



NEVERBORN

MALIFAUX

THIRD EDITION



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THE NEVERBORN



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THE NEVERBORN



T*hree queens, one crown. All climb up, all fall down. With the first, the truth will drown. With the last, the leaves will brown.* Proud as they are primordial, the Neverborn are more fractured than ever, reaching for a throne that isn't there. Self-proclaimed leaders clamor to rule their splintered people. Some are remembered as betrayers of ancient prophecy. Others mock Fate in the name of birthright. But if the world is a book and the pages are written in blood, what left is there to rule at the epilogue?

The Neverborn, unceremoniously dubbed by the interlopers and intruders from the other side of the Breach, are the native inhabitants of Malifaux. Born, created, and shaped by the magic that eternally slumbers beneath the world's surface, these monsters and mortals are driven by the madness and nightmares that poison all others.

Long before they were given a name, they were just a people ruled by the Autumn Queen. During the days of Tyrants, of earth-shattering war machines and reality-warping magical rituals, Titania offered them hope and gave them betrayal, destroying the Tyrants in their physical form and in doing so, freeing the Grave Spirit, an incarnation of death itself, and nearly obliterating all that

she claimed as her domain in the process. It was this treachery that would be her undoing, as her people soon trapped her in a prison, where they hoped she would wither away until the end of days.

Despite having imprisoned their former queen and crumbling the physical forms of the godlike Tyrants, their ephemeral spirits still lingered like freshly fallen snow or fevered dreams, and the battle was far from over. The price for their victory was steep; the Tyrants warped and twisted their bodies and blood, leaving behind only the monstrous to wander the world.

Centuries passed, and the survivors of the war drifted to the corners of Malifaux, regressing past

the trappings of civilization and into primitive tribes of winged beasts, runebound savages, and mutating shapeshifters. Portals would open from other worlds, welcoming tree spirits from Earth while dispersing denizens to other realms. It was a transformative and tumultuous time that would ultimately shape what would later become the Neverborn.

When it came time for a new Queen to rule - or more accurately when the people were too splintered to notice or care - a black blooded Nephilim who reveled in carnage took claim. With fang and claw she conquered, uniting mimic with woe, lest they met their end. Nekima's control would ultimately be short-lived, as she was more interested in supremacy and bloodshed than keeping any semblance of peace between her people.

As the Breach first opened and humanity trampled upon her domain, she and her sister, Lilith, watched from a distance. Lilith was carefully inquisitive, laughing as they fought over fading tomes and broken trinkets, while Nekima was hungry for slaughter. A decade passed as they sat in silence, vicariously relishing in the violence, but the trespassers soon overstayed their welcome. Nekima banded together the Nephilim and butchered the human invaders, while a mysterious hag named Zoraida closed the Great Breach.

Lilith, the Mother of Monsters, was clever and contemplative, and as Nekima stormed through human flesh with blade in hand, Lilith took her first steps toward the throne. Cunning usurped cruelty, and for over a hundred years, it was not reckless violence that bound the volatile chaos of the Neverborn together, but patience and acumen.

For some Neverborn, the hundred years to come after were but drops in an endless ocean, lost before the next tidal wave. The Breach would open once more, but no longer were the Nephilim curious and careful, they were wanting and waiting. Some even infiltrated their organizations under the masks of men. Unknown to the Mother of Monsters, her sister toiled and plotted against her, and waited for the most opportune time to hatch a plan to seize the throne, just as she had done a century ago.

None but perhaps Zoraida, the Swamp Hag, or Euripides, the All Seeing Eye, expected the Autumn Queen to be released from her prison. By the hands of the foolish and foolhardy alike, the vain curiosity of a few shortsighted humans was all it took to turn the key to the eternal cage. Titania's reappearance sent shockwaves through the Neverborn, and in those ripples, she sensed the presence of her ancient enemies, the Tyrants. When she attempted to reunite the splintered divisions, she was met with opposition by those who remembered her previous ploy.

In the Autumn Queen's arrival, Nekima saw an opportunity. When facing two evils, using one to destroy the other would leave both wounded. In an understanding that the black blooded kin would still be under Nekima's command, the ancient Nephilim bent the knee. Using the same prison that locked away Titania and with the help from other Neverborn allies, Nekima was able to throw Lilith into the cell, never to be seen or heard from again.

But nothing is ever as it seems. Unbeknownst to the Autumn Queen, it was the Tyrant Nytemare who pushed the Mother of Monsters down into the chamber. While Zoraida contributed to the cause, she saw the effort not as an imprisonment, but as a safeguard, protecting Lilith from what is yet to come.

As the Neverborn continue to fight amongst themselves, clawing at a throne that is more metaphor than corporeal, there are still some who look outward at greater evils, like those interlopers who walk the streets of their former city. A great many still believe that humanity is a scourge that must be cleansed, but some now insist that humans are destined to play a role in the final battle against the Tyrants.

In as deep as the blood that courses through their veins, there is one unifying trait amongst all Neverborn: a touch of madness. Prophecies of their ancestors rattle between the splintered tribes like brittle bones after a battle, and only time will tell which prognostication, if any, will ring true.



THE BOLD & DESPERATE



by
Mason Crawford, David Tanja Ivey, and Tim Akers

The interior of the Crossroads Inn was dimly lit, and that was its finest feature. Dingy wallpaper hung from the walls - tattered in places, patched in others, a mismatched tapestry of scraps that failed to cover the clapboard walls. The patrons matched the walls, a motley collection of leftovers that failed to cover their tabs more often than not. The band playing on the rickety stage droned through the motions. There were too many of them on stage, and not enough talent. Seven players, and maybe two decent notes among them, and those didn't really go together.

The door opened, and a pair of people walked in. They were dressed impeccably, the man in black, the woman all in red. They stood just inside the door, surveying the hall, eyes falling on each patron, weighing them and discarding them in a heartbeat. The man took a deep breath, then let it out in a long, frustrated sigh.

"Well," he said quietly. "This is appropriately miserable."

"Chin up, love," the woman answered. "Who needs fortune more than the unfortunate?"

"Not enough luck in the world to turn this lot," he said. "At least we're out of that disgusting swamp. Ugly green little monsters. Come on. We could use a drink."

She bowed slightly, taking his arm before the pair of them wound their way through the jumbled tables. They claimed the last decent table, far enough from the stage to be private, close enough to the door for a quick escape, with a good view of the whole room. A waitress came over, clearly surprised to have customers who might have cash. The man ordered a bottle of the establishment's finest wine, and an equal

measure of their best whiskey, "for the lady." When the waitress was gone, he turned to his companion.

"Well," he announced, clapping his hands together, just loudly enough to disrupt the band. "That did not go according to plan."

"It did not," the woman agreed. "The gambler would have made an ideal host."

"Which is why that parasite already had its hooks in him. And a creature like that will not be easily displaced. That man will need more luck than even we can provide to survive that... partnership."

"Do not speak ill of our fortuity, dear." The woman's eyes scanned the room, lingering briefly on the band before continuing on. The singer took her attention the wrong way, and redoubled his meager efforts. "There will be other hosts, perhaps even in this place."

The man winced at the band's sudden enthusiasm, scraping his chair as he turned away from them. The waitress came with two bottles, both equally dusty. The man accepted them hesitantly.

"Yes, I suppose this is the best we could hope for. Thank you, my dear. Keep these coming," he said with a dismissive gesture.

"I think- I'm sorry, sir, but I think that's the last bottle of that vintage we have."

"I believe you'll find more if you look hard enough," the woman said.

The waitress looked confused, but disappeared into the back. The man watched her go.



"Her?" he asked.

"Don't be crude. We have yet to fall to those depths."

"Haven't we?" The man cracked open the wine, pouring himself a heavy glass and downing it in one mouthful. He flinched, examined the bottle once again, then quickly poured and drank another glass. "These are some pretty foul depths, my love. Only alleviated by your company, of course."

"You are a man who lacks perspective," she said. She leaned back, cradling her glass of whiskey. He never saw her drink, even though the bottles always emptied around her, and the warm haze of liquor filled her breath. Her eyes fell on the band again. "Misfortune is relative. We are in a better place than many of our kin."

"The dead look up and wonder at our joy," he said. "And bless their fortune, to no longer be misery's toy."

"You're a real pleasure to be around sometimes," she said. "Get some perspective. Look around. The world is rife with opportunity."

"Is it?" He looked around, grimacing. "I don't see anything."

"The band," she said, nodding in their direction. The man twisted to stare at the stage. Their combined attention drew out the nerves of the performers, and for a brief second the whole song went sideways. The man snorted.

"Hardly a rich prospect," he said.

"They have talent. Mismatched and struggling to fit together, but the raw spark is there. And there are seven of them. An auspicious number."

"Seven hells, seven plagues," the man answered, counting on his fingers. "Seven—"

"Sins," she interrupted, and he paused, eyes narrowing as he stared at the band again. "You see it now?"

"I do," he answered. "Not quite the potential of the gambler."

"Forget the gambler," she said. "He's lost to us. Look at what's in front of you. Look at the possibility. All they need is a little luck. A push in the right direction."

"Indeed." He sat thoughtfully, finishing off the bottle and setting it aside. The waitress appeared immediately, replacing the bottle with one that was less dusty and of a slightly nicer vintage. The man uncorked it with a flourish, poured, and drank. "A little fortune indeed."



The filth of the Malifaux slums hadn't yet tarnished the bright ink of the poster. It stood out against the building's soot-stained wall, a single square of color against a sea of dingy wood and smeared ash. An artistic depiction of seven musicians dominated the poster. The men were handsome, the women beautiful, in the way that audiences expected their performers to be more attractive than was actually possible. The whole group was surrounded by a fireworks display of colorful notes that seemed to spring off the surface of the paper. Wild flames and arcs of lightning radiated from their instruments.

"One night only," the poster read. Pandora's finger traced the bold lettering, nail scratching against the ink. "Exclusively at the Star Theater. Fortune's Favor." She straightened up, peering at the faces of the performers. *Fortune's Favor, hm?* she thought to herself. *Interesting.*

Pandora had spent the better part of the night staring at the poster. She had scrutinized every inch of its surface, sometimes drawn in by the twist of the singer's mouth, or the sparkle in the eye of the fiddler, or some other detail she had missed the first time through. Each time she turned to leave, something would catch her eye and draw her back. She shifted her puzzle box from one hand to the other, her fingers absently tracing the edge of its lid.

"Fortune's Favor." The voice came from over Pandora's shoulder, startling her. She spun around, her fingers tightening on the box as she prepared to open it and punish whoever had sneaked up on her... but there was nobody there. After a moment, Pandora realized that the voice must have been her own.

"Fortune's Favor," she repeated, this time consciously. The box trembled in her grasp, rough wooden sides rattled against her rings. Pandora stared down at it - *she stared up at herself from within the puzzle*

box- in surprise. A moment of vertigo seized her, and she pressed her free hand against her temple and closed her eyes. As far back as she could remember -*don't try to remember*- she had always been a bit unstable, but the vertigo was a recent affliction. She knew that it meant -*don't think about it*- she didn't know what it meant, but she was worried -*don't worry*- she wasn't concerned about it.

Pandora's head tilted to the side. "Fortune's Favor." She opened her eyes and found herself trapped inside a steel box, black walls rutted with claw marks, familiar, stained with the centuries of her imprisonment. She opened her eyes and looked at the poster for the first time, finally seeing the pattern in the colors, the meaning of the words. "*Fortune's Favor*," something said. She stared upwards through the roof of her prison as the thing in her body reached out and touched the poster, tracing her fingers across the image. No, not tracing. Clawing. One of her fingernails tore through the paper and then broke off on the stone wall behind it. A trickle of blood smeared across the parchment, soaking into the paper and turning the faces of the performers a deep red.

Pandora jumped back in shock. The puzzle box tumbled out of her hands and landed on the brick pavement, clattering as it came to rest against a pile of trash. Pandora stared at the jagged nail, flexing her hand angrily before biting down on the injury, sucking away the blood, and the pain along with it.

"Bloody box," she muttered. She snatched it off the ground and pressed down on the lid, as if she could squeeze the box tighter shut. "Leave me to it, will you? I know my business."

"Ma'am? Are you all right?"

The voice snapped Pandora out of her thoughts. The puzzle box was firmly nestled in the crook of her arm, and her hand was pressed up against the poster, a few droplets of blood welling up around her broken fingernail -*you are mine*.

Pandora took a deep breath, calming the furious shaking in her arms, the fury that was boiling its way through her blood. She slowly lowered her hand and turned to face the speaker. He was middle-aged, with wisps of salt and pepper hair peeking out from beneath a green wool hat. A matching coat hung around his shoulders, and beneath that, she could see the dull, faded blues of denim overalls.

"No, I'm unwell. I need help," she tried to say, but what came out of her mouth was "I'm fine, thank you." Her lips pulled back in a smile, and she gestured to the poster behind her. "Do you know anything about this show? About these performers? Fortune's Favor. Quite the name, don't you think?"

"You're a sight braver than me, then," the man answered. "Rumor going around town is that those folks are the Crossroads Seven."

"The Crossroads Seven?" Pandora asked, arching her brow. "Am I supposed to know who that is?"

The man quickly glanced over his shoulder to see if anyone was passing nearby, then stepped closer and lowered his voice. "There been stories about 'em for a few years. A violinist shows up in a northern contract towns and performs, and the whole town descends into debauchery. Big fella with some drums plays a few beats down in Edge Point, and everyone listening falls on each other, biting and clawing and *eating* their neighbors."

"How terrible," Pandora said, though her voice carried a thrill. "And now they're all going to be in one place. Interesting."

The man shrugged. "Like I said, you're braver than me if you're going to that show. Gods know what will happen."

"They do indeed," Pandora said, nodding absently, her mind already working out just how she was going to get into the theater. Was there time to find someone with a ticket before the performance started, or would it be easier to try to slip into through the back? The theater's owner, that sequined bird of a woman, was notoriously crafty and would surely have traps in place...

"Show opens tonight," the man reminded her as he shoved his hands into his pockets. "Not much time to find someone."

Pandora nodded again. "And I don't want to end up in another battle with that woman."

"If you're recognized, they'd probably cancel the performance, and that's no good." The man bit his lip and looked up at the night sky. "You need to catch them in the act." He laughed at his own joke, a sharp bark that rattled the box in Pandora's grip. "Of course, once the performance begins, they're probably not going to have many people taking tickets. Or watching the doors. I could just walk right in," the man said. "I do love making an entrance."

Pandora froze as she realized that the words she had meant to say came out of the man's mouth. She stared at him in dawning realization. A shiver of anger went through her. *Bloody box.*

"Pandora," he said, drawing her attention. "You know what they're going to try. You have to be there. We have to be there."



THE BOLD & DESPERATE

The man loomed over her, his form growing in size even as it became less distinct and humanoid. Wisps of darkness lashed out from the creature's sides, and its face dissolved into a tattered mask of horror incarnate. Pandora squared her shoulders and faced the creature.

"I'm not the one in the box," she snapped. The vision hesitated, and Pandora's face twisted into a smile. "We will go, yes. But on my terms. And in my way."

"It's going to be a marvelous evening," she said, stroking the hard edges of the box. "How fortunate I'm able to make an appearance."



The sun had only just finished dipping beneath the horizon when the first of the musicians arrived at the Star Theater. The vocalist's gait was uneven and staggering, his bald head lowered and swaying with each step. Muttered curses fell from his lips. To the casual observer, the man was nothing more than another hopeless, angry drunk.

His patrons were waiting for him at the service entrance.

The vocalist slowed his pace as he caught sight of them and curled his hands into fists. "The hell are you doing here?" he growled. Something moved behind him, an after-image of a ghostly shape superimposed upon the real world, and whispered in his ear. His head twitched at the voice, but his smoldering gaze never left the couple.

The man in black stepped backwards and motioned to the service entrance with a flourish. "You have a performance tonight, dear Wrath. The show of a lifetime."

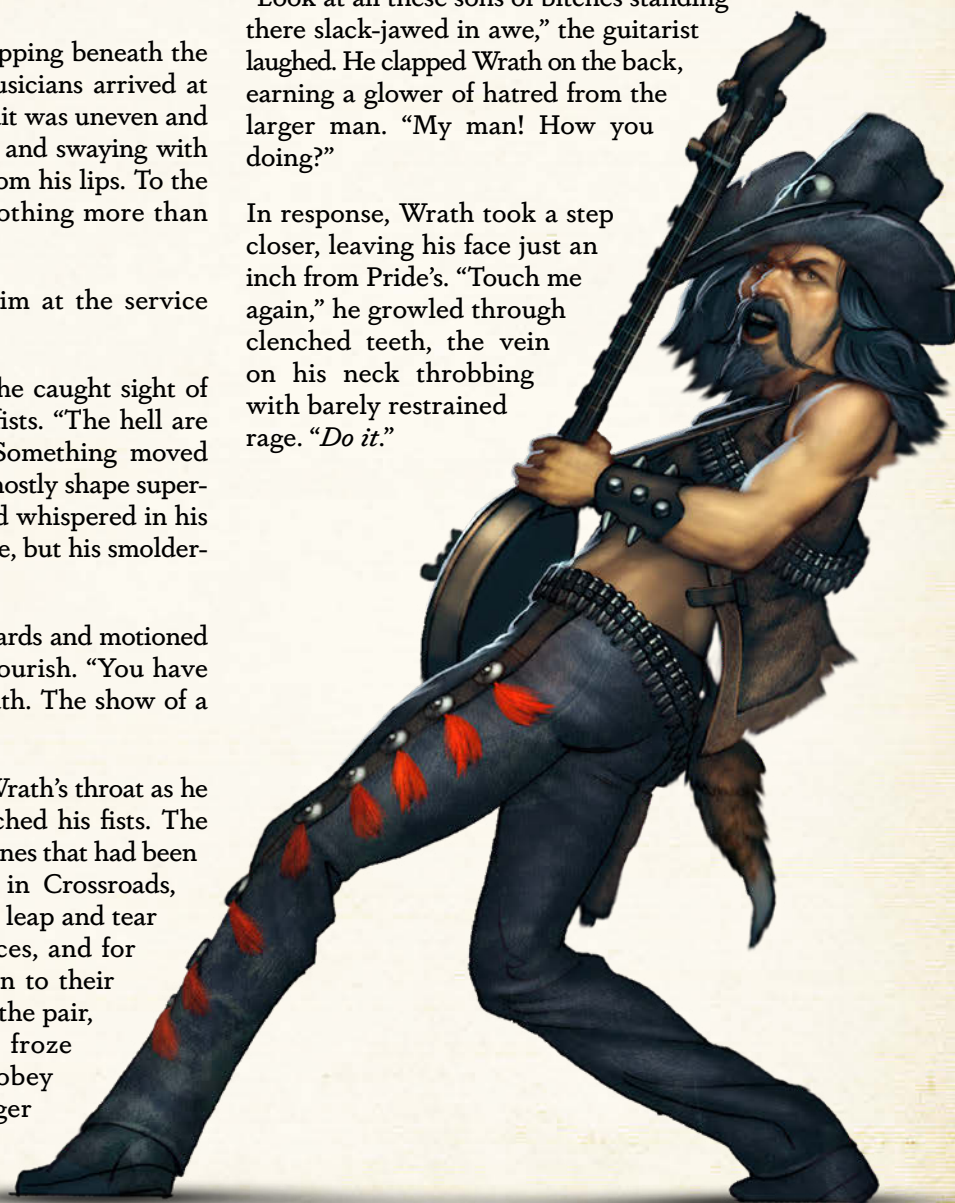
A growl rumbled in the back of Wrath's throat as he repeatedly clenched and unclenched his fists. The damnable voices in his head, the ones that had been with him ever since that night in Crossroads, urged him forward, urged him to leap and tear the sources of his pain into pieces, and for once, he felt no guilt in giving in to their prodding. He took a step toward the pair, his muscles tensing... and then froze in place, his body refusing to obey his commands. His snarl of anger tightened in frustration as his

legs betrayed him. He lifted his hands and stared at them, rage filling his head and he tried to curl his trembling fingers into fists. He couldn't move. The man by the door made a sympathetic sound, which drove Wrath further into a rage.

A shout interrupted his roiling thoughts, and Wrath turned to see the band's guitarist strutting down the street toward them. With his black leather vest, matching hat, blue jeans, and carefully trimmed goatee, Pride was the embodiment of carefully groomed self-indulgence. He walked like every step was a gift to the ground, and smiled like a man about to offer to sleep with your wife. His jeweled guitar was slung across his back and held in place by a sequined harness.

"Look at all these sons of bitches standing there slack-jawed in awe," the guitarist laughed. He clapped Wrath on the back, earning a glower of hatred from the larger man. "My man! How you doing?"

In response, Wrath took a step closer, leaving his face just an inch from Pride's. "Touch me again," he growled through clenched teeth, the vein on his neck throbbing with barely restrained rage. "*Do it.*"



Pride held the vocalist's gaze for a long moment, then grinned and stepped back, his hands raised to his side. "I know everyone wants a piece of this, but I gotta save some for the ladies." He shaped the fingers of his right hand into a gun, feigned shooting Wrath, and winked.

"Let me kill him," Wrath growled. He shot a look over his shoulder at their patrons. "You know you want me to do it. Let me tear him limb from—"

"Enough," the woman in red said. "There's no time for games. The others should be arriving soon, and you all have a curtain call to make."

"No shit?" Pride placed his hands on his hips and grinned. "We're playing tonight? Hell, I wish someone had told me, I would have brought my guitar."

The man in black motioned toward the instrument on the guitarist's back. "That guitar, dear Pride?"

Pride's grin faded. He reached over his shoulder and slid the guitar to his belly, staring at it in confusion. He pushed back the carefully worn brim of his leather hat and scratched his well-groomed hair. "Huh, not sure when I grabbed that..."

"Something to muse over as you prepare," the woman said. She motioned to the service entrance behind him. "Hurry along. There's a packed house waiting for you."

The two musicians shuffled past them and into the Star Theater. Pride's face was scrunched up in thought as he tried to remember just when he had scooped up his guitar and decided to travel to Malifaux City. Wrath was less thoughtful and just glared violence at the couple until he was out of sight.

The woman in red waited until they were out of earshot before speaking. "They're becoming more difficult to control."

Her companion stepped up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist, prompting her to lean back into his embrace. "Do you think it's a problem?"

She stared up into the evening sky. "No, it's just..." She sighed. "I *really* wanted the gambler."

"So did I," the man in black admitted. "He would have been a powerful host, had that voracious parasite not latched onto his soul." He gave her a reassuring squeeze. "It won't matter after tonight. Nothing will."

The woman smiled despite her concerns. "How many of us have reached this point and felt the same, only to fail at the last moment? December, Plague, Cherufe..."

"It's almost as if they hit a streak of *bad luck* at just the wrong moment." He chuckled, prompting the woman to look back over her shoulder at him in amusement. In that moment, he felt her tension and doubts – *their* tension and doubts – melt away.



Applause filled the theater as the curtain parted and Angelica Durand stepped out onto the stage. Despite her sequined dress – and the plunging neckline and side slit that, when taken together, were more than enough to qualify the dress as scandalous – it was her beaming personality that drew all eyes in the packed building to her, from the private booths and balconies to the floor seats and theater staff.

"Welcome, welcome, to the Star Theater!" Assisted by the theater's acoustics, Angelica's powerful voice had little problem reaching the back seats. She paused as the audience responded with more applause, a genuine smile on her face. She lived for moments like this, the moment that made all the hard work and sketchy missions worth it. The moment of performance, and the attention of the crowd.

As the applause died down, Angelica strutted across the stage, drawing the audience with her. "I can tell that we've got a great crowd here tonight! In addition to the usual rabble..." She gestured to the common area and was rewarded with raucous hooting and hollering from the workers packed into the narrow benches. "...tonight, we're also rubbing shoulders with the rich and famous!"

Raising a sequined hand, she began to count off each name on her fingers. "Winston Finnigan of Winston's Dirigibles, Aucaman of Condor Rails, Lune Heed of Alpine Firearms, the famous talent scout, Sebastian Baker..." Angelica's voice trailed off as she fanned herself dramatically. "All the money in this room is enough to make a girl feel faint!"

Laughter rumbled through the crowd as Angelica tossed them an exaggerated wink that could be seen from the theater's rear. "Thankfully, we have the perfect performance for such a fortunate crowd!"

Elegantly crafted music that will appeal to the refined tastes of the wealthy while still letting us poor folk do a bit of hip swayin’!” She swiveled her hips as she said this last part, throwing the theater – and especially the common seats – into whistles and cheers of approval.

Angelica threw her arms wide. “Without any further ado, I give you... Fortune’s Favor!” Arms high, she strutted off stage left as the curtain behind her rose, revealing the band. Strangely, each of the performers was dressed differently, as though they were thrown together at the last second. Both guitarists were stylish in a casual way, but the bass player was dressed in a shabby, tattered suit that had clearly seen better days. Standing in contrast to them were the vocalist and drummer, neither of whom had bothered to put on a shirt.

The audience quieted as the band took up their instruments, leaving only faint murmurs here and there. It was the pianist, Envy, who drew the most attention, as he was seated at the center of a massive steamwork organ, the pipes venting steam. He began the show with a long and droning key. Lust joined in on her violin a second later with a complementary melody that quickly turned sour, weaving back and forth between frenetic energy and screeching dissonance. The drummer, his head bowed and shoulders slumped, started banging out a bewildering rhythm that filled the Star with urgent noise. As the vocalist wrapped his hands around the microphone, the audience shifted in their seats, uncomfortable and yet drawn into the performance. In the cheap seats, the crowd started to shove one another, fingers quickly clenching into fists as the song progressed.

The woman in red turned to her partner. From their place in the balcony, they had a perfect view of the mayhem starting to unfold below. She lowered her head and rested it on the shoulder of the man in black.

“I love it when things fall apart,” she whispered. He smiled and folded his hand over hers.

“Yes. It will take some incredible fortune to get out of this alive,” he said, then leaned forward, a frown creasing his brow. “Some of our subjects are stirring, my love.”

A commotion was starting in the box seats, where their luckiest victims were seated. Winston Finnigan, a plump man surrounded by his plumper harem, was getting up from his seat. His personal bodyguard was in the process of escorting him out.

“A heart attack should have taken that man ten years ago,” the man in black said. “And Fortune will have its due.”

“Only a few moments more,” his lady answered. “And the music will have him.”

“We don’t have a few moments. Without Finnigan, this won’t go off.” He raised his hand and gestured to the band.

Like marionettes, the band members jerked upright, eyes wide as their will was snagged by the man in black. He spread his fingers, then clenched them into a fist. The music, already frantic and mad, pitched into a maniacal cacophony. Notes blurred together, and the ragged sound of the singer’s voice turned into a roar. As one, the roughs in the cheap seats stood up and started tearing each other apart. Among the more genteel members of the audience, the effect was more subtle, and more disturbing. A slow atrocity swept through the crowd.

The woman in red stood, grabbing the banister as she leaned forward. In his box, Finnigan slowly sat down. He turned to one of his wives and cradled her head in his palm, drawing her closer. As their faces touched, the baron of dirigible manufacturing and self-made millionaire opened his mouth and sank blunt teeth into the woman’s cheek. She screamed as the blood flowed down Finnigan’s chin.

“It’s working,” the lady in red whispered. “It’s working!”

“Yes,” the man answered. “And now the question: what do you do when your luck runs out?”



As was her custom, Angelica was watching the show from just offstage. A wave of emotions plunged through her as the music cranked up in volume and speed, burning hatred that could just as easily be mistaken for lust, or envy, or pride. She gritted her teeth, grabbing hold of one of the booms that supported the overhead lighting. She knew heavy magic when she saw it, and doubly knew what she had to do. Angelica tore herself away from the stage, stumbling back to the green room and slamming the door. The music died, cut off by the heavy soundproofing. Just as quickly as those feelings had filled her, they dropped away.

"Well, shit," she mumbled. "Someone's going to have to drop the curtain on that." A blonde woman in overalls opened the other door into the green room, the one that led to the catacombs beneath the stage. Her eyes were wide with fright.

"What the hell is going on out there?" the woman asked.

"We need to fire whoever signed this band," Angelica said. "Cherise! Spin up the coryphees!"

"The coryphees?" The blonde woman seemed surprised at first, but then her training kicked in and she nodded in understanding. "How many of them?"

Angelica was already moving past Cherise, her sequined dress shimmering like a torch in the dim backstage area. "All of them!"

Cherise's eyes widened in surprise. "Shouldn't we get Colette?" she shouted after the retreating emcee. The panic was evident in her voice; even a single coryphee was a dangerous combatant, and any threat that warranted more than one or two of the clockwork murder machines was more than she could comprehend.

Angelica spun around and threw her arms out to her sides, as if to ask, "What do you think I'm doing?" Then she was hurrying forward again, trusting that Cherise would follow her orders and get the coryphees into place. Even if the blonde locked up in fear, Angelica just didn't have time to find someone else: she had to warn Colette while there was still time.

The proprietor of the Star Theater had made certain that the most dependable members of the Guild's train detail were among the audience tonight, ensuring that the night shift would be manned by slackers, idiots, and guardsmen who were on the Arcanists' payroll. With a handful of scrip and a few flirtatious winks, a large shipment of the Union's smuggled Soulstones would find itself safely stowed on the train, ready to be shipped back to Earth without the Guild's knowledge. Colette had decided to oversee the delicate operation herself and had left Angelica in charge of things at the theater.

Reaching the aviary, Angelica threw open the metal door and was greeted with the unblinking gaze of a dozen clockwork doves, all of them lined up neatly in two little rows upon their respective shelves. Despite the dire situation, she smirked when she saw that one of the tiny mechanical birds was wearing a very small top hat.

Snatching up the bird, she tapped it twice on its head, indicating that she was about to give it a direct order. "Foxes in the hen house," she said, repeating the code that every showgirl learned in her first week of training. The dove released a tinny coo of understanding and launched itself into the air, swirling upwards through the covered, chimney-like opening overhead.

Angelica sighed in relief.

Her respite was short lived. A crack of thunder sounded in the narrow confines of the theater, rattling the building and shaking dust from the ceiling. Angelica stared down at the floor, in the direction of the theater, and the commotion. Gunshots rang out. She looked back at the chimney and the fleeing doves.

"Come on, baby," she whispered. "You're needed on the main stage."



A wall of sound rolled out across the audience. Everywhere that it touched, every heart that heard it, and every soul that twisted under its influence, chaos followed. Every soul contains the seed of sin, and when drawn to the surface, that seed becomes a monster.

The pair in black and red promenaded down the main aisle, arm in arm, like a royal couple greeting their subjects. They watched as the audience surged forward as one, trapped in the throes of the band's influence, their sins bursting through their skins and wreaking havoc. The man in black leaned close to the woman's ear.

"A long time coming," he whispered. "All these fortunate souls, each one guided by our hand, gifted with our luck... until today. Until now."

"They don't seem so lucky now," the woman answered.

"Fortune can be a cruel bitch," he said, leaning in to kiss her cheek and whisper in her ear. She laughed and dug her nails into his wrist.

"Yes, we can. And now..." she twisted her head toward the entrance, a line of worry creasing her forehead. "Did you hear that? Is it—"

The building rumbled, and the wall surrounding the front entrance cracked open. The twin doors burst

aside, and a woman dressed in green velvet and fury swept through.

"Show's over, folks!" Pandora shouted as she entered, cloak spread wide, one hand holding the box over her head. "Everyone back in the box!"

The couple paused in their procession, their matching expressions of displeasure and annoyance a sharp contrast to the confusion and fear around them. The man drew a tiny revolver, silver-chased and pearl-handled. He started firing even before the barrel pointed in the direction of this new foe. The bullets whizzed off the walls, ricocheted across the stone floor, and dinged off the outstretched knife of a ruffian about to kill. Each shot deflected and flew at Pandora with incredible accuracy, bullets whistling right at her heart.

Each slug flattened itself against the wooden side of the box and clattered to the floor. Pandora smiled wide and batted her eyes.

"Fortune," she purred. "You should know better than that."

"Despair." The man in black holstered the pistol with a flourish, then shoved his hands into the pockets of his suit pants as he began walking casually up the aisle toward the thing that had once been Pandora. "Someone finally solved that little puzzle box of yours, hmm?"

The woman in red veered off in the other direction, putting a crowd of terrified humans between her and the other Tyrant. "And a Neverborn host at that. You were always taking the difficult path, weren't you?"

Dark, sinuous tendrils of shadow began to creep outward from Pandora as Despair grew more comfortable with its new body. "***Two hosts,***" Despair mused, its voice tearing deep furrows into the minds of those unfortunate enough to hear it speak. "***Is that not the Dragon's trick? Same old Fortune, always stealing from your betters.***"

The faces of both the man and the woman twitched at the same time, but it was the man who spoke. "We've come up with a few tricks of our own," he insisted. "Want to see?"

The woman raised her hand and gestured to the stage and the song changed. The bodies of the band twitched and jerked like marionettes. Sloth brought his hand down on the strings of his bass, releasing

a deep, reverberating peel. Pride and Greed joined him next, adding their own notes, and soon the entire band was playing a strange, lilting song unlike anything the audience had ever heard. Music and magic flowed from the Seven and into the heads of the audience, smothering their horror and panic in a phantasmagoria of raw sin.

Despair wasn't familiar with the song, though it did stir long-forgotten memories of its mortal life, long before it had cast aside its impermanence. Images of easels splashed with blood and fat black flies trapped in open jars of mixed paint welled up from the past, and with the thought, the Tyrant obliterated the stirring memories from its mind. They were a distraction at a time when it most needed to be focused.

To Despair's ears, the song was akin to a thousand barbed threads, each of them winding its way into the minds and souls of the humans around them. Some of the barbs were of shades and hues well known to its palette - the poisonous emerald of jealousy, the prickly maroon of anger, the dirty gray of apathy - but others consisted of colors that Despair had not employed in countless centuries. Here and there, Despair thought it could see images taking form among the weaving threads, only to break apart and reform as the band lurched into a new verse.

In a flash of insight, Despair realized the full extent of its fellow Tyrant's plan. Fortune had filled the performance hall with humans of extraordinary luck, some of it natural, some of it carefully cultivated by the Tyrant across a decade of subtle maneuvering and manipulation. The humans had been force-fed a steady diet of favorable coincidences and lucky breaks, and now their hidden luck intended to slaughter them and reap the rewards. The only flaw was that Fortune had, for reasons Despair could not fathom to guess, built its plan atop the backs of a handful of mortals.

Intending to overwhelm the band with self-destructive urges and bring their performance - and Fortune's hopes of ascension - to an abrupt end, Despair lifted its arm... only to find a dozen colored threads woven through its skin. The barbs tightened as the song's tempo increased, and more memories bloomed in the Tyrant's mind: a shattered statue, broken masks, delicate fingers carefully smearing foul paint onto scarred flesh...

The man in black had closed the distance between them. Reaching out, he took Pandora's chin in his hands and smirked. Despair's gaze was distant,

and the mouth of its host moved up and down as she silently mouthed the words to the abhorrent song that swirled through the theater. "You always underestimated the value of luck," the man in black whispered as he leaned forward, his voice like poison in her ear. "Did you think me foolish enough that I wouldn't prepare for one of our peers showing up?"

Across the room, the woman in red watched with amusement as the humans around her gave in to their base impulses. Some grabbed weapons and began to stab and bludgeon those sitting next to them, while others ripped at their clothing and embraced in desperate need. The woman nearest her, trapped between two different melodies, had ripped jeweled necklaces from the necks of the women around her and was trying to swallow the strings of pearls and diamonds before their former owners could claw them away. No matter their obsession, however, they all gave the couple a wide berth without truly understanding why.

The man in black stepped back from Despair and motioned to it with his hand. Heeding his silent command, one of the patrons, his suit torn and bloodied, cautiously approached the slack-jawed Tyrant. He was brandishing part of a broken armrest like a crude club, its end smeared with gore and clumps of blood-matted hair. On stage, the vocalist screamed incoherent words into the twisting tapestry of the song, and with a matching scream, the man swung his club at Despair, catching the dazed Tyrant right in the side of the head. Pandora's body crumpled to the ground as the club came down again and again, cracking bones with each brutal strike.



Gradually, Pandora became aware of darkness and agony. Her entire body ached, and her right arm and leg were bonfires of pain. Briefly, she wondered if she was dead, or even undead, but then she tried to breathe and was rewarded with pain the likes of which she had never known. She nearly blacked out right then and there, but one thought kept her tenuous grip on consciousness intact: dead people don't breathe.

Slowly, she forced her eyes open. She was on the ground, staring up at the intricately painted ceiling of the Star Theater. People were moving around her, but something was wrong. She couldn't hear them moving, or rather, their shouts and screams

were muffled by the loud ringing sound in her ears. She tried to turn her head, but pain seared its way through her skull.

Groaning – it came out as little more than a wheeze – Pandora tried to sit up, but something weighed down her right arm. Another wave of pain roared through her as she turned her head, and after the blurriness of her vision cleared, the shape of a tuxedo-clad man swam into focus. He was... kissing her hand? A torrent of agony roared through her arm as he pulled back and slurped down the flesh he had torn away.

He was eating her.

Using her good arm, Pandora motioned toward the man, sending barbs into his mind and turning his hunger inward. Without missing a beat, the man tumbled backward and started gnawing on his own fingers. Freed of his weight, Pandora was able to push herself into a sitting position and look around, taking stock of her surroundings.

Everything was in chaos. The patrons of the Star Theater – those that were still alive, at least – had lost their minds. Some were looting purses and wallets, others were standing atop their seats and boasting loudly about their accomplishments, and still more had shucked their clothes entirely and given in to their most base, hedonistic impulses. The most impressive – and terrifying – sight was reserved for the stage, however. A swirling mass of bright crimson and dark black energy was buoying a man and a woman dressed in similar colors towards the ceiling.

It was the same sort of energy that she herself had once wielded, back when such a thing had still been possible.

Eyes locked on the column of energy, Pandora winced as she forced her ruined arm into her pocket. Fingers stripped of flesh closed around the warm Soulstones that she kept there, and with a thought, she willed the energy into herself. Fractured bones fused back together and flesh knitted itself over healing muscle as the energy flowed out of the soul and across her body, repairing her injuries. As the healing surge flowed through her head, she winced at the unpleasant sensation of her skull shifting back into place... and then the ringing disappeared, allowing the full force of the band's music to wash over her.

It hit her in waves: an intense surge of self-confidence as she realized that she had narrowly avoided death using only her magical talents, a desperate sense of

longing for the spiritual power being channeled by the couple on the stage, and the realization that she was powerless in the face of such power and that she should just give up now. Pride, envy, sloth... but none of these held sway over her soul. She shoved them aside and stood up. She held out her hand, and the box mystically reformed in her palm. The chaos of the theater surged around her. She tilted her head toward the stage. Fortune was clambering over the choir lights to join the band.

"That's enough," Pandora said, striding forward. "You've had your fun, Fortune. My turn."



A clear, feminine voice, well-accustomed to projecting to the back seats, cut through the music like a knife. "Time for your curtain call!"

A few of the band members looked upwards just in time to see the velvet curtain suspended above loosen, then snap free. Surprise wrenched them out of their trance, and a moment later the music grinded to a halt as the heavy curtain crashed down onto them.

The moment the music ceased, the frenzied actions of the enthralled crowd came to a halt. Men in gore-splattered tuxedos stared down at their bloody hands in horror while women in tattered dresses fell to the ground and began vomiting up chunks of their fellow patrons. Some frantically snatched at whatever clothing was nearby to cover their naked bodies, while others collapsed to the ground and began screaming as the pain of their numerous injuries finally caught up with them.

High above the stage in the catwalks, Colette Du Bois tossed aside the sword she had used to sever the curtain's counterweight and snapped her fingers. She exploded into a cloud of glitter and blue smoke, only to reappear center stage amidst a burst of doves. Though not dressed in her typical stage costume – she was wearing workman's pants, a common white shirt, a heavy cloak trimmed with hoarcat fur, and matching ear muffs – Colette remained a sight to behold.

The illusionist pointed a delicate finger at the swirling mass of black and red energy gathered at the stage's edge. "I don't have the faintest idea what the hell you are, but I'm going to have to ask you to leave my theater."

The figures floating in the column of twisting energy whipped around to face Colette and descended to the stage. At first, they appeared to be human, but there was something else superimposed over top of them, a hideous creature with six limbs and a face that resembled a theater mask, half in crimson and the other in black. "***We do not have time for this interruption,***" the thing replied, its twin voices spilling from the mouths of both the man in black and the woman in red. "***Our ascension is nigh!***"

Colette tapped her earmuffs. "Sorry, I didn't catch that. I'll assume it was something clever."

The woman in red made a swiping motion toward Colette, and the spectral thing possessing her mimicked the gesture. A massive claw of boiling red-black energy slashed into the magician... and passed right through her as her image shattered like a mirror. Colette reappeared standing atop the edge of the balcony across the theater, but before she could get her bearings, the man in black raised his hand and snapped his fingers. With a groan, the balcony lurched under Colette's feet and sent her and the dozens of confused patrons still in the balcony tumbling toward the seats below.

Colette shouted in surprise and twisted her fingers, intending to teleport herself and the other patrons to safety, but the magic slipped away from her grasp like oil. Across the room, the woman in red watched with pleasure as the annoying illusionist disappeared into a tremendous crash of sound and dust. With that problem dealt with, the Tyrant turned its dual attention back to the band. "***Play. Play until you die if need be, but play.***"

"We're trying!" came Greed's reply from underneath the curtain. The band was struggling to free itself from the heavy curtain, but it was a time-consuming task.

The Tyrant's attention was drawn away from the band by a light-hearted voice. "Excuse me?"

The couple turned in a single motion, mirrors of each other, and stared down into the desolation of the seating area. Pandora was standing there, her green riding cloak just as disheveled as her red hair. She was clutching a puzzle box in her hands and smiling in a way that even the Tyrants found disturbing.

The man and the woman sneered in unison. "***It is too late, Despair. We have never been stronger!***"

Pandora's mouth curled into an 'O' shape. "Oooh, I'm sorry, Despair isn't here right now. Let me see if I can find it." She raised her puzzle box and slid the top open. Sickly green light emanated from the box, the only warning before dozens of screaming phantasms spilled forth from the vessel in search of prey.

The patrons closest to Pandora fell beneath the Woes like a thick mist overtaking a sleepy town. Some of the spectral creatures wrapped long, desiccated fingers around their victims' throats, choking the life from them. Others tore into the crowd, ignoring the frantic flailing of the helpless patrons as they passed through their spectral forms. The majority of the spectral horrors, however, swarmed forward toward the twined Tyrant on the stage as Pandora offered it a cold, cruel smile.



As Fortune fought off the wave of spectral Woes that swirled around the Tyrant, Pandora felt a familiar presence welling up inside her, as if awakening from a long sleep. Her initial reaction was panic, but the presence devoured the emotion before it could overwhelm her. *You are mine.*

"No!" She shouted and threw the puzzle box across the room. It shattered on the wall, and then she was holding it again and staring down into its bottomless depths. What had she been doing? She craned her neck upwards toward the towering creature of swirling red and black energy. *Our enemy.*

Pandora cocked her head to one side as she watched the fight. "Two hosts," she murmured, her mind working its way down a crooked path. She could feel another entity following her train of thought, though every time she started to become distracted by its presence, it wiped away that part of her thoughts, pushing her forward. "Oh." Her eyes widened as it came to her. "Oh!" The horrible thing that was twisted around her soul reveled in her idea as it colluded with her on the plan, and gradually, her smile returned.

Reaching out toward the man in black, she wrapped her magic around him, sending barbs of darkness into his mind. At first, it was like trying to whip a brick wall with barbed wire, but then the creature within her pushed outward, feeding more and more of its power into her magic. Sensing the assault upon his mind, the man in black turned his head to look at her, and then she was through. She and Despair

both poured everything they had into the Tyrant's vast mind, overwhelming it with grief, sorrow, and every self-destructive impulse they could dredge up from the shattered depths of their damaged psyches.

The will of a Tyrant was far beyond that of a mortal man, however, and Pandora could feel the man in black steeling himself against her power. The cyclone of energy swirling around the couple darkened to black as Fortune poured more of its power into him, bolstering his defenses to protect him from harm. The man's lips pulled back in a wild, inhuman snarl as he raised his hand and prepared to scour Pandora from the world with a fatal blast of bad luck.

A feral scream escaped Pandora's lips as Despair sacrificed a vital portion of its power, flooding Pandora with more energy than she had ever wielded before. That energy surged outward from her and into the man in black - just enough to thread a singular self-destructive impulse into his mind. Fortune had been expecting this, and it wrapped its considerable power around him, protecting its host from whatever he might do to himself.

As the man in black succumbed to her influence and turned his powers upon himself, Pandora twisted her hand and turned his attention toward his counterpart, the woman in red, who was still preoccupied with her Woes. By binding itself to two separate hosts, Fortune had woven the man and woman together and made them one. With a roar of self-hatred, the man in black released the dark magics he had gathered, not at his physical body, but at the other part of himself, at the woman in red.

Fortune saw the trap a fraction of an instant too late. The black aura that surrounded its hosts flared up in bright crimson as the burst of bad luck struck the woman, triggering dozens of possible but highly improbable events all at once. Dozens of embolisms formed in her brain as she stumbled backwards and fell through a weak part of the stage into the substructure dozens of feet below. A massive spectral claw of crimson energy lunged for her, but she twisted as she fell, unbelievably slipping just between the Tyrant's fingers to slam onto the cold stone floor below. Infused as she was with the power of a Tyrant, she should have survived a fall without incident, had she not landed *just so* and snapped her neck with a loud crunch.

"**NOOOOO!!**" The spectral Tyrant's scream shook the walls of the Star Theater as it flailed at the soul of its host, trying to force it back into the woman's body

THE BOLD & DESPERATE

and resurrect her, but she had landed right next to the sack of Soulstones that Colette had brought with her in her desperate return to the theater. The dozens of gemstones absorbed not just her power, but large swathes of the Tyrant's own power, which it had bound to her. A lesser Soulstone would never have been able to contain such energy, but, by some twist of bad fortune, the ones in the sack were all of the highest quality, each one a small fortune in its own right.

The man in black collapsed to his knees at the edge of the hole in the stage floor, his hands shaking in horror at what he had done. He could feel a portion of Fortune's essence leaving him as it was pulled into the Soulstones, and though he still retained his power, the Tyrant was reeling from its loss. Fortune's strength had always come from the dichotomy of its twin selves, the interplay between good luck and bad, and now half of its power – half of *himself* – had been ripped away and trapped.

Fortune was seething, and his head snapped back up as he fixed his gaze on Pandora. The aura surrounding him was entirely black now, and his eyes had changed to match. ***"No! No, I will not be imprisoned again!"*** He raised an arm, swatting away the Woes swirling around him with a blast of black energy.

Pandora strode towards the stage, the open puzzle box held in her hand. "Sure about that?" There was no confidence in her eyes, only unyielding hopelessness and emptiness.

The man in black felt a tug toward her, and Fortune reared back in horror. It tried to force its host to flee, to escape, to run away and hide while it rebuilt its power, but the man only took a single step back from the Neverborn woman. Twisting its attention inward, the Tyrant found that its host had been overwhelmed by... black barbs? Then it heard the sound.

It was a single note, played over and over again in a steady rhythm. Fortune followed the sound and found one of the band members, Sloth, standing beside the fallen curtain. He was playing a single note on his bass guitar, and the other members of the band were behind him, watching the confrontation's final moments.

"No offense," came the bass player's slow drawl, "but I think I speak for the whole band when I say that you've been a shitty manager."

Fortune screeched in anger and tried to force the man in black to lash out against Pandora, to obliterate Despair's host while the other Tyrant was weakened from its attack, but it was like trying to control a puppet that was underwater. By the time that the man had raised his hand, Pandora was already at his side, the box in her hand. Fortune felt the tug again,



stronger than before. It could feel its essence being pulled into the ancient trap, and there, at the puzzle box's center, was the coiled darkness of screaming faces and sinister intent. Jaws reached up toward Fortune, and then it was no more.

Pandora snapped the lid of the box shut. Up on the stage, the band members all slumped as a portion of the power infusing them disappeared. The Woes swirling overhead, sensing their master's success, began to disperse in search of more victims.

The band exchanged uneasy looks as Pandora watched them and affectionately stroked her puzzle box. Sloth ceased playing his instrument and looked up at the Neverborn woman, uncaring whether or not she decided to destroy them as well.

Instead, Pandora merely frowned. "I'm not fond of your music," she said, before turning around and hopping down off the stage. "Learn some better songs!"



The massacre at the Star Theater was still hot news even weeks later. The survivors that still had their wits about them tried to describe the red-haired monster that sparked the whole thing, but the only thing they could really remember was her hair and her eyes, and the devastation that she had left in her wake.

Colette Du Bois gave a sympathetic interview to the *Malifaux Tattler* in which she expressed her deepest sorrow that the Star Theater had been the target of a Neverborn attack. Though her initial interview was very critical of the Guild and how it had failed to protect the honest, hard-working citizens of the city from the predation of the monstrous natives of Malifaux, a bit of creative editing had twisted the story into a condemnation of the Neverborn in general and a call for increased patrols from the hard-working Guild Guard. Different versions of the story ran on the front page of the *Tattler* for three days, right alongside an article that explained how the Guild's creation of its new Frontier division would allow the Guild Guard to focus their efforts upon the protection of Malifaux City.

Angelica sighed as she threw the paper down on the stage. She was sitting on the edge next to Colette as the two of them watched the construction workers slowly tear apart the collapsed balcony and carry the debris out to the street. "Honestly, I don't know

why you even bothered to give them an interview in the first place."

Colette continued to bob her finger in front of the clockwork dove that was resting on her wrist. It chirped in a different key with each dip. "It's good publicity. Everyone wants to know what happened, and if the Guild thinks that things have been handled, they won't look into things any further."

"More sleight of hand," Angelica replied, smiling as she shook her head. "Did you figure out what you wanted to do with the Soulstones? The ones from the basement?"

"I gave them to Kaeris." Catching the look that Angelica shot her, Colette raised her finger, prompting the dove to chirp out a sharp, piercing note. "Don't start. We can't have those things lying around the theater, and I'm not comfortable using them. Kaeris and her..."

"Arsonists," Angelica offered.

"...associates," Colette continued with a smirk, "are better equipped than us to dispose of the stones." She turned her attention back to the mechanical dove. "Besides, this way I don't have to get her a birthday present this year. She's so hard to shop for."

Angelica rolled her eyes, pushed off from the stage, and went to help the workers tear apart the rest of the balcony.



Standing in front of a boutique shop window, its display half-hidden by muted shop lights and shadow, was Pandora. Her fingers twiddled with the tears in her clothes as she stared at a mannequin in a long, black dress. As she focused on the subtle details - the red thread, the hand-secured obsidian beads, the endlessly looping embroidery - her hand found its way to the box's lid, cracking it open with an absentminded flick of her thumb.

"Now *that's* a bold look," two voices immediately spoke from the box. "With that gorgeous red hair, I'm starting to think that black is your color. Maybe we should talk ab-"

As if from a daydream, Pandora woke up and closed the lid. She sighed, pushed her hair away from her eyes, and walked away from the boutique window.







EAT OR BE EATEN



by
Michael Wallace

Bella screamed. Robert jolted upright from his seat at the dining table, spilling hot coffee across his undershirt. He hissed through the pain and stumbled out the back door, wiping himself off while he scanned the yard for his wife.

"Bella?" he called out. The barn door stood open, and the chickens had scattered. He cursed under his breath. It would take all morning to get them all back in their pen.

He went to the barn, grumbling under his breath, "What'd you do?"

The barn was dark and appeared empty. Bella didn't answer him, and he couldn't see her.

"Bell?" he asked as he squeezed out the coffee from the bottom of his shirt. "You all right?"

One corner of the barn had been converted into a wall of trap nests; a chicken could enter the nest to lay an egg, but couldn't leave until Bella or Robert let them out. Most of the cages had been opened, and a basket of eggs lay on its side nearby.

"Bell?" Robert called out. Had she gone chasing after the chickens? Where was she?

Sighing, he knelt down to pick up the basket, glad to see none of them had broken. He was surprised then when the basket refused to budge. Confused, he picked up one of the eggs. It was warm and smooth to the touch, but as he pinched it he realized it was solid. Not an egg.

A stone.

"What the hell?"

A ragged gasp answered him. He whirled, suddenly alert. The stone egg dropped to the ground with a thud.

"Bell?" He went to the horse pen and opened it. "Holy god..."

Pomfrey, their workhorse, sat in one corner, curled up so tight he looked like he had been crushed into a ball. The horse's fur, normally a splotched mix of white and brown, was a dull gray. Pomfrey was less a horse and more a boulder.

A pained wheeze drew Robert's attention, and then he saw Bella. His wife was hunched behind the door, clutching her hand. Her body was stiff. Her breathing was shallow and desperate. To Robert's horror, he realized she was trying to breathe through lungs that were solidifying in her chest. One eye was stone and saw nothing while the other stared right into Robert's, full of agony and fear. Tears rolled down her cheeks as they turned gray and ceased to move.

"Bella!"

No sound came from his wife, but her eye shifted, widening as she spotted something just behind him.

Robert whirled, seeing the shape crawling over the petrified Pomfrey. It was like some ugly mix of a crocodile and a chicken. Its body was spindly and emaciated, like a long-limbed dog, but it had a thick, paddle-like tail. Its forearms were membranous wings, and a blunt head that ended in a jagged, black

beak. Its scaly flesh was a dull green color, covered in patches of black and green feathers.

The monster hissed, a deep-throated guttural noise. When its eyes met Robert's, they were the color of piercing amber that shimmered like polished glass.

Robert felt his heart sink. He wept, he cried out, and he nearly stumbled over Bella, who had nearly completely turned stone at his feet. Blinded by tears, mindless in his panic, he scrambled over the horse-pen wall, using his own wife as a step ladder. The feathery horror snapped at his feet. He felt the metallic clang of its beak close to his foot as he leapt. He rushed across the barn floor on his hands and feet before he managed to break into a sprint towards the house.

The rifle. It was where he'd left it, right next to the back door. He heard the hissing breath of the monster behind him and the thump of its limbs galloping over the open ground.

He'd never make it.

Something hot and wet splattered against his back, scalding him hotter than the coffee. He let out a shallow scream as he tripped and smashed through the back door into a heap. He yanked his undershirt off, catching the acrid stench of the black, tar-like substance that had hit him. He hurled the shirt aside, but the burning sensation remained. He slapped at his back and found the skin had hardened like stone. He pulled his hand back and saw his finger smeared with the sticky tar that sizzled against his flesh and warped it stiff and gray.

The monster let out a gurgling howl like a rooster trying to crow through a lungful of phlegm. It stalked back and forth, content to wait while the petrifying substance did its work.

The pain quickly spread across Robert's back. It wasn't like being stabbed or punched; it was a creeping numbness that left the untouched flesh twisting in pain before it too went numb. His screams continued as his entire hand solidified into a claw-like shape.

He saw the rifle, a lever-action hog-leg. He reached for it with his good hand, feeling his rapidly petrifying body weighing him down. It wasn't just the added weight from the parts of him that were now stone: the muscles he'd depended on for motion all his life suddenly didn't work. His shoulders refused to bend; his spine was locked in place. In another minute, he'd be too paralyzed to do anything but stare, just like Bella.

He had to shove the barrel between his stone fingers to hold it steady, but he worked the lever to chamber a round. For a heartbeat, he considered putting the rifle to his own head, to end the pain and dread of inevitability.

Instead, he snarled, aimed the rifle with one hand, and pulled the trigger.

The monster didn't seem to realize what was happening until the bullet ripped through its chest and exploded out its back. Pain and rage lit up its eyes as blood pumped from the wound, and to Robert's surprise, it began to mix with the tar-like bile it had spat at him. Even as the creature twisted in agony, its own flesh began to petrify. Shrieking, the beast rolled and thrashed, smashing its own body into pieces.

It died before Robert, and still its body continued to harden.

Robert couldn't move, couldn't breathe. His heart no longer beat in his chest. But he managed a savage smile and one last thought of his Bella before his world turned to stone.



From his vantage on a hill overlooking the farm, Marcus watched the events play out, absently petting the jackalope curled up in his arm. When the only movements were nervous chickens pecking at the grass, Marcus set the jackalope down, took up his shillelagh, and hiked down to the farm through the tall wheat. His senses were open to the world around him: the sway of the grass, the buzz of insects, and the smell of blood, coffee, and bitter cockatrice bile.

He ignored the corpse of the beast and stood before the fallen farmer. To his surprise, the farmer had died with a victorious smile on his face. Marcus felt a pang of regret over his death. He had singled the couple out as just another pair of the Guild's contract farmers, clawing away at *his* soil for their coin. But this one, despite his fear, had taken his killer down with him, like the deer that impales the wolf in its antlers or the snake that bites the breast of the hawk.

Marcus made a simple gesture of respect to the fallen farmer. "You were no one's prey," he said with pride.

He heard the panicked caws of a chicken, turning just in time to see the jackalope drag a mound of bloody feathers back into the wheat to feed. His gaze fell upon the cockatrice, and his lips curled in disgust.

"Weak from the start," he muttered. He smashed the creature's stone head to pieces with one swing of his staff. His thoughts dwelled on the moment where he'd made the misstep in its creation as he prodded and spread the rocky shards. "A fatal oversight."

He shook his head. This was the fourth of such experiments, and again he was burdened with failure. Over the past months, he had strived to perfect his hybrids, making use of the knowledge and resources sent to him by the Order of the Chimera. It was clear that there was still much to learn.

His mind wandered, recalling his first meetings with the odd mages from Earthside. The Order had sought him out with a most intriguing offer: to use Malifaux as a breeding and testing ground for their hybrids; to bring the monsters of Earth's myth back to life, if they ever existed in the first place. Marcus thought otherwise, but the possibility of creating such powerful beasts had been too tantalizing to ignore. Malifaux already existed in a strange state of nature-as-designed by the mages of Malifaux's ancient past, woven into being by the malevolent whims of the Tyrants or by those who fought them. What would occur then, if Marcus changed that natural order in his own image, the image of Earth's myth? Which ecosystem would survive to dominate the other?

An experiment of such size could reshape the world.

His thoughts darkened as he stared at the failed cockatrice. He had missed a crucial component of the hybridization: immunity to its own petrifying bile. What good was its design when a single wound could slay it? He imagined the creature dying in the wilderness after suffering from an accident. A single scratch could kill it. No matter how impressive its abilities, it was too vulnerable to be considered anything but a failure.

Marcus sat cross-legged next to the cockatrice, brooding.

Perhaps there was hope for these simple animals, free from domestication? They would know their place as prey, but perhaps they could survive. And yet, a coop full of *chickens* could endure where his own creations could not. Marcus' expression hardened into a frown. The jackalope reappeared, licking its teeth clean of blood.

"Something is missing," he said aloud. It was not a mere question of fixing an equation in his hybridization ritual. In fact, the more he thought about the structured, scientific method of the Order's magic, the more

he felt they were the *problem*. The natural world had no place for such things. It was about instinct and emotion, the evolutionary fluke that rose to dominate its kin.

Much as he was hesitant to admit it, Marcus knew that he lacked insight. As ingrained as he was with the natural world, he was still a man, stymied by the human perspective. What he needed was a new perspective, one far from the trappings of men.

At this thought, Marcus finally smiled. He put two fingers to his lips and whistled. After only a few minutes of waiting, a shape appeared in the northern sky. The giant creature – larger than Marcus – looked like a mix between a wolf and a hawk. It growled at him, unblinking eyes full of anger, but Marcus stared it down. It stalked towards him with cautious steps, hunched low and ready to pounce or fight. Marcus sniffed the air, smelling the fear and energy in its musk. He approached, fearless, making a low groaning noise that was almost a snarl.

The beast hissed again, but did not back away. Though the fur was stiff on its back, it allowed Marcus to approach, and sniffed at him as he did. Marcus wove a simple spell into the air, amplifying the scent triggers that would compel its mind to understand his intentions. He had no need to beat it into submission or control its thoughts; it would recognize his authority or it would attack and he would slay it. After a few tense moments, the beast's posture relaxed, and it bowed. He gripped the mane of its neck and pulled himself onto its back, and the creature took flight, soaring southward.



As they flew, Marcus watched the arid brown of the Badlands steadily surrender to vibrant green foliage. Months ago, there would have been nothing but desert for miles around, but there were now vibrant forests, with trees tall and strong as though they had been there for centuries. Plants of ancient Malifaux served as sanctuary and hunting grounds for animals that even Marcus had not encountered before, perhaps spawned from whatever font of power was feeding these new forests. He could feel that power in his blood and bones. It would take time to study, but perhaps here he could find the insights he lacked.

He willed his mount to land, and it came to rest on the edge of a dense patch of woodland in one of the only areas where the nearly impenetrable canopy

of leaves had parted. The creature's hackles were raised as it sniffed the air and maneuvered its large ears to take in every sound. Marcus mentally gave it thanks for its service and then dismissed it, watching it carefully to ensure it did not take the opportunity to strike at him. But the forest had left it far too wary, and it immediately took flight.

Wise, Marcus thought. Another failed experiment, but not from its design, but rather its lack of discipline—a trait he had never fully managed to shake from the beast. He put the creature from his mind and turned to face the dense forest before him. He wondered if any human had come this far before, if any animal had encroached uninvited and lived to see the dawn. He had challenged many creatures for territory since coming to Malifaux, but he'd never had to challenge the territory *itself* before.

Marcus noticed his thumb trembling as he gripped his shillelagh. He forced himself to be still, to make every movement a calculated one. The slightest hint of weakness and every predator in the forest—and perhaps the forest itself—would have all the reason they needed to attack. Even if he were not so connected to the natural world, his human instincts would be screaming at him. He was being watched.

He took a step forward into the forest. The brush fought him for every inch. Branches threatened to trip him, honey pot creepers snapped their fly trap maws in his direction, tree trunks seemed to press in on him from every side, and thorny vines promised to bite deep and expose the smell of his blood to the predators of the wood. He sensed malice in the air and within the heavy shadows that lurked in every corner, but nothing malicious moved toward him.

Marcus responded not with the audacity of an invasive human, cutting and stomping his way through the wilderness, but with the careful steps of a beast that welcomed and respected the forest as his hunting grounds and his equal. Each step was measured to avoid making noise, and he twisted his whole body to maneuver around bushes without disturbing them. He brushed the thorns only in one direction, ensuring that they never caught on his skin or clothes. After only a few steps, the forest sensed that he was no intruder, and its resistance loosened.

Although his expression remained stoic, Marcus was in awe. He had never felt a connection with the forest the way he had with the beasts of the wilderness.

This place was primal, untainted. He yearned to test his ability to command it, but he reminded himself such abrasiveness would be considered a challenge by those who ruled here. Now was not yet the time to do that.



Now was the time to study. He would adapt himself to this forest as he had to the Northern Hills. He would continue his experiments in weaving the flesh of Malifaux's creatures. He would keep himself small and unimportant, for he knew there was another who called the Wildlands her territory, and she would not take kindly to his intrusion.

Let her come, he decided. If she is strong, she will be rid of me. There is no other way.

Content, Marcus made his way deeper into the woods.



Two Years Later

The air smelled of old blood. Myranda frowned, but continued on her path over the Wildlands. She had taken the body of a falcon, and her claws were tired from hefting her burden, but she was almost to her destination. She circled once to reveal her intention to land, then swooped down and dropped her cargo on the forest floor before gliding up into a comfortable tree branch.

Around her had been assembled what could be described as a cave man's attempt to mimic the appearance of a scientist's laboratory. Wood and clay had been carved into bowls, and gourds hung from branches. A table had been fashioned from fallen timber, carved with simple cutting tools. It held an assortment of ingredients, some simple and common to the forest, others kept in wax-sealed glass beakers delivered from the city. Marcus stood over the table, picking at what looked like a heap of bones and tissue.

Myranda willed her body to change and felt the strain of bone, muscle, and skin as they stretched into the form of a young woman, blonde hair replacing feathers, piercing blue eyes overtaking bold yellow.

"I can smell your latest subject," she muttered, dangling her legs off the branch. "Have you taken up summoning the undead in my absence?"

Marcus didn't bother to look back at her. "I didn't expect you back for another two months."

She leaned against the trunk. "Things are changing in the North. Nothing I imagine would bother you, but better to get you some fresh supplies now. You might have to go without for a while."

"Oh?"

"There's been a shakeup in the city," Myranda took a small spider from the tree trunk, letting it skitter over her fingers. "Ramos has been arrested."

Marcus let out a soft laugh. "Either the Guild has dropped all pretense of justice, or Ramos has gotten weak."

"Neither and both." She popped the spider into her mouth and chewed. "Word amongst the Union is that Toni betrayed him for Guild favors. I never bothered to learn the details."

"Politics and greed. But if she keeps to the city, I see no reason to bother."

"They say not everyone in the Union is happy with this. They say Kaeris is forming a group within the Arcanists who want to wage a more open war with the Guild. They've done a lot of damage." Myranda climbed down the tree. "She's drawing lines in the sand."

"Nothing that concerns me."

Myranda went to Marcus, putting a hand on his arm. "She may come looking for you. To demand you join her side."

Marcus looked down at her and smiled. "Let her come, then. Though I think the Wildlands would take umbrage with her flames."

They gazed into each other's eyes a moment before Myranda turned to the mess on the table. "One of your experiments?"

Marcus sighed, the moment souring. "Another failure." He paused, trying to find the words. "Every hybrid shows promise, but outside of my care, they fail like all the rest. I've seen domesticated dogs survive longer in Malifaux's wilderness. There is too much inner conflict. Organs are rejected, bones deform, instincts become confused. They leave themselves vulnerable. The flesh fights itself! I have been gathering their remains for weeks, hoping to find the harmony."

Myranda frowned. "The Order of the Chimera is questioning your whereabouts. They want results for their 'investment.'"

Marcus growled. "Nothing but merchants desiring a product."

"Not all," Myranda said. "A few see as we do. They believe you can do it."

"I came to this place to find knowledge," Marcus said. "I believed it held the secrets. But the forest guards them. I'm no closer to success than I was years ago!"

She nuzzled his tense shoulder with her forehead. "Put it aside for now. Spend this evening with me tonight. We will hunt, and feed, and lose ourselves in each other."

Marcus hesitated, and then brushed her cheek with his palm. "Perhaps you are right. Perhaps—"

Their senses went on alert, and their heads twisted toward the south. Myranda had not scented anything, had not heard anything, yet her instincts warned her something dangerous was approaching.

"Something of yours?" she whispered.



"No," Marcus said. "The forest's queen has sent her subjects before. They have kept my instincts from going soft." He smirked. "But this is the first time they have approached so brazenly. Perhaps the queen has come to face me herself at last?"

They waited. The presence that approached made no attempt to hide itself. Myranda caught sight of a humanoid figure moving through the underbrush as if it wasn't there, but not so fast as to suggest an attack.

Marcus put his nose to the air. *Perfume?*

Myranda scowled. "A messenger."

The figure continued to approach, stopping on the edge of the glade. She was dressed in autumn leaves, all reds and yellows, but the leaves were arranged into a fashionable gown that accentuated her beauty. Her hair was a cascade of red, covering one eye. The other was an empty, bleeding socket. Myranda felt her skin crawl, and her fingers began to form talons, ready to tear the disturbing creature apart.

"Stay your hand, human," the figure said, holding up her hands in protest. "I come not in hostility."

Marcus stood up straight. "Only a fool would smell as you do, Fae. I thought I had left fair enough warning to your kind on the pikes you tried to gut me with."

"Who is she?" Myranda asked.

"This forest is ruled by those who escaped Kythera," Marcus explained. "They have sought my blood ever since I arrived."

"You have made your intentions clear," the Fae messenger said. "But now she has commanded your audience. You will attend her, or she will seek you out."

"And then what?" Myranda asked.

The Fae merely smiled, baring her fangs.

Myranda growled, but Marcus put a hand on her shoulder. "This was inevitable. We have both claimed this forest. What happens next will decide who keeps it."

"But—"

Marcus smiled at her. "Have faith. Return to the Northlands. I will send word."

"And if you don't?"

"Then find a new mate, and be happy," Marcus said.

Myranda snorted. She grabbed his neck and planted a kiss that he returned. "You ask the impossible. I will wait, but if you do not return to me, I will do much worse to her than the Fae Queen could imagine."

She gave the Fae one last warning glare and then leapt into the air. Instead of a human, a falcon took flight, screeching its displeasure as it pierced the canopy.

Marcus took up his shillelagh. "Lead on."

The Fae gave a curt nod, and they ventured deeper into the forest together.



As they traveled, Marcus meditated, clearing his mind as he shored up his power. Preparing himself. This would not be like compelling some common beast, not some simple hunt between predator and prey. This would be a test of masters; a contest of wills that might be his end. One would dominate the other, and the loser would be left at the new Alpha's mercy.

As it should be, Marcus reminded himself, taking comfort in that simple truth.

He continued on, his mind alert. Insects buzzed and birds sang. Small prey slept in the trees or curled between their roots. Here, so far from civilization, Marcus felt home. And home welcomed him.

The messenger led them out of the underbrush, and Marcus found himself on an open path that was wide enough to allow several people to march shoulder-to-shoulder. Curiously, the path did not seem to be cut by intelligent hands or clumsy feet. It was as though the trees themselves had parted.

"The Queen awaits, human," the Fae growled. She did not bother to keep her disdain for his kind from her voice. Marcus ignored it. He had killed enough Fae to feel nothing at her disgust. Seeing no rebuttal forthcoming, the messenger sneered and stepped back into the forest and vanished. Even her scent was gone.

He strode confidently in the direction the forest provided him, never once lowering his guard.

After a long walk, Marcus saw a shape ahead: a great, twisted wyrdwood tree covered in yellow leaves. The path widened, and Marcus entered an open clearing. A flat stone covered in indecipherable runes sat in the center of the clearing, and beyond that was a small hill where the golden wyrdwood had risen from the earth.

A woman sat at the foot of the tree, its roots twisting into the vague shape of a golden throne. Her back rested against the trunk, cushioned against a pair of wings the color of dried blood. She was dressed in rags, but her posture was that of royalty. Like the other Fae, her eyes were twin holes, bleeding and empty.

Yet despite her gaunt, corpse-like appearance, Marcus saw an inner beauty that was kept hidden. An aura of power seemed to shimmer from her, and while the flesh of her eyes was gone, he could just make out twin pinpricks of golden light that watched him approach. Her scars were many, but he could almost make out the beauty she had once been, and it made his breath catch in his throat.

The woman's ethereal gaze never left his, but she turned her head as though she had just noticed him. "Welcome, Marcus of the Witherpeak."

Thoughts raced in Marcus' mind. It was not surprising that she had known him; it was likely she had been watching him since before his arrival in the Wildlands. Perhaps longer. But she had titled him to a place. Witherpeak? He had never heard the name used by anyone before.

He fought the urge to ask a thousand questions, instead making a gesture of respect for a fellow predator, the same he had made to the farmer two years ago. "Queen Titania, Lady of Autumn."

Titania smiled and gave a nod in acknowledgement. "It is the custom of my Court to bring tribute to the throne."

Marcus considered his next move. He was not merely in a place of a predator, then. He was in a place of politics. Not of Guild bureaucracy and the rule of wealth, but one of warlords and respect due to conquerors. With a nod, he reached into his hide pouch and produced a handful of small objects.

"The fangs of a human," he said, dropping them one after another into the grass at his feet. "Blunt and rotten from a life of soft meals and crooked words. The fingers of a soldier, weathered from battle. The heart of a fool who did not respect the wild."

Titania did not move, but there was a sense of surprise and approval in her aura. The items he offered vanished the moment they touched the ground, snatched away by the Queen's power. "What fangs do you bare, Marcus Witherpeak?"

"Teeth sharpened on worthy prey," he said. "But if I speak lies, then the Queen may claim them, as well."

Now Titania's smile widened. "You have been far from your territory for some time. This forest is not yours, yet you remain. And not to bow before me, I think?"

Marcus smiled back, flashing his teeth. "I bow only to one law."

She sat up in her throne, fingers curling into claws that scratched at the arm rests. "Is that so?"

Titania flew from her throne with a single flap of her wings, carrying her through the air towards him. But her claws were a distraction, Marcus realized too late. Thorny vines burst from the earth around his feet and dug into the flesh of his calves. Titania landed well outside of his reach.

Marcus fought down the urge to panic and focused. He plunged his will down on the vines like a hammer, and they recoiled from his legs in response. He stepped over them and stalked towards Titania, slamming a fist against his chest to signal a challenge.

She smiled and took wing again, circling the altar stone before swooping down at him, but Marcus was ready. He pointed his shillelagh at her and howled. His magic rushed over her like a hot wind and she faltered, landing on her feet with wide eyes and trembling hands.

Snorting, Marcus moved in to attack. Titania hissed at him as she positioned herself as though to counter-charge, but she hesitated and instead darted back, appearing angry and confused by her own actions. She couldn't get out of reach before he swung his shillelagh. She blocked with her forearm, halting the attack with precise leverage, but it left the flesh darkened with bruises.

Titania snarled, a bestial sound of outrage. Marcus heard the fear and fury in her voice and saw the rush of adrenaline in her movements. She felt an awakening of her instincts, animal reflexes that her cultured mind—accustomed to the politics of court, the *softness* of civilization—had stamped down on and tamed for the sake of decor. With her willpower shaken, Marcus readied his own to bring down on

her, to command her as he commanded any beast, to show her that *he* was the mightiest, the Alpha, the dominator.

Before he could try, he sensed something. A presence in the forest, watching them, full of hostility. If it chose to attack—

Titania suddenly shrieked in a language he did not recognize. The words slammed into his mind like bolts of lightning, booming in his skull, in his *soul*. He fell to one knee, tensing every muscle in his body in a vain effort to dampen out the agony.

The Queen shivered. Fighting the magical compulsions he'd cast on her, she stalked forward, claws twitching. Breathing hard, she ran one hand over his face, caressing him with her claws and leaving bloody cuts across his nose and cheek. She breathed the scent in before clutching his face in both hands, holding him on the edge of death. Marcus met her gaze, fighting the pain in his mind to hold himself still as he bared his throat to her, waiting.

After many tense moments, Titania released him, walking away as if he was nothing but a discarded scrap of bone. Marcus felt the pain vanish from his thoughts in an instant, leaving only a memory and the distant sting of the cuts on his face. Titania sank into her throne, her body still trembling slightly as she overcame his magic.

"You did not come here to challenge me," she said, her voice a breathless whisper.

Marcus watched her for a moment as he balanced himself on his shillelagh and pushed to his feet. "But a challenge was made. It is the predator's way."

"Yes." The word turned into a hiss. She shivered again.

Marcus waited to see if she would make good on her triumph. She had every right to command him, to slay him, or to drive him from her territory. Instead she sat, waiting, watching. Deciding he had been dismissed, Marcus turned to limp his way back down the path.

"You came to this forest with purpose, Marcus Witherpeak," Titania called. When he met her gaze once more, she had regained her distant composure, sitting relaxed in her throne. "It is knowledge that you seek, yes?"

Marcus nodded. "In the lost times, when the Tyrants waged war on the world, you and those under you wove flesh and bone into new forms. Men became

beasts; beasts became monsters. I, too, seek to wield this power."

Titania looked him over. "Few retain such knowledge," she said. "Fewer still can master it. So much has changed because of it." She sighed, looking almost tired, though certainly not from the fight. "Once, this world was very different. So much has been lost to the Tyrants. Now you ask me to gift you this knowledge so you can shape *more* creatures into being. To reshape my world *again*."

Marcus held his head up. "It is the way of things. Creatures are born and change, nature shifts to embrace or reject them. The weak perish. The strong live. This is the truth, even for those things born of man or Fae... or Tyrant."

Titania stared at him for many silent minutes, her gaze never wavering. "You know they will return."

"They are strong."

"You wish to fight them? With these creations of yours?"

Marcus smiled. "And others."

Titania rose from her throne again. As she did, a single gold leaf fell from the wyrdwood throne and fluttered down to land in her outstretched hand. She delicately carved a mark into the top of the leaf and blew it out into the air where Marcus could catch it. The mark was not one he could read, but it had a primitive magic that he recognized.

"Take this," Titania said. "Meditate on it over the course of the moons for one month. If you are strong, the knowledge will be revealed to you."

"And if I am not?"

"Then you are just another human *maggot*, worthy of nothing but madness and rot!" Titania snapped.

"And what do you want in return for this boon?" Marcus asked.

She glanced to the side. "A pact," she said. "Keep to your own, Marcus Witherpeak. I will leave you in peace, and I expect the same in return. And the mountain remains yours."

Marcus nodded, and bowed. It did not feel natural to him, but a ghost of a smile touched Titania's lips, and she gave a curt nod in return. "You call me Witherpeak. Why?"

An eyebrow rose. "You do not remember? When I returned to the world, I spoke to the earth and trees. I wished to know who called themselves the rulers of my world. The humans of the city, the Nephilim of the forest, the Gremlins of the swamp, the Banished of the sea. And Marcus of the Witherpeak."

She cast her hands over the ground before her, and the soil shaped itself into a mountain that Marcus recognized. A mountain he had claimed once, when he toppled a Guild fort and slew its commander.

Marcus heard his words echo in his memories. *My land! My mountain!*

"The Witherpeak names you its master. It has been a long time since anyone has earned its respect." Her eyes narrowed. "The land keeps secrets even the dead forget, and the Witherpeak knows more than most. If the Tyrants learn of this, they will take it for themselves. Guard that knowledge well."

Marcus felt the weight of her words. Much had been revealed to him in a few moments and he sensed that it would take time for him to absorb it all. Titania watched him impassively, betraying nothing of her inner thoughts as he began his journey home.



When he had left, Titania allowed herself to relax. The duel with Marcus had not been as one-sided as she had foreseen. His magic had been a blessing as much as it was a curse; for the first time in millennia, she had felt emotions and instincts awaken in her that had been dulled by her entrapment within Kythera and the duties of Court. The joy of the hunt, the bloodlust as she had sought Marcus' throat, the uncertainty of her strength, the awareness of his power... the fear...

She had been overwhelmed by it. She *wallowed* in it. If Aeslin had not distracted Marcus, had Titania not regained herself enough to put everything she had into her arcane command, then it might be *her* bowing to Marcus' might. It angered and shamed her even to admit it to herself.

As she brooded, the Court emerged from the forest. At her command, they had stayed silent witnesses to the duel, and now they spoke in haughty but hushed tones. What brazen foolishness, they agreed, for a human to challenge the Queen of Autumn! What a stink humans carry! How weak they are! Surely

the Queen did not leave him alive out of mercy. She must sense he will be of use in the future. A tool for the right moment.

"A tool, yes," Titania agreed, interrupting their gossip. "That one will be of use. As I commanded, we are to leave him and his woman be. None here will break that pact."

The Court bowed, though their gossiping did not immediately cease. Titania ignored them. If any of them had noticed her moment of weakness, saw how close she had come to defeat, they did not betray it. But they would hold that secret close and use it like a blade, to cut away her influence and profit themselves. Such was the way of her Court, or any other. The sheer banality of such treachery only added to her weariness.

Titania's Dryw, her high priest and closest advisor, appeared from behind the wyrdwood throne, her lithe form clad in a gown of soft bark. "Impudent worm," Aeslin spoke to the departed Marcus. "You should have torn his heart from his chest, my Queen."

"Don't think I missed your attempt to intervene," Titania said. "To go against the traditions of Court?"

Aeslin dropped into a bow. "I only wished—" She cut herself off. "I am sorry, my Queen. Forgive my weakness."

Titania leaned close enough to be unheard by the Court. "Besides, I do not believe you could have taken him by surprise, even if you had decided to strike."

Aeslin gaped at her, but Titania shook her head. "Be at ease, my Dryw. We knew our imprisonment in Kythera had left us all weakened. But until today, I had not imagined just how far we had fallen. Or perhaps he is an anomaly? Stronger than we believed of his kind?"

Aeslin frowned. "I very much doubt that."

Titania smirked. "Better to learn answers to our questions than make assumptions. We will need to learn more if we are to drive them from Malifaux."

"Yes, my Queen."

One of the Fae approached, head bowed. Titania recognized him as a guard of their northern borders. "My Queen, Nephilim approach the Wildlands. It is Nekima and her guard."

Titania nodded and waved him off. "It is time for the Nephilim to start upholding their end of our bargain."

Aeslin sneered, her eyes turning to the horizon. "At least the human was worthy of respect."

Titania shared a conspiratorial smile with her. "On that, my Dryw, we agree."









THE HOUSE FOLDS



by
Michael Wallace

Through the howling wind and blinding snow, Nekima caught the scent of fresh blood. She circled, fighting the storm to discern the scent's origin, and descended until she caught sight of an ice-capped cliff path overlooking a sheer drop into the inky blackness. Discarded bones, bloody and gnawed upon, littered the snow. She flapped her leathery wings and flew on, struggling against the cold winds until she caught sight of movement below. More than two dozen hulking shapes marched single-file down the path.

Nekima flew ahead and landed on a spot where the path widened and flattened out. To her left was the blue-black stone of the Far Peaks, caked with ice. To her right was a sheer cliff that fell away into a deep glacial canyon. While she waited, she tucked her wings, chilly and numb from the flight, into her heavy bearskin cloak. While her wings warmed up, she unstrapped her greatsword Lorelei from its bindings and rested it, sheathed, across her shoulder.

She heard the crunch of heavy footfalls in the deep snow long before she saw the first figure appear from the darkness. The beast was taller than her and almost twice as wide. Its flesh was leathery and blue in color, and lines of runes flickered over its skin like living parchment. Shards of crystal jutted from its back, though Nekima could not tell if they were some kind of crude jewelry or natural growths. It had a broad head with little in the way of a neck, round jowls around a maw of needle-like teeth, and a single, sickly eye above its pug-like nose. It wore nothing more than a loincloth of torn hide, but the spear it hefted looked like a withered tree wreathed in crystals.

The creature halted when it spotted her and let out a warning growl to its kin that echoed down the line and brought their procession to a halt.

Nekima waited just long enough for the cyclopes to begin murmuring among themselves to call out to them, "I am Nekima, Queen of the Nephilim! I seek the prophet, the one they call Euripides! Come forward!" Her words echoed across the mountains to her left, punctuated by the cracking and rumbling of distant snow.

The lead cyclops snorted, puffing a thick cloud of hot breath into the air. "Big noise, black-blood. You make ice fall."

"I can fly," Nekima pointed out. "You cannot. Bring your prophet forward, or I'll dig him out once the rest of you have been buried."

A chuffing of surprised, angry grunts was their reply. A few of the one-eyed creatures grumbled encouragement to their leader and pushed at his crystal-laden back.



Waving them aside, the lead cyclops lurched forward, swinging his heavy club threateningly in front of him. “Big threat, black-blood, for small woman. Speak small or be broken.”

Nekima tilted her head and arched her eyebrows. She tightened her grip on Lorelei’s hilt and felt the blade’s dormant hunger begin to stir. When she spoke, her voice was just as loud as before. “I’d like to see you try.”

The cyclops let out a rumbling growl—not the most threatening warcry, but even this simple creature seemed to respect the dangers of an avalanche—and charged. For its size and weight, it made remarkable speed through the heavy snow, which kicked up behind it in a plume, obscuring the rest of its kind.

Nekima waited until the beast was almost upon her, drew Lorelei just slowly enough to pique the blade’s attention, and then kicked a wad of ice and rock at the cyclops, catching it just above the eye. The cyclops let out a yelp of panic, clenched its eye shut, and stumbled in its charge.

Nekima borrowed a human convention and casually looked down at her fingers, as if more interested in the state of her claws than her opponent. “Blinded by a little snow? How did your kind ever survive this place?”

The cyclops evidently found the gesture just as infuriating as Nekima had the first time her sister had done it to her. Rubbing its face clean, the cyclops pulled itself to its feet and snarled. Thick drool oozed from between its teeth as it charged forward again, this time keeping one hand up to protect its eye while the other hand held its spear out like a jousting lance.

Nekima waited until the last minute before feinting left. As the cyclops shifted that direction, she took advantage of the opening and leaped forward, her cloak falling away from her shoulders. She flapped her wings, kicking up a plume of powdery snow as she launched herself to the right. As the spearhead passed her, she swung Lorelei two-handed at the beast’s legs with all her might.

Lorelei was sharp enough to cleave three humans in half with a single swing—Nekima’s personal best to date—but as it struck the cyclops’s shin, she heard the sound of cracking ice and then the blade *bounced backward*, knocking Nekima off balance.

The cyclops quickly recovered and backhanded her, and she was forced to drop Lorelei in order to bring her forearms up and block the attack. The blow reverberated through her body, and the next thing Nekima knew, she was sprawled out in the snow nearly a dozen feet away, her arms numb and her head ringing from the tip of her horns to the base of her neck. If she had been a second slower, the beast would have snapped her neck... or even shattered her skull.

Fighting the urge to simply black out, Nekima rolled onto her hands and feet and shook her wings clean of snow. "All right," she murmured, spitting blackened blood into the snow from a torn lip. "*That's* how you survived."

The cyclops chuffed laughter. It knelt down and plucked Lorelei from the snow. "You dropped your fiddly knife, black-blood!" The creature hefted Lorelei and hurled it at Nekima's chest.

Nekima threw herself backward and willed the blade into her hands, catching it mid-air. With a twitch of her wings, she put herself into a spin and hurled the hungry blade back at the cyclops with all her might. It would have gored lesser beasts, but it succeeded only in tearing a shallow gash across the cyclops's stomach.

The wound was enough to distract the cyclops, though. It stumbled backward, and Nekima launched herself forward, kicking up snow as she crashed into its chest. The impact sent it tumbling over onto its back, and with a flick of her wrist, Nekima recalled Lorelei back to her hand. A single beat of her wings propelled her up onto the cyclops's heaving breast, and without hesitation, she rammed the blade downward through its widened eye.

The cyclops screamed a pig-like squeal that rippled through the canyon. The cyclopes that had, up until that point, been quietly enjoying the fight let out grunts of alarm as their single eyes strayed upwards toward the ice-covered mountain peaks.

"Enough of this," came a rumbling voice that cut through the grunts. "End him before you bury us all."

Nekima put all her weight on Lorelei and was rewarded with the crack of bone and the sensation of her blade puncturing the frozen earth beneath the creature's head. The cyclops ceased making all sound and went limp. Nekima planted her hoof on its jaw and yanked Lorelei free, spraying blood through the air.

A particularly large form shouldered its way to the front. Unlike the others, which appeared to be old and rugged, this monster was verging upon ancient. Its skin was torn and cracked, and the crystals on its back were smoothed from time and weather. A long, frozen beard hung from its chin. An old cloth bandage wrapped around one of its eyes while the other blazed red with a intensity that hinted at a sharp mind. Strips of fabric hid heavy belts loaded down with an assortment of objects: bones, daggers, pouches, and other implements she had seen carried by her own shamans.

Nekima hopped down from the corpse and strode through the snow toward the elder prophet. "Shall I assume that you are the prophet I seek?"

The elder stood up straight, his height easily dwarfing his kin. "I am Euripides. Speak, Nephilim Queen, and be gone. My patience is thin, and this canyon is not safe."

Nekima flicked the blood from her blade. "I seek knowledge, prophet. I did not come to make war."

Euripides snorted, sending whorls of snow dancing through the air. "You have a very *Nephilim* way of asking for assistance."

Nekima grinned. "I will take that as a compliment. I traveled to your throne but found it empty. Now, here you are, descending down from your mountain. Had I been told this instead of seeing it with my own eyes, I would not have believed it." She paused and allowed her gaze to stray to the dozens of cyclopes lined up behind their chieftain. "How long has it been since your kind has seen the lowlands?"

"Many years," Euripides replied. "Centuries before your mother's reign, and then longer still."

Nekima sheathed her blade and crossed her arms over her chest. "And now you descend to answer Titania's call."

Euripides motioned to the south with a massive hand. "The beckoning. *She* calls. We answer. This is the pact we swore long before your kind blighted Malifaux, black-blood."

Nekima scowled. "Malifaux is ours, cyclops."

Euripides' stony lips pulled back into a thin grin. "For now. Your mother ruled for an age. Your sister, a century. How long do you think your crown will endure, little one?"

Nekima felt her teeth grinding and forced herself to stop. "Enough. We are set upon by invaders from another world, and they are actively working to free the Tyrants from their prisons. Plague, December, Cherufe..." Her hand tightened around Lorelei's hilt. "Titania bids you to peer into the future to see how best to destroy them once and for all."

Euripides' eye narrowed as he peered more closely at Nekima. "When your sister came to me a century ago, she demanded to know the destiny of the humans that had moved into the city. She threatened to tear down this very mountain and batter me to death with every stone until I told her what she wished to know. Now, her sister stands before me, the messenger for the great betrayer of our people." He snorted. "Your mother would be disappointed."

Nekima's lips pulled back in a snarl. "Are you not marching south to throw your support behind Titania? Do you not believe that she is the only one capable of saving our world from the Tyrants?"

"What I believe is irrelevant," Euripides murmured, his tone resigned. "Knowledge is a burden, black-blood. The future is carved into the stars and engraved upon our bones. If you survive long enough to reach your mother's age, perhaps you will come to glimpse the strings that guide your actions." He turned his head southward, his gaze growing distant. "We join Titania because that is what we *do*. We have no choice."



Nekima lowered her arms as uncertainty crept into her mind. "...there is always a choice," she replied, but even to her own ears, there was hesitation in her voice. Her thoughts flitted to the swamp hag, the former human, and how often her sister had turned to the woman for guidance and knowledge. The idea that her actions might be predetermined was an uncomfortable thought, and she was unable to keep her expression from betraying her feelings.

As she worked through the concept of predeterminism, Euripides stepped past her and plucked up his dead kin. He handled the corpse like a doll, turning it over in his hands before plunging his thumbs into its gut. He tore the smaller cyclops apart like he was splitting a rotten pear, allowing its steaming blood and entrails to spill out onto the ice and snow. With cracking knees, the elder giant bent low to read the portents as the blood cooled.

The scent of fresh blood pulled Nekima out of her thoughts, and she watched Euripides curiously as he peered at the blood. She had grown up among the Black Blood Shamans of her people and had seen them perform countless divinations, but this was different. There were no chants of ancient words or strange invocations, just spilled blood and the wisdom to interpret its meaning. Despite her better wishes, she found herself intrigued.

"I see darkness," Euripides finally intoned. "A hungering darkness that reaches out from a jar of sweet nectar, filling the weak with brilliant light that only serves to deepen the shadows around them. The darkness transforms the city into a glowing sun that casts all of Malifaux in deep shadow, until finally, a winged queen steps forward, the champion of her people."

Nekima stared down at the blood, trying to catch even a glimpse of his vision. "Does she defeat the darkened sun?"

Euripides dropped the corpse to the ground and reached forward, wrapping his large hand around the smaller cyclops' head. With a loud crack, he tore the head free of its body and used a finger to scoop out its brains from its ruined eye socket. Then, eye narrowing, he peered into the empty skull for what felt like an eternity. "No," he finally intoned. "The shadows consume the winged queen, devouring her own darkness and filling her with light."

"I see..." A shiver that had nothing to do with the cold passed down Nekima's spine. Any creature capable

of enslaving Titania was a powerful opponent, but already some of the pieces were coming together in her mind. She shook her head and unfurled her wings to take flight. "I shall bring word of your prophecy and your approach back to Titania. When she learns of the darkness that threatens her..."

"No," Euripides interrupted, his gaze swinging back to Nekima. "This is not her future, black-blood. It is *yours*."

The color drained from Nekima's face, and she took an involuntary step backward. She opened her mouth as if to say something, but then her features set themselves into a determined scowl. Her wings flared open, and in the blink of an eye, she was gone, nothing more than a speck in the swirling snow.

Euripides' rough lips pulled back into a thin smile as he watched her retreat. Then he turned back to his people and raised the skull of the fallen cyclops high above his head. "Heidrek has fallen," he grumbled, his powerful voice carrying to the back of the group despite his soft words. "Let his kin step forward and feed."

The ranks of the cyclopes parted to allow two females to step forward, their eyes watery as they approached the remains of their kin. Euripides and the others turned their backs on the sight, allowing them privacy as they feasted.



"Take the shot."

Angel Eyes ignored the command. She clenched her living eye shut and focused through the mechanical one strapped to her empty right eye socket. Through it, she saw the wagon hurrying through the Badlands, making its way south behind a team of four horses. The driver cracked his whip over their heads, refusing to slow, though the horses were all panting and their haunches were foaming with sweat. Another hour to Ridley at that speed, she guessed.

"The sun's coming up, Angel, take the shot!"

Angel exhaled slowly. The crosshairs leveled on the driver, who was cursing and spitting at the horses, his face reddened up like a veiny beet. She wanted to watch that face explode in her scope, but instead, she aimed at the tired horse at the front of the wagon.

Rest, she quietly intoned, and squeezed the trigger.

The rifle went off, and a second later the horse simply collapsed, a bullet hole in its skull just behind the eye. The other horses tangled with it, and the wagon flipped over them. The driver was hurled through the air while the wagon smashed onto its roof in a cloud of dust and splintered wood.

Then the sun peeked over the horizon. The glare made Angel Eyes wince away from the scope.



Edwin laughed. The squat Englishman was more a shaved weasel than a bulldog, his leathery skin dirty from the road and his otherwise-smooth scalp broken by a pair of lopsided horns that jutted from his forehead. Inhuman red eyes winked at her from under a heavy brow. “Nice shootin’, bird.”

Angel Eyes sighed and took her finger off the trigger. “Make sure no one gets away.”

“Too right,” Edwin agreed. He lurched forward, scrambling on his hands and knees. He descended from the hilltop, kicking up dust as he went. Someone from within the wagon was crawling out, and Edwin fell on the man with his claws, ripping and tearing at his duster and the flesh of his back.

Angel picked herself up and strapped her rifle to her shoulder, taking her time going down the hill to join Edwin. He yanked someone from the wagon who was either unconscious or dead and ripped his throat open, just to be sure. While he wriggled into the wagon itself, Angel drew her pistol and checked on the wagon driver. His arm was snapped above the elbow, but he was half conscious, coughing blood from lips that were almost white. She put her boot on his arm and leaned on it, causing him to scream, his beady eyes focusing on hers.

“Thanks for the stones,” she said. She aimed the gun at his forehead and pulled the trigger. “Edwin!”

“Yeah?” called the muffled voice from inside the wagon.

“Don’t rip ‘em up too much! It’s supposed to look like a robbery, not Neverborn.”

“I know!” grunted. “Just grabbin’ some trinkets!”

While he robbed the dead, Angel went to each horse, checking them for injuries. Two were only bruised, though clearly panicked. The other was wounded to the point of absolute stillness, the whites of its eyes showing as it watched her.

“Easy,” she cooed. “Shhh.”

She unstrapped the healthy horses, untangling them from the reigns of leather and metal. She took out their bits and let them sprint away to freedom.

"Good girls," she said. Then she knelt by the last one. She patted its neck gently, keeping the pistol behind her back while she cocked the hammer. She continued to pet it until it closed its eyes. She put the gun to its head and pulled the trigger.

Edwin emerged from the wagon, carrying belts of ammo, spare pistols, and a small chest locked with a heavy pneumatic seal. "You done yet?" he asked.

Angel Eyes stood up, wiped her living eye, and went to join him. "That box got a key?"

"Not with this wagon," Edwin said. "You think the Arcanists would be that dumb?"

"I know an explosive lock when I see one," Angel replied. "I'd hate to come all this way just to watch you blow your own fingers off getting into it."

"Appreciate the faith you've got in me," Edwin chuckled. He pulled a pair of long metal pins from his belt and inserted them into the lock. "This one's an oldie. The Union hasn't seen many innovations in locks since ol' Ramsey got tossed in irons. I could open it in my sleep."

"Then do it without talking," Angel said.

She kept her distance from him while he worked, her eyes flicking between horizons. She didn't think anyone would stumble upon them, but being this close to Ridley and robbing an Arcanist wagon? The sky could be full of magicians in seconds if she—

A dark speck in the sky drew her mechanical eye's vision. "Work fast, Ed."

"Just a second! Lemme concentrate."

Angel drew her rifle and looked down the scope. She could just make out a pair of dark wings spread out behind the speck, gliding on the chilly morning air.

"Is it Arcanists?" Edwin asked.

"No," Angel said. "One of Nekima's 'messengers.'"

"Oh, well that's just peachy," Edwin said.

"Keep picking. I'll handle it."

She walked back up the hill, putting herself out of Edwin's earshot and letting the towering Nephilim spot her, though she suspected it already knew her location.

It swooped down and landed hard, heavy enough for her to feel it through the sandy soil at her feet. The mature Nephilim was all muscle covered with horns, claws, and teeth. It didn't look happy to be sent on an errand.

"Nekima commands your presence," it said, in a voice that was even deeper than she expected.

"She has a mission for me?"

The Nephilim glared at her. "You are *commanded*, halfbreed."

Angel wanted to roll her eyes, but she nodded instead. "Understood."

The Nephilim took flight again. Angel watched as it headed west, wondering if she could put a bullet between its buttocks. Edwin came up the hill carrying an armload of the chest's contents: Soulstones, already glowing from the deaths of the wagon's occupants.

"Got it!" Edwin said.

"Good," Angel said. "Get your horse. We're leaving."

"What did he want?"

"You know the Queen. First, she wastes your time, then she tells you why."



Another explosion rang out, deafeningly close. Puente clapped his hands over his ears, but it did nothing to silence the ringing. A half-second later, he was pelted by debris, and it was only when he wiped his face and it came back bloody that he realized the debris wasn't dirt.

Though his thoughts were frozen, instinct managed to spur him to motion, and Puente began to crawl away, his face pointed south towards the Latigo Ranch that was hours away. His rational mind, buried deep under panic and fear, tried to tell him that he would never make it even if he ran, but his dominant compulsion told him to find safety, and the Ranch had been the only place he'd ever felt safe in all of Malifaux.

A dry chuckle drifted over the sound of crackling fire. Puente glanced over his shoulder to see a tall figure stride out of the smoke, dressed in a long duster coat and a wide-brimmed hat. At first, Puente hoped it was one of the Ortegas come to help, but

he met the creature's glowing red eyes and felt his bowels loosen like a wet sponge.

Tuco Ortega grinned down at the kid, casually reloading his sawed-off shotgun as he followed Puente. The young pistolero's crawl turned into a half-pleading crabwalk.

"Please," Puente cried. The air was thick with smoke. He couldn't think of anything more to say, so he repeated himself in between choking coughs. "Please, please..."

Tuco kicked the kid onto his back. "I ain't gonna kill you. You crawl back home and tell Perdita that little cousin Tuco is comin' to skin her alive. You do that, and I let you live, comprende?"

"T-Tuco?" Puente scrambled onto his feet, pulling up his pants to keep the mess he'd made from spilling everywhere. "I'll go! I'll go!"

The kid even made it a few feet before Tuco shot him in the back. "On second thought, I'll just tell her myself."

He looked around, reloading again as he searched for another Ortega lap hound to gun down. When none presented themselves, he scowled and tucked the shotgun in his belt.

"Well, now I'm just *bored*."

"Oh, honey, your problem is that you kill too *fast*."

A woman easily as tall and muscular as a mature Nephilim strolled through the smoke. Becoming a bloodwretch had warped her more than it had others: a pair of curling horns jutted from her head, most of her hair had fallen out, and her skin had thickened almost to hide. Though her coveralls were scavenged from an abnormally large man so that they were barely tall enough to fit her, she carried herself like a lady, taking dainty hip-swaying steps with both hands on her waist.

"No one invited you, Di," Tuco muttered.

"You act as though an invitation would bring me to this unsightly mess." Her voice was deeper than a lifelong cigar smoker. "I was sent by Lady Nekima to fetch you."

"Fetch me?" Tuco asked. "For a job? Or to kill me? 'Cause I've got better things to do."

"Like wander off over yonder and get gunned down by your angry kin?" Di asked. "Come on now, best be gone 'fore the Ortegas see the smoke."

Tuco snarled. "Let 'em come. I'm sick of chasing these packs of pups around, daring that puta to show her face."

Di sighed. "Alone, with no ammo? That'd be a short tussle."

"Yeah, yeah. I'm comin', dammit."

"You're too kind," Di said. She offered her arm. Tuco glared at her, then hooked his arm around hers and tipped his hat lower over his face.

"There, you *do* have manners." Di nearly giggled.

"You tell anyone and you get two loads of rock salt."





Nekima swooped low, close enough to touch the tips of the trees. The Northern Knotwoods had some of the tallest this side of the Bayou, with trunks that could be as thick as two wagons. The foliage was so dense in places that the sun never touched the forest floor. In others, the rocky, hilly terrain was narrow and treacherous. Creatures limited to travel on the ground had a distinct disadvantage, and it was one of the reasons the human loggers had given the north a wide berth.

The other, of course, was Nekima's Nephilim. While her kind were nomadic and restless by nature, they defended a few important sacred sites and gathering circles. When the tribes had been divided by Lilith's usurpation of the throne, Nekima had fortified her followers in the Blood Pits.

It was to this place that Nekima returned. She flew over the canopy to a small natural clearing, the center of which boasted a gaping hole rimmed with two great slabs of curving stone like the beak of a hawk. The stink of blood, both fresh and spoiled, wafted from the hole. But the predators of the Knotwoods gave it a wide berth, for surrounding the pit were dozens of hide yurts lit by small torches. Even in the dark, she could make out more than a hundred Nephilim of various shapes and sizes gathering at the pit.

The larger of the beaks boasted a throne fashioned from countless human bones bound together with leather. She swooped down, landing nimbly upon her perch. Her claws found purchase in grooves she had worn into the armrests. She almost smiled as she let herself relax into position. This was her place.

A slender lilitu, clad in a dress of dyed leather, approached the throne. "The messengers have been sent as instructed, my queen. Your servants approach the camp even now."

Nekima smiled. "Excellent, Kestra. And what of the raids on the human settlement?"

Kestra bowed. "See for yourself, my queen."

The gathered crowd below parted, revealing a dozen or so humans, penned in by Nekima's Black Blood Shamans. They were herded onto the smaller stones that surrounded the pit, overlooking the abyss below.

"The hunting is rich in the lands once held by your sister," Kestra purred.

Nekima growled. "Chasing the Swamp Hag's portents while the vermin infested her land almost to an epidemic. You were weak, sister!"

One of the Shamans held up a dagger, and Nekima gestured a confirmation. A crying, demoralized human was brought to the edge of the pit. The shaman brought the blade up and then down, spilling blood from the man's chest. As fresh ichor spilled into the pit, a chorus of shrieks and hisses came up from below.

In ages past, the Nephilim were content to leave their offspring to the whims of the forest. The weak would perish while the strong would thrive and undergo the metamorphosis into stronger, more intelligent forms. But Nekima desired an army, and such breeding practices were inefficient. Now the terror tots were deposited in the blood pits, where they waited to be fed. Those that were strongest took the most, and when they underwent the change they would climb or fly out of the pit to join their kin. Those that were weak were destroyed by their kin or disappeared into the myriad tunnels under the pits, never to return. It mattered little either way.

The Shaman tossed the human's body into the pit, letting the remaining humans listen to the feasting as their turn approached. Their faces paled, their dwindling courage snuffed out like candles. The fear would make their blood savory.

"Many will earn their claws tonight," Nekima said.

From behind Kestra came her brother, Kure. The red-skinned lelu stood just behind his lilitu in compliant silence. "My queen, Angel Eyes and Tuco Ortega have arrived."

"Excellent," Nekima said. "Bring them forward."

Kestra turned and scowled at Kure. He nervously bowed and darted away.

"You have him trained," Nekima mused.

Kestra sighed. "He is hopeless..." A human screamed as she was being sacrificed. Her voice was cut off by the Shaman's blade.

From the crowd of Nephilim emerged Angel and Tuco. Their similarities were purely physical: hybrids in blood, clad in long coats and smelling of gunpowder and human foulness. The other Nephilim

growled, gnashed their teeth, or leered menacingly at the two, while both put on a show of ignoring them. Angel knelt before Nekima's throne, while Tuco merely bobbed his head. Nekima suspected she would want to kill him some day for his disrespect, but such things were for another day.

"Halfbloods," Nekima said, sitting up straight. "I have a mission for you both. First, however, Angel?"

Angel produced a satchel from her belt. She hefted it to show the weight and then handed it to Kestra, who opened it to reveal the Soulstones within. "The Arcanists will not use the same smuggling methods again."

Nekima nodded passively, her mind clearly elsewhere. "Do you know the man named Jakob Lynch?"

"Yes," Angel said. Tuco shrugged.

"Go to the city and kill him."

Angel paused. "...You want us to kill Jakob Lynch?"

"Yes," Nekima said. "*Why* is not your concern, and *how* is not mine. But do it quickly."

Tuco cleared his throat. "Are you craz—"

Angel stood up. "Lynch has a lot of connections, including muscle and magic from some very secretive parties. Not all of them human. An assassination I can do, but setting up a kill like that could take *weeks* of scouting. Let alone pulling him from that Honeypot will take—"

"That's why Tuco will go with you," Nekima interrupted. "And you may take your pick of the more experienced hybrids. Two. More than that would draw attention."

"I'd rather take a dozen bulls than this madman," Angel said.

"All heart 'n no sight," Tuco snapped. "Why would I drag you along? I could take a nap and beat Lynch to death with the pillow before you'd line up a shot."

"You want to kick in the door of a casino? Be my guest," Angel said. "The bouncers Lynch keeps will break every bone in that body and save that empty skull for last!"

Nekima smashed her fist into her armrest. "Enough! I gave you a command! If you can't perform this simple task, perhaps it's time I question your usefulness!"

Both kept their teeth together and swallowed whatever else they had to say. Nekima relaxed into her throne again.

"You may go," she said, turning to watch the continuing sacrifice.

Angel and Tuco exchanged glances, turned, and left side by side.



On the edge of Nekima's camp sat a cluster of scavenged tents sewn by human hands. In lieu of torches, lanterns hung from poles. Male and female halfbreeds, each sporting the pallid skin, misshapen horns, and curved claws of their fellow Blood Wretches, mulled about, maintained weapons, cooked meals, or spoke in hushed, guttural whispers.

Angel and Tuco's arrival caused a quiet stir among them, drawing the attention away from whatever they were doing. Along with being some of the first hybrids, each of those assembled here knew them to be among the strongest, and the most favored by Nekima. Most of the wretches in the camp were lucky to earn quiet apathy, but a few of the particularly pitiful examples were little better than lelu, constantly bullied and beaten by any Nephilim with an ounce of muscle mass above them.

Di broke the silence; the walking mountain of muscle gave an awkward curtsy to Angel. "Good evening, Ms. Angel. Long time since we saw you around these parts."

"Wherever I'm needed," Angel said. "I heard you pulled Tuco out of a fire?"

"Nothing so dramatic. He can take care of himself, even surrounded by flame."

"Stop yappin'," Tuco grumbled. "Di, you're with us. We're headed for the city, so don't dress like a whore."

Di huffed. She stormed off, muttering profanities.

"No wonder she likes you," Angel said. Before Tuco could offer a retort, she barked, "Ed!"

Edwin reluctantly bobbed out of a tent, glanced at Tuco, grimaced, and ducked back inside. A hushed cry of "Tell her I ain't here!" came from within before he was shoved back out.

THE HOUSE FOLDS

The weaseling hybrid planted a bowler hat on his bald head and shuffled over to Angel, giving Tuco a wide berth. "What is it? Need me somewhere far away from here, rather prompt-like?"

"Yes," Angel said. "Get your things. We're going to the city."

"We? You mean...?" He gestured at Tuco with a not-so-subtle nod.

Tuco grabbed his collar. "Yes, you little rat. Us. Now get your shit before I remember why I hate you so much and decide to settle affairs."

Edwin looked back at Angel. "Fine, fine!" He said as he darted off.

"Why do you keep him around?" Tuco snapped.

"He's good for thieving," Angel said. "He can do what I don't have the patience for."

Tuco huffed. "All right, let's get this out of the way. I lost my soul to a woman givin' orders before and I ain't got nothin' but this to show for it." He pointed at his own face. "You want to play hunter in your tree, waitin' for the deer to come to you, fine. I want to be in and out before I can finish a smoke. This whole mission stinks to piss."

Angel nodded. "For once we agree. This isn't an assassination; it isn't even a fight. It's suicide."

Tuco stared at her, waiting for a rebuke. When it didn't come, he snorted. "You figure she's trying to off us?"

"If Nekima wanted us dead, she'd do it herself. We're shit under her hooves, but she never passes up an excuse to kill something."

"Then why? What's Lynch done to get up her backside?"

"Don't know," Angel admitted. "But she's desperate to see him dead."

"You just said she likes to do it herself."

"So she's either getting smart, or she's desperate," Angel said. "Which do you think it is?"

He smirked. "But she doesn't want to *look* desperate. Send her least-favorite minions to do the job. Like lip-servicin' the church or something?"

Angel shrugged. "I once saw a Shaman kneel down and slice open his own throat to feed his apprentices because the stars said it was a good idea. I don't even pretend to understand."

Di returned, hefting a wardrobe suitcase like it was a purse in one arm and a sledgehammer in the other. "Are we traveling by boat, horseback, or on foot?"

"We'll blend in as much as we can," Angel said. "So you might want to... dress down."

Di sighed. "Story of my life."

Edwin appeared behind her, having appointed her as his honorary "Tuco shield." He had a duffle bag over his shoulder, his hat pulled low over his stubby horns. "Been a while since I've seen the big city. Will we get a chance to scope the joint, play a few rounds?"

"I wouldn't count on it," Angel said.



They marched northeast into what was once Lilith's territory. The Knotwood was not so inhospitable here, though most creatures caught a whiff of the hybrids' black blood and gave them a wide berth. Once night crept in, they turned directly south towards Fortune Falls, where they disguised themselves just enough to hide their Nephilim traits and ambushed a waldgeist that had cornered a logging team.

"Think they offer bounties on lumber?" Angel asked, earning a chuckle from a few of them.

After that, it was easy enough to join the loggers on their return to Fortune Falls, with Di helping to haul their lumber onto a flat barge and ride it downriver to the fortified town. The lumber camp seemed oddly subdued, but perhaps it was simply the oddity of the walls not being besieged by Nephilim attacks.

"Not sure why, exactly," a strong-backed male said when they entered the town. "There've been more attacks on the logging teams, and the north wood is more dangerous than ever, but it seems like the bastards are giving the town a breather."

Angel and Tuco exchanged glances. It was more likely that Nekima was busy securing Lilith's territory for her own. Fortune Falls would soon be seeing a renewed onslaught of unified packs of Nephilim.

It was too expensive to charter seats on the Green Cannonball, the high-speed cargo train that delivered lumber to Malifaux City, so they had to hire on for guard duty on one of the barges that made the slower journey. The trip was maddeningly boring; not that Angel wanted to fight other Nephilim who might take word of the attack back to Nekima, but the barge was a sluggish thing with little to do but watch the shoreline and put up with the occasional too-friendly stare from the barge crew.

When night fell, the four hybrids gathered around a lit candle while Edwin used a clawed finger to carve a makeshift map onto a piece of timber. "I ain't seen most of the Honeypot," he admitted. "But no one has outside of Lynch's men. The Arcanists tried to put people on the inside a few times and none of them lasted more than a week. There's a gang or syndicate in the Little Kingdom. Some people call them the Ten Thunders. They ain't much from what I gather, but they hold onto the casino like, well, like the honeypot it is. That and we figure Lynch has been spiking some of his drinks with something that gets people addicted twice as hard as opium. I've seen people kill for bottles of the stuff."

"So no eating or drinking anything," Angel said. Tuco snorted. "What else?"

"So the ground floor is mostly public, right? Cards, drinks, some of those new fruit machines," Edwin continued.

"New what?" Di asked.

"You know, them mechanical poker machines. Fruit machines."

"Slot machines," Angel corrected.

"...Right." Edwin gave everyone a side-glance to hide his embarrassment. "Most of the ground floor is set aside for it. He's also got rooms in the back where he stores goods. More cards, dice, chairs, dressing rooms for the girls, anything needed for the casino floor. Place is a maze; it discourages the customers from leaving the main foyer. Second floor is for private rooms. High stakes gambling, private party rooms, bedrooms for whorin'."

Di clucked her tongue disapprovingly.

"Just callin' it like it is, love," Edwin said. "Third floor is private offices, including Lynch's office, which has a window overlooking the casino floor. But my money isn't on him being there. He's the

type that likes to meet potential marks, right? Shake hands, get 'em comfortable, get 'em *spending*. Maybe slip some of that laced stuff into their hooch so they keep coming back for more and don't know why."

"You figure he'll be on the casino floor?" Angel asked.

"Nah. He'll be on the second. The balconies give him as good a view as his office and half the distance to walk when he spots a customer he wants to dip his hooks into."

"So it should be easy to take him down," Angel said.

"Not so fast," Edwin said. "Guns and blades ain't allowed on the floor. And there are bouncers everywhere. Lynch only hires the toughest, and word is a few of these guys don't mind a load of buckshot in their evening pint, if you catch me."

"How many?" Tuco asked.

"Maybe twenty?" Edwin said. "Which isn't to say his bartenders, waitresses, hell, even his whores ain't willing to draw Derry's and pop a few holes in your noggin'."

Angel rubbed her eye. "Is there any good news?"

Edwin frowned. "That *was* the good news. Bad news is this place seems to have only two exits. The front door is watched every minute and has guards and watch points. And the basement isn't accessible; we tried to scout the sewers under the Honeypot once. The whole thing is walled up deeper than any other structure we've seen in the city. Almost like there's a whole other sewer under it, cut off from the rest. No idea what he's keeping down there, but it goes down into the Necropolis."

"So what was the second exit?" Tuco asked.

Edwin tapped the map. "The kitchen on the west wall. Last I heard the kitchen section actually overlapped onto the more accessible points in the sewers. I guess they don't like dumping their garbage into their private sewers. It'll be filthy, but it should have some kind of dumping chute we can use. But I don't know what'll be on the other side of the chute. Maybe guards. Maybe just a bunch of surprised cooks."

"Oh, lovely," Di said. "You *do* know how to charm a lady."

THE HOUSE FOLDS

"Can't be helped," Angel said. "If this heap keeps pace, we'll be in the city by tomorrow night. Edwin will lead us through the sewers; we head right for the casino, enter through the kitchen, and the first glimpse we have of Lynch, we take it and get the hell out of there. This won't be a hand-holding job; if you fall behind, you're dead. And if what Edwin says about Lynch is true, I don't ever want to see you even look at what's being offered in there 'cause it'll probably mean that it's too late, which makes you a liability and a threat. Understood?"

Edwin and Di nodded, gravely. Tuco leaned back against the timber, adjusted his hat over his face, and went to sleep.

Angel used her own claws to scratch the map of the casino into an unintelligible mess and then went to her post to watch the forest.



Jakob Lynch was in a good mood.

The Honeypot, in many ways, ran as it always did. Customers entered, spent their money—so much money—and left. Most were upset but recognized they had no one but themselves to blame. Others blamed the house and earned a fat lip, at the very least, for their protests. Others left with bottles of Honeypot Whiskey tucked under their arms, too enthralled with the otherworldly taste of the stuff to care that they'd lost all their scrip. Men chomped on cigars and buried their noses in their cards; women in glittering dresses nibbled ears and whispered carnal prizes. Smoke and alcohol and lust stained the air.

But there was something else to the casino that evening, a kind of comfortable warmth that Lynch had never really equated to the place. Homely, even.

He predicted rather than sensed Mr. Cheng's approach. The Ten Thunders "advisor" was completely silent when he wanted to be, but he was so punctual about killing Lynch's good moods that it never truly surprised him anymore.

"You look cross, Mr. Cheng," Lynch said, without looking at him. "Maybe you'd like to take a load off, have some whiskey? Or maybe sake? Tea?"

Cheng merely scowled. He was good at scowling. "You sent two crates of whiskey to Edge Point. I was not informed of this decision."

"Informed" being Cheng's way of saying "the one to make" the decision. Lynch smirked. "I spoke with the Oyabun. *She*," Lynch emphasized the gender, just to see the vein form on Cheng's forehead, "and I agreed that Edge Point has lucrative opportunities she wishes to take advantage of. My fine whiskey will have a part in securing those opportunities. I meant to tell you, but..." He shrugged.



"I was not informed of this," Cheng repeated.

"Please, then, take it up with the Oyabun," Lynch said.

Cheng's response was to fold his arms and scowl at nothing in particular. Lynch kept his smile plastered on his face. True, taunting Cheng wasn't a good idea. Even though he'd thrown his lot in with Misaki during her coup, she was a conservative. By her reasoning, her action had been for the good of the Thunders and wasn't a personal power-grab. Lynch was more willing to call a spade a spade.

That being said, just because Lynch had made a deal with Misaki did not mean Cheng could not make his life difficult, just to remind him that he was a figure-head and that the Honeypot was Cheng's operation. If only he knew, Lynch mused.

His mood was further threatened when Mr. Tannen ascended the stairs from the casino floor. The rat-like man folded his hands in front of him and smiled that endlessly creepy smile. "A full house tonight, Mr. Lynch."

"I can see that," Lynch said. "Any troubles?"

"None," Tannen said. "Poor Mr. Graves looks positively bored."

Lynch smoothed over his goatee with his gloved hand. "I don't like that. A calm always precedes a storm."

"I've already reminded him to be on extra alert," Tannen said. "I've got extra men on the entrance. No one can get in without our knowing."

Somewhere over the din of the casino floor, a gunshot rang out like a flat wooden board dropped on its side. Not everyone noticed it at once, but those who did paused in their indulgences. Their expressions were similar: recognizing the unmistakable sound of a gunshot, confusion stemming from an understanding that guns were not allowed in the casino, and trepidation at the prospect of impending violence.

More rapid gunfire rang out. Alarming screams came from the casino floor. People began to panic. Mr. Graves moved through the crowd like the cattle-catcher on a locomotive, knocking people aside as he and his fellow bouncers hurried to engage the gunfire's source.

Then Lynch saw a stick of lit dynamite fly, end-over-end, into the packed crowds. All Lynch could do was wrench his eyes from the sight as the stick exploded, turning a startled panic into a bloody meat grinder.

Chaos erupted. People, injured and injuring, trampled each other as they sought the only exit. Blood splashed over discarded hands of poker; people beat each other simply for being obstacles; glass shattered, and chairs were smashed. Another stick of dynamite followed only moments after the first, tearing apart a row of Lynch's expensive new slot machines and scattering shrapnel in the form of warped metal and scorched coins. Even in the mad dash to escape, people crawling over the wreckage paused to scoop up every coin they could.

A rifle shot shattered the balcony railing an inch from Lynch's hand, spraying him with splinters. He dove to the right, with both Cheng and Tannen piling on top of him in a shared attempt to escape a second shot. More gunfire peppered the balcony, and the three jostled and kicked each other in a mad dash for a support pillar, which barely provided enough cover for one man, let alone three. More gunshots struck the pillar, slamming into the lacquered wood with deep *thwack-thwack-thwack* sounds.

"I see them!" Cheng said, holding his head at just an angle to see the casino floor without exposing his body to the shooter. "Two men, two women."

Tannen stuck his head out and ducked again as a bullet whizzed past. "Nephilim hybrids."

"They're after us!" Lynch yelled, trying to scrunch up his shoulders behind the pillar.

"They're after *you*," Tannen corrected.

"Me? What did I do?"

More importantly, what did you do? Lynch mentally projected. He didn't have to think with anyone in specific in mind.

The Hungering Darkness's presence was like some invisible, coiling presence in his mind.

Nothing. Its thoughts were almost amused. *Nekima strikes blindly.*

A bullet struck the wall at an angle that suggested the shooter was changing positions to get a clearer shot at Lynch. Lynch ducked, landing on his backside.

Destroy them, the Darkness intoned.

THE HOUSE FOLDS

Easy for you to say, Lynch thought. He plucked up his hat and pressed it down on his head.

"She's trying to herd you," Tannen said. "She wants you to run so she can get a bead on you."

Lynch sighed. "Mr. Cheng, you've no reason to care for my life, but surely this insult to the Thunders' domain deserves a firm reprisal?"

Cheng's veins were throbbing, but he nodded.

"Mr. Tannen?"

The rat-like man only smiled.

Lynch leaped to his feet and ran. As he went, he flicked his wrist, and the holdout pistol locked in

a wrist bracer under his sleeve folded out into his palm. He focused his senses, feeling the power of the Hungering Darkness tainting the course of fate, altering the imperceptible threads of cause and effect. He perceived a course of events before him, some favorable, others not. He had only a heartbeat to choose a direction, so he took it and fired his pistol at a seemingly wild angle into the crowd below.

His attack was rewarded. The shot was a loud blank, but the burst of flame and smoke from the barrel startled the shooter, who dove out of the way, revealing



herself from the crowd of scattering gamblers. She was cloaked in a heavy duster, with a hood and kerchief covering her face, and one of her eyes had been replaced with a mechanical augmentation. As she hit the ground, she rolled into a shooter's crouch and leveled her rifle at Lynch for another shot.

But it was all Mr. Tannen needed to spot her. Chittering laughter, he flicked a coin through the air toward her, the scattering of light on its polished surface drawing the shooter's attention. The coin flipped end over end, bouncing off her rifle with a distinct ping.

The sound drew Mr. Graves like an angry bull. The bouncer smashed through a crowd of people and charged the shooter, swinging a broken table leg at her head.

Lynch would have thought it over, but before Graves could land a skull-shattering blow, a woman who was just as big and burly as Graves blocked his post with a sledgehammer's shaft and tackled him. The two rolled over broken tables and bodies while slamming fists into each other.

After the burly woman came a lithe-looking man in a long coat with a devilish grin on his face. After firing on everyone he could see, he then used the tip of a cigar he'd procured to ignite another stick of dynamite and hurled it just beyond the balcony. Lynch cursed as he launched himself over the railing just as the stick exploded.

He wasn't sure how long it took for him to regain consciousness, but when he opened his eyes he saw a weaseled Nephilim hybrid looking down at him. Something about the man reminded Lynch of Mr. Tannen, and he snorted a laugh at the indignity of the world allowing *two* individuals to live with such unfortunate features.

The hybrid drew a revolver and aimed it at Lynch's head. "Looks like the deck's stacked against you, Mr. Lynch," he said, in a pronounced cockney accent.

Mr. Cheng appeared at the hybrid's side, materializing out of the smoke like he was part of it. Without a sound, he struck the hybrid's wrist with the edge of his hand, and the bullet flew wide. Cheng followed it with a finger-jab at the hybrid's face, putting him off balance and leaving him vulnerable. The hybrid managed an angry hiss before the Ten Thunders enforcer struck his exposed throat, choking off his voice, then grasped his head as if inspecting a piece of pottery and twisted. The hybrid dropped to the floor, limp.

"Get on your feet," Cheng said to Lynch.

A bullet tore through Cheng's midsection. He collapsed over the hybrid he'd just killed, wheezing in pain.



The fight had been going better than Angel had hoped. Getting in had been easy; the disposal chute was big enough even for Di to get through, and the kitchen staff had been too startled to react before the big woman had smashed their heads in with her hammer. Angel had started cursing under her breath the moment Tuco ran in guns blazing, but she'd taken advantage of the confusion to zero in on Lynch. She and Edwin had tried to flank him so she'd get a clear shot, and while Lynch and his flunkies had a few tricks between them, Angel's own people had been enough to keep them at bay. Then Lynch's underling had murdered Edwin, and from that moment on, it no longer felt like a job.

She stalked towards Lynch, reloading her rifle and staring pure hatred into his dazed eyes. "Any last words?"

The casino owner smirked. "A bottle of my most *brilliant* whiskey," he shouted, loud enough to be heard by the entire room, "to the one who brings me this woman's head!"

Angel wondered if Lynch had hit his head in the fall, or if the prospect of death had somehow driven Lynch to the madhouse.

But then the screaming crowds *stopped*. People who had been fleeing for their lives moments before now stared at each other as if offered the world for their souls... and it sounded like a *bargain*.

Then they looked at her, faces gaunt like men who had not tasted water in days. Their eyes faintly shimmered in the smoky light of the casino floor.

Oh hell.

She turned the rifle on Lynch and fired, but the worm had taken the opportunity to duck into the crowd of people.

"Tuco!" she shouted, opening fire at the nearest casino-goer, who barely seemed to realize he was shot as he fell, his thirsty stare never breaking.

THE HOUSE FOLDS

"I'm outta dynamite!" he shouted back as he unloaded both barrels into the crowd. An attacker got too close, and he slashed the man's throat with his claws.

Angel whirled, spotting Di still exchanging blows with Lynch's bouncer. Even as they grappled one another, a rat-like man in thick spectacles snuck up behind Di and plunged a pocketknife into her shoulder. She clobbered him with a quick elbow, knocking him off his feet, only for the bouncer to get a hold of her and bring his makeshift club down on her surprised face, smashing in teeth. He didn't stop swinging.

"Diamond!" Tuco snarled. He opened fire on the bouncer; the buckshot ripped through the oncoming crowd, and a few grazed the bouncer's face. It wasn't enough to even make the big man flinch. In a defiant response, the bouncer pulled the smaller, rat-like man to his feet and ignored the fact that he'd just been shot.

"Thank you, Mr. Graves."

"Anytime, Tannen."

Angel felt a sudden rush of cold twisting in her guts. They'd lost the advantage, and now they were hopelessly outnumbered. "Tuco! We gotta go!"

"No!" he shouted back, ripping at the horde-like crowd with his claws, but for every one he put down, a dozen pressed in around him. Angel drew her sidearm and opened fire, putting pellets in skulls before grabbing him by the scruff of his coat and yanking him back towards her. For his part, he didn't object. They ran, firing behind them as they retreated to the kitchens.



When the shooting stopped, Mr. Lynch joined Mr. Tannen and Mr. Graves. The casino's bouncers were already at work gathering up those who still lived.

"They're thirsty," Tannen pointed out.

"Give them each a shot," Lynch said.
"They did their part."

Tannen nodded and went to fetch some whiskey.
"This way, everyone. What a scare that was, hmm?"

Before the authorities arrive, let's have something to take the edge off, hmm?"

The crowd followed him like happy, obedient dogs. Lynch knelt over Cheng, checking his wound. "You look like hell, Mr. Cheng."

Cheng scowled at him. "I'll live."

Listen to the Thunder before the next storm, Darkness whispered, then laughed. Lynch tried not to react.

"Good man," Lynch waved one of the bouncers over. "Summon one of the Low River healers, and inform the Oyabun of what has happened, if she hasn't been informed already. There are many injured and others who will need to be silenced."



The bouncer silently nodded and plucked up Mr. Cheng like a large and particularly ugly doll before hurrying away. Lynch took off his hat and ran a hand through his hair, surveying the damage around him: the chaos of bodies, damaged furniture, and smashed equipment.

"The Nephilim want me dead," he said.

Mr. Graves stared at him. "Thinking of running?" It was hard to tell if he was asking a question or giving a statement.

Lynch pursed his lips but eventually shook his head. "Run? Where?" He sighed. "No. No running for me, I'm afraid. Though it looks like I might be running out of time."

Mr. Graves was silent for a few moments as he took the opportunity to claw a piece of buckshot from his cheek. His eyes shone a brilliant blue, but Lynch didn't notice. Graves' facial expression changed from uncertainty to devotion. "Maybe so. But if it's all the same to you, Mr. Lynch, Mr. Tannen and I would like to remain in your employ, no matter what comes our way."

Jakob Lynch wasn't sure if he was proud or terrified of that promise. "To the end, then, Mr. Graves."

To the end, the Hungering Darkness echoed in his thoughts, and that *did* terrify Lynch.



The camp was quiet. The other Nephilim were either away on missions or returned to their yurts to sleep. A few of them stood watch, but they were well away from Nekima's throne.

Angel and Tuco stood before it, where Nekima sat lounging. She had listened to their report, seemingly more interested in the gleam of her own claws than anything else.

"...and we returned, as quickly as we were able," Angel finished.

"I admit," Nekima said, after a moment. "I half-expected you two to run and hide after your failure."

Tuco snorted. "Where would we run?"

The Queen stared at him. "Nowhere." She stood, staring them down with a cold silence that was not what either of them were accustomed to from her. Then she laughed, and it made Angel's blood chill.

"My Queen?"

"You may have failed," Nekima said. "But the effect will be the same. No doubt that coward Lynch will flee for Earth. Whatever he was cooking in that hovel of his, it has no doubt been ruined. I've done my part. And you've done yours. Leave. Now."

Angel and Tuco did not need any encouragement. They left the Blood Pit, returning to the hybrid camp. They walked in silence. Neither had spoken since they'd fled the Honeypot.

Once they reached two crossing paths, Angel decided to finally speak. "Look, I know you're ups—"

Tuco interrupted her with a cold stare and a clenched fist at his side. Before Angel had the chance to continue, he turned and walked away. Angel watched him leave until he faded into the woods. She couldn't shake the feeling that he'd be coming back, and not to play a game of cards.

She made and then sat down by a fire, withdrawing into her mind as she started to check over her rifle, trying her best not to think about what she'd do if Tuco decided it was her fault that Diamond had died.

Instead, she focused on the other events that had transpired that night. Whatever Lynch was, he was more than Nekima suspected, or she would never have sent a handful of hybrids after him. After what Angel had seen, she didn't think Lynch would run, either. She let her eyes drift upward to the ever-changing stars of Malifaux's sky, wondering what they were trying to say.





Survival meant forcing himself to dine on carrion, to endure storms of rain and wind, to feel the terror of being prey and the exhilaration of a successful hunt. Nature was no longer something to study, but experience.

By the time he returned to Malifaux City, Marcus was a changed man. It was not long before the walls which had once made him feel secure started to feel more like the confines of a prison. Abandoning civilization, Marcus roamed the land and made his home in the wilderness, and nature welcomed him as its own.

Embracing its ways, he learned to commune with beasts, to regenerate his aging body to that of a man in the prime of his youth, and to fight with the ferocity of a beast. Though he aids the Arcanists, Marcus' true loyalty is to the law of the wild, where only the strong are fit to rule.

Hearing of his exploits, Earthside mages approached Marcus, seeking his help to create beasts akin to the monsters of myth. Intrigued by the potential of pitting Earth's legends against Malifaux's living horrors, he traveled to the Badlands to begin forging new creations of flesh and bone.

There, he found an unlikely ally in the Fae Queen, who surprisingly seemed willing to share her unearthly forest with him. Though her reasoning is unclear, it matters little to Marcus, as he now has the resources and freedom he needs to continue his bestial experiments, away from the judgmental eyes of civilization.

This mutual agreement has not been seen without skepticism, however. Colleagues, acolytes, students, soldiers, and lovers of both parties question the arrangement, but Marcus cares little for the opinions of his peers and only follows the path of the wild.

MARCUS
Master, Living
CHIMERA

15
COST

6 Df
6 Wp
6 MV
2 Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

GUIDED EVOLUTION: At the start of this model's Activation, discard all Mutation Upgrades Attached to it. Then this model may discard a Mutation Upgrade.

PROTECTED (BEAST): After this model is targeted by an enemy Attack Action, it may discard a card to change the target to a friendly Beast model within 2" of this model (ignoring range, LoS, and targeting restrictions).

UNIMPEDED: This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain.

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.

BEASTMASTER: If this model is this Crew's Leader, when hiring, Crews containing this model treat Beasts in their declared Faction as though they were Versatile.

PRIMAL DOMAIN: Once per Activation. After a friendly model within 16 discards a Mutation Upgrade, draw a card.

HEALTH

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

MARCUS				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
TEAR APART	1"	6	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3 damage.				
♣ Tear Off a Bite: This model Heals 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.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
CHIMERANCY	12"	7	-	X
<i>This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. The TN of this Action is 10 plus the Upgrade's Cost and the Cost of every other Mutation Upgrade Attached to the target. Other friendly Beast or Chimera only. Attach a Mutation Upgrade to the target.</i> ♣ Mend: Target Heals 2. ♥ Quick Reflexes: Take this Action again, targeting a different model.				
CALL OF THE WILD	6"	6♣	-	12
<i>Friendly Beast only.</i> Target may move a number of inches up to its Mv. ♣ Hunter's Call: When resolving, instead of moving, the target may take the Charge Action.				
♥ PRIMAL ROAR	06"	6♥	-	11
Friendly Beast and Chimera models within range may move up to 3". ♥ Evolutionary Superiority: When resolving, increase the distance each model may move by a number of inches equal to the number of Mutation Upgrades it has Attached. ♣ Surge: Draw a card.				



JACKALOPE

Enforcer, Beast Totem (Marcus)
CHIMERA

4

COST



4
Df

3
Wp

4
Mv

1
Sz

ABILITIES

LAMARCKIAN EVOLUTION: This model receives +1 to its final duel totals for each Mutation Upgrade it has Attached.

DEMISE (ETERNAL): *Once per Turn.* After this model is killed, it may discard a card. If it does so, it Heals 4.

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

UNIMPEDED: This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain.

CREATURE OF CAERBANNOG: When this model would discard a card for its **Demise** Ability, it may instead discard a Mutation Upgrade. If it does so, it may ignore the Ability's *Once per Turn* restriction.

1

2

3

4

HEALTH

JACKALOPE

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
HORNS Target suffers 2/2/3 damage. Tear Off a Bite: This model Heals 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.	0"	4	Df	-

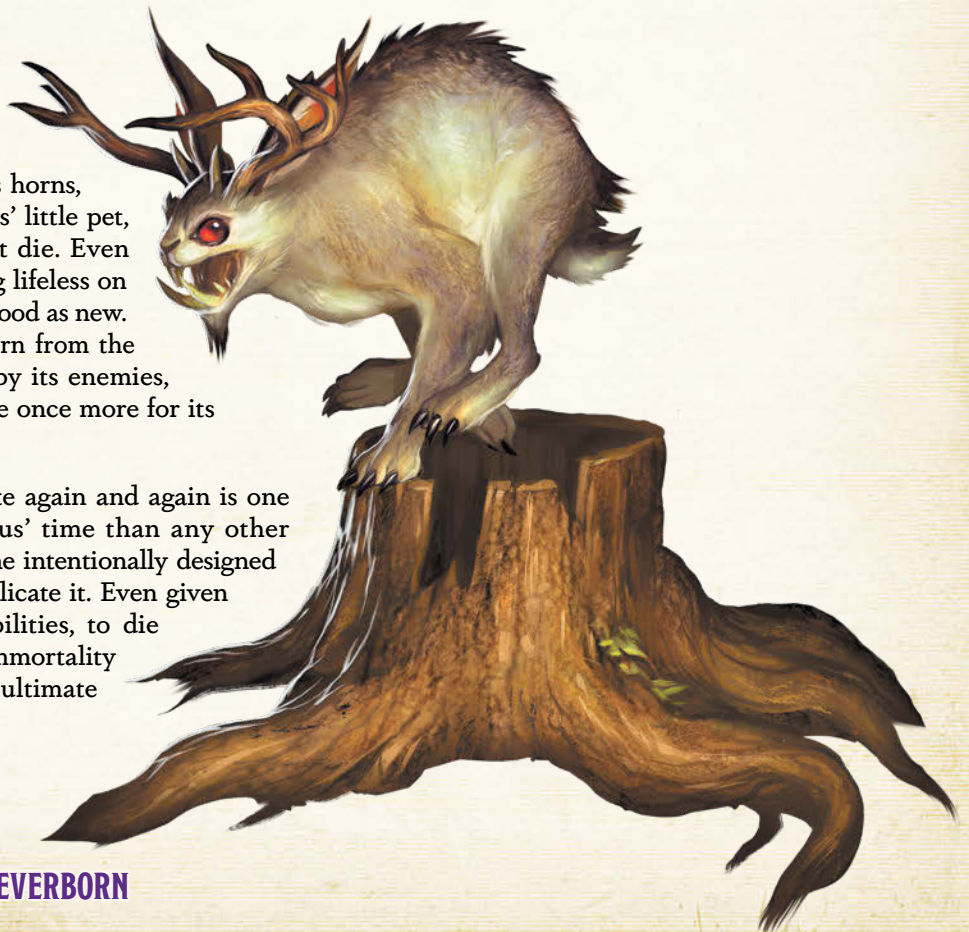
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
LEAP Place this model anywhere within range.	6"	3W	-	10W

30MM

JACKALOPE

With the body of a small hare, the Jackalope does not appear to be intimidating. Even with razor-sharp teeth and a set of dangerous horns, there is little reason to fear Marcus' little pet, except for the fact that it will not die. Even after it is beaten in battle and lying lifeless on the ground, it will rise up again as good as new. With rabbit-like speed, it will return from the edges of battle, all but forgotten by its enemies, to strike again or to sacrifice its life once more for its master.

The creature's ability to regenerate again and again is one that has taken up more of Marcus' time than any other project. It was not an ability that he intentionally designed and he has still been unable to replicate it. Even given the longevity provided by his abilities, to die and return would mean perfect immortality for him and his mate, which is his ultimate goal.



RAZORSPINE RATTLER

Despite its name, the Razorspine Rattler often moves in near silence. It is only when it comes out of the boggy water that the spines on its back tap against each other, creating a staccato rhythm. On land or in the water, it can charge at several times its traveling speed, closing the distance to its prey before they have even had a chance to react. Once caught, the Rattler will encircle its victim and strike with its fangs, pumping poison into their blood.

Several autopsies on Razorspine Rattler deaths show that the potent toxin causes fewer deaths than the bite itself, due to the beast's massive teeth. When Marcus first saw a Razorspine Rattler, he knew that such a creature would be perfect for his experiments and for standing beside him in combat, even without modification. Since discovering it, he is rarely seen without one nearby, waiting in the shadows to ambush a target whose intentions are not wholly in line with his own.

RAZORSPINE RATTLER

Minion (3), Beast

CHIMERA

7

COST

6

DF

5

WP

FACTION

6

MV

3

SZ

ABILITIES

CONstriction: Enemy models engaged by this model suffer a $\square$ to duels generated by the **Disengage** Action.

UNIMPEDED: This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain.

DEADLY PURSUIT: During the End Phase, this model may Push up to 4".

WICKED: When this model makes a successful $\parallel$ Action generated by an enemy model's **Disengage** Action, this model may resolve the Action's normal effects (including Triggers) instead of reducing the enemy model's Push distance.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

HEALTH

RAZORSPINE RATTLER

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

VENOMOUS STRIKE $\parallel$ 1" 6 Df -

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains **Poison +1**.

Tear Off a Bite: This model Heals 2.

Reposition: Move this model up to 3".

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

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".

40MM

LUCIUS MATTHESON

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

Nobody knows. Nobody even knows if any of the many grand and elaborate stories he tells of his past are even remotely true. More importantly, nobody except a select few know what's behind his mask, and fewer still have survived upon seeing with their own eyes. And that fills Lucius with quiet glee.

After establishing himself as Secretary to the Governor-General, Lucius groomed the ambitious but short-sighted Herbert Kitchener, fueling his thirst for power with one hand while sowing the seeds of his eventual destruction with the other. But Lucius underestimated Kitchener's impatience, who enacted a ritual intended to give him ultimate power. To Lucius's shock, Kitchener almost succeeded.

Kitchener died, and the Burning Man was born. The Guild enacted a swift response, and before Lucius could orchestrate the disaster to his liking, Franco Marlow was appointed the new Governor-General. Marlow held Lucius responsible for his mishandling of the debacle, an accusation that he holds close to his heart. Or, he would... if he had one.

Lucius rankles at the indignity of this temporary inconvenience, of this brief yet raw embarrassment, but he is far from finished from his intent of climbing the ladder. Of obtaining ultimate, unyielding, and absolute power. The allegations, the strange looks, the demotions... they're all just setbacks; short walls that can easily be stepped over or destroyed.

Many still swear their fealty to him alone, and others, well, they should have read the fine print on their contracts. They will come when called, like it or not. Marlow may not bend his ear to him, not yet, but there are so many others Lucius can speak to, and when he does, they listen.

LUCIUS MATTHESON

Master, Living

ELITE, MIMIC

15

COST

5

7

5

2

DF

WP

FACTION

MP

SZ

ABILITIES

SERENE COUNTESS: Enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a $\square$ to their duel.

MASTERMIND: If this model is this Crew's Leader, after any player discards a Pass Token to skip Activating a model, this model may draw a card.

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

ENTOURAGE: After this model resolves the Walk Action, any number of other friendly unengaged models within 6 may move up to 2" in any direction.

SUBTERFUGE: When an enemy Scheme Marker would be Dropped within 6, this model may discard a card. If it does so, a friendly Scheme Marker is Dropped instead.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

HEALTH

LUCIUS MATTHESON

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

FANCY CANE

1" 5 Df -

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

Beautiful Clothes: Target gains **Distracted +1**.

Coordinated Attack: Another friendly model may take a $\square$ Action targeting the same model.

Siphon Essence: Enemy only. After killing, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.

HIDDEN SNIPER

10" 5 Df -

This Action ignores Cover and can draw LoS and range from any friendly Mimic or Elite model. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains **Injured +1**.

Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each $\square$ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).

MISINFORMATION

6" 6 Wp -

Enemy only. Target reveals its Control Hand and discards up to two cards of this model's choice. Then, the target draws a number of cards equal to the number of cards it discarded.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

ISSUE COMMAND

12" 7 - 12

This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. Friendly Minion, Mimic, or Elite model only. Target takes a non- $\square$ Action.

Purification: End one Condition on the target.

Under Pressure: Push the target 2" away from this model.

30MM



THE SCRIBE

Certainly there was another person at that meeting, you think as you hurry away from the Governor-General's mansion, glad to be out from under Lucius Mattheson's gaze. Of course there was. Didn't Mattheson motion for his seal and wax, and with a murmur there they were in front of him?

Didn't he snap his fingers for the deeds we were discussing, and there were quick footsteps and a figure beside him and they were laid out on the desk, open at exactly the right page? And I know for a fact that when he asked for the record of the meeting there was a flutter of paper and a sound like a hundred pens scratching at once, and there it was? Handed to him by someone you didn't quite see? In beautiful copper-plate writing, dated and marked? Not just minutes, an exact transcript of your conversation, though you spoke for over an hour? So surely there was someone else in the room with you.

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



THE SCRIBE

Enforcer, Living Totem (Lucius Mattheson)

ELITE, MIMIC

2

COST

4

DF

5

WP

4

MV

2

SZ

FACTION

ABILITIES

DF/WP (3)

FADE AWAY:

Enemy only.

When resolving,

reduce any damage this model suffers by 2, then Bury this model.

UNSEEN BUTLER:

At the start of this model's Activation,

if it is Buried, Unbury it within 2" of a Scheme Marker or a friendly Master.

After this model Unburies for any reason,

all friendly models within (1)2 Heal 1 and gain Focused +1.

BETRAYAL:

Enemy models within (1)6 must each discard a card to Cheat Fate.

FOLLOWING ORDERS:

Once per Activation.

After this model resolves an Action taken outside its Activation,

generated by a model with Cost higher than it, this model may draw a card.

INSIGNIFICANT:

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

1 2 3 4

HEALTH

THE SCRIBE

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

SHARPENED QUILL

0" 5 Df -

Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.

Draw Out Secrets:

Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target.

Maim:

Target discards a card.

DISPEL MAGIC

6" 6 Wp 12

End one Condition on the target.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

I'VE GOT YOUR BACK

6" 5 - 10

Target other engaged friendly model. Target is Placed into base contact with this model.

30MM

60

MALIFAUZ THIRD EDITION • NEVERBORN

DOPPLEGANGER

Always counterfeiting another creature, it is a point of scientific debate about what a Doppelganger really looks like. Most people are more concerned with how they can destroy it before it decides to take their place in the world. Many Neverborn possess the ability to imitate another being, but there are a rare few whose forgeries are near-perfect representations, and these are the ones who cause the most concern and earn the title of Doppelganger. There have been more than a few cases of crimes committed within Malifaux proper by men with airtight alibis.

Stronger Neverborn will often ally with a Doppelganger, sending them ahead to scout. Their true value lies in their ability to go undetected. The Guild has created a complicated screening system for some of their high-profile members, seeking to rout any infiltration-in-process. The fact that no Doppelgangers have ever been caught by this process is held as proof of its overwhelming success.

DOPPLEGANGER

Enforcer, Living
Versatile
MIMIC

8
COST



5
DF

5
WP


 FRACTION

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.

DON'T MIND ME: This model may take the **Interact** Action while engaged or if it has taken the **Disengage** Action this Activation.

DISGUISED: This model cannot be the target of Actions generated by the **Charge** Action.

FOLLOWING ORDERS: *Once per Activation.* After this model resolves an Action taken outside its Activation, generated by a model with Cost higher than it, this model may draw a card.



HEALTH

DOPPLEGANGER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
STAGGERING PUNCH  0" 5 Df - Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains Staggered . <i>✗ No Witnesses:</i> 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 .				
LURE 12" 6 Wp 12 Move the target its Mv toward this model.  Love Hurts: When resolving, the target suffers 2 damage.  Reposition: Move this model up to 3".				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<i>✗ MIMIC</i> 6" 7 - 12 Select one of the target's non-  Actions that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name. Non-Master only. Until the End Phase, this model may treat the selected Action (and its Triggers) as though it were printed on its card. The Stat for the Action is considered to be equal to the Stat for this Action. <i>✗ Mental Trauma:</i> Target must either discard a card or suffer 3 damage.				
<i>✗ BLEND IN</i> Discard a card. Until the End Phase, this model has Concealment.				

30MM



CHANGELING

Orphans are so easy to ignore in Malifaux. The city grows them like weeds. So who is there to notice when one goes missing here or there? And who is there to notice when the pathetic, dirty faces darting from alley to alley start to look more and more alike?

Oh, but they notice when they wander alone in the dark, or stumble drunk down the wrong street. They notice when they are surrounded by children wearing the same face. Oh yes, then they notice. And they die, staring into a face that looks just like their own, mirroring even their screams.

So go about your business. Ignore the dirty, ragged children watching from the shadows.

They are not ignoring you.

CHANGELING
Minion (3), Living
MIMIC

4
COST

4
DF

4
WP

FACTION

5
MV

1
SZ

ABILITIES

STEALTH: Enemy models cannot target this model from more than 6" away.

MANIPULATIVE: If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a to their duel.

DISGUISED: This model cannot be the target of Actions generated by the **Charge** Action.

FOLLOWING ORDERS: *Once per Activation.* After this model resolves an Action taken outside its Activation, generated by a model with Cost higher than it, this model may draw a card.

HEALTH

1 2 3 4

CHANGELING

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
WHISPERED TRUTHS Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 13 Wp duel or gain Slow .	(1)3"	5	-	12
JUST LIKE YOU! <i>Once per Activation. Target a model with higher Cost than this model. Select one of the target's non- Tactical Actions that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name. This model may take the selected Action with a penalty of -2 to its Stat.</i>	5"	-	-	-

30MM



In ancient Malifaux, before humans had ever seen a Soulstone, Titania had ruled the Fae. Her reign was a long and prosperous one, and her throne remained unrivaled. That is, until the Tyrants came. She led her people, her creatures, her knights, against the Tyrants and was instrumental in the construction of Kythera. But some of her followers believed she had grown too strong, and they betrayed her within Nythera, locking her away for centuries.

She has called out to those who still owed her fealty, and they have answered. Some, like Euripides, were slower to respond, but if Kythera has taught the Queen anything, it is patience. She has forged new pacts with mortals that she has allowed to dwell and walk upon her earth, such as Marcus and Nekima. With each passing minute, she further fortifies her position, and with each day, more of her old power is restored.

But the creation of the Burning Man worries Titania. She had dismissed the humans on her world as inconsequential intruders - clever and numerous, but ultimately too primitive and pitiful to be a true threat. To learn that they had already come so close to becoming Tyrants themselves was a sign that she could no longer afford to wait.

All will serve Titania once more.

Those who resist will become ash, and her growing dominion will feed upon them like a plant to fertile soil.

TITANIA
Master, Undead
 FAE

15
 COST

5 DF
7 WP
6 MV
2 SZ

FACTION

ABILITIES

ABUNDANT GROWTH: After Deployment, Create a 50mm Concealing, Severe Underbrush Marker anywhere on the table, at least 2" from any other Markers. This model is unaffected by Underbrush Markers.

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

CRUEL DISAPPOINTMENT: When a friendly model within ⚡3 would suffer Severe damage, it suffers Moderate damage instead.

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.

LIFE LEECH: When an enemy model starts its Activation within ⚡4, this model Heals 1 and the enemy model suffers 1 damage.

HEALTH

TITANIA				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SHARP CLAWS	1"	6	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.				
♣ My Loyal Servant: Another model (other than this model) within 3" of the target Heals 1/2/3. ♥ Knock Aside: Push the target 4" in any direction. ✠ Into Thorns: <i>Target must be within 2" of an Underbrush Marker.</i> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. Then, Place the target into base contact with an Underbrush Marker within 2" of it.				
AWAKENED HUNGER	8"	6	Df	-
This Action ignores Concealment and receives a ♣ to its duel if the target is in Severe Terrain. Target suffers 2/4/5 damage and gains Injured +1. ♣ Focused Clearing: This model Heals 2 and may end a Condition on itself. ✠ Into Thorns: <i>Target must be within 2" of an Underbrush Marker.</i> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. Then, Place the target into base contact with an Underbrush Marker within 2" of it.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
GERMINATE	6"	7	-	12
Create a 50mm Concealing, Severe Underbrush Marker anywhere within range, at least 2" away from any other Underbrush Markers. ♥ Cradle of Life: Place this model into base contact with the Created Marker. ✠ THE QUEEN'S COMMAND 8" 8 - 10 <i>Target an Underbrush Marker.</i> Move the target up to 3" in any direction. Then, every model in base contact with the target suffers 1 damage. ♥ The Land Obeys: Take this Action again, targeting a different Underbrush Marker.				
30MM				



GORAR

The idea of death and rebirth is important to the Fae, particularly to those who were members of Titania's court. Titania is the Queen of Autumn, a time of change where the lines between life and death are the weakest. Her power waxes and wanes in this way; she is strongest at sunrise and sunset.

The Gorar is a living embodiment of Titania's power. The serpent is a symbol of death, and the egg in its coils is a symbol of new life. It defends its master without hesitation, leaping into danger to defend her. Despite this, it always manages to keep hold of the egg and the new life it represents. When the time is right, the Gorar may be sacrificed where the ley lines are strongest in order to bring one of Titania's favored servants back from the grave, hatching from the precious egg the Gorar has protected for so long. When Titania's power swells once again, a new Gorar will manifest and the cycle will begin anew.



GORAR

Enforcer, Undead
Totem (Titania)
FAE

2
COST

4
DF

4
WP

FACTION

5
MV

3
SZ

ABILITIES

ABUNDANT GROWTH: After Deployment, Create a 50mm Concealing, Severe Underbrush Marker anywhere on the table, at least 2" from any other Markers. This model is unaffected by Underbrush Markers.

HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a $\square$.

CONstriction: Enemy models engaged by this model suffer a $\square$ to duels generated by the **Disengage** Action.

1 2 3 4

HEALTH

GORAR

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
VENOMOUS STRIKE	1"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains Poison +1 .				
✦ Reposition: Move this model up to 3".				
✕ Into Thorns: Target must be within 2" of an Underbrush Marker. When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. Then, Place the target into base contact with an Underbrush Marker within 2" of it.				
SPIT VENOM	8"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 1/3/4 damage and gains Poison +1 .				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
MOLD OF THE OTHER	-	8W	-	X
Name a friendly Minion or Enforcer that was killed this game. The TN of this Action is equal to 10W plus the Cost of the named model. Replace this model with the named model, then the new model Heals 3.				

40MM

KILLJOY

For untold centuries, the undead being known as Killjoy walked the wilderness of Malifaux, knowing it was punished for some crime, but unable to remember why or how it could redeem itself. That time alone took its toll and eventually drove the creature mad, sometimes to near motionless catatonia, but mostly to homicidal rages where it would brutally slaughter any moving creature within sight. When the blood haze lifted, it would return to wandering, heedless of its direction, always brooding over who it was, and why it could not remember.

Then, something happened. Killjoy felt something in the air, a change in the seasons. The smell of Autumn winds, beckoning to him. The feeling sparked something ancient and lost within its mind.



KILLJOY

Enforcer, Undead

FAE

10

COST

4

DF

5

Wp

5

MV

3

SZ

FACTION

ABILITIES

DEMISE (IMMORTAL SOIL): After this model is killed, it Heals 4 and is Buried.

TERRIFYING (11): After an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 11 Wp duel or the Action fails.

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

BARBED IN BRAMBLES: After this model moves through or ends a move in an Underbrush Marker, its next Action this Activation receives a ⚡ to its duel. This model is unaffected by Underbrush Markers.

BLOOD PRICE: After deployment, up to two friendly non-Insignificant models may Attach a Ritual Upgrade.

EAT YOUR FILL: After killing an enemy model with a ⚡ Action, this model Heals 2.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

HEALTH

KILLJOY

ATTACK ACTIONS

Rg STAT RST TN

MASSIVE CLEAVER

1" 6 Df -

Target suffers 3/4/6 damage.

☞ **Drink Blood:** When resolving, this model Heals an amount equal to the damage suffered.

⚡ **Onslaught:** Take this Action again, targeting the same model.

HOOKEED CHAIN

8" 5P Df -

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. Push the target up to 3" toward this model.

☞ **Pull and Drag:** Push the target 3" toward this model.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

Rg STAT RST TN

JUGGERNAUT

- - - -

Discard a card. This model Heals 1/2/4.

50MM

AESLIN

The Dryw of the Autumn Court, the Wind and the Silence, Keeper of the Letting-Stone. Aeslin serves Queen Titania as her closest advisor and oracle, offering sacrifice and sight as the Queen demands. Ancient and wise, Titania is rarely caught off guard by anything, but in these unpredictable times, it never hurts to have a seer to confirm or deny one's suspicions.

Aeslin is also the oldest of Titania's subjects, having survived the ages while others fell in battle for their Queen or fell out of her favor and were replaced.

Their bond is one closer to that of siblings than a monarch and her subject, but Aeslin never forgets her place. She lives to serve Titania, she will die to serve Titania, and she will zealously cut down any that question the Autumn Queen's rule.

AESLIN
Henchman, Undead
FAE

8
COST

5
Df

6
Wp

5
MV

2
Sz

ABILITIES
ABUNDANT GROWTH: After Deployment, Create a 50mm Concealing, Severe Underbrush Marker anywhere on the table, at least 2" from any other Markers. This model is unaffected by Underbrush Markers.
HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a $\square$.
HONORABLE: This model cannot gain the **Distracted** Condition. Enemy models that target this model with Attack Actions ignore the $\square$ suffered from the **Distracted** Condition.
COUNTERSPELL: Enemy models within 6" must each discard a card to declare Triggers during opposed duels with this model.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
HEALTH

AESLIN

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

TANGLING ROOTS

1"

6

Df

-

While this model is in Severe Terrain, this Action can target any other model in the same piece of Severe Terrain, ignoring range and LoS. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

X **Into Thorns:** Target must be within 2" of an Underbrush Marker. When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. Then, Place the target into base contact with an Underbrush Marker within 2" of it.

DECAY

8"

6X

Df

-

Target suffers 2/2/3 damage. Models damaged by this Action gain **Injured +1**.

Draw Out Secrets: Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target.

X **Into Thorns:** Target must be within 2" of an Underbrush Marker. When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. Then, Place the target into base contact with an Underbrush Marker within 2" of it.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

GERMINATE

6"

6

-

12

Create a 50mm Concealing, Severe Underbrush Marker anywhere within range, at least 2" away from any other Underbrush Markers.

Surge: Draw a card.

X **STUDY**

6"

6

-

12

Target a Scrap or Corpse Marker. Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target, then remove the target.

30MM

ROUGAROU
Minion (2), Undead, Beast
FAE

8
COST

4 DF 5 WP 6 MV 3 SZ

ABILITIES

ABUNDANT GROWTH: After Deployment, Create a 50mm Concealing, Severe Underbrush Marker anywhere on the table, at least 2" from any other Markers. This model is unaffected by Underbrush Markers.

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

EAT YOUR FILL: After killing an enemy model with a // Action, this model Heals 2.

DEADLY PURSUIT: During the End Phase, this model may Push up to 4".

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
HEALTH

ROUGAROU

Rougarou are massive, wolf-like creatures with empty sockets for eyes. They are skilled hunters, using their keen senses to track prey for miles, and Titania uses them as her hounds. They were some of the few members of her court deemed dangerous enough to be doomed to imprisonment in Nythera with her, but now that Titania is free, so are they.

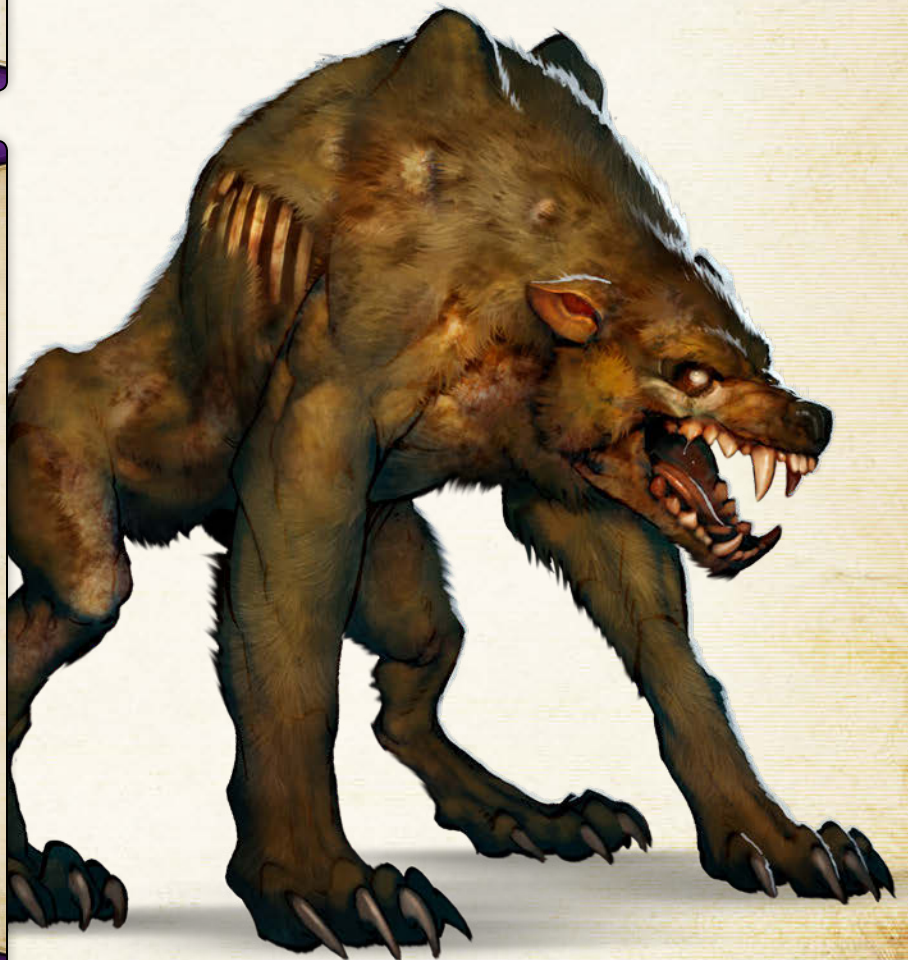
Despite their bestial appearance, Rougarou have a keen intelligence and dangerous cunning about them. Titania uses them to hunt down those who have displeased her. Once they are close, they tear their target to shreds with tooth and claw. When needed, they can walk on their hind legs, which has reignited superstitions about werewolves among those who have glimpsed them doing this. Of course, that's all nonsense; the only thing a Rougarou's bite spreads is death, quickly followed by a severe case of being devoured.

At least, that's the order if their prey is lucky.

ROUGAROU

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
FEROCIOUS CLAWS // 1" 6 Df -				
Target suffers 2/4/6 damage. Push the target up to 2" in any direction.				
☛ Puncture: When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a ▢ for each ☛ in the final duel total (to a maximum of 3). ☛ Flay: When resolving, this Action's damage flip may be Cheated even if it suffers one or more ▢. ✕ Into Thorns: Target must be within 2" of an Underbrush Marker. When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. Then, Place the target into base contact with an Underbrush Marker within 2" of it.				
INTIMIDATING ROAR 8" 5 Wp -				
Push the target 6" away from this model. If the target is a Minion, it gains Slow .				
☛ On Your Heels: Enemy only. Place this model into base contact with the target.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
✖ SHRUG OFF - - - -				
Discard a card. End one Condition on this model.				

50MM



AUTUMN KNIGHT

The Autumn Knights form the bulk of Titania's Court, Fae nobles who have endured centuries of rigorous combat to prove themselves worthy of the Queen. Upon their return, Titania feels that a new banner of knights is needed to contend with the multitude of threats to her throne, and has begun new traditions to produce new warriors.

The Autumn Knights are divided into three banners. The Claw of Winter are the oldest, known for their stern, humorless attitudes and intense focus. The Thorn of Summer are the largest force, seen as both brave and zealous. The final banner, and the newest, is the Tooth of Spring.

Many of these Autumn Knights are still young, in Fae terms. They are capricious and fickle, but have a lively energy and enthusiasm at the opportunity to slay the Queen's enemies.



AUTUMN KNIGHT

Minion (3), Undead
FAE

7

COST

6

DF

5

WP

5

MV

2

Sz

ABILITIES

ABUNDANT GROWTH: After Deployment, Create a 50mm Concealing, Severe Underbrush Marker anywhere on the table, at least 2" from any other Markers. This model is unaffected by Underbrush Markers.

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

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

DF (P) PARRY: If this Action is a Action, the Attacking model suffers 2/3/4 damage. This damage flip suffers a .

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

HEALTH

AUTUMN KNIGHT

ATTACK ACTIONS

EXOTIC WEAPONS 1" 6 Df -

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).
- Quick Reflexes:** Take this Action again, targeting a different model.
- Into Thorns:** Target must be within 2" of an Underbrush Marker. When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. Then, Place the target into base contact with an Underbrush Marker within 2" of it.

CHALLENGE

8" 6 Wp 13

Until the End Phase or when this model is killed (whichever comes first), the target must discard a card to target any model other than this model with an Action.

- Mockery:** Push the target 2" toward this model. If the target is a Master or Henchman, it gains Distracted +1.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

GERMINATE 6" 6 - 12

Create a 50mm Concealing, Severe Underbrush Marker anywhere within range, at least 2" away from any other Underbrush Markers.

30MM

BULTUNGIN
Minion (3), Living
FAE, SAVAGE

5
COST

5 Df 4 WP 6 MV 2 Sz

ABILITIES

ABUNDANT GROWTH: After Deployment, Create a 50mm Concealing, Severe Underbrush Marker anywhere on the table, at least 2" from any other Markers. This model is unaffected by Underbrush Markers.

PACK MENTALITY: During this model's Activation, it increases its final duel totals by +1 for each other friendly model with the same name within 3.

THE OLD WAYS: When this model performs a duel without any Fate Modifiers, it may suffer 1 damage to flip the card for that duel from its Discard Pile instead of its Fate Deck. Once the duel is resolved, the flipped card is placed on the bottom of this model's Discard Pile.

DEADLY PURSUIT: During the End Phase, this model may Push up to 4".

HEALTH

BULTUNGIN

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
BRUTAL BLADE Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ✱ Coordinated Attack: Another friendly model may take a ✱ Action targeting the same model. ✱ Pick the Bones: After killing, this model may take the Interact Action after resolving the current Action.	1"	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
✱ FORAGE Remove target enemy Scheme Marker. Draw the top card of this model's Discard Pile.	2"	-	-	-

30MM

BULTUNGIN

When Titania's Fae were hunted to extinction, only a few races managed to escape the purge. The Bultungin were not among that number. Their entire race was wiped out and their bones were tossed at the base of Nythera as a warning to others. When Titania escaped her prison, plants and thorns pushed their way out of the cracked earth, her very presence forcing the land around her into bloom.

Far beneath the land, the bones of the ancient dead were infused with new vitality, and the resurrected Bultungin clawed their way free of the ground to suck in their first lungfuls of air in millennia. When Titania sent out her summons to the distant corners of Malifaux, the Bultungin were the first to heed her call.



NEKIMA

Once, there were two sisters, one greater in strength, the other in mind, but joined as if sharing a single soul. They walked as one, heiresses of a world, unconcerned with the future, until on the edge of the sea they met a strange woman who offered a grim portent: neither can rule while the other lives.

Over a century ago, ten years after the Breach was first opened and humanity spilled into Malifaux, blood was shed. Summoning the Nephilim, Nekima launched an attack against those humans that were brave or stupid enough to cross. For days she slaughtered any she found, and as the Breach flickered closed, she hurled her last victim through with a single word carved on his chest... "Ours."

Nekima's victory was short lived. Returning home, she found Lilith waiting, with Zoraida whispering in her ear. Lilith accused Nekima of turning the Nephilim down a doomed path, and in her confusion and anger, Nekima drew her blade - a simple motion that started a century-long war.

Neither could rule while the other lived.

The reopening of the Breach pushed the divided Nephilim to their breaking point, but it also lead to the untimely return of Queen Titania. Lilith rejected Titania's alliance immediately, but the Autumn Queen found her ally in Nekima instead. Together, they tore Lilith from her throne and tossed her in the very prison that kept Titania away from Malifaux for as long as it did.

Now Nekima is queen of the Nephilim, of the blood that runs black... but Titania remains. Every day the Fae grow in strength while Nekima struggles to maintain her own. She sees Titania's plots in everything, smells the fires of human invaders on her doorstep, hears Lilith's voice in her mind, speaking the words she heard so long ago, on the edge of the seas...

Neither can rule while the other lives.

And so Nekima ventures forth into the oft-ignored corners of Malifaux, turning over stone and corpse alike to uncover mysteries of the past to understand her new enemy.

NEKIMA

Master, Living

NEPHILIM

15

COST

5x

DF

6

WP

6

MV

3

SZ

FACTION

ABILITIES

BLACK BLOOD: After this model suffers damage from an Action or Trigger, every model within (1)1 suffers 1 damage. This model ignores damage caused by **Black Blood**.

REGENERATION +2: At the start of this model's Activation, it Heals +2.

DF/WP (X) SPITE: *Enemy only.* After resolving, if the Attacking model Cheated Fate, 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.

FRENZIED CHARGE: This model may ignore the Once per Activation restriction on the **Charge** Action.

TEACH THEM FEAR: After a friendly model within (1)6 kills an enemy model, the friendly model Heals 1.

1

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11

12

HEALTH

NEKIMA

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

LORELEI, THE LIVING BLADE

2"

7

Df

-

Target suffers 3/5/6 damage.

Meat for the Young: Choose a friendly Nephilim model within 3". After killing, the chosen model counts as having killed the target (instead of this model).

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.

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.

Fast Food: A friendly model within 2" of the Marker may remove it to Heal 2.

Ours: After resolving, enemy models within (1)2 of the Placed Marker must pass a TN 13 **Wp** duel or gain **Stunned**.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

ENRAGED BY INSOLENT

(1)6"

7

-

12

Until the End Phase, after a friendly Nephilim is killed within range, another friendly Nephilim within range may Push up to their **Mv** and take a // Action.

BLOOD FOR BLOOD

-

6

-

10

This model suffers 1 damage.

50MM



BLOOD HUNTER

Enforcer, Beast Totem (Nekima)
NEPHILIM

2

COST



4
DF

3
WP

6
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

BLACK BLOOD: After this model suffers damage from an Action or Trigger, every model within (1)1 suffers 1 damage. This model ignores damage caused by **Black Blood**.

REGENERATION +1: At the start of this model's Activation, it Heals +1.

EAT YOUR FILL: After killing an enemy model with a *///* Action, this model Heals 2.

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.

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

HEALTH

BLOOD HUNTER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
TUSKS <i>Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able. Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.</i> Puncture: When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a <i>///</i> for each <i>///</i> in the final duel total (to a maximum of <i>///</i>). Grab On: Target gains Slow . End this model's Activation.	0"	4	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
GRIM FEAST <i>Remove target Corpse Marker. This model Heals 1/2/4.</i>	2"	-	-	-
RECURGITATE <i>This model suffers 2 damage. Drop a Corpse Marker into base contact with this model.</i>	-	-	-	-

40MM

BLOOD HUNTER

Traditionally, Nephilim release their Terror Tots into the wilderness to fend for themselves. Hunting and killing are instinctive to them, and they seek

out sources of red blood to satisfy their need to feed and grow. While humans are the most numerous and plentiful prey in Malifaux these days, it was wild boar that filled that niche in the past. While not as big or powerful as a Bayou Hog, Knotwoods boars are still vicious.

While hunting such game, Nekima came upon a strange sight. A boar had managed to overcome its Terror Tot attacker, and was now feasting on its flesh, heedless of the damage inflicted upon it by the black blood. Each bite seemed to instill in it more and more of the Nephilim's traits, and it quickly sensed her presence and attacked. After beating it into submission, Nekima brought it back to camp as a pet, occasionally feeding it people that displease her.



MATURE NEPHILIM
Minion (2), Living
NEPHILIM

10
COST



5 DF 5 WP 6 MV 3 SZ

ABILITIES

BLACK BLOOD: After this model suffers damage from an Action or Trigger, every model within (M)1 suffers 1 damage. This model ignores damage caused by **Black Blood**.

REGENERATION +2: At the start of this model's Activation, it Heals +2.

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.

COMBAT FINESSE: When this model is targeted with a // Action, the Attacking model's duel cannot be Cheated.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
HEALTH

MATURE NEPHILIM

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
HEAVY CLAWS Target suffers 3/4/6 damage. ☛ Meat for the Young: Choose a friendly Nephilim model within 3". After killing, the chosen model counts as having killed the target (instead of this model). ☛ 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. ☒ Execute: The target may either discard a card or a Soulstone. If it does neither, it is killed, ignoring Demise Abilities.	2"	6	Df	-
TERRORIZE Enemy only. Target is Pushed its Mv in inches away from this model. ☛ Sudden Strike: This model may take a // Action.	8"	6	Wp	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
☛ GRIM FEAST Remove target Corpse Marker. This model Heals 1/2/4.	2"	-	-	-
☛ FLY WITH ME 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. ☛ Dropped from Above: Target suffers damage equal to its Sz .	2"	6	-	12

50MM

MATURE NEPHILIM

At the apex of the Nephilim's life cycle stands the Mature Nephilim. Standing nearly nine feet tall, a Mature Nephilim is a thing of magnificence to behold. Massive wings unfold from its back, capable of quickly carrying it into battle against its enemies. Powerfully muscled arms and legs end in the claws and hooves it uses to rend flesh from bone, and then crush that bone to powder.

These creatures worship strength above all else, fighting amongst themselves for the role of Alpha. A Mature Nephilim is only willing to acquiesce to the most revered of Nephilim, begrudgingly giving those beings its respect. Humans are rightfully seen as lesser beings, and are afforded nothing but a brutally quick death. The Nephilim were able to drive the sickness of humanity from the face of Malifaux once before, and are ready to do so again.



Now, he felt nothing at all.

HAYREDDIN				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
COMBAT STAFF	1"	6	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.				
✗ Necrotic Decay: <i>This model may suffer up to 2 damage. When resolving, target suffers +1 damage per damage suffered when declaring this Trigger.</i>				
✗ Zombify: <i>Living only.</i> After killing, the target does not Drop any Markers. Summon a Mindless Zombie into base contact with the target.				
SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN	6"	6	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3 $\frac{1}{2}$ /4 $\frac{1}{2}$ damage.				
✗ Blood Sacrifice: <i>Living, Beast, or Undead only.</i> Drop a Corpse Marker into base contact with the target. Then, if the target has Black Blood , it Heals 1.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BLACK BLOOD PUSTULE	8"	5	-	10
Target a model with Black Blood . Target suffers 1 damage. When resolving the target's Black Blood Ability, increase the (T) it generates by +1".				
✗ Swift Action: Take this Action again.				
✗ LIFE FROM BLOOD	8"	6	-	12
Until the End Phase, after an enemy model within range is killed by Black Blood , this model may Summon a Terror Tot with Slow into base contact with the enemy model.				
✗ BLOOD FOR BLOOD	-	6	-	10
This model suffers 1 damage.				
✗ Necrotic Infection: Friendly models with Black Blood within (T) Heal 1.				

YOUNG NEPHILIM
Minion (4), Living
NEPHILIM

7
COST



5 DF 5 WP 6 MV 2 SZ

ABILITIES

BLACK BLOOD: After this model suffers damage from an Action or Trigger, every model within (1)1 suffers 1 damage. This model ignores damage caused by **Black Blood**.

REGENERATION +1: At the start of this model's Activation, it Heals +1.

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.

RELISH IN BLOOD: After this model kills an enemy model with higher Cost or removes a Corpse Marker, it gains a Grow Token. After gaining a Grow Token, this model may discard two Grow Tokens to Replace itself with a Nephilim Minion with **Sz** of 1 greater than itself after resolving the current Action.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7
HEALTH

YOUNG NEPHILIM

ATTACK ACTIONS **RG** **STAT** **RST** **TN**

DEADLY CLAWS 1" 5 Df -
Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.
☛ **Meat for the Young:** Choose a friendly Nephilim model within 3". After killing, the chosen model counts as having killed the target (instead of this model).
☛ **Onslaught:** Take this Action again, targeting the same model.
✕ **Pick the Bones:** After killing, this model may take the **Interact** Action after resolving the current Action.

TACTICAL ACTIONS **RG** **STAT** **RST** **TN**

☛ **GRIM FEAST** 2" - - -
Remove target Corpse Marker. This model Heals 1/2/4.

☛ **FLY WITH ME** 2" 6W - 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.
☛ **Dropped from Above:** Target suffers damage equal to its **Sz**.

40MM



YOUNG NEPHILIM

The Young Nephilim is the adolescent form in the Nephilim's life cycle. Although much larger than the infant Terror Tot, the Young Nephilim is still dwarfed by the horrifying magnificence of the Mature Nephilim. A Young Nephilim is somewhat taller than a human, but bears many of the cherubic features of a Terror Tot.

Young Nephilim are in almost constant pain thanks to their rapid growth cycle, as limbs elongate, bones gain in density, and its wings burst forth from beneath their stretched skin.

The Nephilim seek out raw meat to fuel their growth and help mitigate the pain, if only for the brief time between feedings. Such is the pain they can experience that most do not wait for their meals to stop thrashing before they begin to consume them.

LELU

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LELU
Minion (2), Living
NEPHILIM

Current theories of the Nephilim social patterns hold that as individuals grow and mature, they become more independent of their fellows. Every once in a while, a male and female set of siblings will stick together from a young age. Upon reaching maturity, usually after his sister, the male becomes a Lelu instead of the more recognized Mature Nephilim.

LELU				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SHARP CLAWS	 1"	6X	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.				
 Drink Blood: When resolving, this model Heals an amount equal to the damage suffered.  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
MASOCHISTIC THOUGHTS	 6"	5	-	10
Until the End Phase, after a friendly model ends its Activation within range, it may suffer 1 damage from this Action.				
 GRIM FEAST	2"	-	-	-
<i>Remove target Corpse Marker.</i> This model Heals 1/2/4.				
 BLOOD FOR BLOOD	-	4	-	10
This model suffers 1 damage.				
 Good for a Laugh: Draw two cards, then discard a card.				
30MM				

LILITU

A Lilitu is the second half of a brother-sister pair that reached maturity intact. Almost as a rule, female Nephilim are smarter and more cunning than their male counterparts, and a Lilitu is no exception. From a young age, she has manipulated her brother into taking any attacks meant for her. Eventually this becomes normal for both of them, and she begins to take more and more control. Her dominance is well established by the time they reach maturity, but she continues to enforce it through constant abuse.

Despite this skewed relationship, she is passionately protective of her sibling. Other pack members may abuse the Lelu, but only as far as the Lilitu allows. Without her brother, a Lilitu begins to slowly waste away, so used to the connection they've had since birth. Some scholars have theorized a hormonal bond between the two, one that has catastrophic consequences if broken. In battle, the siblings make a dangerous pair, as the Lilitu guides her brother's brutality while reveling in her own.



LILITU
 Minion (2), Living
 NEPHILIM

7
COST

4
DF

6
WP

5
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

BLACK BLOOD: After this model suffers damage from an Action or Trigger, every model within (1)1 suffers 1 damage. This model ignores damage caused by **Black Blood**.

REGENERATION +1: At the start of this model's Activation, it Heals +1.

TWINNED SOUL (LELU): After this model Heals from a source other than **Twinned Soul**, one friendly Lelu in play may Heal the same amount.

RELISH IN BLOOD: After this model kills an enemy model with higher Cost or removes a Corpse Marker, it gains a Grow Token. After gaining a Grow Token, this model may discard two Grow Tokens to Replace itself with a Nephilim Minion with Sz of 1 greater than itself after resolving the current Action.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7
 HEALTH

LILITU

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BARBED WHIP <i>If the target is at half its maximum Health or below, this Action receives a ♠ to its duel. Target suffers 2/2/3 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). ♠ Confusing Feelings: Target gains Distracted +1 .	2"	6	Df	-
LURE Move the target its Mv toward this model. ♠ Confusing Feelings: Target gains Distracted +1 . ✕ Unrequited Love: <i>Enemy only.</i> Choose another enemy model in the target's LoS. The chosen model gains Distracted +1 .	12"	7	Wp	12

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
♠ GRIM FEAST Remove target Corpse Marker. This model Heals 1/2/4.	2"	-	-	-
♠ SADISTIC GLEE Other friendly model only. Target suffers 1 damage. This model may draw a card.	2"	-	-	-

30MM

Nephilim

matter

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6
COST

2
SZ

BLACK BLOOD SHAMAN

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
KNIFE Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. ✗ Infect: Models damaged by this Action gain Poison +1 for each ✗ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of Poison +2). ⚔ Blood Sacrifice: <i>Living, Beast, or Undead only.</i> Drop a Corpse Marker into base contact with the target. Then, if the target has Black Blood , it Heals 1.	0"	5	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BLACK BLOOD PUSTULE Target a model with Black Blood . Target suffers 1 damage. When resolving the target's Black Blood Ability, increase the (t) it generates by +1". ■ Preparations: Target gains Focused +1 .	8"	5	-	10
✖ BLASPHEMOUS RITUAL Remove target Corpse Marker. Friendly models within (t)3 of this model gain Focused +1 .	3"	-	-	-
✖ FLY WITH ME 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. ⚔ Dropped from Above: Target suffers damage equal to its Sz.	2"	6W	-	12

BLACK BLOOD SHAMAN **6**
COST

Minion (2), Living
NEPHILIM



5 Df 5 Wp 6 MV 2 Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

BLACK BLOOD: After this model suffers damage from an Action or Trigger, every model within (0)1 suffers 1 damage. This model ignores damage caused by **Black Blood**.

REGENERATION +1: At the start of this model's Activation, it Heals +1.

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.

BLOOD CLOT: At the end of this model's Activation, all friendly Living models within (0)3 Heal 1.

RELISH IN BLOOD: After this model kills an enemy model with higher Cost or removes a Corpse Marker, it gains a Grow Token. After gaining a Grow Token, this model may discard two Grow Tokens to Replace itself with a Nephilim Minion with Sz of 1 greater than itself after resolving the current Action.

1 2 3 4 5 6

HEALTH

BLACK BLOOD SHAMAN				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
KNIFE	0"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 1/3/4 damage.				
✕ Infect: Models damaged by this Action gain Poison +1 for each ✕ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of Poison +2).				
♣ Blood Sacrifice: <i>Living, Beast, or Undead only.</i> Drop a Corpse Marker into base contact with the target. Then, if the target has Black Blood , it Heals 1.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BLACK BLOOD PUSTULE	8"	5	-	10
<i>Target a model with Black Blood. Target suffers 1 damage. When resolving the target's Black Blood Ability, increase the (t) it generates by +1".</i>				
♣ Preparations: Target gains Focused +1 .				
✕ BLASPHEMOUS RITUAL	3"	-	-	-
<i>Remove target Corpse Marker. Friendly models within (t)3 of this model gain Focused +1.</i>				
✕ FLY WITH ME	2"	6♣	-	12
<i>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.</i>				
♣ Dropped from Above: Target suffers damage equal to its Sz.				

TERROR TOT

Minion (3), Living
NEPHILIM

4

COST



5
Df

4
Wp


FACTION

6
Mv

1
Sz

ABILITIES

BLACK BLOOD: After this model suffers damage from an Action or Trigger, every model within (t)1 suffers 1 damage. This model ignores damage caused by **Black Blood**.

REGENERATION +1: At the start of this model's Activation, it Heals +1.

PROTECTED (NEPHILIM): After this model is targeted by an enemy Attack Action, it may discard a card to change the target to a friendly Nephilim model within 2" of this model (ignoring range, LoS, and targeting restrictions).

RELISH IN BLOOD: After this model kills an enemy model with higher Cost or removes a Corpse Marker, it gains a Grow Token. After gaining a Grow Token, this model may discard two Grow Tokens to Replace itself with a Nephilim Minion with Sz of 1 greater than itself after resolving the current Action.

1

2

3

4

HEALTH

TERROR TOT

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
CLAWS Target suffers 1/2/4 damage. Grab On: Target gains Slow . End this model's Activation.	1"	4	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
GRIM FEAST Remove target Corpse Marker. This model Heals 1/2/4.	2"	-	-	-

30MM

TERROR TOT

The Terror Tot is the lowest of the creatures that make up a Nephilim's growth cycle. A Terror Tot's life is painfully short in a culture where strength and power are respected. Only when the Terror Tot begins to grow into its adult form does it begin to be afforded any respect from the other Nephilim around it. The more it eats, the more respect it is granted by its immediate elders, eventually growing into the next stage of its evolution, the Young Nephilim.

Individually, Terror Tots are more comical than dangerous. Their squeaking cries and oversized claws are a mockery of the fiendish beasts they will become as they age. Dealing with a single Terror Tot is a simple task, but where there is one Terror Tot, there are usually dozens more. Encountering a horde of these creatures is often fatal, leaving nothing of the unfortunate soul beyond a bloody pile of bones and torn clothing.



CORRUPTED HOUND

Deformities and mutation have been common among the animal population of Malifaux for some time, and the hounds are no exception. Breeders have made a thorough habit of gathering any pups with the “Mark of the City” and tossing them into the nearest river. However, here and there a pup escapes. Those that do are the fiercest and toughest of the lot. They scrape out a meager existence, hiding in the shadows of the city or striking out into the Badlands.

More recently, entire packs of the things have been sighted. Each hound has its own unique markings: venomous fangs, stinging tails, or worse. The Guild has set to exterminating the creatures, but every season brings greater numbers, and more bizarre transformations.

Most disturbingly, there are even reports of Nephilim using the beasts during their raids. Thankfully, the Guild assures everyone that these reports are nothing but rumors and hearsay.



CORRUPTED HOUND
Minion (4), Beast
NEPHILIM

3
COST

4
Df

3
Wp

1
Faction

6
Mv

1
Sz

ABILITIES

BLACK BLOOD: After this model suffers damage from an Action or Trigger, every model within (1)1 suffers 1 damage. This model ignores damage caused by **Black Blood**.

REGENERATION +1: At the start of this model's Activation, it Heals +1.

PACK MENTALITY: During this model's Activation, it increases its final duel totals by +1 for each other friendly model with the same name within (1)3.

HUNTING PARTNER: Friendly models' Attack Actions ignore this model for the purposes of Friendly Fire. Enemy models within (1)1 must discard a card to declare the **Disengage** Action.

1 2 3
HEALTH

CORRUPTED HOUND

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

SNAPPING JAWS
0" 5 Df -

Target suffers 1/3/4 damage.

☛ **Critical Strike:** When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ☛ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

ANNOYING
12" - - -

Until the End Phase, after an enemy model within range declares a Tactical Action other than **Walk** or **Charge**, it gains **Distracted +1**.

30MM



THE DREAMER

The human boy most Neverborn know only as the Dreamer was born in London to wealthy parents. Though they offered him a happy life, the boy preferred to dwell within his imagination, away from the children who feared his tales of monsters and creeping shadows.

The parents sought a means to cure their son of these visions, but the doctors could not find a way to pry the boy from his delusions. Slowly, he retreated into his own mind, where he created friends, and family, and people who would give him the fun he desired.

When Nytemare found him, the Tyrant learned that not only was the Dreamer unafraid of him, but had a power over dreams that rivaled Nytemare's own. Exploiting the child's need for a playmate, Nytemare became his friend, Lord Chompy Bits.

Together, they learned how to manifest themselves in Malifaux while the Dreamer slept, and they had such fun preying on the hapless victims there. To the Dreamer, it was all mere fantasy. To Nytemare, it was a chance to slake his thirst for blood for the first time in millennia.

When the Burning Man appeared over London, the Dreamer's father was torn apart by rampaging madmen and uncontrollable flames. It was in that moment, watching him burn, that the Dreamer finally woke up.

His father had always said that boys eventually become men and would need to put away childish things, and after the death of his family in front of his very eyes, his drifting and aimless dreams settled like molten rock from a volcano. It was time to embrace the chaos the only way he knew how.

But he still has the Tyrant at his side. Nytemare has begun taking up the mantle of a father figure to the boy, teaching him new ways to utilize his power, and taking a measure of pride as the child grows into a sinister, cruel young man.

With the creeping darkness that dwells and swallows his world Earthside, so too have his creations warped into malicious imaginations. Having to protect himself in his waking hours from the endless Cult has only further tainted his dreams as he sleeps, and the Tyrant beside him is taking full advantage of his former innocence being bent and brutalized, tending to the boy's sanity until it is ready to finally break.

Then it will be time to have some fun.

THE DREAMER

Master
NIGHTMARE

12
COST

5
DF

6
WP

5
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

SERENE COUNTENANCE: Enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a $\square$ to their duel.

PROTECTED (NIGHTMARE): After this model is targeted by an enemy Attack Action, it may discard a card to change the target to a friendly Nightmare model within 2" of this model (ignoring range, LoS, and targeting restrictions).

DIVERSION: Enemy models within 4" cannot declare $\searrow$ Actions.

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

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

HEALTH

THE DREAMER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
CRICKET BAT $\searrow$ 1" 6 Df - Target suffers 1/2/3 damage, +1 damage per friendly Buried Nightmare model (to a maximum of +2). W B.A.M! Your Turn! <i>Enemy only.</i> Place this model into base contact with a friendly Nightmare within 6", then Place the friendly Nightmare into base contact with the target.				
TWIST REALITY $\curvearrowright$ 8" 6 X - <i>This model chooses whether this Action is resisted by Df or Wp. This Action ignores Friendly Fire.</i> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage, ignoring Armor and Incorporeal . W Stagger: Models damaged by this Action gain Staggered.				
YOUR NIGHTMARE 8" 6 Wp - <i>Enemy only.</i> Target gains Adversary (Nightmare) . A friendly Nightmare model engaging the target may gain Focused +1 . W My Loyal Servant: Another model (other than this model) within 3" of the target Heals 1/2/3. W Nightstalker: Place a friendly Lord Chompy Bits into base contact with the target.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
MANIFEST NIGHTMARES 8" 6 - X <i>Once per Turn.</i> Name any number of Nightmare Minions. The TN of this Action is 10W plus the total Cost of the named models. Summon each named model with a Waking Dream Upgrade Attached.				
W BAD DREAMS (0) 4" 6 - 12 Friendly Nightmare models within range gain Shielded +1 and may Push up to 2" in any direction.				

30MM



LORD CHOMPY BITS

The Tyrant known as Nytemare has known of humanity since long before they had a language to speak of him. Trapped within the realm of nightmares, he has haunted mankind's dreams, preying on their fears and devouring their sanity. All the while, he searched the minds of both Earth and Malifaux for a means to one day restore his form and stalk the waking world once more.

The Dreamer could be what he needs. The boy has yet untapped potential, able to journey through the dreaming realm to worlds beyond. While the Dreamer slept, they were able to appear in Malifaux, and for the first time, Nytemare was free to indulge in bloodshed.

With each death, Nytemare's understanding of the Dreamer grows, and he has begun to guide the child's development, turning him from a naive young boy with no real understanding of his actions into a cruel and sadistic bully only too willing to hurt others to get what he wants. All of this is intended to serve Nytemare's goal of using the Dreamer as his vessel, granting him ultimate power.

LORD CHOMPY BITS

Henchman

Totem (The Dreamer)

NIGHTMARE

8

COST



5

Df

7

Wp

6

Mv

4

Sz

ABILITIES

REGENERATION +2: At the start of this model's Activation, it Heals +2.

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

FEED ON FEAR: After an enemy model within this model's engagement range fails a **Wp** duel, this model Heals 1.

NYTEMARE: When this model is selected as the Crew's Leader, it loses the Totem (The Dreamer) Characteristic.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

HEALTH

LORD CHOMPY BITS

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

HEAVY CLAWS 2" 6 Df -

Target suffers 3/4/6 damage.

☞ **Tear Off a Bite:** This model Heals 2.

✕ **Execute:** The target may either discard a card or a Soulstone. If it does neither, it is killed, ignoring Demise Abilities.

TWIST REALITY 8" 6 X -

This model chooses whether this Action is resisted by Df or Wp. This Action ignores Friendly Fire. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage, ignoring Armor and Incorporeal.

♥ **On Your Heels:** Enemy only. Place this model into base contact with the target.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

✎ **TRAIL OF GORE** 3" - - -

Remove target enemy Scheme Marker. Take a ♣ Action or the Walk Action.

✎ **LUCID DREAM** - - - -

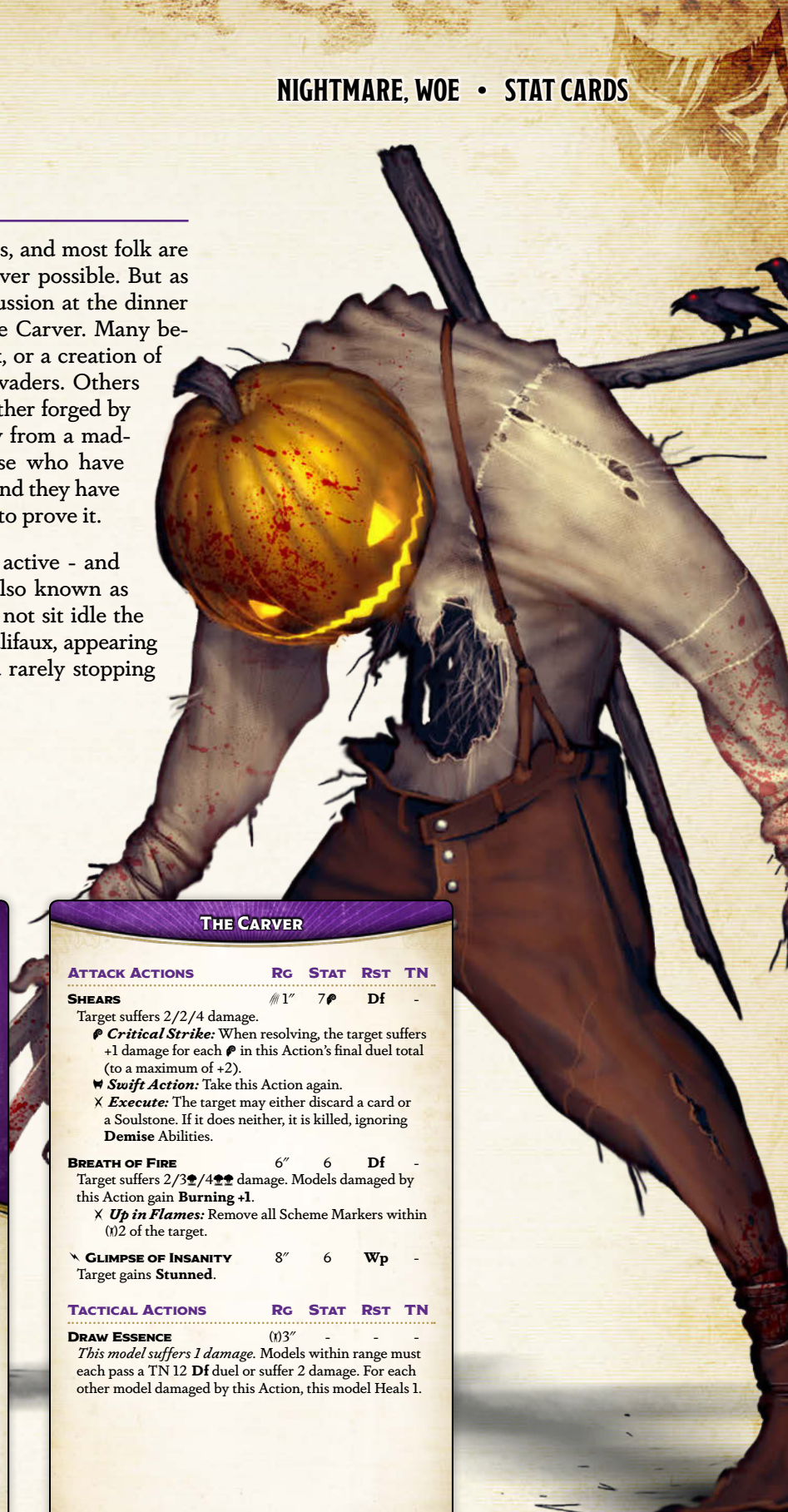
Reveal the top three cards of this model's Fate Deck. Choose one revealed non-Joker and remove it from the game, then discard the other revealed cards.

50MM

THE CARVER

No one knows who or what the Carver is, and most folk are just as happy to not talk about it whenever possible. But as the Rotten Harvest approaches, the discussion at the dinner tables and taverns inevitably turns to the Carver. Many believe it is a nightmare from Old Malifaux, or a creation of the Neverborn to “scare off” humans invaders. Others believe it is a creation of human minds, either forged by some demented engineer or born wholly from a madman’s dreams. Whatever the truth, those who have faced it and live know only that it is real, and they have the dead loved ones and prosthetic limbs to prove it.

While it is true that the Carver is most active - and powerful - during the Rotten Harvest, also known as “Carving Day” to some, the Carver does not sit idle the rest of the year. It travels the length of Malifaux, appearing randomly, attacking victims on sight and rarely stopping until it has hacked its foes to pieces.



THE CARVER

Henchman

NIGHTMARE, WOE

10

COST

5

Df

6

Wp

FACTION

5

Mv

3

Sz

ABILITIES

TERRIFYING (11): After an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 11 Wp duel or the Action fails.

FEED ON FEAR: After an enemy model within this model's engagement range fails a Wp duel, this model Heals 1.

RUTHLESS: This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

OPPORTUNIST (FOCUSED): Before performing an opposed duel, this model may end the **Stunned** or **Focused** Condition on the opposed model to receive a to that duel.

MISERY: *Once per Activation.* After an enemy model within 6 gains **Stunned** or a Condition listed in this model's **Opportunist** Ability, this model may either move it up to 2" or have it suffer 1 damage.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

HEALTH

THE CARVER

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

SHEARS

1" 7P Df -

Target suffers 2/2/4 damage.

☛ **Critical Strike:** When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ☛ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).

☛ **Swift Action:** Take this Action again.

✕ **Execute:** The target may either discard a card or a Soulstone. If it does neither, it is killed, ignoring Demise Abilities.

BREATH OF FIRE

6" 6 Df -

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. Models damaged by this Action gain **Burning +1**.

✕ **Up in Flames:** Remove all Scheme Markers within (1)2 of the target.

GLIMPSE OF INSANITY

8" 6 Wp -

Target gains **Stunned**.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

DRAW ESSENCE

(1)3" - - -

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

50MM

The Widow Weaver's darkest creations, Teddies are the stuff of nightmares made real. The creation of such a monstrosity is her carefully held secret, but rumors among the Neverborn suggest that a Teddy requires at least one murder to create. Once her creation is complete, the Widow turns a Teddy loose upon the world, delighting in the fear and destruction it sows.

The Woe known as Baby Kade has formed a peculiar bond with these constructs, seeking them out and befriending them until their rather violent demise.



TEDDY				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
HEAVY CLAWS				
Target suffers 3/4/6 damage.				
⚔ Bowled Over: Push target 4" away from this model, then Push this model 4" toward the target.				
✂ Swallow You Whole: After killing, the target does not Drop any Markers, and this model Heals 1/2/3.				
TERRORIZE				
8" 6 Wp - <i>Enemy only.</i> Target is Pushed its Mv in inches away from this model.				
✂ Display Their Dead: Remove a Corpse Marker within 2" of this model. Enemy models Pushed by this Action gains Distracted +1 .				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
⚔ I'VE GOT YOUR BACK				
6" 5 - 10 <i>Target other engaged friendly model.</i> Target is Placed into base contact with this model.				
🦷 Tear Off a Bite: This model Heals 2.				
👊 Knock Aside: Push the target 4" in any direction.				
⚔ CONSUME				
3" - - - <i>Friendly only.</i> This model Heals an amount equal to target's Health, then kill the target, ignoring its Demise Abilities.				

COPPELIUS

Coppelius is truly terrifying for those that fear the dark. At first sight, he seems human, but as he approaches, people feel themselves growing tired. When they at last see the twisting tentacles that make up his mouth, it is often too late. His impossibly long fingers burrow into the sockets and pluck each eye free, feeding one into his maw. The other he takes “for my children,” stashed away in a leather satchel.

For years, Coppelius appeared thin and emaciated, and he savored each delicate orb as if it were the finest cuisine. At the request and merriment of the Dreamer, he began to hunt for fun more so than to sate his hunger. With each feast, his body has become heavy and strong. But his appetite has only grown worse, and he greedily takes more and more, desperately gulping down handfuls of eyes, as if the pain of their absence has replaced his love for the taste...



COPPELIUS

Enforcer

NIGHTMARE

9

COST

5

Df

6

Wp

7

Mv

2

Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

REGENERATION +1: At the start of this model's Activation, it Heals +1.

TERRIFYING (11): After an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 11 Wp duel or the Action fails.

FEED ON FEAR: After an enemy model within this model's engagement range fails a Wp duel, this model Heals 1.

AGILE: This model may leave the engagement range of enemy models with the Walk Action.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

HEALTH

COPPELIUS

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

DEADLY CLAWS 1" 7X Df -

Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.

☛ **Puncture:** When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a 1 for each ☛ in the final duel total (to a maximum of 5).

✕ **"AHHH, MYEYE!":** When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage and is Pushed up to 3" away from this model.

UNHINGE

8" 6 Wp -

Target suffers damage equal to the number of friendly Nightmare models within (1)3 of itself. Then, every friendly Nightmare model within (1)3 of the target Heals 1.

✕ **Blank Stare:** Discard a card. Target gains Slow and must discard a card.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

WHISPERED TRUTHS (1)3" 7 - 12

Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 13 Wp duel or gain Slow.

☛ **Shifting Sands:** Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with every enemy Scheme Marker within (1)3, then remove every enemy Scheme Marker within (1)3.

FRIGHTENING REMINDER

6" 7 - 10

Other friendly model only. Push the target up to 4" away from this model.

30MM

In terrible agony, she eventually encountered the Dreamer, who taught her how to control her powers. In return, she provided him with a sympathetic ear... and drew Nytemare's attention when the Tyrant realized that she might be able to serve as a potential host, should something unfortunate happen to the Dreamer.



SERENA BOWMAN				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
TENDRILS	2"	6	Df	-
Target suffers 2/4/6 damage.				
Sweeping Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage.				
TWIST REALITY	8"	5	X	-
<i>This model chooses whether this Action is resisted by Df or Wp. This Action ignores Friendly Fire. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage, ignoring Armored and Incorporeal.</i>				
Hole in the World: Enemy only. Place the target within 6" of its current location.				
Drain Magic: Target discards a card. This model may draw a card and then discard a card.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BOTTLE OF PAINKILLERS	3"	6	-	10
<i>Friendly only. Target Heals 1/2/3. This model may end one Condition on the target.</i>				
Swift Action: Take this Action again.				

WIDOW WEAVER

The Widow Weaver is a curious legend in Malifaux. She wanders the world, spinning her stories to herself and building companions on the way. She spends a great deal of time in the City, listening for the cries of a sleeping child. She visits these poor children, crooning a lullaby that only she knows. Rather than calming the child, this song makes the nightmares worse, and then the Weaver begins to feed. Before the parents can stir and come to the child, she is gone and the nightmares leave with her. She takes these dark dreams and fashions them into new patterns of her web, treasured memories that she leaves in various parts of the world.

A few stories circulate that say she visits the children as a kindness, a gentle caretaker seeking to remove the darkest dreams from a child before they cause harm. Others view those visited as cursed because they drew her attention. None can truly say but the Weaver herself, although it is agreed that she never visits the same child twice.



WIDOW WEAVER

Henchman
NIGHTMARE

8

COST

5
Df

6
Wp

FACTION

5
Mv

2
Sz

ABILITIES

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

FEED ON FEAR: After an enemy model within this model's engagement range fails a **Wp** duel, this model Heals 1.

SEIZE PREY: At the start of this model's Activation, it may Place itself into base contact with a friendly Web Marker within 12". This model is unaffected by Web Markers.

THE STUFF OF NIGHTMARES: After an enemy model within 6 is killed by a Nightmare model, this model gains a Stuffing Token. Instead of removing a Scrap Marker to pay the Cost for an Action, this model may instead discard a Stuffing Token.

NIGHTMARE TAILOR: When hiring, this model is treated as having the Puppet Keyword.

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HEALTH

WIDOW WEAVER

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rc	Stat	Rst	TN
VENOMOUS STRIKE 1" 6 Df - Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains Poison +1 . Spin Web: Create a 50mm Destructible, Severe Web Marker within 1" of the target. Into the Dream Web: Place the target into base contact with a friendly Web Marker within 8" of this 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).				
TERRORIZE 8" 6 Wp - <i>Enemy only.</i> Target is Pushed its Mv in inches away from this model. Siphon Life: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage and this model Heals 1. Spin Web: Create a 50mm Destructible, Severe Web Marker within 1" of the target.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rc	Stat	Rst	TN
CAREFUL ASSEMBLY 2" 7 - X Remove a Scrap Marker within range and name a Neverborn Puppet Minion. The TN of this Action is 10W plus the Cost of the named model. Summon the named model with Slow into base contact with this model. CREATE WEB 6" - - - Drop a 50mm Destructible, Severe Web Marker anywhere within range.				

40MM

No answers are coming from the Bandersnatch. Those it claims are rarely found, alive or dead. The few who somehow manage to escape its touch - either by taking shelter in areas of bright light or by running faster than one's comrades - all develop an intense paranoia of the dark, even their own shadows.



BANDERSNATCH

Enforcer, Beast
NIGHTMARE

7
COST

5
DF

5
Wp

6
Mv

2
Sz

ABILITIES

FEED ON FEAR: After an enemy model within this model's engagement range fails a **Wp** duel, this model Heals 1.

SEIZE PREY: At the start of this model's Activation, it may Place itself into base contact with a friendly Web Marker within 12". This model is unaffected by Web Markers.

EAT YOUR FILL: After killing an enemy model with a **Wp** Action, this model Heals 2.

SHADOW HUNTING: At the start of this model's Activation, if it is Buried, until the end of its Activation, it may take Actions and draw range and LoS from enemy models with Attached Shadow Lair Upgrades. If it does so, the range of its **Wp** Actions is increased by +2".

1 2 3 4 5 6 7
HEALTH

BANDERSNATCH				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
VENOMOUS STRIKE	/// 1"	6W	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains Poison +1 .				
W Snatch: Push the target into base contact with the model from which range and LoS for this Action were drawn.				
X False Suspicion: Target takes a /// or ⚔ Action, chosen and controlled by this model, targeting an enemy model with an Attached Shadow Lair Upgrade.				
CRAWL INTO SHADOW	6"	6	Wp	13
<i>This Action cannot be taken while Buried. Enemy only.</i> Attach the Shadow Lair Upgrade to the target, then Bury this model. Target gains Distracted +1 .				
X Mental Trauma: Target must either discard a card or suffer 3 damage.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
DART OUT	-	-	-	-
Unbury this model into base contact with an enemy model with an Attached Shadow Lair Upgrade, then discard the Shadow Lair Upgrade. Then, this model may take a /// Action.				
CREATE WEB	6"	-	-	-
Drop a 50mm Destructible, Severe Web Marker anywhere within range.				

INSIDIOUS MADNESS

Minion (3)
NIGHTMARE

7

COST



5
DF

5
WP


 FACTION

6
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

TERRIFYING (11): After an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 11 **Wp** duel or the Action fails.

FEED ON FEAR: After an enemy model within this model's engagement range fails a **Wp** duel, this model Heals 1.

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

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6

7

HEALTH

INSIDIOUS MADNESS

There are few people in Malifaux that are not touched by madness at some point. It may not draw everyone to the asylum; it may be brief, or witnessed in a loved one, but it is everywhere. The air in Malifaux can grow heavy with the fears and delusions of such madness, spreading to others and growing stronger as it infects more people. If the collective insanity is strong enough, it can coalesce into an entity in its own right.

These creatures constantly change shape to reflect the madness around them, mouths and eyes twisting and melting around tangles of limbs and tentacles. The whispering chorus from their numerous mouths is a susurrus of lies, truths, and promises beyond mortal understanding. It beats against the will relentlessly, building and swelling until even the most hardened individuals break down in strangled sobbing. Those who survive an encounter with the Madness are never the same, forever attuned to the darkest of emotions in those nearby, and constantly hounded by fear and paranoia.

INSIDIOUS MADNESS

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SPECTRAL BITE Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. <i>☞ Siphon Life:</i> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage and this model Heals 1. <i>☜ Under Pressure:</i> Push the target 2" away from this model.	1"	6	Wp	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
DISEMBODIED VOICES <i>This Action may be taken while buried and can only target models within 3" of a friendly Nightmare, ignoring LoS and range. Target ends its Focused Condition (if any) and gains Distracted +1.</i>	-	5	-	10
SCATTER Enemy models within range are Pushed 3" away from this model.	(1)3"	-	-	-
LUCID DREAM Reveal the top three cards of this model's Fate Deck. Choose one revealed non-Joker and remove it from the game, then discard the other revealed cards.	-	-	-	-

30MM



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STITCHED TOGETHER
Minion (3), Construct
NIGHTMARE, PUPPET

They haunt gambling houses, catching the drunk and the desperate unaware. Stitched Together rarely just kill a person, instead preferring to offer a simple game to their cornered prey. A roll of the dice, or a flip of the card, and fate is decided. What the dolls never say is that they rig every game. Only the cleverest can get the best of a Stitched Together when death is on the line.

The dolls are constantly hunting for new victims. They are burlap bags filled with rotting limbs and organs. A perpetual supply of new parts is needed for the Stitched Together to retain its physical form, and gathering them is something it takes great delight in.

STITCHED TOGETHER				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SHARP CLAWS	♣ 1"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.				
♣ Drink Blood: When resolving, this model Heals an amount equal to the damage suffered. ♥ Rake the Eyes: Choose a suit. The target must reveal the top three cards of its Fate Deck and discard any of the chosen suit. Place the rest back on top of the deck in any order.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
GAMBLE YOUR LIFE	6"	6	-	10
Enemy only. This model and the target both flip over the top card of their Fate Deck, which cannot be Cheated. The model with the lowest value flipped card (or the target, in the case of a tie) suffers 3/4/5 damage. ♣ Bloody Fate: Draw a card. If the target was not killed, discard a card.				
♣ LUCID DREAM	-	-	-	-
Reveal the top three cards of this model's Fate Deck. Choose one revealed non-Joker and remove it from the game, then discard the other revealed cards.				
30MM				

ALP
Minion (3)
NIGHTMARE

5
COST



5
Df

5
Wp

5
MV

2
Sz

ABILITIES

FEED ON FEAR: After an enemy model within this model's engagement range fails a **Wp** duel, this model Heals 1.

NATURAL MUSK: Enemy models within 2 suffer a 1 to their damage flips.

BAD DREAMS: After this model Unburies for any reason, every model in base contact with it suffers 1 damage.

MADE TO KILL: *Once per Activation.* After this model is Placed, it may take a **1** Action after resolving the current Action.

1 2 3 4 5
HEALTH

ALP

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
IMAGINARY CLAWS 1" 5 Df - Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. If there are any Buried friendly Nightmares, this Action receives a 1 to its duel. Puncture: When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a 1 for each 1 in the final duel total (to a maximum of 5). Grab On: Target gains Slow . End this model's Activation. Siphon Essence: <i>Enemy only.</i> After killing, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.				
BITING INSULT 6" 5 Wp - <i>Enemy only.</i> Target gains Distracted +1 . If the target has not yet Activated this Turn, this model's Crew gains a Pass Token.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
LUCID DREAM Reveal the top three cards of this model's Fate Deck. Choose one revealed non-Joker and remove it from the game, then discard the other revealed cards.				

30MM

ALP

Though their physical form shifted to reflect the warped new perspective of their Master, an Alp's insatiable hunger remained the same. Unlike many of the nightmares that inhabit Malifaux, Alps prefer not to attack humans directly. This does not make them any less unpleasant. Alps attack their victims while they sleep, sitting on their chest and savoring the life that fades away with every labored breath. Every person has a unique flavor to these hungry nightmares, and each Alp has its own preference for seasoning in its victims. To some, envy is a luxuriant taste. Others prefer fear or the spice of paranoia.

Alps will spend a lot of time shadowing their chosen victim to prepare the finest meal they can. They insinuate themselves into their chosen meal's life, sowing the seeds of their favorite flavor with mischief and pranks. Weeks of an Alp's attention can push a human's nerves to the breaking point, their emotional state precisely arranged by their hidden tormentor. When the bouquet is just right, the Alp will claim its prize. When their exhausted victim finally falls asleep, they will never wake again.



DAYDREAM
Minion (3)
NIGHTMARE

3
COST



4
Df

4
Wp

FACTION

6
Mv

1
Sz

ABILITIES

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.

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

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

HEALTH

DAYDREAM

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BEND REALITY <i>This model chooses whether this Action is resisted by Df or Wp. Target suffers 1/2/4 damage, ignoring Armor and Incorporeal.</i>	8"	4	X	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
LEAD NIGHTMARE <i>This Action may not target the same model more than once per Activation. Friendly Nightmare only. Target may move up to 3".</i>	10"	5	-	10
LUCID DREAM Reveal the top three cards of this model's Fate Deck. Choose one revealed non-Joker and remove it from the game, then discard the other revealed cards.	-	-	-	-

30MM

DAYDREAM

Nytemare can only join the Dreamer while he sleeps. During the day, the Dreamer must entertain himself. Serena is an able enough provider, but she's too much of an adult to be a playmate. Instead, Dreamer's Daydreams keep him company, clamoring for his attention and listening intently to his tales of adventure, or nodding eagerly at his plans to rob the local candy shop or chase mean old Mister Besswit's ugly cat into the Smith's backyard, where their big dog lives...

Though the Daydreams are products of the Dreamer's mind, Nytemare's influence over him has made them stronger, and as Dreamer's personality becomes more and more cruel, the Daydreams too have become more sadistic and violent.





In the mythical age, before even Old Malifaux, it is said that Euripides was a savage, short-sighted warrior. His ferocity united the various Gigant tribes, and they set out into the lowlands in search of new conquests. It was there that he met Titania, and in a battle that lasted many days, they earned a mutual respect for the other. Since he could not be reasoned with, Titania instead offered him knowledge. Taking up the eye she had plucked from his head, she used it to forge a talisman and bade Euripides to meditate on its power.

No one beyond Euripides himself is truly sure what he saw, but he has never rekindled the near-mindless ferocity he once had. His emotions seem tempered by the future he sees in spilled entrails, an acknowledgment that choice and free-will are useless illusions in the face of the god-like entities that call Malifaux theirs.

Before Titania fell into her near-eternal prison, Euripides and his giants drifted to the north, to stake claim in the silent expanse of ice and stone. It was safe there, far from the reach of new intruders and old usurpers. There he waited, watched, and listened for Nythera to open, knowing that the Queen would call upon his aid once more.

His slow climb down the mountain is but a small quake before an avalanche that will sweep all of Malifaux. Once at his Queen's side, Euripides intends on ensuring that the Fate he has envisioned so clearly during those solitary ages comes to fruition, and there is no one in his path able to stop him.

EURIPIDES
Master, Living
SAVAGE

15
COST

5
DF

6
WP

5
MV

4
SZ

ABILITIES

THE OLD WAYS: When this model performs a duel without any Fate Modifiers, it may suffer 1 damage to flip the card for that duel from its Discard Pile instead of its Fate Deck. Once the duel is resolved, the flipped card is placed on the bottom of this model's Discard Pile.

INTUITION: At the start of this model's Activation, it may look at the top three cards of its Fate Deck and then return them in any order.

ENTOMB IN ICE: After a model within **18** is killed, this model may Create a Ht 4, Blocking, Impassable, and Destructible Ice Pillar Marker into base contact with it. The killed model does not Drop any other Markers.

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

DF/WP (☐) FUTURE SIGHT: *Name a suit.* The Attacking model reveals their Control Hand and discards a card of the named suit.

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

HEALTH

EURIPIDES				
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. Rake the Eyes: Choose a suit. The target must reveal the top three cards of its Fate Deck and discard any of the chosen suit. Place the rest back on top of the deck in any order.				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
RUNE-ETCHED ICE	8"	6	12	12
Create a Ht 4, Blocking, Destructible, Impassable Ice Pillar Marker anywhere within range. Then, other models within (0)2 of one or more Ice Pillars Created this way must each pass a TN 14 Mv duel or suffer 2 damage.				
Frozen Domain: When resolving, Create an Ice Pillar Marker anywhere within range. Blown Back: Push models damaged by this Action 3" away from the Marker.				
GLACIAL SHOVE	2"	6	-	10
Target an Ice Pillar Marker. Push the target 10" in any direction. If this Push is interrupted, other models within (0)1 of the Marker must each pass a TN X Mv duel, where X is equal to this Action's final duel total, or suffer 2 damage.				
Blown Back: Push models damaged by this Action 3" away from the Marker.				
REFLECTED VISAGE	8"	5	-	12
Target an Ice Pillar Marker within range. Enemy models within (0)2 of the target must each pass a TN 14 Wp duel or gain Distracted +1.				
Shattering Surprise: Place this model into base contact with the target. Then, remove the target.				
50MM				



PRIMORDIAL MAGIC

Anyone who has stepped foot beyond the Breach will admit that there is magic in Malifaux, that there is magic flowing through the entire world, and that it can be harnessed. Most humans use a superficial form of magic. Their abilities allow them to form fire or control metal, but beneath that reservoir is a deeper well of magic from which the Neverborn draw power.

Euripides can manifest this power in the form of a totem that allows him access to the very fates. While many possess the ability to harness these creatures, few can use them to their full potential like the ancient One Eye. Even in a weakened state, this magic can tear holes in the fabric of destiny, though the results of such actions are never known. All Neverborn know how to keep such an entity strong: they must feed it through ritual and sacrifice. Magic always comes with a price, and too often that price takes the form of blood.



PRIMORDIAL MAGIC
3
COST

Enforcer
Totem (Euripides)
SAVAGE

4 Df

4 Wp

FACTION

5 Mv

2 Sz

ABILITIES

THE OLD WAYS: When this model performs a duel without any Fate Modifiers, it may suffer 1 damage to flip the card for that duel from its Discard Pile instead of its Fate Deck. Once the duel is resolved, the flipped card is placed on the bottom of this model's Discard Pile.

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

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

FROZEN VIGOR: At the end of this model's Activation, if it is within (1)2 of an Ice Pillar, it gains **Shielded +1** and Heals 1.

1 2 3

HEALTH

PRIMORDIAL MAGIC

ATTACK ACTIONS
RG STAT RST TN

BITE
0" 4 Df -

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
Surge: Draw a card.

TACTICAL ACTIONS
RG STAT RST TN

SHEER COLD
8" 5 - 12

Target an Ice Pillar Marker. Non-Savage models within (1)2 of the target suffer 1 damage.
Cleanse: Remove all Scheme, Corpse, and Scrap Markers within (1)2 of the target.

FORM GIVEN TO WINTER 6" 5 - 10

Friendly Savage only. Until the End Phase, the target gains the following Ability: "**Incarnoporeal:** Reduce all damage this model suffers from Attack Actions by 1, to a minimum of 0. This model ignores terrain while moving and ignores the Hazardous Terrain Trait. This model may move through other models and vice versa."

30MM

THOON

Thoon comes from the same tribe as Euripides, but he was young when the Breach first opened. He wanted to join the Nephilim to fight the invaders, but Euripides forbade the Gigants from interfering. Thoon argued that Euripides had grown so all-seeing that he was cowed into inaction and left the tribe in a rage. He lived alone for many years, relying only on himself, dressing in the flesh and fur of the beasts he found worthy of him. It was on one of these hunts that he found Euripides, wandering alone. Thoon debated slaying him, believing that the Gigants would be free of his visions, but Euripides surprising him by inviting Thoon back to the tribe. Titania had returned, and the Gigants would be marching to war.

Finally allowed to indulge in bloodshed, Thoon has rejoined his kin on their march. Whenever Euripides senses a need for “youthful brutality,” Thoon is the Gigant he sends to deal with the problem, and is seldom disappointed with the result.

THOON

Henchman, Living
SAVAGE

9
COST



6
Df

5
WP



FACTION

6
MV

3
SZ

ABILITIES

THE OLD WAYS: When this model performs a duel without any Fate Modifiers, it may suffer 1 damage to flip the card for that duel from its Discard Pile instead of its Fate Deck. Once the duel is resolved, the flipped card is placed on the bottom of this model's Discard Pile.

INTUITION: At the start of this model's Activation, it may look at the top three cards of its Fate Deck and then return them in any order.

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

SHIFTING ICE: At the start of this model's Activation, it may Push an Ice Pillar Marker within 4 up to 3" in any direction.

FROZEN VIGOR: At the end of this model's Activation, if it is within 2 of an Ice Pillar, it gains **Shielded +1** and Heals 1.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

HEALTH

THOON

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
CHAIN-WRAPPED FISTS 1" 6 Df - Target suffers 2/4/6 damage. Defensive Reflexes: This model gains Shielded +1 . Frozen Trophy: Once per Turn. Enemy only. Create a Ht 4, Blocking, Destructible, Impassable Ice Pillar Marker into base contact with the target. Then, if a Marker was Dropped this way, Bury the target. If the Ice Pillar Marker is removed, Unbury the target into base contact with the Marker before it is removed. Drain Magic: Target discards a card. This model may draw a card and then discard a card.				
HOOKEED CHAIN 8" 7 Df - Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. Push the target up to 3" toward this model. Stagger: Models damaged by this Action gain Staggered .				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
ARCTIC PULL 8" 6 - 10 Target an Ice Pillar Marker. Push the target 8" toward this model. If this Push is interrupted, other models within (0)1 of the Marker must each pass a TN X Mv duel, where X is equal to this Action's final duel total, or suffer 2 damage. Bump! Push any models into base contact with the Marker 8" toward this model. Each model Pushed this way gains Distracted +1 .				
FREEZE THE CORPSE 2" - - - Target a Corpse Marker. Create a Ht 4, Blocking, Destructible, Impassable Ice Pillar Marker into base contact with the target, then remove the target.				

50MM

GERYON

When the Gigants march to war, they bring with them hordes of twisted, bent monstrosities they refer to only as the Geryon. The origin of these creatures is both disgusting and tragic.

They were once a tribe of Gigants whose remote territory was cut off from the rest of the Far Peaks by landslides and harsh winters. Long years of famine and isolation drove the tribe to cannibalism and depravity. Their culture eroded away by the necessities of survival and mental degradation brought on by physical deformity. Typically, a Gigant mother gives birth to a litter of two or three young, the strongest of which survives to adulthood. But Geryon no longer develop properly in the womb, instead being born as twisted mutants made up of a dominant body and the conjoined limbs and faces of its siblings. These faces gibber and snarl ceaselessly, though it isn't clear which one is the "real" face and which are little more than vestigial limbs.

GERYON

Minion (2), Living SAVAGE

8
COST

5
DF

5
WP

FACTION

5
MV

3
SZ

ABILITIES

THE OLD WAYS: When this model performs a duel without any Fate Modifiers, it may suffer 1 damage to flip the card for that duel from its Discard Pile instead of its Fate Deck. Once the duel is resolved, the flipped card is placed on the bottom of this model's Discard Pile.

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

FROZEN VIGOR: At the end of this model's Activation, if it is within 12 of an Ice Pillar, it gains **Shielded +1** and Heals 1.

EXTENDED REACH: Enemy models within 12 cannot take Attack Actions generated by the **Charge** Action.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
HEALTH

GERYON

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BOULDER FIST 2" 6 Df - Target suffers 3/4/6 damage. Heave: Place the target anywhere within 3" of this model. Chill: Models damaged by this Action gain Slow . Swallow You Whole: After killing, the target does not Drop any Markers, and this model Heals 1/2/3.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SHOULDER RUSH - 5 - 10 Push this model 6" in any direction. If this Push is interrupted by one or more Ice Pillar Markers, Push one of those Ice Pillar Markers away from this model a number of inches equal to the distance this model moved. If this model or the Pushed Ice Pillar Marker comes into base contact with one or more other models, those models must each pass a TN X Mv duel, where X is equal to this Action's final duel total, or suffer 2 damage. Focused Attention: This model gains Focused +1 .				
REFORM FROM ICE (1) 4" - - - Remove any number of Ice Pillar Markers within range. This model Heals 2 for each Ice Pillar Marker removed by this Action.				

50MM

CYCLOPS

When Titania was sealed away inside of Nythera, her most devoted followers were sealed away with her. The lesser Fae, her warriors and shock troopers, fled persecution and hid themselves away in the most inaccessible corners of the world they could find. Most of these Fae were found and wiped out by their enemies, but some, like the Cyclops, survived the purge. Following the path of their chieftain Euripides, they journeyed to the Far Peaks, where the frozen desolation of the mountains kept them safe. Upon hearing Titania's distant summons, the Cyclopes hesitantly ventured down their mountains and into the Knotwoods, ready to serve their Queen once more.

Cyclops are large, powerful creatures that possess an instinctual affinity for rune magic. They are quick to anger, and as they suffer injury, their anger only grows, further enhancing their already formidable strength and endurance.



CYCLOPS
 Minion (2), Living
 SAVAGE

7
COST

4
Df

5
Wp


 FACTION

5
Mv

3
Sz

ABILITIES

THE OLD WAYS: When this model performs a duel without any Fate Modifiers, it may suffer 1 damage to flip the card for that duel from its Discard Pile instead of its Fate Deck. Once the duel is resolved, the flipped card is placed on the bottom of this model's Discard Pile.

FROZEN VIGOR: At the end of this model's Activation, if it is within 12" of an Ice Pillar, it gains **Shielded +1** and Heals 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.

GRIT (AGGRESSIVE): While this model has half of its maximum Health or less, its Attack Actions receive a  to their duels.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

HEALTH

CYCLOPS

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rc	STAT	RST	TN
MASSIVE CLUB Target suffers 3/4/5 damage.  Sweeping Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +2 damage.  Knock Aside: Push the target 4" in any direction.	12"	5	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rc	STAT	RST	TN
ICE PILLARS Create a Ht 4, Blocking, Destructible, Impassable Ice Pillar Marker anywhere within range.	12"	5	-	11
 FROZEN RUNES Target an Ice Pillar Marker. Choose one of the following: Uruz: Friendly models within (1)2 of the Ice Pillar Heal 1. Hagalaz: Enemy models within (1)2 of the Ice Pillar suffer 1 damage. Jera: Enemy models within (1)2 of the Ice Pillar gain Staggered . Fehu: Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target.	6"	5	-	12

50MM

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Titania's return has signaled a change to this. The Queen commands, Euripides answers, and thus so do the various Gigant tribes of the Far Peaks. Powerful in body and long aching for a chance to wage war again, the Gigants are fearsome Neverborn of a more primitive, terrifying age.

GIGANT				
BASE ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
TREE TRUNK	♣ 1"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.				
■ Shattering Shove: Push the target 2" in any direction. If the target comes into base contact with an Ice Pillar Marker during this Push, the Ice Pillar Marker is removed, then Place the target into base contact with any Ice Pillar Marker.				
✕ Pick the Bones: After killing, this model may take the Interact Action after resolving the current Action.				
THROWN BOULDER	♠ 8"	6	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3♣/5♣ damage. Push models damaged by this Action 2" away from this model.				
♠ Burst Damage: When resolving, the target suffers +♣ damage.				
✕ Stunning Strike: Target gains Stunned .				
BASE ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
CAVE DRAWINGS	8"	5	-	10
Target an Ice Pillar Marker. Until the End Phase, enemy models within ② of the target cannot take the Interact or Concentrate Actions.				
♠ Shattering Surprise: Place this model into base contact with the target. Then, remove the target.				

LYSSA

The Lyssa are Woes of Rage, born from uncontrollable fury. They are the rage of the abuser who inflicts torment on his victim, and the rage of his victim as they rise up against him. They are the friend abandoned and betrayed to a fate worse than death by a coward, the enemy who refuses to rest in his grave, the fury of a lover whose trust was misplaced by an unfaithful partner.

Some of these Woes are as ancient as the fury that binds them, like the rage lifted from the ritualistic brutality of an age long past. Where a Lyssa manifests, the people around it find themselves irritable and paranoid; they see the actions of their companions as being designed to bring failure and humiliation on them, and they develop a hair-trigger temper that turns gripes into vendettas that must be answered in blood.

Only when the victor of these rages has no one left to butcher do they see themselves for what they've done, and the Lyssa moves on, abandoning them to their guilt and madness.



LYSSA
 Minion (3)
 SAVAGE, WOE

4
COST

5
Df

5
Wp

5
Mv

2
Sz

ABILITIES

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

MISERY: Once per Activation. After an enemy model within 6" gains **Stunned** or a Condition listed in this model's **Opportunist** Ability, this model may either move it up to 2" or have it suffer 1 damage.

FROZEN VIGOR: At the end of this model's Activation, if it is within 2" of an Ice Pillar, it gains **Shielded +1** and Heals 1.

OPPORTUNIST (STAGGERED): Before performing an opposed duel, this model may end the **Stunned** or **Staggered** Condition on the opposed model to receive a 1 to that duel.

HEALTH

LYSSA

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
CLAWS Target suffers 1/2/4 damage. Hopelessness: Target must have Stunned . When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. Misdirected Rage: Enemy only. Target takes a 1 or 2 Action, chosen and controlled by this model. During this Action, this model is ignored when determining whether or not the target is engaged.	1"	4X	Df	-
BRING IT Target moves its Mv +2" toward this model. Then, the target must take a 1 Action that cannot declare Triggers targeting this model, if able. Any damage flips from the generated Action suffer a 1.	12"	5	Wp	13
STARTLE Target gains Staggered .	8"	4	Wp	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
FREEZE THE CORPSE Target a Corpse Marker. Create a Ht 4, Blocking, Destructible, Impassable Ice Pillar Marker into base contact with the target, then remove the target.	2"	-	-	-

30MM

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.

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 led Zoraida to an answer.

She will remind them, one by one, why you never gamble against the Swamp Hag...



ZORAIDA				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
VOODOO PINS	/// 0"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 1/3/4 damage and gains Injured +1 .				
HEX	12"	6	Wp	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains Injured +1 . If the target has an Attached Voodoo Upgrade, this model may move the target up to 3".				
♣ My Loyal Servant: Another model (other than this model) within 3" of the target Heals 1/2/3.				
♥ Coordinated Attack: Another friendly model may take a /// Action targeting the same model.				
OBEY	12"	7W	Wp	14W
<i>This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. Non-Master only.</i> Target model takes a non-↖ Action that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name, chosen and controlled by this model.				
♥♥ Ensnorcel: Once per Activation. Target takes a non-↖ Action that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name. The Action is chosen and controlled by this model.				
X Burn Out: Target suffers 2 damage and gains Fast .				
POISONED FATE	6"	6	Wp	12
Until the End Phase, after an Action resolves in which the target Cheated Fate, the target suffers 2 damage.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
↖ THREADS OF FATE	-	-	-	-
Both players discard their Control Hands and then draw six cards.				



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	-

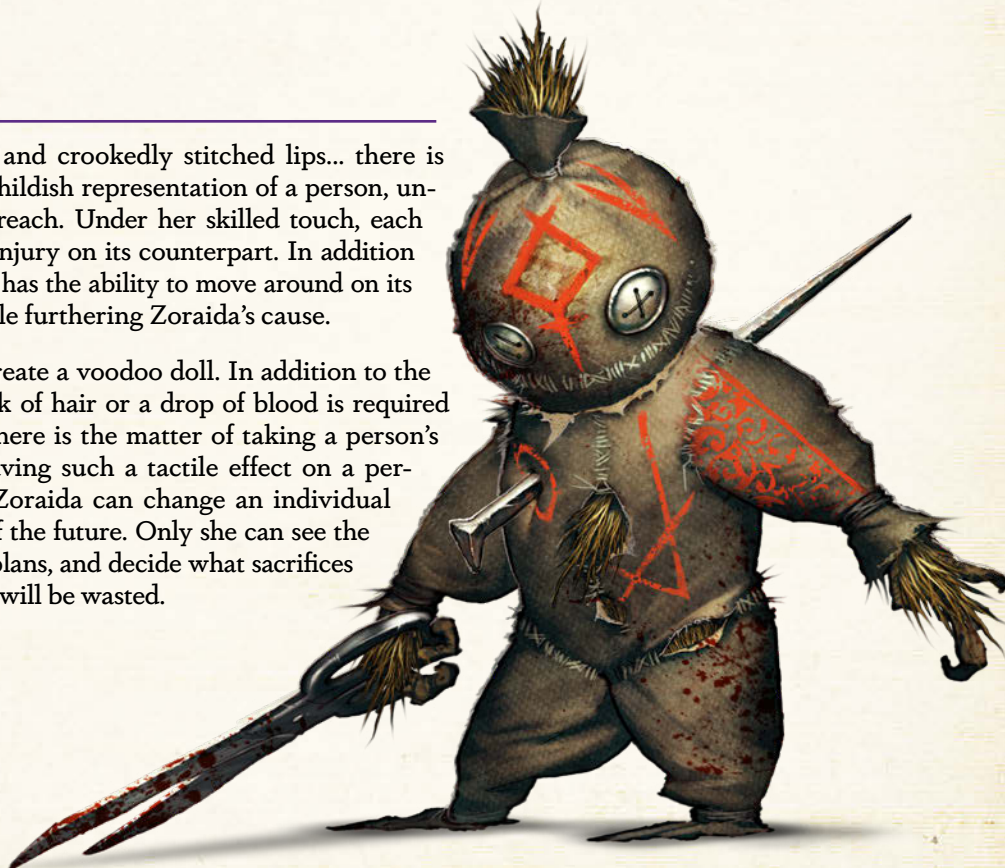
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
UNEXPECTED CONNECTION Once per Activation. Target a model with an Attached Voodoo Upgrade, ignoring range and LoS. Select one of the target's non- Tactical Actions that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name. This model may take the selected Action with a penalty 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.



The legend of Bad Juju, the Mire Golem, is a somber reminder that actions have consequences extending much further than one's mortal lifespan. Deep in the Bayou lives a creature that has dwelled there for centuries. It is comprised of muck, twigs, stone, and moss and wears a particular fetish around its constantly reshaping neck. The small fetish depicts a roughly hewn figure of a man encased in what appears to be swamp muck, prisoner of the Bayou for all time.

The stories tell that a once proud man had entered into an agreement with the old woman of the swamp, but reneged on his end of the bargain. For his treachery, she cursed him with what he had sought from her, eternal life. But not as a man, as a creature of the swamp, eternally reforming from the muck and mire to do her bidding, and serve as a reminder to those who might consider betraying their agreements, as well.

BAD JUJU				
BASE ACTIONS		RG	STAT	RST TN
UPROOTED FISTS		☯ 2"	6	Df -
Target suffers 3/4/6 damage.				
☐ Focused Attention: This model gains Focused +1 .				
✕ Quicksand: The target and all enemy models within (1)2 of the target must each pass a TN 15 Mv duel or gain Slow .				
TOSS IN THE MUD		2"	7	Df 12
Push the target 2" in any direction, then end one Condition on the target.				
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".				

The Grootslang is an ambush predator found primarily in the Bayou. These large beasts possess a natural camouflage that enables them to blend in well with leafy canopies and rock walls. They were unknown in the Bayou until very recently, and there are theories in scholastic circles that Grootslangs may have been subterranean predators that were released from a natural cave system when the Red Cage struck the Bayou.

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Y

GROOTSLANG

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

ADLY CLAWS

1" 6 Df -

target suffers 2/4/5 damage.

✦ **Slink Away:** Place this model into base contact with the nearest friendly Lair Marker.

✕ **Mutilate:** When resolving, if the target has **Slow**, it suffers +1 damage. Otherwise, it gains **Slow**.

ERBED TONGUE

2" 6 Mv -

target suffers 1/2/3 damage and gains **Slow**.

✦ **Pull and Drag:** Push the target 3" toward this model.

✕ **Infect:** Models damaged by this Action gain **Poison +1** for each ✕ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of **Poison +2**).

ITICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

EATE LAIR

- 5 - 10

iscard a card. Create a 50mm Concealing, Destructible, Everse Lair Marker into base contact with this model.

IR TO LAIR

- 5 - 12

this model must be in base contact with a Lair Marker.

The image shows a Grootslang model, a large, green, serpentine creature with a long, red, forked tongue. The model is positioned above a card layout. The card layout includes a title box at the top with the name 'GROOTSLANG' in large, bold, black letters, followed by the subtitle 'Enforcer, Beast' in a smaller, italicized font, and 'SWAMPFIEND' in a bold, black font. To the right of the title box is a large white number '8' with the word 'COST' in a smaller, bold, black font below it. Below the title box is a large, green, serpentine creature with a long, red, forked tongue, which is the Grootslang model. Below the model are five circular icons: a purple circle with a white '5' and 'DF' below it; a purple circle with a white '4' and 'Wp' below it; a purple circle with a white skull icon and 'FACTION' below it; a purple circle with a white '5' and 'MV' below it; and a purple circle with a white '4' and 'SZ' below it. Below these icons is a horizontal line with the word 'ABILITIES' in the center. Below the line are five paragraphs of text, each starting with a bolded title: 'PREPARED LAIRS:', 'PENETRATING STENCH:', 'UNIMPEDED:', 'EAT YOUR FILL:', and 'WICKED:'. Below the fifth paragraph is a sixth paragraph starting with 'BLINDFIGHTER:'. At the bottom of the card is a horizontal row of ten circles, each containing a number from 1 to 10. Below the row is a horizontal line with the word 'HEALTH' in the center.

GROOTSLANG
Enforcer, Beast
SWAMPFIEND

8
COST

5
DF

4
Wp

FACTION

5
MV

4
SZ

ABILITIES

PREPARED LAIRS: After this model is Deployed, Create three 50mm Concealing, Severe, Destructible Lair Markers anywhere on the friendly table half.

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.

EAT YOUR FILL: After killing an enemy model with a ♣ Action, this model Heals 2.

WICKED: When this model makes a successful ♣ Action generated by an enemy model's **Disengage** Action, this model may resolve the Action's normal effects (including Triggers) instead of reducing the enemy model's Push distance.

BLINDFIGHTER: This model cannot gain the **Distracted** Condition.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

HEALTH

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struck the

Y

GROOTSLANG

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

LEADLY CLAWS

RG 1" 6 Df -

target suffers 2/4/5 damage.

✱ **Slink Away:** Place this model into base contact with the nearest friendly Lair Marker.

✕ **Mutilate:** When resolving, if the target has **Slow**, it suffers +1 damage. Otherwise, it gains **Slow**.

POISONED TONGUE

RG 2" 6 Mv -

target suffers 1/2/3 damage and gains **Slow**.

✱ **Pull and Drag:** Push the target 3" toward this model.

✕ **Infect:** Models damaged by this Action gain **Poison +1** for each ✕ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of **Poison +2**).

DEFENSIVE ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

CREATE LAIR

- 5 - 10

Discard a card. Create a 50mm Concealing, Destructible, Eversible Lair Marker into base contact with this model.

RETURN TO LAIR

- 5 - 12

This model must be in base contact with a Lair Marker.

ADZE
Enforcer, Beast
 SWAMPFIEND

7
 COST



5
DF

5
WP


 FACTION

7
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

PENETRATING STENCH: Enemy models that start their Activation engaging this model must either discard a card or gain **Stunned**.

SHIMMERING LIGHTS: Enemy models that end a move within 02 of this model gain **Distracted +1** after resolving the current Action or Ability.

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.

LIKE A MOTH TO FLAME: When performing opposed duels with enemy models with **Burning**, this model receives a 1 to its duel.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

HEALTH

ADZE

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
VENOMOUS STRIKE 1" 6P Df - Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains Poison +1 . ♣ Drink Blood: When resolving, this model Heals an amount equal to the damage suffered.				
LURE 12" 6 Wp 12 Move the target its Mv toward this model. ♣ Quick Reflexes: Take this Action again, targeting a different model. ✕ Quicksand: The target and all enemy models within (0)2 of the target must each pass a TN 15 Mv duel or gain Slow .				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
✖ FIREFLY (0)3" 5 - 10 Models within range must each pass a TN 13 Df duel or gain Burning +1 . ♣ Sudden Strike: This model may take a ♣ Action. ☰ Rising Flames: Enemy models within (0)3 of this model suffer 1 damage and gain Burning +1 .				
✖ 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".				

40MM

ADZE

When a Will o' the Wisp has fed upon enough blood, it matures into an Adze. Traditionally, this took decades, as the Gremlins and other swampfiends that the Wisps fed upon provided it with little nourishment.

Something about human blood, however, triggers a greatly accelerated growth process in the Wisps. There are more Adze flapping through the darkened swamp than ever before, and the Gremlins have found themselves quite unable to properly deal with them all. Upon reaching maturity, the magical skills of an Adze increase significantly, making it a far greater threat than its immature kin. They prefer to use their magic to lure potential prey into compromising situations, at which point they pounce from the shadows, thrust their proboscis into their victim, and drain it of its delicious blood.



WALDGEIST

In Malifaux, the phrase “the trees have eyes” is not a metaphor. At times, the trees do have eyes, hungry mouths, and sharp claws. Waldgeists exist where once peaceful forests have been devastated by humans. Typically non-violent, these living trees often choose to tie up their assailants, making it difficult for them to move forward with their own tasks.

Though it is rare for them to side with any of the Neverborn for the sake of alliances or other political concerns, they will be quick to assist when they are threatened. Their more violent neighbors will be quick to take advantage of any distraction, offering up living flesh to the ancient magics that flow through their home. Though unwilling to commit such deeds themselves, the Waldgeists do not object, returning to their stoic forms after the danger has passed.



WALDGEIST

Minion (3), Living

FAE, SWAMPIEND

6

COST

5

Df

5

WP

4

MV

2

Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

ABUNDANT GROWTH: After Deployment, Create a 50mm Concealing, Severe Underbrush Marker anywhere on the table, at least 2" from any other Markers. This model is unaffected by Underbrush Markers.

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

PENETRATING STENCH: Enemy models that start their Activation engaging this model must either discard a card or gain **Stunned**.

PLANTED ROOTS: This model cannot be moved by enemy effects and is unaffected by Severe Terrain. At the start of this model's Activation, if it is in Severe Terrain, this model Heals 1.

1

2

3

4

5

6

HEALTH

WALDGEIST

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

TANGLING ROOTS 1" 5 Df -

While this model is in Severe Terrain, this Action can target any other model in the same piece of Severe Terrain, ignoring range and LoS. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

☛ **Heave:** Place the target anywhere within 3" of this model.

☛ **Stagger:** Models damaged by this Action gain **Staggered**.

☒ **Delay:** Target gains **Slow**.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

GERMINATE 6" 5 - 12

Create a 50mm Concealing, Severe Underbrush Marker anywhere within range, at least 2" away from any other Underbrush Markers.

☛ **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".

40MM

WILL O' THE WISP

Minion (3), Beast
SWAMPFIEND

4

COST



4
DF

4
WP


FACTION

5
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

PENETRATING STENCH: Enemy models that start their Activation engaging this model must either discard a card or gain **Stunned**.

SHIMMERING LIGHTS: Enemy models that end a move within 12" of this model gain **Distracted +1** after resolving the current Action or Ability.

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.

BLOODY TRANSFORMATION: After an enemy Living, non-Minion model within 12" is killed, this model may discard a card. If it does so, Replace this model with an Adze with **Slow**, then the new model Heals 3.

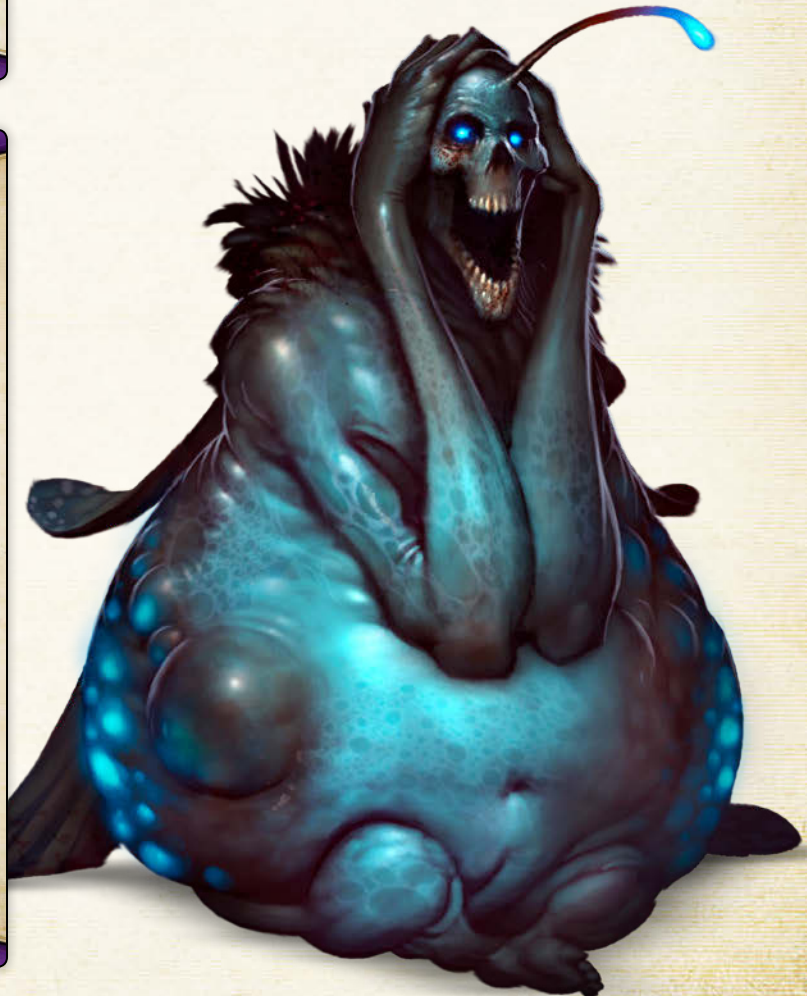
1
2
3
4

HEALTH

Will o' the Wisp

We saw the lights on our fourth night out. At first, we mistook them for other travelers and attempted to make contact, but we got turned around in the overgrowth. The Bayou is not an easy place to navigate even without phantom lights to taunt you. We couldn't find out way back after that.

Charles was the first one they took. He just got this look in his eyes and kept saying, "They're singing to me. They're singing to me." We tried to stop him, but he wandered out into the brush after the lights. After that, I started seeing them, really seeing them. Sometimes they appeared as my dead wife. Other times they appeared as terrible monstrosities. The lights morphed and floated, always trying to lure us off the path. We lost Jeremiah next; he mistook a real gator for one of the hallucinations. Now it's just me. The thing that terrifies me, more than visions or gators, is that I am no longer convinced that the lights are random. They don't just lure weary travelers off the path. They are leading me somewhere...



WILL O' THE WISP

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
DISTRACTING ILLUSION 12" 4 Wp - Target gains Stunned and Distracted +1 . ✖ Coordinated Attack: Another friendly model may take a 1 Action targeting the same model. ✖ Delay: Target gains Slow .				
LURE 12" 5 Wp 12 Move the target its Mv toward this model. ✖ Delay: Target gains Slow . ✖ 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
AMBUSH If this model is not in <i>Concealing Terrain</i> , it must discard a card. If this model is not engaged, it may move up to 3".				

30MM

Amidst these growing horrors strolls a young woman humming a wordless tune, tilting her head to the archaic box in her hand as if it speaks to her. *Speak to me*. Where she walks monsters part and the unwary fall victim to their worst fears. Her name is Pandora - *today, tomorrow it may be...* and where she goes, all hope dies.

Only Lilith and Zoraida had shown any tolerance of her, for she was prone to growing bored without someone to “play” with. But Lilith was too preoccupied with trying to push humanity back through the Breach. *Reaching for the stars just means a longer fall back to earth, dear.* She went along with Zoraida’s many plans for Malifaux simply because it offered her plenty of humans to torment. *Not nearly enough.*

But the more Pandora played, the more she opened that box, the darker her mood became. The silent voice speaking in her head became more... her. *The wailing inside. An echo. An earthquake.* It was hard to tell at times where Pandora ended and the voice in the box began. *Speak to me.* It was getting so bad that when Zoraida summoned her, Pandora simply... didn't answer. *I did! You just didn't hear me!*

And then it all went wrong. Lilith was gone, and Zoraida was the reason why. Angry, confused, hurt, and not knowing how to handle it, Pandora surrendered more and more of herself to the box. *Choices were always a problem. Guide me. Heal me. I will. Do everything I tell you to do.* What would be left of her, in the end, she wondered? Pandora wasn't sure she cared.

And that scares her. *Save me.*

I will. You just have to let me in.

PANDORA				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SELF LOATHING	10"	6	Wp	-
<i>Choose one of the target's non-Shockwave Attack Actions. This Action gains the effect, cost, and any special restrictions of the chosen Action. Enemy only.</i>				
❖ Crushed Ego: When resolving, resolve the effects of any Trigger on the chosen Action with a suit in the target's final duel total.				
✕ Delay: Target gains Slow .				
FEARS GIVEN FORM	10"	6	*	13
<i>Once per Activation. Shockwave 2, Wp 13, Damage 2.</i>				
<i>When resolving, friendly Woe models may ignore the effects of this Action.</i>				
❖ Mass Hysteria: Push models damaged by this Action up to 3" in any direction.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
DESPAIR'S INFLUENCE	10"	-	-	-
<i>Discard a card. Friendly Woe only. Push the target up to 3" in any direction. Until the End Phase, the target adds the suit of the discarded card to its final duel totals.</i>				
GRASPING TENTACLES	16"	7	-	12
<i>Until the End Phase, before an enemy model within range moves, if that move was not caused by a friendly model, the distance moved is reduced by 2".</i>				
❖ Tentacle Push: Friendly Woe models within range may Push up to 2" in any direction.				
THE BOX OPENS	16"	7	-	14
<i>Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 14 Wp duel or suffer 2 damage and gain Stunned.</i>				



POLTERGEIST

In any world, it's not easy to be dead. In Malifaux, it's worse. At times, the death of a powerful entity can lead to remnants of a spirit, a lingering essence that can then be tapped by a powerful mortal to return to the planes of the living. These spirits are distinctly less powerful than they were in life, but they can serve a small purpose for whomever has chosen to manifest them.

Poltergeists, being little more than ghosts, can cause very little physical damage, but they can inspire mental anguish so severe that their opponents might be disabled. At times, the terror they can inspire has driven a victim into fits where they pull out their hair or gouge at their own eyes. Most of the time however, their role is limited to causing small amounts of distraction and allowing their more powerful allies the chance to accomplish their goals.



POLTERGEIST

Enforcer

Totem (Pandora)

WOE

4

COST

4

DF

6

WP

6

MV

3

SZ

FACTION

ABILITIES

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

DISTRACTION: Enemy models within 12 of this model suffer 1 to Wp duels.

OPPORTUNIST (STUNNED): Before performing an opposed duel, this model may end the Stunned Condition on the opposed model to receive a 1 to that duel.

MISERY: Once per Activation. After an enemy model within 6 gains Stunned or a Condition listed in this model's Opportunist Ability, this model may either move it up to 2" or have it suffer 1 damage.

WEeping Widow: Enemy models within 6 ignore the Ruthless Ability.

1 2 3 4 5

HEALTH

POLTERGEIST

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

SHARP CLAWS

1"

4

Df

-

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

Hopelessness:

Target must have Stunned.

When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage.

GLIMPSE OF INSANITY

8"

5

Wp

-

Target gains Stunned.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

TELEKINESIS

14"

5

-

10

Remove all Markers within range. Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 12 Mv duel or suffer 1 damage for each Marker removed by this Action (to a maximum of 3 damage).

Bloody Display:

Enemy models within 14 of this model must each pass a TN 14 Wp duel or be Pushed 4" away from this model.

50MM

CANDY
Henchman, Living
WOE

8
COST



5x
DF

6
WP

FACTION

5
MV

1
SZ

ABILITIES

MANIPULATIVE: If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a to their duel.

CORRUPTED INNOCENCE: If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, enemy models that start their Activation within ④4 must each discard a card and gain **Stunned**.

DF/WP (X) DISARMING: When resolving, if the Attacking model did not declare a Trigger, reduce the damage this model suffers by 2.

OPPORTUNIST (FAST): Before performing an opposed duel, this model may end the **Stunned** or **Fast** Condition on the opposed model to receive a to that duel.

MISERY: Once per Activation. After an enemy model within ⑥6 gains **Stunned** or a Condition listed in this model's **Opportunist** Ability, this model may either move it up to 2" or have it suffer 1 damage.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

HEALTH

CANDY

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
SELF LOATHING Choose one of the target's non- <i>Shockwave</i> Attack Actions. This Action gains the effect, cost, and any special restrictions of the chosen Action. Enemy only. ✦ Hopelessness: Target must have Stunned . When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage.	10"	6	Wp	-
✧ GLIMPSE OF INSANITY Target gains Stunned . ✦ On Your Heels: Enemy only. Place this model into base contact with the target. ✕ Burn Out: Target suffers 2 damage and gains Fast .	8"	6	Wp	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
TEMPER TANTRUM Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 14 Wp duel or gain Slow . ✦ Bloody Display: Enemy models within ④4 of this model must each pass a TN 14 Wp duel or be Pushed 4" away from this model.	④4"	6	-	10
GOODY BASKET Other model only. Target Heals 1/2/3. ✦ Tear Off a Bite: This model Heals 2. ✕ Burn Out: Target suffers 2 damage and gains Fast .	2"	5	-	10

30MM

CANDY

Candy is the Woe of Innocence Corrupted, one of the first beings to be set loose from Pandora's box. Walking the streets of Malifaux, it did not take long for her to develop a murderous hatred of humanity. She takes great joy tormenting them like a jagged mirror, reflecting upon them their own hopelessness and contempt.

When the Event occurred, Candy briefly transformed into an older, more willful girl, and her fury became such that not even Pandora could probably control her. When the Event ended, Candy returned to normal, though she possesses traces of that rebellious attitude, and can be overcome with intense rage that makes her dangerous, even to herself.

As Pandora retreats more and more into her own mind, she sometimes notices Candy watching her intently, as if waiting for something to occur. Candy insists Pandora is just imagining things.



BABY KADE
Enforcer, Living
 WOE

7
COST



5
DF

6
WP

FACTION

5
MV

1
SZ

ABILITIES

MANIPULATIVE: If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a  to their duel.

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**.

OPPORTUNIST (SLOW): Before performing an opposed duel, this model may end the **Stunned** or **Slow** Condition on the opposed model to receive a  to that duel.

MISERY: *Once per Activation.* After an enemy model within  6 gains **Stunned** or a Condition listed in this model's **Opportunist** Ability, this model may either move it up to 2" or have it suffer 1 damage.

I GOT MY TEDDY: When hiring, Crews containing this model treat Teddy as though it were Versatile. If it does so, any Teddy model hired this way must deploy within 3" of this model.


HEALTH

BABY KADE

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).  Coordinated Attack: Another friendly model may take a  Action targeting the same model. X Execute: The target may either discard a card or a Soulstone. If it does neither, it is killed, ignoring Demise Abilities.	1"	7	Df	-
LURE Move the target its Mv toward this model.  Rip and Tear: Take a  Action targeting the same model. This Action receives a  to its duel. X Delay: Target gains Slow .	12"	7	Wp	12

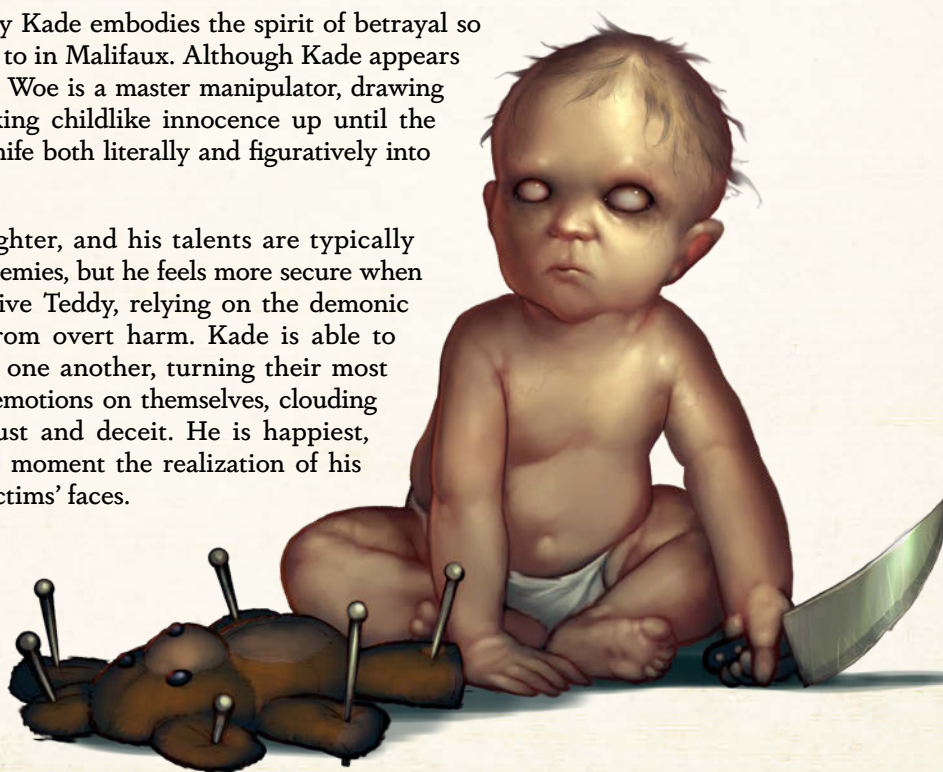
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
 WHERE'S TEDDY? <i>This Action ignores LoS. Friendly only.</i> Move the target up to its Mv toward this model. If the target is a Teddy and it ends this move in base contact with this model, this model and the target both Heal 2, then Place this model into base contact with the target.	10"	6	-	12

30MM

BABY KADE

The Woe known as Baby Kade embodies the spirit of betrayal so many have fallen victim to in Malifaux. Although Kade appears as an innocent child, the Woe is a master manipulator, drawing in his marks by mimicking childlike innocence up until the instant he plunges the knife both literally and figuratively into someone's back.

Kade is a competent fighter, and his talents are typically underestimated by his enemies, but he feels more secure when accompanied by a massive Teddy, relying on the demonic toy to keep him safe from overt harm. Kade is able to play parents off against one another, turning their most innocent and honest of emotions on themselves, clouding perceptions with mistrust and deceit. He is happiest, cooing and giggling, the moment the realization of his betrayal dawns on his victims' faces.



Pandora hates Aversions as much as anyone else, but she sees their uses in certain circumstances. She delights in watching them (from afar) as they invade some upper-crust party, watching them turn their noses as the Aversions smear themselves with gravy, drool into open punch bowls, or challenge one another to loud bouts of flatulence. As they go, the offended party-goers steadily turn their repulsion on one another, exposing each other's most depraved secrets. By the time the party ends, the guests have all grown to hate one another for their scandalous inner-selves.

AVERSION				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
REVOLTING SWIPE	1"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.				
♣ Heave: Place the target anywhere within 3" of this model.				
TERRORIZE	8"	5	Wp	-
♣ Enemy only. Target is Pushed its Mv in inches away from this model.				
♣ On Your Heels: <i>Enemy only.</i> Place this model into base contact with the target.				
✕ Mental Trauma: Target must either discard a card or suffer 3 damage.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SCATTER	(1)3"	-	-	-
Enemy models within range are Pushed 3" away from this model.				
♣ FRIGHTENING REMINDER	6"	5	-	10
♣ Other friendly model only. Push the target up to 4" away from this model.				

After his parents and young sister died in a house fire, Iggy was sent to the Malifaux Orphanage for Sick Children to be looked after. There, while attempting to find one of his friends who had fallen mysteriously ill, he discovered the horrific truth – children were being used to charge Soulstones.

This was not the first time Iggy's temper had killed people. He now had his abusive parents, innocent sister, and the other orphan's fiery deaths on his hands. Consumed with guilt and rage, Iggy can no longer control the flames within him. He wanders the streets of Malifaux at night, punishing adults for their crimes against him, whether they are real or imagined.



ICGY				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
FLAMING FURY	1"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains Burning +1 .				
☛ Flame Wall: Target must have Burning +3 or greater. Drop a 50mm Hazardous (Burning +1) Pyre Marker within 1" 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).				
ARSON	10"	6	*	12
Instead of Dropping a Shockwave Marker, this Action must center its Shockwave on target Scheme Marker within range. Shockwave 2 , Mv 12, Damage 2, Burning +1 . Then remove the target.				
✕ 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).				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
☛ RECKLESS	-	-	-	-
This model suffers 1 damage. This model gains Fast .				
30MM				

SORROW

Most numerous of the Woes, Sorrows embody their namesake, subsisting on the sadness and depression of others. They appear to be drawn to despair, almost as if they can smell suffering on the air. The dolorous aura these beings give off is stronger than the generally oppressive atmosphere Malifaux is known for, turning the cheeriest of dispositions into a depressive spiral of self-loathing and inadequacy. From that spiral the Sorrow leeches its sustenance, perpetuating emotions of hopelessness until even the desire to live vanishes.

Even when a soul is brave enough to face a Sorrow head on, the individual often finds herself wondering at the senselessness of it all, reactions slowing down as her weapon becomes a leaden weight of remorse that she is more than ready to set on the ground.



SORROW
Minion (3)
WOE

5
COST



5
DF

5
WP

5
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

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

LIFE LEECH: When an enemy model starts its Activation within 4", this model Heals 1 and the enemy model suffers 1 damage.

OPPORTUNIST (STUNNED): Before performing an opposed duel, this model may end the **Stunned** Condition on the opposed model to receive a 1 to that duel.

MISERY: Once per Activation. After an enemy model within 6" gains **Stunned** or a Condition listed in this model's **Opportunist** Ability, this model may either move it up to 2" or have it suffer 1 damage.

HEALTH

SORROW

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
CLAWS Target suffers 1/2/4 damage. ♣ Hopelessness: Target must have Stunned . When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage. ✕ Daze: Target gains Stunned and is Pushed up to 3" in any direction.	1"	5W	Df	-
♣ GLIMPSE OF INSANITY Target gains Stunned .	8"	5	Wp	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
MISERY LOVES COMPANY Target a friendly model or a model with Stunned . Place this model into base contact with the target. ✕ 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.	8"	5	-	10

30MM

MYSTERIOUS EFFIGY

Enforcer, Construct
Versatile
EFFIGY, PUPPET

4

COST



5
DF

4
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.

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.

1
2
3
4

HEALTH

MYSTERIOUS EFFIGY

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SNAPPING JAWS Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. <i>☞ Drink Blood:</i> When resolving, this model Heals an amount equal to the damage suffered.	0"	5	Df	-
LURE Move the target its Mv toward this model.	12"	4	Wp	12

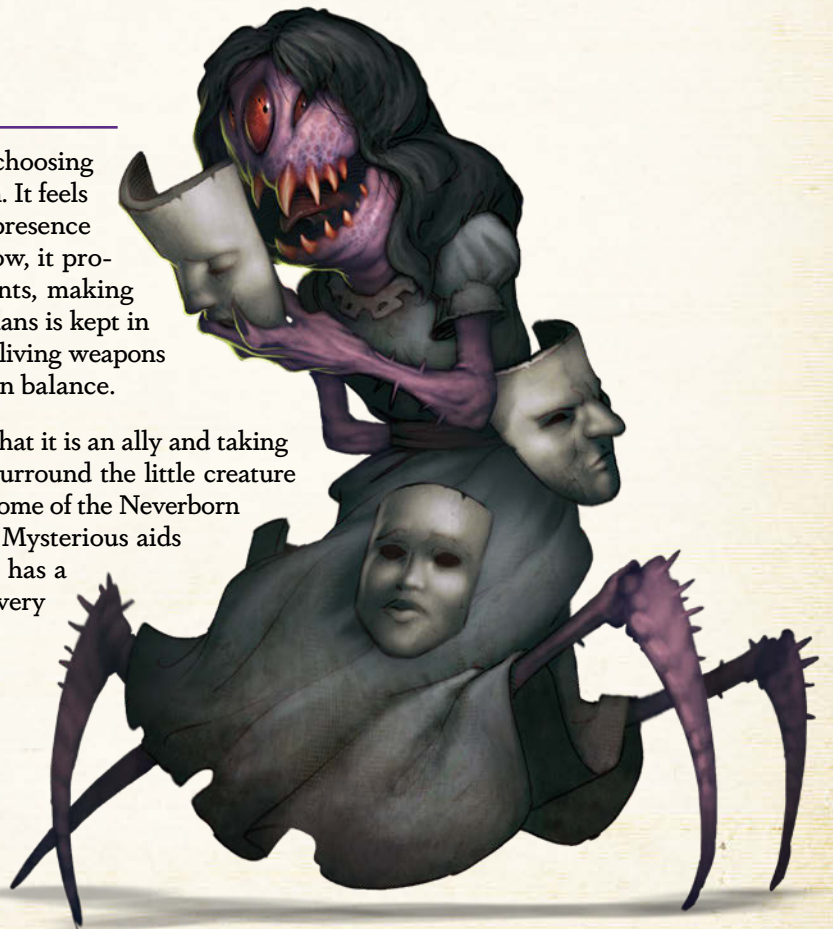
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
AURA OF DECEPTION Until the End Phase, friendly models within range may Cheat Fate with the card face down. The card is revealed before declaring Triggers but after the opposing player has Cheated Fate (or chosen not to do so).	3"	5	-	10

30MM

MYSTERIOUS EFFIGY

Mysterious is a manipulative little creature, choosing subterfuge rather than combat wherever it can. It feels a strange empathy for the Neverborn, their presence in the aether comforting and familiar. For now, it provides them with an edge over their opponents, making sure the relentless march of the ignorant humans is kept in check. Careful hints about the future guide its living weapons on the most useful path, keeping everything in balance.

The Neverborn tolerate its presence, sensing that it is an ally and taking advantage of the swings in Fate that tend to surround the little creature like ripples around a stone in a swirling river. Some of the Neverborn masters even feel a fondness for it. Although Mysterious aids the Neverborn, it feels no loyalty to them. It has a much greater purpose, one worth sacrificing every single being in Malifaux for...



MYSTERIOUS EMISSARY

Enforcer
Versatile
EMISSARY OF FATE

10
COST



6 DF

6 WP

FACTION

6 MV

3 SZ

ABILITIES

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

PLANTED ROOTS: This model cannot be moved by enemy effects and is unaffected by Severe Terrain. At the start of this model's Activation, if it is in Severe Terrain, this model Heals 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.

THE LAND'S HUNGER: When this model Drops a ☠ Marker, it may instead Drop a 50mm Severe, Hazardous, Hungry Land Marker (it is still treated as a ☠ Marker for the effect). This model is unaffected by Hungry Land Markers.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

HEALTH

MYSTERIOUS EMISSARY

The Mysterious Effigy sometimes wore a laughing mask, but beneath the smile its face was twisted in pain. It was made as an idol for the Neverborn, a magical doll whose twin was Malifaux's native life in all its strange, vicious glory, and it felt the Neverborn's division and rage as their dominion was eaten away from under them.

And sometimes it wore a weeping mask, but underneath its face was split in a grin, for who could be sad watching the creatures in whose image it was made kill and die, give out suffering and receive it, moving Fate along whether they realized it or not? The Mysterious Emissary needs no shadow to hide in. It needs no hinting or manipulation. It needs no subtle direction of Malifaux's energies. At long last the slumbering spite of the land has found its incarnation and pure expression.

Masks off.

MYSTERIOUS EMISSARY

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

TANGLING ROOTS

#1" 6 Df -

While this model is in Severe Terrain, this Action can target any other model in the same piece of Severe Terrain, ignoring range and LoS. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

- ☠ **Drink Blood:** When resolving, this model Heals an amount equal to the damage suffered.
- ☠ **Spread It Around:** When resolving, the target suffers +☠ damage and models damaged by this Action gain Staggered.

ROOTS FROM BELOW

8" 6 Mv -

This Action ignores Concealment. If the target is in Severe Terrain, it suffers a ☠ to resist this Action. Target suffers 2/3☠/3☠ damage.

- ☠ **Pull and Drag:** Push the target 3" toward this model.
- ☠ **Spread It Around:** When resolving, the target suffers +☠ damage and models damaged by this Action gain Staggered.
- ☠ **Quicksand:** The target and all enemy models within (X)2 of the target must each pass a TN 15 Mv duel or gain Slow.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

GRASPING TENTACLES

06" 6 - 12

Until the End Phase, before an enemy model within range moves, if that move was not caused by a friendly model, the distance moved is reduced by 2".

AURA OF DECEPTION

03" 6 - 10

Until the End Phase, friendly models within range may Cheat Fate with the card face down. The card is revealed before declaring Triggers but after the opposing player has Cheated Fate (or chosen not to do so).

50MM

HOODED RIDER

Whispered tales are told of a rider atop a fearsome steed that forever chases the setting sun. Almost everyone who has seen this hooded specter has died at its hands, cut down by one sweep of its massive blade. The rumors say it was unleashed by the Neverborn to cleanse the world of humankind, and the remorseless trail of death it leaves through the villages and towns certainly bears witness to this.

Those that have seen him and survived say that the sun and stars chase each other across his blade, the polished steel reflecting days that pass in mere minutes.

People assume that humans are the reason for the rider's presence but, like so many things, they do not realize the meaning that lies beyond themselves. The rider is a harbinger of much greater battles yet to come...

HOODED RIDER

Enforcer, Living
Versatile
HORSEMAN

11
COST

6 DF

7 WP

7 MV

3 SZ

FACION

ABILITIES

UNIMPEDED: This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain.

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

RUTHLESS: This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

CHASING FATE (♥): During the Start Phase, this model gains Fate Tokens equal to the current Turn number. When declaring Triggers, this model may discard any number of Fate Tokens to gain +♥ to its final duel total for each discarded Token.

DF (♥) FORGED IN MYSTERY: When resolving, reduce the damage this model suffers by 1 for each ♥ in its final duel total.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

HEALTH

HOODED RIDER

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

GREATSWORD

 2" 6 Df -

Target suffers 3/4/5 damage. If this model has not taken the **Charge** Action this Activation, this Action receives a  to its damage flip.

♥ **Wide Swing:** When resolving, for each ♥ in this Action's final duel total the target suffers +♣ damage. Blast Markers Dropped by this Action must be within 2" and LoS of this model.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

♥ **REVEL IN SECRETS**

 6" 6 - 12♥

This model may look at a number of random cards in the opposing player's Control Hand equal to the number of friendly models within range.

♥♥♥ **Clouds Over the Moon:** Friendly models within range may Push up to 3" in any direction.

♥♥♥♥ **Malifaux's Revolt:** Until the End Phase, enemy models treat the area within  6 as Hazardous Terrain.

♥♥♥♥♥ **Moonlit Charge:** One at a time, take a  Action targeting every enemy model within  6, ignoring range, then Place this model within 2" of the last model targeted by one of these Actions.

♥ **RIDE WITH ME**

2" 6 - 12

This model may target another friendly model of lower **Sz**. Push this model up to 5" in any direction. Then, if this Action targeted another friendly model, Place the friendly model into base contact with this model.

50MM

WRATH

In front of a ruin in a deserted town, the sign for the Crossroads Hotel lies split in two. Wasn't the fire's work. It was a man's hands that tore the hitching-rail off its posts and hurled it right through the signboard. The destruction didn't soothe his rage. It couldn't come close.

He still hears their voices, like ghosts in his ears, like blood thudding in his veins. They called to him from the mob on the dance floor, pouring words and rhymes into him like poison that came spilling through his lips, that man and woman in their scarlet and black, laughing, applauding their handiwork as the seven on the stage turned the dance into cavorting nightmare.

He shuns the towns and people now. He's found a place among the monsters. And he waits with bared teeth and shaking fists for the day Fortune leads him to them once again.

7
COST

WRATH
Henchman, Living
Versatile
CROSSROADS



5
Df

5
Wp

6
Mv

2
Sz

ABILITIES

TERRIFYING (11): After an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 11 Wp duel or the Action fails.

RESONANCE: At the start of this model's Activation, if there is another friendly Crossroads model within 6, this model gains **Focused +1**.

ANGER ISSUES: After an enemy model within 6 damages a friendly model with an Attack Action, the enemy model gains a Sin Token.

CONSUMED BY WRATH: When an enemy model within 6 declares an Attack Action targeting a friendly model, this model may discard a Sin Token from the enemy model to choose a model in LoS and range of the Attacking model, other than the Attacking model, to be the new target of the Action, ignoring targeting restrictions.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7
HEALTH

WRATH

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
ETHEREAL CLAWS <i>This model may discard a Sin Token from the target to have this Action receive a 1 to its duel. Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. This model Heals 1.</i> ✶ Puncture: When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a 1 for each 1 in the final duel total (to a maximum of 5).	1"	6	Df	-
BRING IT Target moves its Mv +2" toward this model. Then, the target must take a 1 Action that cannot declare Triggers targeting this model, if able. Any damage flips from the generated Action suffer a 1. ✶ Sin Spiral: Target gains a Sin Token, then this model Heals 1.	12"	6	Wp	13

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
DESTRUCTIVE PERFORMANCE (1)3" <i>Once per Activation.</i> Enemy models within range with one or more Sin Tokens must each discard a Sin Token and suffer 3 damage. ■ The Beat Goes On: Discard a card. Another friendly Crossroads model in this model's LoS may take the Destructive Performance Action.	(1)3"	6	-	12
✶ VIOLENT GHOSTS (1)3" Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 13 Wp duel or suffer 2/3/4 damage, which suffers a 1.	(1)3"	5	-	12

40MM

ANGEL EYES

She never gave her name to the caravan, but someone called her “Angel Eyes.” It was as good a name as any. All she ever cared about was having something to shoot. Signing up for caravan duty seemed as good a way as any to get it. Then the Nephilim came. She tried to organize the farmers, to stick together and fight, but they screamed like children and ran like cowards. One by one they were torn apart, but Angel Eyes never lost her cool. She kept her arcane shield up and gunned down the Neverborn as they came at her.

When her weapon ran dry, and her shield died, Angel Eyes didn’t run. She spat at the Nephilim’s feet and dared them to finish her off. But Nekima bid them pause, and instead of death, Angel Eyes was offered a chance at life. Glory and victory, all that.

Life isn’t exactly what Nekima promised, being the least among equals, but the hybrids look up to her. They listen to her orders and that means they survive. At the end of the day, if she gets a chance to put a bullet through someone’s skull, then it’s a life well-lived.



ANGEL EYES
Henchman, Living
Versatile
HALF-BLOOD

9
COST

4
DF

6
WP

5
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

ON THE PROWL: After this model kills an enemy model, it Heals 1 and may Push up to 2" in any direction.

EVASIVE: Reduce all damage this model suffers from Shockwave, (t), and effects to 0.

DISGUISED: This model cannot be the target of Actions generated by the Charge Action.

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.

EXPERT SHOT: This model's Attack Actions ignore Friendly Fire.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
HEALTH

ANGEL EYES

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

SHARP CLAWS

1" 5W Df -

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

Drink Blood: When resolving, this model Heals an amount equal to the damage suffered.

Reposition: Move this model up to 3".

CLOCKWORK RIFLE

14" 6 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).

Armor Piercing: When resolving, damage from this Action ignores Armor.

Reposition: Move this model up to 3".

SIDEARM

6" 6 Df -

Target suffers 2/3/3 damage.

Coordinated Attack: Another friendly model may take a Action targeting the same model.

30MM

TUCO ORTEGA

The Ortegas are held up by the Guild as examples of humans unflinchingly fighting off the Neverborn menace. There is, however, one black stain on this record that the Ortegas refuse to speak of. Tuco was captured during a particularly aggressive raid, dragged off by winged Nephilim before his siblings could react. Tortured to learn Ortega secrets, he endured months of pain and exposure to their foul magic. Slowly, his heart turned to hatred for the family he believed had abandoned him, and his body took on a new, monstrous form to match.

Tuco is allowed a place in Nekima's forces, but he and his fellow hybrids face constant prejudice from the Nephilim. Twisted with rage and self-loathing, Tuco has contemplated marching on Latigo Ranch alone, gunning down as many Ortegas as he can before they finally put him down. But the hybrids see a strength in Tuco that holds them together, and in his own way he sees them as the only family he has left. For this, if nothing else, he clings to his rotten life.



TUCO ORTEGA

Enforcer, Living
Versatile
HALF-BLOOD

7
COST

5
DF

4
WP

5
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

ON THE PROWL: After this model kills an enemy model, it Heals 1 and may Push up to 2" in any direction.

EVASIVE: Reduce all damage this model suffers from Shockwave, (U), and ☠ effects to 0.

BRAVADO: After this model takes the Concentrate Action, it may Push up to 4" toward an enemy model in its LoS.

STEALTH: Enemy models cannot target this model from more than 6" away.

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.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

HEALTH

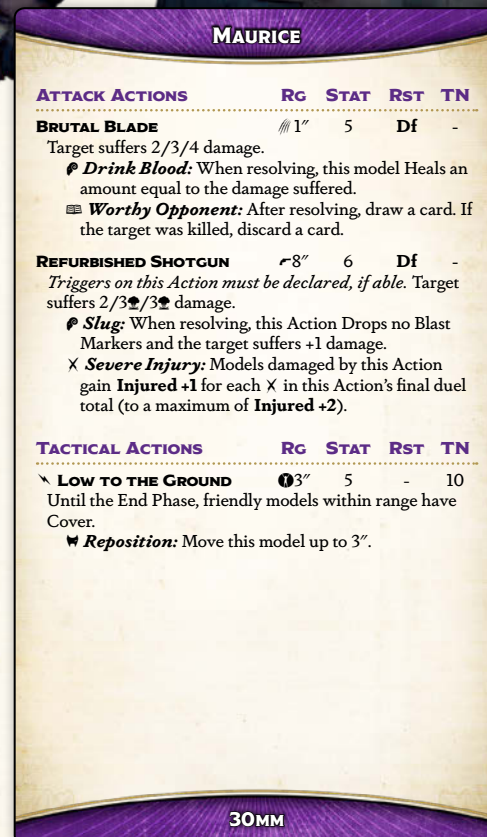
TUCO ORTEGA

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SHARP CLAWS Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ☠ Drink Blood: When resolving, this model Heals an amount equal to the damage suffered. ♠ Flay: When resolving, this Action's damage flip may be Cheated even if it suffers one or more ☠.	1"	5	Df	-
CUSTOM SHOTGUN Target suffers 2/3☠/4☠ damage. ☠ Burst Damage: When resolving, the target suffers +☠ damage. 🎴 Good for a Laugh: Draw two cards, then discard a card. ♠ Stagger: Models damaged by this Action gain Staggered.	8"	6	Df	-
♠ DISILLUSION <i>Enemy only.</i> Move the target up to its Mv in inches. ♠ Confusing Feelings: Target gains Distracted +1.	6"	6	Wp	-

30MM

Maurice was once the proud owner of a hole in the wall bar on the outskirts of nowhere – the contract town touched where the Knotwoods treeline ended and the Badlands began. Not even the rats paid him a visit there. Those brave few souls that found their way to that tiny street they called a town often needed a cold drink after a long day's work, and Maurice was happy to oblige. Well, until he wasn't.

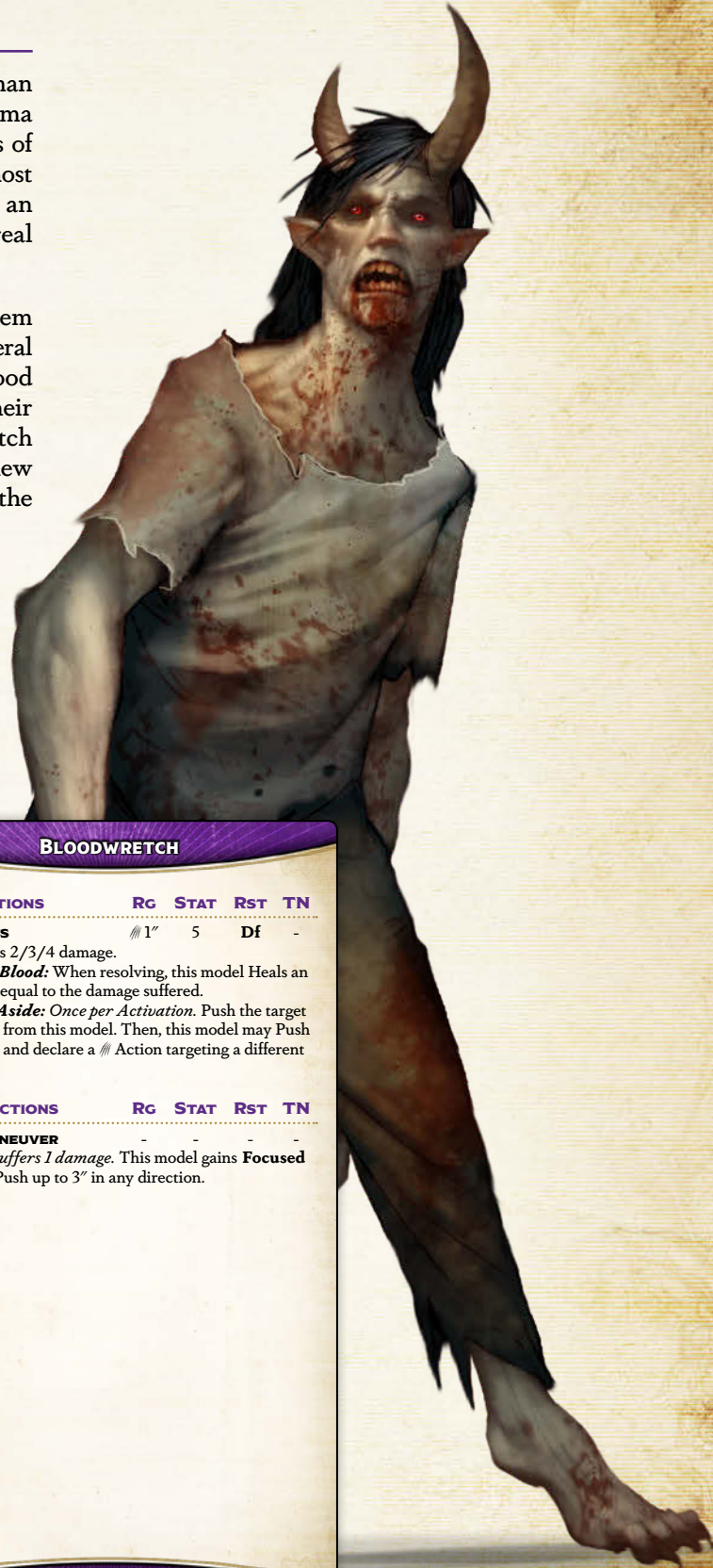
Nekima stretched her wings, and soon, her eager brood. At the request of their queen, her thirsty Nephilim found their way to the edge of the forest, decimating the contract town before it could even be given a name. Rather than bring the survivors peace by ending their lives, the shamans brought the townsfolk into the fold, including Maurice. Now he's serving a new clientele.



BLOODWRETCH

The transformation of Tuco Ortega into a hybrid of human and Nephilim came as something of a shock, but Nekima seized upon the chance to create more. Subjected to days of torture and painful rituals involving the black blood, most humans broke in mind and body. Nekima realized that an exceptional will was needed to create hybrids of any real value like Tuco, Angel Eyes, and even Maurice.

Disappointed at first, Nekima nevertheless ordered them into combat as fodder. As she watched the panicky, half-feral creatures tear apart their former kin, and taste red blood on their lips, she witnessed the final necessary step in their transformation. As if struck by epiphany, each Bloodwretch finally let go of their humanity, and embraced their new existence. Those that returned alive, she welcomed into the fold.



BLOODWRETCH

Minion (2), Living

Versatile

HALF-BLOOD

5

COST

5

Df

4

Wp

6

Mv

2

Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

ON THE PROWL: After this model kills an enemy model, it Heals 1 and may Push up to 2" in any direction.

EVASIVE: Reduce all damage this model suffers from Shockwave, (M), and (S) effects to 0.

FRENZIED CHARGE: This model may ignore the Once per Activation restriction on the Charge Action.

1

2

3

4

5

HEALTH

BLOODWRETCH

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

SHARP CLAWS

1"

5

Df

-

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

☠ Drink Blood: When resolving, this model Heals an amount equal to the damage suffered.

☠ 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.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

RISKY MANEUVER

-

-

-

-

This model suffers 1 damage. This model gains Focused +1 and may Push up to 3" in any direction.

30MM



HINAMATSU

Hinamatsu was a famous Geisha who became a Puppeteer. She was killed by Vasilisa. Grantee of her performance, she was a Geisha, and a Puppeteer. Fleeing the city, she was a Geisha, and a Puppeteer. To return when she was a Geisha, and a Puppeteer. Cades. Trapped, she was a Geisha, and a Puppeteer. her crumbling.

When convicted, she was a Geisha, and a Puppeteer. su killed them. in vain for her. the Qi and Gong. her music filled. of the tea house. Hamasaki. Hinamatsu. one is alive. learn.

HINAMATSU

Henchman, Construct
Versatile
PUPPET, QI AND GONG



9
COST

5 DF **5** WP **6** MV **2** SZ

ABILITIES

ARMOR +2: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

LEVERAGE: During the Start Phase, if the opposing player has any revealed Schemes, this model's Crew gains a Pass Token. Before performing a duel, this model may discard a Pass Token to receive a  to that duel.

RUSH: When this model takes the **Charge** Action, increase the distance it Pushes by up to +2".

WICKED: When this model makes a successful  Action,

When convict miners accidentally uncovered her, Hinamatsu killed them and fled. Returning to the city, she searched in vain for her creator, before being drawn to the music in the Qi and Gong. Taking up a fresh biwa, she began to play, her music filled with sadness and joy. It was how the girls of the tea house found her, but despite their fears, Youko Hamasaki approached and spoke with Hinamatsu. Now Hinamatsu performs once again, but always alone. No one is allowed to touch her, as more than one drunk has learned at the loss of his fingers.

HINAMATSU					
ATTACK ACTIONS		RG	STAT	RST	TN
SWORD		1"	6	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.					
Armor Piercing: When resolving, damage from this Action ignores Armor.					
Onslaught: Take this Action again, targeting the same model.					
LURE		12"	6	Wp	12
Move the target its Mv toward this model.					
Rip and Tear: Take a /// Action targeting the same model. This Action receives a 1 to its duel.					
Beautiful Clothes: Target gains Distracted +1.					
TACTICAL ACTIONS		RG	STAT	RST	TN
AGGRESSIVE STANCE		3"	6	-	12
Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 13 Wp duel or gain Distracted +1 .					

VASILISA

Collodi was not the only puppet created by its master. Vasilisa was created to be a caretaker and nanny to children. While Collodi wandered, his heart slowly poisoned by the hatred of humans, Vasilisa remained in her remote home town in the north, stitching clothes for children long since turned to dust. When Collodi discovered her, it was not difficult to draw her into his plans for vengeance against those who shunned them.

They became a threat to every settlement in the north, but Collodi was not satisfied, not until all who were not like him became like him. Vasilisa saw his mind splinter, his anger endless. The faster he charged forward, the more she slowed. He spiraled, blinded, ignorant to the signs that he was being sought. And soon, he was found. From a distance, she watched as he was torn apart like tinder by a man in a mask. Vasilisa only managed to escape because she was not discovered.

After wandering for weeks without purpose, she was “claimed” by Nekima, commanding her to create an army of puppets. With no recourse, Vasilisa has set out to do so, her saddened heart slowly giving way to madness.



VASILISA

Enforcer, Construct
Versatile
PUPPET

8

COST

FACTION

6

DF

6

WP

5

MV

2

SZ

ABILITIES

ARMOR +2: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

TANGLED THREADS: During the Start Phase, every enemy model within 02 of a friendly Puppet gains **Staggered**.

MOVE ALONG: Friendly models that start their Activation within 03 gain +1 **Mv** until the end of their Activation.

SCOOP UP: When this model declares the **Walk** Action, it may choose a friendly Puppet with lower **Sz** within 2". If it does so, after this model has resolved the **Walk** Action, Place the chosen Puppet into base contact with this model.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

HEALTH

VASILISA

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
NEEDLE AND THREAD	0"	7	Df	-
<i>When targeting a model with Staggered, this Action ignores any $\square$ to its duel and damage flips. Target suffers 1/2/4 damage and must either discard a card or until the End Phase, it cannot declare Actions printed on its Stat Card.</i> ☞ Can't Breathe: Target must have Staggered. When resolving, the target suffers +2 damage. ☐ Dismantle for Parts: Enemy Construct only. Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with the target. ⚡ Stagger: Models damaged by this Action gain Staggered.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
CAREFUL ASSEMBLY	2"	7	-	X
<i>Remove a Scrap Marker within range and name a Neverborn Puppet Minion. The TN of this Action is 10.</i> <i>plus the Cost of the named model. Summon the named model with Slow into base contact with this model.</i>				
☞ FIELD REPAIRS	3"	6	-	12
<i>Construct only. Target Heals 1/2/3.</i> ☞ Mend: Target Heals 2.				
☞ PULLING THE STRINGS	6"	6	-	14
<i>This model may remove a Scheme Marker within 3" of the target. Friendly Minion only. Target takes an Action. Then, if a Scheme Marker was not removed when this Action was declared, kill the target during the End Phase.</i>				

30MM

WICKED DOLL

Minion (3), Construct
Versatile
PUPPET

3
COST



4
DF

4
WP


FACTION

5
MV

1
SZ

ABILITIES

STEALTH: Enemy models cannot target this model from more than 6" away.

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.

STOLEN BREATH: Enemy models with **Staggered** that start their Activation within 03 suffer 1 damage.

1

2

3

HEALTH

WICKED DOLL

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
NEEDLE AND THREAD /// 0"	5	Df	-	
<i>When targeting a model with Staggered, this Action ignores any to its duel and damage flips. Target suffers 1/2/4 damage and must either discard a card or until the End Phase, it cannot declare Actions printed on its Stat Card.</i>				
Grab On: Target gains Slow . End this model's Activation.				
Stagger: Models damaged by this Action gain Staggered .				
THREATEN	8"	5	Wp	-
<i>Choose a Keyword. Target gains Adversary (X), where X is the chosen Keyword.</i>				
On Your Heels: <i>Enemy only.</i> Place this model into base contact with the target.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
Creep Along	-	5	-	11
<i>Push this model up to its Mv in inches toward a friendly model in LoS.</i>				

30MM

WICKED DOLL

A Wicked Doll is a manifestation of pure hatred wrapped in cloth. No one is quite sure who made the first doll, although the Swamp Hag is a popular theory. All can agree, however, that the puppets are extremely dangerous. They form an attachment to a human being, much like the legends of old voodoo magic. But a Wicked Doll is much more; it will track down its victim and arrange all manner of horrific events. Sometimes they attack directly, using cruel claws made from needles and pins. Just being near a Wicked Doll is enough to cause pain, for it radiates its hatred to infect all nearby. When the human is finally dead, the doll begins to tear into the corpse's flesh, driven to make another of its kind.

After one target is dead, the doll and its new sibling will find themselves drawn to a new soul. It is not uncommon to see a person stalked by several sets of button eyes sitting in leathery faces still covered in blood.





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)

ANCIENT PACT | 2

This model gains the following Abilities:

AVOID DOOM: After this model flips the Black Joker, it may discard the Black Joker without effect and flip a new card in its place.

ILL OMENS +1: This Crew increases the value of its Initiative flips by +1.

If this model is a Minion, it gains the following Ability:

NEFARIOUS PACT: At the end of this model's Activation, it may draw a card.



LIMITATIONS

Plentiful (2)

ELDRITCH MAGIC | 2

This model gains the following Ability:

THE FINAL VEIL: After another model is killed within 6", this model Heals 1.

This model gains the following Action:

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
DISPEL MAGIC	6"	6	Wp	12

End one Condition on the target.

If this model is a Minion, it gains the following Ability:

COUNTERSPELL: Enemy models within 6" must each discard a card to declare Triggers during opposed duels with this model.



LIMITATIONS

Plentiful (2)

INHUMAN REFLEXES | 2

This model gains the following Abilities:

BLADE RUSH: When this model takes the Charge Action, it can move through other models. Enemy models moved through in this way suffer 1 damage.

BUTTERFLY JUMP: After resolving an enemy Attack Action targeting this model, this model may move up to 3".

If this model is a Minion, it gains the following Ability:

MOBILE WARRIOR: This model may declare the Charge Action while engaged.



LIMITATIONS

Plentiful (2)

ARMORED PLATES | 2

This model gains the following Abilities:

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

HUNKER DOWN: At the end of this model's Activation, If it did not move during its Activation, it gains **Shielded +2**.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Mutation)
Plentiful (2)

FEATHERED WINGS | 1

This model gains the following 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.

QUICK: This model gains +1 **Mv**.

BUTTERFLY JUMP: After resolving an enemy Attack Action targeting this model, this model may move up to 3".



LIMITATIONS

Special (Mutation)
Plentiful (2)

FORMIDABLE HORNS | 1

This model gains the following Ability:

CHARGE THROUGH: This model's // Actions that are generated by the **Charge** Action receive a ♣ to their damage flip.

This model's // Actions gain the following Trigger:

♣ **Onslaught:** Take this Action again, targeting the same model.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Mutation)
Plentiful (2)

NATURAL CAMOUFLAGE | 2

This model gains the following Abilities:

DISGUISED: This model cannot be the target of Actions generated by the **Charge** Action.

STEALTH: Enemy models cannot target this model from more than 6" away.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Mutation)
Plentiful (2)

UPGRADE CARDS

SERRATED TEETH AND CLAWS | 2

This model gains the following Ability:

BLOOD IN THE AIR: Enemy models damaged by this model's // Actions gain **Adversary (Beast)**.

This model's // Actions gains the following Trigger:

☛ **Puncture:** When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a ☛ for each ☛ in the final duel total (to a maximum of ☛☛).



LIMITATIONS

Special (Mutation)
Plentiful (2)

BLOOD SACRIFICE | 0

This model gains the following Ability:

DECAYING DOMAIN: After this model suffers damage, if it is in base contact with an Underbrush Marker, that Marker and any Underbrush Markers touching it are treated as Hazardous until the End Phase.

This model gains the following Action:

TACTICAL ACTIONS RG STAT RST TN

COMPLETE THE RITUAL

Unbury a friendly Killjoy in base contact with this model, then kill this model. The Unburied model may Activate immediately after this Activation ends, even if it has already Activated this Turn.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Ritual)
Plentiful (2)

SEE MY SHADOW CHANGING | 0

This model gains the following Abilities:

A NEST OF SHADOW: At the start of this model's Activation, it suffers 1 damage and gains **Injured +1**. If this model is killed, all Buried enemy Bandersnatch models Unbury in base contact with this model and Heal 2. If an enemy Bandersnatch Unburies, discard this Upgrade.

MY SHADOW: This model and other friendly models in base contact may target Buried enemy Bandersnatch models with // Actions, ignoring range and LoS. Other friendly models suffer a ☐ to these Actions. If an enemy Bandersnatch is killed, discard this Upgrade.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Shadow Lair)

WANGA VOODOO CURSE | 0

This model gains the following Abilities:

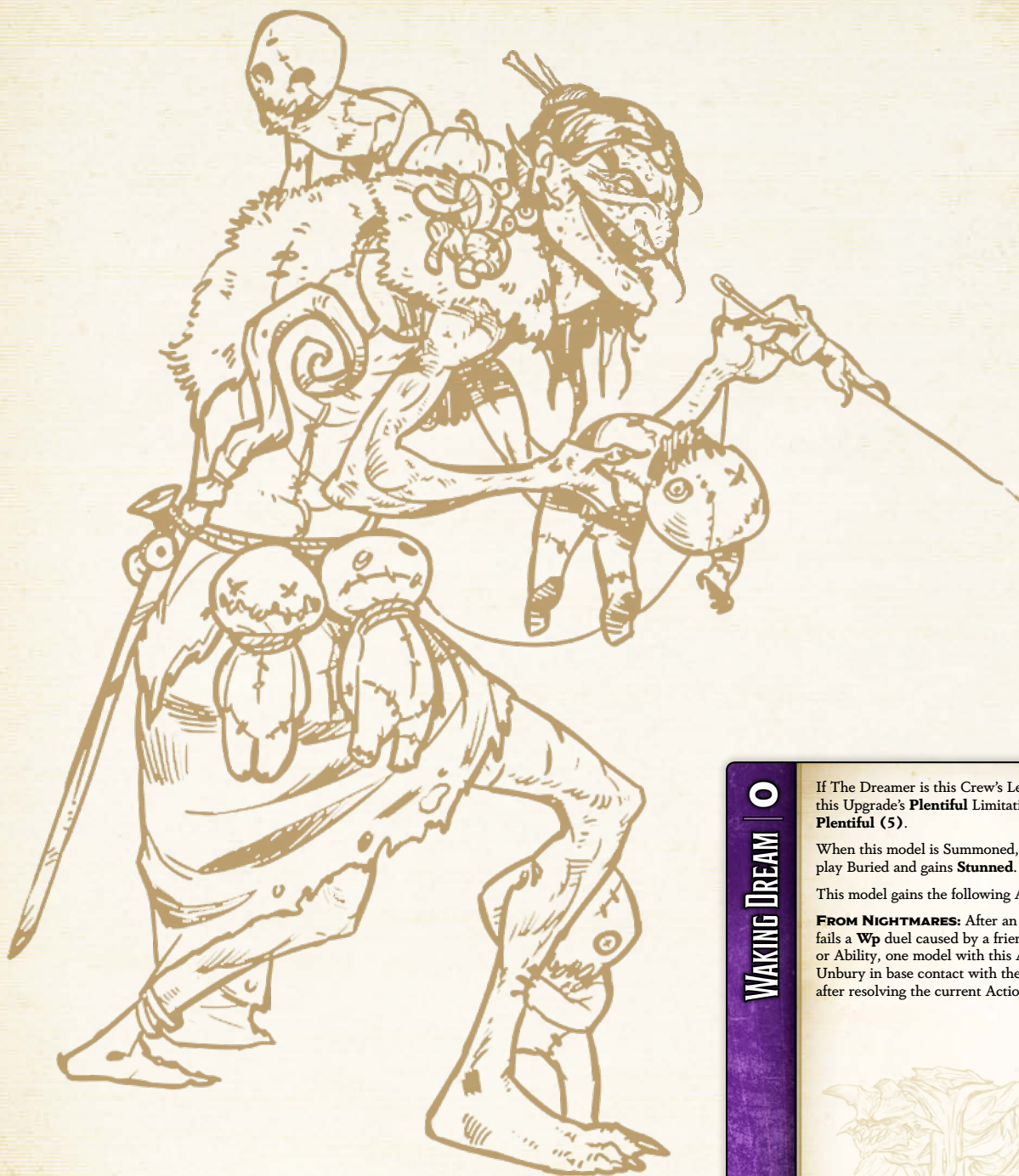
LINKED FATE: After an enemy Voodoo Doll suffers damage, this model suffers 1 damage. If an enemy Voodoo Doll gains a Condition, this model gains the same Condition with a total value of +1 (if applicable).

"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)



WAKING DREAM 0

If The Dreamer is this Crew's Leader, increase this Upgrade's **Plentiful** Limitation to **Plentiful (5)**.

When this model is Summoned, it comes into play Buried and gains **Stunned**.

This model gains the following Ability:

FROM NIGHTMARES: After an enemy model fails a **Wp** duel caused by a friendly Action or Ability, one model with this Ability may Unbury in base contact with the enemy model after resolving the current Action.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Summon, Waking Dream)
Plentiful (2)

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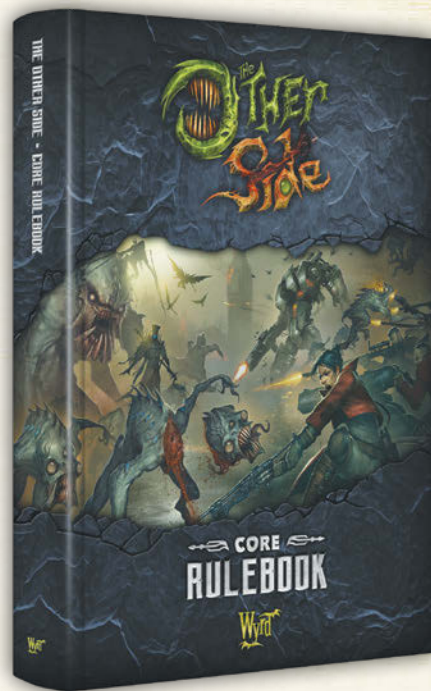
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THE NEVERBORN

A stylized red bat-like mask with pointed ears and a wide, toothy grin, positioned centrally below the title.

MBE

BAD THINGS HAPPEN

THE NEVERBORN



Borne from the primal magic beneath the bloodswept surface, the Neverborn are the ancient people that call Malifaux home. Human intruders now impede upon their land and attempt to claim what is not rightfully theirs. Splintered as their races and species may seem, these fiendish monsters have united to battle their common enemies. The Neverborn have existed since long before the Tyrants nearly tore the world asunder, and will continue to exist long after humanity is eradicated.

M3E

Malifaux Third Edition is a story-driven skirmish game that carries the events from the lore directly into the characters' mechanics. With a streamlined hiring system, straightforward and updated rules that don't get in the way of the fun, and enough strategic depth to keep those mental gears turning for years to come, it's never been a better time to dive into the world of Malifaux.

Seek your fortune, test your luck, and stake your claim in this fast-paced and brutal tabletop miniature skirmish game.



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