissing of vegetation becoming a crackling – and with it a low rumbling. A waterfall? Surely not – the land around here was too flat.

Louder – loud enough for the men in front to stop and turn with eyebrows raised. They didn't know what it was either.

And it was still getting louder, even though they'd stopped moving. Whatever it was, it was coming their way.

"Steady, boys," Barber said, drawing his revolver and checking the chambers for the tenth time that day. "Looks like we're going to have company."

The other mercenaries raised their rifles to their shoulders, settled their feet.

Michaels and Staub were solid enough. Pillory was fingering his rifle nervously, but Barber knew he'd stand his ground when the time came. Only Brunel looked flighty – if this was an attack, he might break.

The rumbling and crashing was getting very loud – something big was coming their way at speed.

"Wait until you've got a target," Barber said, drawing the hammer on his revolver and bracing with his left hand. "Aim small, miss small."

Clockwork rifles were trained on the thick foliage ahead. It was shivering now, perceptibly. Even pools of dark water around Barber's feet were rippling. Whatever was coming, it was *heavy*.

He tried to think of an animal big enough to make such a din, but nothing came to mind. Almost everything in the Bayou was an ambush predator. This head-long charge made no sense.

And then it emerged – bursting from the undergrowth not twenty feet away.

For a crazy half-second, Barber thought Arkwright had sent for an airship after all – a pink one.

It launched itself into the air – an improbable event given the size of the creature and the comparative shortness of its legs – but airborne it became, nev-

ertheless. Perhaps only three or four feet off the ground, but the incredible, irresistible *mass* of the animal fired it forward like an especially fat cannonball.

Time seemed to slow and stop as the mercenaries watched this absurd vision sail towards them – the creature retaining something of a dainty and lady-like elegance during its brief flight – and then it came down on top of Michaels like a one thousand pound hammer. Made of bacon.

Barber decided he had swamp-fever. The biggest, fattest pig he'd ever seen had just fired out of the tree line and crushed one of his men to a bloody wafer. It had frying pans strapped to it. This *had* to be a hallucination.

A smaller green hallucination with a wide grin and a waving mullet atop this mountain of pork swung something that looked like a miniature church organ into view, screeched "Come'n git' er!" and disappeared in a cloud of black powder.

Staub's head disintegrated. One second he was staring into metallic tubes that curved every which way, and the next his face was a fine red mist.

Finally, Barber's brain slipped into gear. They were under attack.

He aimed his revolver square between the massive hog's eyes and fired.

The bullet *spanged* off the heavy iron pot protecting its head and struck Pillory's backpack dead center. The aethervox flicked on, or was forcibly turned on, or was explicably about to explode.

The rattle of static. Screaming – screaming right in his ears. Screaming so loud that he thought his teeth were going to shatter like glass. His brain rippled inside his skull. His vision doubled, tripled. Everything was white, everything was aflame. No thoughts could form in this maelstrom. He was trapped, stunned, pinned in this spotlight of sonic agony.

The swamp was gone. His men were gone. He was gone. There was only the screaming, the sonic booms that poured from the aethervox like ripples of metal crashing into one another at all once.

And then there wasn't.

The sweet balm of comparative silence found him, and with it came the ambiance of the Bayou; the

tender hiss of the leaves stirred by the breeze, the slow burp of marsh gas.

The vox unit was silent now other than intermittent pops and sparks, finally burnt out. Pillory was face-down in the swamp, the blood from his ears forming a dark crimson halo. Quite dead.

Barber had been ten feet away and almost bit through his tongue – that noise at point-blank range would have been unbearable.

Even the Gremlin, Burt, had paused, staring agog from the back of his giant mount at the broken aethervox.

"Hoo-eee. That was louder than Lenny's lay-men-tay-shuns," he exclaimed.

Brunel's clockwork rifle lay just beyond the motionless Pillory. No Brunel, only the sound of someone crashing through the undergrowth. Coward.

"We've come for ye, mister," another voice said to his right. "Come for what ye did to the good folks o' Stone Hill."

Barber was grateful for these few seconds' respite, to let the ringing in his ears subside and his vision clear. To give him a chance. He still had his clockwork revolver, its comforting weight holding his arm down at his side. He turned slowly, to spool the moment out further.

Another Gremlin. Much older and kind of worn looking, in a bent top-hat like a stubbed cigarillo butt. Had a game leg, too. He was holding a notched bow and arrow, and was flanked on both sides with huge boars. Not bizarre pink dirigibles like the pig that had crushed Michaels; these were powerful, sleek, capable-looking animals.

"Don't suppose I get a say in this?" he ventured.

The old Gremlin shook his head slowly.

Barber knew the Gremlin had come from the village they'd left behind, had seen the dead infants, and knew he had no chance of survival. He wasn't really sorry for it, wasn't really sorry for anything he'd done for money in his life. Or for sport.

It seemed this was his end, here in this swamp, thanks to some blathering idiot who thought it'd be a good idea to take a trip down into the swamp to find some buried ruin. But at least he could take this old raccoon with him.

THE SLAUGHTER AT STONE HILL

The Gremlin must have seen it in his eyes. His bow came up quick, but Barber was quicker.

He aimed his revolver for the chest, just like that Gremlin he shot back in the village, and pulled the trigger.

A blue flash, a snarl, and his revolver was gone, hand included.

He stared at it stupidly, and at the big dog crunching on his severed digits like a grisly chew-toy.

"Oh," he said, shocked and dumbfounded, unable to find the words, emotions, or nerve endings.

The dog swallowed his fingers and looked up at him with the most astonishing blue eyes.

They looked angry.



Finding the leader wasn't difficult, especially since he was trying to drag a fair-sized crate behind him through a swamp.

Ulix hadn't bothered to go after the man who ran, not after he heard the huge splash. He'd been living in the Bayou long enough to know what a Silurid attack sounded like.

The leader didn't look much like a fighter. His face was too smooth, his clothing too fancy, and from the blood and blisters on his hands, too used to having others do the heavy lifting for him.

"Y'all go ahead 'n put that crate down," he said, as his boars trotted into a rough circle around them. "Whatever's in there don't belong to you."

The man rose to his full height, straightened his tunic and his hat with an air of defiance. Brave, at least. Or stupid.

"My name is Christopher St. John Arkwright," he said. "I am an academic, sir, on assignment by the Explorer's Society, and I tell you now that you will rue the day you hampered my work. I have powerful friends."

"Me too," remarked Ulix as Penelope loped into the clearing, licking blood from her chops.

She didn't often get riled up but she'd taken that mercenary's attempt to shoot him rather personal. He'd begged for an arrow before she was done.

Arkwright blanched visibly at the blood dripping from Penelope's jaws, but he wasn't quite finished being pompous yet. "I don't expect your sort to understand the importance of my work, but trust me when I tell you that is critical, *critical* I say, that I return to Malifaux with this exhibit."

"Hoo-eee," Burt began to laugh, jangling atop the pots and pans attached to Gracie. "I call dibs on them fancy pants."

Ulix gave him the side eye. "Make yerself useful and go pick up that fandangled screamin' contrap-shun o'er yonder," Ulix snapped, then turned back to Fancy-Pants Arkwright and the crate beside him. "That what this wuz all about? Some box you's found'n that there ruin?"



"Th-this is possibly the greatest find of my career, sir," Arkwright stressed, pointing at the mud-smeared crate. "What evil that happened there was not my fault. I wasn't even there! If you must, blame the band of mercenaries I hired to assist me in this endeavor. Those fools said it was in self-defense. Please don't kill me."

Ulix's blood began to boil.

"And the little 'uns?" he snapped. "They wuz self-defense, too?"

For the first time, Fancy-Pants seemed at a loss for words.

"Some thirty-odd folks dead, all good 'n kind, gone, so y'all could have your box. Buncha little 'uns. Barely seen a summer'r two. Gone. So y'all could have your box."

"I... it wasn't... I didn't mean..."

"Know this, mister," Ulix said. "Before you die, know this. I'm takin' that box an' everythin' else you stole. Takin' it all back to Stone Hill where it belongs. Cuz I want you to know – all that effort, all that sloggin' through the swamp, all that pain an' sufferin' wuz for nothin'. Nothin'."

"You can't kill me!" exclaimed Fancy-Pants Arkwright, shrill now that he realized his number was up. "I'm a protected member of the Explorers Society!" He lied through his prominent front teeth. "You can't kill me!"

"Oh, I ain't gonna kill you," Ulix said. "They are."

The massive boars moved forward on cue, tusked jaws slavering.

He watched for a while, but once the screeching had turned to crunching and ripping, he turned away to begin gathering up the scattered detritus of the failed expedition.

"You really wanna lug that thing all the way back?" Burt asked, nodding at the aethervox strapped to Gracie's side.

"Y'ever hear a hungry pig in the mornin'? 'Bout time we weaponized that, I reckon."

"You got some crazy ideas there, Ulix, I'll give ya that."

In the end, they took almost everything – not just the stolen items from the temple (and that strange shadowy object that made Penelope growl and gave Ulix a bad vibe), but the canvas tents and the rope, the empty canteens and the hardtack, even the spare socks.

You never knew what would come in handy on the road home.



In a dark and indistinct room, two figures sat at a plain table. A wide-shouldered man in a finely tailored suit leaned forward and dragged the tip of a quill across "Christopher Arkwright" from a list of other scratched off names.

"Three sent and three lost," he said, his voice echoing in the stillness. "Though, somehow, this one did get the furthest. Shall we seek a fourth?"

"That won't be necessary," the elderly woman with sharp features replied. "There are only so many idiots we can throw into a pit before the pit is filled." She unfolded her arms and began tapping her nails onto the wooden table. "No, this will require a... delicate touch. It's how we should have addressed this artifact in the first place. You know what to do."

"I do," he agreed, then stood up and promptly walked out of the room, leaving the woman alone to her thoughts.





Many Gremlin traditions trace their origins to Som'er, including having a big hat to distinguish rank, distilling moonshine, and training pigs as mounts and food. His success as a bandit has made Som'er a local legend, drawing recruits from all over the Bayou.

Som'er was among the first to sense a change in the air from Malifaux City. Something portentous was coming, and he believed that for the Gremlins to survive, they would have to unite (it was really Zoraida's idea, but like most things, he took credit). Getting a few Gremlins in the same room, let alone agree on something, however, is about as easy as it sounds.

Som'er somehow managed to gather the other Gremlin families together for the "Democracy," a vote to decide a central leader. Reluctant to let the other bosses win, but knowing they'd never vote for him, Som'er elected his son Lenny instead, who won in a landslide. While Som'er insists his son is the Gremlin-General, anyone with half a wit knows the real orders come from dear old dad.

Since the big election, Som'er has been dwelling on what to do next. For the first time since he can remember (which, to be fair, could mean since yesterday), he's got enough time to accomplish some of his big ideas. Now it's just a matter of who to rip off, steal, or kill, and who is going to do the job well enough for him to take all the credit.

SOMMER TEETH JONES				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
HARD WHUPPIN'	1"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 2 2/3/4 damage and Pushes 2" away from this model.				
BOOMER	12"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 2 2/3/4 damage.				
Puncture: When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a for each in the final duel total (to a maximum of 3).				
Daze: Target gains Stunned and is Pushed up to 3" in any direction.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
EXTENDED FAMILY	6"	6	-	X
<i>Once per Turn. Name any number of Big Hat Minions. The TN of this Action is 10 plus the total Cost of the named models. Summon the named models anywhere within range, then Attach a Family Gathering Upgrade to each Summoned model.</i>				
<i>X "Wait, You Ain't My Kid...": Choose a model Summoned by this Action and discard its Attached Summon Upgrades.</i>				
"MAKE ME PROUD, BOYS!"	-	6	-	10
<i>This Action ignores range. Friendly Minion only. Models within (1)2 of the target suffers 2 damage. Then, kill the target.</i>				
SMARTER THAN I LOOK	6"	6	-	13
<i>Until the End Phase, after a friendly non-Insigificant model within range is killed, this model may draw a card.</i>				



SKEETER

Minion (2), Living Totem (Som'er Teeth Jones)

BIG HAT

3

COST



6
Df

3
Wp

6
Mv

1
Sz

ABILITIES

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

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.

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.

DEMISE (EXPENDABLE): After this model is killed, its controller draws a card.

BAYOU BASH: During this model's Activation, it receives +1 to opposed duels for each other friendly Big Hat model within 3 (to a maximum of +2).

HEALTH

SKEETER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
PROBOSCIS Target suffers 1/1/2 damage. <i>☞ Drink Blood:</i> When resolving, this model Heals an amount equal to the damage suffered. <i>☞ You're Comin' with Me:</i> Push the target up to 3" in any direction, then Place this model into base contact with it.	0"	4P	Df	-

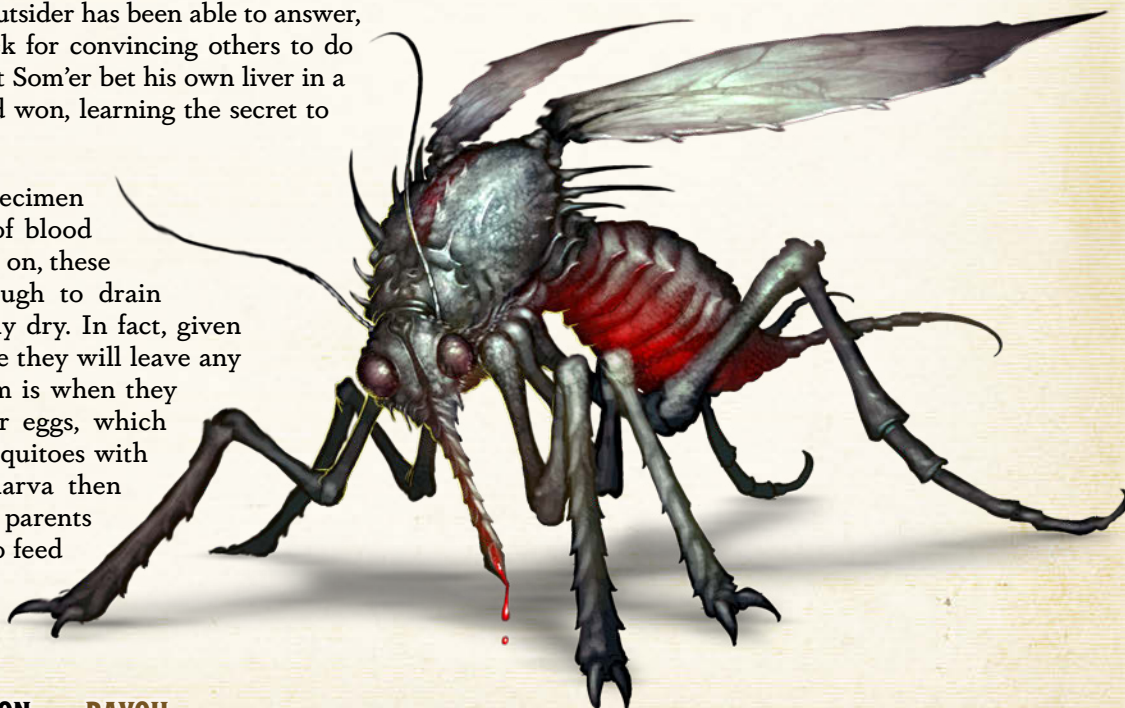
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
ANNOYING Until the End Phase, after an enemy model within range declares a Tactical Action other than Walk or Charge , it gains Distracted +1 .	2"	-	-	-

30MM

SKEETER

It was a simple matter for Som'er to get the Gremlins on his side. A loud voice and moonshine are easy enticements for the smarter members of the Bayou. How he managed to get several oversized mosquitoes to follow him with such loyalty is a question no outsider has been able to answer, but he does have a knack for convincing others to do his bidding. Legend has it Som'er bet his own liver in a gamble with Zoraida and won, learning the secret to controlling them.

Where a normal-sized specimen might draw a little bit of blood from his target and move on, these creatures are large enough to drain a full-sized human nearly dry. In fact, given the chance, the only time they will leave any fluids within their victim is when they are also depositing their eggs, which manifest into young mosquitoes with amazing speed. These larva then use whatever fluids their parents left in their incubators to feed themselves as they grow to be full sized.



LENNY JONES

While most Gremlins rarely stand taller than a person's waist, Lenny Jones is considerably taller than many humans. He's got big ugly slabs of muscle, a big ugly slab of a face, and his brain is pretty dense and slab-like, too. One would assume this makes Lenny a target for Gremlin bullies, but he's is too thick to recognize when he's being mocked. He's also been known to uproot trees when he forgets he can walk around them. The only thing that can survive Lenny's handling is his pet piglet, "Veto," a war pig runt as tough as he is small. Even Som'er treats Lenny with a patience and restraint, lest Lenny hug dear ol' dad into an early grave.

Lenny is the current "Gremlin-General" of the Bayou. It's a position he likely isn't even aware he holds on a minute-by-minute basis, and won through no fault of his own thanks to Som'er's machinations and the franticness of Gremlin "Democracy." While this means he gets a nice hat to wear, Lenny's role is really just a figurehead for Som'er to bark orders at the other families.

9
COST

LENNY JONES
Henchman, Living
BIG HAT



5
Df

4
Wp



FACTION

5
Mv

3
Sz

ABILITIES

BODYGUARD: Other friendly models within 12 have Cover.

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

GREMLIN GENERAL: Friendly Big Hat models within 18 receive +1 to duels performed outside of their Activation.

GRIT (FRANTIC): While this model has half of its maximum Health or less, its Attack Actions receive a 1 to their duels and damage flips.

RUTHLESS: This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

BAYOU BASH: During this model's Activation, it receives +1 to opposed duels for each other friendly Big Hat model within 13 (to a maximum of +2).



HEALTH

LENNY JONES

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
WHACK'N STICK Target suffers 3/4/5 damage. ♣ Pound to Dust: Remove all Scheme Markers within (1)3 of the target. ♣ Sweeping Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. ♣ Knock Aside: Push the target 4" in any direction.	2"	5	Df	-
WHACKED PIGLET Target suffers 2/2/3 damage. ♣ Shove Aside: Once per Activation. Push the target 4" away from this model. Then, this model may Push up to 4" and declare a ♣ Action targeting a different model.	8"	5	Df	12
Toss Target a model with lower Sz than this model. Push the target up to 10" in any direction. If this Push is interrupted, the Pushed model and models in base contact with it must each pass a TN 14 Df duel or suffer 2 damage.	1"	4	Sz	-

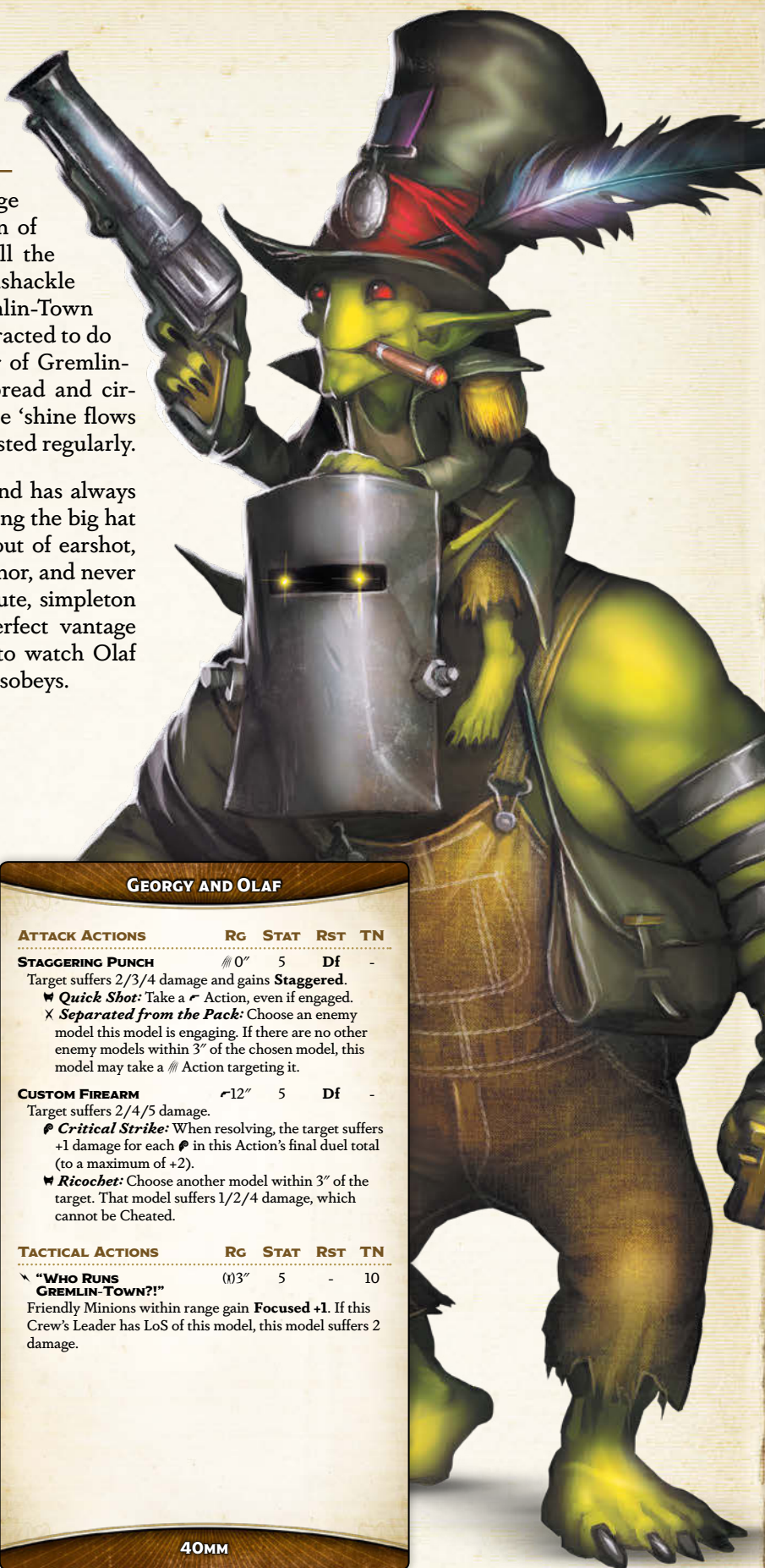
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
RANDOM BOUT OF BRILLIANCE Flip the top card of this model's Fate Deck, and resolve one of the following effects based on the suit of the flipped card, with any variable flips based on the value of the flipped card. ♣ "Found It! ...I Think": Draw the discarded card. ♣ "This Looks Eatable": This model Heals 1/2/3. ♣ "Ooo! A Fir' Fly": Push this model 1"/2"/3" in a direction chosen by the opposing player. X "Nope! Wuzza Sneeze": All models within (1)2 suffer 0/1/2 damage.	-	-	-	-

40MM



The accurately, if not cleverly-named village of Gremlin-Town is the largest concentration of Gremlins in Jones territory, and arguably all the Bayou. A mess of pig farms, distilleries, ramshackle homes and half-exploded workshops, Gremlin-Town only survives by keeping its citizenry too distracted to do anything really harmful. The de facto mayor of Gremlin-Town, Georgy Jones, keeps order with a “bread and circuses” approach, ensuring the pigs are fat, the ‘shine flows like water, and violent spectacle sports are hosted regularly.

Georgy is Som'er's diminutive third cousin, and has always resented the more able-bodied Jones for wearing the big hat around Gremlin-Town. Whenever Som'er is out of earshot, Georgy is hosting Bayou Bashes in his own honor, and never appears in public when he's not riding his mute, simpleton brother Olaf's massive shoulders. It's the perfect vantage point to bark orders at anyone he sees, and to watch Olaf smack six shades of dung out of anyone who disobeys.



GEORGY AND OLAF				
STAGGERING PUNCH		RG	STAT	RST TN
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains Staggered .		0"	5	Df -
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ♣ Quick Shot: Take a ♣ Action, even if engaged. ✕ Separated from the Pack: Choose an enemy model this model is engaging. If there are no other enemy models within 3" of the chosen model, this model may take a ♣ Action targeting it. 				
CUSTOM FIREARM		RG	STAT	RST TN
Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.		12"	5	Df -
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ♣ Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ♣ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). ♣ Ricochet: Choose another model within 3" of the target. That model suffers 1/2/4 damage, which cannot be Cheated. 				
TACTICAL ACTIONS		RG	STAT	RST TN
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ♣ "WHO RUNS GREMLIN-TOWN?!" 		3"	5	- 10
Friendly Minions within range gain Focused +1 . If this Crew's Leader has LoS of this model, this model suffers 2 damage.				

Good Ol' Boy
Minion (3), Living
BIG HAT

7
COST



5 Df **5** WP **5** MV **2** Sz

ABILITIES

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

BRING IT!: This model receives a  to its Df duels for each enemy model within **1**.

SWAGGER: After this model resolves the **Walk** Action, if this model does not have the **Focused** Condition, it gains **Focused +1**.

BAYOU BASH: During this model's Activation, it receives +1 to opposed duels for each other friendly Big Hat model within **3** (to a maximum of +2).

DEMISE (EXPENDABLE): After this model is killed, its controller draws a card.

HEALTH










Good Ol' Boy

Som'er Teeth Jones draws a large following of Gremlins, but while any Gremlin can just decide they're a Jones and throw in their hat with him, only a lucky few can honestly boast that they're a member of Som'er's personal entourage of drinking buddies. It takes a lot of grit to become a Good Ol' Boy, and most of them are either veterans of dozens of raids lead by Som'er himself, or survivors of his victory bar crawls.

When they're not in a fight, the Good Ol' Boys like to swagger around Gremlin settlements, drinking more than seems necessary (even for a Gremlin), bullying anyone smaller than themselves, and generally throwing their weight around. Brawls are frequent, since the Good Ol' Boys are rarely sober and are always itching for a fight. But when Som'er raises the horn for another good raid, it's always the Good Ol' Boys who are first to jump on the wagon, loading their heavily modified shotguns and refilling their flasks of Som'er's famous "Quadruple-X" moonshine.



GOOD OL' BOY

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
BROKEN BOTTLE  1" 4 Df -				
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. If this model's Health is below its maximum Health, this Action receives a  to its duel.				
 Drunken Strength: When resolving, the target suffers an additional amount of damage equal to the value of this model's Poison Condition (to a maximum of +2 damage). Then lower the value of this model's Poison Condition by 2.				
 Onslaught: Take this Action again, targeting the same model.				
REFURBISHED SHOTGUN 8" 5 Df -				
Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able. Target suffers 2/3/3 damage.				
 Wild Shot: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. Then another friendly model within range and LoS of this model suffers 1 damage.				
 Ricochet: Choose another model within 3" of the target. That model suffers 1/2/4 damage, which cannot be Cheated.				
 Ruptured Ears: Models damaged by this Action gain Distracted +1 .				
 Buckshot Backfire: Immediately, this Action fails models within (1)1 of this model suffer 1 damage.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
TRUSTY FLASK	-	6	-	10
This model Heals 1/2/3 and gains Poison +1 .				
 Drunken Stumble: Push this model 1" in any direction.				

30MM

GREMLIN CRIER

When Lenny Jones was appointed to the position of Gremlin-General, his father, Som'er, decided that all of the Gremlins that didn't attend the meeting had to be told about their new boss. From this need, the Gremlin Criers were born.

All of the Criers were chosen from the loudest, most enthusiastic (i.e., obnoxious) Gremlins that Som'er could find. They were given the task of spreading word of Lenny's new position all across the Bayou, and they took to their new task with all the conviction that a Gremlin could muster (i.e., not very much).

Since the Democrazy, the Criers are utilized to spread other messages to the other Gremlin families, like "Beer-ocracy will continue to exist to keep up with the expanding needs of beer-ocracy" and "Uh, meatballs." The Criers were, unfortunately, not chosen for their memory, and as a result, Lenny's (and more realistically, Som'er's) words and proclamations tend to get twisted with each additional telling.



GREMLIN CRIER

Minion (3), Living

BIG HAT

6

COST

5

DF

5

WP

5

MV

1

SZ

ABILITIES

DISTRACTION: Enemy models within 02 of this model suffer 1 to Wp duels.

INTIMIDATING AUTHORITY: After this model is targeted with an Attack Action, it may discard a card to have the Attacking model suffer a 1 to that Action's duel.

BULLY: After this model targets a model with lower Cost with an Action, this model may add one suit of its choice to its final duel total.

DEMISE (I'M DONE WITH THIS): After this model is killed, Summon a Bayou Gremlin into base contact with this model.

BAYOU BASH: During this model's Activation, it receives +1 to opposed duels for each other friendly Big Hat model within 03 (to a maximum of +2).

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS: After a friendly model within 06 is killed, this model may Push one model within 06 up to 2" toward the killed model.

1 2 3 4 5 6

HEALTH

GREMLIN CRIER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SHARP WIT Target gains Slow . ☐ Beautiful Clothes: Target gains Distracted +1 . ✕ "Here Ye, Hear Me!": If the target is in base contact with this model, it suffers 2 damage. ☐ Defensive Reflexes: This model gains Shielded +1 .	1"	5	Wp	-
OBEY This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. Non-Master only. Target model takes a non-Action that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name, chosen and controlled by this model. ✕ Delay: Target gains Slow . ☐ Threaten Beatings: The target may ignore being engaged and its Insignificant Ability when resolving the generated Action.	12"	5	Wp	14W

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
✕ SPREADING THE GOOD NEWS Discard any number of cards. For each card discarded by this Action, this model Heals 1.	-	-	-	-

30MM

SPIT HOG
Minion (2), Living
BIG HAT

6
COST

5 Df **5** Wp **4** Mv **2** Sz

ABILITIES

DISGUISED: This model cannot be the target of Actions generated by the **Charge** Action.

HOIST THE HOG: Other friendly models can move through this model.

DRAW THEIR ATTENTION: After this model resolves an Attack Action that damaged an enemy model, a friendly model within LoS of this model may discard a card to take the **Interact** Action.

FOOD'S UP! Other friendly models within 12 may take a \ Action to Heal 2/3/4 damage. Then, this model suffers 1 damage.

DEMISE (I'M DONE WITH THIS): After this model is killed, Summon a Bayou Gremlin into base contact with this model.

BAYOU BASH: During this model's Activation, it receives +1 to opposed duels for each other friendly Big Hat model within 13 (to a maximum of +2).

HEALTH

SPIT HOG

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SMACK WITH A ROASTED PIG # 1" 4 Df -				
Target suffers 2/3/3 damage. If the target is a friendly model, it instead Heals 1/2/3, ignoring any □ or ♣ modifiers.				
♣ Tear Off a Bite: This model Heals 2.				
X Feast of Vengeance: After killing, a friendly Leader Heals 1/2/3.				
LURE 12" 5 Wp 12				
Move the target its Mv toward this model.				
♣ Visions of Glamour: Enemy models within 12 of the target gain Distracted +1 .				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
FOOD FOR EVERYONE! 12" 5 - 10				
Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 13 Wp duel or be Placed into base contact with this model.				
\ CREEP ALONG - 5 - 11				
Push this model up to its Mv in inches toward a friendly model in LoS.				

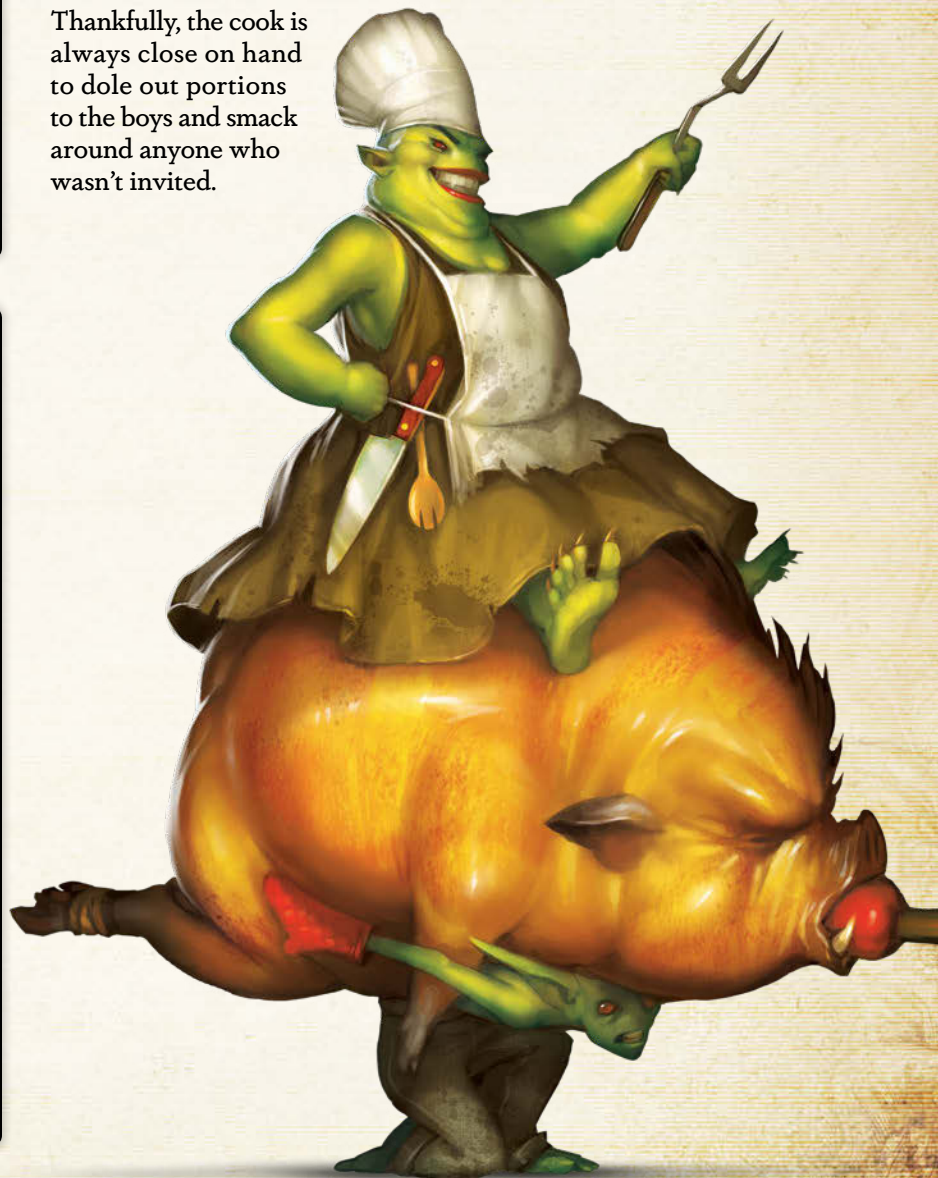
50MM

SPIT HOG

In Gremlin communities, women are expected to cook the meals. Gremlin men all agree this is because women need to keep close to the home and raise the young'ins. The women know the real reason is because they won't try and roast a Stuffed Piglet full of dynamite and blast it, the kitchen, and most of the dinner guests to smithereens (though even Mah had to admit, it was pretty funny).

But these days, with so many Gremlins fighting for their swamp, it's harder to come home for a hot meal. So the Spit Hog brings the hot meal to them! The sight of a young Gremlin straining to haul around a massive, spit-roasted hog is probably one of the more bizarre sights on the battlefield, even when Gremlins are involved. But when you're hungry, even the enemy can find it hard to ignore such a feast.

Thankfully, the cook is always close on hand to dole out portions to the boys and smack around anyone who wasn't invited.



BANJONISTA

Every Gremlin enjoys a good banjo from time to time, but there are certain Gremlins who have found their calling in music. They spend all their time perfecting their instrument of choice (usually a banjo, but jugs and washboards are not uncommon), and they travel from village to village playing their songs. These Gremlins have become known as Banjonistas.

The best Banjonistas always draw a large crowd of their brethren and can lead hootenannies that can last for weeks. Some never end. Of course, every Banjonista had to start somewhere, and most have stories of being threatened by their kin for playing too often and too loudly. It has become a badge of honor among the Banjonistas; they say you're not really a Banjonista until someone has tried to choke you with your own banjo strings for keeping them awake all night.

When a performance goes well, however, it all becomes worth it. Nobody gets a larger share of the bacon or the booze than a talented Banjonista, and the roar of an appreciative crowd is like music to their ears.



BANJONISTA
Minion (3), Living
BIG HAT

5
COST

5
DF

5
Wp

FACTION

5
Mv

1
Sz

ABILITIES
FOGGY BAYOU HOEDOWN: At the start of this model's Activation, friendly models within (0)4 may move up to 2".
HOOTENANNY: Friendly models that start their Activation within (0)4 may discard a card to gain **Shielded +2**.
DEMISE (I'M DONE WITH THIS): After this model is killed, Summon a Bayou Gremlin into base contact with this model.
BAYOU BASH: During this model's Activation, it receives +1 to opposed duels for each other friendly Big Hat model within (0)3 (to a maximum of +2).

1 2 3 4 5
HEALTH

BANJONISTA

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BANJO BASH Target suffers 1/2/2 damage. ☞ Kabong! : When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. After resolving the Action, end this model's Activation. ☛ Reposition : Move this model up to 3".	0"	4	Df	-
REBEL YELL End all Conditions on the target.	6"	5	Wp	10

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
☛ PLUCK THE STRINGS Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 13 Wp duel or gain Distracted +1 . ☛ Dueling Banjos : Another friendly Banjonista in play may immediately take the Pluck the Strings Action.	(0)4"	5	-	11

30MM

OLD CRANKY
Enforcer, Living
BIG HAT

5
COST

4 DF **4** WP **4** MV **1** SZ

ABILITIES

SHOUTING ORDERS (BIG HAT): Friendly Big Hat models within 6" may discard a card to treat the **Concentrate** Action as a **↖** Action.

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

REACTIVE THINKING: Crews containing this model receive a **↖** to Initiative Flips.

DEMISE (EXPENDABLE): After this model is killed, its controller draws a card.

BAYOU BASH: During this model's Activation, it receives +1 to opposed duels for each other friendly Big Hat model within 6" (to a maximum of +2).

1 2 3 4
HEALTH

OLD CRANKY

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
FANCY CANE Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ✕ Hold Down: If this model is engaging the target, another friendly model with LoS to the target may take a ↖ Action against the target, ignoring Friendly Fire.	1"	4	Df	-

OBEY 12" 5 Wp 14W
This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. Non-Master only. Target model takes a non-**↖** Action that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name, chosen and controlled by this model.
W **Drunken Stumble:** Push this model 1" in any direction.

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
↖ FRANTIC SEARCH 2" Remove target Corpse Marker . Discard the top card of this model's Fate Deck. If the discarded card was a ☛ or ☚ , add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.	2"	-	-	-

30MM

OLD CRANKY

Old Cranky may look like a trembling, bentbacked, desiccated relic of a Gremlin who's barely held together with chewing tobacco and rotgut moonshine, but...well, okay, he is exactly that, but with all of that comes something else that's in short supply in the Bayou, and that's experience.

No matter what situation may present itself to an enterprising Gremlin leader, it's a sure bet that Old Cranky has been there, done that, seen it, killed it, made soup out of it, or poked it with a stick at one time or another.

He may be old as the hills but he's wily enough to see trouble on the horizon and can tip a word to the wise, and he's still a fair shot with his trusty shotgun when the situation calls for it. He keeps a stock of solid slug shells under his hat for "speshul 'casions" that can deliver a real hammer blow (although the recoil tends to knock what little wind he has left out of him for a spell).



BAYOU GREMLIN

The Bayou is filled with many creatures, the most intelligent of these is the Bayou Gremlin.

In actuality, these creatures aren't very smart, but under the right leadership, they have learned some focus. Old guns scavenged from raids make up most of their weapons stash, adding a second layer of uncertainty onto their already questionable aim. Impressionable, they are willing to follow their boss into any battle, as long as there is the promise of plunder and moonshine.

Raids of nearby Guild mining sites are usually only a minor bother for the men and women working there, since the Gremlins are as likely to shoot each other as they are to cause any serious damage. More bothersome than the raids is the nightly singing. Before a raid, the Gremlins will all sit around a campfire, singing songs and playing two-stringed banjos until the sun rises in the morning of their planned attack.



BAYOU GREMLIN

Minion (8), Living
Versatile
BIG HAT

2
COST

4
Df

3
Wp

5
Mv

1
Sz

ABILITIES

DF (M) SQUEAL: *Enemy only.* After resolving, this model may move up to 3".

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

DEMISE (EXPENDABLE): After this model is killed, its controller draws a card.

BAYOU BASH: During this model's Activation, it receives +1 to opposed duels for each other friendly Big Hat model within 10" (to a maximum of +2).

12

HEALTH

BAYOU GREMLIN

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BANJO BASH Target suffers 1/2/2 damage. ☛ Kabong! : When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. After resolving the Action, end this model's Activation.	0"	3	Df	-
BOOMSTICK Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able. Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. ☛ Wild Shot : When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. Then another friendly model within range and LoS of this model suffers 1 damage. ☛ "I Got 'em, Pa!" : Push this model 3" toward the target. ☛ "What If... More Powder?" : When resolving, the target suffers +2 damage and this model and models within (0)1 of this model suffer 1 damage. ☛ Screwed the Hooch : Discard a random card, then draw a card.	10"	3	Df	-

30MM



Ever since the day Zipp discovered an aethervox and heard stories of grand adventure being broadcast across it, he knew he was destined for great things. He started by robbing caravans with a crew of other Gremlins, but it was never quite daring enough for him. He had dreamed of being a fearsome brigand or a dastardly clever villain, not a common thief.

Everything changed the day Zipp stole an experimental airship from the Guild. He's christened it the Infamy, and with it he terrorizes Malifaux from the skies.

Leaping from the ship on his moonshine-powered (a concoction that was stolen from Big Brain Brin's labs) jetpack, Zipp wields his purloined lightning gun against his unfortunate victims... or rather, he does so once his victims have heard a proper monologue.

To Captain Zipp, the mission and materials gained after succeeding are only as valuable as the stories they merit. After all, you can't just go around killing and robbing folks without a proper monologue. How else are they supposed to know who robbed them?

And his antics are starting to bear fruit. In a seemingly random occurrence, Captain Zipp crossed fated paths with one of his heroes, Parker Barrows, and after a long night of drinking that would put even the most alcohol-hardened Gremlin to sleep, both the famed bandit and sky pirate agreed to join forces.

While the job that they dreamed up in their drunken stupor was about as well-thought out as making a silurid in charge of piloting an airship, a plan was nevertheless made to attempt the impossible. Knowing he would need to bolster his crew for such a task, Zipp put out an open call for those eager to seize glory, drawing like-minded oddballs and weirdos for miles around, attracting wrastlers and former Steamfitters alike.

CAPTAIN ZIPP
Master, Living
INFAMOUS

15
COST

6 Df
5 Wp
8 Mv
1 Sz

Faction

ABILITIES

DF (W) BLASTING OFF AGAIN: *Enemy only.* After resolving, Place this model anywhere within 6" of its current location.

GOT BETTER STUFF TO DO: This model cannot take the Interact Action.

CHATTY: Enemy models within **06** must each discard a card to take the Interact Action.

SPUTTERING EXHAUST: Models within **02** of this model have Concealment.

SHOWBOATING: At the end of this model's Activation, if it Cheated Fate from its Control Hand during its Activation, it may draw a card.

FLIGHT: When resolving the Walk or Charge Action, instead of moving normally, this model may Place itself completely within X", where X is equal to this model's **Mv**. This model does not suffer Falling damage.

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

CAPTAIN ZIPP				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<p>"UP WE GO!"</p> <p><i>This Action cannot target models with Flight. Place the target anywhere within 3" of its current position. The target suffers 2/3/4 damage.</i></p> <p>✱ You're Comin' with Me: Push the target up to 3" in any direction, then place this model into base contact with it.</p> <p>✱ Severe Injury: Models damaged by this Action gain Injured +1 for each ✱ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of Injured +2).</p>	♠2"	3	Sz	-
ZIPP ZAPPER	♠8"	6	Df	-
<p><i>This Action ignores Cover and Concealment. Target suffers 2♣/3♣/5♣ damage. Push models damaged by this Action up to 1" in any direction.</i></p> <p>♣ Burst Damage: When resolving, the target suffers +♣ damage.</p> <p>✱ Convulsions: Enemy only. Move the target up to 3". Then the target must either discard a card or this model may move it up to 3".</p>				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<p>"DROP THE PIANOS!"</p> <p><i>Once per Turn. Discard up to two cards and/or Pass Tokens. Create a 40mm Ht 3, Blocking, Destructible, Impassable Piano Marker anywhere within range. For each discarded card or Pass Token, Create an additional Piano Marker within range.</i></p> <p>✱ What is Even...? Enemy models within (1/2 of one or more of the Created Markers must each pass a TN 14 Wp duel or suffer 2 damage and gain Distracted +1.</p> <p>✱ BORING CONVERSATION</p> <p><i>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.</i></p>	6"	5	-	10
	♠6"	6	-	13



Earl Burns was once the lead engineer on a top-secret Guild project. He was in charge of a team of laborers making good pay. Now, he is a prisoner of a bunch of Gremlins who fancy themselves pirates and keep mucking about with the controls of his airship.

It all happened one night, just before the airship's debut. The Gremlins stole the ship and Earl along with it. It seemed they hadn't quite planned on how they would fly the thing and were happy to find Earl at the controls. Since then, he's spent his days repairing everything they have destroyed, explaining why firing guns around a hundred and twenty five thousand cubic feet of hydrogen gas is a bad idea, and generally trying to avoid losing the ship in a fiery death spiral.

The worst is the damned silurid that Zipp keeps around. Earl is certain that he will never be able to teach it to fly the ship, despite Zipp's demands, and it always licks its lips when it looks at him...



EARL BURNS				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
HEAVY WRENCH Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. If the target is a friendly Construct, it instead Heals 2. Dismantle for Parts: <i>Enemy Construct only.</i> Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with the target.	1"	4	Df	-
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
"STOP DROPPING THINGS!" Create a 40mm Ht 3, Blocking, Destructible, Impassable Piano Marker anywhere within range.	6"	5	-	10
CHAIN GANG <i>Other friendly model only.</i> Move the target up to 3". Then, this model may move up to 3", which must end within 3" of the target.	3"	-	-	-
FREE LOOT <i>Target an enemy Scheme Marker.</i> Place this model into base contact with the target. Then, remove the target and draw a card.	3"	-	-	-
30MM				

MANCHA ROJA

MANCHA ROJA

Henchman, Living

INFAMOUS

10

COST

5x

Df

5

Wp

5

Mv

3

Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

HARD TO WOUND:

Damage flips against this model suffer a 1.

DF (X) CAGE FIGHTER:

If this Action is a # Action, the Attacking model suffers 2/3/4 damage, which cannot be Cheated.

SHOWBOATING:

At the end of this model's Activation, if it Cheated Fate from its Control Hand during its Activation, it may draw a card.

FLURRY:

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

RUSH:

When this model takes the Charge Action, increase the distance it Pushes by up to +2".

MY TIME IS NOW:

At the end of this model's Activation, if this model is within 2" of a Piano Marker, it gains Shielded +2.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

HEALTH

The ultimate green fighting machine, Mancha Roja is big, tough, and fearless – everything a successful wrestler should be. He's also perfected the theatrics of the arena, donning a mask and cape to hide his true identity, and utilizing a plethora of hand-to-hand attacks, full-body leaps, and even grabbing nearby Gremlins to swing about like clubs, all the while screaming out the colorful names of his attacks and making confident poses to the audience.

Though he rose to stardom under Wong and became champion of the Malifaux Wrestling League's Iron Hand Tournament, Roja felt that Wong was stealing his limelight, and Wong's obsession with the Three Demon Bag was the last straw, causing Roja to sever ties with him. After impressing Captain Zipp with his (nearly successful) attempt to suplex the Infamy, Zipp gladly hired his entire trope of Wrastlers. Now Roja is getting the recognition he deserves.

MANCHA ROJA

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

DROP-DOWN TAKEDOWN

1" 6 Df -

This model may remove a non-Scheme Marker within 2". Target suffers 3/4/5 damage. If this model removed a Marker when this Action was declared, the target gains Injured +1.

Finisher:

When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each Condition on it (to a maximum of +2).

Bowled Over:

Push target 4" away from this model, then Push this model 4" toward the target.

Mutilate:

When resolving, if the target has Slow, it suffers +1 damage. Otherwise, it gains Slow.

Toss in the Mud

2" 6 Df 12

Push the target 2" in any direction, then end one Condition on the target.

"I Must Break You":

Target gains Adversary (Infamous) and Injured +2.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

JUGGERNAUT

- - - -

Discard a card. This model Heals 1/2/4.

FREE LOOT

3" - - - -

Target an enemy Scheme Marker. Place this model into base contact with the target. Then, remove the target and draw a card.

40MM

BAYOU • MALIFAUx THIRD EDITION

81

The watchful eye of the First Mate always seems to stop any complaining dead in its tracks. The crew works harder when he's around, quickly scurrying out of his way as they get back to work lest the First Mate decide to properly discipline them for slacking off. Sure, he eats one or two of them here and there for no reason that anyone can suss out, but how else is he supposed to remind them who's in charge? Plus, a silurid's gotta eat.

The First Mate seems to enjoy his new station in life; everything from his regular meals of smoked pork (provided by Zipp) to his new outfit to the stash of cigars he found in his quarters seems to suit him. The First Mate even gets his own share of the loot, although he has a habit of eating that, too.

THE FIRST MATE				
ACTION ACTIONS		RG	STAT	RST TN
ANCHOR		♠ 1"	6♠	Df -
Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.				
♠ Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ♠ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).				
♥ Pouncing Strike: Place this model into base contact with another enemy model within 5" and LoS. Then, take this Action again, targeting that enemy model.				
X Delay: Target gains Slow .				
TACTICAL ACTIONS		RG	STAT	RST TN
MENACING CROAK		(M) 6"	6	- 12
Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 14 Wp duel or gain Distracted +1 .				
♥ Always Eating: Remove a Scheme Marker within 3" of this model.				
♠ LEAP		6"	7	- 10♥
Place this model anywhere within range.				
♠ Sudden Strike: This model may take a ♠ Action.				
♥ FREE LOOT		3"	-	- -
Target an enemy Scheme Marker. Place this model into base contact with the target. Then, remove the target and draw a card.				

BURT JEBSEN
Enforcer, Living
Versatile
 INFAMOUS, WIZZ-BANG

8
 COST



5
 Df

6
 Wp


 FACTION

5
 Mv

1
 Sz

ABILITIES

AGILE: This model may leave the engagement range of enemy models with the **Walk** Action.

DF (P) IT'S ALL IN THE REFLEXES: After resolving, the Attacking model suffers 2/3/4 damage. This damage flip suffers a .

HARD KNOCK LIFE: After this model suffers damage caused by another friendly model, this model gains **Fast** and a Glowly Token.

MAGICAL INFLUENCE: After this model flips a card in a duel, it may discard a Glowly Token to add a suit of its choice to its final duel total.










SHOWBOATING: At the end of this model's Activation, if it Cheated Fate from its Control Hand during its Activation, it may draw a card.


BLAST RESISTANT +2: Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Shockwave**, (I), and  effects by +2.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

HEALTH

BURT JEBSEN

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
LUCKY KNIFE  1" 6 Df - Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.  Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each  in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).  Reposition: Move this model up to 3".  Delay: Target gains Slow .				
BACKWATER PEPPERBOX  8" 6 Df - Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.  Sic 'em, Girl! A friendly Pig within 8" and LoS of the target may Push 8" toward the target.				
 CLOCKWORK GRENADE  8" 6 * 13 This Action ignores LoS. Shockwave 1, Mv 12, Damage 2.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
 RECKLESS This model suffers 1 damage. This model gains Fast .				

30MM

BURT JEBSEN

Former rag-and-bone man turned freedom fighter, Burt Jebesen's outlook on life has changed dramatically. Although his cousin and sometime travel companion Wong seems to have his own agenda these days, Burt continues his one-Gremlin war against the forces of the Ten Thunders in an effort to keep the Bayou free of the Ten Thunders and the Three Kingdoms.

He is helped along the way by his lucky Jack Knife and the massive, confounding Backwater Pepperbox – somewhere between a firearm and a church organ – which has become a local byword for Gremlin ingenuity.

Of course, Burt would never have got this far without his faithful Gracie and if, from time to time, he'll shrug and leave behind a particularly heavy piece of junk that might otherwise have fetched good scrip at the next market, it's only because she means more to him now than a mere beast of burden.



IRON SKEETER

The Iron Skeeters are Zipp's loyal sky pirate crew aboard the airship Infamy. They ride into battle on flying mechanical creations that they stole when they took the ship itself. They have even convinced Earl Burns to stylize the machines to look like giant, metallic mosquitoes. Zipp felt that added a certain flare to their raids and better suited their name.

These Gremlins have been loyal to Zipp since long before he stole the Infamy. They have gotten used to him not doing his full share of the pirating and talking while he should be working, but that's no different from most Gremlin bosses. Although they find him annoying from time to time, Zipp's plans and ideas always seem to pan out, so why fix what isn't broken?

When they aren't busy pirating, the Iron Skeeters amuse themselves by gambling, pulling the ship's control levers to see what happens, and placing bets on which crew member the First Mate will eat next.



IRON SKEETER

Minion (3), Living Construct

INFAMOUS

7 COST

5 Df

5 WP

7 MV

3 Sz

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

HEALTH

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.

SPUTTERING EXHAUST:

Models within 02 of this model have Concealment.

ARMOR +1:

Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.

SHOWBOATING:

At the end of this model's Activation, if it Cheated Fate from its Control Hand during its Activation, it may draw a card.

DEMISE (FLAMING +1):

After this model is killed, models within 02 suffer +1 damage and gain Burning +1. This model does not Drop any Markers when killed.

IRON SKEETER

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

BARREL ROLL

1" 5 Df -

Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

Bowled Over:

Push target 4" away from this model, then Push this model 4" toward the target.

GRAPPLING HOOK

8" 5 Df -

Target suffers 2/2/3 damage.

Delay:

Target gains Slow.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

FLY WITH ME

2" 5 - 12

This Action cannot be taken while engaged. This model may target another friendly unengaged model of lower Sz. Place this model anywhere within 4". If this Action targeted another model, Place the friendly model into base contact with this model.

FREE LOOT

3" - - -

Target an enemy Scheme Marker. Place this model into base contact with the target. Then, remove the target and draw a card.

40MM

BAYOU SMUGGLER

The Guild doesn't tend to look favorably upon trade with the Gremlins of the Bayou, particularly when that trade involves firearms (which make the Gremlins more dangerous) or moonshine (which cuts into the profits of the Guild's lucrative alcohol sales). For a Bayou Smuggler, the potential profit that can be made by trading firearms, moonshine, bacon, and clothing from one race to another greatly outweighs the risk of getting caught by the Guild.

Most Bayou Smugglers run their operations out of the sleepy little border town of Edge Point. From there, they can travel up and down the Bayou's waterways in their shallow canoes, haggling with humans and Gremlins alike in order to line their pockets with as much scrip as possible.

BAYOU SMUGGLER

Minion (2), Living
Versatile
BANDIT, INFAMOUS

6
COST



ABILITIES

CHANGING PLANS: At the end of this model's Activation, it may move a friendly Scheme Marker within 3 up to 3".

LIFE OF CRIME: At the start of this model's Activation, it may remove a Scheme Marker within 4 to gain **Fast**.

SHOWBOATING: At the end of this model's Activation, if it Cheated Fate from its Control Hand during its Activation, it may draw a card.

ATTUNED: This model may use Soulstones.

1 2 3 4 5 6
HEALTH

BAYOU SMUGGLER

ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN

PADDLE 2" 5 Df -

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

Drop It! *Enemy only.* Target must Drop an enemy Scheme Marker into base contact with itself, in LoS of this model.

Knock Aside: Push the target 4" in any direction.

Pilfer: *Target must be able to use Soulstones.*

Enemy only. Target must discard one Soulstone. If it does so, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.

TACTICAL ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN

FORAGE 2" - - -

Remove target enemy Scheme Marker. Draw the top card of this model's Discard Pile.

THE TIDES OF FATE - - - -

Discard a Soulstone. Draw two cards and then discard two cards.

30MM

WRASTLER

Mancha Roja's victory at the Iron Fist Tournament brought about a great deal of interest in Gremlin wrestling. If a big hat could grant authority, the Gremlins reasoned, then perhaps a hood and a cape imparted their wearer with strength. A whole new breed of Gremlin Wrastler has arisen in the wake of the high flying, elbow dropping Mancha Roja.

These pugilists use powerful wrestling moves and a whole lot of showmanship to incapacitate and pin their enemies. With strength and speed on their side, these Wrastlers are a force to be reckoned with... at least, until they get hurt and are forced to tap out.

Wong was the first to use Wrastlers in his act, but none of them were very satisfied playing second-fiddle to his slipshod pyrotechnics. When their champion Mancha Roja quit, the Wrastlers went with him, and now serve aboard Captain Zipp's airship the Infamy.



WRASTLER

Minion (3), Living

INFAMOUS

5

COST

5

DF

4

WP

5

MV

1

SZ

ABILITIES

HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a \square .

SHOWBOATING: At the end of this model's Activation, if it Cheated Fate from its Control Hand during its Activation, it may draw a card.

DF (W) SQUEAL: *Enemy only.* After resolving, this model may move up to 3".

RUSH: When this model takes the **Charge** Action, increase the distance it Pushes by up to +2".

1 2 3 4 5

HEALTH

WRASTLER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
WRISTLE	0"	5	Df	-
<p>This model may remove a non-Scheme Marker within 2". Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. If this model removed a Marker when this Action was declared, the target gains Injured +1.</p> <p>Bowled Over: Push target 4" away from this model, then Push this model 4" toward the target.</p> <p>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).</p> <p>Slingshot Slobberknocker: Choose a friendly Infamous model within 2". Push the chosen model 5", ignoring any models, such that it moves through the target. Models the chosen model Pushed through in this way must each pass a TN 13 Mv duel or suffer 1 damage.</p>				
TOSS IN THE MUD	2"	5	Df	12
<p>Push the target 2" in any direction, then end one Condition on the target.</p>				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
FREE LOOT	3"	-	-	-
<p>Target an enemy Scheme Marker. Place this model into base contact with the target. Then, remove the target and draw a card.</p>				

30MM

FLYING PIGLET

Nadia Gautreaux was a Gremlin taxidermist like any other, spending much of her time stuffing critters with explosives just to watch them run around and explode. Sometimes, the poor animals were even dead when she started the process.

While gathering supplies in Edge Point, she was instantly smitten with a handsome human and shuffled up to him for some romantic attention. His response? “When pigs fly.”

Nadia took this as a courting challenge, and was inspired. Dismembering a variety of animals, she cobbled together a piglet capable of short, awkward bursts of flight. Her “success” caused an uproar among her taxidermist peers, and now Edge Point has to deal with flights of pigs flailing about in the skies and smashing into things whenever Nadia shows up, hoping her true love has returned to honor their arrangement.



FLYING PIGLET
Minion (3), Undead
 INFAMOUS, WIZZ-BANG

3
COST

4
DF

3
WP

FACTION

5
MV

1
SZ

ABILITIES

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.

MINDLESS: When this model is Summoned, it is treated as having already Activated this Turn, and neither player gains or discards any Pass Tokens.

DEMISE (DELICIOUS BACON): After this model is killed, it may Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with itself instead of a Corpse Marker.

SHOWBOATING: At the end of this model's Activation, if it Cheated Fate from its Control Hand during its Activation, it may draw a card.

1

2

3

4

HEALTH

FLYING PIGLET

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
GORE <i>Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able. Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.</i>	0"	4	Df	-
<i>☞ Into Spaaaaace!:</i> Bury this model. During the End Phase, the opposing player chooses an enemy model. Unbury this model within 2" of the chosen model.				
<i>♥ Bowled Over:</i> Push target 4" away from this model, then Push this model 4" toward the target.				
<i>✕ Pick the Bones:</i> After killing, this model may take the Interact Action after resolving the current Action.				
DAZZLING FLOURISH Target gains Slow .	6"	4	Wp	-

30MM

OPHELIA LACROIX

Even among the Gremlins, there is a chance that someone will appear who is a genius within her species. Ophelia is one such Gremlin, with an intellect that would put many humans to shame, if she were given the chance to study academia. Regardless, Ophelia quickly rose to a position of respect in her family, the LaCroix. It couldn't have come at a better time, for the Ortegas had begun exterminating her kind, seeing them as little more than pests.

Instead of just throwing waves of her kin at them, Ophelia probed the Ortegas and tested their methods, adapting her strategies and learning from her mistakes. Steadily, she began to drive the Ortegas out of the Bayou. It was during one of these missions that Ophelia led a daring raid on the Ortega camp and successfully snatched Perdita's wide-brimmed hat for herself. With it to solidify her leadership, she became a legend overnight.

The Gremlins under Ophelia are some of the calmest and bravest of their kind, trained to respond to her orders (though they sometimes get distracted). While she was one of the more popular contenders for Gremlin-General, a sudden vote change gave the victory to Lenny. This alone would be enough to put her in a sour mood, but Som'er has started sending criers to LaCroix territory to loudly proclaim Lenny's victory, sometimes twice a day.

As though managing the constant outpouring of abominations from the Red Cage wasn't already enough, having random and loud proclamations announced across the Bayou was enough to light in Ophelia. After sending back one of the Gremlin Crier's hats (with the Gremlin's head still attached) back to Som'er, the Bayou has considerably and thankfully quieted down.

Unfortunately, with the increasing numbers of abominations pouring out of the Red Cage and grootslangs charging out of their holes for safety, Ophelia's continuous string of headaches seem to be never ending, and her only relief as of late is to unload a few guns into something that gives her a dirty look.

Luckily, as if there was a caveat to the Bayou being overrun by beasts and terrors, there's almost always a worthwhile target in her sights to let loose some of her frustration.

OPHELIA LACROIX
Master, Living
KIN
15
COST

5
DF
5
WP
5
MV
1
SZ

FAC

ABILITIES

GUNFIGHTER: This model may treat any of its ⚔ Actions as having a range of #1".

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

STRIKE TEAM: After this model ends its Activation, another friendly Kin model within #6 may discard a card to take an Action.

EXPERT SHOT: This model's Attack Actions ignore Friendly Fire.

FLINCH: When an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, if the Action's Stat is higher than this model's Resist Stat, this model may gain **Shielded +1**.

THE BIGGER THEY ARE: This model receives +1 to opposed duels with enemy models that have Sz greater than this model.

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

OPHELIA LACROIX

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
CUSTOM FIREARM	~12"	6	Df	-
Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.				
☛ Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ☛ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).				
☛ Worthy Opponent: After resolving, draw a card. If the target was killed, discard a card.				
☛ Walking Arsenal: Take an Action printed on an Arsenal Upgrade Attached to this model. Then, either discard a card or that Upgrade.				
REBEL YELL	6"	6	Wp	10
End all Conditions on the target.				
☛ SIDEARM	~6"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/3 damage.				
☛ Wild Shot: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. Then another friendly model within range and LoS of this model suffers 1 damage.				
☛ Ricochet: Choose another model within 3" of the target. That model suffers 1/2/4 damage, which cannot be Cheated.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
WITH MY EYES CLOSED	(0)5"	7	-	12
Models within range must pass a TN 14 Df duel or suffer 2 damage. Friendly Kin models within range instead gain Shielded +1 .				
☛ Reposition: Move this model up to 3".				
☛ ARMING UP	-	-	-	-
Attach an Arsenal Upgrade to this model.				
30MM				



YOUNG LACROIX

Gremlins can be born up to twenty pups in a litter. More than half of these won't live for more than a few weeks before their ma forgets about them and leaves them out in the swamp water. Even with this high rate of mortality, there are still dozens of Gremlin children growing up and looking for a role model.

Those who choose to fall in line behind Ophelia often find themselves thrust into danger, but also learning from one of the best instructors around the Bayou. For each kid, Ophelia will clean out an old gun and teach the little one how to aim. More often than not, they'll run around doing errands for her rather than actually assisting her in combat, but her eyes can't always be watching them and more than once a kid has gotten himself killed trying to be just like "Feela."

At the very least, this provides a distraction which the rest of the well-trained team will take advantage of.



YOUNG LACROIX

Minion (3), Living
Totem (Ophelia LaCroix)
KIN

1
COST

4
Df

3
Wp

5
Mv

1
Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

FLINCH: When an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, if the Action's Stat is higher than this model's Resist Stat, this model may gain **Shielded +1**.

UNSUPERVISED MINOR: When this model takes an Action on an Attached Arsenal Upgrade, its stat is lowered by 2. Discard the Upgrade after resolving the Action and any Actions generated by its Triggers.

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

12

HEALTH

YOUNG LACROIX

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
SMALL-GAUGE REVOLVER	~10"	3	Df	-
Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.				
☞ Wild Shot: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. Then another friendly model within range and LoS of this model suffers 1 damage.				
☛ Under Pressure: Push the target 2" away from this model.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
"I NEED AN ADULT!"	6"	5	-	10
Target an unengaged friendly Kin model. Target is Pushed into base contact with this model.				
☛ "LOOK WHAT I FOUND!"	2"	-	-	-
Target this model or a friendly Ophelia LaCroix. Attach an Arsenal Upgrade to the target.				

30MM

FRANCOIS LACROIX
Henchman, Living
KIN

9
COST



5 Df 5 Wp 5 MV 1 Sz

ABILITIES

FLINCH: When an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, if the Action's Stat is higher than this model's Resist Stat, this model may gain **Shielded +1**.

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

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

THE BIGGER THEY ARE: This model receives +1 to opposed duels with enemy models that have **Sz** greater than this model.

SHOWDOWN: This model receives a to resist Attack Actions if it can draw LoS to the Attacking model and no Sight Lines are blocked.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
HEALTH

FRANCOIS LACROIX

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
SWORD Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).	1"	6P	Df	-
CUSTOM FIREARM Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. Wild Shot: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. Then another friendly model within range and LoS of this model suffers 1 damage. Frantic Attack: This model suffers 1 damage. Take this Action again.	12"	5	Df	-
GREMLIN MENACE Target gains Adversary (Kin) . Push this model 6" toward the target.	6"	5	Wp	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
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".	-	-	-	-

30MM

FRANCOIS LACROIX

Once one of the meekest Gremlins in his family, Francois was determined that things would change. After observing both Gremlin and human families, he realized that he needed two things to move up the ranks: swagger and a sword. He found a sword and began to practice with it in one hand and a boomstick in the other, holding his head up high and spitting insults like bullets.

"See who's a pig-licka now," he would mutter, slashing at the air until he figured out which part of the sword was best to do the poking with. Then, he decided he was ready. He faced up to the Gremlins who had picked on him, proving himself with the sword since he hadn't yet learned how to arm his gun, and quickly earning a place on Ophelia's elite raiding team.

Ophelia showed him how to use his "boomer," and how to aim and reload, though he usually needs to be shown again before each battle.



No matter what the situation, Raphael will get what he wants, whether it's a fight, a trinket, or that big gun they took from the Guild.

Even Ophelia had a hard time calming him down, but after she proved that she could beat him in a contest of wits if not a contest of strength, he began to give her a grudging bit of respect. When he realized that being on her good side meant that he could go out on more missions and knock a few Guild heads together every week or so, listening to her got to be a little easier, and now he is one of her trusted lieutenants.



RAPHAEL LACROIX
Enforcer, Living
KIN

COST 8

5 DF, 4 WP, FACTION (Wolf head), 5 MV, 1 SZ

ABILITIES

FLINCH: When an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, if the Action's Stat is higher than this model's Resist Stat, this model may gain **Shielded +1**.

THE BIGGER THEY ARE: This model receives +1 to opposed duels with enemy models that have Sz greater than this model.

GRIT (FRANTIC): While this model has half of its maximum Health or less, its Attack Actions receive a ♠ to their duels and damage flips.

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

AGILE: This model may leave the engagement range of enemy models with the Walk Action.

HEALTH 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

RAPHAEL LACROIX				
ACTION ACTIONS		RG	STAT	RST TN
BUTTA THE GUN		1"	5	Df -
Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.				
Wild Shot: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. Then another friendly model within range and LoS of this model suffers 1 damage.				
Onslaught: Take this Action again, targeting the same model.				
Daze: Target gains Stunned and is Pushed up to 3" in any direction.				
LONG CARBINE		14"	5	Df -
<i>This Action ignores Concealment.</i> Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.				
Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each P in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).				
Maim: Target discards a card.				
TERRORIZE		8"	6	Wp -
<i>Enemy only.</i> Target is Pushed its Mv in inches away from this model.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS		RG	STAT	RST TN
SHRUG OFF		-	-	- -
<i>Discard a card.</i> End one Condition on this model.				

PERE RAVAGE
Enforcer, Living
KIN

7
COST

4 DF 4 WP 5 MV 1 SZ

ABILITIES

FLINCH: When an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, if the Action's Stat is higher than this model's Resist Stat, this model may gain **Shielded +1**.

BLAST RESISTANT +2: Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Shockwave**, (I), and ♣ effects by +2.

DEMISE (EXPLOSIVE +3): After this model is killed, models within (I)2 suffer +3 damage. This model does not Drop any Markers when killed.

THE BIGGER THEY ARE: This model receives +1 to opposed duels with enemy models that have **Sz** greater than this model.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7
HEALTH

PERE RAVAGE

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BURN STICK Target suffers 2/2/3 damage and gains Burning +1 and Distracted +1 . ♣ Smolder: Reduce the value of the target's Burning Condition by 1. Target suffers 1 damage from Burning . ■ Blaze: Models damaged by this Action gain Burning +1 for each ■ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of Burning +2). X Critical Mass: This model suffers 2 irreducible damage.	1"	5	Df	-
FLAMING BOTTLE This Action ignores LoS. Shockwave 1, Mv 12, Damage 1 and Burning +1 . ■ Blaze: Models damaged by this Action gain Burning +1 for each ■ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of Burning +2).	12"	5	*	12
BREATH OF FIRE Target suffers 2/3/4/♣ damage. Models damaged by this Action gain Burning +1 . X "No! Down, Pig!": When resolving, the target suffers +3 damage. After resolving, kill this model.	6"	5	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BLOW IT TO HELL Remove any other Blown Apart Markers Dropped by this model. Drop a Blown Apart Marker within range, then remove any Destructible Terrain within (I)2 of it. Models within (I)2 of a Blown Apart Marker do not benefit from having Cover . Blown Apart Markers cannot be removed from effects other than this Action.	8"	5	-	10

40MM

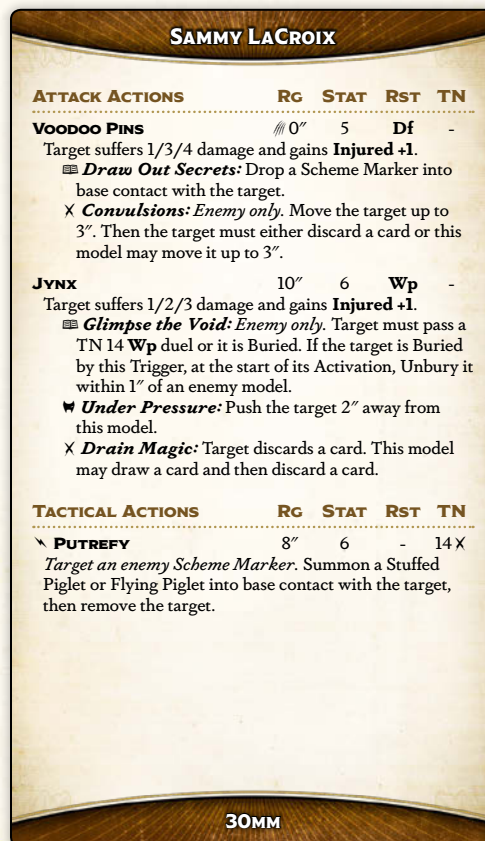
PERE RAVAGE

Fire isn't common in the Bayou. Every so often lightning will strike a tree and it will burn for a while, but the thick swamp water usually stops it from spreading. Despite not being a present danger, most Gremlins have enough sense to avoid it. Pere, who once escaped a burning shack unscathed, has a bad habit of running towards fire instead of away from it. Ophelia has tempered this desire to suit her needs.

Now when the mission calls for a distraction, she will bring Pere and equip him with some of the explosives that they have lifted off the Guild caravans in the area. Even without his pretty Boss' gifts, Pere would be prepared: he brews a special kind of 'shine that burns extra hot, and has mastered the ability to ignite it as he spits it at nearby enemies, dousing them in liquid fire.



She has an uncanny talent for stitching a handful of straw and scrap of burlap into the likeness of anyone she sees, and takes great delight in jabbing the doll full of needles, watching their fleshy double suffer with each pin. And if this wasn't bad enough, she's inclined to jinx them and launch an exploding piglet their way for good measure – another generous helping of Gremlin hospitality from the Bayou.



MERRIS LACROIX
Enforcer, Living
INFAMOUS, KIN

6
COST

4
Df

4
Wp

FACTION

6
Mv

1
Sz

ABILITIES

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.

DEMISE (FLAMING +2): After this model is killed, models within (1)2 suffer +2 damage and gain **Burning +2**. This model does not Drop any Markers when killed.

SPUTTERING EXHAUST: Models within (1)2 of this model have Concealment.

FLINCH: When an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, if the Action's Stat is higher than this model's Resist Stat, this model may gain **Shielded +1**.

THE BIGGER THEY ARE: This model receives +1 to opposed duels with enemy models that have **Sz** greater than this model.

1 2 3 4 5 6

HEALTH

MERRIS LACROIX

ATTACK ACTIONS

	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
"UP WE GO!"	# 2"	2	Sz	-

This Action cannot target models with **Flight**. Place the target anywhere within 3" of its current position. The target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

▼ **Reposition:** Move this model up to 3".

FLAMING BOTTLE 12" 5 * 12

This Action ignores LoS. **Shockwave** 1, **Mv** 12, Damage 1 and **Burning +1**.

■ **Blaze:** Models damaged by this Action gain **Burning +1** for each ■ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of **Burning +2**).

▼ "BOMBS AWAY!" 5" 5 * 10

Discard up to three cards. This Action Drops an additional number of **Shockwave** Markers equal to the number of cards discarded this way. **Shockwave** 2, **Mv** 13, Damage X, where X is the number of cards discarded by this Action +1.

■ **Not a Bomb?:** When resolving, after Dropping the **Shockwave** Markers, choose one Dropped **Shockwave** Marker. Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the **Shockwave** Marker, then remove the **Shockwave** Marker.

30MM

MERRIS LACROIX

Look – there! Up in the sky! Is it a bird? Is it a blimp? No, it's... a suicidal Gremlin carrying highly flammable bottle bombs strapped to a jetpack made out of recycled frying pans.

Aficionados of Gremlin culture will of course take this sort of observation in their stride, but to the uninitiated, the sight of Merris LaCroix swooping down onto a skirmish and raining liquid fire with merry abandon can be troubling to say the least.

Even the clouds of choking black exhaust she leaves behind can confuse and disrupt the unprepared while her cohorts are hidden by the oily smog. Despite strong and abiding suspicions that she could go up like a flare at any moment and will probably take half the LaCroix with her in the resulting explosion, Merris never fails to raise a cheer from her Bayou kin when she buzzes and sputters her way across the skyline.



RAMI LACROIX

Rami LaCroix likes guns. Ever since he was a Gremlin child, he has been taking them apart and putting them back together. The only odd thing about this behavior is that he is often successful at putting them back together.

Determined to find the best gun (or boomstick) possible, Rami kept his eyes open when Ophelia took him along on raids. That was when he saw it. Its owner was just a boy, too far out of combat to draw much notice, but his gun was poking out of the brush, and as Rami watched he saw the dance of gunpowder and the song of the muted bang.

Rami survived that battle and began work on his own replica of the gun he had seen the boy using. When he first tried out his really long gun, he could shoot at the Guild rider from so far away, the man's partner didn't even see him before he died too. His new gun was quickly factored into Ophelia's future plans.



RAMI LACROIX

Enforcer, Living

KIN

6

COST

4

DF

5

WP

FACTION

4

Mv

1

Sz

ABILITIES

FLINCH: When an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, if the Action's Stat is higher than this model's Resist Stat, this model may gain **Shielded +1**.

SNIPER: When this model takes a **☛** Action, it may lower the value of its **Focused** Condition by 1 to treat the Action as having +10" range.

ADVANCED SIGHTS: This model's Attack Actions ignore Concealment and Friendly Fire.

THE BIGGER THEY ARE: This model receives +1 to opposed duels with enemy models that have **Sz** greater than this model.

1 2 3 4 5 6

HEALTH

RAMI LACROIX

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
CLOCKWORK RIFLE	~14"	5	Df	-
<i>This Action ignores Cover. Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.</i>				
☛ Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ☛ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).				
☛ Armor Piercing: When resolving, damage from this Action ignores Armor .				
☛ Swift Action: Take this Action again.				
☛ No Witnesses: This Trigger may only be declared if no other enemy model (other than the target) is within 12" and LoS of this model. When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage and damage from this Action ignores Armor .				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
☛ QUICK RETREAT	-	-	-	-
<i>This Action may only be taken while engaged. This model may move up to 4".</i>				

30MM

LaCroix Raider
Minion (3), Living
KIN

5
COST

4 DF **4** WP **5** MV **1** SZ

ABILITIES

FLINCH: When an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, if the Action's Stat is higher than this model's Resist Stat, this model may gain **Shielded +1**.

GUNFIGHTER: This model may treat any of its **⚔** Actions as having a range of **1"**.

UNIMPEDED: This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain.

EASY TARGETS: While this model is unengaged, its Attack Actions receive a **1** to their duels when targeting models that do not have Cover or Concealment.

LOOTED SUPPLIES: At the start of this model's Activation, if it is within **1** of any Scrap or Corpse Markers, it may draw a card.

THE BIGGER THEY ARE: This model receives +1 to opposed duels with enemy models that have **Sz** greater than this model.

1 2 3 4 5
HEALTH

LaCroix Raider

When a Young LaCroix has proven himself capable of following orders and staying focused enough to remember a battle plan, Ophelia or one of her lieutenants will promote them to the rank of Raider.

To properly earn the rank however, a Raider must take part in a raid and make off with a suitable weapon. Sometimes this is as easy as pilfering a rifle off a corpse someone else killed, but other times it means looking an opponent right in the eye and knowing just when to duck to avoid getting shot. Then you rush the guy and hope you can smack enough sense out of him to make off with his gun.

LaCroix Raiders consider themselves a hardened bunch, and it's hard to argue their ability to turn a fight around in their favor just by taking a gamble and trying something crazy. In a way, the LaCroix have learned how to properly weaponize Gremlin stupidity, unleashing it at opportune times to cause maximum mayhem.

LaCroix Raider

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
REFURBISHED SHOTGUN ⚔8" 4 Df -				
<i>Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able. Target suffers 2/3/3 damage.</i>				
<p>Wild Shot: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. Then another friendly model within range and LoS of this model suffers 1 damage.</p> <p>Ruptured Ears: Models damaged by this Action gain Distracted +1.</p> <p>Under Pressure: Push the target 2" away from this model.</p>				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
EQUALITY OF FATE - - - -				
If the opposing Crew has more cards in its Control Hand than this model's Crew, draw a card.				
RISKY MANEUVER - - - -				
<i>This model suffers 1 damage. This model gains Focused +1 and may Push up to 3" in any direction.</i>				

30MM



No one understands pigs like old Ulix, and Gremlins seek out his advice and aid on any pig-related issues (of which Gremlins have plenty). Many dismiss the rough-looking Bayou denizen with a lame leg as being past his prime, but Ulix possesses one of the sharpest wits in all the Bayou. Other Gremlins might have more of that “human learning” nonsense, but Ulix has what he likes to call “swamp smarts,” something he feels too many young Gremlins dismiss these days.

All Gremlin settlements have learned to raise hogs, but no Gremlin has survived in the pens as long as Ulix, who seems to have a sixth sense for the beasts. With a glance, he can not only tell what gender each pig is, but also how big and tough it's liable to be when it grows up, and how much feed he needs to make it grow quick and proper.

Though he was present for the Gremlin Democracy, the ornery Ulix dismissed the whole notion as “crazy longpig gibberish” and voted for Zipp, mostly as a joke. Lenny being appointed as the leader didn’t impact the pig-herder in the slightest. He’s more concerned about the type of slop to feed his hogs than which Gremlin is going to drink themselves to death next.

But Ulix has not been sitting idle as the rest of the Gremlins have their fun. The families are preparing for big fights to come, and they want bigger, tougher, meaner hogs. Despite having the same willingness and interest of listening to the other Gremlins as one of his porkers wants to go to university, he's agreed to provide his prized pigs to the cause, if for nothing else but to show the rest of them that he's still got a skip in his step.

Being a hermit has its benefits, though. Without all of the constant pestering and providing for the next Bayou Bash, Ulix has been stirring up plans of his own.

ULIX TURNER

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

SLOP 'EM UP

♠ 1" 6 Df -

Target suffers 2/2/3 damage and gains **Adversary (Beast)**.

☛ **Good for a Laugh:** Take two cards, then discard a card.

♥ **Coordinated Attack:** Another friendly model may take a ♠ Action targeting the same model.

TOSSED SLOP

♠ 8" 6 Df -

Target suffers 2/2♣/3♣ damage and gains **Adversary (Beast)**.

♠ **My Loyal Servant:** Another model (other than this model) within 3" of the target Heals 1/2/3.

♥ **Get in There:** A friendly Minion within LoS of the target may Push up to 3" toward the target.

HERD 'EM

8" 6 Wp 12♥

This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. If the target is a Pig, this Action receives +♥ to its final duel total. Non-Leader Beast only. Target takes a non-♥ Action that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name, chosen and controlled by this model.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

GROW UP STRONG

6" 6 - X

Target a friendly non-Undead Pig model and name a non-Undead Pig Minion with higher Cost. The TN of this Action is 10 plus twice the difference in Cost between the target and the named model. Replace the target with the named model. The new model Heals 4 and may Push up to 2" in any direction.

☛ **Some Pig:** Take the Herd 'em Action targeting the new model.

PROPER CARE

006" 5 - 10

Friendly Beasts within range Heal 2.

30MM



PENELOPE

Ulix's glossy hog hound Penelope is never far from her master's side. Smart and perceptive, Penelope rarely needs more than a whistle or a nod to pick up her master's train of thought, and always seems to know what the plan is. Her teeth are sharp and she can bite hard, but she knows her time is better spent herding Ulix's more ornery hogs into position. Able to range far ahead of the game-legged Ulix, Penelope greatly extends her master's influence over any terrain, able to speed up or slow down the pigs at a command, steer and corral them, and even send them thundering into a devastating charge if need be.

As dangerous as his hogs are, and as grouchy as Ulix gets, neither show Penelope the kind hostility they show everyone else, and the faithful hound rolling in the mud next to her bristly charges is about the only thing that can wrench a smile from Ulix's perpetual scowl.



PENELOPE
Enforcer, Beast
Totem (Ulix Turner)
 SOOEY

2
 COST

5
DF

4
Wp

FACTION

6
Mv

1
Sz

ABILITIES

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.

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

KEPT AT A DISTANCE: Friendly Pigs that Activate within 6" gain +1 Mv for the duration of their Activation.

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.

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2

3

HEALTH

PENELOPE

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rc	Stat	Rst	TN
BITE Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. X <i>Delay</i> : Target gains Slow .	0"	5	Df	-
HERD 'EM This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. If the target is a Pig, this Action receives +1 to its final duel total. Non-Leader Beast only. Target takes a non-Action that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name, chosen and controlled by this model. ♣ Reposition : Move this model up to 3".	8"	5	Wp	12

30MM

WAR PIG

With skin as thick as leather and massive tusks, the pigs of the Bayou are not the sort of pigs you want to mess with. Gremlins can often overcome one, but rarely can they accomplish such a feat without a loss of life. Some wise Gremlin realized that they could put that ferocity to use if they could figure out how to tame the pigs.

There is not much more than rudimentary intelligence within the pig's mind and it is often taken up with concerns, such as where its next meal comes from and if anyone is about to poke it with a sharp stick.

Without a Gremlin nearby to order it around, there is little to stop a pig from going on a rampage, charging friend and foe alike. Some Gremlins are more skilled than others at calming pigs and keeping them under control, but a well-trained pig will take orders from any short green creature who croaks the appropriate sounds at it.



WAR PIG

Minion (3), Beast

PIG

9

COST

5

DF

4

WP

6

MV

3

SZ

ABILITIES

STAMPEDE: After this model ends a **Charge** Action in base contact with any other models, it may suffer 1 damage. If it does so, all other models in base contact with this model suffer 1 damage.

EAT YOUR FILL: After killing an enemy model with a **Charge** Action, this model Heals 2.

FRENZIED CHARGE: This model may ignore the Once per Activation restriction on the **Charge** Action.

DEADLY PURSUIT: During the End Phase, this model may Push up to 4".

DEMISE (DELICIOUS BACON): After this model is killed, it may Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with itself instead of a Corpse Marker.

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HEALTH

WAR PIG

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
HUGE TUSKS	0"	6	Df	-
Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able. Target suffers 3/4/6 damage.				
<p>☞ Tear Off a Bite: This model Heals 2.</p> <p>☞ Armor Piercing: When resolving, damage from this Action ignores Armor.</p> <p>☞ Shove Aside: Once per Activation. Push the target 4" away from this model. Then, this model may Push up to 4" and declare a Charge Action targeting a different model.</p> <p>☞ Rampage: Push this model 5", ignoring any models, such that this model moves through the target. Models this model Pushed through in this way must each pass a TN 13 Mv duel or suffer 1 damage.</p>				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
TRUFFLES	8"	6	-	10
Increase this Action's final duel total by +2 if it targets a Pig. Friendly only. Target is Pushed its Mv toward this model.				
☞ Always Eating: Remove a Scheme Marker within 3" of this model.				
☞ RECKLESS				
This model suffers 1 damage. This model gains Fast .				

50MM

GRACIE
Enforcer, Beast
Versatile
INFAMOUS, PIG

8
COST



4
DF

6
WP

4
MV

3
SZ

ABILITIES

STAMPEDE: After this model ends a **Charge** Action in base contact with any other models, it may suffer 1 damage. If it does so, all other models in base contact with this model suffer 1 damage.

ARMOR +2: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

EAT YOUR FILL: After killing an enemy model with a // Action, this model Heals 2.

DEMISE (DELICIOUS BACON): After this model is killed, it may Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with itself instead of a Corpse Marker.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

HEALTH

GRACIE

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
TUSKS	// 0"	6	Df	-
<i>Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able. Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.</i>				
☛ Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ☛ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).				
☛ Tear Off a Bite: This model Heals 2.				
☛ Lie Down and Nap: Discard a card. This model gains Shielded +3 and ends its Activation.				
✕ Blank Stare: Discard a card. Target gains Slow and must discard a card.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
✎ RIDE WITH ME	2"	6	-	12
<i>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.</i>				
☛ Preparations: Target gains Focused +1 .				
✎ RECKLESS	-	-	-	-
<i>This model suffers 1 damage. This model gains Fast.</i>				

50MM

GRACIE

Burt's titanic pig is a well-known sight around the Bayou and has become an enduring icon of "Gremlinosity." The pans, cups, teapots, racks, utensils, plates, saddlebags, and rigging that encompass her are now so intrinsic to her appearance that it's arguable Burt might actually refuse to sell them were he to get an offer.

As for Gracie herself, she bears her burdens with great aplomb and dignity, and is regarded as the grand old lady of junk. Grand old lady or not, she can still shift when she needs to and packs a hefty punch for anyone dumb enough to threaten Burt within earshot.

Her celebrity status is possibly even more revered within the pig world, where she enjoys a certain respect from her peers. She is not above exploiting this influence to have a younger and more mobile hog wade into a fray on her behalf. Grossly fat and festooned with junk, Gracie somehow still gives off the air of a classy lady.



Up close, the Sow is a real handful, with three snapping heads all wanting to take a bite out of anyone stupid enough to try and stand their ground. She has a real mean streak, and seems to sense when someone is intimidated by her frightful appearance (which is pretty much all the time). Even Old Major tiptoes around this one.



THE SOW				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
TUSKS	0"	5	Df	-
Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able. Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.				
☛ Tear Off a Bite: This model Heals 2.				
☛ Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ☛ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).				
▣ Lie Down and Nap: Discard a card. This model gains Shielded +3 and ends its Activation.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BIRTH	2"	5	-	11X
This model may remove a Corpse Marker or Scheme Marker within range to add +X to its final duel total. Summon a Piglet into base contact with this model.				
☛ RECKLESS	-	-	-	-
This model suffers 1 damage. This model gains Fast .				

WILD BOAR

Minion (3), Beast

PIG

7

COST



5

DF

4

WP

6

MV

2

Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

STAMPEDE: After this model ends a **Charge** Action in base contact with any other models, it may suffer 1 damage. If it does so, all other models in base contact with this model suffer 1 damage.

EAT YOUR FILL: After killing an enemy model with a **Charge** Action, this model Heals 2.

FRENZIED CHARGE: This model may ignore the Once per Activation restriction on the **Charge** Action.

UNIMPEDED: This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain.

DEMISE (DELICIOUS BACON): After this model is killed, it may Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with itself instead of a Corpse Marker.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

HEALTH

WILD BOAR

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

TUSKS

0" 5 Df -

Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able. Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.

Tear Off a Bite: This model Heals 2.

Armor Piercing: When resolving, damage from this Action ignores **Armor**.

Always Eating: Remove a Scheme Marker within 3" of this model.

Rampage: Push this model 5", ignoring any models, such that this model moves through the target. Models this model Pushed through in this way must each pass a TN 13 **Mv** duel or suffer 1 damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

TRUFFLES

8" 5 - 10

Increase this Action's final duel total by +2 if it targets a Pig. Friendly only. Target is Pushed its **Mv** toward this model.

Reposition: Move this model up to 3".

RECKLESS

This model suffers 1 damage. This model gains **Fast**.

40MM

WILD BOAR

It stands to reason that big aggressive hogs would make up at least part of any Gremlin fighting force, and Wild Boars excel at dust-ups. They are unpredictable, unreliable, perpetually hungry, and slightly stupid; in other words, exactly like the Gremlins that try to marshal them into battle.

Like all hogs, Wild Boars have mean tempers and, while not especially fast under normal circumstances, can cover the ground very rapidly when they charge.

They ram and gore with their huge curved tusks and are inclined to eat anything they kill. While stubborn and independent, they can be briefly brought to heel by an experienced pig handler, and they have been known to defer to a more senior hog. Having little control over the bristly beasts might be viewed as a disadvantage by any sane fighting force, but Gremlins have always thrived on anarchy and view the uncertain outcome as being all part of the fun.



HOG WHISPERER

Every Gremlin has their calling. Some are good at fighting and making boomsticks. Others are good at controlling the War Pigs that share residency in the swamp. These Hog Whisperers have the ability to calm a pig, even in the greatest rampage. A few have even been able to lure pigs out from the wild and into their camp, though these endeavors usually end in disaster.

The key to controlling pigs is not in how you talk to them, it's in showing them who's boss. A Hog Whisperer is only as good as his pokin' stick. Many have tried to tame hogs with a dull stick or one better suited to whipping rather than poking, but a true Hog Whisperer knows that the stick must be thick and pointy, or else it'll only make the pig madder. In a pinch, the stick will work as a human poking stick, too.



HOG WHISPERER

Minion (3), Living
SOOEY

6
COST

5
Df

5
Wp

FACTION

5
Mv

1
Sz

ABILITIES

SWINEHERD: Friendly Pigs within 6 increase the range of their // Actions by +1".

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

DEMISE (RAW MEAT): After this model is killed, a friendly Beast within 3" may Heal 2. If it does so, this model does not Drop any Markers when killed.

1

2

3

4

5

6

HEALTH

HOG WHISPERER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
PIG STICKER Target suffers 1/2/4 damage. <i>☛ Puncture:</i> When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a ☛ for each ☛ in the final duel total (to a maximum of 6). <i>☛ Stick 'em:</i> Beast only. Target takes a non-☛ Action chosen and controlled by this model.	1"	5	Df	-
HERD 'EM This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. If the target is a Pig, this Action receives +☛ to its final duel total. Non-Leader Beast only. Target takes a non-☛ Action that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name, chosen and controlled by this model.	8"	5	Wp	12☛

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<i>☛ "HERE, PIG!"</i> Once per Turn. Target a Scheme or Corpse Marker within range. Summon a Piglet into base contact with the target, then discard the target.	3"	7	-	12☛

30MM

SLOP HAULER

Minion (2), Living
SOOEY

5

COST



5
Df

4
Wp

5
Mv

1
Sz



ABILITIES

DF (W) SQUEAL: *Enemy only.* After resolving, this model may move up to 3".

DEMISE (RAW MEAT): After this model is killed, a friendly Beast within 3" may Heal 2. If it does so, this model does not Drop any Markers when killed.

HITCH A RIDE: After a friendly Beast within 12 declares the **Walk** Action, this model may Place itself into base contact with the Beast after the Action is resolved.

1

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4

5

HEALTH

SLOP HAULER

There are few things in life that pigs like more than eating. One of those things is eating without having to work for their food. That makes the Slop Haulers their favorite people, though the Haulers themselves must be very careful - if even a little bit of the hog's food gets on them, it could spell disaster. The hogs will think nothing of eating a Gremlin along with whatever scraps their tamers have decided to feed them.

The position of Slop Hauler is one that is often vied for, despite the relative danger of the station. A Gremlin who has to feed the pigs knows that he can get first pick of the food, and these Gremlins often grow fat and lazy. This puts them at greater risk of being eaten by the pigs, since they look so much more delicious and weak, and a greater risk that some thinner, hungrier Gremlin will decide that he deserves the job instead.

SLOP HAULER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SLOP 'EM UP 1" 5 Df - Target suffers 2/2/3 damage and gains Adversary (Beast). Spread It Around: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage and models damaged by this Action gain Staggered .				
TOSSED SLOP 8" 5 Df - Target suffers 2/2/3 damage and gains Adversary (Beast). Raining Food: When resolving, friendly Pig models that would be damaged by this Action instead Heal 2.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
FEED THE PIGGIES 13" 6 - 10 <i>Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able.</i> Friendly Pigs within range Heal 1/2/3. Other friendly non-Pig models within range Heal 1. Hungry Pigs: Immediately, Push any number of Pigs within 9 up to 6" toward this model.				
"HERE, PIG!" 3" 6 - 12P <i>Once per Turn.</i> Target a Scheme or Corpse Marker within range. Summon a Piglet into base contact with the target, then discard the target.				

30MM



In addition to being as ornery as any other Bayou pig, Squealers that grow to full size get a set of lungs on them that can blast Gremlins off their feet. Ulix has even taught the Squealers to “aim” their squeals with specialized equipment, making them more effective in combat.

These were all stepping stones however, to teaching the beasts a soothing nap-time squeal, one that makes it easier to sleep within earshot of them. Ulix loves hogs, but even he would be eying his choppin' axe if he couldn't get the Squealers to tone it down every once in a while.



SQUEALER
Minion (3), Beast
PIG

5
COST

5
DF

4
WP

FACTION

5
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

STAMPEDE: After this model ends a **Charge** Action in base contact with any other models, it may suffer 1 damage. If it does so, all other models in base contact with this model suffer 1 damage.

EAT YOUR FILL: After killing an enemy model with a **///** Action, this model Heals 2.

FRENZIED CHARGE: This model may ignore the Once per Activation restriction on the **Charge** Action.

DEMISE (DELICIOUS BACON): After this model is killed, it may Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with itself instead of a Corpse Marker.

1 2 3 4 5
HEALTH

SQUEALER					
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN	
GORE	0"	5	Df	-	
<i>Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able. Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.</i>					
☛ Tear Off a Bite: This model Heals 2.					
📖 Lie Down and Nap: Discard a card. This model gains Shielded +3 and ends its Activation.					
⚔️ Quick Shot: Take a ⚔️ Action, even if engaged.					
✖️ Rampage: Push this model 5", ignoring any models, such that this model moves through the target. Models this model pushes through in this way must each pass a TN 13 Mv duel or suffer 1 damage.					
PROJECTED VOICE	10"	5	Wp	-	
Target suffers 2/3♣️/4♠️ damage.					
✖️ Ruptured Ears: Models damaged by this Action gain Distracted +1 .					
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN	
A SONG OF NIGHT AND DAY	05"	5	-	12	
Models within range Heal 1.					
☛ RECKLESS	-	-	-	-	
<i>This model suffers 1 damage.</i> This model gains Fast .					

PIGLET
Minion (4), Beast
PIG

3
COST



4
Df

3
WP


 FACTION

5
MV

1
Sz

ABILITIES

STAMPEDE: After this model ends a **Charge** Action in base contact with any other models, it may suffer 1 damage. If it does so, all other models in base contact with this model suffer 1 damage.

EAT YOUR FILL: After killing an enemy model with a // Action, this model Heals 2.

MINDLESS: When this model is Summoned, it is treated as having already Activated this Turn, and neither player gains or discards any Pass Tokens.

DEMISE (DELICIOUS BACON): After this model is killed, it may Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with itself instead of a Corpse Marker.

1 2 3

HEALTH

PIGLET

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<p>GORE // 0" 4 Df -</p> <p><i>Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able. Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.</i></p> <p>☞ Tear Off a Bite: This model Heals 2.</p> <p>☞ Grab On: Target gains Slow. End this model's Activation.</p> <p>☞ Bowled Over: Push target 4" away from this model, then Push this model 4" toward the target.</p> <p>✕ Rampage: Push this model 5", ignoring any models, such that this model moves through the target. Models this model Pushed through in this way must each pass a TN 13 Mv duel or suffer 1 damage.</p>				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<p>TRUFFLES 8" 4 - 10</p> <p><i>Increase this Action's final duel total by +2 if it targets a Pig. Friendly only. Target is Pushed its Mv toward this model.</i></p> <p>✖ RECKLESS - - - -</p> <p><i>This model suffers 1 damage. This model gains Fast.</i></p>				

30MM

PIGLET

Malifaux has many variations of Earthside creatures that are recognizable but altogether incompatible. These pigs are not domesticated farm animals but are instead hardened killing machines. Strong and tough, with thick tusks and hair-trigger tempers, these creatures are fearsome, though in their young form they are an ugly sort of adorable, waddling around through the mud and scrounging for tidbits to eat.

When they grow, they are often larger than the common Gremlin and their appetites are such that they will find even an armed Gremlin to be an appetizing snack. It is the hunter/hunter relationship that keeps both numbers down and prevents one species from eating the entire Bayou into extinction.



Those who do not fall prey to Gremlins or the other creatures of the Bayou eventually reach her shack, as long as the path remains unhidden. The impossibly old woman they encounter inside knows their names and why they have come. Her bargain is always a game of cards for whatever information they seek. They win, she answers. They lose, and she collects the unique ante she has demanded. After visiting her, most will never see the City's lights again.

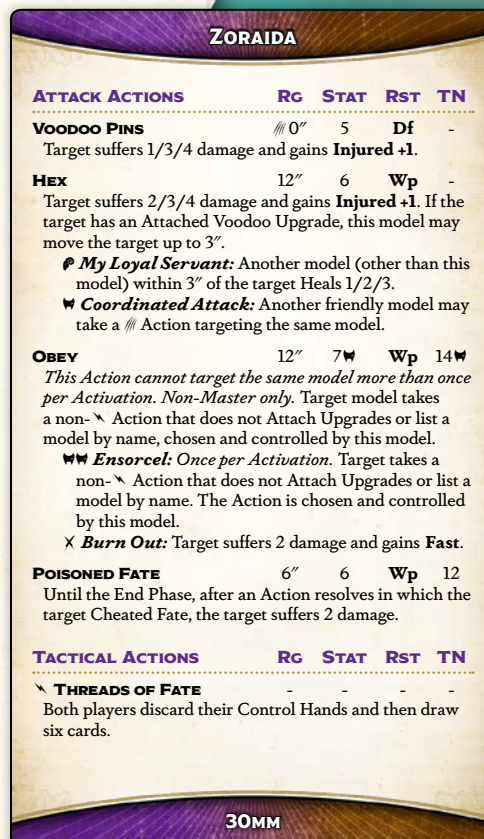
The true Zoraida, the woman who hides behind this wrinkled persona, is a different entity. Zoraida was born a human. She traversed the in-between and reached Malifaux centuries before the first opening of the Breach. Over time, she became one of the Neverborn - whether by right or by being warped by the magic of Malifaux itself, learned of the Tyrants, and saw their impending return written on the weave of Fate.

Determined to prevent their return - or, failing that, ensure their ultimate defeat - Zoraida put plans in motion, masterfully weaving her intentions into Fate's threads. The re-opening of the Breach, the presence of humanity in Malifaux, all of it her design to ensure the Tyrant's fall.

But Titania's return has twisted her intricately laid plans. The Autumn Queen can shape Fate as well as Zoraida, and she is no longer certain of what she sees in Fate's ever-shifting tapestry. They appear to have similar goals, but to what end? What will Titania attempt to accomplish if and once the Tyrants have been vanquished from this soil? No threads, skeins, or cloth have lead Zoraida to an answer.

As her allies fall and her plans crumble, the time has come for her to deal with these threats directly. No longer shall she sit idly by, whispering in the ears of “greater” souls. The Fate of the world must be woven by the seamstress, and no other.

She will remind them, one by one, why you never gamble against the Swamp Hag...





Voodoo Doll

*Enforcer, Construct
Totem (Zoraida)*
PUPPET, SWAMPFIEND

1

COST



3
DF

3
WP

4
MV

0
SZ

ABILITIES

UNBOUND: This model cannot be hired at the start of the game. If this model is killed, discard all Voodoo Upgrades Attached to enemy models.

WANGA MOJO: After this model is Summoned, Attach a Voodoo Upgrade to an enemy model within 12 of a friendly Zoraida.

PENETRATING STENCH: Enemy models that start their Activation engaging this model must either discard a card or gain **Stunned**.

ABUSED EFFIGY: At the start of this model's Activation, end all Conditions on this model.

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

1
2
3

HEALTH

Voodoo Doll

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
ONE-ARMED SCISSOR Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. Frantic Attack: This model suffers 1 damage. Take this Action again.	0"	3W	Df	-
JVNX Target suffers 1/2/3 damage and gains Injured +1 .	10"	4	Wp	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
UNEXPECTED CONNECTION Once per Activation. Target a model with an Attached Voodoo Upgrade, ignoring range and LoS. Select one of the target's non- Tactical Actions that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name. This model may take the selected Action with a penalty of -2 to its Stat.	-	-	-	-
SERVED ITS PURPOSE This model's controller may draw a card. Then, kill this model.	-	-	-	-

30MM

Voodoo Doll

Burlap skin, button eyes, and crookedly stitched lips... there is nothing to fear from this childish representation of a person, unless it is within Zoraida's reach. Under her skilled touch, each small wound becomes an injury on its counterpart. In addition to this connection, the doll has the ability to move around on its own, causing mischief while furthering Zoraida's cause.

It is no simple matter to create a voodoo doll. In addition to the physical restrictions (a lock of hair or a drop of blood is required to secure a connection), there is the matter of taking a person's fate and altering it. By having such a tactile effect on a person's health and actions, Zoraida can change an individual path and decide a strand of the future. Only she can see the far-reaching effects of her plans, and decide what sacrifices are worthwhile and which will be wasted.



McTAVISH

Henchman, Living
Versatile
SWAMPFIEND

9
COST



5
DF

5
WP

FACTION

5
MV

3
SZ

ABILITIES

PENETRATING STENCH: Enemy models that start their Activation engaging this model must either discard a card or gain **Stunned**.

ON THE MOVE: At the start of this model's Activation, it may move up to 3", ignoring other models.

UNIMPEDED: This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain.

EXPERT SHOT: This model's Attack Actions ignore Friendly Fire.

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7

8

9

HEALTH

McTAVISH

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SAVAGE BITE Target suffers 3/4/5 damage. <i>Puncture:</i> When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a for each in the final duel total (to a maximum of). <i>Execute:</i> The target may either discard a card or a Soulstone. If it does neither, it is killed, ignoring Demise Abilities.	1"	6	Df	-
LONG CARBINE This Action ignores <i>Concealment</i> . Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. <i>Maim:</i> Target discards a card.	14"	5	Df	-
TOSS IN THE MUD Push the target 2" in any direction, then end one Condition on the target.	2"	5	Df	12

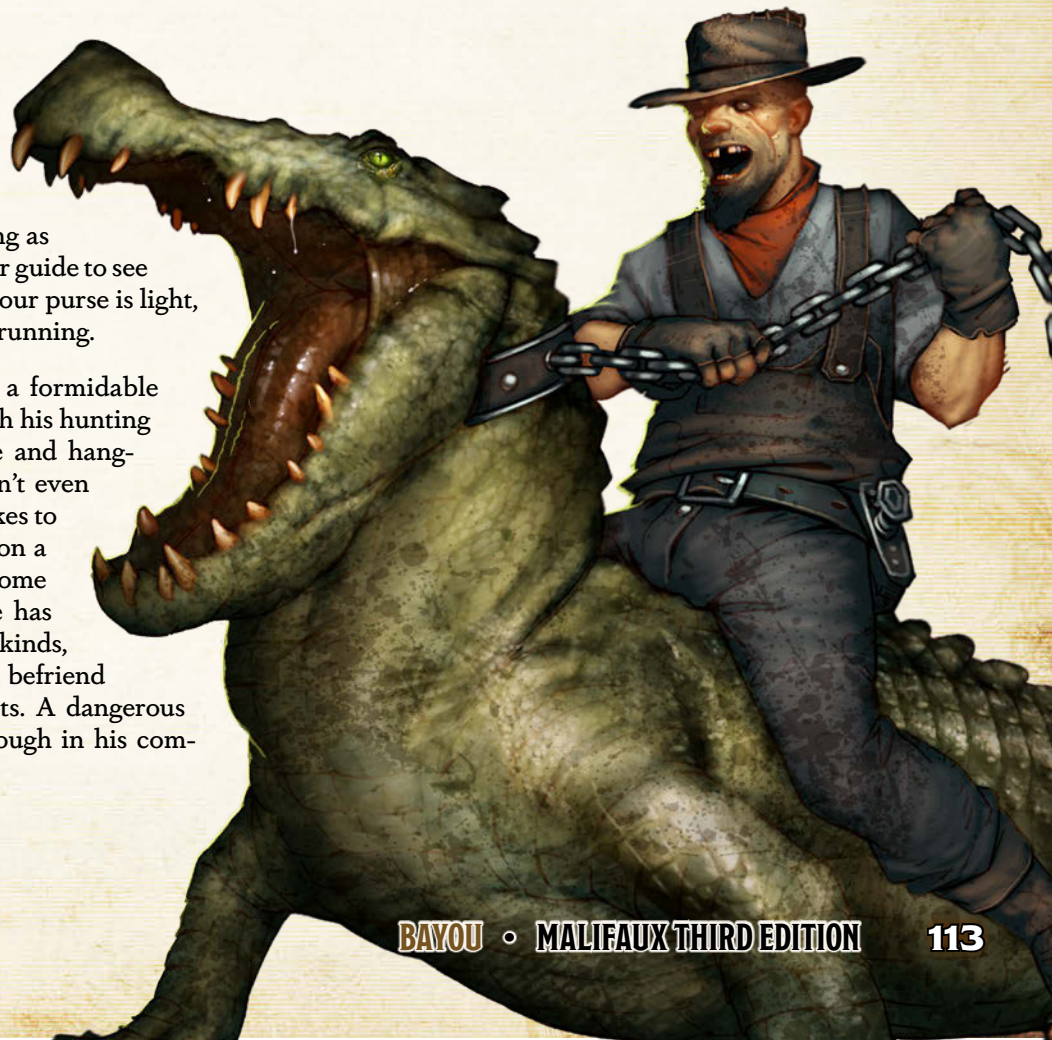
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
GATOR SNACK Target a Scheme, Scrap, or Corpse Marker. Push this model 2" toward the target, then remove the target. Flip a card and apply one of the following effects, depending on its suit: <i>Sudden Strike:</i> This model may take a Action. <i>Surge:</i> Draw a card. <i>Reposition:</i> Move this model up to 3". <i>I Can Dig It:</i> Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with this model.	2"	-	-	-
SWAMPSCREEN Create a 50mm Concealing Swampscreen Marker into base contact with this model.	-	5	-	10

50MM

McTAVISH

If you're lost deep in the swamp and have the scrip to buy his services, running into McTavish could be seen as a blessing. As long as the money is good, there's no better guide to see you safely through the Bayou. If your purse is light, however, you might want to start running.

As well as a scout, McTavish is a formidable hunter and able to pip the ace with his hunting rifle through steaming mangrove and hanging creepers that most people can't even see through, let alone shoot. He likes to keep one of his "swamp critters" on a short chain to handle any unwelcome guests who come prying, and he has an eerie affinity with beasts of all kinds, seemingly knowing both how to befriend them and to find their weak spots. A dangerous man to know, but you're safe enough in his company... until the money runs out.



Spawn Mothers select their spawning pools very carefully, spending many days looking for the perfect spot. The pack will defend this location to the death, dragging corpses into the water for the Spawn Mother to implant her eggs in. She will go the entire incubation cycle without food, watching over the eggs with a paranoid eye. Once hatched, the young are pushed into the world at large.



SPAWN MOTHER				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
MENACING TALONS	1"	6X	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/6 damage.				
Puncture: When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a ♠ for each ♠ in the final duel total (to a maximum of ♠♠).				
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).				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
NOURISH THE YOUNG	16"	6	-	12
Friendly Gupps within range Heal 2, end all Conditions, and gain Focused +1 .				
HATCH EGGS	-	6	-	12
Summon a Gupps into base contact with any number of friendly Egg Markers in play, then remove every Egg Marker in base contact with a friendly Gupps model.				
Large Clutch: When resolving, this model may choose one friendly Egg Marker in play. That Marker is not removed.				
LAY EGGS	-	6	-	10
Create a 40mm Destructible Egg Marker into base contact with this model.				
AMBUSH	-	-	-	-
<i>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".</i>				

SILURID
Minion (3), Beast
SWAMPFIEND

6
COST



5
Df

5
Wp


FACTION

5
Mv

2
Sz

ABILITIES

STEALTH: Enemy models cannot target this model from more than 6" away.

BUTTERFLY JUMP: After resolving an enemy Attack Action targeting this model, this model may move up to 3".

1

2

3

4

5

6

HEALTH

SILURID

The deeper one travels into the Bayou, the stranger and more otherworldly its inhabitants become. In the deepest recesses thrive creatures with no care as to how Malifaux fares, beyond providing them with food. However, on rare occasion these creatures will slither out from their lairs to hunt and feed on the other denizens before returning to their shadows. For those who are able to communicate on a primal level, the Silurid make powerful allies.

They are consummate hunters, using their natural speed and camouflage to drown or dismember their prey. Repeated contact with outsiders has sparked a primal curiosity in many of the Silurid, who now come to visit the swamp's shallows more often, watching the comings and goings of the cityfolk from beneath the water's still surface.

SILURID

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SHARP CLAWS Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ♣ Onslaught: Take this Action again, targeting the same model. ♣ 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).	1"	5	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
MENACING CROAK Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 14 Wp duel or gain Distracted +1 .	(1) 6"	5	-	12
♣ LEAP Place this model anywhere within range.	6"	7♣	-	10♣

30MM



BAYOU GATOR

Minion (3), Beast
Versatile
SWAMPFRIEND

5

COST



5
DF

4
WP

ACTION

5
MV

2
Sz

ABILITIES

RUTHLESS: This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

PENETRATING STENCH: Enemy models that start their Activation engaging this model must either discard a card or gain **Stunned**.

UNIMPEDED: This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain.

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

STEALTH: Enemy models cannot target this model from more than 6" away.

HEALTH

BAYOU GATOR

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
MIGHTY JAWS Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. Puncture: When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a for each in the final duel total (to a maximum of). Execute: The target may either discard a card or a Soulstone. If it does neither, it is killed, ignoring Demise Abilities.	/// 0"	5P	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
AMBUSH <i>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".</i>	-	-	-	-

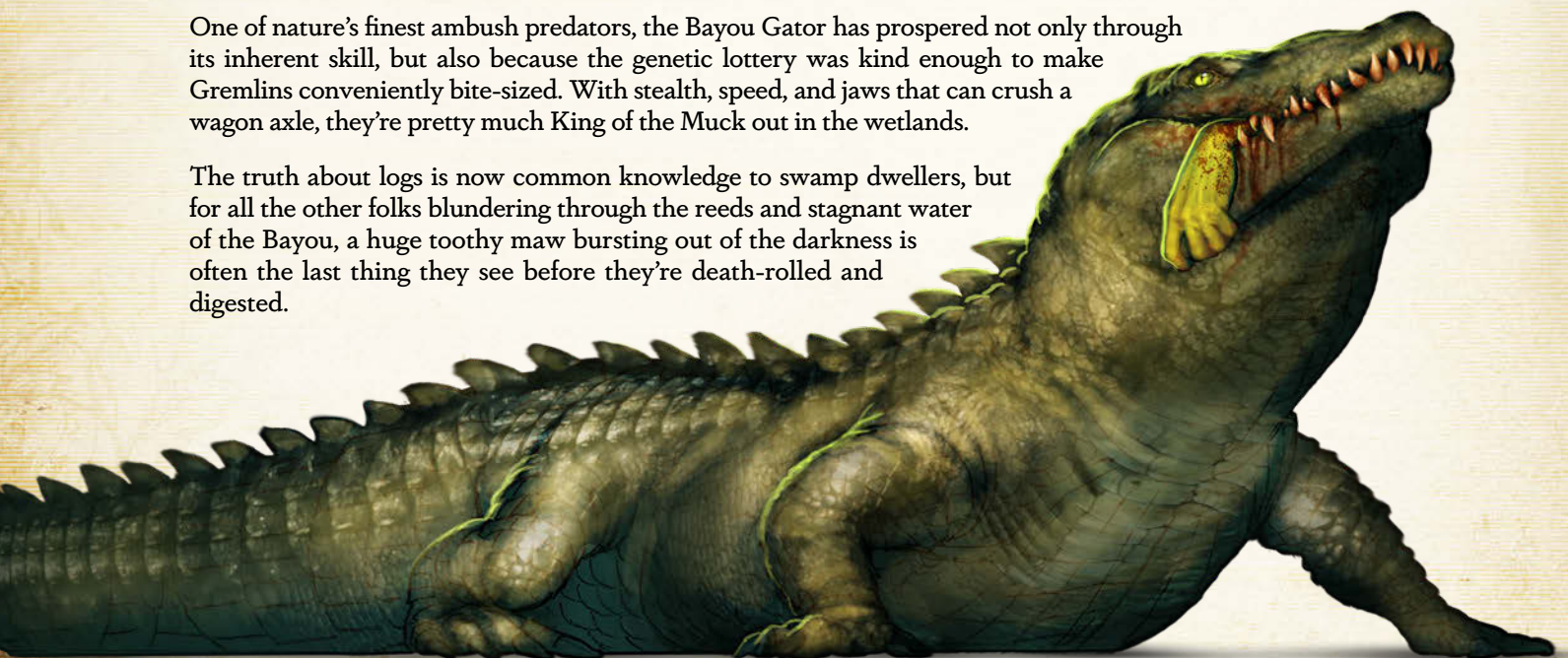
40MM

BAYOU GATOR

When you're in a swamp, the funny thing about logs is that they're not always logs. A lot of people discover this sooner or later out on the Bayou, but very few of them last long enough to spread the word.

One of nature's finest ambush predators, the Bayou Gator has prospered not only through its inherent skill, but also because the genetic lottery was kind enough to make Gremlins conveniently bite-sized. With stealth, speed, and jaws that can crush a wagon axle, they're pretty much King of the Muck out in the wetlands.

The truth about logs is now common knowledge to swamp dwellers, but for all the other folks blundering through the reeds and stagnant water of the Bayou, a huge toothy maw bursting out of the darkness is often the last thing they see before they're death-rolled and digested.



GUPPS

Minion (3), Beast
SWAMPFIEND

3

COST



4
Df

3
Wp


FACTION

4
Mv

0
Sz

ABILITIES

STEALTH: Enemy models cannot target this model from more than 6" away.

MINDLESS: When this model is Summoned, it is treated as having already Activated this Turn, and neither player gains or discards any Pass Tokens.

STRENGTH IN NUMBERS: While this model has half or more of its maximum Health, it receives 1 to its damage flips.

PUNY: This model does not Drop any Markers when killed and has no engagement range.

1
2
3
4

HEALTH

GUPPS

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
TALONS Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. Adulthood: <i>Enemy Living, Undead, or Beast only.</i> After killing, Replace this model with a Silurid, then the new model Heals 2. 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).	0"	4	Df	-
TACTICAL ACTIONS				
ANNOYING Until the End Phase, after an enemy model within range declares a Tactical Action other than Walk or Charge , it gains Distracted +1 .	2"	-	-	-
LEAP Place this model anywhere within range.	6"	7	-	10W

40MM

GUPPS

Much like any other young, Silurids enter the world through pain and suffering. Of course, no one ever said that the pain and suffering had to be theirs. These young creatures, called Gupps, are hatched from eggs that are hidden away in fresh corpses. This home becomes their first meal, one which they tear into with enthusiasm. After the corpse has been shredded, they turn on each other with the Spawn Mother watching with pride.

Only the strongest survive this anarchy, and only after the weak have been eaten by their brethren, does the Spawn Mother allow the males to bring in extra food. The Gupps consume incredible amounts of food in a short time, going through rapid growth spurts. It does not take long for a Gupp to grow into a mature Silurid. By the time the young Gupps are ready to hunt, they have nearly completed the process of maturation. Their first kill is usually enough to trigger the last stages of the cycle, resulting in the emergence of yet another brutal killer.



THE BREWMASTER

Gremlins are in general lazy, unrefined, and slipshod. Most of what they have is scavenged or stolen, and what they create themselves rarely lasts longer than anything else on the Bayou. But if there's one thing they take pride in, it's moonshine. Som'er Teeth Jones introduced this practice to the Gremlins, and for a time Gremlins considered his stills the best that Malifaux had to offer.

But in recent years, a stranger has come from the northern mountains, so skilled in the art that he has become the closest thing the Gremlins have to a religious icon.

Known as the Brewmaster, this Gremlin arrived in the Bayou with a band of loyal followers calling themselves the Tri-Chi. Though they looked and spoke strangely, they possessed a complex knowledge of brewing alcohol, enough to satisfy the most discerning Gremlin palette. Even Som'er was known to remove his hat and speak in big words when addressing the Brewmaster.

When the Gremlins held their Democrazy, the Brewmaster was considered the only one the Gremlins trusted enough to count the vote. Well, that and most of them didn't know how to count in the first place.

Unknown to the Gremlins, the Brewmaster was raised from birth to serve the Ten Thunders. They wished to exploit the Gremlins' love of alcohol, and unite them around a leader that they controlled. And for a while, their plan seemed to work.

But the more the Brewmaster moved among his kind, seeing the simple joy of being a Gremlin and how they looked to him for wisdom (and booze), the less he liked the idea of marching them to their deaths for his "masters." The thought settled in his stomach like a bad case of rotgut, and so he decided to take a stand against those who made him.

He knows the Thunders will call for him eventually, and he intends to be ready. In the meantime, he's content with competing with Popcorn Turner and any other Gremlin who wants to take a stab at the art of brewing a finely crafted beverage.

THE BREWMASTER

Master, Living
TRI-CHI

15
COST

5
DF

7
WP

5
MV

2
SZ

FACTION

ABILITIES

ALCOHOL POISONING: When an enemy model within 08 suffers damage from **Poison**, it suffers +1 damage.

CLOSING TIME: During opposed duels, this model increases its final duel total by the value of the opposing model's **Poison** Condition (to a maximum of +2).

INTOXICATION: Enemy models with **Poison** +3 or greater that start their Activation within 08 gain **Slow**.

DF (W) YOU'RE DRUNK, GO HOME: Push the Attacking model X inches away from this model, where X is equal to 3 plus the value of the Attacking model's **Poison** Condition.

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

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10

11

12

HEALTH

THE BREWMASTER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
LIVER DAMAGE Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains Poison +2. Drunk Strength: When resolving, the target suffers an additional amount of damage equal to the value of this model's Poison Condition (to a maximum of +2 damage). Then lower the value of this model's Poison Condition by 2. Shower of Booze: Models within (1)2 of this model gain Poison +1.	2"	6	Df	-
LURE Move the target its Mv toward this model. 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. Smashed: Target gains Poison +2.	12"	6	Wp	12
RIDDLES IN THE DARK Target gains Distracted +X, where X is the difference in the number of cards in each player's Control Hand (to a maximum of 2). BLOOD POISONING Target suffers damage from the Poison Condition equal to the value of its Poison Condition (to a maximum of 5 damage). Reduce the value of the target's Poison Condition by 5.	10"	6	Wp	-
TACTICAL ACTIONS				
TRUSTY FLASK This model Heals 1/2/3 and gains Poison +1. Shower of Booze: Models within (1)2 of this model gain Poison +1.	-	7	-	10

30MM



APPRENTICE WESLEY

With such great knowledge, it stands to reason that the art of crafting moonshine and spirits should be passed on from master to apprentice. Wesley was chosen out of dozens of potential Gremlins to study under the great Brewmaster, partly because he was competent, but mostly because he managed to drink all of the other hopefuls under the table. A high tolerance is key to becoming a good Brewmaster since he is the one to sample many of their concoctions before the master himself. Only if his apprentice does not suffer any immediate ill effects will he risk taking a taste and judge the quality.

Unlike many Tri-Chi, Wesley was intelligent enough to see what the Ten Thunders had in store for the Brewmaster and the Gremlins of the Bayou. While Wesley kept his opinions to himself, he was nevertheless proud of his master when he decided to break away from their control. He never cared for their manipulative ways, and often organizes the raids on Thunders caravans himself, just to remind them that Gremlins are not their puppets.



APPRENTICE WESLEY
Enforcer, Living
Totem (The Brewmaster)
 TRI-CHI

3
COST

4
DF

4
Wp

FACTION

5
Mv

1
Sz

ABILITIES

ALCOHOL POISONING: When an enemy model within 8 suffers damage from **Poison**, it suffers +1 damage.

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

FOR MY HOMIES: After a friendly The Brewmaster model is killed, Attach the Pour One Out Upgrade to this model.

1

2

3

4

HEALTH

APPRENTICE WESLEY

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
HAVE A DRINK Target gains Poison +2 . X Daze : Target gains Stunned and is Pushed up to 3" in any direction.	2"	4	Wp	-
SOBER UP End one Condition on the target. If the target is a friendly model, it gains Focused +1 . P Mend : Target Heals 2.	6"	5P	Wp	12

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
X TRUSTY FLASK This model Heals 1/2/3 and gains Poison +1 .	-	5	-	10

30MM

WHISKEY GOLEM

How this creature is held together is a wonder to even the greatest minds of the Arcanists. Even if those minds could get close enough to study it, there is a strange lure to the spirits that flow through it, hard for even the strongest teetotaler to resist. Originally crafted by the Brewmaster as a means to transport whiskey while it aged to the right degree, he forgot that Gremlins are not good at making things. While it does move the whiskey, more than half is lost, either to leaks or little “taste-tests.”

With barrels full of whiskey, the golem is nearly as effective at offense as it is in keeping thirsty Gremlins happy. With every attack, an enemy is hit not only with the old wood of the cask, but also with some of the caustic spirits contained within. The Brewmaster’s whiskey is potent enough that just a little splash will be enough to bring a man to the brink of alcohol poisoning.

WHISKEY GOLEM

Enforcer, Construct

TRI-CHI

10
COST



6
DF

5
WP

5
MV

4
SZ

FACTION

ABILITIES

ARMOR +2: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

DEMISE (INTOXICATING +2): After this model is killed, models within (0)2 suffer +2 damage and gain **Poison +2**.

BEER GOGGLES: After an enemy model with **Poison** targets this model with an Attack Action, it must either discard a card or the Action suffers a \square .

DF (M) SPRUNG A LEAK: After resolving, if this model suffered damage, every model within (0)2 of this model gains **Poison +1**.

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

NIMBLE: This model may treat the **Walk** Action as a \backslash Action.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

HEALTH

WHISKEY GOLEM

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
HUGE FIST Target suffers 3/4/6 damage. Onslaught: Take this Action again, targeting the same model. Smashed: Target gains Poison +2 .	1"	6X	Df	-
MOONSHINE DISPENSER Target gains Poison +2 . Under Pressure: Push the target 2" away from this model.	8"	6	Mv	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
IGNITE FUMES Models within range with Poison must each pass a TN 12 Df duel or gain Burning +1 . The TN of this duel is increased by an amount equal to the value of the model's Poison Condition.	(0)2"	5	-	10
WALKING DISTILLERY <i>Living only.</i> Target Heals 1/2/3 and gains Poison +1 .	2"	-	-	-

50MM

FINGERS LEONG

Few humans can understand the Gremlins of the Bayou, and even fewer understand the dialect of the Tri-Chi Gremlins, but that doesn't stop Fingers from chattering away. Though he can understand people just fine, he will often pretend that he doesn't comprehend the words. "Shut up, Fingers," or "I don't care, Fingers." His brothers decided to call him 'Fingers' since his hands were always finding something to play with, often tucking it into his pocket before his victim knew it was gone.

Even the Brewmaster himself has fallen victim to his entrancing babble, allowing him to nab some fresh whiskey without the tiresome rituals that each Tri-Chi must perform to get his daily ration. Smart enough to know that this could make him a target, Fingers often shares this extra portion with anyone who is near, making him as popular as he is annoying.



FINGERS LEONG
Henchman, Living
TRI-CHI

9

COST

6
DF

6
Wp

6
Mv

1
Sz

Faction

ABILITIES

BEER GOGGLES: After an enemy model with **Poison** targets this model with an Attack Action, it must either discard a card or the Action suffers a $\frac{1}{4}$.

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

DF (M) SQUEAL: *Enemy only.* After resolving, this model may move up to 3".

CHATTY: Enemy models within 6 must each discard a card to take the **Interact** Action.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

HEALTH

FINGERS LEONG

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG
STAT
RST
TN

HAVE A DRINK

2"
6W
Wp
-

Target gains **Poison +2**.

✶ **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.

✶ **Pilfer:** *Target must be able to use Soulstones. Enemy only.* Target must discard one Soulstone. If it does so, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.

"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 3 of this model must each pass a TN 12 **Wp** duel or gain **Slow**.

✶ **Mental Trauma:** Target must either discard a card or suffer 3 damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG
STAT
RST
TN

"A TOAST!"

6"
-
-
-

Models within range gain **Poison +1**. This model may lower the value of its **Poison** Condition by any amount to draw one card for every two points it was lowered.

SABOTAGE THEIR PLANS

6"
7W
-
11W

Target an enemy Scheme Marker. Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target. Then, remove the target.

TRUSTY FLASK

-
7
-
10

This model Heals 1/2/3 and gains **Poison +1**.

✶ **Shower of Booze:** Models within 2 of this model gain **Poison +1**.

30MM

POPCORN TURNER

The Brewmaster's title was bestowed by the Gremlins who were in awe of his skills, and it was something Popcorn Turner took a grim view of, indeed. For one, Popcorn came from three generations of moonshiners (they didn't live very long). For two, the Brewmaster was a weird sort: his speech and mannerisms were those of weirdos from outside the Bayou.

Popcorn didn't care for some outsider moseying in on a title he felt he'd earned, and follows the Brewmaster to local "Competi-shines" to prove his hooch is the best. So far, Popcorn only has a string of "Second Place" trophies, a lot of foul language, and one sour incident involving a drink called the "Flaming Turner" and a lifetime ban from Tong lands to show for it.

But he's not gonna give up. Distilling is a time-honored tradition in his short-lived family, and he's been doing it long before some robed pretender like the Brewmaster came around! For his part, the Brewmaster finds Popcorn's antics inspiring, if unnecessarily flammable.



POPCORN TURNER
Henchman, Living
TRI-CHI

8
COST

5 Df

6 Wp

6 MV

2 Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

ALCOHOL POISONING: When an enemy model within 18 suffers damage from **Poison**, it suffers +1 damage.

BEER GOGGLES: After an enemy model with **Poison** targets this model with an Attack Action, it must either discard a card or the Action suffers a ⚔.

ON THE MOVE: At the start of this model's Activation, it may move up to 3", ignoring other models.

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

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

HEALTH

POPCORN TURNER				
ACTION	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BARREL ROLL <i>Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able.</i> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ♣ 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 . ✕ Shower of Booze: Models within (1)2 of this model gain Poison +1 .	1"	6	Df	-
BREATH OF FIRE Target suffers 2/3♣/4♣♣ damage. Models damaged by this Action gain Burning +1 . ♣ Reposition: Move this model up to 3". ✕ The Hooch Didn't Ignite...: When resolving, models damaged by this Action gain Poison +2 instead of Burning +1 .	6"	6	Df	-
BLOOD POISONING Target suffers damage from the Poison Condition equal to the value of its Poison Condition (to a maximum of 5 damage). Reduce the value of the target's Poison Condition by 5.	8"	6	Wp	10
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
TRUSTY FLASK This model Heals 1/2/3 and gains Poison +1 .	-	5	-	10

COOPER JONES

Cooper has what some would consider an unhealthy obsession with fire. Normally in the swamps, this isn't too much of a problem, unless you lit a match near a burp of swamp gas or a distillery. Sadly, Cooper loved to do just that, and set up an entire cache of Fishbucker moonshine just to see what would happen.

Normally, the Fishbockers would have just blasted the culprit with two loads of buckshot, but someone got to talking about which was better: smoked ham or peppered bacon, which started an argument forever marked in Gremlin history. During the heated debate, Cooper got away by hiding in a barrel that rolled down a hill, got swept down a river, fell down a waterfall, and protected her from a rampaging skunk ape. Eventually she was picked up by Popcorn Turner, who hired her to build barrels for him.

Her near death experience has given Cooper a new obsession: barrels. Barrels as armor. Barrels as weapons. Barrels. As. Robots. The possibilities are endless with barrels! And fire! Lots of fire!



COOPER JONES

Enforcer, Living

TRI-CHI

7

COST

5

Df

5

Wp

FACTION

5

Mv

1

Sz

ABILITIES

ARMOR +1:

Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.

HIDE IN THE BARREL:

During the Start Phase, this model may gain Staggered and Shielded +2.

Df (W) SQUEAL:

Enemy only. After resolving, this model may move up to 3".

HIGH TOLERANCE:

Reduce all damage this model suffers from Poison to 0.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

HEALTH

COOPER JONES

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
BLOW TORCH <div> <div>1"</div> <div>6</div> <div>Df</div> <div>-</div> </div> <div>Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains Burning +1.</div> <div> <div>Blaze:</div> <div>Models damaged by this Action gain Burning +1 for each in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of Burning +2).</div> </div>				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
PUT A BARREL ON IT <div> <div>4"</div> <div>6</div> <div>-</div> <div>10</div> </div> <div>This model may remove any number of Scrap Markers within range to have an equal number of Constructs within range Heal 1/2/3.</div> <div> <div>Barrel Armor!:</div> <div>One Construct Healed by this Action gains Shielded +1.</div> </div> <div> <div>Drinking Problem:</div> <div>This model gains Poison +2.</div> </div>				
<div> <div>MOONSHINE AND A BARREL</div> <div>2"</div> <div>6</div> <div>-</div> <div>14</div> </div> <div>Target a Scrap Marker. Remove the target. Summon a Whiskey Gamin with Slow into base contact with this model. The Summoned model suffers 5 damage. This model may lower the value of its Poison Condition by any amount to reduce the damage suffered by the Summoned model by an equal amount.</div>				
<div> <div>TRUSTY FLASK</div> <div>-</div> <div>5</div> <div>-</div> <div>10</div> </div> <div>This model Heals 1/2/3 and gains Poison +1.</div>				

30MM

MOON SHINOBI

It is only a special sort of Gremlin who is allowed into the Tri-Chi group. He must be of above average intelligence, have a high tolerance for alcohol, and he must learn the secret art of Drunken Gremlin Kung Fu. A variation of human martial arts taught to them by the Ten Thunders, the Tri-Chi have kept the origins of Drunken Gremlin Kung Fu a secret, and refuse to teach it to anyone outside of their group.

When stories about the Moon Shinobi first appeared, many were doubtful. They had seen Gremlins and they had seen drunken Gremlins, both of which were exceedingly easy to defeat, but the first few who approached the Tri-Chi barely escaped with their lives. No ordinary drunks, the Moon Shinobi have an uncanny skill to find the weak points in a target's defense when they seem to be at their most distracted. It is only when they regain their focus that they seem to have trouble seeing straight.



MOON SHINOBI

Minion (3), Living

TRI-CHI

6

COST

5

Df

5

Wp

FACTION

6

Mv

1

Sz

ABILITIES

STEALTH: Enemy models cannot target this model from more than 6" away.

DRUNKEN KUNG FU: When this model performs a flip, it treats all as if they were a and all as if they were a .

DF (W) SQUEAL: *Enemy only.* After resolving, this model may move up to 3".

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

1 2 3 4 5 6

HEALTH

MOON SHINOBI

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
STAGGERING PUNCH Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains Staggered . ♣ Drunken Stumble: Push this model 1" in any direction. × Stunning Strike: Target gains Stunned .	0"	6	Df	-
HAVE A DRINK Target gains Poison +2 . ♣ Drunken Confusion: This model and the target both gain Distracted +1 . × Pilfer: <i>Target must be able to use Soulstones. Enemy only.</i> Target must discard one Soulstone. If it does so, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.	2"	5	Wp	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
♣ TRUSTY FLASK This model Heals 1/2/3 and gains Poison +1 . ♣ Drunken Stumble: Push this model 1" in any direction.	-	5	-	10

30MM

The Brewmaster hoped this would put an end to unintentional damage to his Golems as Gremlins attempted to “crack one open” for taste-testing. But he ran into a number of setbacks that ultimately rendered the Whiskey Gamin suitable for anything but a barroom brawl.

The spirit inside the Whiskey Gamin is also more capricious and impulsive than its larger kin. It staggers about, seemingly happy to share its contents with anyone it runs into, and doesn't take no for an answer.



WHISKEY GAMIN

Minion (2), Construct

TRI-CHI

5

COST



5

DF

3

WP



FACTION

6

MV

1

SZ

ABILITIES

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

DRIVING WHILE A DRINK: At the start of this model's Activation, it may Push a number of inches up to the value of its **Poison** Condition in any direction. Any friendly models within (1)2 may gain **Poison +1**.

DEMISE (INTOXICATING +1): After this model is killed, models within (1)2 suffer +1 damage and gain **Poison +1**.

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

1
2
3
4
5

HEALTH

WHISKEY GAMIN				
ATTACK ACTIONS		RG	STAT	RST TN
HARD SLAM		1"	4	Df -
<p><i>This model may lower the value of its Shielded Condition by any amount. Target suffers 1/2/4 damage. For each point of Shielded that this model lowered, the target suffers +1 damage (to a maximum of +2).</i></p> <p>♣ 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.</p> <p>✕ Shower of Booze: Models within (t)2 of this model gain Poison +1.</p>				
MOONSHINE DISPENSER		8"	5	Mv -
<p>Target gains Poison +2.</p> <p>♣ Under Pressure: Push the target 2" away from this model.</p> <p>✕ Daze: Target gains Stunned and is Pushed up to 3" in any direction.</p>				
TACTICAL ACTIONS		RG	STAT	RST TN
IGNITE FUMES		(t)2"	5	- 10
<p>Models within range with Poison must each pass a TN 12 Df duel or gain Burning +1. The TN of this duel is increased by an amount equal to the value of the model's Poison Condition.</p>				

AKANAME
 Minion (3)
 ONI, TRI-CHI

4
COST



4
DF

4
WP


 FACTION

5
MV

1
SZ

ABILITIES

FROM BEYOND: Before performing a duel, this model may gain a Flicker Token to receive a  to that duel and any damage flips it generates. After any model ends its Activation, if this model has three or more Flicker Tokens, this model is killed.

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.

DEVOUR SOULS: After this model kills an enemy model, it may discard a Flicker Token.

HORRIFIC ODOR: At the end of this model's Activation, it may have models within (1)2 of it gain **Poison +1**.

PUTRID VISCERA: When this model would gain a Flicker Token, it may instead reduce the value of its **Poison** Condition by 2 to not gain a Token.

1

2

3

4

HEALTH


AKANAME

Akaname are Oni that embody filth. They're squat, orange-brown slabs of muscle with gaping mouths and sharpened tongues that will eat just about anything, from refuse to bloated corpses. They are drawn to putrid, disgusting cess-pools, which they feed on in order to become stronger. Given this, it should be no surprise that many of them are drawn to Gremlin villages where they revel in the muck and refuse of their pig pens.

At first, the Gremlins chased the little Oni away, reasoning that they were trying to eat their pigs. Over time, however, the Gremlins eventually came to a sort of agreement with the ravenous little Oni, who were all too happy to devour the crud left behind by the pigs so that the Gremlins didn't have to deal with it themselves.

The Gremlins now leave the Oni to their filth, and the Oni help to defend the Gremlins' villages from invaders. The Oni are only happy to do it; nobody creates a mess like a Gremlin, and a battlefield offers just as many tasty treats as a befouled pig pen. They often squabble amongst themselves for the most vile treats, and gambling upon which Oni will win has become a popular Gremlin pastime.

AKANAME

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BARBED TONGUE  2" 4X Mv - Target suffers 1/2/3 damage and gains Slow . Unnatural Speed: Gain a Flicker Token. Take this Action again. 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).				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
LICK THEIR CORPSES 2" - - - Discard target Corpse or Scrap Marker. This model gains Poison +3 .				
A FOUL GIFT - 4 - 9 Gain a Flicker Token. Drop a Scheme, Scrap, or Corpse Marker into base contact with this model.				

30MM



MAH TUCKET

Perhaps more than even the Joneses, the Tuckets embrace the Guild's depiction of Gremlins as dangerously unpredictable bandits. They wear it proudly, engaging in brazen acts of theft that often have no point other than to draw attention to themselves.

It takes a masterful hand to lead such a band, but Mah Tucket makes do with a big wyrdwood spoon she uses to thump just about everyone, whether they deserve it or not.

Mah is not above her family's antics either, having a sizable bounty for an extensive list of crimes. These include multiple counts of grand theft, assault with a weapon, assault with a deadly weapon, assault with livestock, assault with deadly livestock, assault with a cadaver, assault resulting in destruction of property, assault and trespassing (and vice versa), assault with intent to harm, assault with intent to kill, assault with intent to berate, assault "just because," public indecency, profanity, jaywalking, and tax evasion (a clerical error).

But despite her public image, Mah is not stupid. Female Gremlins tend to have a bit more brainpower than the men-folk anyways, and while she indulges their desire for wild plunder, she doesn't let it interfere with her goals.

Mah has big plans for the Bayou, and when the Gremlins held their Democrazy, she decided - after a bit of unintended sexism on behalf of the Brewmaster - that she was going to give her vote to Lenny Jones, despite her longstanding animosity with his father, Som'er Teeth Jones.

Those inquiring Gremlin minds, particularly Jones spies, have kept a close eye on her and the Tucket family, and have concluded that she is, indeed, a Gremlin (as if that was ever a question). And a pretty good cook, too.

It isn't easy to get information from spying alone, as the Tucket's land is riddled with inescapable pit traps, which make relaying any information back to Som'er a near-impossible task.

Anything beyond that is anyone's guess, because those who try to pry end up getting the business end of her spoon.

MAH TUCKET
Master, Living
TRICKSY

15
COST

6 DF
5 WP
5 MV
2 SZ

FACION

ABILITIES

CAREFUL PLANNING: If this model is this Crew's Leader, during the Start Phase, gain one of the following effects, as determined by the suit of this Crew's Initiative flip:

- ♣: Gain 2 Pass Tokens.
- ♠: Draw two Cards.
- ♥: Up to 2 friendly models may move up to 3".
- ♣: Up to 2 friendly models gain **Shielded +2**.

SCAMPER: After an enemy model within 06 Cheats Fate, this model may Push up to 2" in any direction after resolving the current Action or Ability.

ILL OMENS +1: This Crew increases the value of its Initiative flips by +1.

DIVING CHARGE: This model may declare the **Charge** Action while engaged. When this model takes the **Charge** Action, it ignores terrain while moving and can move through other models.

PIT TRAPS: After Deployment, Create a 50mm Destructible, Severe, Hazardous (Damage 1 and **Injured +1**) Pit Trap Marker anywhere on the table, not within 3" of the opposing player's deployment zone. This model is unaffected by Pit Trap Markers.

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

MAH TUCKET

ATTACK ACTIONS
RG STAT RST TN

GIANT WOODEN SPOON 1" 6 Df -

Target suffers 3/4/5 damage.

- ♣ **Critical Strike:** When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ♣ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).
- ♥ **Knock Aside:** Push the target 4" in any direction.
- ♣ **Severe Injury:** Models damaged by this Action gain **Injured +1** for each ♣ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of **Injured +2**).

HANDFUL OF SNAKES 8" 5 Df -

Target suffers 2/3/3 damage. Models damaged by this Action gain **Poison +1**.

- ♠ **Good for a Laugh:** Draw two cards, then discard a card.
- ♥ **Mass Hysteria:** Push models damaged by this Action up to 3" in any direction.
- ♣ **"They be Trash Vipers!":** When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. Then, Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with the target.

HORRIBLE HOLLERIN' 8" 6 Wp 11

Push the target up to 5" in any direction.

- ♣ **Creative Cussing:** Friendly models within (03 gain **Focused +1**.
- ♠ **Purification:** End one Condition on the target.

TACTICAL ACTIONS
RG STAT RST TN

CREATE TRAP 2" 6 - 12

This Action cannot be taken while engaged. Create a 50mm Destructible, Severe, Hazardous (Damage 1 and **Injured +1**) Pit Trap Marker within range.

- ♠ **Good for a Laugh:** Draw two cards, then discard a card.

30MM



THE LITTLE LASS

Enforcer, Living Totem (Mah Tucket)

TRICKSY

2

COST



4
Df

4
Wp

5
Mv

1
Sz

FACIOM

ABILITIES

SCAMPER: After an enemy model within 6 Cheats Fate, this model may Push up to 2" in any direction after resolving the current Action or Ability.

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

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**.

HEALTH

THE LITTLE LASS

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
MEDIUM-SIZED SPOON Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ✦ Reposition: Move this model up to 3". ✦ Knock Aside: Push the target 4" in any direction.	1"	4	Df	-
HORRIBLE HOLLERIN' Push the target up to 5" in any direction. ✦ Mental Trauma: Target must either discard a card or suffer 3 damage.	8"	4	Wp	11

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
✦ FORAGE Remove target enemy Scheme Marker. Draw the top card of this model's Discard Pile.	2"	-	-	-

30MM

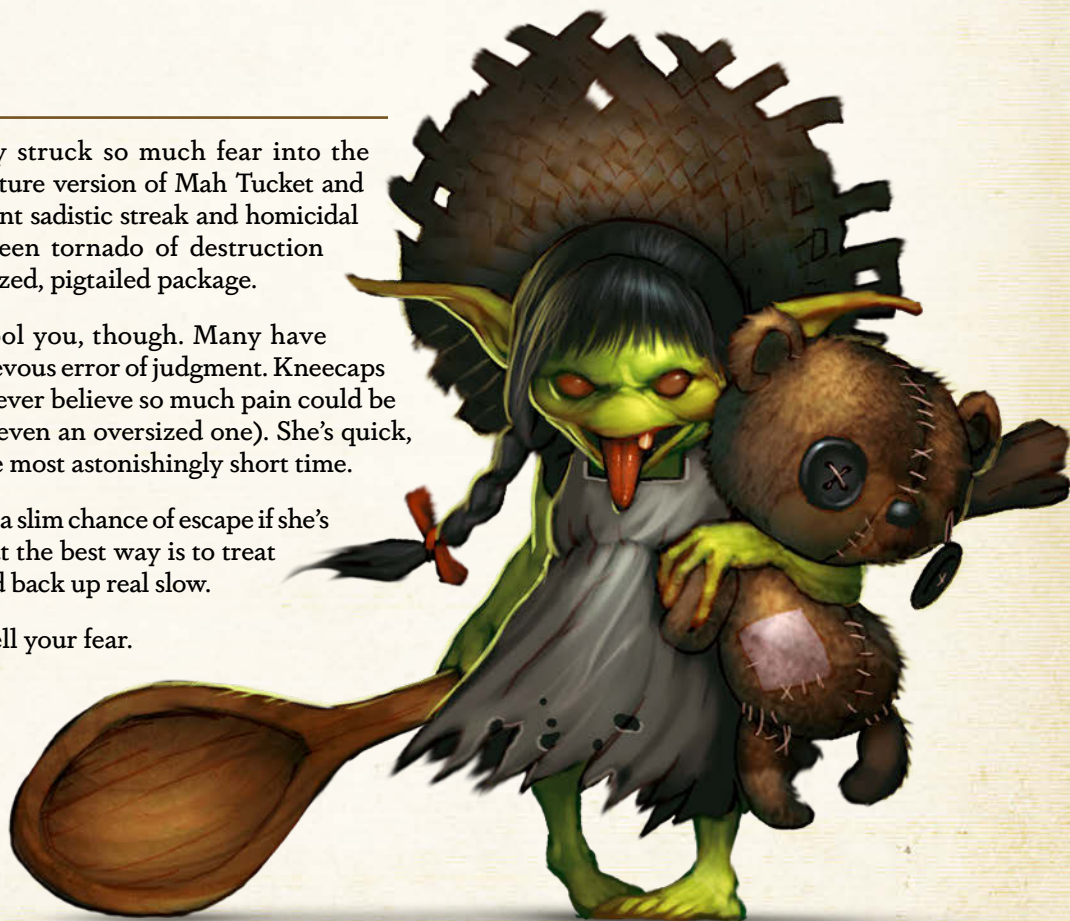
THE LITTLE LASS

Rarely has anything so tiny struck so much fear into the hearts of the enemy. A miniature version of Mah Tucket and possessive of the same inherent sadistic streak and homicidal instincts, Little Lass is a green tornado of destruction wrapped up in a cute, pint-sized, pigtailed package.

Don't let her appearance fool you, though. Many have died screaming for such a grievous error of judgment. Kneecaps are her specialty and you'd never believe so much pain could be caused by a wooden spoon (even an oversized one). She's quick, too, and gets underfoot in the most astonishingly short time.

Throwing a dolly at her offers a slim chance of escape if she's in the right temperament, but the best way is to treat her like you would a bear, and back up real slow.

And remember... she can smell your fear.



When Brin was born, he was mocked for the sheer size of his head. They liked to bounce rocks off it when he passed, and it was infuriatingly easy for other Gremlins to put him in a headlock, just to watch him squirm.

Their revulsion hardened Brin's heart, driving him to a life of super-villainy. His kin only call upon him in the most desperate of circumstances, when they need his twisted genius to outwit their more intelligent foes.



BIG BRAIN BRIN				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SHARP WIT	♠ 1"	7	Wp	-
Target gains Slow .				
<div> <div> Surge: Draw a card. </div> <div> Misdirected Rage: <i>Enemy only.</i> Target takes a or Action, chosen and controlled by this model. During this Action, this model is ignored when determining whether or not the target is engaged. </div> </div>				
SOBER UP	6"	6	Wp	12
End one Condition on the target. If the target is a friendly model, it gains Focused +1 .				
<div> <div> My Loyal Servant: Another model (other than this model) within 3" of the target Heals 1/2/3. </div> <div> Get in There: A friendly Minion within LoS of the target may Push up to 3" toward the target. </div> <div> Daze: Target gains Stunned and is Pushed up to 3" in any direction. </div> </div>				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
CALCULATE THE POSSIBILITIES	-	7	-	14
<div> <div> <i>Discard the top ten cards of this model's Fate Deck. Choose up to three cards in this model's Discard Pile and shuffle them back into this model's Fate Deck. Then, draw a card.</i> </div> <div> Master Plan: For every this model shuffled into its Fate Deck, choose one enemy model within 6" and LoS. That model must either discard a card or gain Stunned. </div> </div>				
PULLING THE STRINGS	6"	7	-	14
<div> <div> <i>This model may remove a Scheme Marker within 3" of the target. Friendly Minion only.</i> Target takes an Action. Then, if a Scheme Marker was not removed when this Action was declared, kill the target during the End Phase. </div> </div>				

SPARKS LeBLANC

At first, the Rail Workers shooed the little Gremlin off, throwing stones and loose pieces of metal at him. But every day, he returned with his oversized wrench, trying to lay some track for himself. One day, Mei Feng had enough, and she raised her hand, preventing her workers from scaring the beast off. She watched him work with a half-smile, amused at the little creature that wanted to be human. But, at the end of the day, the Gremlin's section of track was perfect.

So, the next day the workers shrugged and let him work, glad to have help with their burden.

Eventually they even gave him the nickname "Sparks" as a friendly gesture. They thought of him as good luck and laughed at his antics. And all the while Sparks watched the humans, and learned.



SPARKS LeBLANC

Enforcer, Living

FOUNDRY, TRICKSY

8

COST

5

DF

5

WP

5

MV

1

Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

SCAMPER: After an enemy model within 6 Cheats Fate, this model may Push up to 2" in any direction after resolving the current Action or Ability.

HOSTILE WORK ENVIRONMENT: Enemy models within 6 may not be targeted by the Actions of other enemy models.

SCRAPYARD MINES: Enemy models treat the area within 1 of Scrap Markers within 6" as Severe and Hazardous (Damage 1 and Injured +1). Friendly models may treat Scrap Markers within 6" as Pit Trap Markers (and vice-versa) for the purposes of friendly effects.

RIDE THE RAILS: If this model is within 1" of a Scrap Marker when it takes the Walk Action, instead of moving normally, it may Place itself into base contact with another Scrap Marker within 12" (even if this model is engaged).

EVASIVE: Reduce all damage this model suffers from Shockwave, (t), and effects to 0.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

HEALTH

SPARKS LeBLANC

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

HEAVY WRENCH

1" 6 Df -

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. If the target is a friendly Construct, it instead Heals 2.

▣ **Dismantle For Parts:** Enemy Construct only. Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with the target.

✦ **Knock Aside:** Push the target 4" in any direction.

PACK WITH EXPLOSIVES

1" 6 Df 12

This Action cannot target models with Incorporeal. Attach an Explosive Upgrade to the target.

✦ **Galvanize:** Another friendly model within 3" of this model gains Focused +1.

✕ **Mutilate:** When resolving, if the target has Slow, it suffers +1 damage. Otherwise, it gains Slow.

ANALYZE WEAKNESS

10" 5 Wp -

Until the End Phase, all damage the target suffers ignores Armor and Shielded.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

"NOW YER A ROBOT"

6" 6 - 12

Discard a Scrap Marker within 3" of this model. Friendly only. Target gains Shielded +2.

✦ **Under Pressure:** Push the target 2" away from this model.

✕ **Burn Out:** Target suffers 2 damage and gains Fast.

30MM

ROOSTER RIDER
Minion (3), Living, Beast
TRICKSY

7
COST

5 Df 4 WP 7 MV 2 Sz

ABILITIES

SCAMPER: After an enemy model within 6 Cheats Fate, this model may Push up to 2" in any direction after resolving the current Action or Ability.

GRIT (FRANTIC): While this model has half of its maximum Health or less, its Attack Actions receive a 1 to their duels and damage flips.

FRENZIED CHARGE: This model may ignore the Once per Activation restriction on the Charge Action.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
HEALTH

ROOSTER RIDER

Only the wiriest Gremlins reach the privileged ranks of the Rooster Riders, a special breed light and foolhardy enough to try and make a war mount out of poultry. Like feathered lightning bolts, the Roosters can tear up the ground at ferocious speeds and can outrun or outflank just about anything.

This rapidity comes with a cost – the Roosters could be considered ‘highly strung’ and tend to get a mite skittish and unpredictable when injured. They can hold their own in a fight, however, delivering savage blows with their sharp beaks.

The Gremlin Jockeys carry rusty old rifles, too, but let’s face it – the only thing that’s likely to get shot by a Gremlin while clinging for dear life to a rampaging giant Rooster is either the ground or a nearby barn. It doesn’t stop them trying, though; often just the sound of gunfire and the bizarre sight of an advancing wing of Rooster Riders is enough to give a foe pause.

ROOSTER RIDER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BEAK Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. ☛ Rip and Tear: Take a ☛ Action targeting the same model. This Action receives a 1 to its duel. ☛ Bowled Over: Push target 4" away from this model, then Push this model 4" toward the target.	0"	5	Df	-
TRUSTY RIFLE Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. ☛ Reposition: Move this model up to 3".	14"	5	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
☛ RECKLESS This model suffers 1 damage. This model gains Fast .	-	-	-	-

40MM



What's a girl to do? There's no accounting for taste.



TRIXIEBELLE				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
.....				
SHARP WIT	1"	6W	Wp	-
Target gains Slow .				
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Draw Out Secrets: Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target. Coordinated Attack: Another friendly model may take a /// Action targeting the same model. You're Comin' with Me: Push the target up to 3" in any direction, then Place this model into base contact with it. 				
LURE	12"	7W	Wp	12
Move the target its Mv toward this model.				
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Expensive Gift: <i>Target must be able to use Soulstones.</i> The target must either discard a card or a Soulstone. If the target discarded a Soulstone, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool. Mental Trauma: Target must either discard a card or suffer 3 damage. "Didn't Need to See That": <i>Enemy only.</i> When resolving, the target is moved away from this model instead of toward it. 				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
.....				
FREE LOOT	3"	-	-	-
Target an enemy Scheme Marker. Place this model into base contact with the target. Then, remove the target and draw a card.				
30MM				

BUSHWHACKER

Minion (3), Living

TRICKSY

6

COST

5

Df

5

WP

5

MV

1

Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

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.

SCAMPER: After an enemy model within 6 Cheats Fate, this model may Push up to 2" in any direction after resolving the current Action or Ability.

PIT TRAPS: After Deployment, Create a 50mm Destructible, Severe, Hazardous (Damage 1 and **Injured +1**) Pit Trap Marker anywhere on the table, not within 3" of the opposing player's deployment zone. This model is unaffected by Pit Trap Markers.

STEALTH: Enemy models cannot target this model from more than 6" away.

1 2 3 4 5 6

HEALTH

BUSHWHACKER

ATTACK ACTIONS

Rg STAT RST TN

BUSH... WHACK!

0" 5 Df -

Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.

Reposition:

Move this model up to 3".

CLOCKWORK RIFLE

14" 5 Df -

This Action ignores Cover. Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.

Critical Strike:

When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).

Clever Ruse:

Push the target 3" toward a Pit Trap Marker in its LoS.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

Rg STAT RST TN

CREATE TRAP

2" 5 - 12

This Action cannot be taken while engaged. Create a 50mm Destructible, Severe, Hazardous (Damage 1 and **Injured +1**) Pit Trap Marker within range.

30MM



BUSHWHACKER

Bayou Bushwhackers are the embodiment of everything that the big folks hate most about Gremlins. Quick and tricky, the Bushwhackers slide effortlessly through heavy vegetation. They're never in one spot for long, always seem to turn up in places they weren't in five minutes before, and if they do decide to dig in, they're harder to dislodge than ticks.

Armed with their trusty rifles, these green ladies can lay down a withering field of fire that comes out of the swamp like a horizontal hail, often lending their expertise to less-skilled (though no less enthusiastic) colleagues. Ever the pragmatists, for close work they're not above braining their foe with a pot or pan from the campfire before delivering a raucous cackle.

Schooled under the watchful eye of Mah Tucket, the Bushwhackers are expert swamp fighters and pose a serious tactical headache for the opposition.

SURVIVOR

Gator attacks are just a part of life on the Bayou. Every village has a number of Gremlins missing arms or legs. And they are the lucky ones; the unlucky ones simply never come back out of the depths of the murky swamp.

So when Sparks first saw the mechanical limbs belonging to many of the Rail Workers, he knew exactly how to put such things to use. Every day he got closer to the humans, studying them, trying to unlock their secrets.

Now he has a lucrative business making replacement parts for other Gremlins who got just a bit too close to the fearsome gators of the Bayou. At first, his new limbs were simply getting the job done of filling the gap. But as time passed, he has learned how to take custom orders. Now if a Gremlin loses his leg to a Gator, he can rest assured that he can have a new leg crafted that can fire like a Gatling Gun, or any other manner of useful modification.



SURVIVOR

Minion (3), Living, Construct
FOUNDRY, TRICKSY

5
COST

5
Df

6
Wp

FACTION

5
Mv

1
Sz

ABILITIES

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

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

SCAMPER: After an enemy model within 6 Cheats Fate, this model may Push up to 2" in any direction after resolving the current Action or Ability.

RIDE THE RAILS: If this model is within 1" of a Scrap Marker when it takes the Walk Action, instead of moving normally, it may Place itself into base contact with another Scrap Marker within 12" (even if this model is engaged).

1 2 3 4 5

HEALTH

SURVIVOR

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
STAGGERING PUNCH 0" 5 Df - Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains Staggered . Puncture: When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a 1 for each 1 in the final duel total (to a maximum of 11). Knock Aside: Push the target 4" in any direction.				
STEAM RIFLE ARM 14" 5 Df - Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able. Target suffers 1/3/5 damage. Throw Yer Arm at 'Em: Once per Activation. This model suffers 1 damage. Target suffers 1 damage. Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with the target. Frantic Attack: This model suffers 1 damage. Take this Action again.				
MAGNETISM 16" 5 Df 10 Target a Construct model or Scrap Marker. If this Action targets a Marker, ignore this Action's Rst. Push this model its Mv toward the target. Reversed Pull-arity: This Trigger can only be declared if the target is within 8". When resolving, instead of Pushing this model toward the target, Push the target its Mv, or 6" if the target is a Scrap Marker, toward this model.				

30MM

TEST SUBJECT
Minion (3), Construct, Beast
TRICKSY

4
COST

4 Df **2** Wp **5** Mv **2** Sz

ABILITIES

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

SCAMPER: After an enemy model within 6 Cheats Fate, this model may Push up to 2" in any direction after resolving the current Action or Ability.

STAMPEDE: After this model ends a Charge Action in base contact with any other models, it may suffer 1 damage. If it does so, all other models in base contact with this model suffer 1 damage.

FAILED EXPERIMENT: When this model would reduce its Df and Wp from the Injured Condition, it instead increases its Df and Wp by that amount.

SHOCK THERAPY: When this model would be Pushed, it may instead take the Charge Action after resolving the current Action.

HAPPY ACCIDENT: This model cannot be killed by effects other than reducing its Health to 0. Reduce all damage this model suffers from Hazardous Terrain to 0.

HEALTH 1 2 3 4 5 6

TEST SUBJECT

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
STATIC TOUCH Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. ▣ Grab On: Target gains Slow. End this model's Activation.	0"	5	Df	-
ELECTRICAL SHOCK Target suffers 1/2/4 damage, ignoring Armor. ▣ Arcing Shock: Take this Action again, targeting a different model within 2" of the target, ignoring range and LoS. X Convulsions: Enemy only. Move the target up to 3". Then the target must either discard a card or this model may move it up to 3".	8"	5	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
FORAGE Remove target enemy Scheme Marker. Draw the top card of this model's Discard Pile.	2"	-	-	-

30MM

TEST SUBJECT

It's so hard to find good help. Finding competent minions has always been the Achilles heel for up-and-coming super-geniuses. Gremlins are too unreliable, humans too high-maintenance, and pure constructs would degrade in the swamp. But some combination, nay, amalgamation (a term he assured himself was his own idea) of flesh and metal would produce an ideal servant. But Big Brain Brin needed to test it on more primitive lifeforms, first. Wouldn't do to have some lumbering human full of brain implants going wild in his lab, no.

To Brin's surprise, Gremlins did not have the smallest brains in the Bayou, so after a lengthy search, he rounded up creatures that better suited his needs and began rudimentary testing. The early results proved promising, but Brin never gave in to the erratic urge to implant a mind-control chip in a giant scorpion and hope for the best. He takes his time, disposing of failures and putting the successes to work in the wilds as spies, resource-gatherers, and soldiers. Soon the Bayou would fall, and then... all of Malifaux!



But only a fool would dismiss Wong's antics as empty show-boating. The magical implements he acquired from a Ten Thunders caravan are incredibly potent, and Wong has learned how use them with varying degrees of success. With them, he has gleaned a measure of knowledge in creating magical implements and concoctions of his own, resulting in some of the more unusual sights in the Bayou, including the frightening Swine-Cursed.

After weeks of incessant commands, Wong finally gave in and rowed out to the ruins. After absorbing some of the lingering energies there, the Bag commanded him to perform a potent ritual.

In his search for someone else who might be willing to tolerate the Bag's incessant nagging, he unknowingly drifted in the opposite direction, and found himself in the midst of the Red Cage, a giant crater in the Bayou created by a fallen Tyrant.

Sure, there might be the occasional severed head walking on mechanical spider legs or the rare eyeless grootslang poking its curious head out before burrowing back into the side of the cliff, but those small issues are easy to ignore when the acoustics in the Red Cage are sublime.

WONG				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
IRON FAN OF TSU LI	1"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 2/2/3 damage and gains a Glowly Token.				
♣ Burst Damage: When resolving, the target suffers + 2 damage.				
♣ Reposition: Move this model up to 3".				
FZZZZAP!	10"	6	*	12
<i>This Action Drops two Shockwave Markers instead of one.</i>				
Shockwave 2, Mv 13, Damage 2. Friendly models may choose to fail this duel without flipping. Enemy models damaged by this Action discard their Glowly Tokens and increase the damage they suffer by +1 per discarded Glowly Token.				
♣ Surge: Draw a card.				
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
♣ THE GLOW	06"	6	-	12
<i>Discard any number of Glowly Tokens from models within range.</i> This model draws a card for every two Glowly Tokens discarded by this Action, then every model within range gains a Glowly Token.				
LAUNCH INTO SPACE	6"	6	-	12
<i>Once per Turn.</i> Remove target Corpse Marker, Scrap Marker, or Scheme Marker. During the next Start Phase, Drop the removed Marker in this model's LoS, not touching terrain, then all models within (1) of any Markers Dropped by this Action must each pass a TN 14 Mv duel or suffer 1 damage.				
♣ Wait What?! When Dropping the removed Marker, Drop an additional Marker of the same type in this model's LoS.				

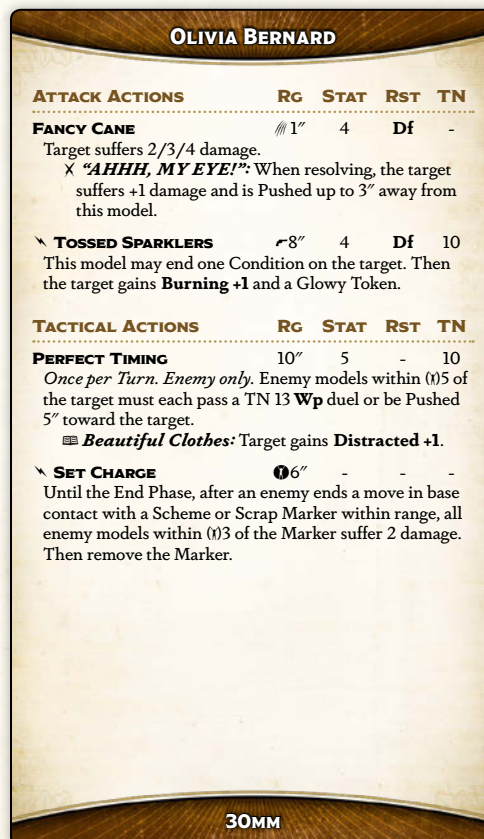


Despite his pyrotechnical gifts, Wong's gala events were often sporadic and somewhat haphazard as a solo act. The introduction of Olivia has brought a professional sheen to the proceedings and an absolutely murderous sense of timing, holding back the grand finale for maximum impact (which can be either a good thing or a bad thing depending on how close you're standing at the time).

with the resignation that stardom demands sacrifice.



140 MALIFAUZ THIRD EDITION • BAYOU



ALPHONSE LeBLANC

Like many LeBlancs, Alphonse is used to hardship. Many of his kin died when the Red Cage fell on LeBlanc lands, and he watched more get eaten by the horrors that crawled out of the crater. Traumatized, he sought safety elsewhere, becoming a carpenter in Edge Point. Bashing nails helped him cope, and he got pretty good at it. Then, his whole life changed when he met Wong. Deciding that Alphonse was seeking employment, he “hired” the timid Gremlin to be part of his production crew, despite his protests.

Then Wong crashed their boat right into the Red Cage crater and insisted Alphonse build a stage there. When the abominations attacked, Alphonse hid in Wong’s tent and, thinking a bottle of glowy liquid looked tasty, he drank it down to settle his nerves. Instead, it transformed Alphonse into a hulking green monstrosity, and he unleashed years of pent-up fury on the monsters that had haunted his nightmares.

Afterward, Alphonse found he couldn’t change back to normal, but that was okay. It made hammering nails easier, and nobody pushes him around anymore.



ALPHONSE LeBLANC

Henchman, Living

WIZZ-BANG

9

COST

5

Df

6

Wp

5

Mv

3

Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

BLAST RESISTANT +2: Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Shockwave**, (t), and ☠ effects by +2.

HARD KNOCK LIFE: After this model suffers damage caused by another friendly model, this model gains **Fast** and a Glow Token.

INFUSED BODY: When this model suffers damage, it may discard any number of Glow Tokens to reduce the damage it suffers by an equal amount.

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

MAGICAL INFLUENCE: After this model flips a card in a duel, it may discard a Glow Token to add a suit of its choice to its final duel total.

DEMOLITIONIST: At the start of this model’s Activation, it may remove all Destructible Terrain within (t)1.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

HEALTH

ALPHONSE LeBLANC

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

HUGE FIST 1" 6 Df -

Target suffers 3/4/6 damage.

☐ **Sweeping Strike:** When resolving, the target suffers +☠ damage.

☛ **Gentle Giant:** Enemy models within (t)4 of this model must each pass a TN 14 **Wp** duel or be Pushed 2" toward this model.

✕ **Mutilate:** When resolving, if the target has **Slow**, it suffers +1 damage. Otherwise, it gains **Slow**.

HURL CORPSE 8" 6 Df -

Choose a **Corpse Marker** within 2" and Place it into base contact with the target. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

☛ **Mockery:** Push the target 2" toward this model. If the target is a Master or Henchman, it gains **Distracted +1**.

TOSS 1" 3 Sz -

Target a model with lower **Sz** than this model. Push the target up to 10" in any direction. If this Push is interrupted, the Pushed model and models in base contact with it must each pass a TN 14 **Df** duel or suffer 2 damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

☛ **GROWTH SPURT** - 6 - 10

Until the End Phase, this model gains +1 **Sz**, +1" to the range of all Actions, -1 **Df**, and friendly models within 02 gain Cover.

☐ **Surge:** Draw a card.

50MM

TAXIDERMIST

The practice of taxidermy is an ancient and much respected skill, passed between generations of diligent craftsmen who are tasked with encapsulating the essence of a loyal family pet or recreating the majesty of a wild beast in a single timeless pose.

Sadly, Gremlin taxidermy has lost something in the translation and is predominantly concerned with how much explosive material can be stuffed into an individual. Indeed, the recipient of the Bayou taxidermist's payload is often still very much alive while they practice their "art" (though not for much longer).

Gremlin taxidermy flies in the face of convention by ignoring the two main qualifiers that are considered relevant, even vital, perhaps, among practitioners of the art, namely: "is it dead yet?" and "do you want to keep it?"

While ramming a struggling piglet full of dynamite is not the literal translation of taxidermy, the Gremlins of the Bayou have never let that sort of technicality get in the way of a good time.



TAXIDERMIST
Minion (2), Living
WIZZ-BANG

8
COST

5
DF

6
WP

FACTION

5
MV

1
SZ

ABILITIES

PET PROJECT: After Deployment, Summon a Stuffed Piglet within 3" of this model.

MAGICAL INFLUENCE: After this model flips a card in a duel, it may discard a Glow Token to add a suit of its choice to its final duel total.

DF (W) SQUEAL: *Enemy only.* After resolving, this model may move up to 3".

BLAST RESISTANT +2: Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Shockwave**, (I), and ♣ effects by +2.

HARD KNOCK LIFE: After this model suffers damage caused by another friendly model, this model gains **Fast** and a Glow Token.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

HEALTH

TAXIDERMIST

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SKINNING KNIFE Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ♣ Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ♣ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). ♥ Get in There: A friendly Minion within LoS of the target may Push up to 3" toward the target. X Creative Taxidermy: <i>Enemy Living, Undead, or Beast only.</i> After killing, the target does not Drop any Markers. Summon either a Stuffed Piglet or a Flying Piglet into base contact with the target.	1"	6X	Df	-
THROW KNIFE Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. If the target suffers Severe damage from this Action, this model may Place itself into base contact with the target. ♣ Puncture: When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a ♣ for each ♣ in the final duel total (to a maximum of ♣♣).	8"	6	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
♣ REMOTE DETONATOR <i>Friendly Undead only. This Action ignores LoS.</i> Push the target up to 3" in any direction. Models within (I)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. ♥ Swift Action: Take this Action again.	18"	6	-	10
♣ TAXIDERMIN' Target a Corpse Marker . Summon either a Stuffed Piglet or a Flying Piglet into base contact with the target, then remove the target.	4"	6	-	12

30MM

PIGAPULT
Enforcer, Construct
Versatile
WIZZ-BANG

7
COST



4 Df **7** Wp **3** Mv **4** Sz

ABILITIES

ARMOR +2: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

PET PROJECT: After Deployment, Summon a Stuffed Piglet within 3" of this model.

RUTHLESS: This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

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

HEALTH 1 2 3 4 5 6

PIGAPULT

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
ROCKS IS PIGS? <i>This Action ignores LoS. Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.</i> Full Power: Discard a Glow Token. When resolving, damage from this Action is irreducible.	~12"	6	Df	-
FULL LOAD <i>Choose a friendly Sz 1 model within 2". The chosen model gains Slow and is Placed anywhere within range. Until the End Phase, it cannot take Interact Actions.</i> Shockwave 2, Mv 15, Damage 2 centered on the chosen model.	~18"	6X	*	12

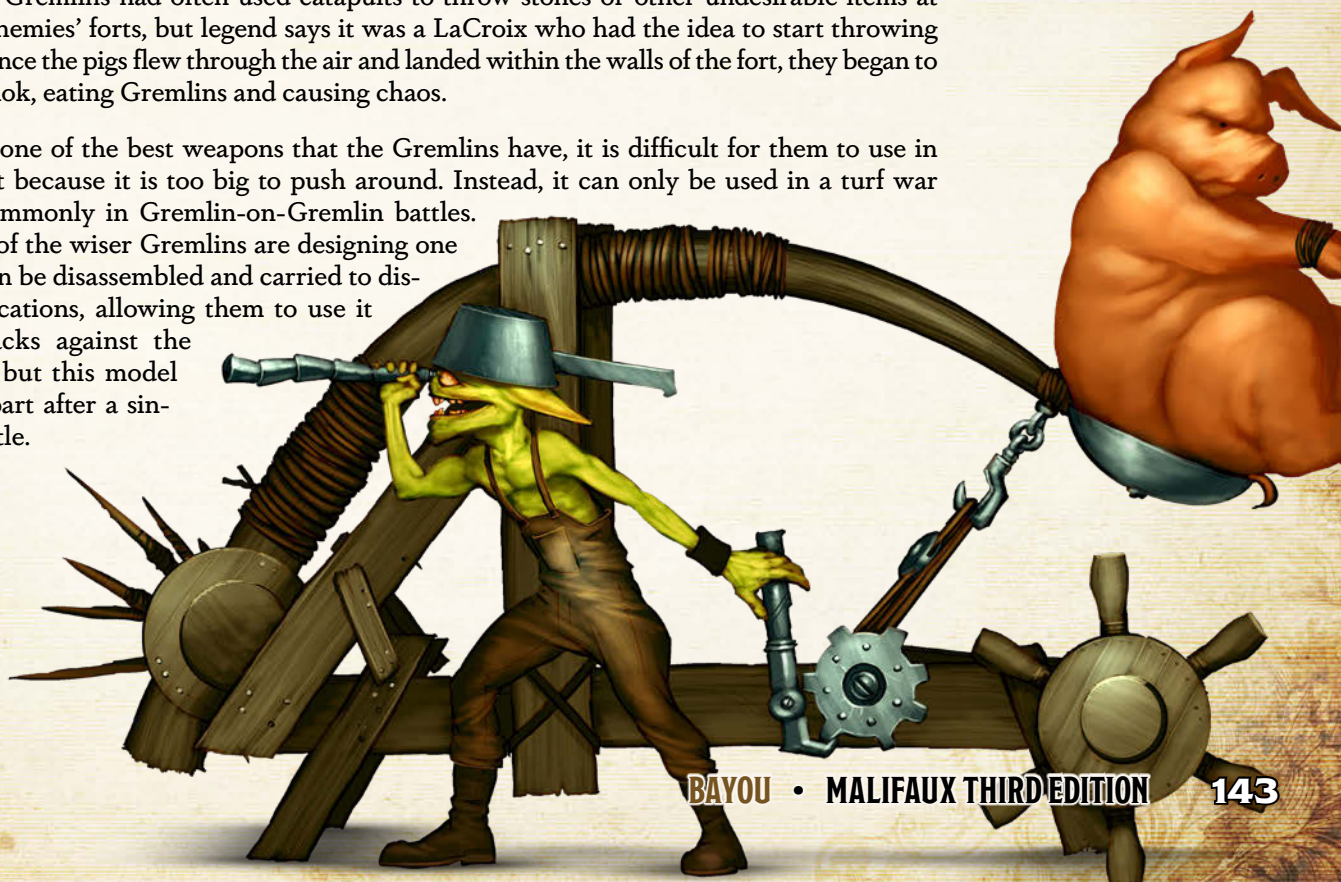
X "Loaded" Ammo: If the chosen model is a Stuffed Piglet and it was not killed by this Action, it may take the **Bacon Bomb** Action.

50MM

PIGAPULT

The Pigapult was first created during a turf war between two opposing Gremlin families. Clever Gremlins had often used catapults to throw stones or other undesirable items at their enemies' forts, but legend says it was a LaCroix who had the idea to start throwing pigs. Once the pigs flew through the air and landed within the walls of the fort, they began to run amok, eating Gremlins and causing chaos.

Likely one of the best weapons that the Gremlins have, it is difficult for them to use in combat because it is too big to push around. Instead, it can only be used in a turf war and commonly in Gremlin-on-Gremlin battles. A few of the wiser Gremlins are designing one that can be disassembled and carried to distant locations, allowing them to use it in attacks against the Guild, but this model falls apart after a single battle.



The humans aren't the only ones who have left hideous, failed experiments wandering Malifaux and wreaking havoc. Swine-Cursed are a Gremlin creation. Half pig and half Gremlin, these monsters are cursed to stalk the Bayou as they shift uncontrollably from one form to another. Their tortured existence brings a chill to all who witness it.

It was Wong who created the Swine-Cursed. He wanted to combine the strength of a pig with the cunning of a Gremlin. His volunteers (the ones who ran the slowest) were unable to control their transformation, however, and would change from pig to Gremlin at random intervals.

Despite being a failed experiment, Wong never fails to put his Swine-Cursed to good use. Although they are shunned by most Gremlins, the Swine-Cursed are strong and terrifying to their enemies, and when one dies, it's easy enough to just grab an unlucky "volunteer" and make another.



SWINE-CURSED

Minion (2), Living Beast
SOOEY, WIZZ-BANG

7
COST

6
DF

4
WP

5
Mv

3
Sz

F ACTION

ABILITIES

BLAST RESISTANT +2: Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Shockwave**, (0), and ☠ effects by +2.

HARD KNOCK LIFE: After this model suffers damage caused by another friendly model, this model gains **Fast** and a **Glowy Token**.

INFUSED BODY: When this model suffers damage, it may discard any number of **Glowy Tokens** to reduce the damage it suffers by an equal amount.

MAGICAL INFLUENCE: After this model flips a card in a duel, it may discard a **Glowy Token** to add a suit of its choice to its final duel total.

FRENZIED CHARGE: This model may ignore the **Once per Activation** restriction on the **Charge Action**.

DEMISE (UNSTABLE TRANSFORMATION): After this model is killed, **Summon** either a **Bayou Gremlin** or a **Piglet** into base contact with this model.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

HEALTH

SWINE-CURSED				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
TUSKS	0"	6	Df	-
<i>Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able. Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.</i>				
<div> <div> Full Power: Discard a Glowey Token. When resolving, damage from this Action is irreducible. </div> <div> Onslaught: Take this Action again, targeting the same model. </div> <div> Rampage: Push this model 5", ignoring any models, such that this model moves through the target. Models this model Pushed through in this way must each pass a TN 13 Mv duel or suffer 1 damage. </div> </div>				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
HEROIC INTERVENTION	6"	6	-	11
<div> <div> Enemy only. Push all other friendly models within 1" of the target 5" away from the target. Then, Push this model 6" toward the target. This model may take a Action targeting the same model. </div> <div> Frightening Reminder: Push the target up to 4" away from this model. </div> </div>				
FRIGHTENING REMINDER	6"	5	-	10

GAUTRAEUX BOKOR

Minion (3), Living
SWAMPFIEND, WIZZ-BANG

6

COST



5
DF

6
WP

5
MV

1
SZ

ABILITIES

BIG VODOO: After the opposing player discards a Pass Token to skip Activating a model, this model may choose one friendly Wizz-Bang or Swampfiend model within 03 to gain **Focused +1**.

HARD KNOCK LIFE: After this model suffers damage caused by another friendly model, this model gains **Fast** and a Glow Token.

MAGICAL INFLUENCE: After this model flips a card in a duel, it may discard a Glow Token to add a suit of its choice to its final duel total.

PENETRATING STENCH: Enemy models that start their Activation engaging this model must either discard a card or gain **Stunned**.

HEALTH

GAUTRAEUX BOKOR

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SWAMP SPIRITS 8" 5 Wp - Target suffers 2/3/3 damage. If the target is in Severe Terrain, this model gains Shielded +1 . Magical Feedback: This model gains a Glow Token. Reposition: Move this model up to 3".				
OBEY 12" 5 Wp 14W This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. Non-Master only. Target model takes a non-Action that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name, chosen and controlled by this model.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
HEALING ENERGY 8" 5 - 12 Target Heals 1/2/3. Healing Burst: Models within (1)2 of the target Heal 1. Deja Vu: Discard a card. Draw two cards.				
PROTECTIVE SPIRITS (1)3" 7 - 12 Friendly models within range gain Shielded +1 .				

30MM

GAUTRAEUX BOKOR

The Gautraeux family has lived in the shadow of Kythera (and the Grave Spirit) for centuries. The entity's influence has resulted in the family having far more bokor than any of the other Gremlin families.

The bokor believe that the Bayou is watched over by a number of powerful spirits, and by calling out to and bargaining with those spirits, they are able to curse their enemies, strengthen their allies, and even send their consciousness out of their bodies into the nearby creatures of the Bayou.

Bokor can become incredibly powerful, but they are limited by their own superstitious practices and by Zoraida's meddling; the Swamp Witch doesn't like the idea of Gremlins messing with the Grave Spirit, even the echoes of its Whisper.



Lightning Bugs violate pretty much every rule of self-preservation ever documented. Faithful and overzealous acolytes of Wong, they have absorbed all of his destructive instincts and none of his common sense (what little of it there was to go around). Armed with their magic blasty sticks, they wade into any fray, sending violent pyrotechnics in every direction that slice through armor like a hot knife through butter. The results of these catastrophic explosions are normally as random as the Lightning Bug's aim, but rarely dull.

Having come from such a volatile climate, the Lightning Bugs are better versed than most to weather these blasts and tend to stagger out of their self-made craters, scorched but grinning before going in search of the next target.



LIGHTNING BUG				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
ELEMENTAL BOLT	~10"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.				
☘ Burst Damage: When resolving, the target suffers +☘ damage.				
📖 Magical Feedback: This model gains a Glowly Token.				
📖 Full Power: Discard a Glowly Token. When resolving, damage from this Action is irreducible.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
HEALING ENERGY	8"	4	-	12
Target Heals 1/2/3.				
📖 Extra Sparkly: Target gains a Glowly Token.				
🦋 A NEW HORIZON	6"	5	-	10📖
Target a Scheme Marker. Place the target anywhere within 6" of its current location.				

STUFFED PIGLET
Minion (6), Undead
WIZZ-BANG

2
COST

3 Df **3** Wp **5** Mv **1** Sz

ABILITIES

MINDLESS: When this model is Summoned, it is treated as having already Activated this Turn, and neither player gains or discards any Pass Tokens.

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

HARD KNOCK LIFE: After this model suffers damage caused by another friendly model, this model gains **Fast** and a Glow Token.

DEMISE (VOLATILE PIG): After this model is killed by an Attack Action, models within (1)2 must each pass a TN 11 Mv duels or suffer 2 damage and gain **Injured +2**.

HOOF HEARTED: Increase the TN of any simple duels this model generates by +1 for every Glow Token on this model (to a maximum of +3).

HEALTH



STUFFED PIGLET

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
GORE	# 0"	4	Df	-
<i>Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able. Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.</i>				
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Tear Off a Bite: This model Heals 2. Bowled Over: Push target 4" away from this model, then Push this model 4" toward the target. Critical Mass: This model suffers 2 irreducible damage. 				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
BACON BOMB	(1)2"	-	-	-
Models within range must each pass a TN 11 Mv duel or suffer 3 damage and gain Injured +1 . Then, this model is killed.				

30MM

STUFFED PIGLET

Life can be unfair. This is a popular philosophy among the pork ranks of the Bayou, and none more so than the Stuffed Piglets.

Elsewhere in the world, piglets can normally expect to enjoy a relatively stress-free existence wallowing in mud, eating tasty swill, rooting for truffles, and other associate piggy activities. Few, if any, have the foresight to anticipate being bonked on the head with a club, dragged into a shack, and stuffed full of dynamite, sulfur, gunpowder and anything else that comes to hand, and then launched like a streaky missile at some unknown assailant to end their short existence with a bang.

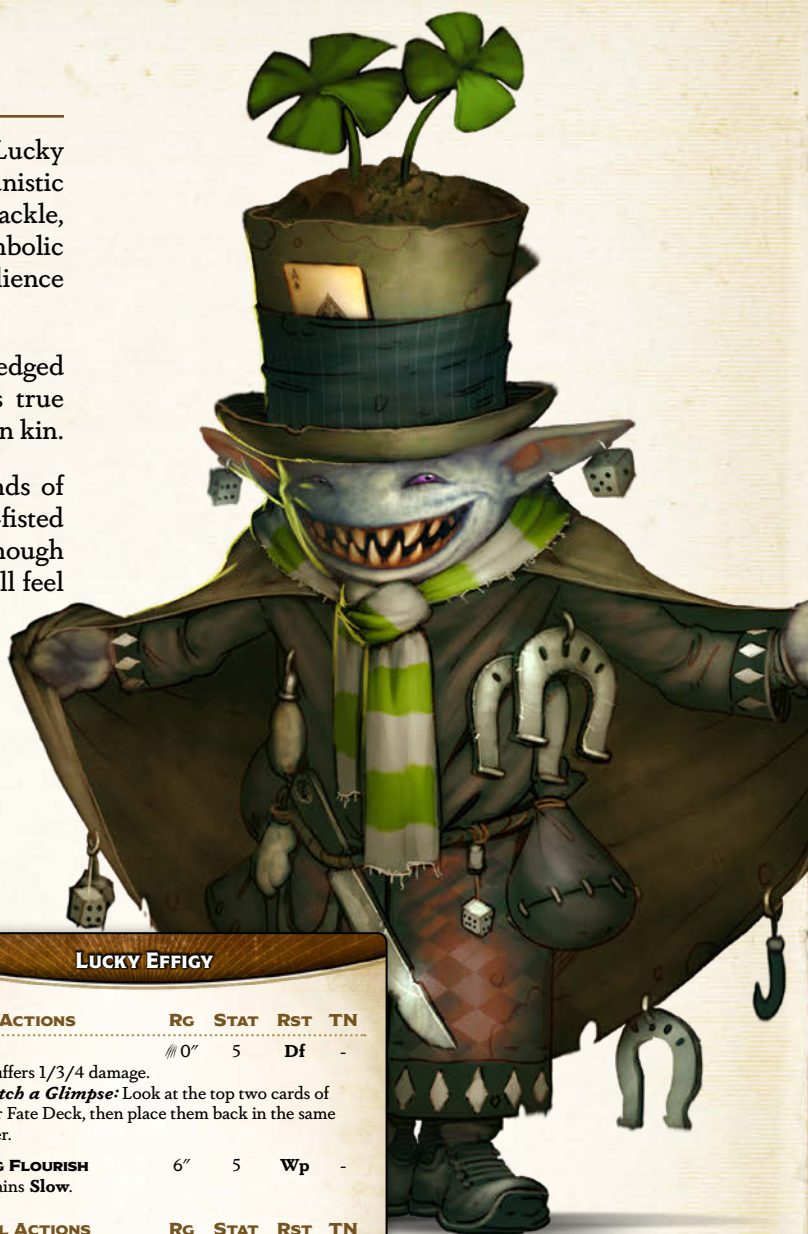
This lack of foresight is probably why the piglets spend the remainder of their brief existences squealing in outrage and horror. Many Gremlins have complained about the din from a working taxidermist's shack and it has come into vogue for the initial bonk on the head to dispatch the piglet completely, to be reanimated at a later date when stuffing is complete, which is considered much more humane.

LUCKY EFFIGY

As one of Zoraida's better concoctions, the Gremlin Lucky Effigy lends good fortune and durability to any opportunistic hero of the Bayou it chooses to champion. It is a ramshackle, clunky thing; a manifestation of the very best in shambolic Gremlin construction – and yet it has a surprising resilience that might take some by surprise.

When cornered, it can fight well enough with a cruel-edged crusty blade that can open hideous wounds, but its true calling is spreading serendipity and luck among its green kin.

Its presence in any arena spells a change in the winds of Fortune for the Gremlin bold enough to make a ham-fisted snatch at glory, and any Gremlin leader with wisdom enough to see its potential (stranger things have happened) will feel the benefit of having the Lucky Effigy in their corner.



Lucky Effigy

Enforcer, Construct
Versatile
EFFIGY, PUPPET

4

COST

5

4

5

1

DF

WP

MY

SZ

1

2

3

4

HEALTH

ABILITIES

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

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

ACCOMPLICE: After this model ends its Activation, a friendly model within 6" that has not Activated this Turn may discard a card or Pass Token to do so.

BEFORE AND AFTER: This model cannot be hired into a Crew containing an Emissary of Fate model.

HELPING HAND: If this Crew's Leader is a Henchman and the same Faction as this model, when hiring, this model's Cost is treated as 0.

LUCKY EFFIGY

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
KNIFE Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. Catch a Glimpse: Look at the top two cards of your Fate Deck, then place them back in the same order.	0"	5	Df	-
DAZZLING FLOURISH Target gains Slow .	6"	5	Wp	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
AURA OF LUCK Until the End Phase, friendly models within range may Cheat Fate with the top card of their Fate Deck.	03"	5	-	10

30MM

LUCKY EMISSARY

Enforcer, Construct
Versatile
EMISSARY OF FATE

10

COST



6
DF

5
WP

8
MV

3
SZ

ABILITIES

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

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

UNIMPEDED: This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain.

TRAMPLE: This model can move through other models.

MAKE WAY!: After resolving an Action in which this model moved through one or more models, those models must each pass a TN 13 Mv duels or suffer 2 damage.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

HEALTH

LUCKY EMISSARY

“Roll, roll! Faster, ya can do better than that y’pudgy sonofahawg, FASTER!”

Great magical doin’s across the land, hey? Folks makin’ the world different, other folks breakin’ the world all up? Great powers an’ schemes an’ dest’nies? Well, whyn’t you just drop yer pants there, reach down an’ just cram all that as far up as it’ll go?

Haaa, see that? Trashed the house, lookit them splinters fly! Thazzit, folks, run!”

The Lucky Effigy never wanted to get made. Even when it was just a puff of witch-breath still being stitched into a body, it knew it wanted no part of any of this.

“Quitther whining! Y’wanted to be a big fellow in the Bayou, hey? Well, yer running with someone awful special now! Kick those feet up or lose yer toes, haw haw! C’mon now, faster! FASTER!”

But here it is. Well, all right then. Time to have some fun.”

LUCKY EMISSARY

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
ROAD KILL Target suffers 3/4/5 damage. Armor Piercing: When resolving, damage from this Action ignores Armor . Bowled Over: Push target 4" away from this model, then Push this model 4" toward the target.	0"	6	Df	-
DAZZLING FLOURISH Target gains Slow . Confusion: Target gains Staggered .	6"	6	Wp	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
STEAMROLLER Push this model 12" in any direction. If this Push is interrupted by Destructible Terrain, that terrain is removed and the Push continues. If this Push is interrupted by Impassable Terrain, this model suffers 2 damage. Then, remove every Marker this model came into base contact with during this Push.	-	6	-	10
AURA OF LUCK Until the End Phase, friendly models within range may Cheat Fate with the top card of their Fate Deck.	3"	6	-	10

50MM



GLUTTONY

He never went hungry, no matter how hard the times. In his days on the rail crews, the days in the mountains and the prospecting camps, the days beating time for the load haulers on the river barges, even the nights fetched up at the back of the Crossroads Hotel's shabby stage, and Lord knew there was a town that knew short commons.

Big he was, but not weak. Able to take what he wanted. It was always his joy to eat well, and if the longing expressions on his gaunt companions made each bite a little tastier, well, we're all sinners, are we not?

They liked his style, that nice young couple, and understood him through and through. Hunger might be the best sauce, but other folks' hunger is most delicious of all. So he'll follow their request, spread the appetite, eat his fill, and toast to their good fortune.



GLUTTONY
Henchman, Living
Versatile
CROSSROADS

7
COST

5
DF

5
WP

6
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

MANIPULATIVE: If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a to their duel.

RESONANCE: At the start of this model's Activation, if there is another friendly Crossroads model within 6", this model gains **Focused +1**.

HUNGER PAINS: After an enemy model within 6" takes the **Interact** Action or Drops an enemy Scheme Marker, it gains a Sin Token.

CONSUMED BY GLUTTONY: When an enemy model within 6" would Drop a enemy Scheme Marker, this model may discard a Sin Token from the enemy model to instead Drop a friendly Scheme Marker within 1" of the enemy model.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
HEALTH

GLUTTONY

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BITE Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. Tear Off a Bite: This model Heals 2. 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).	0"	6X	Df	-
MADDENING DRUMS Choose a Marker within 6" and LoS of the target. Push the target into base contact with the chosen Marker, then remove all Markers in base contact with the target. The target suffers 2 damage for every Marker removed in this way (to a maximum of 4 damage). X Sin Spiral: Target gains a Sin Token, then this model Heals 1.	10"	6	Wp	12

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
DESTRUCTIVE PERFORMANCE (1)3" Once per Activation. Enemy models within range with one or more Sin Tokens must each discard a Sin Token and suffer 3 damage. The Beat Goes On: Discard a card. Another friendly Crossroads model in this model's LoS may take the Destructive Performance Action.	3"	6	-	12
GRIM FEAST Remove target Corpse Marker. This model Heals 1/2/4.	2"	-	-	-

40MM

MECHANIZED PORKCHOP

Enforcer, Construct
Versatile
FOUNDRY

7
COST



5
DF

5
WP



FACTION

6
MV

3
SZ

ABILITIES

ARMOR +2: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

RAGE MACHINE: After a friendly model within 13 declares a // Action, that model may suffer 1 irreducible damage to receive a ♣ to that Action's duel.

WALKING FORCE: At the end of this model's Activation, Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with it.

RIDE THE RAILS: If this model is within 1" of a Scrap Marker when it takes the Walk Action, instead of moving normally, it may Place itself into base contact with another Scrap Marker within 12" (even if this model is engaged).

1

2

3

4

5

6

HEALTH

MECHANIZED PORKCHOP

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
TUSKS <i>Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able. Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.</i> ♣ Pound to Dust: Remove all Scheme Markers within (X)3 of the target. ■ Blaze: Models damaged by this Action gain Burning +1 for each ■ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of Burning +2). ♥ Bowled Over: Push target 4" away from this model, then Push this model 4" toward the target. × Rampage: Push this model 5", ignoring any models, such that this model moves through the target. Models this model Pushed through in this way must each pass a TN 13 Mv duel or suffer 1 damage.	0"	6	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
VENT STEAM Until the End Phase, models within range have Concealment. Non-Construct enemy models also treat the area as Hazardous Terrain.	13"	-	-	-
RECKLESS <i>This model suffers 1 damage. This model gains Fast.</i>	-	-	-	-
TIN FEAST <i>Remove target Scrap Marker. This model Heals 2.</i>	2"	-	-	-

50MM

MECHANIZED PORKCHOP



The giant, metal pig strutted about the village, bowling over its flesh and blood cousins with ease. Sparks stood by its side, beaming with pride and yammering the ear off of any Gremlin who would listen to him about his "masterpiece." All the other Gremlins gave him a long-suffering smile. They liked Sparks, he was a nice enough feller, always shared his 'shine, never made too much trouble; so none of them had the heart to tell Sparks how badly he had failed.

They shook their heads - how could the self-proclaimed "genius mechanic" not see the most blatant design flaw?

Eventually, Sparks grew frustrated with the reception of his work. "What?" He bellowed. "What's the problem?"

A little Gremlin at his side looked up with sheepish eyes. "What good's a pig ya can't eat?"

UPGRADE CARDS

EFFIGY OF FATE | 2

This Upgrade is a part of every Faction.

This model gains the following Ability:

EFFIGY OF FATE: During the Start Phase of Turn 3 and every Turn after, this model may be Replaced with an Emissary of Fate model that shares a Faction with this model. If it does so, the new model Heals 2.



LIMITATIONS

Restricted (Effigy)

INFERIORITY COMPLEX | 2

This model gains the following Abilities:

RUTHLESS: This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

SWAGGER: After this model resolves the **Walk** Action, if this model does not have the **Focused** Condition, it gains **Focused +1**.

If this model is a Minion, it gains the following Ability:

BULLY: After this model targets a model with lower Cost with an Action, this model may add one suit of its choice to its final duel.



LIMITATIONS

Plentiful (2)

TWELVE CUPS OF COFFEE | 2

This model gains the following Ability:

DIVERSION: Enemy models within 4 cannot declare Actions.

This model gains the following Action:

TACTICAL ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN

MARK TERRITORY (1) 3" 6 - 10

Remove all Scheme Markers within range.

This model gains **Focused +1** for each Marker removed this way.

If this model is a Minion, it gains the following Ability:

TWITCHY: After another model ends its Activation, if this model is unengaged, this model may move up to 1".



LIMITATIONS

Plentiful (2)

TWO GREMLINS IN A GHILLIE SUIT | 2

This model gains the following Abilities:

GREMLIN ON YER HEAD: This model has +1 Sz.

DISGUISED: This model cannot be the target of Actions generated by the **Charge** Action.

DEMISE (I'M DONE WITH THIS): After this model is killed, Summon a Bayou Gremlin into base contact with this model.

If this model is a Minion, it gains the following Action:

ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN

SIDEARM 6" 6 Df -

Target suffers 2/3/3 damage.



LIMITATIONS

Plentiful (2)

CLEAN-UP DUTY

If this Upgrade is Attached to Ophelia LaCroix, after resolving an Action on this Upgrade, this model may discard it to deal 1 damage to a model within 6.

This model gains the following Ability:

PLINK! When this model suffers damage, it may discard this Upgrade to reduce the damage suffered by 1.

This model gains the following Action:

ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN

CLEAN-UP DUTY 12" 6 Df -
This Action ignores LoS. Target suffers 1/1/2/2/2/2/2 damage. Models damaged by this Action gain **Injured +1**.

✗ **Glass Shards:** For each model damaged by this Action, Create a Hazardous Glass Marker within 1" of that model.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Arsenal)

FIRECRACKER FLINGSHOT

If this Upgrade is Attached to Ophelia LaCroix, after resolving an Action on this Upgrade, this model may discard it to deal 1 damage to a model within 6.

This model gains the following Ability:

PLINK! When this model suffers damage, it may discard this Upgrade to reduce the damage suffered by 1.

This model gains the following Action:

ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN

FIRECRACKER 8" 6 * 12
FLINGSHOT
Shockwave 2, Wp 14, Damage 1 and Distracted +1.

✗ **Cataclysm:** When resolving, Drop another **Shockwave** Marker within range and LoS.

✗ **Burnt to a Crisp:** Scheme Markers touching a **Shockwave** Marker or a (1) generated by this **Shockwave** are removed.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Arsenal)

HOOD IGNITER

If this Upgrade is Attached to Ophelia LaCroix, after resolving an Action on this Upgrade, this model may discard it to deal 1 damage to a model within 6.

This model gains the following Ability:

PLINK! When this model suffers damage, it may discard this Upgrade to reduce the damage suffered by 1.

This model gains the following Action:

ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN

HOOD IGNITER 8" 6 Mv -
Target suffers 2/3/4/4/4 damage. Models damaged by this Action gain **Burning +1**.

✗ **Light a Fire Under Them:** Friendly models damaged by this Action end all non-**Burning** Conditions.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Arsenal)

TAR BOMB

If this Upgrade is Attached to Ophelia LaCroix, after resolving an Action on this Upgrade, this model may discard it to deal 1 damage to a model within 6.

This model gains the following Ability:

PLINK! When this model suffers damage, it may discard this Upgrade to reduce the damage suffered by 1.

This model gains the following Action:

ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN

TAR BOMB 8" 6 Df 12
Target suffers 1/1/2 damage and gains **Staggered**. If the target has the **Burning** Condition, it instead suffers 3/5/6 damage and gains **Burning +2**.

✗ **Flame Wall:** Target must have **Burning +3** or greater. Create a 50mm Hazardous (**Burning +1**) Pyre Marker within 1" of the target.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Arsenal)

UPGRADE CARDS

TRASH CANNON

If this Upgrade is Attached to Ophelia LaCroix, after resolving an Action on this Upgrade, this model may discard it to deal 1 damage to a model within ①6.

This model gains the following Ability:

PLINK!: When this model suffers damage, it may discard this Upgrade to reduce the damage suffered by 1.

This model gains the following Action:

ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN

TRASH CANNON 18" 6 Df -
Enemy only. Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.
 Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with the target.

♣ **Critical Strike**: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ♣ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).

⚡ **Swift Action**: Take this Action again.



LIMITATIONS
 Special (Arsenal)

BOMBS IN YER BELLY

This model gains the following Ability:

UNSTABLE EXPLOSIVES: When this model suffers damage from an effect with a damage flip, it suffers +♣ damage. This ♣ Marker is always Dropped by the model that Attached this Upgrade to this model, after any other ♣ Markers have been Dropped.

If this model does not have the **Demise (Explosive +X)** Ability it gains:

DEMISE (EXPLOSIVE +3): After this model is killed, models within ①2 suffer +3 damage. This model does not Drop any Markers when killed.



LIMITATIONS
 Special (Explosive)
 Plentiful (3)

DRUNK AND STUPID

If Som'er Teeth Jones 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 Action:

TACTICAL ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN

↘ **TRUSTY FLASK** - 5 - 10
 This model Heals 1/2/3 and gains **Poison +1**.



LIMITATIONS
 Special (Summon, Family Gathering)
 Plentiful (2)

IN THE EYE OF THE BEER-HOLDER

This model gains the following Ability:

INTOXICATION: Enemy models with **Poison +3** or greater that start their Activation within ①8 gain **Slow**.

This model gains the following Action:

ATTACK ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN

LURE 12" 5 Wp -
 Move the target its **Mv** toward this model.

♣ **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.



LIMITATIONS
 Special (Pour One Out)

WANGA MOJO CURSE | O

This model gains the following Abilities:

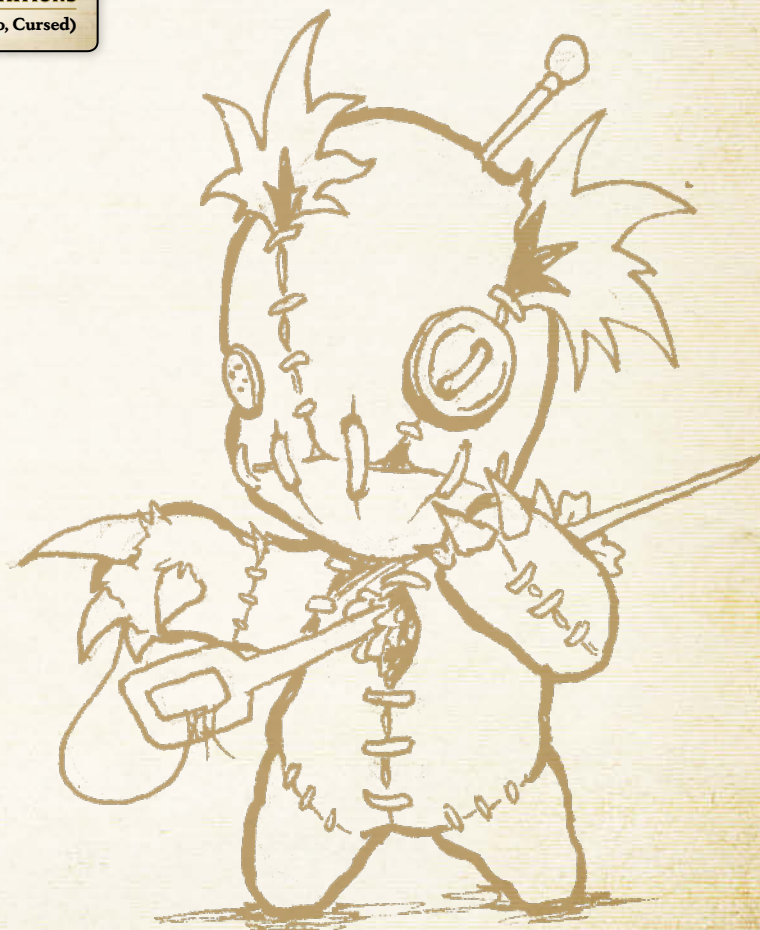
LINKED FATE: After an enemy Voodoo Doll suffers damage, this model suffers 1 damage. If an enemy Voodoo Doll gains a Condition, this model gains the same Condition with a total value of +1 (if applicable).

"THAT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ME...": At the start of this model's Activation, this model may discard three cards or two Soulstones. If it does so, discard this Upgrade.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Voodoo, Cursed)



KEYWORD INDEX

BANDIT

Bayou Smuggler 85

BIG HAT

Banjonista 74
Bayou Gremlin 76
Georgy and Olaf 70
Good Ol' Boy 71
Gremlin Crier 72
Lenny Jones 69
Old Cranky 75
Som'er Teeth Jones 66
Spit Hog 73
Skeeter 68

CROSSROADS

Gluttony 150

EFFIGY

Lucky Effigy 148

EMISSARY OF FATE

Lucky Emissary 149

FOUNDRY

Mechanized Porkchop 151
Sparks LeBlanc 132
Survivor 136

INFAMOUS

Bayou Smuggler 85
Burt Jebson 83
Earl Burns 80
The First Mate 82
Flying Piglet 87
Gracie 103
Iron Skeeter 84
Mancha Roja 81
Merris LaCroix 95
Wrastler 86
Captain Zipp 78

KIN

Francois LaCroix 91
LaCroix Raider 97
Merris LaCroix 95
Ophelia LaCroix 88
Pere Ravage 93
Rami LaCroix 96
Raphael LaCroix 92
Sammy LaCroix 94
Young LaCroix 90

ONI

Akaname 127

PIG

Gracie 103
Old Major 101
Piglet 109
The Sow 104
Squealer 108
War Pig 102
Wild Boar 105

PUPPET

Lucky Effigy 148
Voodoo Doll 112

SOOEY

Hog Whisperer 106
Penelope 100
Slop Hauler 107
Swine - Cursed 144
Ulix Turner 98

SWAMPFIEND

Bayou Gator 116
The First Mate 82
Gautraux Bokor 145
Gupps 117
McTavish 113
Silurid 115
Spawn Mother 114
Voodoo Doll 112
Zoraida 110

TRI-CHI

Akaname 127
Apprentice Wesley 120
The Brewmaster 118
Cooper Jones 124
Fingers Leong 122
Moon Shinobi 125
Popcorn Turner 123
Whiskey Gamin 126
Whiskey Golem 121

TRICKSY

Big Brain Brin 131
Bushwhacker 135
The Little Lass 130
Mah Tucket 128
Rooster Rider 133
Sparks LeBlanc 132
Survivor 136
Test Subject 137
Trixielle 134

WIZZ-BANG

Alphonse LeBlanc 141
Burt Jebson 83
Flying Piglet 87
Gautraux Bokor 145
Lightning Bug 146
Olivia Bernard 140
Pigapult 143
Sammy LaCroix 94
Stuffed Piglet 147
Swine - Cursed 144
Taxidermist 142
Wong 138

VERSATILE

Bayou Gator 116
Bayou Gremlin 76
Bayou Smuggler 85
Burt Jebson 83
Gluttony 150
Gracie 103
Lucky Effigy 148
Lucky Emissary 149
McTavish 113
Mechanized Porkchop 151
Pigapult 143



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.

THE BAYOU



M3E

BAD THINGS HAPPEN

THE BAYOU



Protected by the twisting rivers and impenetrable fog, the denizens of the Bayou live in relative isolation from the city-folk, and they'd prefer to keep it that way. While the rest of the world worries about power over shiny stones, Gremlins only care about what truly matters: booze, bashes, and banjos. But the Bayou is filled with more than just green-skinned hillbillies, and every swamp creature will need to band together to keep outsiders from snooping for secrets best left undiscovered.

MBE

Malifaux Third Edition is a story-driven skirmish game that carries the events from the lore directly into the characters' mechanics. With a streamlined hiring system, straightforward and updated rules that don't get in the way of the fun, and enough strategic depth to keep those mental gears turning for years to come, it's never been a better time to dive into the world of Malifaux.

Seek your fortune, test your luck, and stake your claim in this fast-paced and brutal tabletop miniature skirmish game.



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