



GUILD

**MALIFAU**X  
THIRD EDITION





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# THE GUILD



## MALIFAUX

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# THE GUILD

**P** *Peace. Power. Justice. Corruption. Order. Lies.* An organization's objective is a matter of perception. To the common man, the Guild of Mercantilers is the world-spanning, omnipresent force that protects the people of Malifaux and beyond against that which lingers in the dark. To those in power, they are the influential voice that is impossible to ignore. To those behind the red curtain, their strength is a delicate ruse that could be toppled by a whisper, which is why those murmurs must be snuffed out.

For nearly a century, the Guild has been the preeminent world power on both Earth and in Malifaux. Earthside, the Guild's power is political and economic in nature, relying upon the troops of allied nations to enforce its will. In Malifaux, their might is more direct, presenting itself as the only barrier between the populace's safety and the monsters outside the city walls. Ultimately, their interests and authority are paved by way of what they mine, import, and control: Soulstones.

Had it not been for the desperate measures made over a hundred years ago, these gemstones might never have been discovered. At that time, Earth's magic was dwindling and mages from around the

globe tried to solve an impossible question: how to resupply such a precious, finite resource? Their answer came in Santa Fe, where sorcerers had punched a hole in the world. On the other side, another world teeming with Soulstones – and with them, limitless power – was found.

After the Breach had unexpectedly closed, the greedy clung to any broken remnants of power. In the war that followed, a cabal of castoffs who witnessed the destructive magic had formed with the intent of crafting cutting-edge weapons to trade for Soulstone caches from every nation vying for control. When the smoke of the war had cleared and the majority of the world's stones were in



their possession, the syndicate stepped out of the shadows and operated in the open as the Guild of Mercantilers.

Decades after the Guild had spent weaving its web around nations across the world, the Breach unexpectedly reopened, and their priorities immediately shifted. In the time between both Breaches, the Guild built a reputation as fear mongers, but they would soon show their true intentions as Soulstone taskmasters. Soldiers were stationed in Breachtown, expecting an army of monsters to storm out from the portal. After a month of waiting, the Guild moved to the offensive, and for the first time in over a hundred years, humanity stepped onto Malifaux soil once more.

The Guild wasted no time in securing control of the city, claiming ownership of the Breach itself, appointing a Governor-General, and most importantly, mining Soulstones. As their resettlement efforts slowed, so did their efforts at ensuring the city was safe; any unchecked outskirts of the city were walled off behind barricades, later to be known as the Quarantine Zone. This reclamation effort nearly drew their financial well dry, but refocusing on excavating Soulstones would prove to be worth every penny. Soon, money flowed quicker than stones could be mined, and powers on both sides of the Breach clamored for them, no matter the cost.

Their rapid growth nearly became their undoing. At first, they sold their Soulstones to the highest bidders, but would soon tighten their grip on who could be trusted with such magical commodities. With their manpower focused on excavation efforts, little could be done about the convict riots, miners' unions, and filthy necromancers, not to mention the ever-present danger of the native monsters.

To counter these threats, Governor-General Kitchener created the Special Divisions; focused branches that aimed at squashing very specific problems. The Neverborn Hunters, a collection of bounty hunters aimed at reducing attacks on human settlements, were the first to be formed, as it required very little resources outside a few scrip, of which the Guild had plenty. Other divisions sprang up as they became needed. Death Marshals, Witch Hunters, and the Department of Public Relations were created to fend off the

undead, unlawful magicians, and negative societal perception, respectively. Followed shortly thereafter were the Amalgamation Office, a branch created to monitor the illegal grafting of flesh to metal, and the Elite Division, who are supposedly responsible for everything else from intelligence gathering to the Guild's legal system.

They were seemingly ready for any oncoming threats, but nothing could prepare them for the Plague that would strike the city. Fearing that this contagion would spill out of Malifaux and onto Earth, all non-vital travel through the Breach was closed, slowing Soulstone exports to a trickle. Other organizations took the opportunity to smuggle Soulstones to anyone who was buying, which led many nations, including the King's Empire, to distance themselves from the tyrannical monopoly of the Guild.

Despite lifting their travel ban, the aftermath of the chaos could not be undone, their grasp on both worlds had loosened. Upon seeing England separate from the Guild, India soon followed. As their rebellion there raged on, the Three Kingdoms also fought their way to freedom. Seeing these wars slip beyond the Guild's control, both Russia and the Ottoman Empire also distanced themselves. It would seem that the Guild's reign over Earth was ending.

Unbeknownst to the Guild, the Governor-General of Malifaux would attempt to ascend to a higher state of existence, only to inadvertently become the Burning Man, a man-shaped star that maliciously transforms the weak in its wake. The madness it brought forth nearly brought the Guild to ruin, but to cauterize the bleeding, a new Governor-General was appointed. In a short amount of time, sweeping changes within the Guild were made in how the organization was operated to pivot efforts toward ensuring control of Malifaux would continue.

Despite its resources being stretched to their limits, the Guild of Mercantilers has somehow managed to maintain its façade. Their trade routes are still open, even to the nations that turned their backs, and the money continues to flow into the Guild coffers. With the endless chaos Earthside, the Guild will stop at nothing at ensuring their hold on Malifaux and their precious Soulstones remain intact.





# ASHES, ASHES, THEY ALL FALL DOWN

by  
*Mari Tokuda*

**L**ucius hated how the Governor's Manor had devolved into a flurry of administrative absurdity. The distinct deficiency of dread among the common bureaucrats made The Right Honorable Lucius Gustavus FitzWilliam Mattheson itch.

Unlike before, no one doffed their hats, bowed, saluted, or even voiced an insincere salutation as the Secretary to the Governor-General himself passed through the halls. Staff, guards, and even domestic help went about their tasks without pause. It was appalling. He blamed it on a lack of fear.

The current Governor-General insisted on mountains of paperwork that led to decisions that required browsing through unreasonably long documents... or ignoring them, as Lucius tended to do. According to Franco Marlow, this all resulted in an "autonomy that let people do their damn jobs." Ordering the help around on a whim, making threats, and making good on those threats had worked just fine for Lucius for decades.

It was enough to make him miss the previous Governor-General, the ambitious idiot. At least Kitchener put style over bothersome paper shuffling... even if he leaned precipitously toward the gauche and theatrical.

Secretary Lucius Mattheson lingered in front of the carved doors to the Crown Room, where the Governor-General held all his meetings. Things were in such a state that there wasn't a soldier or

lower-level administrator to cater to him. He had to open the doors himself. Reprehensible.

Were he the Governor-General, Lucius would never stand for such audacity. With a grimace of contempt hidden behind his golden lawyer's mask, he reached for the ornate bronze handles and gripped them in his gloved hands. The hinges squeaked in mild protest as he hauled the door open.

Chaos greeted him. Marlow's staff brayed at each other across the long wooden table that crowded the once-refined Crown Room. At one time, this place had possessed intimidating decor and a presence that inspired awe. Its dark woods, dancing fireplace, and brocade curtains had been gravitas defined. No longer. Now, electric lights eliminated flickering shadows that tricked the eye, stealing any drama the room had. It was such a shame.

The Governor-General sat at the front of the room, his filthy, unpolished boots of scarred leather resting next to haphazard piles of files on the table's surface. He'd slicked back his long, dark hair into his usual tidy queue, but dark circles under his eyes and the stubborn set of his mouth betrayed his exhaustion. He pinched the bridge of his nose as he squeezed





his dark eyes shut and listened to someone hissing desperately in his ear. The sharp smell of ink from innumerable stamps and pens penetrated Lucius' mask. Papers fluttered through the air like autumn leaves in a tempest.

With quiet steps, Lucius made his way into the room. He removed a stack of ledgers from the well-crafted wooden chair he'd imported from Earth that waited in his assigned spot.

Someone handed him a ledger and a pen and hissed, "You have to sign in for the meeting. Attendance check."

Lucius curled his lip in disdain.

As he perched on the satin seat cushion, Marlow glowered down the table at Lucius. "Why are you so late?" the Governor-General snapped. "We have a schedule for a reason."

Lucius tipped his head. "I was attending to a legal matter that couldn't wait."

"I don't remember seeing any reports or absence requests about that on my desk." Marlow thumped his fist on a thick stack of documents in front of him.

"If my Scribe could attend me in these meetings, he could get you any paperwork you require." Lucius narrowed his eyes.

Marlow's face flushed in rage. "Absolutely not. Is it so hard for you to take care of your own work, Mattheson? It's a wonder how you became Secretary."

Lucius snapped the pen in his hand and dropped the ledger in the middle of the table amid the riot of regulations, reports, and governmental codices.

"Hand me that folder about those damn smuggling leaks," someone called. "Mattheson! I need those papers, and you're just sitting there. This is actually important."

Lucius clenched one hand into a fist and with the other passed the requested documents to the ungrateful recipient.



## ASHES, ASHES, THEY ALL FALL DOWN

"Tronsides rejected the most recent contract," one staffer, Mr. Jesse, shouted. Lucius noted that Mr. Jesse had stripped down to his shirtsleeves and was wiping sweat from his brow. Kitchener would have been scandalized.

"Well, get me her counter offer. I'll look it over tonight," Marlow growled. "Next."

"Secretary! I need the transcripts from the Thrace trial," another woman bellowed.

"If I'd known, I would have had them delivered to your office," Lucius replied through gritted teeth.

"Great. Do that," she shouted.

He balled his other hand into a fist.

"Someone looted one of the storehouses where we were keeping some of Ramos'... things," a young woman interjected. "We don't know who took them or why."

"Has anyone seen the constructs in the city?" Marlow snarled.

"Not as of yet, Mr. Marlow," the woman replied.

"Then, it's not a problem, yet," the Governor-General snapped. "Come back when you know more."

She hurried away, muttering under her breath, "It'll be too late by then..."

"What do you have?" Marlow pointed a finger at someone seemingly at random.

"We're getting reports of rats outside the sewers, Franco," another staffer hollered. Lucius knew him only as 'Colin,' no surname. He even addressed the Governor-General by his given name. And Marlow allowed it, putting some semblance of camaraderie over true leadership. Colin continued, "I think it's because we pulled our troops after the Resurrectionist clean-up project, leaving the rats to multiply with no higher predator in the sewers..."

"I know," Marlow barked, his eyes flashing with anger. "But, we have Arcanists running wild burning down every Guild building they can. I need those soldiers elsewhere."

Interesting. Lucius leaned back in his chair, the previous slights forgotten momentarily. It appeared that even Marlow could spread himself too thin. His meticulous bureaucracy had become a monster. Adorable.

"What about my people in the Northern Hills?" yet another staffer demanded. She waved a handful of papers at the Governor-General and adjusted her glasses with her other hand. She looked like a particularly harried owl. "They're vanishing without a trace. Even if you don't care about their lives, it's going to start affecting the profit numbers."

"Damn it all. Take Perdita," the Governor-General replied.

Colin choked. "You said earlier I could have Perdita to help with the rats!"

Lucius almost snorted. As if Perdita would stoop so low. He would pay a small fortune to see someone try to give her that order.

"Now she's taking care of the Northern Hills towns." Marlow's dark eyes pierced the other man, who sat back in his chair with timid movements.

The "meeting" continued as such. What a marked difference from when Marlow had first descended upon Malifaux. When this most recent Governor-General first arrived, his arrogance, his dismissive treatment of his own Secretary, and then surprising competence had enraged Lucius Mattheson.

Despite his internal struggle, Lucius had held his temper. The only outward expression of his dissatisfaction had been several snapped pens, a handful of disrespectful guards reassigned to more deadly posts, and three mysterious strangulations in the Slums. He'd shown remarkable restraint.

With glee, Lucius realized that his patience had paid off. The numbers seemed to be falling in his favor. Marlow had floundered and displayed vulnerability at last. He smirked under his mask.

Lucius observed as the meeting became more lawless melee than conference. He sat still, almost forgetting to breathe, as he began to form a plan in his mind. Luckily, his associates were too busy to notice that he seemed slightly less human in that moment.

"Pardon me... Mr. Colin." Lucius leaned toward the administrator. "The sewers are quite the labyrinthine wonder under the city with miles and miles of pipe."

"Don't I know it," Colin said, not bothering to look at Lucius.

The Secretary ground his teeth for a moment at the slight. "Do you have the manpower required to comb through it all?"



"Not nearly," the man groaned. "And, without Perdita, I'm left with rookie Guild Guards. Look, I don't have time for this, Mattheson." He tapped at several columns of numbers in the ledger in front of him.

"Clearly. Disease is spreading like the latest fashionable fad. The pests have caused untold amounts of damage to infrastructure and resources. Not to mention public perception..."

"You don't have to tell me," Colin grumbled, smacking his hand against his ledger for emphasis. "Are you trying to make me feel worse?"

Lucius waited.

"Those rats are huge *and* dangerous." Colin began scribbling furiously on the papers in front of him.

"If memory serves, there are those who earn their keep by dispatching the native fauna," the Secretary murmured. Lucius almost smiled at his joke. His memory always served.

"The Rat Catchers." Colin paused for a moment and shuddered. "They're so creepy. Besides, they hate us. They'd never work with the Guild."

"As a lawyer and as the Governor-General's Secretary, I have quite a lot of experience in negotiating with willing and even some unwilling participants," Lucius began. Colin nodded at him to continue. "If you wanted, I could give you some guidance in how to approach the Rat Catchers."

"Aren't you a persuasive one?" Colin mused. "In fact, instead of giving me advice... why don't I send you?"

"You want me to confer with the Rat Catchers on your behalf?" Lucius asked, taken aback.

"You've dealt with all sorts of criminals and the like. What are a few filthy Rat Catchers in the Slums?" Colin grinned.

Lucius hesitated.

"Tell you what. I'll owe you one." Colin held out his hand.

"I can agree to that, I suppose, Mr. Colin." Lucius took Colin's hand in his own and shook it.

"You can just call me Colin," the man replied, his entire demeanor suddenly jovial.

"I'd rather not," Lucius said, his tone flat.

"Whatever you want, friend!" Colin crowed. He scurried away.

With liquid grace, the Secretary stood from his seat and made his way to the large doors.

"Where the hell do you think you're going, Lucius?" Marlow roared.

Lucius almost twitched at the informal use of his given name. "Governor-General Marlow, I need to ensure that my department can encompass every one of these issues from every legal perspective."

"Next time, get me an endeavor request," Marlow commanded and waved Lucius away.

"Of course," the Secretary replied as he squeezed dents into his cane.

With silent steps, Lucius made his way through the door, leaving the chaos behind him.



At night, electric lamps lit the streets of downtown Malifaux, their bulbs buzzing and humming like trapped insects. Lucius passed frequent Guild Guard patrols who either ignored him or nodded at him absently if they noticed him at all. He preferred to stay in the shadows.

As he crept to the Slums, the electric monstrosities turned to gaslights or even candles and oil lanterns, his preferred source of illumination. He liked the way the old styles of lighting smelled like potential, an explosion or a conflagration. The electric bulbs seemed so sanitized. How dull.

The evidence of the rat problem also became more apparent as he walked. Downtown, he saw minimal evidence of the vermin. In the Slums, however, the bones of cat and dog carcasses, even the occasional horse, jutted out of the shadows in the alleyways. People who reeked of infection groaned. The dead and dying sprawled, decaying and bloated, on the sides of the streets.

Lucius wrinkled his nose. How unsightly. This gave him additional motivation to untangle this particular problem. It offended his sense of aesthetic.



## ASHES, ASHES, THEY ALL FALL DOWN

He made his way to a solid building, one of the nicest ones in the Slums, though that wasn't saying much. The paint looked somewhat fresher. It looked like an actual architect had a hand in the design, as opposed to the more common improvised construction of its neighbors. However, like everything in the Slums, it had a certain drab and dreary bearing about it. The floors squeaked like chattering mice with every step. Individuals who smelled of the alleyways and sewers and who wore grime-covered clothes milled about the first floor. They eyed Lucius with a certain feral hostility. He carefully stepped around them and headed for the top floor.

By the time he'd made it to his destination, Lucius had repeatedly contemplated burning the entire building down or litigating it into nonexistence.

The heavy wooden door creaked like a tiny scream as The Right Honorable Lucius Gustavius FitzWilliam Mattheson stepped into the Rat Catcher's office. His presence filled the space. Every hair of his snow-white powdered wig obediently stayed in place. His coat, made of the finest material, looked like expensive wine or, more appealingly to him, fresh blood. He gripped his stylish cane in one gloved hand. The only sound he made was the soft tick-tock of his golden pocket watch.

Though he would never admit it to anyone, human or Neverborn, Lucius had a true weakness for human fashion. It communicated so much, all without saying a word. He could intimidate with the shining metal lawyer's mask that hid his face from the world. His fine silk shirts and tailored suits made his high social status clear to even the most ignorant. And, the craftsmanship. He'd never seen anything like it before the strange, short-lived creatures came through the Breach. Clothes were the one thing that humans truly offered, besides endless frustration and, one day, servitude. He would kill for unique, buttery-soft, well-cobbled leather shoes. In fact, he had.

"What do you want?" a rough voice demanded.

Lucius took in the Rat Catcher's office in one quick glance. Despite her profession, her office remained uncluttered. She wore a dark woolen suit complete with waistcoat. The Rat Catcher wouldn't be out of place among his own lawyers, he noted, especially with her suspicious, narrowed gaze and stubborn chin. Displayed on shelves and pedestals around her office were decorative elements from both sides of the Breach that cost not only a pretty penny but also a significant favor. Like a bouquet in a wood wright's shop, the room smelled of a light rose oil and wood polish, not the muddy, alleyway detritus he expected. The soft, scratchy notes of a complex orchestral piece





floated out of a wood-and-gold gramophone in the corner.

"Not what you were expecting?" she asked with a scoff.

"Rat Catchers in Malifaux face a hazardous foe and are well compensated for it," Lucius replied, resting both hands on his cane.

"And, by that you mean...?" she asked with a glare.

"You are skilled, and I am unsurprised by your wealth, Ms. Reineberg." Lucius turned his head to admire her office again.

She nodded in appreciative response. The woman leaned back in her high-backed chair and rested her heels on the edge of her desk. Waving her fingers, as though conducting the music, she asked, "So, Mr. Secretary, what can I do for you?"

"I understand that you are quite influential with your colleagues, Ms. Reineberg."

"Gryselda, please."

"I'd rather address you with the formality you deserve as a prominent figure in your profession," Lucius replied.

"Well, all right then." Gryselda gave him a pleased smile. She waved him toward a chair with a brocade cushion on it.

He balanced himself upon it. The craftsmanship was sublime. "Lovely piece of furniture," he commented.

"From Earthside." Gryselda puffed up her chest.

"I see that." Lucius let his gaze travel to the window in the side of her office. Through it, he saw the dim gaslights and flickering candles in the gaping, mismatched holes they called windows in this part of the city. He also saw light peeking through gaps in the walls of neighboring buildings. Lucius frowned. When he became Governor-General, perhaps he'd remove the entire neighborhood like a blight. "It's unfortunate that, despite your obvious success, your offices remain in the Slums."

Gryselda scowled. Lucius had hit on a sore point, just as he suspected from the intelligence he'd gone to significant lengths to procure. He silently congratulated himself.

"It's not like they'd let us move anywhere else," she snapped. "They want our services but don't want to associate with us."

"What if you and I could change that?" Lucius let his soft voice take on an edge of avarice to entice the Rat Catcher.

"I'm listening." She put her feet on the floor with a thump and leaned forward on her desk.

"I believe I could arrange for you and your associates to occupy a building in the Industrial Zone."

Gryselda narrowed her eyes. "In exchange for...?"

"A tidy sum to eradicate any rats left in the sewers," Lucius said.

"There are a lot of rats down there right now. Ever since the Guild tried to flush out those Resurrectionists and left the job half-finished." Gryselda crossed her arms over her chest.

"A handsome sum then," Lucius amended. "And, a retainer for your exclusive, *ongoing* extermination services."

"What do you mean by exclusive?"

"The Guild would be your sole client. Contractually, of course." The Secretary tapped the top of his cane with his gloved fingers.

"We like our independence, Mr. Secretary," Gryselda replied. "And some of us have other contracts that we're not willing to give up."

"I understand. I will strike the retainer clause from any contracts you and your colleagues may sign."

"Wait. How much is the retainer?" Gryselda asked. Lucius could see her mind working through the profits and losses, like one of his accountants' adding machines.

"It is quite generous. You could keep up the lifestyle you enjoy now with ease," Lucius said. "And, you'd have the improved social standing of having offices in the Industrial Zone."

"Let me talk it over with my fellows," Gryselda said, already forming her arguments in her mind. "Though, we're an independent bunch. Not everyone will want to work with the Guild."



## ASHES, ASHES, THEY ALL FALL DOWN

"I understand. My hope is to engage only the best in your line of work, you and those whom you recommend. I'll have my lawyers deliver a stack of contracts for you to peruse and distribute first thing in the morning." Lucius stood and glided through Gryelda's door. "I look forward to doing business with you, Ms. Reineberg."



Several days after, Lucius entered the squall that was the Crown Room's distasteful chaos.

Colin confronted him, shaking a thick sheaf of papers at him. "What is this, Mattheson?" he demanded.

"Secretary Mattheson," Lucius corrected him.

"You said you were going to talk to the Rat Catchers in my stead. This contract has your name all over it. You're the official Guild representative. Not me," Colin hissed.

"Unfortunately, the Rat Catchers would only agree to sign if the legal document entered into named me as representative, since I handled all the negotiations with them directly." Lucius settled himself into his seat.

"That's convenient for you. It looks like you swooped in and saved the day," Colin muttered.

"Is that not precisely what I did?" Lucius crossed one leg over the other and tipped his head at Colin.

The other man gritted his teeth and sat down.

Several other administrators and bureaucrats quietly applauded Lucius' work on convincing the Rat Catchers to join the Guild payroll.

"We're already seeing results," a woman with her hair in a bun piled on top of her head and her arms full of ledgers said as she passed by.

"Quite the coup," Mr. Jesse said with a grin. "Maybe they'll stop working with whoever will toss them a bit of scrip, and we won't have to fight against them as much."

"That was the intent," Lucius responded with as little condescension as he could muster.

"Of course. Of course." Marlow's assistant chuckled.

The corners of Lucius' mouth turned up in a tiny smile.

The Secretary leaned back in his seat. The tide had shifted the tiniest bit in his favor, something that had been too long coming. He planned to let it build into an inexorable avalanche. He let his gaze meet Marlow's scowl for just a moment.

"Franco, this isn't working." Another assistant Lucius had taken note of named Graecina Yao slammed a thick file onto the table. Everyone paused and stared. She swiped at a wisp of hair that had come out of the coiffure piled on top of her head, moving it out of her eyes and glared.

"Graecina," the Governor-General warned.

"It's getting worse." She began to pace, her trumpet skirt swishing about her legs. Her long sleeves, tight corset, and high-necked dress gave her look a certain collected severity that made her seem that much more competent than some of her slovenlier colleagues. "You need to deal with these Arcanists. They are destroying warehouses and munitions. Several of our couriers have vanished. This is getting expensive, not to mention how bad it looks."

"I have a plan, Graecina," Marlow growled.

"Can you implement it within the next day?" she demanded.

"Trust me," the Governor-General snarled.

Graecina shook a finger in Marlow's face. "Franco, you were the very one who told me that you didn't want any sycophants among your staff. That's why you hired me, remember? This is my project, my responsibility. You will give me details on your plan."

Lucius took an immediate liking to Ms. Yao... or as much as he could like any human.

"I have a lot of other things to take care of at this moment." Marlow picked up one of the many piles of papers in front of him and began leafing through it.

"Then, I'll take the written report." Graecina held her hand out with the entitlement of a hungry chick in the nest.



"I haven't had a chance to put one together." Marlow didn't look up from his papers.

"Pardon me?" the woman asked in surprise. "That is part of the official procedure that *you* insisted on, so that we could look through the history of all of our decisions."

Lucius smirked at this latest failure of the system.

"If you haven't noticed, I've been busy," Marlow snapped.

"Well, learn how to delegate, then," Graecina snarled. She looked around the table. "Does anyone else have any good suggestions?"

Several staff members looked back down at their files and began arguing with each other. Others mumbled words that were unhelpful and unproductive.

"Secretary Mattheson? You managed to get something done in the last day, unlike everyone else here. Maybe you have some thoughts on the Arcanist problem?" Graecina threw out.

He liked her more and more.

"Under normal circumstances, I would go straight to the leader of the Miners and Steamfitters Union, but from what I understand, we no longer have any negotiating leverage with Ms. Ironsides," Lucius replied with a slight nod toward Marlow. He continued. "I find it unfortunate that she has not the strength of leadership that her predecessor possessed."

"And?" Graecina prompted impatiently.

He liked her a little less.

"As you may be aware, after the previous Governor-General's untimely demise and the arrival of Governor-General Marlow, I implemented holding zones and legal proceedings for many in the Miners and Steamfitters Union to try to discover which members had loyalties to the Arcanist faction. I had hoped to avoid a situation such as this one." Lucius leaned his cane against the back of his chair and rested his hands on the table in front of him. "It would be an easy thing to reinstate them..."

Some of the staff murmured, discussing the merits of the idea or outright disapproving. Others nodded their heads, bobbing like branches in a breeze. After months of Marlow's slights, Lucius felt as though he was finally getting his own.

Graecina screwed up her face in distaste.

"No," Marlow bellowed. "I forbid it."

Lucius gave a small shrug. "It was simply a proposal. A potential solution."

"A bad one." Marlow narrowed his eyes at Lucius.

"But, specific and documented," Lucius pointed out.

Chatter reverberated through the room at this exchange.

"It is groundless and immoral." Marlow glowered. "Get back to work. All of you! And, you're dismissed, Lucius."

The room roared again as people returned to their tasks. Pens scratched against papers. Books slammed open and closed. Lucius grimaced as he slipped out the door. He would never run Malifaux in such a haphazard way.



Lucius returned to his office, the wide window on one side blazing with the setting sun over the city's downtown. A massive wooden desk and distinguished chair greeted him in the center of the floor. An elegant iron hat stand and two exquisite, but supremely uncomfortable, chairs completed the decor. He didn't want any of his visitors to feel too welcome.

Despite his vocation as a lawyer, he had no bookcases. He had no need for them, as his superior mind remembered everything. A gift that served him well. It always had.

"I need the facts and figures on the missing couriers," the Secretary said as he stood in front of the window.

The slightest shuffling of shoes against the polished wood floors was the only response.

Moments later, a file appeared on Lucius' desk, along with a glass tumbler of the best bourbon outside of Earth. In silence, the Scribe returned to his usual place near the door. He wore a suit befitting the assistant to the most prominent lawyer in Malifaux and a mask that matched the profession but was utterly inconspicuous. His best quality.



## ASHES, ASHES, THEY ALL FALL DOWN

Lucius leaned his cane against the desk and settled himself behind it, loosening the mask from his face. As he rifled through the pages of information, he sipped at the bourbon. He couldn't taste the beverage or feel the effects of the alcohol, but knowing that years of planning and labor went into something that he could consume in a moment gave him a delicious feeling of superiority. He also enjoyed the sweet and spicy bouquet that reached his nose, but that wasn't why he drank it.

Secretary Mattheson narrowed his eyes as he read detailed accounts of Kaeris' most recent acts of Arcanist sabotage. As the new leader of the Arcanists, she did not have the strict methodology that Ramos had. She let her emotions rule her decisions. How very human of her. Her latest attacks on the Guild seemed centered on the area where the Industrial Zone became the Downtown area. Very near the Records Offices where many confidential documents were stored.

How concerning.

His pen scraped against paper as Lucius composed a list. A match flared as he melted some wax onto the stationery with his precise handwriting on it. Pressing his seal into the scarlet sludge, he made it official.

"I have some concerns about the security of our documents in the Records Office and some of our other storage locations due to this new Arcanist activity," Lucius said, his voice thoughtful.

The Scribe nodded in acknowledgment.

"These are the documents I'm most uneasy about. Please get this to the head of the records department, so that she may take precautionary measures. Speed is of the utmost importance. Get this list to her tonight."

The Scribe took the folded paper and vanished through the door.

Lucius waited.

Several hours passed before a knock sounded at his door. He refitted the mask to his face.

"Enter," Lucius directed at the aethervox connected to the watcher perched outside above his door.

"Mr. Secretary, sir." A member of the records department entered, out of breath.

Finally, someone who treated him with the deference he deserved. Lucius nodded at the man to continue.

"You had a request to secure some documents?" The man's voice ended on a high note of fear.

"Yes."

"Well, you see, the records department decided to send them to the Governor's Manor for safekeeping, but the courier vanished. W-we think that it was the work of Arcanists," the administrator stammered. "They have all those files..."

Lucius stared at the man until the messenger began to fidget, twisting his derby hat between his hands.

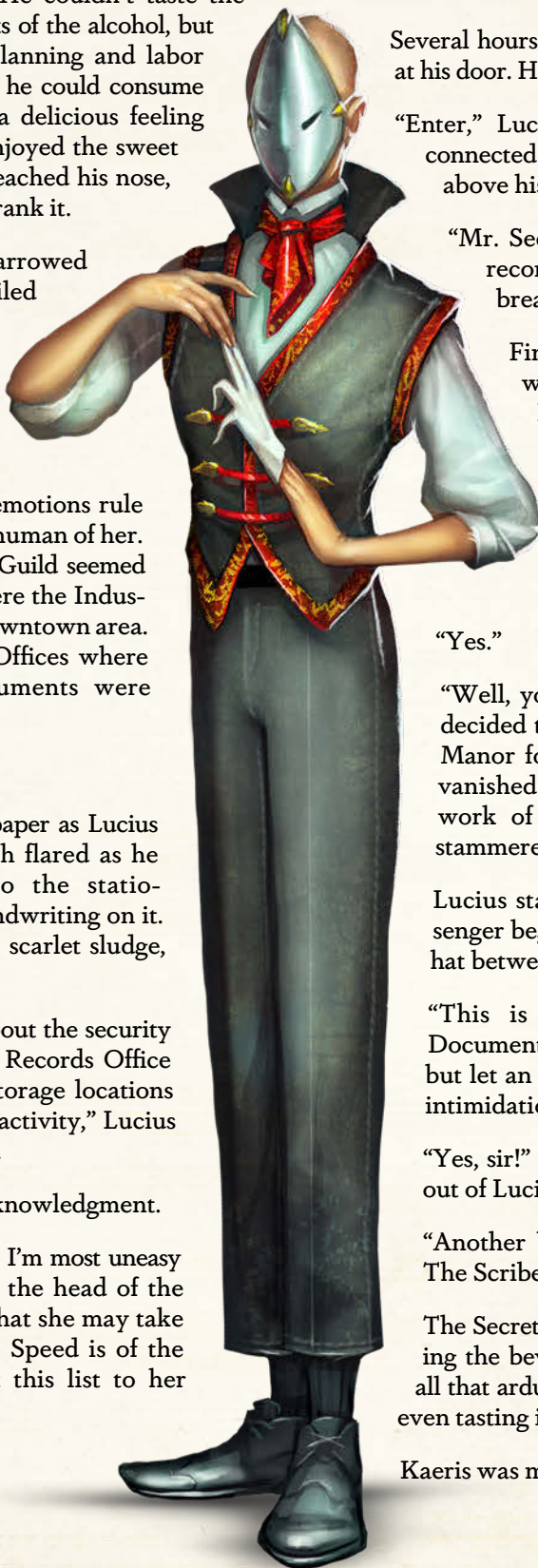
"This is unacceptable. Find. Those. Documents." Lucius didn't raise his voice but let an edge of rage and a modicum of intimidation infuse each word.

"Yes, sir!" the man squeaked. He scurried out of Lucius' office.

"Another bourbon," Lucius commanded. The Scribe complied.

The Secretary tossed the glass back, downing the beverage in one gulp and sending all that arduous work into oblivion without even tasting it.

Kaeris was making quite the mess of things.







Shouts. Papers and ledgers scattered everywhere. The smell of someone who hadn't bathed in several days. The Secretary was coming to despise the Crown Room, even though he'd seen just how splendid it could be under the previous Governor-General... and would surely be again under the next.

"The Arcanists destroyed a building storing Guild records, took a number of files, and burned down several of Hoffman's workshops," Graecina announced at the next meeting, her hair, hat, and dress immaculate despite the disarray surrounding her. Lucius had to respect her for that.

"How did they know where Hoffman's workshops even are?" Marlow asked. Lucius could have sworn he saw more gray in the hair at his temples.

Graecina looked over one of her reports. "They stole accounts with locations from a courier who was bringing those records back to the Guild proper."

"How the hell did that happen?" Marlow demanded.

"The head records keeper decided that those files were too vulnerable where they were, so she planned to send them to the Manor for additional protection," Graecina reported.

"She let the Arcanists take them?" Marlow roared.

Lucius cleared his throat, a gentle sound. Eyes turned toward him. "It sounds as though she was trying to prevent them from falling into Arcanist hands."

"Fire her," Marlow ground out.

Holding up a hand to stave off the Governor-General's rage, Lucius tipped his head to the side. He knew that the Soulstones in his mask gave off a shrewd shimmer. "I don't believe the records keeper is at fault. She was merely taking extraordinary precautionary measures and concluded that the higher security of the Governor's Manor was a preferred location for such sensitive documentation. I believe it's clear that she was not wrong in wanting to protect that information. Or, should she have left them in the now-smoldering records building from which the Arcanists would have taken them anyway?"

Marlow ground his teeth. Lucius could hear them scraping together from where he sat. Like music.

Turning to Graecina, Lucius asked, "What do you think, Ms. Yao?"

Graecina crossed her arms over her chest. "It's true, they would have taken the documents no matter what. Trying to keep them out of their hands was the best move." She turned to Marlow. "Franco, we don't have any good options. Something needs to change."

"I agree," Lucius added. "From an accounting perspective, our resources can't keep up with the sheer number of operations you've put into motion."

"I don't need your opinion," Marlow snapped. "I just need more information."

"Of course, Governor-General." Secretary Mattheson took a certain satisfaction in watching Marlow begin to unravel.

"It's like someone is undermining us from every direction," the Governor-General snarled.

Well, yes, it was. All those fools, Guild and Arcanist alike, thought they were so unpredictable when instead they had hindered themselves, just as Lucius had planned.

Play by play, he would enfeeble Franco Marlow.

He surprised himself with the realization that this new Governor-General was the worthiest opponent he'd found since the humans had returned to Malifaux. He studied his foe.

"You!" Marlow pointed at some poor staffer. "Give me the latest on your project."

Colin cringed and handed Marlow some papers.

The doors to the Crown Room slammed open. A woman in clinking spurs stormed through. She wore a wide-brimmed hat and two Peacebringers slung about her hips.

Perdita Ortega. Lucius leaned forward in interest. She rarely visited the Guild offices and had more tact than to interrupt a meeting... if that's what this could be called.

The exalted Neverborn hunter marched her way to Marlow's side. "Your assistant said to make an appointment," Perdita explained, her voice quiet and threatening. "I decided to schedule some time. Right now."



## ASHES, ASHES, THEY ALL FALL DOWN

"Why aren't you in the sewers?" Marlow snarled.

"Why *would* I be in the sewers? My job was in the Northern Hills, remember?" Perdita rested her hands on her hips and raised one eyebrow in irritation.

"Sure. Yes. Why aren't you *there*, then?" Marlow reached over the assistant closest to him to snatch a file from farther down the table.

"Because I need more people to comb the area. It's a goddamn maze up there," Perdita replied.

An assistant piped up, "Entire towns are vanishing, Mr. Marlow. According to Ms. Ortega's own reports, even some of her own people have vanished." At this, Perdita pressed her lips together in annoyance. Whether at the assistant or at her family members who'd gotten themselves in trouble, Lucius couldn't say. The assistant continued, "In addition, there are rumors of Mannequins or Coryphee or some new puppet-looking constructs roaming the area."

Lucius curled his lip in disdain at that information. He suspected he knew the cause of this latest fiasco, and it was a Neverborn problem, but likely not one that Perdita would be equipped to take care of.

"I can't give you more people, Perdita," Marlow said, still not looking at her.

She crossed her arms. "What the hell is going on up here, Marlow?"

"I'm handling things," the Governor-General barked. Considering he kept saying that, Lucius was quite confident that he wasn't.

"Excuse me," Lucius interrupted.

The two looked at him in surprise, not having noticed that he'd moved.

"Perhaps this menace in the Northern Hills requires a more official, policy-based approach," the Secretary suggested. He brushed an invisible piece of lint from his coat. "Some individuals respond better to litigation than a show of force."

"Are you serious?" Perdita choked out. "You think that whatever is emptying out towns will respond to a *court summons*?"

"Or the threat of one, anyway." Lucius turned his head to face her. "The law itself is a powerful weapon, Ms. Ortega."

She snorted. Lucius ignored her obvious disrespect... for the moment.

Marlow didn't look up. "Do whatever you want. You two figure it out."

"The Northern Hills is no place for a bureaucrat, Secretary." Perdita gave him a skeptical look.





Such insolence. Lucius gripped his cane, digging his fingernails into it through his gloves. "Perhaps, my success will have you rethinking the efficacy of my chosen profession."

"If you can figure this out in forty-eight hours, I'll eat my hat." Perdita snickered.

"When I accomplish your task in under two days, you can owe me the completion of the undertaking of my choosing," Lucius countered.

"It's your funeral, lawyer." Perdita shrugged. "I'll carve 'I told you so' into your wooden corpse once I find it out there." With that, she swept out of the room like an overconfident, spoiled, domesticated bird.

The Crown Room once again exploded into arguments and negotiations. Ledgers passed from person to person.

Lucius stepped out of the Governor's manor, leaving the tumult behind him.



Boarding the train at Malifaux Station, Lucius sneered at the humanity around him. It wasn't an unusual expression for him but yet another instance in which he appreciated the mask. Though McMourning had made an attempt to make his facial features more human, Lucius still had not given up the golden visage with the Soulstone eyes.

The train wheezed like the breaths of some dying monster. The humans occupying the seats avoided unnecessary conversation. The personalities of those who ventured even farther into this land and away from the egress that the Breach represented were stoic and suspicious and willing to forgo civilized life. Lucius was quite sure that the man lying across an entire bench with his hat pulled low over his eyes hadn't bathed in days at the very least. Lucius hoped he was getting off at an early stop.

"This way, Mr. Secretary," the Scribe gestured toward a set of benches facing each other at the rear of the car.

Ahead of him, Captain Dashel, an enormous, bald man with an equally enormous axe, stomped his bulk down the aisle, making the entire vessel sway. Two lawyers in gray coats and shiny badges of office followed him.

"Whom are we wielding the law against today, Secretary Mattheson?" Birmingham, a lawyer, chirped. He bared his teeth in anticipation, a man blood-thirsty for seeing lesser humans fall prey to official forms and proper channels.

"Whoever is causing such an uproar in the Northern Hills," Lucius replied. He gestured at the Scribe, who handed files to their traveling companions.

Dashel tossed his on the neighboring seat with a grimace. He patted the axe he wore slung over his back. "Just tell me where to swing this." Then he leaned back in his seat, crossed his arms, and closed his eyes. He reminded Lucius of a sleeping bear, ill-humored, quick-tempered, and dangerous to lesser beings. Additionally, he wasn't prone to asking questions. All in all, an excellent tool.

Except for the rattling and hissing of the train, they rode in silence. Even the other passengers left them alone, perhaps due to Dashel's earlier dark glare or Birmingham's toothy, menacing grin. Whatever the cause, Lucius appreciated it.

The land transformed from the grim, sooty urban tangle of the city into stretches of harsh grasslands covered in the hostile, spiky flora native to this side of the Breach. As they neared Ridley, the rocks burst from the earth, rust red and somehow belligerent for such inanimate objects. The changed terrain was completely unable to support any plant life, save the occasional contentious shrub that refused to die.

Inside the city, it smelled of smokestacks and industry. Outside of Malifaux, the air had a sharp, pungent punch to it, as though a storm was perpetually on the horizon.

As he stepped out of the train car in the small town of Ridley, Lucius inhaled and wrinkled his nose. This was what it was like before the humans came. Dull and austere.

He turned to narrow his gaze at the hills in the distance. A predator lurked in the wilderness. Now, he just had to find it. Under his mask, his mouth turned up in anticipation of the hunt.



As his retinue slept, Lucius crept out into the night. His long strides carried him to where he knew she'd be.



## ASHES, ASHES, THEY ALL FALL DOWN

"Mattheson," a voice growled out of the darkness.

"Zoraida," he greeted her.

The old woman stepped into the moonlight. She covered her body in rags and furs. Small dolls, their mouths stitched shut, swung from her belt. Despite her age, her piercing eyes studied him. The smell of woodsmoke, swamp, and decay reached Lucius, making him want to sneeze.

Even though she was once human, she barely looked it anymore. She'd given up her ability to blend in with the humans without batting an eye. It was one of the things he hated about her.

"You got my message." She cackled. An enormous mire golem tromped out of the undergrowth to stand, swaying the tiniest bit, behind her. It eyed Lucius with a hostile glare.

Secretary Mattheson's blood pulsed. He considered directly retaliating then and there; while confident he could end the old woman's life, he wasn't sure if he would walk away unscathed.

Zoraida wiggled her long fingernails at the creature. "Calm yourself." The mire golem settled into stillness. "Are you ready to play a game, The Right Honorable Lucius Gustavius FitzWilliam Mattheson?"

"What are the stakes?" Lucius asked, instantly suspicious.

"If you win, I tell you where to find what you're looking for." She gave him a gap-toothed grin.

"And, if you win...?"

"Your fate is crystal clear to me, my dear, and yet your face remains behind a fog." She rubbed her hands together in glee. "You tell me exactly *what* you are."

Lucius shook his index finger at her. "I'd prefer to keep you guessing. Instead, I want you to tell me where to find what I'm looking for."

"Why would I do that?"

"Because I am willing to provide a solution that will benefit all of us Neverborn," Lucius replied.

"And that is...?"

"Elimination of the rogue element."

She tapped her chin in thought with a long, claw-like nail.

"Or, are you sure you can rely on it in the upcoming conflict?" Lucius murmured.

A grimace crossed Zoraida's face, and Lucius knew he'd won.

"Mmm. Deal." She held out her hand for Lucius to shake. Her fingers were brittle, reminding Lucius of an old tree branch.

With a flourish, she pulled out a deck of cards. They seemed to chatter as she cut and shuffled them with one hand.

"Highest card wins," she explained.

"Such a simple game?" Lucius asked in surprise.

"I'm too curious to wait." Her eyes gleamed in the moonlight, like those of a nocturnal animal.

Lucius shrugged and pulled a card from the deck at random. Zoraida did the same.

"I win," she crowed. "You're so slippery with your words. So, you're not a Nephilim." She eyed him.

He tilted his head.

Her mouth turned up at the corners. "You're no skinwalker. I know a doppelganger when I see one..."

"Do you?" Lucius gave no indication one way or the other. The fact that she even considered he was a creature with an identity crisis meant she had even less of an idea of his origins than he'd believed. How amusing. He hoped he could keep up this little game forever.

Zoraida hesitated for only a moment. "Yes." She walked around him. "You do blend in with the humans quite well."

"And have for years," he pointed out.

"But, you lack that fresh-skin smell." She paused to ponder. "So why the mask? Why hide your face? And, the gloves? Why cover your hands?"

"It is a requirement of the profession." He tapped the metal on his face.

She tapped her fingertips together in thought.

"Your guess, madam?"



She snarled in frustration.

He smirked.

After a moment, she said, "Are you a Woe?"

"Do I look like a child to you?" Lucius asked with a snort.

"They're not all children," Zoraida snapped. "Well? Are you?"

"I am as much Woe as I am Sorrow. And, that is as much of an answer as you will receive."

"You are an impossible creature," she spat.

"Now, about that little issue around the settlements outside of Ridley. I believe one of our own is involved."

Zoraida scowled. "Oh, yes. That."

"You know where it is," Lucius said, standing so still his breathing was impossible to discern. On the occasions when other Neverborn were around, he could let himself forget to make the little movements he'd adopted to make him seem more human.

The swamp hag frowned and clamped her mouth shut.

"We had a deal," Lucius reminded her. "You want me to take care of this for you."

"You will find it in the morning, in the woods to the north of the human settlement called 37J. Make sure you take care of it properly." Zoraida pulled a small box from a pouch around her waist. She twisted the tiny crank protruding from the side of it. The silvery notes of an ancient lullaby rose in the air. She reached out to Lucius, the small music box resting in her palm. "Use this."

He plucked it from her hand and bowed. "Thank you, madam."

"I'll find out what you are one of these days, Lucius Mattheson," the swamp hag threatened and cajoled.

"And, perhaps, you'll live long enough to see me fulfill my Fate." Lucius bowed, melted into the shadows with a soft chuckle, and returned to Ridley, making sure to slip the name of the settlement into Birmingham's notes.

The next morning found Lucius and his retinue preparing to head into the hills. Most visitors' first impressions of Malifaux was of a loud, rowdy city full of desperate souls who couldn't make a life back on Earth. They assumed that all the towns were the same only because they hadn't traveled to the outer settlements. Ridley's residents were tenacious and obstinate, refusing to lie down when life did its best to extinguish their very existence. And, many had experienced the worst that Earth had to offer.

But, they hadn't yet suffered through this world's attempts to destroy them. Breaking a mind forged in strife was one of Lucius' greatest joys.





## ASHES, ASHES, THEY ALL FALL DOWN

Birmingham flipped through a thick file that he held in his arms. "According to the reports, the Guild lost contact with Settlement 37J three days ago," the lawyer informed the group. "It seems they never renamed the town. The map indicates that it is mid-way between Ridley and Ten Peaks."

At that instant, the Scribe arrived in a hired carriage. One could find someone willing to do just about anything for the right amount of scrip in the outer towns.

The party squeezed themselves into the coach.

"To Settlement 37J," Birmingham called out as he banged on the roof.

"We call that one Nightwood," the coachman grunted.

"We don't care," Birmingham snapped.

The Scribe scratched his observations into a heavy ledger for Lucius to go over later.

Springs under the carriage squeaked; horse hoofs thudded over the packed dirt road. The red rocks that smelled a bit of rust or blood eventually gave way to foothills and pockets of tall forests. The trees glistened with a caustic sap that encouraged creatures tempted to feed on them to look elsewhere.

Several hours later, the coachman stopped the horses. They'd arrived in a small, ramshackle town that was little better than a temporary camp. It was no wonder they'd never named it.

"Wait here for us to return," Birmingham ordered the coachman with unnecessary condescension.

The wind whistled through empty wooden buildings. There was no woodsmoke on the air. Settlement 37J was just as empty as they'd reported.

Something tickled Lucius' mind. He turned toward the nearest copse of trees. "This way." With long, easy strides, he made his way into the forest. His party followed him without a second thought.



As they entered the line of the trees, even the wind died.

They crept forward.

A strange hollow rattling sound surrounded them. Lucius couldn't hold in his sigh. Puppets. Just as he'd suspected.

The first construct emerged from the trees, its limbs twitching as it lurched toward them. Its mouth opened and closed, gaping like a fish. Wooden joints squeaked and rattled. A bright costume, complete with hat, adorned it.

Lucius narrowed his eyes. This was not the child-sized marionette that he expected. More of the creations materialized from the trees' shadows.

"It appears that these... devices... are responsible for the incidents in the nearby towns, including Settlement 37J," Lucius told his various subordinates. "Please occupy them as you see fit. I will attempt to reason with their maker."

Captain Dashel, his giant axe already in hand, nodded and gave a guttural grunt of acknowledgment. Swinging, he decapitated the nearest puppets.

His lawyers began scribbling down charges and infractions on a number of forms, calling out, "You'd better find yourself good representation!" Then, they pulled their pistols.

The Scribe waited to the side in case he was needed.

No one questioned his orders, just as it should be.

Gunfire exploded from the barristers; the smell of burnt gunpowder filled the air. More puppets fell.

Lucius glided through the woods, his footsteps silent. Behind him, Captain Dashel shouted and the sound of wood splintering reached the Secretary.

A vaguely man-shaped creature loomed out of the darkness at him.

Lucius cleared his throat with purpose.

Captain Dashel broke through the branches, splitting the new puppet like firewood.

"Good man." With a gentle touch, Lucius removed the head of his cane, revealing the slender, razor-sharp blade attached to it.

More constructs swarmed out of the forest. With the grace of a dancer and the speed of a hurricane, Lucius avoided their attacks, letting Dashel dispatch them.



From behind, more gunfire erupted from his lawyers. They were good shots in and outside of court.

Holding the music box in his hand, Lucius let the dulcet notes call the creature he sought.

"Come not within the measure of my wrath." The voice floated on the air, stilted and artificial.

Lucius beckoned the speaker to come closer as he tucked the tiny machine away in his coat.

Gentle wooden clanking heralded the appearance of an enormous marionette with four arms. It no longer wore a mask or a cloak to hide what it was, as it did when it had tried to live among the humans.

Lucius tsked at the oversized, living puppet. "Collodi," he said, disappointed.

"In the night she awoke; she had been dreaming of the flowers and of the student, as well as of the *tiresome lawyer*," the living puppet greeted him in its emotionless way.

Lucius tilted his head, unperturbed. Many found lawyers tiresome. This was no novel insult. "A new line? Has a new play made it into your hands?"

Collodi tipped its head in a mockery of Lucius' pose. "The old people told fairy tales about goblins and sorcerers."

"Ah. You're reading the silly stories the new humans brought with them this time through the Breach." Lucius returned his sword to its sheathe in his cane.

"The mother took her spectacles and read aloud out of a large book, and the two girls listened as they sat and spun."

"You learned the stories from the children you turned into puppets," Lucius concluded. "If only you'd absorbed information from a barrister. *That* would have been helpful."

Collodi shook, rattling its limbs in an agitated, jerky movement.

"You have violated our agreement to take only children who would not be missed," Lucius reminded it. "You've drawn too much attention to yourself for me to look the other way."

The clatter of wooden joints and the clacking of its mouth accompanied Collodi's lifeless, monotonous voice. "The music suddenly stopped." The puppet paused.

"You want your music? Here." Lucius tossed the music box to the puppet, who snatched it out of the air.

It mimicked a dramatic actor as it said, "There's nothing serious in mortality: All is but toys."

"You saw those Union members as toys, did you? That's all fine and good, but I very much doubt that you needed to turn several towns' worth of people into puppets to hear your music again," Lucius replied, unmoved by the other Neverborn.

"In sweet music is such art, killing care and grief of heart."

"Pretty words, but you've become a liability, Collodi," Lucius informed the puppet, exasperated. "It doesn't matter what sustains you now."

Collodi paced, distracted, visibly upset despite its immovable wooden face. As it moved, a soft glow escaped a pocket in its clothes. Soulstones. No wonder the creature could control so many puppets at once seemingly without limit. Yet another complication. Lucius grimaced.

"Why do you hang down your head and look so lonely and woe-begone?" The marionette's voice and accent changed as it replied to its own question. "My master has forgotten all that I have done for him so many years." It switched its manner of speech yet again. "Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

The puppet was making an attempt to explain itself, to justify its actions. Lucius didn't care. He could not abide inconvenience. He murmured so that Dashed, in the midst of combat, would not hear him, "I understand that you were lonely when the Breach first closed, but that doesn't mean you can gallivant around, turning the mortals into puppets. Will you cease this nonsense?"

Collodi's wooden head shook from side to side. It thrust its hands out toward Lucius. Through the trees, more puppets click-clacked their way toward him.

Dashed continued to chop at the wooden constructs as they arrived.

Lucius' cane-sword gave a metallic hiss and glinted in the moonlight as he pulled it from its sheathe. "You give me no choice, Collodi."



## ASHES, ASHES, THEY ALL FALL DOWN

He parried and stabbed with his sword. He lunged with perfect fencing form, but Collodi twisted away. With his other hand, he crushed into kindling a puppet that had dared come too close. He didn't often have a chance to use his inhuman strength in his guise as The Right Honorable Lucius Gustavus FitzWilliam Mattheson, and he spared a moment's thought to revel in the feeling. Still, he called out, "Captain Dashed, please concentrate on keeping these *things* out of my way."

"Sorry, boss," was the stoic reply.

Several puppets flanked him, and as he fended them off, Collodi lashed out with its wooden appendages. The blades protruding from the puppets' hands slashed through Lucius' coat, leaving bloody tears in the fabric.

"I alone will soon finish off the giants," Collodi intoned as he and his creations pummeled and sliced.

"You plan to take on everyone? How ambitious." Panting, Lucius fended off the marionettes but began to lose ground. He gritted his teeth and blocked with his sword. Lashing out with his off hand, he kept the constructs at arm's length.

While its other puppets kept Lucius busy, Collodi danced in close to attack the Secretary and struck him in the face. Lucius' mask separated from its clasps and flew into the air, landing with a metallic thud against the forest floor. The air was cool and foreign on his face. Blood poured from a cut under his eye.

"Any time now, Captain," Lucius stated, flicking his gaze over to the man.

Dashed gaped at the Secretary's mangled visage, a scarred and disfigured face that shocked all those who saw it. Even McMourning had nearly flinched away at the sight of his finished work. He recalculated the likelihood of winning without Dashed's help and scowled.

He parried and dodged, trying to come up with a new plan of attack.

A roar, accompanied by splintering wood, signaled Dashed's return to the fight.

"Welcome back, Captain."

Dashed responded with a nod, but avoided looking directly at Lucius.

Collodi moved in, slashing at the Secretary with long knives that swung out from his limbs.

Lucius blocked one, but the other stabbed through his shoulder. Collodi used it to bring him close.





Curling his lips back, Lucius bared his teeth. The scars on his face pulled uncomfortably, but the pain just made his lips pull back further.

Collodi tipped its head in confusion.

Lucius held up his hand, a glow seeping out of from between his curled fingers.

"What wicked tricks are these?" Collodi groaned.

With a studied nonchalance, Lucius tossed the Soulstones into the woods behind him, far from the puppet's grasp.

Collodi seemed to flinch away. "Or else certes ye be too dangerous."

"You are correct. I am dangerous. Without those precious *rocks*, the scales have shifted in my favor. You made a mistake, Collodi." Lucius dropped his cane sword to the ground with a thud and peeled off his gloves. He stretched out the muscles in his hands as dagger-like claws slowly extended from his fingertips.

More puppets flung themselves at Lucius, but they were weak. Collodi was losing his focus. Dashed took them out with ease. They crumpled within a few swings.

Snarling, Lucius stalked forward, his face frozen in a smile. "You will hinder me no more, puppet. Perhaps tonight I will light a cigar to your burning bones."

Collodi stumbled back.

Reaching out, Lucius dismantled the marionette joint by joint. The creature made pathetic mewling sounds not fit for a Neverborn. Lucius viciously yanked arms and legs away from its body.

Its mouth chattering, Collodi slowly sang, "Ashes. Ashes. We. All. Fall. Down."

"Not all," Lucius replied as he tore the puppet's head from its neck. Even as he panted with the thrill and the exertion, he began to squeeze the wooden skull between his hands, watching as a crack appeared along the grain.

"Sir," a quiet voice interrupted.

Lucius growled. Whipping his head around, he spied the Scribe. The man held the golden lawyer's mask the Secretary had lost in one hand, a new pair

of gloves and a coat in the other. "The others come this way," his loyal servant explained.

Taking a deep breath, Lucius stood upright and smoothed the hairs of his powdered wig, composing himself. He fixed the mask back to his face and slid his hands into the gloves. The thin lambskin leather was soft, supple and sumptuous, reminding him of luxury, civilization, sophistication—all the things he claimed to be. It also had the added benefit of literally wrapping his hands in death.

The Scribe returned Lucius' reassembled cane to him, helped him shrug into his new coat, and secreted Collodi's head into his satchel. Good man.

"Come, Captain," Lucius called.

The hulking human loped toward him.

"I appreciated your prowess with your weapon in this conflict," Lucius said.

Dashed nodded.

Lucius brushed his fingers against his mask. "Even more, I appreciate your discretion in... this matter."

"Sure thing, boss." He was able to stare at the Secretary again without grimacing.

"How would you feel if I were to put in a good word for you? Perhaps recommend a promotion with the Guild Guard? That would make you a... Commander, hm?" Lucius leaned on his cane and scrutinized Dashed's every movement.

The corner of the Captain's mouth quirked up into what was almost a smile. "I like the sound of that, sir."

"Excellent." Lucius marched away from the carnage he'd wrought and back toward his other subordinates with Dashed and the Scribe on his heels.

"We've taken care of our puppets, Secretary Mattheson," Birmingham boasted as soon as they came into view. "I take it you were successful, as well?"

Lucius adjusted his gloves. "The perpetrator agreed to cease and desist."

"When we get back to the city, we can complete the citations we wrote. We also found some Soulstones, which increases the severity of the punishment for the accused," Birmingham added. Lucius saw no indications that the lawyers had seen Collodi at all.



## ASHES, ASHES, THEY ALL FALL DOWN

How wonderfully convenient.

"Back to Malifaux, sir?" Dashel asked.

Lucius took one last look around. "Yes. I believe our work here is done."



Impeccably dressed, as always, Lucius entered the Governor's Manor. He narrowed his gaze at the electric bulbs with their soulless light devoid of any kind of allure.

"Mattheson," a voice called out.

He ignored it.

"Secretary," the voice gritted out.

He turned with a benevolent tilt to his head. His hands rested on the head of his newly cleaned cane. "Ms. Ortega," he greeted.

She stalked around him, looking him up and down. "You're looking quite alive."

"Your eyes do not deceive you. How did you so eloquently put it? Ah, yes. *I told you so.*"

"How?" she demanded, annoyed. "What the hell was that out there, anyway?"

"It's all in my report, Ms. Ortega," he replied. Slipping around the woman, he made his way to the Crown Room.

Muttering some choice words, she followed him.

Mr. Jesse slapped him on the back as he entered. "I heard that you took care of whatever was going on in the Northern Hills, good man."

Lucius shrugged off his hand in disgust.

Even Colin gave him a begrudging nod of respect, though it was clear he still considered Lucius a rival.

Perfect timing. Graecina was just completing her summary of Lucius' report. "According to Birmingham's report, it appears that one of the miners developed some strange powers, got his hands on some illicit Soulstones, and decided to destroy several towns in the Northern Hills, doing considerable damage. Secretary Mattheson and his cadre charged

him with a variety of crimes and executed him when he became hostile."

"Is that so?" Marlow's dark eyes slid over to Lucius.

"The report reflects events in the most accurate manner possible, Governor-General," Lucius replied, his tone bland.

"And, why couldn't Perdita handle one rogue miner?" Marlow asked.

Lucius lifted one shoulder. "You will have to ask Ms. Ortega."

Marlow's gaze took in Perdita. "Well?"

She glowered. "I hunt beasts with fangs and wings. You try tracking human footprints 'round those parts. Those hills are a damn nightmare."

Graecina added, "Lawyers have a certain investigative insight that may have helped."

Lucius gave her a small bow. "It is most fortunate that we took Captain Dashel with us," he deflected.

"Doing your job is nothing to get excited about. I expect more out of all of you," Marlow rumbled. "Next report."

Graecina made her way around the table and held her hand out to Lucius. "Thank you, Secretary, for taking care of this issue. It was a thorny one and was not getting any better by just leaving it alone. Not to mention the lives you saved. Marlow is being unnecessarily dismissive."

Lucius returned her firm handshake. "Well, the Governor-General is having to juggle any number of challenging projects these days."

"And making a mess out of it," Graecina muttered.

With a small shrug, Lucius said, "We are just doing our best to keep Malifaux running. Some, perhaps, have better fortune than others."

"Success speaks for itself, Mr. Secretary. If you ever need anything, please don't hesitate to ask. You're someone I want on my side." Graecina gave him a decisive nod.

"I appreciate the high praise, Ms. Yao."

Other staffers congratulated him on his accomplishment. As a result, the power dynamic in the



room tilted in a dramatic fashion. Under his mask, Lucius sneered. With no mask to hide his expression, Marlow openly glared.

How amusing. Lucius could now appreciate the challenge Marlow brought to the game. Because, if there was anything Secretary Mattheson hated more than an irritating rival, it was boredom. As much as Marlow's utter disregard for administrative hierarchy and his proficiency for leadership irked him, he kept Lucius on his toes... and he had finally shown a weakness.

Lucius waited and watched. After a time, he withdrew to his own manor.



When Lucius became Secretary, he chose a large dwelling that impressed but stayed just this side of ostentatious. It had the perfect facade that married classical design with contemporary architecture. It had served him well up until now.

The Secretary stepped into his marble foyer, greeted by the Scribe, who took his cane and coat. The house, as per his preference, was silent except for a grandfather clock that ticked like a ceaseless reminder. A perfume of leather, pine, and tobacco wafted on the air, giving the place a lived in, human element. Artifice, but effective.

Lucius' home in the city was a spartan affair with minimal furnishings of only the finest quality. He did concede to a shelf of cognac, bourbon, and cigars, all rapid ways to consume expert craftsmanship, years of work, and wealth.

With silent footsteps, he made his way to an unadorned door that appeared to lead to a servants' entrance or storeroom. The Scribe met him there, carrying Collodi's repaired and polished head on a silver platter.

Turning the doorknob with one hand, Lucius grabbed the wooden skull with the other. A dark, spiraling stone staircase lit only by intermittent wall sconces greeted him. A slight draft teased him as it drifted by. He descended into the darkness.

At the bottom of the stairs, shelves upon shelves filled the space. He made his way down one aisle. Prosthetic limbs, jewelry, helmets, weapons, dolls,

musical instruments, and other odd keepsakes had specific positions in his collection. Lucius placed Collodi's head onto a shelf with a wooden thump. It would sit between a butterfly pinned to a board under glass and a filigree candleholder in the shape of a swan for the foreseeable future.

Collodi's eyes spun around in their sockets. His jaw loosened, as if to speak.

"Ah, ah, ah. You stay quiet now, little kindling. It's not yet time for your next show," Lucius teased. Then, he made his way to another part of his collection. Folders, files, and ledgers filled the shelves. It smelled musty, like decaying paper and ink.

The files whispered under his touch as he ran his fingers over them, reveling in the power of each one. Cochrane. Hoffman. Justice. This was the one he wanted. Marlow.

He paged through the file, the papers rustling. Boring. Boring. Already known.

Heavy footsteps reached the doorway.

"What do you have for me, Dashel?" Lucius asked, turning to greet his visitor.

"What you asked for, boss." The man handed him a large envelope filled with papers. More to add to the Marlow file.

"Wonderful timing, Captain. I'll have to call you something else soon, hm? You're dismissed."

As Dashel stomped his way out of Lucius' vault, the Secretary began to leaf through the new documents. His mouth turned up in a vicious sneer. He tapped the paper with his finger. "So, Marlow, this is your secret. Your vulnerability. How unexpected."

The Governor-General, while entertaining, had, over the course of his short tenure, become a bit of a liability himself. It was time for him to fall. And, Lucius was just the architect to make it happen. When he finally took Marlow down, it would be so satisfying. As far as what happened in the ensuing power struggle? Well, only the cards would tell...













# THE RISK OF REASON



by  
*Tim Akers and Kyle Rowan*

**T**he main foyer of the Guild Enclave in Malifaux City was a grand space. Polished wooden staircases, lined with plush carpets and chased with gold inlay, spiraled to the upper levels of the building, spreading like wings over the polished marble floor. Hallways led in every direction, fronted by frosted glass doors, with discrete signs directing visitors to the various departments. The new electric lighting shone a sterile, steady light on everything. A bulletin board hung just inside one of the many doors, littered with peeling fliers and duty rosters.

Usually, these halls bustled with traffic, but not today, or any day in recent history. The fine wood paneling that lined the hallways showed signs of abuse; bullet holes and the gouged ruts of claws. Stains spotted the otherwise pristine carpets. Only the statue was undamaged. The distant sound of a typewriter clattered through the silence, like a lone machinegun nest shooting at ghosts.

Raised voices echoed from outside. The front doors burst open, admitting Lady Justice herself, along with several Death Marshals, and a small mob of guards, who were apparently trying to stop Justice from entering. One of the guards, armed only with a clipboard and the kind of clarion voice that could quell riots with a word, harried the leader of the Marshals.

"The guidelines are very clear, Ms. Justice," he said. "All personnel, whether on duty or off, must sign in at the front gate. It's more than just security. It's a matter of order." He thrust the clipboard in her direction. "I'm afraid I must insist."

Justice drew to a halt next to the bulletin board. There was a new poster squarely in the middle of the

board; heavy stock, soaked in color, gaudy by any standard. She was the central figure on the poster. Lady Justice, dressed in flowing robes, sword in one hand and scales in the other. Her image stared down at a crowd of figures, all of them cowering before her. Block letters across the top of the poster proclaimed JUSTICE DELIVERED. Some smartass had scrawled "Fresh to your front door!" beneath that, smudging the ink.

The persistent guard, long since abandoned by his fellows, glanced at the poster.

"Come, Ms. Justice. It wouldn't do for the Guild's most famous face to skirt regulations, now would it?" He presented the clipboard again.

Justice turned to face him. The man's confidence slipped under the blind scrutiny of the head of the Death Marshals.

"I could just... fill it in myself. If you'd rather..." he stammered. Justice cocked her head in his direction as if waiting for him to finish. "Yes, I can do that. I can make the appropriate notation of your entry. Ahem." He made a great show of doing a headcount



and checking his watch. "Lady Justice and one, two, three Marshals. Arrival time: Oh-nine-fifty." The scratch of pen on paper. "Very good. Thank you for your—"

"I left with fifteen Marshals," Justice said quietly. "Fifteen. Are you sure you have that count correct?"

"Um. Yes. Yes, I..." he looked helplessly at the attending marshals. They were bloody, their uniforms charred. "Ah. I think I understand. Do you need a casualty report form, ma'am? I could have one..." he swallowed hard. "Have one sent to—"

"Dismissed, lieutenant." The commanding voice came from the top of the stairs. Captain Dashed smiled down at the little gathering in the foyer. The guardsman ducked his head and scampered out. "Unless you're not done harassing my officers, J?"

"You're a little late, Captain," Justice said. She started down the hallway. Marlow was expecting her report. "I was counting on your reinforcements out there. Is there a reason you never showed up?"

"Never got a requisition order, Marshal," Dashed answered. He fell in step beside her, his big stride a casual stroll next to her fast walk. "Hard to get anything done without the proper paperwork."

"Paperwork," Justice said with distaste. "Three patrols have gone missing, and four more are operating at half-strength, and you counter with 'paperwork'. I'm going to end up having to use recruits at this rate. What is this?"

An office worker had emerged from the warren of surrounding offices and was timidly trying to hand her a note. "Ma'am, if you'd please. A-after action—"

"After action reports? I don't have time for that. A lot of good people died. Write that down." She turned her attention back to Dashed. "One dead Resser doesn't mean that our job is done. That worm McMourning's out there, Captain. He *must* be found."

They turned a corner. Another office worker stood at the next intersection. His eyes lit up when he saw Justice, and he started walking quickly toward them. Justice took another

right and quickened her pace. The office worker fell into their wake, kept away by the trailing Marshals.

"Would've been a lot easier while he was here," Dashed said, holding back a chuckle.





## THE RISK OF REASON

"All you had to do was go down the hall from your office, past a couple dozen of your most loyal men, and knock on his door."

"Brilliant tactical advice, Captain," Justice said, drawing to a stop. Dashel swept past her, halting only as he realized she was no longer at his side. Her stance changed slightly; weight on her back foot, shoulders squared, palms resting against the hilt of her sword. The surrounding Death Marshals took a step back. Dashel, either unaware of his danger or uncaring, blathered on.

"That's why they pay me the big scrip, Justice. The same reason I'm not going to jump to bail you out every time your Marshals get in too deep. There's

a manpower shortage, in case you didn't notice." He smiled, big and toothy, his gums stained with tobacco.

"Speaking of manpower," the lonely office worker said. "The Governor-General would like to speak to you both about the recent recruitment—"

"Tell Marlow I have been delayed," Justice hissed. "I will be there presently."

The worker looked from Justice to Dashel, obviously confused. One of the Marshals gave him an encouraging nudge back the way he had come. The man scampered off.

Justice and Dashel stood facing one another for several long heartbeats. The moment passed. Justice stepped closer, her words clipped.

"I'm well aware," she said. "And the situation hasn't improved, thanks to you."

"You can tell it to Marlow," Dashel said. "I'm sure he's going to be thrilled to hear that you're threatening the head of his guard."

Justice clenched her jaw, but took a step back. She motioned to her Marshals and continued down the hall. Dashel followed, still smiling. They arrived at the Governor-General's office a short time later. Marlow was alone, which was unusual. He was hunched over a ledger, comparing it to a spray of after-action reports that littered his desk. He looked up when they entered.

"Lady Justice. And Captain Dashel, just the man I was looking for." He turned to Justice. "I trust your operation went well?"

"I lost five Marshals, with seven more badly injured. They won't be available for duty any time soon," Justice said. "All because the Captain here couldn't be bothered to send the patrol he was supposed to."

"I just don't have a record of that request, ma'am," Dashel answered.

"I sent a runner—"

"Who had an unapproved request. Unapproved patrol requests don't get issued, Lady J," Dashel said. "I would help you sort this out, but I'm not really qualified. More of a field man. You understand. Sounds to me like you need a new Judge. Taking a bullet to the head has really impaired the last guy's performance."





Justice whirled on him, and the room went silent. Marlow's brow rose, but he stayed silent. Dashed's smirk faltered only briefly, but then he drew himself to his full height. Justice stalked toward him, one hand drifting to the hilt of her famous sword.

"You will speak of him with respect. With honor. He died protecting this city from filth like that traitor Douglas McMourning. The same man you can't be troubled to find because you don't have the right paperwork." The words dripped out of her mouth like venom. *Why did it have to be him?* Her mind went back to that day, the mists, the sound of gunfire and the Judge's life snuffed out. *Why not someone else. Anyone else. Why not Dashed?* Her hand instinctively inched closer to the grip of her blade. Dashed's eyes went wide.

"Marshal!" Marlow snapped. "That's enough, from both of you. We need to present a united front in these times of great chaos. The Guild is depending—"

"No more platitudes," Justice said. "Some people need to get what they deserve."

"I agree. Which is why I wanted to see you both," Marlow said. He searched his desk, shuffling paper aside until he found the right document. "Captain Dashed, in recognition of your outstanding service to the Guild, and as a reward for your persistent performance and unwavering duty, I hereby promote you to the rank of Commander. Here's your desk assignment, field commission, and current orders."

He held the document out to Dashed. The man's eyes lit up.

"Commander, eh? Sounds like a pay bump!" He took the paper, eyes beaming as he looked it up and down.

"It is. Be sure to thank Secretary Mattheson for his recommendation," Marlow said, then pushed a folio box across his desk. "Here you are."

"What's this?"

"Requisition forms, after action reports for the last six months, payroll schedules, and a duty list for the annual office party. All yours."

"What am I supposed to do with this?" Dashed asked, his face turning red as he took the box.

"I'd begin with collating the reports, then maybe start in on the payroll schedule," Marlow answered. "People like getting paid, I've been told."

Lady Justice couldn't help but smile.

"Sounds like you're going to need to learn how to read, *Commander*," she said brightly. "I'll be submitting my reports in the morning."

"As for you, Marshal," Marlow said. "We're beginning to increase our recruitment efforts. I've commissioned posters—"

"Yeah. I've heard about the posters."

"Yes, well. We're getting a new influx of initiates, but Dashed is right. You're going to need a new Judge to organize the ranks. Find someone, promote them, then submit the paperwork to the Commander. We need to get moving on this right away."

"Understood," Justice said. She swept out of the office before a trace of the emotion roiling up within her could show on her face.

Dashed stared down at the box of loose papers, his eyes going wide. "What the hell is a collate?" he muttered.



The new training automatons jerked across the sandy lot. They moved awkwardly, their metal hands clutching wooden swords, pistons chattering as they advanced in a wave. The old engineer responsible for keeping them maintained stood at a safe distance, equally excited as he was nervous about how they'd perform. He fidgeted with the buttons of his oil-stained overalls with one hand and clenched a tattered rag with the other.

The Marshal-initiates held their ground. Kasumai Hikota, an accomplished Death Marshal who had ended more than her fair share of the walking dead, stood by, barking out orders. To the casual observer, she bore none of the marks of the Death Marshal's transformation. She wore long pants and a tight-fitting jacket buttoned tight to her neck. Her glossy black hair was gathered into a topknot, matching the katana at her side; her father's sword, though none of the initiates knew that. Kasumai rested gloved hands on the katana's hilt, tilting her head as she reviewed the initiates. There was so much to correct, she thought, and so little time. But Justice was counting on her. She'd be damned if she let the Lady down.

"Collins, Peterson, Mack, hold that flank! You keep edging back. They're going to roll over your friends



## THE RISK OF REASON

like a fever. Tochi! Stay close! No extra points for getting killed first. The rest of you..." she glanced at the approaching dummies. "Brace... brace..."

"Strike!" she shouted. The mechanic jumped.

The initiates gave a rousing shout and charged into the ragged line of dummies. Given their jerky advance, the automatons did surprisingly well in the initial clash. Hoffman and his engineers must have focused their attentions on combat expertise, and less on steady maneuvers. That was fine with her. She'd rather her initiates learn to fight, and while there was nothing quite like the real thing, they were better than no opponent at all.

The initiates started well, crashing through the lines of automatons, but they lacked discipline and it showed. Tochi got too far ahead, per usual, and Collins and Mack drifted farther and farther to the right, leaving Peterson to his own devices. All four of them went down in a few seconds, and the rest of the initiates buckled and broke. They rushed across the sandy yard, all sense of an orderly retreat abandoned.

"Halt!" Kasumai commanded. The initiates ignored her, but the training dummies snapped to attention. *Maybe Hoffman has the right of it*, she thought. *Better to be obeyed.* She ordered the automatons back, then signaled for the medics to check on the fallen initiates. Peterson came up limping, but the rest fell back in line with little more than their pride wounded.

"Pathetic! Miserable! These," Kasumai slapped one of the dummies across the chest. It wobbled back but didn't fall over. "These are *machines!* Literally *dummies*, but you sorry lot can't hold a line together long enough to break them."

"Y'all want me to turn down their difficulty? Won't take much," the engineer interrupted, reaching for his wrench.

Kasumai didn't even acknowledge him. "What would you do if these were zombies, eh? If you find yourself lost in the sewers? Swarmed from all sides. You think you're going to get off with a nibble on the neck and a warning to try harder?"

"It's not a fair fight," Peterson grumbled. The big Irishman had been a disappointment from day one. She had been happy when he signed up, a hulking man like that should be able to hold his own in a fight. But he was soft. Marshals couldn't be soft, not

even with each other. "There's too many. And we're fighting with clubs. If I had a gun..."

"If you had a gun, I would have to give *them* guns, and then where would we be, friend? You want me to write that letter to your mother right now?" She marched across the field and got in the big man's face. Kasumai only came to the middle of his chest, but Peterson took a step back, fumbling his club to the ground. "Every fight is going to be unfair. Every murderer, walking corpse, and necromancer that you have to face is going to fight dirty. They're going to do everything they can to kill you. And one of the tactics they are quite fond of is bringing a lot of people to the fight. So." She kicked his dropped club into the air, caught it, and smacked it into his chest. He took it timidly. "You are going to learn to fight a big damn lot of people. And this time, you're going to hold the bloody line!"

Kasumai turned sharply away and marched back to her observation deck. She was halfway across the field when she heard him mumble.

"Still think it's too many..."

Kasumai stopped where she was, directly between the initiates and the automatons. She turned to Peterson, and with a dark look, she drew her sword. The steel came free of its sheath with a song.

"Begin!" she shouted.

"So that's a 'no,' then," the engineer mumbled to himself.

The automatons lumbered forward. She waited until they were almost upon her, her eyes steadily fixed on Peterson, listening to their shuffling approach. Kasumai saw one of them lift its club out of the corner of her eye, its shadow falling across her like an eclipse.

She moved.

The first dummy fell into three pieces, her sword cutting smoothly through the steel of its limbs. Runes flashed along the length of the blade. Whispers followed its every slash, and a bright wind, as though she pulled a banner of light through the air. She sidestepped past the falling dummy, threw a series of blocks that became a riposte, then dove into the middle of the mechanical mob. Hoffman had really outdone himself with these trainers. They coordinated, circling before striking together, falling back when she pressed, swarming as she tried to collect herself.



It didn't matter. The sound of her father's blade and the movement of her feet were a blur. Automata fell, spraying gears and leaking hydraulic liquids. In a surprising gambit, the whole mob rushed her at once with a coordinated attack, ignoring her blade to pile on top of her. She fell back, but there was nowhere to retreat. She cut, and they fell, but she was one and they were many. Her sword whirled in a cage of parries. She had to take a chance. She had to strike, or fall.

Kasumai gathered her willpower, the years of training under her father, and years more, watched by his ghost and the weight of her own expectations. She moved so fast that her muscles screamed out, her limbs wrenched. Requiring more than athletic skill, her speed became an inhuman blur of warped aggression. Pain filled her. Pain drove her. She turned the air into death, her blade tearing through the exposed steel and iron and air. The mechanical mass pressed in on her, and she cut them down.

They fell, clattering backward like dominos, bodies mingling with oily sand. Controlling her breathing, she stood alone in the center of the training ground, surrounded by broken gears, whirring springs, the spurt of hydraulic fluid, and the angry howl of an engineer.

"You... you..." his words stumbled out like an engine without oil as his eyes wandered over the mechanical rubble and back to the Marshal who created the mess. After a moment of red-faced sputtering, he tossed his wrench to the ground and fumbled for his tobacco pouch.

She flicked metal shavings from her blade, ran it across the sheath, then seated it home. The initiates were staring at her. No, not at her. Well past her and the stomping mad engineer.

Applause from a single viewer, near the entrance of the lot. She turned and saw Lady Justice standing alone. Kasumai's heart jumped as the head of the Death Marshals approached.

"Impressive," Lady Justice said, ignoring the old engineer's locomotive muttering. She turned to the rest of the recruits, her voice rigid. "You're dismissed."

The Marshals-to-be picked up their weapons and shuffled away from the training grounds without comment, though not without a few backward glances.

"That means you too, old man," Peterson said as he knelt down and grabbed a handful of parts near the

panicked, chimney-smoking engineer. "We'll clean this mess up later."

"Someone sure as hell is, cause I'm not!" A cloud of smoke lingered around him until he was herded away from the training grounds, leaving his muttering curses behind.

As soon as they were gone, Justice continued. "Keep that up and you'll bankrupt the Guild just trying to keep our initiates supplied with training dummies." She nearly smiled.

"My apologies," she answered, bowing sharply. "It won't happen again. The lesson needed to be taught."





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"And a hell of a lesson it is. I knew you were the right hand for this job. But..." Justice looked over to the fallen dummies. "Kasumai, these are dark, difficult days, and there are many more ahead. Sometimes you have to embrace that darkness for the greater good. Do you understand this balance?"

"I believe so, yes," Kasumai said.

"I thought so. I have something more to ask of you, Kasumai. A task that requires sacrifice."

"You know I will do whatever you need, Lady Justice. My sword belongs to the Guild. When my father—"

Lady Justice laid a hand on Kasumai's shoulder.

"You don't understand what I'm asking you to surrender," Justice interrupted. "The Guild has asked much of your family. I am asking more."

"What more is there to give?" Kasumai asked. "The life of the Death Marshal is a life of sacrifice. My father would be proud of the name I've made for myself in your service. Whatever you demand, the name of House Hikota will be honored."

Justice's smile was almost sad. She knew what she had to ask, and what the damage it had done to a person she once dearly cared for. It wasn't easy to ask the question a second time.

"And that is what I must take from you," Justice said. "There are tasks that can have no name attached to them. Masks that we must wear to do the Guild's bidding, without the burden of our own history. Our own identity."

Kasumai understood. Her eyes widened.

"The Judge," she said. Justice nodded.

Kasumai looked down at the sword in her hand. Her father's sword, and her father's ghost. Everything he had given and asked her to give, all for the honor of the name. She sheathed the blade.

"I accept," the Judge answered.

"There won't be any ceremony. No initiation. There isn't time." She paused, second-guessing whether she should even mention it. "I think we found him, but I need to be sure."

"You did? Where?"

"I'll need those Marshals ready. A few days tops. Consider it your first assignment."

"They'll be ready."

She was already confident that she made the right choice. "Good."



Barely a day had passed before Kasumai, now known only as the Judge until death itself took the name back from her, had rallied the recruits. They stood in the middle of an empty street as a ring of dully lit lanterns, staring down at a manhole cover just a few blocks inside the Quarantine Zone.

"It's time to earn the badge," the Judge said as she adjusted the buttons on her coat sleeves. "Who's first?"

Peterson gave a vacant expression while Tochi, the youngest, reached down and pulled the cover free from the road before turning his attention to the black hole, straining to hear anything unusual. When all he heard was the slow dripping of water, he grabbed the sides of the shaft and his lantern before dropping feet first. The rest followed, the recruits ending with Peterson and then finally with the Judge, who made sure to readjust the manhole cover before landing in the sewer water.

"Welcome to the house of the dead," Peterson said to himself as he reached for his Peacebringer. A quip to calm his nerves.

"Keep your guns holstered," The Judge whispered as she reached out and placed her hand on Peterson's revolver, pushing it down. "The first one who fires tonight without my say ends up on latrine duty for the next month. And that's if you're lucky. One shot could trigger a horde down here, so don't be stupid and get us all killed."

Peterson responded with a groan.

"So what's the plan?" Tochi asked, ready to charge into the darkness.

"Clean-up duty. Time to test your mettle." Before anyone had the chance to respond to her, the Judge knocked twice on a nearby hollow pipe with her knuckle. A dull ring reverberated through the tunnels.

It wasn't long until the sound of dragging feet and slack-jawed moans responded. As soon as Tochi saw three thin, gray fingers wrap around the bend of the sewer, he stomped through the muck to meet it head on, holding the Peacebringer in his hand like a knife.



The thing's rotten head, held weakly to the rest of its body by torn and stretched tendons, lolled to the side. Glazed eyes rolled as it clumsily lunged toward the young Death Marshal. In response Tochi drove the Peacebringer's blade down on the already-severing flesh of its neck, finishing the job.

With eyes wide, Peterson caught up to Tochi, trampling loudly through the sewage. He patted Tochi's back. "Took the weight off *his* shoulders, eh?" Peterson turned a corner and what he saw immediately washed the smile from his face. In the blackness, sets of shining eyes looked back. Rather than fear the sight of a Death Marshal, they were like moths to a flame.



The rest of the recruits caught up to Peterson and Tochi, and within moments a wall of chains and blades met with a wall of rotten flesh; each Marshal looking for their own form of glory, vengeance, or validation. Peterson grabbed the skull of a nearby mindless zombie and crushed it against the concrete wall. Collins launched the side of his fist into an unsuspecting mouth, then pulled down on its jaw like a lever. Mack wrapped his chains around an undead's neck and twisted like a tourniquet until it fell from its shoulders. Tochi stabbed and stabbed into nearby torsos. When one shambling undead lunged, a Death Marshal initiate was there to intercept. It was as though the training exercise had been with an entirely different group of recruits. Or perhaps all they needed was a reason to fight.

The Judge stayed back and watched the carnage unfold. Despite their fearlessness, she wasn't entirely pleased. Overconfidence is like standing at the pinnacle before falling into the pit. She couldn't afford to lose any of them, not on her first mission. But she did see progress. Maybe that was enough.

Her concerns were soon realized. The undead were seemingly unending. There were at least a dozen in view, and likely more around each dark corner. Peterson and Collins were smart enough to fall back and regain their footing, but Tochi hadn't yet noticed that they were about to be overwhelmed. As soon as he lifted his head and saw the stretch of sewer filled with walking corpses, something grabbed at his ankles and pulled him into the water. Like falling trees in a hurricane, three zombies toppled with him, clawing and biting at his leather duster.

Peterson turned to face the Judge, stunned, hoping she had an answer to the small horde.

"Forget what I said! Fire away!" she shouted above the brawling chaos.

With a savage smile, Peterson turned and unloaded his revolver into the zombies atop Tochi. Collins pulled him out from the sewage, eyes wild and panicked.

The Judge watched the muzzle flashes, knowing what would come next. She had made a mistake bringing them down here, underestimating the sheer volume of the shambling undead below the city streets. And soon, thanks to the thunderous cracks of Peterson's gun, they were going to be overwhelmed by countless more.



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With that vile necromancer Nicodem finally in the ground, were the zombies that were left over just wandering, uncontrolled? These recruits weren't ready. Was she?

"Fall back!" the Judge shouted, preparing for the worst. Her ears were ringing from the gunfire. She couldn't tell if she was just mouthing the words, and had no time to wait to see if they heard her. She reached down, released her Peacebringer from its holster, and aimed down the sights.

But when the Judge turned to fire, she held back from pulling the trigger. Rather than see her initiates overwhelmed by the undead, instead the recruits were busy hacking away at necrotic limbs. Peterson planted his boot into a zombie's ribcage while Collins drove his blade into those that fell. Tochi remained mostly frozen as the rest of the recruits snuffed out the remaining straggling corpses, but even he brought his heel down on a skull or two.

Only the slow and crawling were left, and there were no immediate signs of more. They'd have to leave soon before that changed.

"See? Told you we'd be better off with guns." Peterson said.

"That was fifteen feet of the sewer lines. There are miles down here. This wasn't even scratching the surface," the Judge paused, her ears still ringing. "Now you see the importance of what we do, and how quickly things can turn sour. All it takes is one wrong move. Speaking of... Tochi, you all right?"

Still shaking off the shellshock, Tochi nervously nodded.

"Good. Training is over. Take the night to clean yourselves up. The Lady has a mission for us."



Douglas McMourning scuttled through the abandoned boarding school, his arms burdened with stacks of jars. His collection of knives clanged loudly off his hip. The jars were nearly worthless, the chemicals they contained mostly spoiled or too weak to perform the necessary alchemy. But they were also all he had left, so he was making due.

"Making due, making due," he muttered to himself. "Always making due. A pity there's no fame in that."

A brick crashed through the window in front of him, spraying glass across the hallway. McMourning pulled back, nearly dropping his assemblage of jars, then hurried to the window. A gang of kids ran laughing from the alleyway. *Brats. Should sic the guards on... oh, right. No guards.* He chewed his lip for a while. He was going to have to do something about that. A puppy, perhaps? Children loved puppies. And McMourning's puppy had a taste for children. Something to consider. Later.

For now, he had to get down to the lab. A doctor's work was never done, especially in a city like Malifaux. The dead just kept dying. Supply and demand.

The abandoned school was shaped like a giant horseshoe; classrooms in the middle, residence halls on the left, and the labs on the right. The quad was long-since overgrown. He was pretty sure something was living in there. Maybe a subject for the next experiment. *Once these damned kids are sorted out!*

He had turned the labs into a charnel house. Not the purpose they were meant for, nor one they were suited to, but, again, making due. When he came across the school, these labs were equipped with nothing more interesting than a Bunsen burner and a collection of dusty beakers. McMourning had fixed all that. Still, it was the bare minimum needed to jumpstart dead bodies. Hardly acceptable at all.

"Those kids were at the back gate again," he announced when he came into the lab. No one answered. Didn't he have an assistant? McMourning thought back to his last conversation and, yes, someone had answered his questions. He had even told them to fetch some fresh bodies. McMourning looked around. Yes, there were new bodies. Someone else *must* be here. "I said—"

"S-sorry, sorry boss. I thought the kids were part'a the plan," Sebastian answered. His saw lay disassembled on one of the back tables. Rather than cleaning it, he appeared to be smearing filth in the crevices. "Blending in with the neighborhood and all that."

"Stop wasting time with apologies and start being useful for once. Something has to be done about it! I can't have them breaking windows and stealing... stealing..." McMourning looked around the broken room and sighed. "Well. Not much to steal, really. Getting expensive to replace all the equipment that blind bat and her damned Marshals keep confiscating from my labs. No sense of propriety, that woman. At least she's too dense to look under her own nose." He rubbed his face. "Hmm. Just... do something about those kids, Sebastian."



"You want me to... uh... bring them here?"

"What? No. Good god, no. Disgusting. Children give me the creeps. Small people. Makes no sense. Put them in a jar or something. Fill these up." McMourning dropped his burden on one of the tables, letting them slosh around. Sebastian glanced up. None of the jars were larger than a human head.

"Uh huh," he said, nodding enthusiastically.

"Good, good. Now. Where was I? Hmm. Ah, yes, more bodies." He went to the closest corpse. An interesting specimen. Might have died of many things. Consumption. Rotgut. Fright. Of course, there was the large hole in the corpse's chest cavity, apparently put there by some sort of blade, but it was no good jumping to conclusions. Had to be thorough. Leave nothing to chance. McMourning measured the dead man's limbs, then started removing them, one at a time.

"Do you know what I miss, Sebastian?" he mused as he worked.

"Pillows with pillow cases?"

McMourning stared blankly at Sebastian for a long moment, then tilted his head down as he rubbed the bridge of his nose.

"No, you fathead. I miss the Enclave. Such good lighting in that room. And the coffee was top notch."

"Maybe they'd take you back?" Sebastian ventured. He was just returning the blade to his saw. Once it was locked in place, he gave it a spin. The whole contraption rattled dangerously, as though it was about to fly apart. "Maybe you could dress as a woman? It worked for Seamus."





"Oh, yes, an excellent idea. Or maybe I could just zip myself into a body bag and have it delivered to the front door, care of Lady Justice. Do you think that would work, Sebastian?"

"A body bag, boss?" Sebastian rubbed his ample chin. "Well. They look comfortable enough. And this lot never complain about it. Do you really think they would—"

The severed finger slapped against Sebastian's cheek, sliding sticky and cold down his face before plopping on the floor. Sebastian stared at it.

"Next time I'm throwing the whole hand," McMourning said. "Better yet, next time I'm going to cut off your fingers and throw them at those leeches. Now clean that up!"

"Yes, boss. Should I go ahead and throw this at the kids?"

"I don't give a rat's—"

Something crashed toward the front of the school. McMourning grimaced.

"Bloody little parasites. Find your own school!"

Loud voices followed the commotion. Orders being given. Boots marching down deserted hallways. Justice, being delivered.

"Those kids sound like they got bigger boots now," Sebastian said.

"Quiet," McMourning's eyes darted from every window and door to the room, listening intently to the commotion outside. "Oh, yes, now I remember why I hated the Enclave. Someone's always kicking in doors and asking questions." He cleaned his hands, using the dead man's face as a towel. "Well, don't just stand there! Go rouse the welcoming party. About time they earned their keep!"



The front door cracked open under the Riotbreaker's heavy shield. The big construct ducked into the dilapidated school, before unfolding to its full height. The ruin of the door slid off its bulky frame, raining shattered plaster and dust. The light from its glowing eye scanned the room. Customized to deal with the type of mob that tends not to listen or be intimidated, the slowly spinning barrels of its Gatling gun swept from door to door. There was no response.

Lady Justice stepped through the breach, climbing nimbly over the ruin of the front wall, and made her way to the center of the room. Broken trophy cases lay abandoned in the front hallway. The peeling portraits of a former headmaster lay slashed and forgotten on the floor. She let her senses spread throughout the building. The scuttling of mice, the drip and drop of broken pipes, a rattling shutter... empty.

*But he was here, he had to be.* The description those children gave the guards... the stacks of bodies by the foyer, and the familiar stink of formaldehyde meant something was off. Those dots could have connected to just about any necromancer, but Justice was driven by vengeance.

"Clear!" Justice shouted. The troop of Marshals swept in behind her, followed by the newly appointed Judge. The woman stopped next to Justice, admiring the hulking construct that loomed over them.

"Never worked with one of the big boys, before," the Judge said. "How'd you wrangle that?"

"There are these things called requisition forms," she gave a sardonic smile, thinking back on Dashed angrily stamping paperwork behind stacks of papers on his desk. "Take half into the northern wing and have the others swing around. I'm heading southward. This has McMourning's stench all over it. He's here somewhere." At least, she hoped.

"We'll find him," the Judge said. She drew her blade and faced her charges. "Tochi, Mack, the two of you take these guardsmen and sweep this building. Collins, you stick with the Lady and guard her back. Peterson, you, and the other guards are with me."

Peterson grimaced as he fell in step behind the Judge. The rest of the Marshals went about their assigned tasks without complaint. Justice listened, silently pleased. It was good to have someone else to help with shared responsibilities. She should have done this months ago.

A narrow Death Marshal stepped to the fore and waited patiently. Although a recent recruit, he was already showing early signs that the toil of the Death Marshals training and magic takes upon its members. He might have been handsome once; sandy blond hair hung down over his face, but when he brushed it aside, the skin there had taken on a ghostly aura, and the eye on that side was black as ink. This man was as good as dead, on Justice's orders and in the service of the Guild.



"You must be Collins," she said. He nodded silently. "This way."

The school was a bit of a puzzle. It looked like the fancy boarding schools that dotted the expensive parts of Malifaux City. Wooden panels lined the hallways, though their varnish had lost its gloss, and moisture and mold had long ago split the panels and turned them gray. Every fixture and frame at one time had been gilt in gold, though patient looters had scavenged much of that. Possibly the same boys who had tipped her off about the school's new resident. The carpet on the floor had been tightly knit at one point, expensive, but had long fallen to ruin as well.

Why would anyone build a school like this so close to the slums? Who would pay good scrip to send their children to board in the shadow of the Quarantine Zone? No wonder the place had failed.

She led Collins to the southern wing of the school. She didn't think that the troops searching the main building would find anything, but the Judge was right to check, just in case. If McMourning was here, the whole place could be stuffed with corpses, waiting to rise at his command.

"Justice." The voice came from behind her, dry and rattling, the voice of a dead man. She whipped around, bringing her sword up, ready to strike. Her blade came down inches from Collin's neck. The Marshal froze, eyes wide.

"Sorry," he said haltingly. It was his voice, his tongue black and withered, lying fallow in his mouth. No wonder he hadn't spoken earlier. "Didn't mean to startle you. You should know... I've been here before. A long time ago."

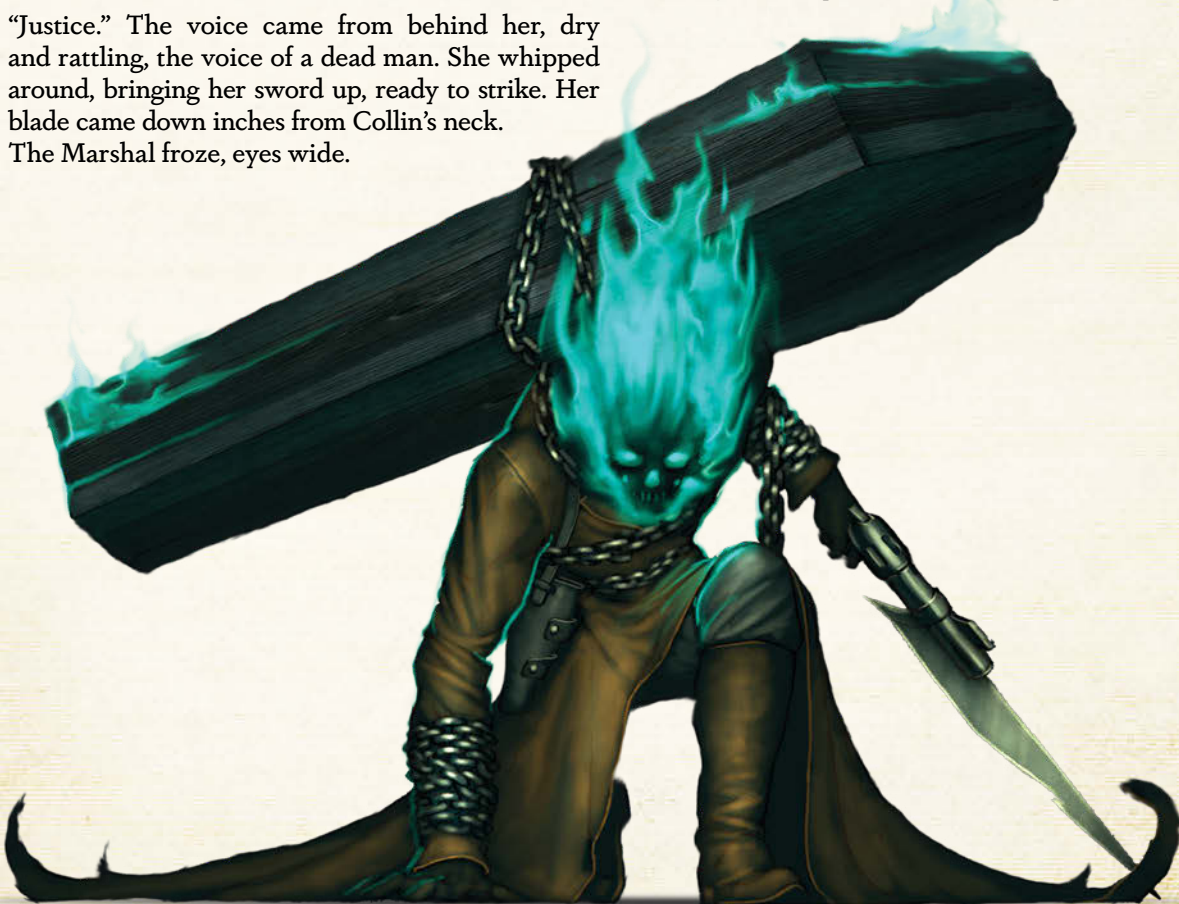
"You have? Why?"

"Amy, my daughter, went here," he said. The Marshal crossed the hallway, to where part of the ceiling had collapsed, covering the wall. He shoved it aside, revealing a plaque. "She was a good kid."

He didn't have to spell it out. She understood. Justice came closer to the plaque, running her fingertips against the engraved letters. Sister Margaret's School of Sciences. There were a lot of other capital letters that basically said *charity*. Justice shook her head.

"It wasn't a bad place," Collins said. His voice sounded like gravel. He coughed, rubbing his throat. "She loved it here. But, ah, she... Yeah. So I became a Marshal."

She had a hard time imagining what the place looked like before the disarray but knew it was difficult for the man to speak of his lost daughter, so she changed the subject. "Do you remember the layout?"





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He nodded, apparently unwilling to suffer the sound of his own voice.

“Were there labs? Science labs, maybe an infirmary?”

Collins nodded again, then pointed toward the end of the hall, then down.

“Show me,” Justice said, hope rising again.



The Judge kicked in the first door she came to, splintering it apart in cheap plywood fragments. This part of the school was very different than the main building. Wooden paneling had been replaced with stone walls and low, arched doorways. Long hallways stretched the length of the building, connected by narrow staircases at each end. There were doors every few feet, flimsy and locked from the outside. It looked more like a prison. Words were etched over the doors. *Suffer to be Saved. Stone sharpens Stone. Fire burns the Wicked.* She couldn't figure out the capitalization routine. She suspected the artist hadn't either.

The room she had just entered was cold and coffin narrow. A barred window let in a trickle of light, revealing a single bed, a desk with chair, and a trunk. She kicked the trunk open. Mildewed clothes lay rotting in neat stacks, weighed down by a student's notebook and ink set. She looked around the room. Not even fit for a corpse.

“Open each room in turn,” she said. “Let me know if you find anything important.”

“What qualifies as important?” Peterson asked.

“You know why we're here,” the Judge answered. “Bodies, Peterson. We're looking for bodies. The kind of thing a monster like McMourning might keep in his closet.”

“Glamorous,” he said. “I'll get right on it.”

The Judge gave the room one last look. A miserable place. No wonder it had failed. She just wanted to be out of here before nightfall. This place was starting to give her the creeps.



Broken glass littered the hallway. Someone had smashed one of the windows overlooking the school's courtyard. Following closely on Lady Justice's heels, Collins looked through the broken window and saw where the Judge and her small patrol were working their way through the opposite wing of the school. Flickering lantern light shone through narrow, barred windows. Justice thought about sending word to the Judge that she thought she knew where McMourning was, but decided against it. She wanted to face the bastard herself. She motioned Collins forward, and the Marshal led her down the hall.

“So, your daughter... was she the reason why you joined up?” she asked. Collins nodded. “Your voice isn't going to bother me, Collins. I've heard worse.”

“Ma'am,” he said. He cleared his throat again, a sound like sandpaper grinding on gravel. “Labs are right here.”

The double doorway Collins indicated was made of graying wood, the word SCIENCE stenciled across its center. Justice stilled her breathing and extended her senses. Silence. But the dead were never a talkative bunch. Something else tickled at her senses, though. That familiar stink mingled with rotten plaster. She put her hand to the nearest wall. Her fingers came back sticky. Embalming fluid leaked through the paint... it was everywhere. She turned sharply to the recruit.

“Get back to the Judge. Tell her to watch the walls,” she snapped. “Something's not right.”

“But McMourning—”

“Go! If McMourning's here, I'll handle him,” Justice said. Collins hesitated, staring at the dilapidated doors of the laboratory. “That was an order, Collins.”

The recruit ducked his head and hurried off. He'd make a good Marshal, someday. If he ever got over his voice. Once he was gone, Justice drew her blade and crept toward the doors. The sound of dripping liquid echoed through the hallway. She paused just in front of the door, then coiled her body and slammed through, bursting into the lab.

None other than Douglas McMourning stood in near total darkness, watching the door, a manic grin on his face. Justice hesitated. The doctor was leaning against an observation table, his arms folded, apparently alone.



"Found you, you coward! Tired of running?" she asked.

"Ha! I am tired of being *pursued*," he said. "Though it is flattering. A doctor of my calling isn't exactly beating back admirers with a cudgel. So. Hmm. How is the Enclave is my absence?"

She didn't respond. She gritted her teeth and stalked forward.

"Still a preserved cadaver just as I left it, or has the rot finally begun to settle in without me? Ha! Hmm."

He really was alone. McMourning pushed off his perch, arms still folded, and strolled casually around the table in front of him. There was a body lying there, wrapped in sheets. As Justice coldly marched forward, the doctor ignored her, going about the business of uncovering the body on the table as he pontificated.

If she could get close enough to strike while he was distracted, she could-

Lady Justice's attention faded. The body McMourning was unwrapping wore a Guild uniform. The side of the head facing her was a bloody ruin; skull caved in by a jagged puncture wound, entering near the eye, the exit wound turning the back of the head into a puzzle box of small white bones. The blond hair was matted with gore. A mouth surrounded in old rot. She drew closer. McMourning looked up at her.

"What's the matter, Justice? Lose someone?" he asked. With two fingers, he tilted the head toward her. The bones and ligaments of the neck protested, crackling as the skull settled onto the table. A black puff of smoke escaped an old wound. Half a face stared at her. Half a face that she had once loved.

Justice didn't answer. She vaulted the two tables that stood between them, sword drawn overhead, crashing through the low-hanging lights, sending sparks flying. Like a striking snake, McMourning reacted quicker than she thought possible, pushing the table toward her, tumbling the corpse onto the floor. The corpse of her onetime Judge flopped unceremoniously to the ground in a meaty thunk. With a strangled cry, she moved with a single-minded purpose, hurdling across the table that stood between them, sword in hand. She landed next to him and swung down, cutting into a nearby counter like kindling.

But like the snake he was, McMourning was already gone, slithered away into the shadows. Justice gaped in horror at the Judge's cold body, his one eye looking up at her in glassy silence.

"How... how did you..." She wanted to scream, to gnash her teeth in rage and wail at the world. Instead, she choked off an angry sob, clamping her mouth shut in a feral grimace. She wouldn't give the bastard the pleasure of knowing that he had struck a telling blow.

"What? You took one friend away, so I had to make another." McMourning's voice came from the back of the lab. Something clouded her perception, as though a heavy fog lay in the air. "He's not that much of a talker, I admit, but he's been such a wonderful conversation piece!"

Lady Justice charged forward silently, sword swinging, heart shut tight in her chest. McMourning's shadow slipped away from her. The closer she got, the faster he fled.

*Good choice, she thought. When I catch you, there won't be enough left to feed to the rats!*



The Judge paused in yet another empty room. This wasn't getting anywhere. And while she was glad that the dead weren't jumping out from every shadow as they did in the sewers, the unnerving calm was stretching everyone's patience to the limit. Then she thought she had heard something; a scream, a yell...

"Quiet, everyone listen," the Judge whispered. After a moment, she went to the window, her head still cocked, trying to catch the faint sound she heard. Nothing. Maybe there was movement in that room down on the first floor of the opposite wing. Hard to tell... there weren't any lights. Not that the Lady needed light, of course, but surely Collins couldn't manage without sight.

They had reached the end of the hallway. Other than a communal bathroom at the center of the hall, all of the doors had led to the same empty rooms — cots, desks, mildew. The stink was starting to cling to her. Gods knew how long it would take to wash off. She went out into the hallway. Peterson was just emerging from the room across the way. The assigned guardsmen were alert but relaxed in the stairwell as they watched the Marshals investigate further.

"Anything?" one of them asked.

"This floor is clear. Head to the next..." The Judge's voice trailed off as a figure appeared at the far end



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of the hall. It was Collins, running at top speed. She pulled her Peacebringer and aimed just beyond him, fearing something was in pursuit. When it was obvious that nothing was chasing him down, she turned her attention to the winded Collins. "What is it? Where's the Lady?" Her eyes darted back to the hall behind him.

"The Lady sent me back to you." He glanced over his shoulder as Mack and Tochi crested the stairs, surrounded by their guard contingent. They hurried to stand behind Collins, looking just as confused as the Judge felt. "She said there was something wrong with the walls."

"Wrong with the walls?" the Judge asked. She looked at the mildewed plaster. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Just then, the grimy window shook as something across the courtyard exploded. Collins grabbed his sword. "She's on her own," he rasped.

"Not for long. Peterson, finish up here. The rest of you with me," she said.

"Oh, boss says you ain't going nowhere." A short, squat man descended the stairs at the far end of the hallway. Sebastian, the Judge thought. *McMourning is here!* With an awkward gait, he strolled into the hallway, swinging an enormous power saw. "Boss has plans for you lot." Spittle flew from his lips as he laughed at the surprised look on the guardsmen before him. Slapping his thigh, he accidentally tapped the trigger of the saw. "Oh, shoot—" the saw roared to life, blade dancing off the ground and nearly jerking the device out of his hands. "Thing's gotta mind'a its own..."

"Idiot," the Judge muttered. She signaled to the recruits. "Everyone, on me! Stay together, and—"

"Here it is. Thought I dropped it." Sebastian pulled something out of his pocket and flipped a switch. "Wakey, wakey!"

She felt a wave of power wash off Sebastian like an explosion, rippling through the air. Whatever the device was, it crackled and smoked briefly in his hand, eliciting a surprised yowl from the misshapen man. Tossing it to the ground, Sebastian quickly blew on his fingers before wiping his scarred hand on the grimy bib of his coveralls.

Noises filled the hallway. Linen ripping and bones cracking. In the room next to her, the Judge heard tearing cloth and splintering wood. She chanced a look inside.

A hand ripped free from the mattress, tearing through the desiccated sheets. The hand was spotted with mold and rot. A shoulder followed, then a head. The corpse reached toward her.

"Found those bodies," Peterson said. The guardsmen looked around for an escape, slowly realizing that every room was a trap, and every trap had been sprung. They backed hurriedly toward the Judge's position.

At least she knew the layout of the sewers. This place was unknown to her; the Judge had to think fast. "Down the stairs," she snapped. "We'll go across the courtyard and meet up with Justice." They stood around her, dumbstruck. "Get moving!"

Tochi, still a nervous wreck, shook himself out of his daze. He ran past the Judge, nearly shouldering her aside in his rush to escape. He made it to the stairs and started to clatter down, barely touching the steps.

Five steps in, the whole staircase collapsed. Tochi shouted and then disappeared into an avalanche of falling timber. The sound of the collapse was deafening. The Judge rushed toward him, but there was no helping the fallen man. Blinking through the dust cloud, she made out his broken form within the rubble. There was nothing she could do. The steady revving sound of Sebastian's saw soon cut through the clatter of falling and settling timber.

"The walls," the Judge muttered.

She turned to face Sebastian as zombies burst from the walls and lurched into the hallway. Wooden shards and metallic springs pierced their skin as they tore themselves free of their recesses. A panel in the ceiling splintered before collapsing under the weight of hidden bodies. Half a dozen corpses flopped in a tangle of limbs and viscera to the floor before slowly pushing themselves upright.

"Forget the stairs. We cut through," the Judge said. She drew her blade, relishing the sound of her father's sword leaving its sheath. "Stay close."



"I've been thinking a lot about you, Justice. Bodies interest me," McMourning said as he ducked under her sword, still backpedaling. "How they work, how they don't. You, for example, don't work in *very* interesting ways."



Justice refused to be baited by the madman. She set her heels, checked the swing, then brought the sword down in a quick strike, forcing McMourning to scramble to the side.

"It's your eyes. I never did quite understand them, but I will. By the end of this, you'll be on that table, and I'll be—" ducking another swing, he skidded sideways across the floor, coming to a stop next to a small table covered with instruments. He reached for a circular saw, dragging the blade across the metal tip of the tray. Its teeth chattered and sang a song of promised pain. "I thought you wanted to help people. Imagine the things we could learn. The people you could save. Wouldn't it be eye-opening. Ha! Hmm."

Justice kicked the intervening table aside and pointed her blade at McMourning's belly, quickly following him as he retreated. There wasn't a lot more space for him to run. He kept looking behind him.

"And that got me thinking... just how does she do it? The carnage you cause. Is it instinct or something more? The last person who got close enough to figuring it out lost his head! Ha! Hmm. Poor, poor Nicodem. Don't worry, dear. I'll get to the bottom of it." McMourning was wild-eyed and grinning. "Even if it means I have to pluck those pretty little eyes from your skull and take a look myself."

Justice dashed forward. McMourning watched her charge as he licked his lips, measuring, waiting. What was he doing? She was nearly to him when the doctor slapped the table next to him. Something clicked into place.

The explosion caught Justice by surprise. The blast sent her tumbling to the ground. Medical equipment broke her fall as she slid to a halt against an overturned desk. A cloud of roiling smoke, putrid and green, wafted over her. McMourning emerged from the murk, grinning as wide as ever.

"Those eyes don't sense everything, do they? Hmm. How does it work? Tell me!" He plucked wax out of his ears, then worked his jaw until his ears popped. "Do you hear your prey? And, if deafened, is Justice truly blind? Ha!" He strolled over to her, nearly dancing. Lady Justice lay still, head tilted against the overturned desk. McMourning kicked her sword away, then raised his saw and knelt, reaching for the blindfold. "Only one way to find out! Shall we?"

A shard of jagged glass sliced through his wrist, severing tendons and sending a spurt of blood across his coat. He dropped the saw and cursed, spitting profanities as he watched the exposed ligaments in his wrist tighten. Justice tossed the shard aside, then wrapped bloody fingers around McMourning's throat.

"I could be blind, deaf, and numb, but you still stink worse than a month old corpse," she hissed.

"Experiment failed, then," McMourning croaked through a crazed, toothy smile. In a flash, he dragged a scalpel across the soft flesh of Justice's arm, freeing himself from her grasp. Stumbling backward, McMourning fell over the discarded sword, crab-walking the last few feet to put distance between them.

Justice rose, ignoring the gash in her arm. She retrieved her blade and coldly stalked toward the doctor.

Getting to his feet in a panic, McMourning produced a filthy vial from his pocket and tore the stopper free with his teeth. He screamed and laughed as he poured it over his wound; flesh seared and bubbled while the glowing liquid rolled across his skin. "That is so annoying," his voice was suddenly like gurgling venom. "That was my last one. Do you have any idea how long it takes to break down a Soulstone into a liquid? Not to mention the scar..." He twisted his wrist and watched his skin slither across the wound, forming a jagged scab in seconds.

"Speaking of scars," McMourning murmured through clenched teeth, still struggling through the pain. "Maybe we should schedule that exam for another time. For now... perhaps a reunion?"

The groan and creak of stiff flesh sounded behind her. Even without looking, she knew what he had done.

"You're a monster," she whispered. McMourning smiled.

"*There's my broken flower,*" the dead Judge said. Only it wasn't his voice. It couldn't be. It was deeper, darker. Distant. Justice turned and raised her pistol. Her hand shook nervously for a moment before steadying, offsetting the weight of her greatsword in the other.

He cocked his head to the side unnaturally, as if taking a moment to understand what it meant to be



## THE RISK OF REASON

alive again. The bloodstained bandana fell from his face, revealing a white and red bony jaw. With one eye, he stared into the barrel of the gun.

*“This is how you greet me? After so long?”* His words dragged like a snake stalking its prey.

Justice pulled the hammer back and took a deep breath.



The Judge shoved a zombie back, drawing her blade across its belly as it fell. From the parted flesh poured viscous, rotten guts. The creature clawed at her face, digging long ruts into her cheeks. Swinging again, she removed its arm and then finally its head.

Three more took its place, and several dozen refused to wait their turn. The shuffling corpses clawed and climbed their way over the fallen, forming a wall of shifting rot and bony fingers.

Within the surrounding horde, Sebastian darted between legs and torsos, snickering like a child as he inched closer to the Marshals. A guardsman saw his failed attempts at hiding in plain sight and started firing, but the short, stout accomplice vanished into the mass of graying flesh before the bullets could connect. Moments after pulling the trigger, the wall closest to the guardsman split open from Sebastian's saw. The revving blade tore through the guard's kneecap and up into his thigh, shredding away the muscle and bone.

Another guard stepped through the gap in the wall, sword in hand, only to have his arm severed from his body. Blood painted the ceiling. Sebastian wiped his face clean, then picked up the arm from the floor and offered it to the shocked guard lying against the wall, bleeding out.

“Lost somethin’,” he said with a malicious grin on his face. Sebastian disappeared into the shambling pack as quickly as he came. Only his laughter remained.

As the Judge drove her sword through a zombie's jaw, she turned to avoid the stench and coagulated blood that spewed from the wound, and through a window between the wall of flesh, she saw the Riotbreaker in the courtyard below being overwhelmed by the undead like a swarm of locusts.

With its gears clogged from gore, its chassis dented, and its eye pulled from its socket, the Riotbreaker blindly let loose a barrage from its Gatling gun, only for the barrel to be lifted and turned toward the hallway where the Judge and company were held down. Bullets sprayed indiscriminately, piercing through the wall of zombies, then cutting into the Death Marshals themselves.

There was no time to react. As Collins was reloading his Peacebringer, two bullets connected with his chest and then his neck.

In the center of the swarm being cut down from the Riotbreaker's onslaught, sparks flew from Sebastian's revving blade and the ceramic floor beneath him. Flashes of orange and white revealed that he was cutting a hole while bouncing from foot to foot, as though he were dancing in excitement. He even started to whistle.

Mack was the first to notice in the chaos, and let loose bullet after bullet. One met the hand that Sebastian used to steady the bouncing circular saw. McMourning's lackey shook his hand in pain, then put the wound to his mouth, lapping up the blood that poured from his palm. He looked toward the Death Marshal recruit, eyes filled with madness and a mouth full of his own blood, then kicked down onto the floor, opening a hole to the ground below. Sebastian shook his bloodied hand, offering an obscene gesture to the Death Marshal before smiling and jumping down the freshly made hole.

The continuing sound of the Riotbreaker's bullets entering through flesh and wood soon became muffled as the mass of zombies surrounding the construct became too thick to fire through. Then the gunfire unceremoniously ended as its limbs were torn from its metallic body. The zombies continued to inch their way out of the walls and into the hallway, some now pocked full of gaping, smoking holes. From the courtyard, the muffled *whoomph* of the exploding Riotbreaker was followed by shards of flying metal and dismembered corpses.

Within a matter of moments, the situation went from dire to desperate. Collins was down, grabbing at the bloody ruin of his throat, while Mack and Peterson crouched back to back. Most of the guardsmen were just so much gore littering the hallway, bodies torn and misshapen. Others had managed their escape before the havoc let loose, but the Judge could see their bodies twitching at the end of the hallway. How long until they joined the ranks of the undead and added to the fight?



"Get out of here!" the Judge shouted. "There are too many!"

"Where's the Lady?" Peterson shouted in desperation.

The Judge fired a round into another zombie, then clicked empty. *Good question*, she thought, her mind reeling.



Justice and the former Judge circled one another. She couldn't find it in her to pull the trigger. Despite his head looking like an eclipsed moon, his skin gray and disintegrating, he still had the same charming toss of blond hair. He was still her Judge. But a whisper in the back of her mind told her otherwise. His soul was lost when they had brought down Nicodem together. Whatever stood in front of her now was something else entirely, a false or lost memory. The hair toss wasn't even the same when most of it was matted with dried blood and rotting bits of brain.

"It's true, isn't it," McMourning broke the silence. "Those eyes really are something special. Little birds have told me such interesting things about you as of late, Lady Justice. To be frank, I couldn't believe it myself. The things we bury to protect those we love. Ha! Hmm."

Without hesitation, she swung her arm out and shot at McMourning without even looking in his direction, just barely missing. The bullet connected with a beaker full of an acidic liquid, which splashed against his coat and onto the floor. McMourning jumped and let out a nervous laugh. In the time it took her to pull the trigger, the zombie-fied Judge closed the distance between them without making a sound, a thin black mist drifting in his wake.

*"Aren't you glad to see an old friend?"* he whispered, his mouth unmoving. *"I thought this lovely husk might help jog your memory."*

Lady Justice was near frozen with fear, the first in a very long time. The voice that emanated from him was like the abyss itself, an echo within an echo, shrouded and distant. She knew it.

*"You don't seem thrilled. Maybe you don't remember. A broken flower left to wilt and die. Who was it who encouraged you to stand back up?"*

"He's speaking to you, isn't he!" McMourning's grin couldn't get any wider. "Inquisitive minds must know! What's he saying, what's he saying!"

Justice screamed, guttural and frenzied. In a fluid motion, she took a step back, dropped her gun back into its holster, brandished her blade in both hands, and swung it at whatever it was that had taken over the old Judge's body. He matched her speed, and their swords met in the darkness. Sparks flew as the metal clashed, igniting a puddle of alchemy on the ground. Liquid fire danced across the floor and up the dead Judge's leg, but he ignored it, focused only on her.

*"Still blinded by rage,"* the whispering voice filled the room, but only she heard it. *"It was that fury that drew you to me, and me to you."*

She swung again and again, each time being blocked by the undead Judge as if he knew her every move. He softly laughed





behind the motionless, skeletal jaw. Then he swung back, a mist-like darkness drifting within him like the shadow of a caged spirit. She countered just as deftly, but his immense power pushed her back. Her hands shook from the vibration of her hilt and fear.

"He was right! Ha! Seamus wouldn't believe me even if I told him!" McMourning couldn't contain his amusement. Despite being unable to hear the conversation, his mind wandered at the endless possibilities.

***"We had a deal, little flower. You know where I am, yet you do not come to pluck me from the soil, as I did for you when you needed saving."***

"You have done nothing," Lady Justice said, swinging with each phrase. "But bring ruin, and pain, and heartache. Never again!" With each blade rush, she pushed him back a step. "You think you need saving? I'd rather watch you burn."

The fire climbing up his leg now covered half his body. ***"You're wilting, little flower. You need me. Trust in me."***

Lady Justice raised her sword, and he did the same to counter, but instead she kicked out his knee. He fell backward in a cloud of black smoke, then immediately sat back up. Without hesitation, Justice swung her sword down onto his skull, splitting it open.

The grotesque and profane voice laughed, seemingly filling the room. ***"They're with me – your garden of dead roses. Come to us, save us, and the world is yours."***

"Save yourself," Lady Justice said as she drove her blade down through the corpse of her former lover before he could speak another word, cleaving him in two. The black shadow within him crumbled into the air, meeting with the surrounding ash and smoke.

Justice stood there, her lungs heaving for breath as she held back tears, supporting herself on the sword. The flames were catching. The Judge's split and dried corpse was nearly consumed by the quickly spreading flames. She wanted to reach down, to touch him, but the heat drove her back.

"While this has all been a wonderful experience," McMourning said, "I really must be going."

She heard the sound of the door banging open at the end of the hallway. McMourning's blood-stained lab coat disappeared into the tangled garden beyond.

Anger flared through her. She shouldered her blade and charged after him, rushing through the flames as they consumed the lab.

Outside, Lady Justice came across the metallic remains of the Riotbreaker scattered across the courtyard, covered in dismantled and twitching corpses. The sound of breaking glass and scrabbling claws reached her from the opposite wing, crawling with the undead. They climbed out of broken windows, tearing the bars from their moorings as they left. The swarm was converging on a single room on the second floor, near the end of the hall. Everything in her burned, but somehow she focused and expanded her senses. What she immediately felt was regret. No, she was distracted for too long, lured away by a madman and her own fury. Inside, she could hear the new Judge arguing with her Marshals about the best way to die.

Justice gave McMourning's fleeing back a final look, then ran through the courtyard of corpses to save her Marshals.



"To live defeated and inglorious is to die daily," McMourning quoted. "Ha! That muttonhead was right for once."

"What'th a muttonhead, bahth?" Sebastian said as he tightened the poorly wrapped bandage around his hand with his teeth.

"Nothing, you imbecile. Just stand still, would you?"

The school burned with a satisfying plume of greenish smoke and the smell of torched formaldehyde. The black silhouettes of Lady Justice and her entourage swayed against the bright light of the flames. They were trying to keep the conflagration from spreading to the adjoining buildings. McMourning watched from a storm drain, shifting back and forth on Sebastian's shoulders. Puffs of reddish hair stuck through the bars of the drain.

"How noble of them," McMourning said. "We really should do this more often, Sebastian. I always liked a nice fire."

"Not really... huff... not really your department, boss," Sebastian grunted. McMourning squirmed on Sebastian's shoulders, trying to get a better look at the flames. His knee went into Sebastian's mouth.



"Perhaps I need to change things up a bit. I mean, crowds of the recently dead only go so far. Do you like fire, Sebastian? Maybe we should invest in a crematorium."

"Mmhrrphahf," Sebastian answered. McMourning shifted again, removing his knee and then staring down at the patch of slick saliva that was slowly staining his pant leg black. "I ain't particular, boss. Hey, uh... huff... you gonna be much longer?"

"Always complaining, never grateful," McMourning clambered down from Sebastian's shoulders, landing in a puddle. "I sometimes wonder if you wouldn't be more useful to me dead."

"Let's not get, uh, hasty, boss." Sebastian took a nervous step back.

"Hmm. I suppose not. Besides, I would so dearly miss our little conversations." McMourning stared up at the grate, listening to the crackle of flames and watching the smoke drift up into the night sky. "Ha! This gives me an idea. Come on." He wiped the saliva from his pants on Sebastian. "Let's go home."



Lady Justice paused in front of the Enclave. The huge doors, emblazoned with the sigil of the Guild, stared down at her. Back here, again. Defeated, again. The weight of her failure was telling, but her rage was more. That rage would sustain her, and McMourning would pay. They would all pay.

"Get him inside, and see that the doctor does something about that leg," the Judge said behind her. Justice looked back. The Judge was fussing over her Marshals, fresh from their first battle. Many hadn't made it back. Fewer would recover. It was a bad blow, but the Judge didn't seem to mind; at the very least, she didn't show it.

The Judge looked up and caught Justice watching her. "I'll have the casualty reports soon. And some recommendations about which recruits should be elevated. We have ranks to fill."

Justice nodded silently. The Judge went about her business.

"Hardly a glorious return for our hero," Dashed said. The freshly-minted Commander had been waiting by the front gate. "I take it our former friend got away? Pity I wasn't there to help."

The Judge interjected. "We've got wounded that need immediate attention. If you're not going to help carry them in, then at least get out of the way."

Mack and Peterson, both covered in soot and blood, assisted those they could into the Enclave, making multiple trips as necessary. Patrolmen came out to help, bringing back the wounded and deceased on stretchers and crutches.

"Just what the hell happened out there?" Dashed said, finally seeing the scope of the damage.

"McMourning happened," Justice snapped from a distance, then walked away.

After a moment, Dashed turned to the Judge. "I hate to say it, but this is what happens when you chase down vengeance."

"No, this is what happens when evil is allowed to grow in the hearts of men," the Judge coldly responded, then helped the last few injured into the building.

Staring at the aftermath and baffled by her response, Dashed swallowed his pride, then caught up to her. "Screw the paperwork," he said, his face hardening. "Next time we hear any mention of that psychopath, we bring the full force of the Guild."

The Judge nodded, somber and stoic, and the two went their separate ways, assisting where they could.

Inside, Lady Justice leaned against a wall, exhausted. Her head was pounding, and all she could taste was ash. The events replayed in her head like a broken record. Despite the panicked shuffling around her to ensure that the wounded were treated, she heard nothing of the sort. The only sound that echoed between her ears was the spirit's ceaseless laughter.













# A WARM WELCOME



by  
*Mari Tokuda*

**T**he Guild Guards shoved Cornelius and Bernadette down a generic-looking hall, through a thoroughly ordinary door, and into a run-of-the-mill office with beige walls and a musty smell. Iron handcuffs bit into Cornelius' wrists as his swiftly swelling eye began to obstruct his vision. Bernadette shrugged her shoulder and wiped a trickle of blood from the corner of her mouth. She glared at the Guards around them. The stubborn, defiant set to her chin told Cornelius that she was still looking for a fight. He eyed the Guards' Peacebringers, counting them.

He then coldly squinted at his daughter, as if to say, "Don't even think about it."

"Those Guild cronies surrounded *us*," she hissed.

"Try words before fists next time," he murmured.

Her eyes flashed with rage. "Are you taking *their* side?"

Of course he wasn't, but there was a lesson here. Cornelius felt a headache begin to build behind his eyes.

Before Cornelius could answer, a bald, brawny man in a Guild commander's uniform entered the room. From his thick, furrowed brow to his stubborn chin, he looked more like a law breaker than a law upholder. Cornelius immediately didn't like him.

In exasperation, the commander dragged a meaty hand down his face as he took in the unpacked chests and crates that lined the office. Then, he looked over at the Guards and narrowed his eyes. "Dismissed."

The Guild Guards left, their boots stomping against the wood floors. The commander produced a key

from his pocket and unlocked their handcuffs, dropping them to the floor with a metallic thud.

"Finally." Bernadette rubbed at her wrists.

The huge man seated himself behind his desk and steepled his fingers in front of him, trying to compose himself, but looking more like an impostor. He stared at them for a long moment in silence.

"Name's Dashed Barker, Sheriff Basse."

"Not a sheriff," Cornelius replied. Not anymore.

Bernadette glared. "Why'd you arrest us, anyway?"

Dashed shrugged his massive shoulders, an oddly apathetic gesture on someone who seemed so purposeful. "With your history? Could've done a lot more." He stared coldly at Bernadette. "I was notified of your arrival. *You* attacked your escort. The arrest was your own doing."

Bernadette bared her teeth at his tone.

"You prefer prison?" Dashed asked.

"Notified by whom?" Cornelius growled.



“Someone you don’t defy.” The man glanced at a bottle of the most expensive bourbon Cornelius had ever laid eyes on.

Bernadette crossed her arms and sneered. "That's good stuff. Who'd you have to kill for it?"

A smirk crossed Dashel's face for one brief moment. He almost began to mentally count just how many.

Cornelius just stared.

Commander Barker met his eyes, his expression turning serious once again. "You've got a reputation, Basse. And that reputation got our attention." He adjusted in his chair. "Think you two can behave yourselves this side of the Breach? You play nice and I might have work for you."

“Not interested in a Guild job,” the former sheriff informed the commander. It was bound to be too messy. “We’re here as regular citizens. Like to keep it that way.”

“Not an option,” Dashel replied.

Bernadette scowled.

Dashel continued, “Despite your... recent actions, you understand order. What it requires.”

Cornelius didn't flinch. "I understand the value of the *law*."

“Order is what I’m after. Something’ the Guild... looks in contract towns these days. Now, before you turn us down and we send you back Earthside to fend for yourselves, look at—” Barker’s face fell, and he sighed as he began to dig through several stacks of files. His hands didn’t seem accustomed to office work, especially if the combat callouses Cornelius had spotted meant anything. The massive commander paced the floor, opening and closing drawers, and lifting stacks of papers before finally pulling a dossier out of a cabinet. Leafing through it, he ran his finger down the pages and squinted at the ink.

Something didn't fit. Commander Barker was not the bureaucratic type, that much was clear. "Why not impose order yourself?" Basse asked.

The huge man lifted one shoulder as he focused on the pages in his hands. "I would. I am. More behind this desk these days, but there's a lot to go around."

Cornelius crossed his arms, mirroring Bernadette's pose. "You miss it."

"Sure," Dashed replied. "But, I have duties here. Obligations. Aha, found it." Dashed pulled two sheets of paper from his file and handed them to Cornelius.

Bernadette leaned over to peer at the papers. She sucked in a breath. "Pardons? Seriously?"





## A WARM WELCOME

"Only after a few years of service," Dashed informed them. "Would've been a lot sooner if you'd come quietly. After that, you can either stay in Malifaux or go back."

"Or you extradite us now," Cornelius concluded.

"Wait, back to America?" Bernadette scowled.

Dashed nodded. "Saw the wanted posters. I doubt it'll be pretty. Guild can't guarantee your safety to the train station, let alone back on the frontier."

Cornelius trusted the Guild as much as he trusted a bandit in a box canyon, but the pardons were real. And going back to America meant Bernadette's death.

"I'm in."

"Me too," Bernadette added.

"Heh, thought you might change your mind," Dashed replied. He slapped the dossier on his desk and shoved it toward Cornelius as he rooted around for another file.

Cornelius opened the folder. A page with his work and personal history, as well as Bernadette's, caught his eye. It was thorough, unnervingly so. The Guild had more power outside of their territories than he'd thought.

Dashed pushed a map toward them. "I circled the contract towns that we want you to check in on. I'll hold on to your pardons for now."

That was final. Cornelius scowled as the papers that gave them their lives back vanished into yet another folder.

"Anything else we need to know?" Cornelius asked.

"Paul Crockett's your guide." Dashed's chair creaked as he leaned back, a forlorn look on his face. "These days, you should be able to find him at the edge of the City. He's... on the feral side. Pick him up on your way out of town." His face twisted in annoyance. "Reichart'll meet you back here in the morning."

Cornelius raised his eyebrows. "Who's Reichart?"

"Former Executioner, early retiree. Still has to pay off some community service. He knows Breachside, and you'll need the help."

"For tiny contract towns?" Bernadette chuckled, incredulous. "I think we can handle a few unhappy workers."

Dashed turned toward her with a scowl. "I suggest you not take this place lightly."

"Uh huh," Bernadette smirked. "Bureaucrats are all the same. Breachside or Earthside - don't matter."

With a grumble, Dashed replied, "You and Reichart will get along fine." It did not sound like a compliment. With that, he turned to his work, a mountain of papers. "Welcome to Malifaux." It was as clear a dismissal as anything.

Father and daughter stepped out of the Enclave, escorted by two of Dashed's finest, and headed back to the street where the sun's heat was merciless. Without a word, they matched their strides and made their way into the nearest drinking house. Sitting down at a weathered, wooden table, the pair ordered beers.





"Can you believe him?" Bernadette snorted. "First, he puts us in a position that we can't back out of, then he thinks we need a hand to do his dirty work?"

"He's right."

"What?" Bernadette turned with angry eyes. "We don't need anyone else."

"This is a different world, Bee," Cornelius said, pointing at the strange, alien plants visible through the dingy, warped glass of the tavern's window.

"My *name* is Bernadette. Also, so what?"

As the source of Soulstones, the Guild literally mined this place for magic. "Who knows what's waiting for us out there," Cornelius murmured as he paged through the file again.

Two mugs of foamy beer plunked down on their table.

"Pfft, you worry too much, old man."

"Don't trust the Guild or this place." He didn't like that this lumbering, powerful Breachside organization was holding his daughter's life as collateral.

"Oh, I don't." Bernadette pressed her lips together.

"You're gonna be fine," Cornelius told her, his gaze serious.

His daughter rolled her eyes. "Of course, I am. I got my toughness from Mom."

A small smile tugged at Cornelius's mouth.

Bernadette snorted. "And don't you get all sentimental." She tapped her beer mug against his and took a swig. "Let's earn those pardons, huh?"

Cornelius took one more look at Commander Barker's map and all the circled locations. More than anything, he hoped that this really would save Bernadette from the hangman's noose.



Cornelius and Bernadette baked in the heat as they waited in front of the Guild offices the next morning.

"Damn, this place is hot." Bernadette grumbled as she wrinkled her nose. "And, it's only eight in the morning."

Cornelius grunted an agreement around the unlit cigar in his mouth. He swiped a trickle of sweat from his temple and gazed up at the sky. The morning sun certainly didn't look like the blazing inferno that blasted the Western Frontier during the summers, but it sure felt like it.

Finally, the door to the offices opened with a groan, revealing a large, bald man with an angry scowl. Mechanical hands sprouted from the machinery attached to his wrists. In one hand, he carried a large suitcase. His cold eyes met Cornelius'. "Are you Cornelius Basse?"

"I am."

"Jonathan Reichart." He gestured at the building behind him, a swift, sharp movement. "Apparently, I am to accompany you out into the wilds."

"Nice." Bernadette flexed her own hands as she admired Reichart's.

"Just so you know, I hate Guild lackeys." Reichart's eyes burned with anger.

Bernadette snapped, "Funny, coming from one."

"Watch your tongue," Reichart's voice lowered.

"Like you could make me." Bernadette clenched her hands into fists.

Cornelius put a hand between the two. "We've no love for the Guild, either."

"Is that right?" Reichart narrowed his eyes. "That means they have something on you."

Cornelius met the man's gaze and said, "They have something we need."

The former Executioner frowned. "Don't they always."

Cornelius moved his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other. "We'll do the work the way we see fit, not how the Guild tells us to."

Reichart barked out a laugh. "Who were you Earthside?"

Bernadette finally dropped her hands. "This is Sheriff Cornelius Basse of the American Frontier. I'm surprised you ain't heard of him."

"Former sheriff," Cornelius corrected. "Despite what the Guild wants, we aim to do some good in the contract towns."



## A WARM WELCOME

Bernadette added, "That's the Basse way."

Reichart studied Cornelius.

The stoic lawman nodded to confirm Bernadette's words.

The former Executioner heaved a sigh. "Here's to all the lackeys like us, I suppose." He adjusted his grip on his case. "Where to, Basse?"

"Have to round up some supplies first," he answered. "Then off to the edge of Malifaux."

Reichart raised an eyebrow and shrugged.

"Malifaux *City*. We're picking up our guide," Bernadette explained. "Paul Crockett."

"Oh," Reichart said. "Him."



Well after obtaining what they needed from the nearest general store, the Basses stood in the hallway of a stifling, rundown boarding house.

Reichart opted to wait outside "just in case." The former Executioner had also made sure that their carriage was down the street, and he had two full buckets of water, an axe, and a stack of bandages "just in case."

"I've heard he's 'feral,'" Reichart offered.

Hearing that word again did not put Cornelius at ease.

The smells of cooking, too many bodies in one place, and sweat permeated the air. Bernadette inhaled. "Reminds you of the frontier, doesn't it?"

Cornelius chuckled.

Through the thin walls, every footstep, creaky board, and squeaky bed made itself known. Someone sneezed several rooms away.

"Just like home." Bernadette smirked.

Consulting the file again, Cornelius stopped in front of a door. "Remember, he's, uh, feral."

"Sounds fun." Bernadette raised her arm and pounded on the rickety wooden door.

With a rusty creak, the door opened, unlocked. A bearded man in furs and fringed leather sat hunched over a small desk in his boarding room. Covering the walls were broadsides, periodical clippings, and shelves of ceramic figurines and small taxidermy animals.

The man eyed them warily. He held what looked like sewing pins between his lips. In his hands was a creature or combination of creatures in the process of being stuffed and posed.

"Mr. Crockett." Cornelius' eyes took in the room. He recognized some of the broadsides; each and every one of them depicting some gruesome crime committed in Malifaux. He narrowed his eyes.

Bernadette pointed at a small scene created from earthenware. "Is that depicting the Red Barn Murder?" She grimaced. Studying a pair of small, stuffed weasels posed in what looked like an alley, she grimaced. "Is that...The Red Chapel Murders?"

"Good eye," the man drawled.

"See?" she mouthed at Cornelius. "Fun."

"I ain't feral," Crockett added.

Bernadette raised one eyebrow at Cornelius. "Yes, I can see that."

"This collection's worth a pretty penny, Earthside," he explained through gritted teeth.

Bernadette frowned. "This stuff? *Why?*"

Cornelius looked at his progeny, whose cavalier attitude and impertinence definitely came from her mother. He cleared his throat. "Barker sent us."

"Oh," Crockett replied. With quiet, catlike movements, he grabbed some axes and a pack. He smelled faintly of formaldehyde and pine sap. He perched a dead raccoon with desiccated eyes on top of his head, its ringed tail drooping over his ear.

"Nice hat," Bernadette chirped.

The guide pointed at his head. "That's Ralphie."

"Obviously?" Bernadette blinked.

Cornelius chewed on the cigar in his mouth.

"Where are we taking you to?" Crockett asked.

"We?" Cornelius asked.

Crockett pointed at his hat.



"I see." Cornelius frowned.

"I've seen that look before." Crockett's words came out in a rush. "Trust me, I'm your best bet, 'cept maybe a Guild Pathfinder. Or I guess any old Neverborn. They seem to know their way around. But you don't want to work with them. I'm much more reliable." Crockett nodded his head, his raccoon tail swinging. He pressed his lips together as though he hadn't planned on speaking, or wasn't used to it.

"Mhmm."

Bernadette leaned in and whispered, "We've had worse guides."

That was true. Cornelius spread the map over the floor, since all the other flat surfaces were taken. "What's the most efficient route?" He gestured at the wrinkled paper in front of him.

"Yeah, what's Ralphie think?" Bernadette grinned.

"Don't make fun." The tall man reached up and patted his hat.

"Sorry," Bernadette replied in surprise.

Crockett stared at the map. In his heavy drawl, he told them, "I'd start at the township of Redemption. Sweep around this way, after." He moved his hand across the map. "Won't be easy, though."

Cornelius nodded. "Didn't expect it to be."

Reichart met them outside the boardinghouse. He eyed Crockett, then put down his axe.

The guide blinked at Reichart. "We're in search of Redemption."

"Aren't we all," Reichart sighed.



The four took the next train to Ridley. The summer heat turned the inside of the cars into ovens. Opening the windows just let in more stifling air.

The aroma of baked earth overwhelmed everything else.

"How can you wear furs in this heat, Crockett?" Bernadette asked.

He took a swig of something out of a bottle and shrugged. "Might get cold later, where we're going."

"When?" Bernadette was desperate with hope as she wiped sweat from her brow.

"Hopefully never." Reichart grimaced.

Bernadette groaned. "Of course you love it."

Cornelius studied Reichart.

The former Executioner met his gaze.

"That ain't it, kid."



The sun reached for the hazy horizon. When they arrived in Ridley, they transferred to a carriage.

Crockett insisted on riding on the carriage roof, his quiet intensity finally intimidating the driver into relenting.

"Haven't heard anything from Redemption in a while," the carriage driver called back to them as the horses thundered toward the contract town.

"That's probably why we're headed there," Bernadette called back.

The driver shrugged. "Guild wants their pound of flesh, huh?"

"We're not enforcers." She wrinkled her nose.

"Sure you're not," he replied.

Before they could see the town, Crockett reached out and grabbed the driver. The boy, reins in hand, squawked out something unintelligible.

"Stop," Crockett ordered.

Bernadette groaned. "You expect us to walk in this heat?"

Cornelius put a hand on Bernadette's shoulder. She quieted down, but not without a dirty look. He peered up at Crockett.

Jumping down from the coach's roof, the guide ambled toward a tree and pointed at a smear of blood. Following the trail into the brush, he lifted a severed arm.



## A WARM WELCOME

"That's not good," Bernadette said.

"No, it's not," Reichart agreed, clambering out of the carriage and hauling his large case with him.

The driver was pale and staring at the appendage with wide, fearful eyes.

Cornelius chewed on his cigar and observed the three locals for a moment. "How much further?" he asked the driver.

The driver still stared blankly at the severed limb, so Crockett answered for him. "Couple hours on foot."

"We can do that," Basse said, then slapped some of the Guild scrip he'd found in Barker's folder into the driver's hand. "Head on back."

"Y-yes, sir," the driver stuttered as he urged his horses back toward Ridley, their hoofbeats pounding away into the distance.

"Why aren't we taking the carriage?" Bernadette wiped at her brow.

"Your old man's a soft touch is why," Crockett suggested.

She rolled her eyes. "That's the truth."

"We'd better start walking," Cornelius replied, hefting his pack higher onto his shoulder.

Crockett and the old Executioner shared a knowing, troubled look.



The shadows lengthened as the hot sun began to sink.

"What the hell?" Bernadette said. She exhaled, her breath visible on the suddenly frigid air.

Reichart squinted into the sparse vegetation around them.

"Is the cold normal?" Cornelius asked.

"Nah," Crockett grunted.

The Basses looked at each other, equally puzzled.

As they topped the final rise into Redemption, snowdrifts covered the ground.

Crockett muttered something under his breath. Reichart let loose with a series of curse words.

"What's going on here?" Cornelius demanded.

"Nothing good," Reichart replied.

"Let's see if anyone's home," Bernadette suggested as she took off for the nearest frost-covered shack.

Reichart gave Cornelius a discouraging look. Crockett shook his head.

The snow muffled all sound, making the town eerily quiet. No lights. No smell of woodsmoke. No signs of life.

Bernadette's fist hit the door with a hollow, lonely thud. "Hello? Anyone home?" she shouted. No answer. She stopped knocking after two more houses.

"I guess we know why no one's heard from Redemption," Bernadette mumbled. "Nobody's here."

At that moment, the sun disappeared below the horizon. The group stared at each other in the little light that remained.

"We camp here tonight," Crockett's eyes darted from side to side. "But not in town."

"Agreed." Reichart began walking toward the scrubby tree line. He rubbed at the place on his arm where metal met skin.

"Watch out for cannibals," Crockett suggested.

"Shut up, Crockett," Bernadette shot back.

A twig snapped. All eyes turned to where the sound came from. In the gloom between two nearby shacks, a small shadow moved, struggling with something heavy.

"This place isn't empty after all," Bernadette started toward it.

Crockett hissed, "Little devil."

Reichart set down his case and began switching his metal hand for a wicked metal claw from within. "Don't go near that thing."

"It's just a kid. What's wrong with you people?" Bernadette kept moving.

"Bee, stop!" Cornelius snapped.

Ignoring her father, she turned her attention to the small silhouette, who was still some distance away. "Hey, kid. Where are your parents?"



The shadowy figure stopped and cocked its head in curiosity.

"That's right. It's okay." As Bernadette reached her hand out, her step faltered. "What are you...?"

The moon's light glinted off the child-sized creature's icy complexion. It bared its teeth and hissed. Blood covered its hands from its cargo.

"What is that?" Bernadette whispered, jumping back.

"Human torso," Crockett stated. "Bad shape, too. Unsalvageable."

Bernadette glared at him. "Not what it's carrying, Crockett. What is *this creature*?"

With a metallic click, Reichart attached the bladed claw to his wrist. "It's an ice gamin."

"We should get that body away from it," Bernadette said, crouching down near the small creature made of snow and ice.

The little beast turned and released a blast of ice. With a gasp, Bernadette ducked to cover her face. Frost covered her coat, froze the tips of her hair, and burned any exposed skin.

"It's not human?" Cornelius yelled, pulled out his shotgun. "You're sure?"

"Not even close," Reichart confirmed.

A loud explosion tore through the air as Cornelius fired his shotgun. A scattering of ice shards glittered in the moonlight as the gamin hissed and turned toward Cornelius.





## A WARM WELCOME

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Bernadette reach for her knife with one hand and the chain she carried with her in the other. "Leave it!"

"Oh, no you don't," Bernadette muttered as she swung her chain like a whip at the ice gamin.

Her chain made a loud cracking sound as it made contact. The enraged ice gamin lunged at her, a strange, breathless scream erupting from its mouth. In a flash, Bernadette was blocking and slashing with the large knife she favored. Every swipe chipped off more shards of ice.

Cornelius took careful aim, but they were too close together. He could just as easily hit his daughter with his shotgun blast. "Dammit!"

The gamin slashed at Bernadette's torso, red blooming against her shirt. She renewed her attack with another wide swing. The chain links made contact with its knee, slowing down the still-ferocious gamin.

With a grunt, Reichart entered the fray, his razor-sharp claw fragmenting the gamin into large pieces.

"I had it," Bernadette complained.



"It's not over, yet," Reichart snapped as he yanked Bernadette away from what was left of the corpse.

She began to say something when a pillar of ice exploded out of body and enveloped the ground she'd just occupied. "Oh."

Crockett walked up to the ice, sniffed it, stepped back, and then shattered it with a single swing of his axe. He grunted. Bernadette and Reichart stared at the shards of ice scattered across the ground, one bewildered and the other beginning to regret his decision to join up.

Cornelius Basse walked away, unable to wrap his head around this place.



Shortly thereafter, Cornelius set up a campfire on the edge of the empty town, the smoke curling away into the air. The moon was a ghostly glow in the sky. Even the animals didn't break the night's tension with their calls.

Crockett appeared in the small ring of firelight.

"Any others?" Cornelius asked.

The guide shook his head. "Only one other set of footprints, but whoever it was took off, probably when we started fighting."

"We'll need to watch our backs tonight," Reichart murmured.

Cornelius piled blankets he'd raided from one of the houses around his daughter's shoulders.

"I'm fine, Dad," she grumbled as she pressed her fingers against the rough bandage under her shirt.

"You were lucky," he snapped.

She rolled her eyes.

The former sheriff turned to their colleagues. "What are we up against?"

Crockett stared into the fire. "Cannibals."

Cornelius pressed his fingers into his temple, trying to fend off a headache. He turned toward Reichart.

Reichart's expression remained unchanged. "Crockett's probably right."



"He is?" Bernadette choked on her hot cider.

"Well, between the ice gamin and the weather phenomenon, I suspect that we're dealing with December and that damn cult." Reichart held his hands in the flames, keeping his metal joints from freezing.

"And, they *eat people*?" Bernadette asked, skeptical.

Crockett hitched his thumb toward the torso now stuck in the pillar of ice that was once the ice gamin. "Dinner."

She grimaced. Then her expression turned dark. "Does that mean everyone in this town...?"

"Dinner," Crockett confirmed.

Her voice became quiet. "Even the kids?"

Crockett considered that. "Dessert?"

Bernadette shuddered. "Shut up, Crockett."

Cornelius closed his eyes. He had to be pragmatic, but it made him sick. "Are the people from Redemption still alive?"

Reichart sighed. "Maybe."

Crockett mumbled, "If they're saving them for later."

"I think I'm going to throw up," Bernadette said, looking green in the flickering light.

Cornelius set his jaw. "Where are they?"

Crockett waved toward the looming shadows of the Ten Peaks mountain range.

"How are you feeling?" Cornelius studied his daughter.

"Fine," she struggled to hold down her stomach. Then, after staring at the fire for a moment, she continued. "No, I'm not fine. Cannibals? Are you kidding me?" Her eyebrows drew down in the same stubborn way her mother's did when she'd put her mind to something. She looked up at Cornelius. "We have to save those people."

Cornelius nodded. "Tomorrow, we find the people of Redemption." He could not let this stand.

"Night." Crockett stood up and melted into the darkness.

Reichart looked at the claw protruding from his arm. "I suppose I'll just leave this on then."



The next morning, the frost around their campsite had melted. The drip drop of water hitting snowdrifts reached them from the town. Steam rose from the roofs and the ground. Everything smelled of wet soil.

Crockett crouched next to the battered, frozen torso the ice gamin had left. He followed some invisible trail back to a hastily erected barn. Only sinew and bones inhabited the space now.

"Holy..." Bernadette said with a grimace.

Reichart pressed his lips together into a thin line. Cornelius covered his mouth with a gloved hand.

Crockett pointed at marks on the exposed, reddened bone. "Someone's been gnawing on this."

Through gritted teeth, Cornelius asked, "Can you find who did this?"

Crockett nodded.

"Let's go," Cornelius replied.

Reichart gave a sharp incline of his head.

"I want to take them in alive." Cornelius looked at each person in his posse.

Crockett snorted. "Wanna end up like that torso, lawman?"

"If it's our lives or theirs, I won't hesitate, Basse," Reichart said.

Bernadette stood with her arms crossed, staring out into the wilds.

"Bernadette?" Cornelius prompted.

"If they hurt kids," she growled. "I can't promise anything."

"I'll make the final decision. Remember, we're looking for justice, not revenge." Cornelius made sure everyone understood.

"So *you* say," Bernadette muttered. "Let's go." She shrugged off her blankets. "While there's still some good left we can do."





They crept through the wilderness. In his eerily quiet way, Crockett searched for any signs of the Cult of December that remained in the summer heat.

Parting thick, leafy branches, the guide uncovered a mangled skeleton hidden there. The human skull stared past them into nothingness, grimacing for the rest of eternity. The bones were scored with knife and teeth marks.

Cornelius frowned. This was the world he'd brought his child to, to keep her safe.

"Gettin' close," Crockett drawled with far too much cheer.

"We need to move faster." Bernadette stomped past Crockett and away from the remains.

"Wait." Cornelius grabbed at Bernadette's shoulder.

She turned and glared. "I'm not going to let some kid die because I was too late. Are you, Dad?"

"I don't want *my* kid to die," he barked. "You're reckless. You've always been reckless. But this time, in this place, it's going to get you killed."

She snorted. "You're being an overbearing, overprotective mama bear. You can help, or you can go home."

"I can't go home because of your actions, or don't you remember?" Cornelius growled.

"I was in the right!" Bernadette shouted. "They would have murdered that boy if I hadn't stepped in."

"I know!" Cornelius hollered right back.

"You want us to find the cannibals? Or you want them to find us?" Crockett interrupted.

"*Shut up, Crockett!*" Bernadette and Cornelius shouted.

The guide shrugged and vanished into the brush.

Cornelius dragged his hand down his face in exasperation. "That's why we fled. That judge, whose son you killed, was going to see you hang no matter what."

"I was defending myself," Bernadette spat. "Besides, he was corrupt and no better than his no-good son."

"That doesn't mean he doesn't have power, Bee," Cornelius groaned.

She rolled her eyes.

"You have to wise up. You can't keep fighting injustice this way. Or you won't be fighting long." Cornelius didn't beg. It was a simple statement of truth.

A nearby explosion startled them out of their argument. Clods of dirt rained down on them as a harpoon appeared in their midst, sprouting out of the earth and just missing Reichart.

"And this is why you don't argue when hunting cannibals," Reichart muttered as he turned to face their new assailant.

A group of women wearing heavy coats and scarves over their mouths emerged from behind the rocks and trees. They carried harpoon guns and large hunting knives. Frost crept over the ground where they stepped.

"These the cannibals?" Bernadette asked, her breath visible on the cold air. The links of her chain clanked against each other as she pulled it out.

"Yes." Reichart settled into a fighting stance.

Cornelius gritted his teeth. "You're wanted for kidnapping and murder. I suggest you come quietly."

One of the cultists began to pace behind the others. She stared at them with an unsettling intensity.

"I don't like the look of that," Bernadette said under her breath.

"We will defend ourselves," Cornelius warned.

Another cultist drew her finger across her throat in threat.

"Last chance," he announced. "Come peacefully."

"I don't think they're listening, Dad," Bernadette narrowed her eyes at the hostiles surrounding them.

Cornelius knew that Crockett was out there, ready to pounce. He held up his hand and called out, "Don't kill them. I intend to take them in."

"That's his no-nonsense voice," Bernadette said. "Better heed."

Harpoons whistled through the air. They clanged against Reichart's claw as he knocked them out of



the way. "It'll make this fight much more difficult, Basse, since *they* are trying to kill *us*."

"Don't care. Do as I say," Cornelius ordered. "Take them out. Do not kill." He turned on his heel and smashed his fist into the face of a cultist creeping up behind him. Her hunting knife clattered to the ground as she fell.

Bernadette's chain whistled through the air and slammed into a body with a clank and a thud. The cultist cried out in pain.

In a surge of unexpected speed, Reichart raced toward the cultists who had stayed back and aimed their harpoon guns at the posse.

Crockett emerged, swinging his axes back and forth, as silent as their enemies.

As cultists attacked him, his savage barrage held them at bay. A knife bit into his arm, blood splattering onto the ground. For just a moment, Crockett looked at the spray of red; then he roared.

"Crockett, no!" Cornelius shouted.

Snarling and snapping, the guide charged at the cultists. The cannibals fell under the vicious onslaught, barely able to defend. He swung and swung; his axe blades glinted red.

"Crockett!" Cornelius tried again. The former sheriff grunted as he deflected a hunting knife with his own and crushed his attacker's nose with the handle of it. The cultist went down, groaning and clawing at her face.

Another cultist swung at Cornelius. The former sheriff grimaced as he knocked the knife to the ground, clenched his hand, and slammed his fist into the cultist's jaw. He felt teeth snap together and something crack.

Something whistled just past his head – another knife, another cultist. But this one was staying in range, slashing at him from an arm's length away. Leaping up, he kicked at the new attacker, using his powerful legs and the metal guards he wore over his boots and shins to break the cultist's knife arm. Bone protruded, and the cultist shrieked.

As he looked around, each of his posse had taken out the rest of the cannibal group. Bernadette stood next to Crockett, her chain wrapped around him. He struggled against the links and snapped at the cultists with his teeth when he couldn't free himself.

"Hey!" she barked. "The hell is wrong with you?"

"He's seeing red," Reichart observed as he stepped up next to Cornelius. "Berserk."

"Calm yourself, Crockett," Cornelius growled, holding him back.

Crockett lunged at the elder Basse.

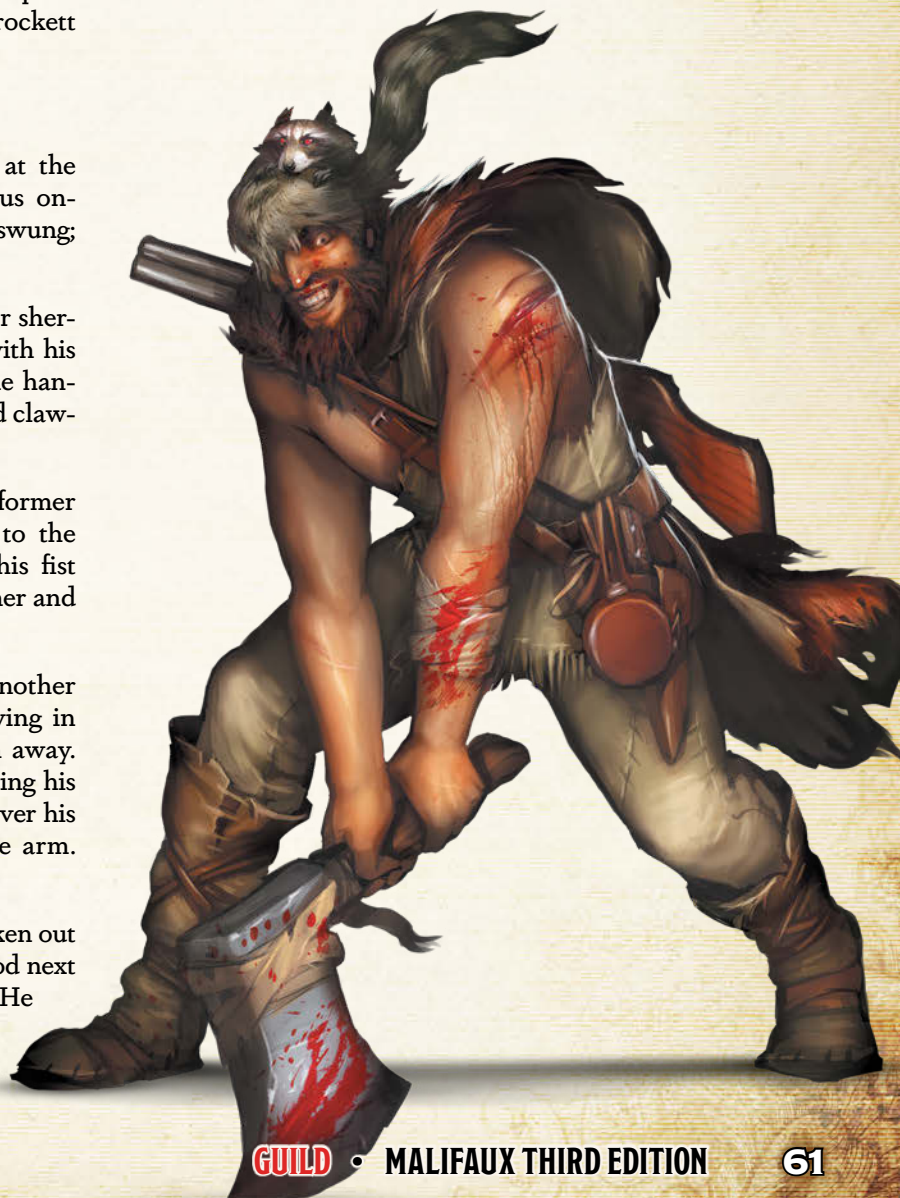
"How about this?" Bernadette punched the guide in the face.

The guide turned on her. She shrugged and hit him twice more.

Crockett collapsed.

The other three stood around him.

"Well, that was effective," Reichart stated.





## A WARM WELCOME

"Sometimes, it takes a woman's touch, y'know?" Bernadette said with a smirk, her chain jangling merrily.



"Where'm I?" Crockett slurred. He flailed his limbs and sat up with an unsteady sway.

Cornelius crouched next to the disoriented guide, who blinked up at him. "Are you going to fight us?"

Crockett squinted at him. "Are *you* going to fight *me*?"

"He's fine." Cornelius began to hand the wildman his axes, then hesitated for a moment. His voice was gruff, commanding, as he said, "Don't turn on us again, Crockett."

Crockett just stared back with tired eyes.

Cornelius raised one eyebrow but handed Crockett his weapons anyway. They needed his help if they were going to take on more cultists.

Crockett rubbed at his cheek where bruises with the distinct pattern of the seams on Bernadette's gloves turned his skin a nasty purple. "Who hit me?"

"Does it really matter?" Bernadette asked. "Anyway, we bandaged up and handcuffed the cultists we beat, but they aren't saying anything. At all. It's creepy."

"You need to find the main camp," Cornelius told the guide.

"I thought you wanted to arrest them or something," Crockett hitched a thumb toward the glaring, trussed cultists.

The former sheriff grunted. "That would be ideal, but the people of Redemption take priority in this case."

Crockett shrugged and pushed himself to standing. "You all right with those cannibals dying out here if we can't get back to them? You seemed the moral type is all."

Cornelius frowned. "I'm not 'all right' with it, but, like I said, I'm putting those innocents ahead of them."

"That'd make you executioner, in addition to judge and jury," Reichart intoned.

"So be it." Cornelius clenched his hand. "They made their decisions."

Bernadette watched her father. "That's not you, at least not back home. That was the line you always drew, Dad."

"Well, we'd better get back here in time, then," he replied.

Reichart studied him. Cornelius ignored him. Bernadette nodded in agreement.

"Lines're hazy, anyway." Crockett stood up and stumbled a little before righting himself.

"Watch yourself, Basse. Malifaux changes people, and not for the better." Reichart sighed and twisted his claw. The sun glinted off the metal.

Cornelius remained silent.

"So, where are the rest of them?" Bernadette asked.

Crockett peered around, looking for signs. He sniffed the air. Then, he pointed at a nearby mountain topped with snow. "Sure glad I brought Ralphie."



The trees became thicker, the foliage denser. It reminded Cornelius of what people said about the west coast, beyond the American borders and even what the Guild owned. Tall trees with unimaginably huge trunks. He shivered despite his coat and boots.

Crockett crept about up in front, weaving back and forth, eyes flicking from the ground to the horizon. He even stopped to taste the dirt every so often. Suddenly, he held up a hand and dropped to the ground, prone.

Cornelius, Reichart, and Bernadette all stopped where they were and crouched.

"Look," Crockett mouthed, pointing at a thin wire strung between two trees. He searched the branches above.

Cornelius squinted.

"I don't see anything," Bernadette whispered.

"Shh." Crockett pointed his finger toward the tops of the trees.



There. Cornelius saw a well-hidden set of wooden spikes, ready to impale anyone unlucky enough, or unskilled enough, to trip that wire.

"Follow me exactly," Crockett breathed.

The group wandered past several more traps. Boulders that would crush them in a landslide, harpoon guns rigged to fire, and pits filled with sharpened stakes all waited for them. Crockett avoided them all with a careful grace. It was no wonder Barker had appointed him as their guide.

They hadn't seen any traps for about a hundred feet when Crockett stopped next to some thick brush.

The guide exhaled, his breath turning into ice crystals in the air. The others tensed. Then, he looked to his side, right into the vegetation. The others followed his glance.

Wide eyes looked back at them.

"Holy..." Bernadette began.

The person they saw through the leaves put her finger to her lips and shook her head, a terrified, desperate motion.

That was when Cornelius noticed the bars. She was in a cage. Dirt and blood streaked her face. She smelled as though she hadn't bathed in days, maybe weeks. And she was young, maybe fifteen.

"Help us," she mouthed. Her fingers, nose, and ears were red from the cold.

Through gritted teeth, Cornelius asked, his voice low, "How many of you? How many of them?"

The girl shuffled her way over and sat with her back to them to avert suspicion. "Fifteen of them. I don't know how many of us are left..."

Those were bad odds. Cornelius looked around at his posse. Bernadette had a flinty, determined look in her eye that Cornelius recognized as his own. A muscle in Reichart's jaw tightened. He didn't like this any more than Cornelius did. Crockett tested the sharpness of his axe and nodded.

They silently agreed. The four slipped around to the front of the cage, pausing in the shadows as a pair of acolytes passed.

The girl held her breath the entire time.

"Open it," Cornelius quietly commanded.

Crockett eyed the cage for traps, then eased the door open. The ropes and wood squeaked as he pulled on it.

Cornelius stopped the girl as she slipped through the door. "Where are the others?"

She pointed.

"Run," the former sheriff told her.

She chewed on her lower lip. "But I want to help. I could-"

"You already have." Cornelius rested a hand on her thin shoulder. "Go."

She hesitated, then eventually nodded. "Thank you."



The four crept along, their weapons at the ready.

They passed empty cages that reeked of blood and offal. Meat hooks hung from the trees. Butchered bodies dangled, swaying in the breeze, even as the leaves above whispered as though nothing was amiss. Cornelius knew he'd dream about the unending dripping sound of blood for years to come, perhaps forever.

Crockett raised his hand. They all froze. He gestured ahead of them.

Almost invisible in the forest stood a small, temporary pavilion made of wood and branches. It had no walls, just wooden supports and a roof. On the far side, a distinctly human-looking body on a spit roasted over a fire.

Men and women gathered under the structure. They'd removed their face scarves and were chanting or humming something that Cornelius couldn't understand. Ice crystals appeared in the air, creating a snowy mist within the small building. Then, they tore into the cooked meat with their hands and teeth. One of the older women trembled and giggled uncontrollably as she ate.

Bile rose in the back of Cornelius' throat. It burned and made him want to gag. His crew was pale. Even Crockett's lips were pressed together into a thin, disgusted line.



## A WARM WELCOME

"Over there." Bernadette's quiet rasp caught Cornelius' attention. She pointed to where two acolytes were placing a body on a bloody platform. A woman, who wasn't eating, performed some kind of ceremony. Eddies of snow spun around her. The temperature plummeted.

"Dangerous woman," Crockett muttered.

Beyond the platform, a deep snowdrift was visible. More cultists, wearing only long tunics, knelt in the cold and rubbed the snow over their skin.

Bernadette shivered.

Carefully, the four made their way around the edge of the clearing. More cages made of wood appeared in the forest. Someone inside gasped.

Bernadette waved her hand at them to be quiet.

Cornelius jerked his head to the side as something flickered in the corner of his vision. Nothing but leaves and branches. He frowned.

"Trap." Crockett nodded at an almost-imperceptible wire attached to a bundle of bells. With quick hands, he disabled it.

A clump of people in the cage stared at them with a mixture of hope and terror on their faces. As soon as Crockett had the door wedged open, they rushed for the opening.

One man reached for Cornelius. "There's another one that way."

Cornelius nodded and gestured for his group to move to the next cage. As they approached, something rustled in the brush. A chill ran up Cornelius' spine. He looked around again, to, again, find nothing.

Crockett's brow furrowed in concern. His eyes darted from side to side. He inhaled through his nose, trying to identify something that eluded him.

Three people waited in this cage. They trembled.

Crockett reached out to unlock the door when the cage collapsed. A monster stood there, its feet and claws covered in splintered wood and human gore.

Cornelius' mouth dropped open.

The creature shook its head, its antlers whipping back and forth. Opening its maw wide, revealing its fangs, it roared.

"What. Is. That!" Bernadette readied her chain, its links clinking together.

"Blessed of December." Reichart lifted his arm, preparing to attack. "I've heard of them, never seen one before. I hear she was once a woman."

"Doesn't look blessed to me," Bernadette said through gritted teeth.

With an unbelievable speed, the monster charged them. They scattered.

Cornelius shook his head. "Impossible," he said, lifting his shotgun.

A freezing blast of air slammed into him. He twisted out of the way of grasping hands. The woman who he'd seen humming before. She snapped her teeth at him, her mouth a dark cavern where her tongue should be.

"Stand down," he ordered her.

"You still think that they're gonna listen?" Bernadette snapped.

The woman raked at him with her long nails. He blocked her strikes with the stock of his rifle. "I will fire," he warned.

The sorceress grinned and began to cast a spell.

"Shoot her!" Bernadette yelled as she faced off with three acolytes.

He hesitated.

Reichart swept his claw in large arcs, keeping several acolytes at bay. By the almost-vacant look in his eye, Crockett was nearing another frenzy, but he was surrounded. They were outnumbered badly. They needed a strategy.

Bernadette was right.

Cornelius needed to cross that line.

"Kill the acolytes. I'll take the priestess and the monster." He spoke from logic and reason. The words came out easily, but his stomach twisted at what it meant.

He pulled the trigger, saw the woman's eyes narrow in determination... and then he was flying through the air. His shot went wild. Cornelius landed hard, but rolled to his feet, barely dodging the Blessed of December's huge claw. The creature prepared to ram him again.



Bernadette grunted as she whipped with her chain and stabbed with her knife. Crockett's axes were turning red with blood, but so was his shirt where knives had nicked him. Reichart slipped in acolyte gore. As he breathed, the metallic stink of blood filled Cornelius' nostrils. He kept his distance and fired again and again.

The Blessed of December snarled. Fingers of frost reached across the open wounds of the beast, channeled by the nearby priestess. Blood and muscle slowed as the snowy patches closed around the lesions, making each attempt at damaging

the creature impossible. He didn't know how much longer he could hold out, how much ammunition he had, how long his crew could endure.





## A WARM WELCOME

In the blink of an eye, the monster was on him once more. Its teeth tore through his arm like jagged knives. With his other hand, Cornelius pulled out his own knife and jammed the blade into the creature's angry, dark eye. The beast let loose its toothy grip in a violent roar. Holding the ribbons of his flesh together with his good hand, he rolled to dodge another attack.

Bernadette had a nasty gash over one eye, sweat and blood blinding her, but the cultists looked battered and beaten, too, their blood spilling out over their cloaks and scarves.

Crockett screamed something unintelligible and kept fighting, but he stumbled as he did so. Bodies piled up at his feet.

Blood sprayed as Reichart took out acolyte after acolyte with his claw.

The one without a tongue grinned. A mist exploded from her feet, obscuring the forest.

Steadying his shotgun with one hand, Cornelius fired. The woman collapsed, rivulets of red pouring from her wound. Despite stopping her from being able to heal the monster any further, he couldn't help but focus on what it meant to shoot an enemy in the back.

"Help!" a reedy voice cried.

Cornelius snapped out of it and turned to see the first girl they'd saved, a knife to her throat. An acolyte dragged her toward the fight, her eyes intensely focused.

"Let her go." Cornelius turned to face the new acolyte even as hot blood ran down his arm.

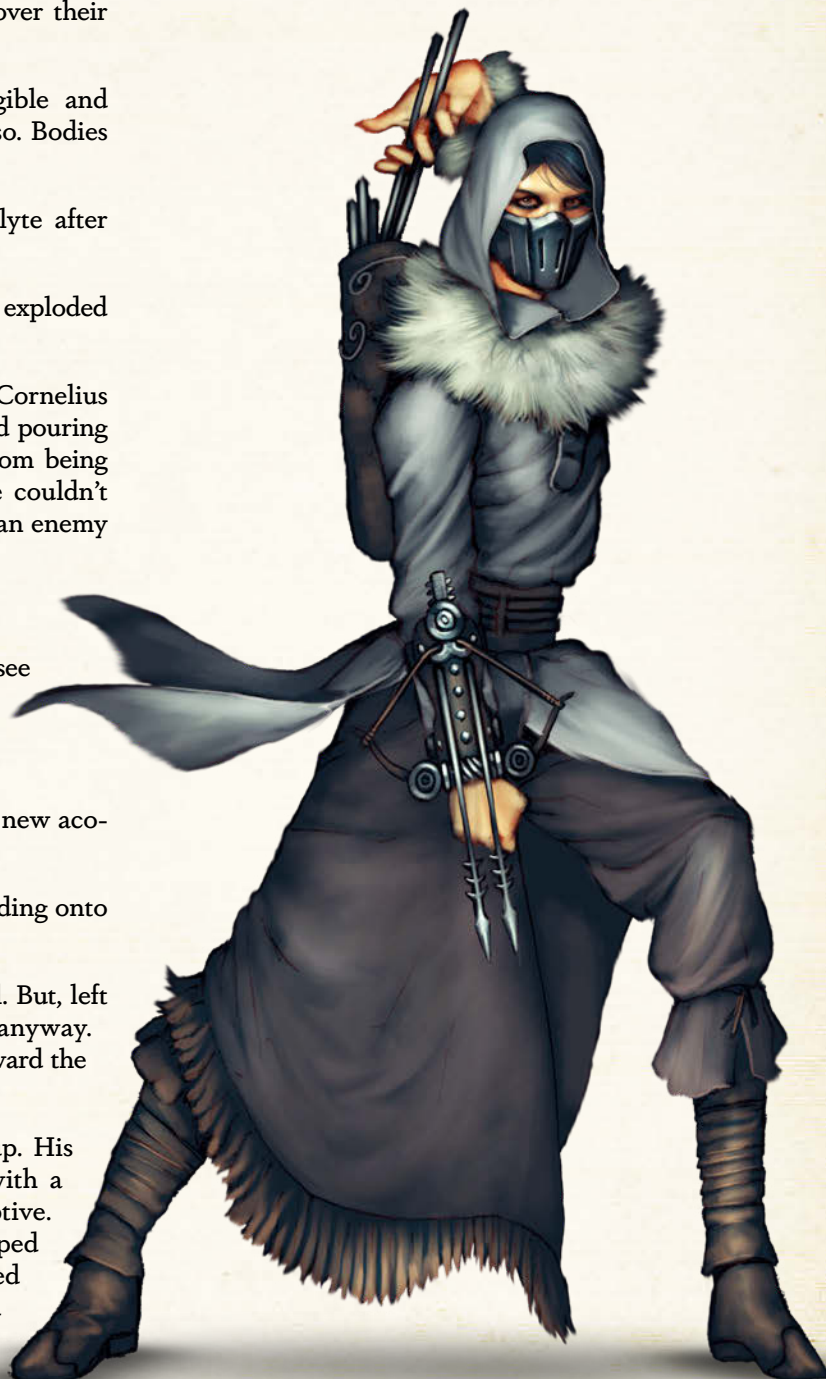
"You let our meat go free," she hissed, holding onto the girl tightly.

He was too far away. He might hit the girl. But, left in the cultist's hands, she would die, anyway. Cornelius growled and pointed his gun toward the ground. He couldn't take the risk.

From behind the cultist, Crockett rose up. His plunged an axe into the cultist's skull with a crack, his other axe just missing the captive. The cultist collapsed, the knife still gripped in her hand. The girl screamed, squeezed by the acolyte's frozen grip, and scrambled away.

In the commotion, the Blessed of December roared and rushed at the escaping girl.

Cornelius lifted up his gun with one arm and pulled the trigger. The shrapnel tore through the monster's thick fur and hide. Blood ran from its eye where Cornelius previously plunged his knife. The creature continued its charge as though it hadn't felt a thing, weaving through the trees faster than anything he'd ever seen before.





"Stop!" Cornelius yelled, then shot again. It acted unaffected; he couldn't even tell if he hit or missed.

Before Cornelius could reload, the beast stopped in its tracks and eyed the terrified girl, a bloody drool dripping from its maw while what looked like a grin was stretched across its lips. Scooping her up with its massive claws, the monster crushed her in its grip. Cornelius could hear her ribs and arms snapping from where he stood. The creature stared back at him for a moment, broken girl in hand, then bolted away, leaving a trail of blood and organs behind it. It ran until it could no longer be seen or heard, vanishing into the dense forest.

Crockett hollered obscenities as he continued to rage. Under his onslaught, the acolytes melted into the forest behind the Blessed of December. With no other acolytes presenting themselves to his axes, the guide took heavy, slow breaths in an effort to calm down.

"We need to go after it," Bernadette insisted, looking back at the others in shock that they appeared frozen in place.

Reichart shook his head. "We need to leave," he stated. "Almost didn't make it." He looked at Cornelius' mangled arm. "We're in no shape to go after that thing."

"It's not right," Cornelius growled, clutching at his bleeding arm and staring at the trees where the Blessed of December vanished.

Frustration collectively overwhelmed them in the silence that followed. They stared at one another, bleeding, fatigued, and feeling defeated.

Bernadette shouted, "What the hell is this place?"

"Welcome to Malifaux," Crockett said in between deep huffs.

"I hate that saying," Reichart's mouth twisted in revulsion. "There are many, many more monsters out there for you to hunt down and more people to save. If you haven't bled to death."

Cornelius' shoulders slumped. Nothing had prepared him for this. He'd brought his daughter here so that they could live in relative peace, whatever that was. But seeing the helplessness in her eyes and feeling the blood on his hands, he began to wonder if that was the right decision.

He was an executioner now. And there were so many towns left. What would be left of him when he finished?



When they limped back into Redemption, they found the few surviving townsfolk milling around in a daze of mourning and shock.

One of the men they'd freed ushered them into a small building, the town tavern, and handed them each a beer. Another started mending their wounds with what little equipment they had available.

They drank in silence.

Reichart drank directly from a bottle as his injuries were cleaned.

Crockett refused to be touched. Beer foam clung to his beard.

Cornelius watched as his arm was dressed, his mind reeling.

Once she was bandaged up and had her fill of beer, Bernadette pulled out the map with a rustle. Aggressively, she slashed an "X" through the town of Redemption with a splash of ink. "This means we failed."

"Too many were lost; too few survived," Cornelius lamented. "No more Xs. No more failures."

"Lots of towns to visit," Crockett drawled.

With a metallic thump, Reichart tapped the nearest circled town on the map with his prosthetic hand.

Cornelius looked around. Each person nodded in agreement. It was time to move on; lives depended on it. It seemed that their job had only just begun.











# CHARLES HOFFMAN

For many, crossing over from Earth and into the often magnificent and always terrifying unknown world of Malifaux meant change. Some for better, and others for much worse.

For Charles Hoffman, the once painfully shy and physically crippled engineer who followed his brother onto the train, it meant more than just shedding his skin and starting a new life. More than ten years after that fateful day, he is now the director of the Amalgamation Charter Enforcement Office for the Guild, a mechanical genius who has rivaled the great Victor Ramos in ingenuity and creation of constructs, and all alone.

Every good grace, boon, and ladder climbed in his career still does not fill the void left in his heart. Despite his brilliant mind, Charles Hoffman has been unable to figure out how to wish it all away to bring his brother, Ryle, back. There is not a day that goes by where he doesn't second-guess his decision to pass through that blasted Breach, to say the things he previously could not put into words, to see his brother smile once again.

A lot has happened between then and now. Despite Victor Ramos' best attempts at giving his brother a renewed life, Charles soon came to understand that he was nothing more than a tortured husk, existing only as electricity meeting instinct, shocked nerves colliding with paralyzed brainwaves.

There came a time when Charles needed to come to terms with the fact that there was nothing that could be done to save his ill-fated brother. Unfortunately, someone else did the burying for him. But sometimes shedding skin means to first pick away at the wounds that refuse to scar.

Sometimes one must bleed out before one can breathe in.

They say the final stage of grief is acceptance, to cleanse and wash away what one has wallowed in for so long, to finally find a way forward. For Charles Hoffman, the final stage is about letting go.

As much as his brother's body battled with the machinations that kept him upright, so too does Charles fight with his own morals and loyalties. His recovery will come in the form of new friends and allies in the most unexpected places.

CHARLES HOFFMAN

Master, Living, Construct

AUGMENTED

15  
COST



4  
DF

7  
WP



4  
MV

2  
SZ

ABILITIES

**ARMOR +2:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

**POWER NEXUS:** At the start of this model's Activation, every friendly Construct within 6" gains a Power Token. Before performing a duel, this model may discard a Power Token from itself or a friendly Construct within 6" to receive either a or a suit of its choice to that duel.

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

**CREATIVE SALVAGE:** Enemy models killed by this model Drop a Scrap Marker in addition to any other Markers Dropped.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

HEALTH

CHARLES HOFFMAN

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>ENHANCED FISTS</b> 1" 6 Df - Target suffers 2/4/6 damage. <b>Spool Up:</b> Enemy only. This model gains a Power Token. <b>Knock Aside:</b> Push the target 4" in any direction.				
<b>WELDING TORCH</b> 1" 6 Df - Discard any number of Power Tokens. For each Token discarded in this way, increase the range of this Action by +2". Target suffers 2/3/3 damage and gains <b>Burning +1</b> . If the target is a friendly Construct, it instead Heals 2. <b>Temper Steel:</b> Friendly Construct only. Target Heals 1 and until the End Phase, its <b>Armor</b> Ability cannot be ignored.				
<b>ANALYZE WEAKNESS</b> 10" 6 Wp - Until the End Phase, all damage the target suffers ignores <b>Armor</b> and <b>Shielded</b> . <b>Surge:</b> Draw a card.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>OVERCHARGE</b> 6" 6 - 12 Friendly Construct only. Target gains <b>Fast</b> and a Power Token. Enemy models within 102 of the target must each pass a TN 15 <b>Mv</b> duel or suffer 1 damage and gain <b>Injured +1</b> .				
<b>EMERGENCY POWER TRANSFER</b> 6" 7W - 10 Choose a friendly model within range with more Power Tokens than the target. Friendly only. Remove a Power Token from the chosen model. The target gains a Power Token and may end any one Condition on itself. <b>Swift Action:</b> Take this Action again. <b>Advance:</b> Push this model 4" toward the target.				

30MM

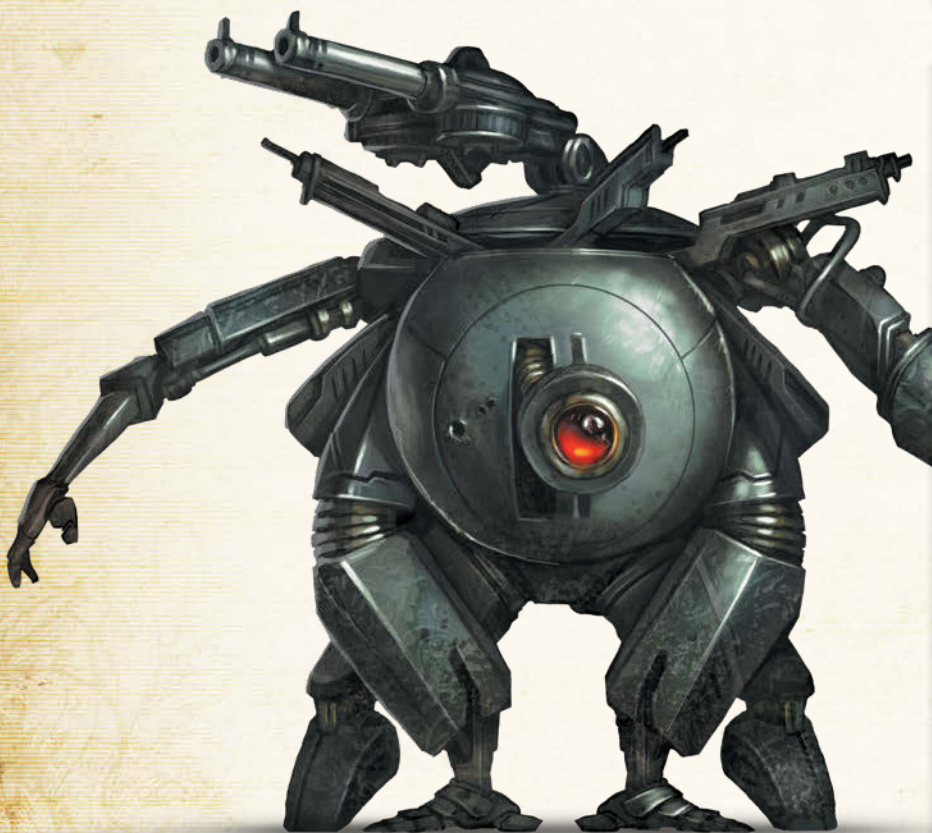






The trademark metal tramp of Charles Hoffman's walking harness has recently acquired a lighter, faster counterpoint in the tap-tap-tapping footsteps of his Mechanical Attendant, a special project of his private workshop. It's such a steadfast companion to him now that, when it's not by his side, people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

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



**MECHANICAL ATTENDANT**

*Enforcer, Construct*  
*Totem (Charles Hoffman)*  
AUGMENTED

**4**  
COST

**4**  
DF

**4**  
WP

**FACTION**

**5**  
MV

**1**  
SZ

**ABILITIES**





**ARMOR +2:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

**COMPANION:** After a friendly model ends its Activation within 6" of this model, if this model has not Activated this Turn, it may discard a card or Pass Token to do so.

**POWER CONVERTER:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may remove a Scrap Marker within 13 to gain a Power Token. Before performing a duel, this model may discard a Power Token to receive either a 1 or a suit of its choice to that duel.

**DEMISE (POWER SURGE):** After this model is killed, it may move its Power Tokens to friendly models within (1)6.

**1 2 3 4**  
HEALTH

MECHANICAL ATTENDANT				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>SURPRISE SHOT</b>	~8"	4	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.				
<div> <div>  <b>Spool Up:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> This model gains a Power Token.         </div> <div> <b>X Daze:</b> Target gains <b>Stunned</b> and is Pushed up to 3" in any direction.         </div> </div>				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>INTERNAL MAGNET</b>	006"	5	-	10
<i>Choose either toward or away.</i> Push all Scrap Markers and friendly models with Power Tokens up to 3" in the chosen direction from this model.				
<div> <div>  <b>FIELD REPAIRS</b> </div> <div> 3" </div> <div> 5 </div> <div> - </div> <div> 12 </div> </div>				
<i>Construct only.</i> Target Heals 1/2/3.				
<div> <div>  <b>Scorched Remains:</b> Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with the target.         </div> </div>				
<div> <div>  <b>TRANSFER POWER</b> </div> <div> 3" </div> <div> - </div> <div> - </div> <div> - </div> </div>				
<i>Discard a Power Token. Friendly Construct only.</i> Target gains a Power Token. Push the target up to 2".				
30MM				




**PEACEKEEPER**  
*Enforcer, Construct*  
*Versatile*  
**AUGMENTED**

**10**  
**COST**



4  
Df

5  
Wp

  
**FACTION**

4  
Mv

3  
Sz

**ABILITIES**

**ARMOR +2:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

**POWER CONVERTER:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may remove a Scrap Marker within 3" to gain a Power Token. Before performing a duel, this model may discard a Power Token to receive either a  or a suit of its choice to that duel.

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

**DEMISE (POWER SURGE):** After this model is killed, it may move its Power Tokens to friendly models within 6".

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

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9







  
**HEALTH**




## PEACEKEEPER

They were built and named with a singular purpose in mind: exist within the eyes of the enemy to pacify conflicts through fear. With every gear placed, each joint tightened, time passed, and with it the stories of anarchy spread across the papers like an uncontrollable flame. The engineers that began to shape the great machine realized that despite its sheer presence, the Peacekeeper purely existing would not be enough to stomp out the fires.

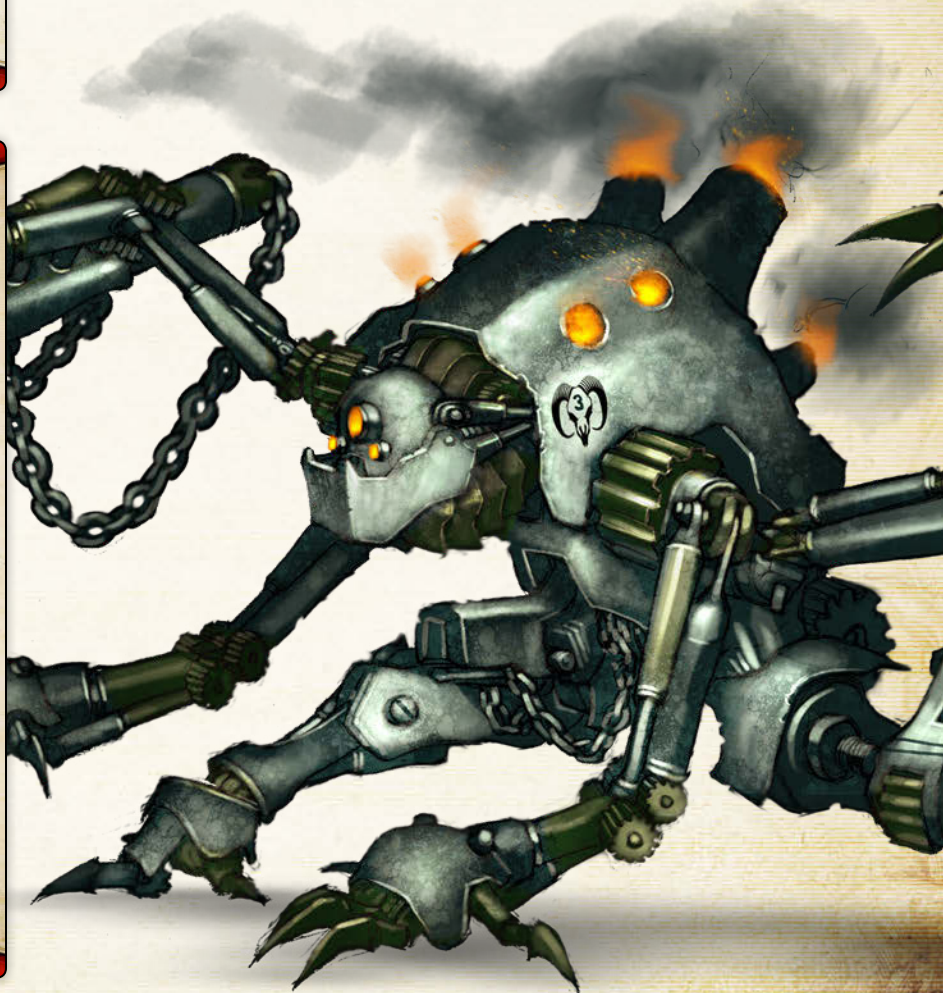
Its limbs were modified for tearing down rebel hideouts. Its steel exterior was hardened to protect the complex mechanisms that kept it running. Its motor was tuned to reduce the energy required to operate. It was equipped with a harpoon gun in the off chance the enemy tried to escape. If that wasn't enough, it could transfer power to nearby constructs upon its own destruction, providing them with an inkling of its own strength. Rare as they are, the Peacekeeper is a private army in itself, capable of accomplishing what is necessary without morality getting in the way. Peace is an illusion, and the only way to keep up the fantasy is through brute force.

**PEACEKEEPER**

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	Tn
<b>HEAVY CLAWS</b> Target suffers 3/4/6 damage.  <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each  in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).  <b>Armor Piercing:</b> When resolving, damage from this Action ignores <b>Armor</b> .  <b>Spool Up:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> This model gains a Power Token.	2"	6	Df	-
<b>HARPOON GUN</b> Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. Push the target up to 3" toward this model.  <b>Pull and Drag:</b> Push the target 3" toward this model.  <b>Maim:</b> Target discards a card.	12"	6	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	Tn
 <b>TRAIL OF GORE</b> Remove target enemy Scheme Marker. Take a  Action or the <b>Walk</b> Action.	3"	-	-	-
 <b>TRANSFER POWER</b> Discard a Power Token. <i>Friendly Construct only.</i> Target gains a Power Token. Push the target up to 2".	3"	-	-	-

**50MM**





# GUARDIAN

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

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



## GUARDIAN

*Minion (2), Construct*  
AUGMENTED

9

COST

5  
DF

4  
WP

4  
MV

3  
SZ

ABILITIES

**ARMOR +2:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

**TAKE THE HIT:** After an enemy model targets a friendly model within (1)2 with an Attack Action, this model may discard a card to Place itself into base contact with the friendly model and become the new target of the Attack Action (ignoring range, LoS, and targeting restrictions).

**POWER CONVERTER:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may remove a Scrap Marker within (1)3 to gain a Power Token. Before performing a duel, this model may discard a Power Token to receive either a (1) or a suit of its choice to that duel.

**DEMISE (POWER SURGE):** After this model is killed, it may move its Power Tokens to friendly models within (1)6.

HEALTH

GUARDIAN

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>GREATSWORD</b> (1)2" 6 Df - Target suffers 3/4/5 damage. If this model has not taken the <b>Charge</b> Action this Activation, this Action receives a (1) to its damage flip. (1) <b>Spool Up:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> This model gains a Power Token. (1) <b>Knock Aside:</b> Push the target 4" in any direction. (1) <b>Electroshock:</b> Discard a Power Token. Models within (1)2 gain <b>Stunned</b> and <b>Injured +1</b> .				
<b>Toss</b> 1" 3 Sz - Target a model with lower Sz than this model. Push the target up to 10" in any direction. If this Push is interrupted, the Pushed model and models in base contact with it must each pass a TN 14 Df duel or suffer 2 damage.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>SCATTER</b> (1)3" - - - Enemy models within range are Pushed 3" away from this model.				
(1) <b>TRANSFER POWER</b> 3" - - - Discard a Power Token. <i>Friendly Construct only.</i> Target gains a Power Token. Push the target up to 2".				

40MM



## HUNTER

*Minion (3), Construct*  
AUGMENTED

# 8

COST



5  
DF

4  
WP

  
FACTION

6  
MV

2  
SZ

### ABILITIES

**ARMOR +2:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

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

**ASSASSIN:** After this model kills an enemy model that has not Activated this Turn, this model gains **Fast**.

**POWER CONVERTER:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may remove a Scrap Marker within (0)3 to gain a Power Token. Before performing a duel, this model may discard a Power Token to receive either a  or a suit of its choice to that duel.

**DEMISE (POWER SURGE):** After this model is killed, it may move its Power Tokens to friendly models within (0)6.

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7

HEALTH


# HUNTER

Hunters are the newest construct designs to win a full Guild production charter, to the horror of outlaws and subversives for whom the handful of operational prototypes are already frightening enough.

Smaller, lighter and leaner than its brutal cousin the Peacekeeper, the Hunter's segmented body and specially-sprung legs couple with its complex instruction codes to turn it into an agile and stealthy predator rather than a charging warbeast. Hunters are sent out from prison compounds or labor camps to track escapees, and hunt smugglers and bandits unerringly through the most malevolent badlands.

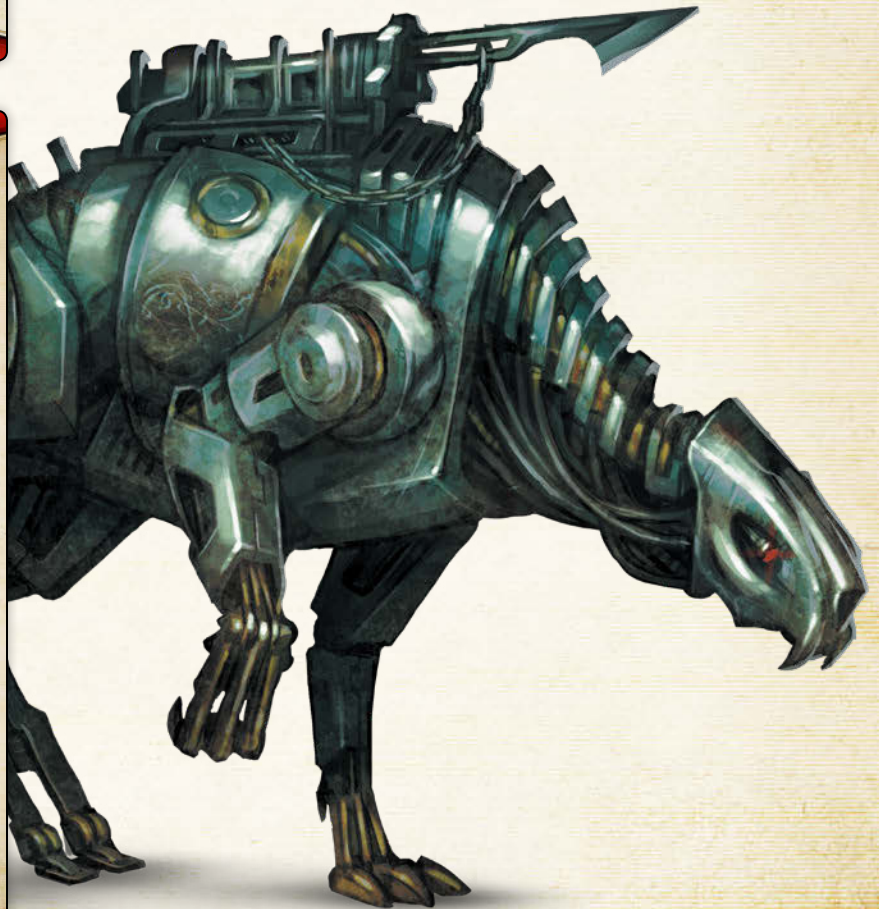
When the Hunter's intricate mechanical senses detect its prey, it closes in swiftly to capture or kill, spearing targets with its chain harpoon or leaping forward to bear them down and pin them to the ground with its armored mass and steel claws. Hunters are crafty, capable of setting ambushes, using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

**HUNTER**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>METAL CLAWS</b> Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each  in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). <b>Spool Up:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> This model gains a Power Token.	1"	6	Df	-
<b>HARPOON GUN</b> Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. Push the target up to 3" toward this model. <b>Pull and Drag:</b> Push the target 3" toward this model.	12"	6	Df	-
<b>POUNCE ON CHEST</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Place this model into base contact with the target. The target gains <b>Injured +1</b> . <b>Heave:</b> Place the target anywhere within 3" of this model.	4"	2	Sz	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>TRANSFER POWER</b> Discard a Power Token. <i>Friendly Construct only.</i> Target gains a Power Token. Push the target up to 2".	3"	-	-	-

50MM





# MELISSA K.O.R.E

In the wake of his battle with Anna Lovelace, Charles Hoffman was forced to accept that his brother Ryle was truly dead. With a heavy heart, he began to dismantle Ryle's body. Within Ryle's brain, Charles discovered a device intended to preserve Ryle's soul in a Soulstone. There just hadn't been enough of him left.

Realizing the potential ramifications of the device, he sought out a potential candidate for its use, and found it in a Death Marshal named Melissa Kurtlige. A hardened veteran, Melissa's service had nevertheless affected her body, and the necromancy she wielded in the name of the Guild had eaten away at her like leprosy. But her will was like no other, and with the stoicism that had earned the respect of her peers, Melissa volunteered to be Hoffman's test subject. Now her soul is preserved in a hardened shell of steel and pistons, armed with the most advanced technology and weapons available to the Guild. Melissa Kurtlige was dead, but Melissa K.O.R.E. was reborn, and ready to serve.



**MELISSA K.O.R.E.**  
Henchman, Construct  
AUGMENTED

8  
COST

5  
DF

5  
WP

5  
MV

2  
SZ

**ABILITIES**  
**ARMOR +2:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.  
**POWER CONVERTER:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may remove a Scrap Marker within 13 to gain a Power Token. Before performing a duel, this model may discard a Power Token to receive either a or a suit of its choice to that duel.  
**DYNAMIC GENERATOR:** After this model declares the Charge Action, it gains a Power Token.  
**RUN AND GUN:** This model's Charge Action may generate Actions instead of Actions.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7  
HEALTH

**MELISSA K.O.R.E.**

**ATTACK ACTIONS**

	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>METAL CLAWS</b> Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><b>Armor Piercing:</b> When resolving, damage from this Action ignores Armor.</li> </ul>	1"	5	Df	-
<b>GATLING GUN</b> Target suffers 2/4/6 damage. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><b>Burst Damage:</b> When resolving, the target suffers + damage.</li> <li><b>War Eternal:</b> If this model Cheated this Action's damage flip, draw a card.</li> </ul>	12"	6	Df	-
<b>CLOCKWORK GRENADE</b> This Action ignores LoS. Shockwave 1, Mv 12, Damage 2. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><b>Rain of Death:</b> Discard any number of Power Tokens. When resolving, for each discarded Power Token by this Trigger, Drop an additional Shockwave Marker within range, at least 3" away from any other Shockwave Marker Dropped by this Action. Increase the TN of any Mv duels generated by this Action by +1 for each Shockwave Marker Dropped by this Trigger.</li> </ul>	8"	6	*	13

**TACTICAL ACTIONS**

	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>TRANSFER POWER</b> Discard a Power Token. Friendly Construct only. Target gains a Power Token. Push the target up to 2".	3"	-	-	-

40MM



## RIOTBREAKER

*Minion (3), Construct*  
AUGMENTED

# 7

COST



5  
DF

4  
WP

4  
MV

2  
SZ



FACTION

### ABILITIES

**ARMOR +2:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

**CROWD CONTROL:** Enemy models within 6 cannot take Actions unless it is their Activation.

**UNYIELDING:** When this model would take an Action outside of its Activation, its owner may choose for it not to.

**POWER CONVERTER:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may remove a Scrap Marker within 3 to gain a Power Token. Before performing a duel, this model may discard a Power Token to receive either a or a suit of its choice to that duel.

**DEMISE (POWER SURGE):** After this model is killed, it may move its Power Tokens to friendly models within 6.

1

2

3

4

5

6

HEALTH

## RIOTBREAKER

While most Guild constructs are regarded with a sense of ambivalence or fear by Malifaux's citizens, the Riotbreaker is the only one that is actually hated. The constructs are only brought out to help pacify large crowds, which in Malifaux usually means Union strikes.

The Union has taken advantage of this by plastering graphic pictures of Riotbreakers shooting unarmed men and women at point-blank range across the front pages of their most prominent rag sheets. This gruesome propaganda has led to the constructs being associated with the Guild's worst acts of tyranny and oppression.

Charles Hoffman believes that the sullied reputation of these constructs might be repaired. He has started rotating them into other units and detachments in the hope that the people of the city will see the Riotbreakers in a different light.

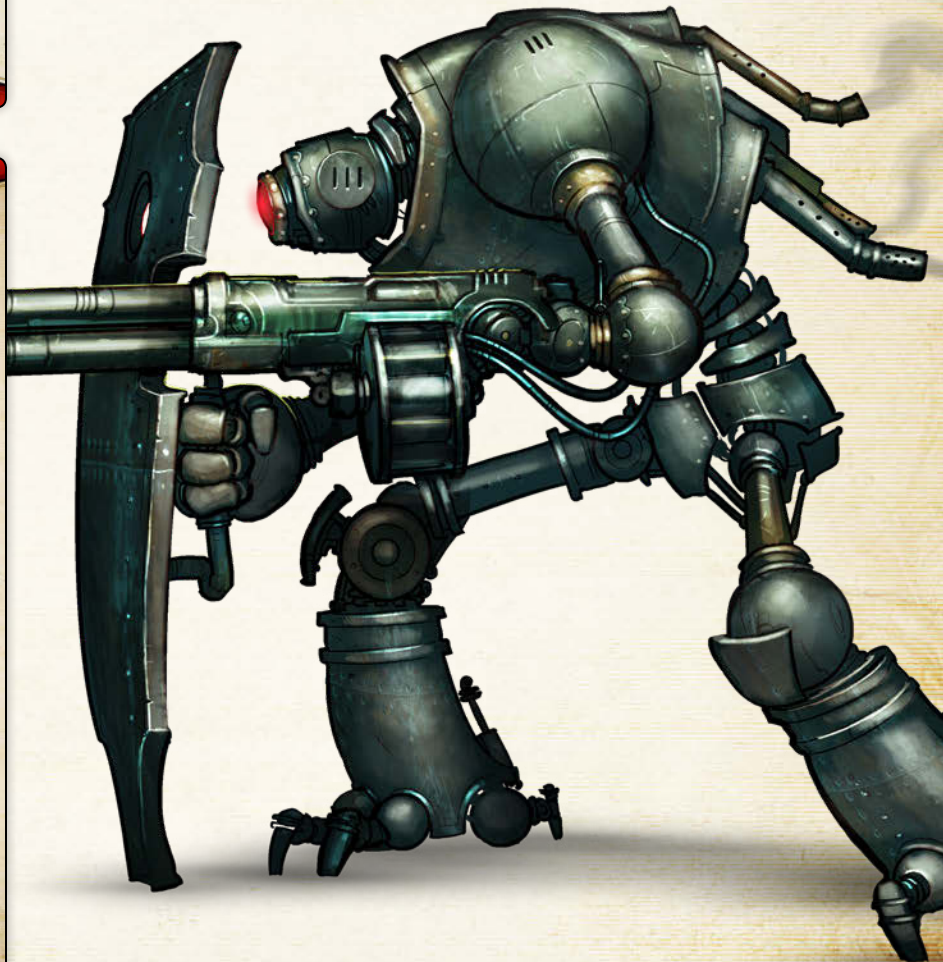
## RIOTBREAKER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>SHIELD SLAM</b> 1" 6 Df - Target suffers 1 damage and is Pushed up to 2" in any direction. <b>Spool Up:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> This model gains a Power Token.				
<b>RIOT GUN</b> 8" 6 Df - <i>Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able.</i> Target suffers 2/3/3 damage. <b>Slug:</b> When resolving, this Action Drops no Blast Markers and the target suffers +1 damage.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>BLOW IT TO HELL</b> 8" 5 - 10 <i>Remove any other Blown Apart Markers Dropped by this model.</i> Drop a Blown Apart Marker within range, then remove any Destructible Terrain within 12 of it. Models within 12 of a Blown Apart Marker do not benefit from having Cover. Blown Apart Markers cannot be removed from effects other than this Action.				
<b>TRANSFER POWER</b> 3" - - - <i>Discard a Power Token. Friendly Construct only.</i> Target gains a Power Token. Push the target up to 2".				

## 40MM





# WARDEN

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

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

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



WARDEN

Minion (2), Construct

AUGMENTED, GUARD

5 COST

5 DF

4 Wp

FACTION

5 Mv

2 Sz

ABILITIES

**ARMOR +2:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

**PURSUE:** This model's Attack Actions receive +1 to their duels when targeting models that have already Activated this Turn.

**RUTHLESS:** This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

**POWER CONVERTER:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may remove a Scrap Marker within 13 to gain a Power Token. Before performing a duel, this model may discard a Power Token to receive either a 1 or a suit of its choice to that duel.

1 2 3 4 5

HEALTH

WARDEN

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>HURRICANE PUNCH</b>	1"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.				
☛ <b>Puncture:</b> When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a 1 for each ☛ in the final duel total (to a maximum of 11).				
☛ <b>Knock Aside:</b> Push the target 4" in any direction.				
<b>RESTRAINT CLAW</b>	8"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 1/2/2 damage and gains <b>Slow</b> .				
☛ <b>Pull and Drag:</b> Push the target 3" toward this model.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
☛ <b>TRANSFER POWER</b>	3"	-	-	-
Discard a Power Token. <i>Friendly Construct only.</i> Target gains a Power Token. Push the target up to 2".				

40MM





## WATCHER

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

Adapted from the crude scouting and prospecting constructs of the Resettlement effort and later refined by Charles Hoffman, the Watcher is a striking creation.

A paper-thin carapace, reinforced by engraved wards, encloses a skeleton of brass rods and gears, the whole supported by broad wings pinioned in metal or hardwood. The mechanism moves to a heartbeat of steam from a Soulstone-powered pump, and the crystal lens that dominates its face is twinned to a second lens that merges its gaze with the vision of its allies on the ground. Since then, criminals that utter cocky rhymes are known to glance upward, checking to be sure they’re right.

**WATCHER**
**4**  
COST

Minion (3), Construct  
AUGMENTED

**5**  
Df

**4**  
Wp

FACTION

**7**  
Mv

**1**  
Sz

**ABILITIES**

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

**POWER CONVERTER:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may remove a Scrap Marker within (1)3 to gain a Power Token. Before performing a duel, this model may discard a Power Token to receive either a (1) or a suit of its choice to that duel.

**DEMISE (POWER SURGE):** After this model is killed, it may move its Power Tokens to friendly models within (1)6.

1

2

3

4

**HEALTH**

**WATCHER**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>TALONS</b> Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. ☐ <b>Spool Up:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> This model gains a Power Token. ♣ <b>Coordinated Attack:</b> Another friendly model may take a (1) Action targeting the same model. ✕ <b>Daze:</b> Target gains <b>Stunned</b> and is Pushed up to 3" in any direction.	0"	4	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
✂ <b>SCRAP DELIVERY</b> Remove a Scrap Marker in base contact with this model. At the end of this model's Activation, Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with this model.	-	-	-	-
✂ <b>TRANSFER POWER</b> Discard a Power Token. <i>Friendly Construct only.</i> Target gains a Power Token. Push the target up to 2".	3"	-	-	-

**30MM**



# 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  $\bullet$  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









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?

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

**FACTION**

**4**  
MV

**2**  
SZ

**ABILITIES**

**DF/WP (≡) 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 (M)2 Heal 1 and gain **Focused +1**.

**BETRAYAL:** Enemy models within (M)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
<b>SHARPENED QUILL</b>	0"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.				
<div> <b>Draw Out Secrets:</b> Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target. </div>				
<div> <b>Maim:</b> Target discards a card. </div>				
DISPEL MAGIC	6"	6	Wp	12
End one Condition on the target.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>I'VE GOT YOUR BACK</b>	6"	5	-	10
<div> Target other engaged friendly model. Target is Placed into base contact with this model. </div>				



# AGENT 46

According to the archives, the first and only time Agent 46 is mentioned on record was shortly before the death of Governor-General Kitchener, confirming his return from Earth after a series of investigations of a global imports company. All other records - including his time Earthside and where he was Breachside before that - have either been expunged by the Governor's Secretary, or were never there to begin with. And that suits Lucius just fine.

Agent 46 has been at the Secretary's side ever since, a tall, lanky scarecrow to shoo away bothersome pests. His silent, intense stare and spider-like movements are usually enough to keep anyone from approaching, and those who don't get the message find Agent 46 is always armed with a blade of some kind, which he wields with surgical skill and unnerving speed. In those rare moments when 46 is not at Lucius' side, the Secretary cryptically remarks that he is "on assignment," and brushes the topic aside like dust from his sleeve.



AGENT 46

Henchman, Living

ELITE, MIMIC

9

COST

5

DF

6

WP

6

MV

2

SZ

FACTION

ABILITIES

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

**INHUMAN PHYSIOLOGY:** Enemy models cannot Cheat Fate when targeted by this model's Attack Actions.

**RUTHLESS:** This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

**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.

1

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8

9

HEALTH

AGENT 46

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

TWIRLING BLADES

1"

6

Df

-

Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.

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

⚔ **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.

✕ **Execute:** The target may either discard a card or a Soulstone. If it does neither, it is killed, ignoring **Demise** Abilities.

ANALYZE WEAKNESS

10"

6

Wp

-

Until the End Phase, all damage the target suffers ignores **Armor** and **Shielded**.

⚔ **On Your Heels:** *Enemy only.* Place this model into base contact with the target.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

MIMIC

6"

6

-

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.

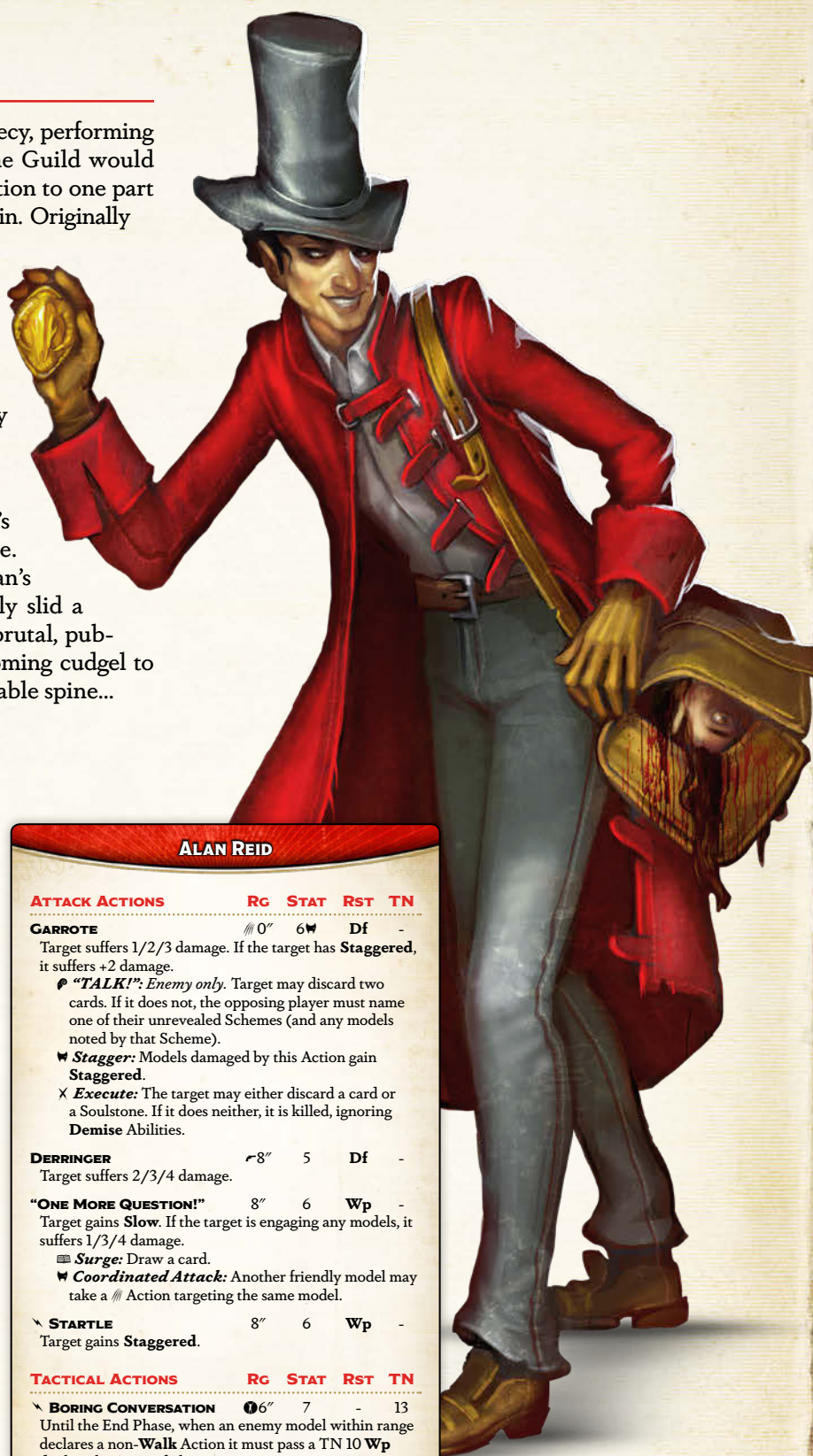
30MM



# ALAN REID

Most of the Elite Division act in absolute secrecy, performing tasks for the Guild that - arguably - even the Guild would find suspicious. But secrecy is one part discretion to one part distraction, and that's where Alan Reid comes in. Originally the lead investigator on the Seamus case, the Redchapel Killer always seemed to be two steps ahead. Frustrated, Reid started turning to more brutal methods to ensnare his prey, and his recklessness accidentally uncovered the Elite Division's operations. Astutely realizing the problems it would cause, Alan quickly silenced the eye-witnesses - including members of his own team.

When Alan was summoned to the Secretary's office, he was sure his own time had come. Instead, Lucius professed his respect for Alan's quick-thinking and tidy cleanup, then quietly slid a contract in front of him. Now Alan puts his brutal, public methods to work for Lucius, the loud, booming cudgel to Lucius' slender daggers aiming for the vulnerable spine...



ALAN REID

Henchman, Living

ELITE

8

COST

5

Df

6

Wp

5

MV

2

Sz

ABILITIES

**INTIMIDATING AUTHORITY:** After this model is targeted with an Attack Action, it may discard a card to have the Attacking model suffer a  $\square$  to that Action's duel.

**DIVERSION:** Enemy models within  $\bullet$ 4 cannot declare  $\searrow$  Actions.

**NEFARIOUS PACT:** At the end of this model's Activation, it may draw a card.

**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.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

HEALTH

ALAN REID

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

CARROTE

0"

6W

Df

-

Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. If the target has **Staggered**, it suffers +2 damage.

$\bullet$  **"TALK!":** *Enemy only.* Target may discard two cards. If it does not, the opposing player must name one of their unrevealed Schemes (and any models noted by that Scheme).

$\searrow$  **Stagger:** Models damaged by this Action gain **Staggered**.

$\times$  **Execute:** The target may either discard a card or a Soulstone. If it does neither, it is killed, ignoring **Demise** Abilities.

DERRINGER

8"

5

Df

-

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

**"ONE MORE QUESTION!"** 8" 6 **Wp** -

Target gains **Slow**. If the target is engaging any models, it suffers 1/3/4 damage.

$\square$  **Surge:** Draw a card.

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

STARTLE

8"

6

Wp

-

Target gains **Staggered**.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

BORING CONVERSATION

6"

7

-

13

Until the End Phase, when an enemy model within range declares a non-Walk Action it must pass a TN 10 **Wp** duel or the Action fails.

30MM



# GUILD INVESTIGATOR

Since the re-opening of the Breach ten years ago, the Guild has been operating a pragmatic and arguably effective government in Malifaux. Despite the many challenges and threats it has faced in the past, the Guild's ironclad grip on Malifaux has only tightened. Part of the reason for its success is the Guild's willingness to get its hands dirty. Every criminal investigation in the city, from murders to white collar crime, is headed up by one of the Guild's many Investigators.

The primary task of an Investigator is not to solve the crime (though that's appreciated when it happens), but rather to ensure that any evidence points toward anyone but the Guild. More than one eyewitness has "disappeared" because they stubbornly disagreed with an Investigator's creative interpretation of events.



## INVESTIGATOR

Minion (2), Living  
ELITE

**7**  
COST

5  
Df

6  
Wp

FACTION

5  
Mv

2  
Sz

### ABILITIES

**INTIMIDATING AUTHORITY:** After this model is targeted with an Attack Action, it may discard a card to have the Attacking model suffer a to that Action's duel.

**"STAND BACK! IT'S EVIDENCE!":** After a Corpse, Scrap, or Scheme Marker is Dropped within , after resolving the current Action or Ability, this model may Push a model within 3" of the Marker up to 3" away from it.

**REMOVE EVIDENCE:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may remove a Scheme, Corpse, or Scrap Marker within to draw a card.

**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.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

HEALTH

INVESTIGATOR

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>GARROTE</b> 0" 7  Df - Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. If the target has <b>Staggered</b> , it suffers +2 damage. <b>Draw Out Secrets:</b> Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target. <b>Stagger:</b> Models damaged by this Action gain <b>Staggered</b> . <b>No Witnesses:</b> 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 <b>Armor</b> .				
<b>INTERROGATE</b> 8" 5  - Target must discard a card. If the target is within 3" of an enemy Scheme Marker, this model may draw a card. <b>Draw Out Secrets:</b> Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target. <b>Delay:</b> Target gains <b>Slow</b> .				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>ACTIVE CRIME SCENE</b> 4" 6 - 12 Until the Start Phase, enemy Scheme Markers within range cannot be targeted or affected by enemy models and are ignored for the purposes of Schemes and Strategies.				

30MM



# GUILD LAWYER

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

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

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



**GUILD LAWYER**  
Minion (3), Living  
ELITE

6  
COST

4  
DF

6  
WP

5  
MV

2  
SZ

**ABILITIES**  
**INTIMIDATING AUTHORITY:** After this model is targeted with an Attack Action, it may discard a card to have the Attacking model suffer a  $\square$  to that Action's duel.  
**CHATTY:** Enemy models within  $\bullet 6$  must each discard a card to take the **Interact** 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.  
**TOOLS FOR THE JOB:** At the start of this model's Activation, it may draw the top card of its Discard Pile, then discard a card. Until the End Phase, this model may add the suit of the discarded card to its final duel totals.  
**COURT AUTHORITY:** Friendly models may treat this model as having +2 Cost when resolving game effects.

1 2 3 4 5 6  
HEALTH

**GUILD LAWYER**

**ATTACK ACTIONS**

**SHARP WIT**  $\bullet 1''$  6 **Wp** -  
Target gains **Slow**.  
**Under Pressure:** Push the target 2" away from this model.  
**Mental Trauma:** Target must either discard a card or suffer 3 damage.

**OBEY** 12" 5 **Wp** 14W  
*This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. Non-Master only.* Target model takes a non-Action that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name, chosen and controlled by this model.  
**Draw Out Secrets:** Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target.

**TACTICAL ACTIONS**

**IMPASSIONED DEFENSE** 8" 6 - 10  
*Friendly only.* Target gains **Shielded +2**.  
**Surge:** Draw a card.  
**Quick Reflexes:** Take this Action again, targeting a different model.

30MM



FALSE WITNESS

Minion (3), Living

ELITE, JOURNALIST

5

COST

5

Df

5

Wp

5

MV

2

Sz

1

2

3

4

5

HEALTH

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

**DISTRACTION:** Enemy models within  $\bullet 2$  of this model suffer  $\square$  to Wp duels.

**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.

**CHASING A STORY:** After an enemy model within  $\bullet 8$  resolves the Interact Action, this model may gain Focused +1.

**INNOCENT BYSTANDER:** Attack Actions without a TN that target this model gain a TN of 12.

**EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW:** When an enemy model within  $\bullet 2$  takes the Interact Action, it is treated as a friendly model and the Action is controlled by this model.

FALSE WITNESS

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>J'ACCUSE!</b>	8"	5	Wp	-
Target gains this model's choice of either <b>Adversary (Elite)</b> or <b>Adversary (Journalist)</b> . If the target is engaging this model, the target suffers 1/2/3 damage.				
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li> <b>W Slander:</b> Target gains <b>Distracted +1</b>. If the target is within <math>\bullet 2</math> of a Scheme Marker, it suffers +1 damage. </li> <li> <b>X Debt of Gratitude:</b> Target must remove a Scheme Marker friendly to its Crew from anywhere in play. If it cannot, it suffers 2 damage. </li> </ul>				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>FALSE CLAIM</b>	3"	5	-	12
This Action cannot be taken while engaged. Drop two Scheme Markers within range. During the End Phase, remove a friendly Scheme Marker from play.				
<b>TELL NO LIES</b>	$\bullet 3"$	5	-	12
Until the End Phase, models within range cannot Cheat Fate.				

30MM

## FALSE WITNESS

The death of Herbert Kitchener threw the Guild into disarray Breachside. Lucius Mattheson stepped up as acting Governor to handle the crisis, and immediately declared the Arcanists to be responsible for Kitchener's death. As the mass-arrests began, Lucius assigned a group of men and women to plant the necessary evidence, give falsified testimony, and otherwise point the finger at the people Lucius had already selected for arrest. This would allow them to avoid the nagging problem of due process.

Thus the False Witness became an unofficial branch of the Elite Division. Typically these men are carefully selected and trained for their work, often spending as much time preparing false evidence as a typical investigator would finding it. Other times, the False Witness is simply an opportunistic sycophant, eagerly doing the dirty work in exchange for a healthy Guild stipend paid under the table. A scrap of an arcane tome, a stolen Peacebringer revolver; the right plant in the wrong place can make a man a criminal in the eyes of his friends and family, forever.













## ENSLAVED NEPHILIM

*Enforcer, Living Totem (Perdita Ortega)*  
FAMILY, NEPHILIM

2

COST



4  
DF

4  
WP

  
FACTION

4  
MV

1  
SZ

ABILITIES

**BLACK BLOOD:** After this model suffers damage from an Action or Trigger, every model within (0)1 suffers 1 damage. This model ignores damage caused by Black Blood.

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

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

**DEMISE (EXPENDABLE):** After this model is killed, its controller draws a card.

1 2 3

HEALTH

**ENSLAVED NEPHILIM**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>BALL AND CHAIN</b> Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. <b>Insidious Influence:</b> Take the Obey Action targeting the same model. That Action receives +2W to its final duel total.	0"	4	Df	-
<b>OBEY</b> <i>This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. Non-Master only. Target model takes a non-Action that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name, chosen and controlled by this model.</i>	12"	4	Wp	14W

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>FRIGHTENING REMINDER</b> <i>Other friendly model only. Push the target up to 4" away from this model.</i> <b>Preparations:</b> Target gains <b>Focused +1</b> .	6"	5	-	10

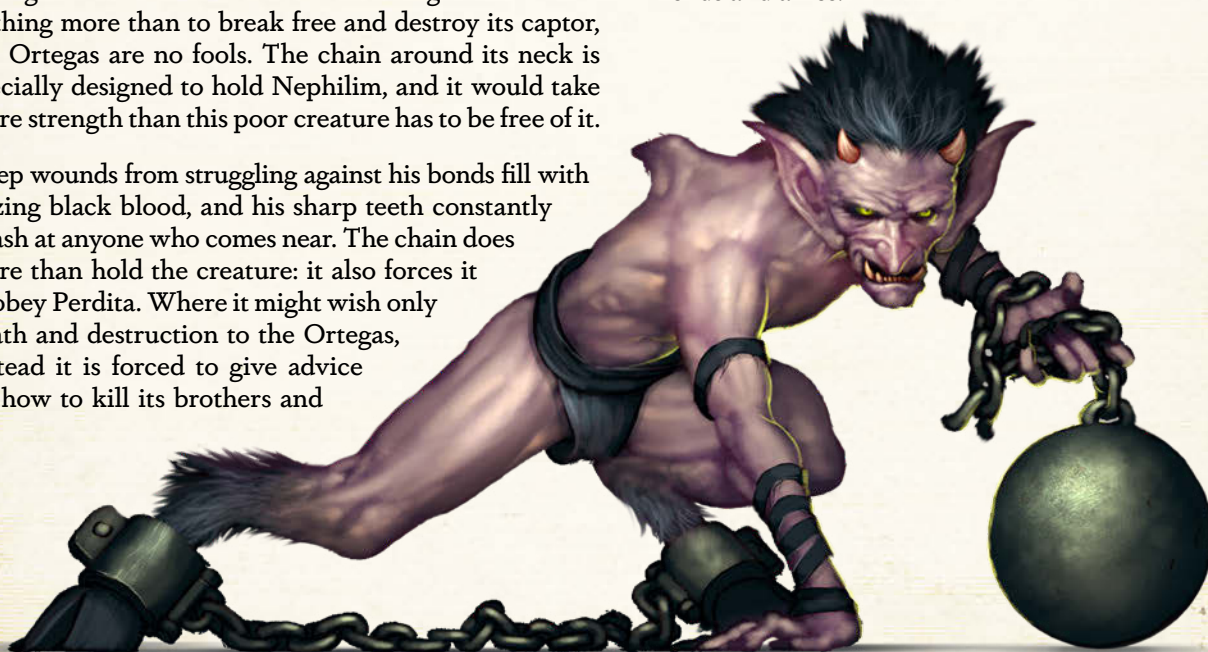
**30MM**

## ENSLAVED NEPHILIM

The Ortega family is well known for their skill at killing Neverborn, but Perdita has gone one step further and managed to bind one to her service. Though it would like nothing more than to break free and destroy its captor, the Ortegas are no fools. The chain around its neck is specially designed to hold Nephilim, and it would take more strength than this poor creature has to be free of it.

Deep wounds from struggling against his bonds fill with oozing black blood, and his sharp teeth constantly gnash at anyone who comes near. The chain does more than hold the creature: it also forces it to obey Perdita. Where it might wish only death and destruction to the Ortegas, instead it is forced to give advice on how to kill its brothers and

watch as the family carries out raid after successful raid against Neverborn who might have otherwise been friends and allies.



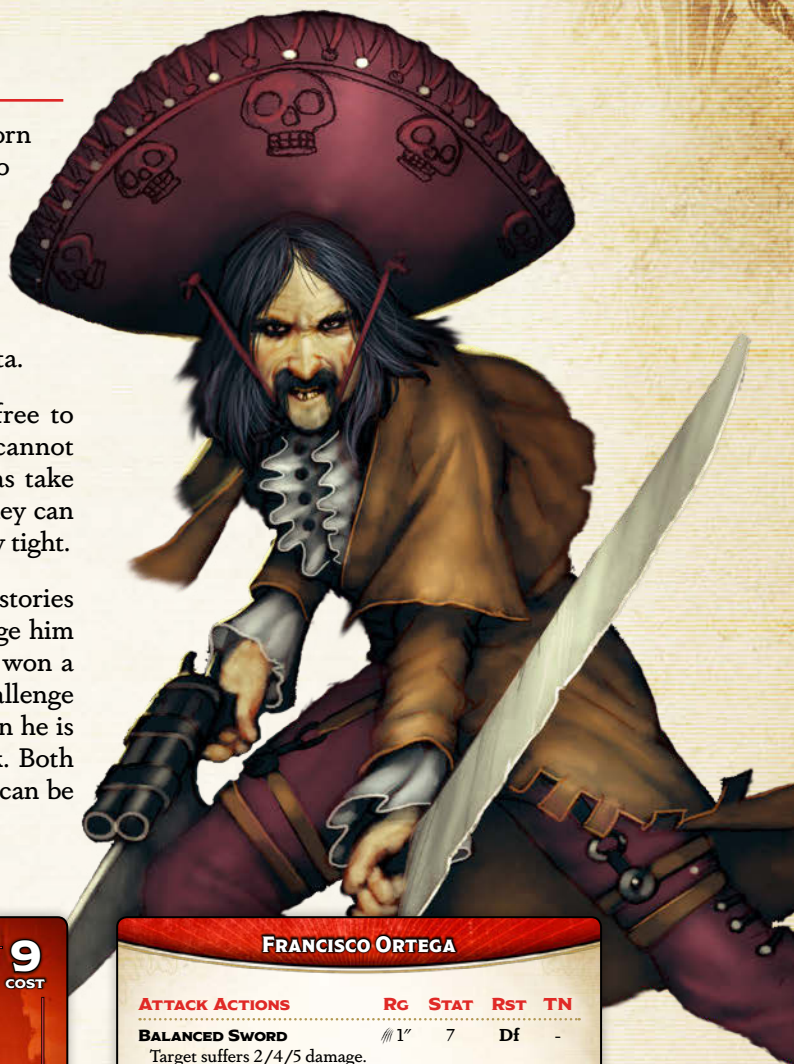


# FRANCISCO ORTEGA

Francisco is the eldest Ortega son. A proud but stubborn man, he was furious when Perdita stole his ticket to Malifaux. He felt it was his responsibility to provide for the family, and that she robbed him of a chance for glory. But when letters - and money - began to arrive with proof of her success, even Francisco could not deny his sister's talent. When offered to lead his family, he chose to give that honor instead to Perdita.

Freed from the burden of leadership, Francisco is free to practice his swordplay – a skill which even Perdita cannot hope to match him. While most of the other Ortigas take great pride in their shooting ability, they know who they can count on when the Nephilim close in and quarters draw tight.

Quiet as a rule, there are some who fail to believe the stories surrounding the mysterious elder brother and challenge him to a duel. To this day, there is no man alive who has won a duel against him. As a rule, Francisco will fight a challenge with only one blade, to better even the odds, but when he is in a life and death situation, there is no holding back. Both blades are pulled free, and the true skill of this Ortega can be unleashed.



**FRANCISCO ORTEGA**

*Henchman, Living*

**FAMILY**

**9**  
COST

**5**  
DF

**6**  
WP

**5**  
MV

**2**  
SZ

**FACTION**

**ABILITIES**

**BRAVADO:** After this model takes the **Concentrate** Action, it may Push up to 4" toward an enemy model in its LoS.

**"¡A POR EL!":** After this model ends its Activation, another friendly Family model within **16** with Cost equal to or less than this model may discard a card to take an Action.

**GRIT (HARDENED):** While this model has half of its maximum Health or less, reduce all damage it suffers by +1.

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

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

**HEALTH**

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

## FRANCISCO ORTEGA

### ATTACK ACTIONS

**RG STAT RST TN**

#### BLEEDING SWORD

♣ 1" 7 Df -

Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.

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

▣ **Family Values:** *Once per Activation. Enemy only.* Another friendly Family model within 6" may either draw a card or take the **Concentrate** Action.

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

#### CUSTOM PEACEBRINGER

♣ 12" 6 Df -

Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.

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

### TACTICAL ACTIONS

**RG STAT RST TN**

#### HEROIC INTERVENTION

6" 6 - 11

*Enemy only.* Push all other friendly models within 1" of the target 5" away from the target. Then, Push this model 6" toward the target. This model may take a ♣ Action targeting the same model.

#### FINESSE

- - - -

Until the End Phase, ♣ Actions targeting this model suffer a ▢ to their duels.

30MM



Some men attempt to avoid bullets. That is the moment when Santiago Ortega feels the most alive. When others are ducking for cover, he is pushing through them, eager to meet his foe in battle. Some rumors claim that he is more than human, that only a monster could survive so many attacks and still fight.

His battlefield laughter serves both as a warning to his foes and a rallying call for his allies. With modified Peacebringers in each hand, the family knows that he will not only draw attention away from them, but he will also take more than his fair share of the kills. It is welcomed in the heat of battle, but resented around the dinner table.

To many, it may seem that Santiago's habits are poor strategy, but everyone in the family knows that there are few who can exert the type of control that Santiago routinely commands. They know that his bullets will find only the flesh of their enemies, no matter how wild he may appear.

SANTIAGO ORTEGA				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>CUSTOM PEACEBRINGER</b>	6" 12"	6	Df	-
Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.				
<p>♣ <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ♣ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).</p> <p>▣ <b>Family Values:</b> <i>Once per Activation. Enemy only.</i> Another friendly Family model within 6" may either draw a card or take the <b>Concentrate</b> Action.</p> <p>♥ <b>Frantic Attack:</b> <i>This model suffers 1 damage.</i> Take this Action again.</p> <p>✕ <b>Grudge:</b> Target gains <b>Adversary (Family)</b>.</p>				
<b>SOBER UP</b>	6"	5	Wp	12
End one Condition on the target. If the target is a friendly model, it gains <b>Focused +1</b> .				
✎ <b>CHALLENGE</b>	6" 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.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
✎ <b>I'VE GOT YOUR BACK</b>	6"	6	-	10
Target other engaged friendly model. Target is Placed into base contact with this model.				
♥ <b>Quick Shot:</b> Take a ♣ Action, even if engaged.				



**NIÑO ORTEGA**  
Enforcer, Living  
FAMILY

**7**  
COST

**5** DF **5** WP **5** MV **2** SZ

**ABILITIES**

**BRAVADO:** After this model takes the **Concentrate** Action, it may Push up to 4" toward an enemy model in its LoS.

**"¡A POR ÉL!":** After this model ends its Activation, another friendly Family model within 6" with Cost equal to or less than this model may discard a card to take an Action.

**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.

**SHARPSHOOTER:** This model's ⚔ Actions ignore Cover and Concealment.

**SPOTTER:** This model's 1 affect friendly models regardless of range.

**HEALTH**

**NIÑO ORTEGA**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>KNIFE</b> Target suffers 1/3/4 damage.	0"	4	Df	-
<b>REPEATING RIFLE</b> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ♠ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). <b>Family Values:</b> Once per Activation. Enemy only. Another friendly Family model within 6" may either draw a card or take the <b>Concentrate</b> Action. <b>Quick Reflexes:</b> Take this Action again, targeting a different model.	14"	5	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>QUICK RETREAT</b> This Action may only be taken while engaged. This model may move up to 4".	-	-	-	-

**30MM**

## NIÑO ORTEGA

Somewhere between a ghost and a proper Latigo lie men like Niño, men who do not seek glory. Often sent ahead of the main force, Niño will find a position and wait until the rest of the family has engaged before picking off their enemies one by one. On the occasion when one bullet is not enough to finish the job, he will let loose at the risk of giving away his position. No matter how long he has been waiting, Niño always keeps his guns trained on his enemies, waiting only for Perdita's signal to open fire or to withdraw.

If the fighting draws close to his position, or if he is pushed into the melee by forces outside his control, Niño knows better than to try to fight it out. He will duck and weave away from any attacks and take the first chance he can get to redirect an enemy's attacks at another family member, leaving him free to hunt his prey another time.





# PAPA LOCO

Papa Ortega was once a wise leader, until the night the Ortegas delivered him to the Malifaux Sanitarium. What happened to make him snap is a secret guarded more closely than any other truth about the Ortega family. His stay was not long; between his penchant for creating explosives out of simple tools and his inability to be treated by traditional methods, no doctor or nurse bothered to stop him when he declared his intention to return to the Ortega Compound.

Not every member of the Ortega family goes on every mission, but when Papa decides he's going to come along, there are few who can talk him out of it. Despite the Ortegas' endless inventory of ammunition and their refusal to allow Papa to ever hold anything sharp, he manages to produce powerful explosives. While the stability of these concoctions is questionable at best, there is little that can be debated about their effectiveness.



PAPA LOCO

Enforcer, Living FAMILY

7 COST

5 Df

3 Wp

5 Mv

2 Sz

ABILITIES

**BRAVADO:** After this model takes the **Concentrate** Action, it may Push up to 4" toward an enemy model in its LoS.

**"¡A POR ÉL!":** After this model ends its Activation, another friendly Family model within 6" with Cost equal to or less than this model may discard a card to take an Action.

**EVASIVE:** Reduce all damage this model suffers from Shockwave, (t), and effects to 0.

**GRIT (HARDENED):** While this model has half of its maximum Health or less, reduce all damage it suffers by +1.

**DEMISE (EXPLOSIVE +3):** After this model is killed, models within 12" suffer +3 damage. This model does not Drop any Markers when killed.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

HEALTH

PAPA LOCO

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

FRANTIC FLAILING

0" 5P Df -

Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.

☛ **"Here, Hold This!":** The target and other models within 12" of it must each pass a TN 13 Mv duel or suffer 3 damage. The target suffers a to this duel.

☛ **Dynamite Punch:** When resolving, the target instead suffers 3/4/6 damage, then this model suffers 2 damage.

THROW DYNAMITE

8" 6 \* 12

Shockwave 2, Mv 13, Damage 3.

☛ **Cataclysm:** When resolving, Drop another Shockwave Marker within range and LoS.

☛ **Blown Back:** Push models damaged by this Action 3" away from the Marker.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

BLOW IT TO HELL

8" 4 - 10

Remove any other Blown Apart Markers Dropped by this model. Drop a Blown Apart Marker within range, then remove any Destructible Terrain within 12" of it. Models within 12" of a Blown Apart Marker do not benefit from having Cover. Blown Apart Markers cannot be removed from effects other than this Action.

JUGGERNAUT

- - - -

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

30MM



# MONSTER HUNTER

The Monster Hunters aren't Guild employees in the traditional sense of the word. They're freelancers and bounty hunters with Guild backing, meaning they are granted an allowance of Guild resources - particularly weapons and ammo - to assist them in the destruction of things that go bump in the night.

While just about anyone can become a Monster Hunter, the dangers of the profession tend to weed out the unqualified rather quickly. Only about half of the would-be Hunters survive their first encounter with a creature, and those who do often have more experienced fighters or steadfast allies watching their backs.

The most famous Monster Hunters are the members of the Ortega family, whose exploits are the stuff of legend. Stories of their exploits have traveled far and wide across Malifaux and Earth alike, and the Guild has been quick to play up their heroics, making them out as valiant gunslingers who have vowed to defend humanity against the ravages of an inhuman enemy.

## MONSTER HUNTER

**Minion (2), Living**  
FAMILY

6  
COST



5  
Df

5  
Wp

  
FACTION

5  
Mv

2  
Sz

ABILITIES

**BRAVADO:** After this model takes the **Concentrate** Action, it may Push up to 4" toward an enemy model in its LoS.

**"¡A POR EL!":** After this model ends its Activation, another friendly Family model within 6" with Cost equal to or less than this model may discard a card to take an Action.

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

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

**HEED NO FEAR:** This model cannot gain the **Adversary** Condition.

**THE BIGGER THEY ARE:** This model receives +1 to opposed duels with enemy models that have Sz greater than this model.

123456

HEALTH

MONSTER HUNTER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>CUSTOM FIREARM</b> Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. ☞ <b>Family Values:</b> Once per Activation. Enemy only. Another friendly Family model within 6" may either draw a card or take the <b>Concentrate</b> Action. X <b>Stunning Strike:</b> Target gains <b>Stunned</b> .	~12"	5	Df	-
<b>TERRORIZE</b> Enemy only. Target is Pushed its Mv in inches away from this model. X <b>Grudge:</b> Target gains <b>Adversary (Family)</b> .	8"	5	Wp	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
↘ <b>CREEP ALONG</b> Push this model up to its Mv in inches toward a friendly model in LoS.	-	5	-	11

30MM



# ABUELA ORTEGA

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

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



**ABUELA ORTEGA**  
*Enforcer, Living*  
**FAMILY**

**5**  
COST

**4**  
DF

**6**  
Wp

FACTION

**4**  
Mv

**2**  
Sz

**ABILITIES**

**BRAVADO:** After this model takes the **Concentrate** Action, it may Push up to 4" toward an enemy model in its LoS.

**"¡A POR ÉL!":** After this model ends its Activation, another friendly Family model within 6" with Cost equal to or less than this model may discard a card to take an Action.

**ON WHEELS:** After this model resolves a **Attack** Action, Push it up to 3" away from the target.

**HARD TO WOUND:** Damage flips against this model suffer a **[-]**.

**"NICE SHOT, DEAR!":** When taking Actions outside of their Activation, friendly Family models within LoS receive +1 to their duels.

**1 2 3 4 5**  
HEALTH

**ABUELA ORTEGA**

**ATTACK ACTIONS**

**RG STAT RST TN**

**SHARP WIT** 1" 5 Wp -

Target gains **Slow**.

**Family Values:** Once per Activation. Enemy only. Another friendly Family model within 6" may either draw a card or take the **Concentrate** Action.

**Grudge:** Target gains **Adversary (Family)**.

**SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN** 6" 5 Df -

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

**Slug:** When resolving, this Action Drops no Blast Markers and the target suffers +1 damage.

**TACTICAL ACTIONS**

**RG STAT RST TN**

**"LISTEN UP, YOUNG'UN!"** 8" 6 - 14

This Action receives +1 when targeting a Family model. Friendly non-Master only. Target model takes a non-Action that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name.

**30MM**



# PISTOLERO DE LATIGO

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

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

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



**4**  
COST

## PISTOLERO DE LATIGO

*Minion (3), Living*  
FAMILY

4  
Df

4  
Wp

5  
Mv

2  
Sz

**ABILITIES**

**BRAVADO:** After this model takes the **Concentrate** Action, it may Push up to 4" toward an enemy model in its LoS.

**"¡A POR ÉL!":** After this model ends its Activation, another friendly Family model within 6" with Cost equal to or less than this model may discard a card to take an Action.

**A FISTFUL OF SCRIP:** After this model kills an enemy model, it may Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the killed model.

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

1 2 3 4

HEALTH

## PISTOLERO DE LATIGO

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>SMALL-GAUGE REVOLVER</b> Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.	~10"	4	Df	-
<p>☛ <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ☛ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).</p> <p>✕ <b>Grudge:</b> Target gains <b>Adversary (Family)</b>.</p>				
<b>BITING INSULT</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Target gains <b>Distracted +1</b> . If the target has not yet Activated this Turn, this model's Crew gains a Pass Token.	6"	5	Wp	-
<p>✕ <b>Grudge:</b> Target gains <b>Adversary (Family)</b>.</p>				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<p>⚡ <b>RECKLESS</b> This model suffers 1 damage. This model gains <b>Fast</b>.</p>	-	-	-	-

**30MM**



# CORNELIUS BASSE

Cornelius Basse grew up on an Oklahoma farm where he learned the value of patience, respect, and responsibility from his father (and years of hard work). It was on that farm where Cornelius also learned how to shoot a shotgun, and more importantly, when; as his father always said, a man holding an empty shotgun is just as intimidating as a man with one loaded as long as he never needs to fire.

When his father passed, Cornelius couldn't bring himself to keep up the farm as it was an extension of the man who raised him, so he sold it to his neighbor for a fair price. With that money, he traveled across the American frontier, breaking bread with bandits, settlers, vagabonds, and the like over campfires, as long as the company was kind. And when it wasn't, he often found himself being the only one vigilant enough to break up backroom brawls. He even met the love of his life on the road, who told him to settle down and make a living by just being the man he was: a protector.

Before she and Cornelius had the chance to marry, she soon passed as well, but not before giving him a daughter, Bernadette. As Cornelius raised his wildflower, he gained a reputation across the American plains and canyons as the face of frontier justice. He was fair and strict in his ruling; his cold stare was said to stop bullets and his stoic nod was enough to mend wounds. Those early years were hard, and taught Cornelius lessons he thought he'd never have to learn. He hoped that showing his daughter the importance of patience, respect, and responsibility through his actions would be enough for those values to resonate with her, but she was too much like him, and needed to learn those values herself.

Unfortunately, it was an action made by his daughter that would ultimately drive them both out of America. Cornelius had taught Bernadette the importance of self-defense ("And if it means your life or theirs... do what needs doin' to survive."), but the person on the other end of her knife was the son of a corrupt judge. His death meant that Cornelius had to make the toughest decision in his life: to define what it means to do the "right thing."

But Cornelius Basse had suffered enough loss in his life to risk his daughter becoming a potential victim of the justice system that he chose to protect all those years. So, with his daughter's hand in his, they ran to Malifaux City to start a new life, far away from anyone who might mean to do them harm. Little did he know that the Guild was watching, and waiting, and just so happened to need a little bit of frontier justice of their own to be doled out to contract towns. And they had an offer he couldn't refuse.

CORNELIUS BASSE

Master, Living

FRONTIER

15

COST

6

5

5

2

DF

WP

FACTION

MV

SZ

ABILITIES

**HOME ON THE RANGE +1:** When deploying, every friendly model with this Ability can deploy +1" beyond this Crew's Deployment Zone.

**FAVORABLE TERRAIN:** This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain. While this model is in Severe Terrain or within 1" of Impassable Terrain, it has Cover.

**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 (X) TANGLED IN THE BRIARS:** After resolving, Push this model 2" away from the Attacking model. If this Action was a  $\text{///}$  Action and the Attacking model is within 2" of Severe Terrain, end its Activation.

**GUNFIGHTER:** This model may treat any of its  $\text{r}$  Actions as having a range of  $\text{///}$  1".

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

HEALTH

CORNELIUS BASSE

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>CHESTERFIELD SHOTGUN</b>	8"	6	Df	-
Target suffers 3 $\text{d}$ /4 $\text{d}$ /5 $\text{d}$ damage.				
<p><math>\text{p}</math> <b>High Noon:</b> This model gains <b>Shielded +2</b>.</p> <p><math>\times</math> <b>Severe Injury:</b> Models damaged by this Action gain <b>Injured +1</b> for each <math>\times</math> in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of <b>Injured +2</b>).</p>				
<b>CAUGHT IN QUICKSAND</b>	12"	7	Mv	-
This Action ignores <b>Concealment</b> . Target suffers 1/2/3 damage and gains <b>Injured +1</b> . If the target is in Severe Terrain, Place it within 1" of that terrain, not in terrain.				
<p><math>\text{p}</math> <b>Sand Worm?!</b> Once per Activation. Immediately, change this Action's effect to: "Target suffers 2<math>\text{d}</math>/3<math>\text{d}</math>/4<math>\text{d}</math> damage. Remove all Destructible Terrain within (t)3 of the target."</p> <p><math>\times</math> <b>Among the Willows:</b> Target must be in terrain. Choose a terrain the target was in when this Trigger was declared. Until the End Phase, that terrain is treated as Hazardous.</p>				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>STOIC NOD</b>	6"	7	-	12
Other friendly model only. Target Heals 1/2/3.				
$\text{v}$ <b>CLAIM THE BOUNTY</b>	(t)4"	-	-	-
Remove all Scheme Markers within range. For each Marker removed by this Action, this model may draw the top card of its Discard Pile.				
$\text{v}$ <b>KICK UP DUST</b>	3"	7	-	10
Drop a 50mm Concealing, Severe Dust Cloud Marker anywhere within range. During the End Phase, remove the Dust Cloud.				
$\text{v}$ <b>Reposition:</b> Move this model up to 3".				

30MM







# BERNADETTE BASSE

Bernadette Basse - arguably - received the worst traits of both parents; her father Cornelius' sense of law, and her mother's sense of righteous, spit-fire justice. So when that Burkwood boy tested his own legal limits when trying to steal from that poor kid, Bernadette stepped in and gave him a fat lip. And when he drew a knife, she showed him where he could stick it.

After that, no law or justice could protect them from Judge Burkwood. Despite her sense of righteous indignation, Cornelius dragged Bernadette to Malifaux.

They could outrun American law, but they couldn't outrun the Guild's. Now her father has to work for them, or she'll meet the wrong end of justice. Maybe they both will. Bernadette hates it, and she's yet to learn why they can't just stand against everyone looking to cause them harm and put them down, come hell or high water. Her father pleads with her for a sense of decorum, but she refuses to hear it, ready to beat down anyone who comes her way with a fight in mind.

BERNADETTE BASSE

Enforcer, Living Totem (Cornelius Basse)

FRONTIER

2

COST

5

DF

4

WP

5

MV

2

SZ

FACTION

ABILITIES

HOME ON THE RANGE +1:

When deploying, every friendly model with this Ability can deploy +1" beyond this Crew's Deployment Zone.

FAVORABLE TERRAIN:

This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain. While this model is in Severe Terrain or within 1" of Impassable Terrain, it has Cover.

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 (FRANTIC):

While this model has half of its maximum Health or less, its Attack Actions receive a to their duels and damage flips.

1 2 3 4

HEALTH

BERNADETTE BASSE

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

KNIFE

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).

Survival Skills:

This model Heals 1/2/3.

BRING IT

12" 5 Wp 13

Target moves its **Mv** +2" toward this model. Then, the target must take a Action that cannot declare Triggers targeting this model, if able. Any damage flips from the generated Action suffer a .

Rip and Tear:

Take a Action targeting the same model. This Action receives a to its duel.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

KICK UP DUST

3" 5 - 10

Drop a 50mm Concealing, Severe Dust Cloud Marker anywhere within range. During the End Phase, remove the Dust Cloud.

Shifting Terrain:

Push the Marker up to 4" in any direction.

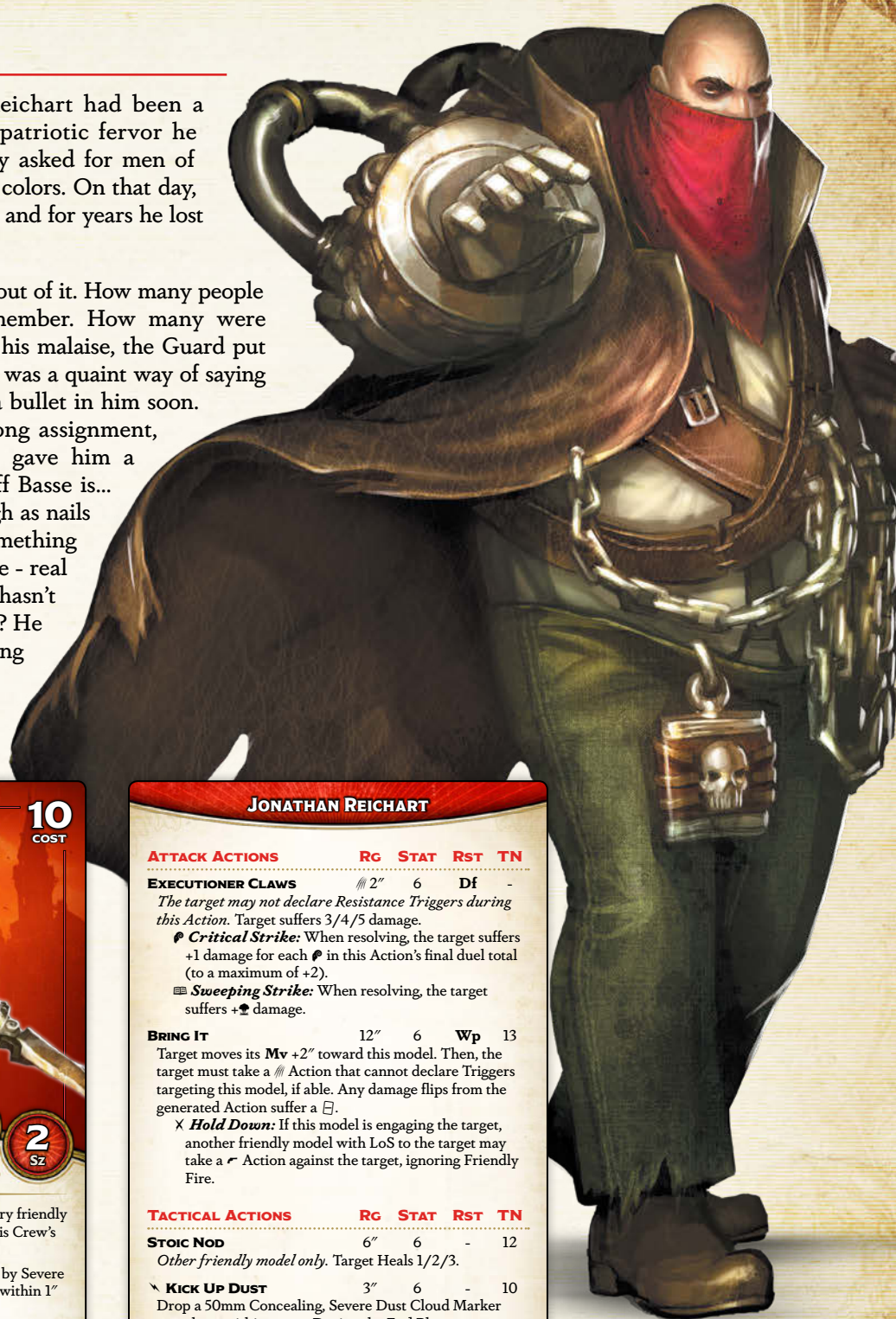
30MM



# JONATHAN REICHART

Once upon a time, Jonathan Reichart had been a believer. Few could match the patriotic fervor he showed to the Guild. When they asked for men of zeal, Reichart passed with flying colors. On that day, he earned his Executioner's claws, and for years he lost himself in blood.

Reichart isn't sure when he came out of it. How many people had he killed? He couldn't remember. How many were guilty? Probably far less. Sensing his malaise, the Guard put him on "retirement watch," which was a quaint way of saying someone would be along to put a bullet in him soon. Being an Executioner is a life-long assignment, after all. Then Captain Dashed gave him a new assignment. Life with Sheriff Basse is... different. He's simultaneously tough as nails and green as a Gremlin, but something about his resolve to uphold justice - real justice - stirs something Reichart hasn't felt in a long time. Purpose? Peace? He isn't sure. But... it feels like something worth fighting for.



**JONATHAN REICHART** **10**  
COST

Henchman, Living  
FRONTIER

**5**  
Df

**6**  
Wp

FACTION

**5**  
Mv

**2**  
Sz

**ABILITIES**

**HOME ON THE RANGE +1:** When deploying, every friendly model with this Ability can deploy +1" beyond this Crew's Deployment Zone.

**FAVORABLE TERRAIN:** This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain. While this model is in Severe Terrain or within 1" of Impassable Terrain, it has Cover.

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

**HARD TO KILL:** When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

**GRIT (HARDENED):** While this model has half of its maximum Health or less, reduce all damage it suffers by +1.

HEALTH

**JONATHAN REICHART**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>EXECUTIONER CLAWS</b> <i>The target may not declare Resistance Triggers during this Action. Target suffers 3/4/5 damage.</i> <b>☛ Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ☛ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). <b>☛ Sweeping Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +☛ damage.	12"	6	Df	-
<b>BRING IT</b> Target moves its <b>Mv</b> +2" toward this model. Then, the target must take a ☛ Action that cannot declare Triggers targeting this model, if able. Any damage flips from the generated Action suffer a ☐.	12"	6	Wp	13
<b>✕ Hold Down:</b> If this model is engaging the target, another friendly model with LoS to the target may take a ☛ Action against the target, ignoring Friendly Fire.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>STOIC NOD</b> <i>Other friendly model only. Target Heals 1/2/3.</i>	6"	6	-	12
<b>✕ KICK UP DUST</b> Drop a 50mm Concealing, Severe Dust Cloud Marker anywhere within range. During the End Phase, remove the Dust Cloud.	3"	6	-	10

**40MM**



# AUSTRINGER

Austringers have perfected the art of training Raptors from the Bayou, who have proven to be nearly as intelligent as Gremlins, and far less drunk. When they are invited into the program, each Austringer completes a grueling set of mental and physical training before they are allowed to choose a bird from the hatchery. The choice is no simple matter, since trainer and bird will be with each other until the day one of them dies. Some rare Austringers move on to a clerical position within the Guild, when their loyal companion dies.

Raptors are intelligent enough that they do not need to be pointed at a target. With a simple command, the bird will fly from its trainer's arm and swoop low into enemy forces. Though they lack the deadliness of a gun, there are few things more distracting than a fully trained hunting bird descending in the heat of battle, which creates a critical opening for better armed Guild members.

**AUSTRINGER**  
Minion (2), Living  
FRONTIER

7  
COST

5  
Df

5  
Wp

FACTION

5  
Mv

2  
Sz

**ABILITIES**  
**HOME ON THE RANGE +1:** When deploying, every friendly model with this Ability can deploy +1" beyond this Crew's Deployment Zone.  
**FAVORABLE TERRAIN:** This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain. While this model is in Severe Terrain or within 1" of Impassable Terrain, it has Cover.  
**SKYBOUND ALLY:** After this model Deploys, it may Attach a Raptor Upgrade.

1 2 3 4 5 6  
HEALTH

**AUSTRINGER**

**ATTACK ACTIONS**

	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>KNIFE</b>	0"	4	Df	-

Target suffers 1/3/4 damage.

**Puncture:** When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a for each in the final duel total (to a maximum of ).

**Sharp Whistle: Enemy only.** If this model does not have an Attached Raptor Upgrade, this model may discard a card to Attach a Raptor Upgrade.

	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>CLOCKWORK REVOLVER</b>	12"	5	Df	-

Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.

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

**TACTICAL ACTIONS**

	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>KICK UP DUST</b>	3"	6	-	10

Drop a 50mm Concealing, Severe Dust Cloud Marker anywhere within range. During the End Phase, remove the Dust Cloud.

30MM



**PATHFINDER**  
Minion (2), Living  
FRONTIER

**6**  
COST



**5** DF **5** WP **5** MV **2** SZ

**ABILITIES**

**HOME ON THE RANGE +1:** When deploying, every friendly model with this Ability can deploy +1" beyond this Crew's Deployment Zone.

**FAVORABLE TERRAIN:** This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain. While this model is in Severe Terrain or within 1" of Impassable Terrain, it has Cover.

**HUNTING TRAPS:** After this model ends its Activation, any number of friendly Clockwork Trap models may take the Walk Action.

**TRAILBLAZER:** During the Start Phase, this model may take the Follow My Path Action.

**HEALTH**

**PATHFINDER**

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>KNIFE</b> Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. ☛ <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ☛ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). ☛ <b>Shove Backwards:</b> A friendly Clockwork Trap model within ②2 of the target may Push 1" toward the target and take a ☛ Action targeting it. This Action receives a ☛ to its duel and damage flip.	0"	5	Df	-
<b>LONG CARBINE</b> This Action ignores Concealment. Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. ☛ <b>Armor Piercing:</b> When resolving, damage from this Action ignores Armor. X <b>Delay:</b> Target gains Slow.	14"	5	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
☛ <b>SET THE TRAP</b> Summon a Clockwork Trap anywhere within range.	4"	5	-	10
☛ <b>KICK UP DUST</b> Drop a 50mm Concealing, Severe Dust Cloud Marker anywhere within range. During the End Phase, remove the Dust Cloud.	3"	5	-	10
☛ <b>FOLLOW MY PATH</b> Other friendly model only. Move the target up to 2".	6"	-	-	-

**30MM**

## PATHFINDER

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

Some want to test themselves against the dangers of the uncharted wilds. For some, escaping to Malifaux City wasn't enough, and they need to escape from it. Some simply decide a hard life and unmarked death out beyond the edge of the map is a fair price for the solitude they crave. Even so, most of these silent recluses still brush up against society from time to time, trading for the few needs they can't meet themselves. It's a trade that Guild posts are always happy to take them up on. Anyone who can fend for themselves in the Malifaux badlands for months or years at a time has skills well worth the bag or two of supplies they're after before they disappear back into the wild.







Outside of Malifaux City, there are very few human population centers larger than a thousand people. Most of these settlements are known as contract towns, places where the Guild provides almost all of the necessary supplies and a patch of land in exchange for settlers to move in and maintain it. It's not a glamorous or profitable life, but it's one that many find contentment in. Hard-working, no-nonsense folk, Frontiersmen teach themselves to be as self-reliant as possible, because even a contract town won't survive on the pittance of the Guild alone. This means that many towns are tightly-knit communities that do their best to look after their own, and look down on anyone not willing to pull their weight.

While city folk might look down on them, Frontiersmen are accustomed to Malifaux's danger, and when Neverborn or cannibal cults come hunting for blood, these stern individuals form the first - and often last - line of defense for the families huddled behind closed doors.

FRONTIERSMAN				
ADDITIONAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>TOMAHAWK</b> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. <b>☛ Defensive Reflexes:</b> This model gains <b>Shielded +1</b> . <b>☛ You're Comin' with Me:</b> Push the target up to 3" in any direction, then Place this model into base contact with it.	☛ 1"	5	Df	-
<b>CLOCKWORK REVOLVER</b> Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. <b>☛ Puncture:</b> When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a ☛ for each ☛ in the final duel total (to a maximum of ☛☛). <b>✕ Severe Injury:</b> Models damaged by this Action gain <b>Injured +1</b> for each ✕ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of <b>Injured +2</b> ).	☛ 12"	5	Df	-
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>☛ KICK UP DUST</b> Drop a 50mm Concealing, Severe Dust Cloud Marker anywhere within range. During the End Phase, remove the Dust Cloud.	3"	5	-	10
<b>☛ FOLLOW MY PATH</b> <i>Other friendly model only.</i> Move the target up to 2".	6"	-	-	-





## TRAINED RAPTOR

For unknown reasons that drive many an enthusiastic debate among scientists and scholars, Malifaux seems filled with creatures that are nearly identical to their Earth-side cousins. One of these is the Malifaux Raptor, a large bird of prey that seems a cross between an eagle and a vulture. The first to tame and use these creatures for battle was the Arcanists, and Marcus has been known to utilize them in battle, but the Guild has begun their own Austringer program designed to turn the creatures into Guild assets.

A Raptor's aggressive temperament makes them unsuited for messenger birds, but they make excellent scouts and hunters. Well fed, a Raptor can follow a target for hours, patiently keeping an eye on anything below before needing to rest. Handlers of the Raptors also deploy them on the battlefield, where their large size and sharp talons can be used to great effect. Trained Raptors will go after the eyes to blind their opponent, so their Austringer handlers can take full advantage of the target's distraction.

**TRAINED RAPTOR**
3  
COST

Minion (3), Beast  
FRONTIER

4

Df

3

Wp

Faction

7

Mv

1

Sz

**ABILITIES**

**FLIGHT:** When resolving the **Walk** or **Charge** Action, instead of moving normally, this model may Place itself completely within "X", where X is equal to this model's **Mv**. This model does not suffer Falling damage.

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

1

2

3

HEALTH

**TRAINED RAPTOR**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>TALONS</b> Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. ♣ <b>Rake the Eyes:</b> 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. ✕ <b>Mutilate:</b> When resolving, if the target has <b>Slow</b> , it suffers +1 damage. Otherwise, it gains <b>Slow</b> .	0"	5	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>CIRCLE OVERHEAD</b> Remove a Corpse Marker in base contact with this model. Summon a Trained Raptor with <b>Slow</b> anywhere on the table, at least 3" from enemy models.	-	5	-	12

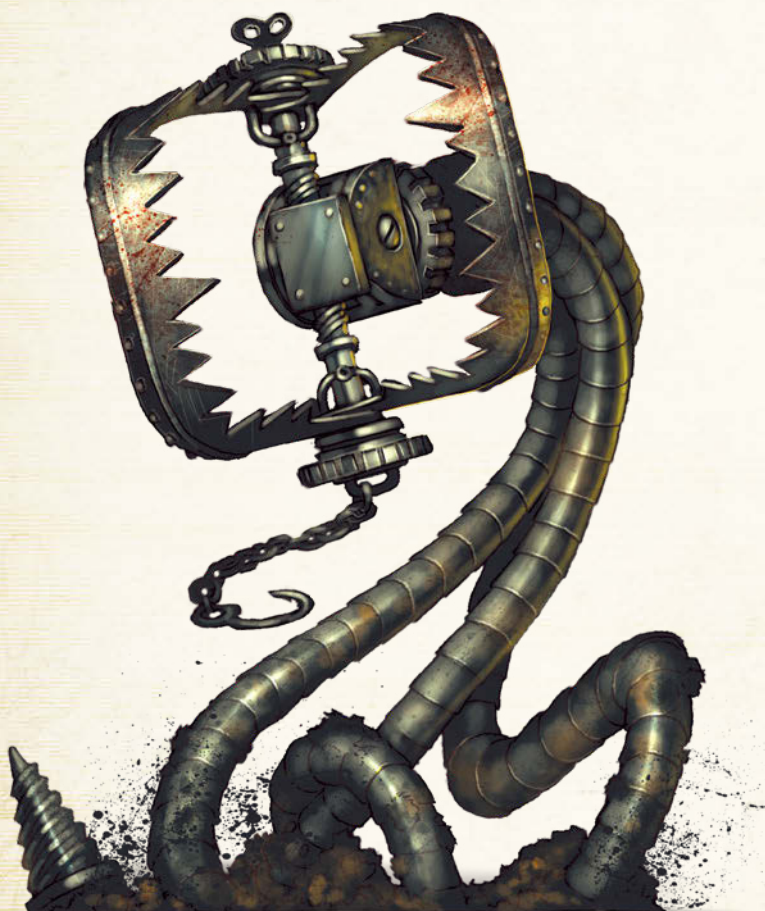
**40MM**



# CLOCKWORK TRAP

Clockwork traps (or gear-traps, springjaws, tick-snares, or any of their other army of nicknames) probably tie only with the humble pocket-watch for the most numerous and widely-distributed mechanical device in Malifaux.

Trappers and Pathfinders use the simple and traditional Earthside model of serrated jaws snapping shut over a pressure-plate, while game hunters and town militias with better budgets use more sophisticated versions that launch themselves toward anything that brushes a tripwire or hanging trigger-weight. The flashiest of all are almost constructs in their own right, lying dormant in cover until they can seize a hapless enemy in a toothed and tethered spring-clamp, or send a barbed-wire noose whipping out from an extending arm. Such devices are dangerous, and hard to sneak past or disarm, but also expensive and complex to maintain. They are most often found guarding the paths to Soulstone mines or Guild depots, or the homes of Malifaux's wealthy. Considerable ingenuity has gone into designing self-arming versions that skirmishers can quickly sow across an ambush site for their enemies to blunder across.



## CLOCKWORK TRAP

Minion (8), Construct

FRONTIER

2  
COST

4  
DF

2  
Wp

3  
Mv

1  
Sz

### ABILITIES

**ARMOR +2:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

**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.

**HUNTING PARTNER:** Friendly models' Attack Actions ignore this model for the purposes of Friendly Fire. Enemy models within 1 must discard a card to declare the **Disengage** Action.

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

1 2  
HEALTH

## CLOCKWORK TRAP

### ATTACK ACTIONS

	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>TRAPPING JAWS</b>	1"	5	Mv	-

Target suffers 1/2/3 damage and gains **Staggered**.

☛ **Puncture:** When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a 1 for each 1 in the final duel total (to a maximum of 3).

☛ **You're Comin' with Me:** Push the target up to 3" in any direction, then Place this model into base contact with it.

### TACTICAL ACTIONS

	RG	STAT	RST	TN
☛ <b>CREEP ALONG</b>	-	5	-	11

Push this model up to its **Mv** in inches toward a friendly model in LoS.

☛ **Sudden Strike:** This model may take a ☛ Action.

30MM



# \$500 REWARD

 for the ARREST of 

**BERNADETTE BASSE**

**CORNELIUS BASSE**



**MURDER**



**AIDING & ABETTING**

**LIBERAL REWARDS** will be paid for any information that shall conduce to the arrest of either of the above named criminals or their accomplices.

Last seen in **THE OKLAHOMAS.**



**PARDON  
PENDING**  
BY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL



# DASHEL BARKER

Dashel Barker has done a tremendously horrible job at keeping his head down and flying under the radar, particularly in staying in one position for long. It seems that the harder he tries to keep quiet and in line, the further he advances his career and rank amongst the Guild. Sure, the money's improved over the years, but so have the responsibilities. Paperwork? Scheduling? What about the good old days when all it took to be a part of the Guild was to split an Arcanist skull in two every other night's watch?

To a whole generation of Guild troopers, Dashel Barker is still just "Drill Sergeant" Dashel, or "Sarge," or "that brutal old bastard I hope to hell I never cross paths with again." A sergeant's life suited Dashel just fine. "I'm no officer," he'd snarl happily at recruits who misread his rank. "I work for a damn living!"

It was just his bad luck to come to Lucius Mattheson's notice as a man of fearsome reputation, limited ambition, and equally limited imagination. Captains were easier than sergeants to maneuver into special assignments without raising questions, and so Dashel got a new uniform and rank pins.

"Captain" Barker's record from that period is currently sealed by order of the Governor's Secretary, and Barker is always quick to silence such whispers with a baleful stare and latrine duty. What is known is Barker's very public role in defeating the crazed puppeteer Collodi, saving countless lives in the process, inadvertently or otherwise. And thanks to another glowing recommendation by Lucius Mattheson, Governor-General Marlow slapped a dozen medals on him and promoted him to Commander of the Guild Guard.

Barker is now tasked with cleaning up the corruption in his department, and the irony hasn't quite gotten through to Dashel's thick skull just yet. A soldier from birth, Barker bristles under the mountains of paperwork and desk duty he now has to endure, making his already rocky personality downright volcanic. He drills and re-drills his squads as often as he is able, determined to hammer them into a force of discipline worthy of the sigil of the Guild, even when it means ordering them to shoot first and ask questions later.

It's taken some time for him to get used to life behind a desk, but Commander Dashel Barker jumps at the opportunity to split skulls any day of the week.

## DASHEL BARKER

Master, Living  
GUARD

15  
COST

6 DF

6 WP

5 MV

2 SZ

### ABILITIES

**PURSUE:** This model's Attack Actions receive +1 to their duels when targeting models that have already Activated this Turn.

**LOOT THEIR CORPSE:** At the end of this model's Activation, it may remove a Corpse Marker within 6" to add one Soulstone to its Crew's Soulstone Pool.

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

**LAUGH OFF:** If this model would be moved during an enemy model's Activation or from an enemy model's effect, it may choose not to.

**SHOUTING ORDERS (GUARD):** Friendly Guard models within 6" may discard a card to treat the **Concentrate** Action as a Action.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

HEALTH

## DASHEL BARKER

### ATTACK ACTIONS

	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>AXE</b>		1"	6	Df -

Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.

- Critical Strike:** When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).
- Coordinated Attack:** Another friendly model may take a Action targeting the same model.
- Sadistic Joy:** Friendly Guard models within 6" of the target gain **Shielded +1**.

### PEACEBRINGER

	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>PEACEBRINGER</b>		12"	6	Df -

Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.

- Arrest Order:** Target gains **Adversary (Guard)**.
- Drop It!: Enemy only.** Target must Drop an enemy Scheme Marker into base contact with itself, in LoS of this model.

### TACTICAL ACTIONS

	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>CALL IN REINFORCEMENTS</b>		8"	6	- X

Once per Turn. Name any number of Guard Minion models. The TN of this Action is 10 plus the Cost of the named models. Target a Scheme Marker. If the target of this Action is friendly, the TN of this Action is increased by +2. Summon each named model with a Reinforcements Upgrade Attached into base contact with the target, then remove the target.

### FOUL-MOUTHED MOTIVATION

	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>FOUL-MOUTHED MOTIVATION</b>		6"	7	- 12

Other friendly model only. Target Heals 1/2/3 and gains **Focused +1**.

30MM







# THE DISPATCHER

Portable aether boxes are the latest technology, weighing in at an airy sixty-seven pounds, and have already proven to be invaluable in combat situations Earthside. As leader of the Guild Guard, Captain Dashel has been provided with one of these irreplaceable devices, along with a trained engineer capable of maintaining and operating it, whom Dashel simply knows as “the Dispatcher.” He hasn’t bothered to learn his name, and would likely forget even if he bothered. All that matters is that the Dispatcher is on hand so Dashel can snatch it, connect to a vital team, and bark orders into the speaker before slamming the device back on the Dispatcher’s back.

As one suspects, the Dispatcher suffers more than his share of headaches, backaches, and everything-else-aches thanks to lugging the aethervox around high-risk battlefields and putting up with Dashel’s casual, absent-minded abuse. The Dispatcher knows his life is worth less than the device on his back, which is as good as excuse as any for him to hide during a fight, until Dashel shouts him over again.



## THE DISPATCHER

Enforcer, Living Totem (Dashel Barker)

GUARD

2

COST

3 Df

4 Wp

4 MV

2 Sz

FACTION

### ABILITIES

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

**AETHERVOX BROADCASTER:** Friendly Guard models may treat this model as a friendly Scheme Marker. If an effect would remove the Scheme Marker, this model suffers 1 damage.

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

**STAY AT YOUR POST:** If a friendly Guard Minion within  $\odot 4$  would be moved during an enemy model's Activation or by an enemy effect, it may choose not to.

1 2 3 4

HEALTH

## THE DISPATCHER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>THE RINGER</b> Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. X <b>Arrest Order:</b> Target gains <b>Adversary (Guard)</b> .	0"	4	Df	-
<b>DERRINGER</b> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. X <b>Arrest Order:</b> Target gains <b>Adversary (Guard)</b> .	8"	4	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>CONSOLIDATE POWER</b> Friendly Minion only. Push the target up to 4" toward a friendly model in its LoS.	10"	5	-	10
<b>INTERNAL AFFAIRS:</b> Choose a friendly Scheme Marker within 2" of the target. Drop an enemy Scheme Marker into base contact with the target, then remove the friendly Scheme Marker and draw a card.				

30MM



# EXECUTIONER

Sometimes, members of the Guild do not kill the criminals they find. When such men and women are brought in, they are given a trial with magistrate and jury. On the rare occasion that they are proven innocent, they are then set free to go about their business. When they are found to be guilty, then an Executioner is called to mete out the punishment.

All Executioners travel with a magistrate, serving both in their official capacity to carry out the sentence for convicted criminals and also as a bodyguard, protecting the magistrate against any who might seek vengeance.

Becoming an Executioner is no easy feat. Rigorous loyalty tests are performed, and the Executioner must show a complete disregard for life - including their own. As part of this process, one or both of their arms are removed and replaced with the lethal mechanical claws that mark their badge of office, and are used to dispense messy, immediate "justice."



EXECUTIONER

Minion (2), Living

GUARD

9

COST

5

DF

5

WP

5

MV

2

SZ

ABILITIES

**PURSUE:** This model's Attack Actions receive +1 to their duels when targeting models that have already Activated this Turn.

**LOOT THEIR CORPSE:** At the end of this model's Activation, it may remove a Corpse Marker within 12 to add one Soulstone to its Crew's Soulstone Pool.

**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 (EXECUTIONER):** While this model has half of its maximum Health or less, it ignores the cost and targeting of its Trail of Gore Action.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

HEALTH

EXECUTIONER

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

EXECUTIONER CLAWS

2" 6 Df -

The target may not declare Resistance Triggers during this Action. Target suffers 3/4/5 damage.

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

✕ **Execute:** The target may either discard a card or a Soulstone. If it does neither, it is killed, ignoring Demise Abilities.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

SCATTER

113" - - -

Enemy models within range are Pushed 3" away from this model.

✕ **TRAIL OF GORE** 3" - - -

Remove target enemy Scheme Marker. Take a ● Action or the Walk Action.

✕ **JUGGERNAUT** - - -

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

40MM



Many have questioned why the Guild Guard did not form mounted units immediately. Aside from the usual problems associated with maintaining a mounted unit, such as the cost of feeding and housing the animals, there are other concerns unique to Malifaux. Up until recently, almost all of the Guild's focus has been on the city itself, where mounted units would be less effective. Additionally, there was some hesitation at the notions of breeding horses in Malifaux after certain difficulties with the canine units.

Thanks to its recent success, the Guild has continued funding this Mounted division with its excursions outside of the city. Only the best of the best are chosen from the ranks of the Guard Patrol; even so, they are keenly and frequently reminded that the lives of their animals are worth more than their own. They aid in lightning strikes against Arcanist encampments and provide quick relief when an unfortunate outpost suffers a Neverborn attack.

## MOUNTED GUARD

### ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

#### TRAMPLING HOOVES

0" 5 Df -

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains **Injured +1**. Place this model anywhere into base contact with the target.

● **Rear Up:** Enemy models within (1)2 of this model must each pass a TN 13 **Df** duel or suffer 2 damage.

■ **Drop It!: Enemy only.** Target must Drop an enemy Scheme Marker into base contact with itself, in LoS of this model.

#### CLOCKWORK REVOLVER

12" 5 Df -

Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.

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

✕ **Arrest Order:** Target gains **Adversary (Guard)**.

### TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

#### I'VE GOT YOUR BACK

6" 6 - 10

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

#### RIDE WITH ME

2" 6 - 12

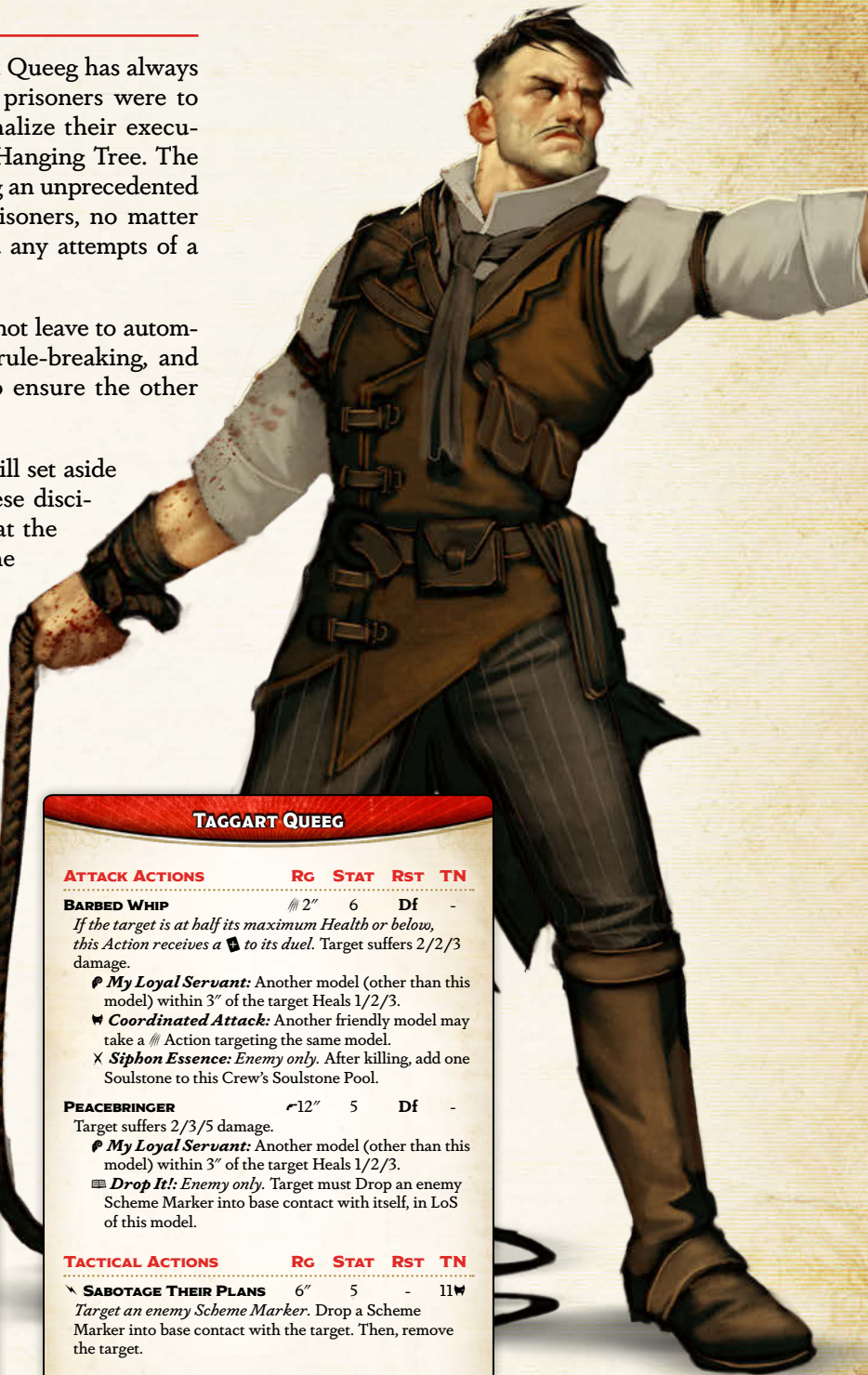
*This model may target another friendly model of lower Sz.* Push this model up to 5" in any direction. Then, if this Action targeted another friendly model, Place the friendly model into base contact with this model.

50MM



Superintendent of the Guild Gaol, Taggart Queeg has always run a tight ship. The rules were simple: prisoners were to sit quietly for the few days needed to finalize their execution papers, and then be marched to the Hanging Tree. The automatons he is provided with give Queeg an unprecedented amount of efficiency in corralling the prisoners, no matter how big the prison population swells, and any attempts of a breakout are handled by the Wardens.

Whipping is Queeg's preference, and he will set aside his otherwise busy schedule to attend these disciplinary functions personally, believing that the snap of the whip, the cries of agony, and the bloody map of crisscrossing wounds on the back of a subject help to ensure calm and order that no machine can properly achieve.



TAGGART QUEEG					
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN	
<b>BARBED WHIP</b>	2"	6	Df	-	
<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>					
♣ <b>My Loyal Servant:</b> Another model (other than this model) within 3" of the target Heals 1/2/3.					
♥ <b>Coordinated Attack:</b> Another friendly model may take a ♠ Action targeting the same model.					
✕ <b>Siphon Essence:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> After killing, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.					
<b>PEACEBRINGER</b>	12"	5	Df	-	
Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.					
♣ <b>My Loyal Servant:</b> Another model (other than this model) within 3" of the target Heals 1/2/3.					
♠ <b>Drop It!</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Target must Drop an enemy Scheme Marker into base contact with itself, in LoS of this model.					
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN	
✕ <b>SABOTAGE THEIR PLANS</b>	6"	5	-	11W	
<i>Target an enemy Scheme Marker. Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target. Then, remove the target.</i>					













Early in the resettlement, the Guild didn't need much from its paramilitary: uniformed strikebreaking muscle, shipment guards, basic backup for their more talented special agents, nothing more. But as the city was slowly reclaimed, new towns were founded and the Guild had an ever larger and more fractious population to control, they bowed to the inevitable.

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



The image shows a 'Sergeant' minion card from the game. At the top, the name 'SERGEANT' is in large, bold, white letters. Below it, the text 'Minion (2), Living' and 'GUARD' are in smaller white letters. In the top right corner, a large white '7' is next to the word 'COST'. The central illustration depicts a man with a mustache, wearing a red coat over a dark shirt and trousers, holding a sword aloft in his right hand. Below the illustration are five circular icons: '5 DF', '5 WP', a central 'Faction' icon with a white skull on a red background, '5 MV', and '2 SZ'. Under these icons is the word 'ABILITIES' in bold white letters. The card features three abilities: 'PURSUE' (granting +1 to duels for models that have already activated), 'LEAD THE PATROL' (granting +1 MV for the duration of activation to friendly guard models), and 'BACKUP' (allowing the discard of a card to take an action targeting an enemy model after an enemy resolves an action). At the bottom, a row of seven numbered circles (1-7) is shown, with the word 'HEALTH' centered below them.

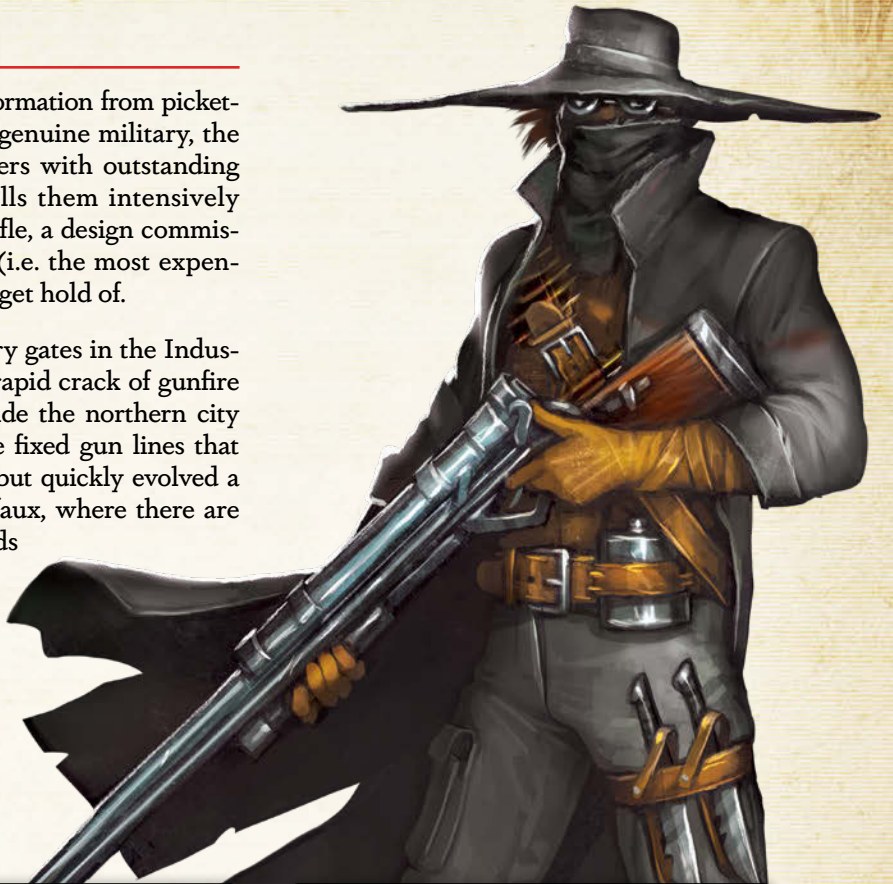
SERGEANT				
ACTION ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>BALANCED SWORD</b>	1"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.				
<b>Puncture:</b> When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a  for each  in the final duel total (to a maximum of   ).				
<b>PEACEBRINGER</b>	12"	6	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.				
 <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each  in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).				
 <b>Drop It!: Enemy only.</b> Target must Drop an enemy Scheme Marker into base contact with itself, in LoS of this model.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
 <b>CONSOLIDATE POWER</b>	10"	5	-	10
<i>Friendly Minion only.</i> Push the target up to 4" toward a friendly model in its LoS.				
 <b>A NEW HORIZON</b>	6"	6	-	10 
<i>Target a Scheme Marker.</i> Place the target anywhere within 6" of its current location.				



# RIFLEMAN

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

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



## RIFLEMAN

Minion (3), Living  
GUARD

**6**  
COST

5  
DF

5  
WP

FACTION

4  
MV

2  
SZ

### ABILITIES

**PURSUE:** This model's Attack Actions receive +1 to their duels when targeting models that have already Activated this Turn.

**LOOT THEIR CORPSE:** At the end of this model's Activation, it may remove a Corpse Marker within 02 to add one Soulstone to its Crew's Soulstone Pool.

**STAND AND FIRE:** If this model is unengaged, enemy models that resolve the Charge Action within 08 suffer 1 damage.

**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

HEALTH

## RIFLEMAN

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>CLOCKWORK RIFLE</b>	14"	5	Df	-
<i>This Action ignores Cover. Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.</i> <b>Armor Piercing:</b> When resolving, damage from this Action ignores <b>Armor</b> . <b>Ricochet:</b> Choose another model within 3" of the target. That model suffers 1/2/4 damage, which cannot be Cheated. <b>Execute:</b> The target may either discard a card or a Soulstone. If it does neither, it is killed, ignoring Demise Abilities.				
<b>WARNING SHOT</b>	14"	5	Df	-
Target gains <b>Distracted +1</b> . <b>Drop It!: Enemy only.</b> Target must Drop an enemy Scheme Marker into base contact with itself, in LoS of this model. <b>Reposition:</b> Move this model up to 3".				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>QUICK RETREAT</b>	-	-	-	-
<i>This Action may only be taken while engaged. This model may move up to 4".</i>				

30MM



**GUARD PATROL**  
Minion (4), Living  
GUARD

**4**  
COST



5  
Df

4  
Wp

  
FACTION

5  
Mv

2  
Sz

**ABILITIES**

**PURSUE:** This model's Attack Actions receive +1 to their duels when targeting models that have already Activated this Turn.

**LOOT THEIR CORPSE:** At the end of this model's Activation, it may remove a Corpse Marker within 12 to add one Soulstone to its Crew's Soulstone Pool.

**TAKE THE HIT:** After an enemy model targets a friendly model within 12 with an Attack Action, this model may discard a card to Place itself into base contact with the friendly model and become the new target of the Attack Action (ignoring range, LoS, and targeting restrictions).

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2

3

4

**HEALTH**

## GUARD PATROL

The Guild Patrol represent the face of the Guild in the eyes of most common citizens. With their iconic long coats, their constant presence is peace of mind to some, and a symbol of the Guild's ever-present tyranny to others.

Typically traveling in pairs, Guild Patrol walk the streets of the city, looking for trouble, or responding to alerts that have been passed on to them. They are trained to respond to many situations and with a small alert their numbers can flood a scene, creating an orchestrated chaos designed to trap a perpetrator and witnesses until the situation can be sorted out.

As a whole, the Guild Patrol are primarily a constabulary force, but they can be given other duties, and are usually seen serving various Special Divisions to reinforce their numbers.



**GUARD PATROL**

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>SWORD</b> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ☛ <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ☛ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).	1"	4	Df	-
<b>SMALL-GAUGE REVOLVER</b> Target suffers 1/2/4 damage. ☒ <b>Arrest Order:</b> Target gains <b>Adversary (Guard)</b> .	10"	4	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
☒ <b>CREEP ALONG</b> Push this model up to its <b>Mv</b> in inches toward a friendly model in LoS.	-	5	-	11

**30MM**



## GUILD HOUND

*Minion (4), Beast*  
GUARD

# 3

COST



4  
DF

3  
WP

  
FACTION

6  
MV

1  
SZ

### ABILITIES

**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.

**PURSUE:** This model's Attack Actions receive +1 to their duels when targeting models that have already Activated this Turn.

**HUNTING PARTNER:** Friendly models' Attack Actions ignore this model for the purposes of Friendly Fire. Enemy models within 1 must discard a card to declare the Disengage Action.

**MINDLESS:** When this model is Summoned, it is treated as having already Activated this Turn, and neither player gains or discards any Pass Tokens.

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2
3

HEALTH

## Guild Hound

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

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

**GUILD HOUND**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>SNAPPING JAWS</b> Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. ♣ <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ♣ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). X <b>Hold Down:</b> If this model is engaging the target, another friendly model with LoS to the target may take a ♣ Action against the target, ignoring Friendly Fire.	0"	5	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>ANNOYING</b> Until the End Phase, after an enemy model within range declares a Tactical Action other than <b>Walk</b> or <b>Charge</b> , it gains <b>Distracted +1</b> .	02"	-	-	-

30MM













## THE PRINTING PRESS

*Enforcer, Construct*  
*Totem (Nellie Cochrane)*  
JOURNALIST

4  
COST



5  
Df

4  
Wp

5  
Mv

2  
Sz



### ABILITIES

**ARMOR +2:** Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

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

**YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THE TRUTH:** After an enemy model ends its Activation within 02 of this model, the enemy model suffers 1 damage.

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

1
2
3
4

HEALTH

## THE PRINTING PRESS

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>PROPAGANDA MACHINE</b> 1" 5 Df - Target suffers 2/3/4 damage, if the target is within 02 of a friendly Scheme Marker, it suffers +1 damage. <b>Headline: Secrets Exposed!</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Target must take the <b>Interact</b> Action, even if engaged.				
<b>HOT OFF THE PRESSES</b> 6" 5 Wp - Target gains <b>Burning +2</b> . Push the target 4" in any direction.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>SPREADING THE GOOD NEWS</b> - - - - Discard any number of cards. For each card discarded by this Action, this model Heals 1.				

40MM

## THE PRINTING PRESS

"Words are like magic, Nellie," her father used to say. "Words shape people, and the world is people, so words shape the world. Be careful how you use them." Nellie took this lesson to heart, studying and scraping, perfecting the magic of her words.

When her father died, she discovered that he'd kept a small Soulstone on him at all times, and she used this unexpected inheritance to create a printing press in memory of her father. It was the only device capable of wielding Nellie's unique sort of magic: words. She designed it to be steam powered so it could follow along with her and help her carry papers or print news as soon as a story struck, but recently, the Printing Press has begun to act strangely, becoming very protective of Nellie. She suspects that maybe, just maybe, her inheritance contains some fragment of her beloved father's soul.



**PHIONA GAGE**  
*Henchman, Living, Construct*  
 JOURNALIST

**9**  
COST

6 Df 5 Wp 5 MV 2 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.

**TAKE THE HIT:** After an enemy model targets a friendly model within 12" with an Attack Action, this model may discard a card to Place itself into base contact with the friendly model and become the new target of the Attack Action (ignoring range, LoS, and targeting restrictions).

**GRIT (FRENZIED):** While this model has half of its maximum Health or less, enemy models damaged by this model's Actions suffer +1 damage.

**THE HERO WE DESERVE:** When performing opposed duels with enemy models, if this model is within 12" of a Scheme Marker, it receives a +1 to its duel.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10  
HEALTH

## PHIONA GAGE

Phiona Gage was always a simple woman. Tall and strong, she gladly and easily did whatever physical task was set before her. The work was hard and life was rough, but things were simple. Mining was a good fit for her, at least until the accident. Phiona doesn't remember it well, just glimpses. A loud crack, the rush of dust, dragging a wounded miner from the wreckage, and then... darkness.

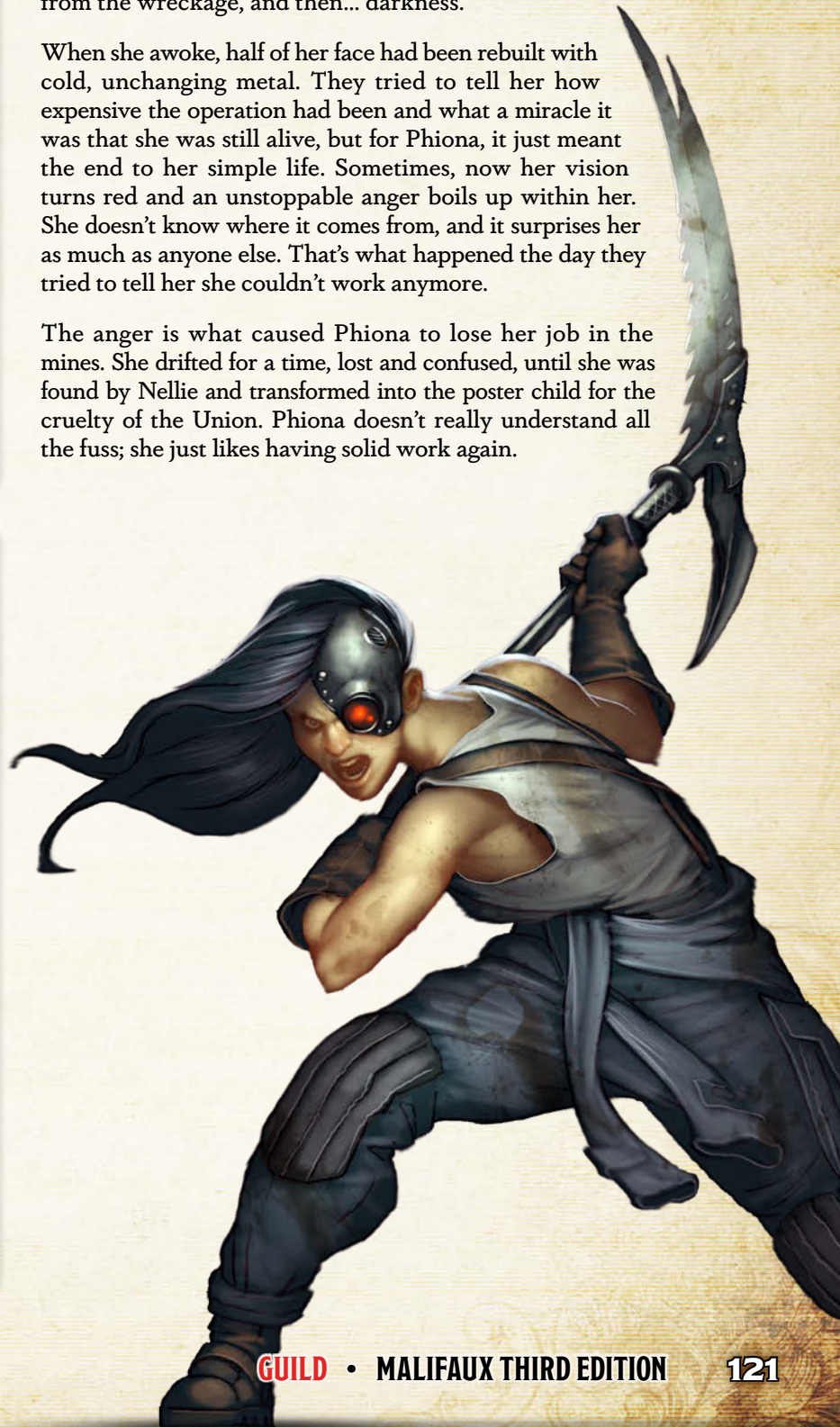
When she awoke, half of her face had been rebuilt with cold, unchanging metal. They tried to tell her how expensive the operation had been and what a miracle it was that she was still alive, but for Phiona, it just meant the end to her simple life. Sometimes, now her vision turns red and an unstoppable anger boils up within her. She doesn't know where it comes from, and it surprises her as much as anyone else. That's what happened the day they tried to tell her she couldn't work anymore.

The anger is what caused Phiona to lose her job in the mines. She drifted for a time, lost and confused, until she was found by Nellie and transformed into the poster child for the cruelty of the Union. Phiona doesn't really understand all the fuss; she just likes having solid work again.

**PHIONA GAGE**

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>MODIFIED PICKAXE</b> 1" 6 Df -				
The target ignores any 1 to resist this Action. Target suffers 2/4/5 damage, ignoring <b>Hard to Wound</b> .				
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><b>Sweeping Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage.</li> <li><b>Blank Stare:</b> Discard a card. Target gains <b>Slow</b> and must discard a card.</li> </ul>				
<b>BRING IT</b> 12" 6 Wp 13				
Target moves its <b>Mv</b> +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.				
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><b>Slander:</b> Target gains <b>Distracted +1</b>. If the target is within 12" of a Scheme Marker, it suffers +1 damage.</li> </ul>				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>I'VE GOT YOUR BACK</b> 6" 8 - 10				
Target other engaged friendly model. Target is Placed into base contact with this model.				
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><b>Shove Aside:</b> Once per Activation. Push the target 4" away from this model. Then, this model may Push up to 4" and declare a 1 Action targeting a different model.</li> </ul>				

40MM





# ALLISON DADE

Allison Dade survived the violence that befell Innocence, and the story she wrote about it for the *Malifaux Tattler* brought her great acclaim. Even so, she has many unanswered questions about what transpired there and the people she thought she knew.

She still seeks answers to these questions. Although she currently resides in Malifaux and works full-time for the *Tattler*, she has on occasion made the journey back to Innocence to try to learn more about what happened there. What is the Widow Ferris hiding? Why is everyone still so silent about those turbulent days and the Neverborn assault?

With each passing day, she worries that her answers are drifting further and further away from her. Even so, she is always looking for more clues, always uncovering another story, always asking the questions many people do not want answered.

And there will always be someone who wants to silence her.

ALLISON DADE

Henchman, Living

JOURNALIST

8

COST

6

DF

6

WP

5

MV

2

SZ

FACTION

ABILITIES

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

**"THE PLOT IS AFOOT!":** After the opposing player reveals a Scheme, this model gains **Fast**.

**CHASING A STORY:** After an enemy model within  $\textcircled{1}8$  resolves the **Interact** Action, this model may gain **Focused +1**.

**KNEW YOU WERE GONNA DO THAT:** After a model within  $\textcircled{1}6$  declares a Trigger, this model may discard a card. If it does so, the Trigger's effects are ignored.

**EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW:** When an enemy model within  $\textcircled{1}2$  takes the **Interact** Action, it is treated as a friendly model and the Action is controlled by this model.

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8

HEALTH

ALLISON DADE

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

**"ONE MORE QUESTION!"** 8" 6W WP -

Target gains **Slow**. If the target is engaging any models, it suffers 1/3/4 damage.

**Investigative Journalism:** Target must reveal a card in its Control Hand and suffers 3/2/1 damage, based upon the value of the revealed card.

**Headline: Secrets Exposed!: Enemy only.** Target must take the **Interact** Action, even if engaged.

**Slander:** Target gains **Distracted +1**. If the target is within  $\textcircled{1}2$  of a Scheme Marker, it suffers +1 damage.

**DERRINGER** 8" 6 Df -

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

**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**.

**BLACKMAIL** 6" 6W WP -

This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. Non-Leader enemy only. Target may discard up to two cards. This model's Crew gains two Pass Tokens, minus one for each discarded card.

**"There's More to this Story...":** This model may discard any number of Pass Tokens. For each discarded Pass Token, draw a card.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

**IMPASSIONED DEFENSE** 8" 6 - 10

Friendly only. Target gains **Shielded +2**.

**Surge:** Draw a card.

30MM



## UNDERCOVER REPORTER

*Enforcer, Living*  
JOURNALIST

# 7

COST



5  
Df

6  
Wp

  
Faction

5  
Mv

2  
Sz

### ABILITIES

**UNDERCOVER:** This model may deploy Buried. At the start of this model's Activation, if it is Buried, it may choose an enemy Minion and Unbury into base contact with that Minion. If it does so, the opposing player Places the enemy Minion anywhere in their Deployment Zone. Then, this model gains **Slow**.

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

**HIDE IN THE BARREL:** During the Start Phase, this model may gain **Staggered** and **Shielded +2**.

**CHASING A STORY:** After an enemy model within 8" resolves the **Interact** Action, this model may gain **Focused +1**.

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

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7

### HEALTH

## UNDERCOVER REPORTER

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	Tn
<b>HIDDEN BLADE</b> 1" 5P Df - Target suffers 1/2/4 damage, ignoring <b>Armor</b> . <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each P in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).				
<b>ARSON</b> 10" 5 * 12 <i>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.</i> <b>Prepared Explosives:</b> Immediately, change the target of this Action to any Scheme Marker in play, ignoring range and LoS.				
<b>CONFUSION IN THE RANKS</b> 6" 6 Wp - <i>This Action ignores LoS and may be taken while Buried (in which case it also ignores range). Minion only. Target must take the Interact Action, if able.</i> <b>Slander:</b> Target gains <b>Distracted +1</b> . If the target is within 2" of a Scheme Marker, it suffers +1 damage.				
<b>TACTICAL ACTIONS</b>				
<b>FOLLOW A LEAD</b> 6" - - - <i>Discard target Scheme Marker. This model may move up to 6".</i>				

## 30MM

# UNDERCOVER REPORTER

Day 11: Suspect continues cover as simple contract farmer. Raising horses. Possible combat use? He expresses interest in trimming the bushes to his wife. This endangers hiding spot. Will have to relocate.

Day 12: I am now the rain barrel. Suspect spent two hours brushing favorite horse. Palomino. Number of brushes = Resurrectionist code? Suspect trimmed the bushes, possibly looking for my location.

Day 13: I suspect he knows I am on his property. Wife expresses confusion over missing food items. He spent two hours riding Palomino, delivering items to local town. Returned with mysterious package. Will investigate.

Day 14: It has begun to rain. Possible Arcanist doings? Cannot hold this position. Suspect's package revealed to be new horse shoes. Enchanted? Contraband?

Day 15: I am now being rolled down a hill. More soon.





# FIELD REPORTER

The *Tattler* is popular enough that it employs a sizable staff to meet the public's need for news, and draws from a large talent pool of camera operators, writers, editors, printers, and more, all dedicated to the passionate search for truth. Or at least, "truth" as decided by the Guild. Many Field Reporters got their start like Nellie, looking to expose lies and corruption, looking to expose the Guild, running illegal printing presses and distributing pamphlets to the masses (though there never seemed to be enough to make a difference). Those who refused to give up ended up dead, or in prison - and then dead. For those who saw the writing on the wall, Nellie was waiting to feed their passion for news while avoiding potential retaliation by the Guild. So long as they walked the straight and narrow with her.

Maybe someday, they tell themselves, they'll have the courage to expose the Guild. In the meantime, there are Arcanist "bad guys" to report on, and Guild "heroes" to gush about.



FIELD REPORTER

Minion (3), Living JOURNALIST

6

COST

5

DF

5

WP

FACTION

5

MV

2

Sz

ABILITIES

**EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW:** When an enemy model within 02 takes the **Interact** Action, it is treated as a friendly model and the Action is controlled by this model.

**SERENE COUNTENANCE:** Enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a 1 to their duel.

**YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THE TRUTH:** After an enemy model ends its Activation within 02 of this model, the enemy model suffers 1 damage.

**CHASING A STORY:** After an enemy model within 08 resolves the **Interact** Action, this model may gain **Focused +1**.

**HUMILIATION:** Enemy models that start their Activation within 02 of this model must discard a card.

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6

HEALTH

FIELD REPORTER

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

FLASH PHOTOGRAPHY

6" 6 Wp -

Target gains **Distracted +1** and **Staggered**.

♥ **Slander:** Target gains **Distracted +1**. If the target is within 02 of a Scheme Marker, it suffers +1 damage.

✕ **Convulsions:** *Enemy only*. Move the target up to 3". Then the target must either discard a card or this model may move it up to 3".

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

✕ FOLLOW A LEAD

6" - - -

Discard target Scheme Marker. This model may move up to 6".

30MM



**NEWSIE**  
Minion (3), Living  
JOURNALIST

**4**  
COST



**4** DF **4** WP **5** MV **1** SZ

**ABILITIES**

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

**READ ALL ABOUT IT!** After an enemy model within **08** draws a card, this model may discard a card to draw a card.





**CHASING A STORY:** After an enemy model within **08** resolves the **Interact** Action, this model may gain **Focused +1**.




**PUNY:** This model does not Drop any Markers when killed and has no engagement range.

**INNOCENT BYSTANDER:** Attack Actions without a TN that target this model gain a TN of 12.

**HEALTH**

**NEWSIE**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>FRANTIC FLAILING</b> Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.  <b>Grab On:</b> Target gains <b>Slow</b> . End this model's Activation.  <b>Reposition:</b> Move this model up to 3".	0"	4	Df	-
<b>THROWN NEWSPAPER</b> Target suffers 1/1/2 damage and must either discard a card at random or gain <b>Distracted +1</b> .  <b>Headline: Secrets Exposed!:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Target must take the <b>Interact</b> Action, even if engaged.  <b>Slander:</b> Target gains <b>Distracted +1</b> . If the target is within <b>02</b> of a Scheme Marker, it suffers +1 damage.	8"	5	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
 <b>FRANTIC SEARCH</b> <i>Remove target Corpse Marker.</i> Discard the top card of this model's Fate Deck. If the discarded card was a  or  , add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.	2"	-	-	-

**30MM**

## NEWSIE

When Nellie Cochrane took to the streets of Malifaux City, she quickly learned that one of the best informants were those society had learned to willfully ignore. The homeless, the abandoned, the orphans. By dropping a few scrip here and there, Nellie could easily get a street urchin's aid in learning the latest gossip and finding evasive subjects of her latest interview.

But that kind of pay doesn't carry one very far. It might earn a child a few meals, but then they're back to begging, or pick-pocketing, or simply starving on the street. Wanting to keep her informants happy - and fed, and maybe even educated - she began "hiring" children as Newsies, hawking the *Tattler* to anyone within earshot. The children earn a decent wage - paid mostly under the table, as the Guild has no interest in financing such a workforce - more papers get sold, and Nellie still gets first dibs on a hot tip. Part of their "training" involves a basic literacy course, held in one of the *Tattler's* storerooms, and it also makes for a good place to correlate information for future papers.













# SCALES OF JUSTICE

Lady Justice can weigh a man's soul with but a glance, and is prepared to take decisive action. Sometimes just knowing isn't enough, however, and she must still go through the process of hearing out a case. That is when she takes the Scales of Justice with her into battle. The man carrying the scales is also carrying a life sentence within the Guild, and he is serving his time by serving as an example for anyone who might be considering acting outside of the law.

With each new bit of evidence that is presented before his mistress, the scales will tip one way or the other, weighing guilt against innocence, persecutor against victim, or crime against circumstance. At the end of each hearing, there is little question in which way the case will be decided, and it is only a matter of formality when Lady Justice speaks her verdict, finally allowing her totem to stand straight once again.



## SCALES OF JUSTICE

Enforcer, Living  
Totem (Lady Justice)  
MARSHAL

2

COST

3

DF

4

WP

FACTION

4

MV

2

SZ

### ABILITIES

**WEIGHT OF GUILT:** After an enemy model Cheats Fate within 14, it suffers 1 damage after resolving the current Action or Ability.

**DF/WP (W) BALANCING THE SCALES:** When resolving, if this model suffers damage, the Attacking model suffers the same amount of damage.

**DEMISE (EXPENDABLE):** After this model is killed, its controller draws a card.

1234

HEALTH

### SCALES OF JUSTICE

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>TIP THE SCALES</b> Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. <b>Grab On:</b> Target gains <b>Slow</b> . End this model's Activation. <b>Drain Magic:</b> Target discards a card. This model may draw a card and then discard a card.	0"	5	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>EQUALITY OF FATE</b> If the opposing Crew has more cards in its Control Hand than this model's Crew, draw a card.	-	-	-	-
<b>NEGATION AURA</b> Until the End Phase, enemy models within range must each discard a card to Cheat Fate.	3"	5	-	10

30MM



## THE JUDGE

The first Judge was a man chosen from the ranks of the Death Marshals by Lady Justice herself. No one knows what she saw in him, but they bonded immediately and he proved to quickly be a voice of reason to Justice's black and white view of the world. Whenever her blood began to boil over in her crusade against the Resurrectionists, his calm voice pulled her back. His death at the hands of Nicodem killed a part of Lady Justice, a part which - though she would never admit it to anyone - was her better half.

In many ways, the new Judge is very much like her predecessor. Calm, composed, and able to diffuse Justice's temper before it gets the better of her. But her presence remains a constant, bittersweet reminder of the old Judge. However, she is very much her own person, with her own past, and just like the necrotic decay hidden beneath her coat, this Judge has secrets that she is not yet willing to share with her leader.



**THE JUDGE**  
*Henchman, Living*  
**MARSHAL**

10

COST

5

6



5

2

DF

WP

MV

SZ


**ABILITIES**  
**HARD TO WOUND:** Damage flips against this model suffer a .  
**HARD TO KILL:** When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.  
**UNNATURAL VIGOR:** After killing an enemy model, this model Heals 2.  
**FINAL REPOSE:** Models killed by this model do not Drop any Markers when killed.

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

**THE JUDGE**


**ATTACK ACTIONS**

**ENCHANTED KATANA**

 1" 6X Df -

Target suffers 3/4/6 damage.  
 ♣ **Quick Reflexes:** Take this Action again, targeting a different model.  
 ✕ **Siphon Essence:** *Enemy only.* After killing, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.

**PEACEBRINGER**

 12" 6 Df -


Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.  
 ♣ **Critical Strike:** When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ♣ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).  
 ♣ **Hunt the Dead:** *Enemy Undead only.* Target gains **Adversary (Marshal)**. Push this model up to 3" toward the target.



♣ **CRUMBLE AWAY** 12" 6 Wp 12

Target suffers 2 damage and gains **Staggered**. If the target is Undead, it instead suffers 2/4/5 damage, ignoring **Hard to Wound** and **Hard to Kill**, and gains **Staggered**.

**TACTICAL ACTIONS**

**THE RISK OF REASON**

 5 - 10

Choose a number from 1 to 3. Reveal the chosen number of cards from the top of your Fate Deck. For each  revealed by this Action, this model suffers 2 irreducible damage and discards the revealed . Then, draw all other revealed cards.  
 ✕ **A Terrible Revelation:** For each ✕ revealed by this Action, one enemy model in this model's LoS suffers 1 damage, or 2 damage if it is Undead.

30MM



# THE LONE MARSHAL

All Death Marshals walk the line between knowing necromancy and becoming a necromancer. The Lone Marshal has surpassed this standard and become something more than human. The power that is slowly eating away at his fellows is completely under his control and it is no longer necessary for him to bear the same burdens. Still fueled by the dark magics that help Death Marshals terrify the undead, he is the master of it, bending it to his will and turning it against the Resurrectionist threat.

Since he is no longer bound by the need to hide his face, he can do more than the typical Death Marshal. He rides into combat, unleashing righteous gunfire into the enemy. The Lone Marshal is a singularly terrifying individual, who is feared by every sane Resurrectionist (of which there are few).



## THE LONE MARSHAL

Enforcer, Living  
MARSHAL

9  
COST

6  
Df

6  
Wp

FACTION

7  
Mv

3  
Sz

### ABILITIES

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

**RUTHLESS:** This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

**UNNATURAL VIGOR:** After killing an enemy model, this model Heals 2.












**UNIMPEDED:** This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain.

**RUN AND GUN:** This model's **Charge** Action may generate  Actions instead of  Actions.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

### HEALTH

## THE LONE MARSHAL

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rc	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>TRAMPLING HOOVES</b>	 0"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains <b>Injured +1</b> . Place this model anywhere into base contact with the target.				
 <b>Rear Up:</b> Enemy models within (M2) of this model must each pass a TN 13 Df duel or suffer 2 damage.				
 <b>Like the Wind:</b> Push this model up to 5" in any direction, ignoring other models.				
<b>LONG CARBINE</b>	 14"	7	Df	-
This Action ignores <b>Concealment</b> . Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.				
 <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each  in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).				
 <b>Maim:</b> Target discards a card.				
<b>STARTLE</b>	8"	6 	Wp	-
Target gains <b>Staggered</b> .				
 <b>Hunt the Dead:</b> <i>Enemy Undead only.</i> Target gains <b>Adversary (Marshal)</b> . Push this model up to 3" toward the target.				
 <b>Exorcism:</b> Target must have a <b>Summon Upgrade Attached</b> . Target is killed.				
 <b>Pull Back:</b> This <b>Trigger</b> may only be declared if this model is engaged by the target. This model may take the <b>Disengage</b> Action.				

50MM



## DEATH MARSHAL RECRUITER

The Death Marshals do not hire from the regular channels. They don't promote Guards to their ranks, or put up want ads. To be a Death Marshal, you need to be touched by necromancy. It needs to leave a scar on your soul. It is a practice Lady Justice refuses to perform herself, no matter the necessity.

Thankfully - or not, depending on who you ask - Resurrectionists are only too happy to pick up the slack. With every victim, every act of depravity, there is a witness, or a survivor, who bears the mark the Marshals look for. Death Marshal Recruiters keep an eye out for these individuals.

With just a few words, they know which victims have to be shipped to the asylums, which can recover to live normal lives... and which are ready to join the cause.



### DEATH MARSHAL RECRUITER

*Minion (2), Living*
**8** COST

MARSHAL

**6**  
DF

**5**  
WP

**5**  
MV

**2**  
SZ

**ABILITIES**

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

**UNNATURAL VIGOR:** After killing an enemy model, this model Heals 2.

**GRIM RECRUITMENT:** After another friendly Living Minion within **05** is killed, this model may discard a card. If it does so, the killed model is instead Replaced with a Death Marshal, then the new model Heals 2.

**BEYOND TIME:** This model may target Buried models with Actions, ignoring range and LoS.

**FINAL REPOSE:** Models killed by this model do not Drop any Markers when killed.

**ONE FOOT TOWARD THE GRAVE:** Friendly Marshals that Activate within **03** may Push up to 2" toward a Corpse Marker or Undead model in their LoS.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

**HEALTH**

### DEATH MARSHAL RECRUITER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>PEACEBRINGER BLADE</b> 1" 6 Df - Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. <b>☠ Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each  in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).				
<b>PINE BOX</b> 0" 3 Sz - <i>Enemy only.</i> Target gains <b>Distracted +1</b> and is Buried. When the target Activates, it must attempt a TN 13 <b>Wp</b> duel. If it passes, or if this model is killed or Buried, Unbury it into base contact with this model. <b>☠ Rip and Tear:</b> Take a  Action targeting the same model. This Action receives a  to its duel. <b>✕ Drain Magic:</b> Target discards a card. This model may draw a card and then discard a card.				
<b>PEACEBRINGER</b> 12" 6 Df - Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. <b>☠ Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each  in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>SHRUG OFF</b> - - - - Discard a card. End one Condition on this model.				

**40MM**



# THE JURY

The Jury began her career in the field, battling against the Resurrectionists in the early days of the Death Marshals. She possessed the unique ability to see the truth in a necromancer's words, which made it easy for Lady Justice to tell the innocent from the guilty. Eventually, however, Lady Justice realized that the Death Marshals needed someone to help them navigate the bureaucratic maze being created by Governor-General Kitchener and his untrustworthy new secretary, Lucius Mattheson.

Jury was tapped for the dubious honor, and spent years helping the Death Marshals avoid a number of bureaucratic traps, allowing Lady Justice to focus on her greatest strength: fieldwork. Though Franco Marlow has no love for the Death Marshals, his arrival has weakened Lucius' own influence, allowing the Jury to take up field work again.



THE JURY

Henchman, Living

MARSHAL

8

COST

5

DF

5

Wp

5

Mv

2

Sz

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

HEALTH

ABILITIES

**GUILD AUTHORITY:** Enemy models within 5 must each discard a card to take the **Concentrate** Action.

**BY THE BOOK:** Enemy models within 6 that Cheat Fate in a duel lose all suits in their final total.

**EXORCISM RITUAL:** At the start of this model's Activation, all Buried enemy models suffer 2 damage, then every enemy model with an Attached Summon Upgrade suffers 1 damage.

**UNNATURAL VIGOR:** After killing an enemy model, this model Heals 2.

**DF/WP (W) BALANCING THE SCALES:** When resolving, if this model suffers damage, the Attacking model suffers the same amount of damage.

THE JURY

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>SHARP WIT</b> Target gains <b>Slow</b> . <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><b>Draw Out Secrets:</b> Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target.</li> <li><b>Drain Magic:</b> Target discards a card. This model may draw a card and then discard a card.</li> </ul>	1"	6	Wp	-
<b>ANCIENT WORDS</b> Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><b>Into Dust:</b> <i>Undead only.</i> Kill the target unless it discards one card or one Soulstone.</li> <li><b>Glimpse the Void:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Target must pass a TN 14 Wp duel or it is Buried. If the target is Buried by this Trigger, at the start of its Activation, Unbury it within 1" of an enemy model.</li> <li><b>Hunt the Dead:</b> <i>Enemy Undead only.</i> Target gains <b>Adversary (Marshal)</b>. Push this model up to 3" toward the target.</li> </ul>	8"	6	Wp	-
<b>OBEY</b> <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.	12"	6W	Wp	14W
<b>FALSE ACCUSATION</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Until the End Phase, the target gains the Undead Characteristic.	8"	5	Wp	-

40MM



## DOMADOR DE CADÁVERES

Spain has a long and complicated relationship with necromancy. Though it has recently achieved a measure of acceptance, the government keeps close tabs on all its necromancers. More than anyone, they know the danger that such spellcasters can pose.

The Domadores De Cadáveres are the inheritors of Spain's necromantic traditions. They are generally wealthy noblemen and noblewomen who focus more on finesse and control rather than raw power. The animation of the dead is seen less as a route to power (which they already have) and more as a means of accomplishing dangerous or unpleasant tasks without risking living people.

Seeing them as a means to deal with necromancy forever, Marlow invited a troupe of Domadores to Malifaux City to enact a powerful rite. The ritual was a failure thanks to the betrayal of Douglas McMourning, resulting in the death of many Domadores. The survivors have sworn oaths to Marlow that they will not rest until their kin are avenged.



### DOMADOR DE CADÁVERES

Minion (2), Living  
MARSHAL

**7**  
COST

5  
Df

6  
Wp

FACTION

5  
Mv

2  
Sz

**ABILITIES**

**THE ART OF UNDEATH:** Enemy Living models within ⑤ are treated as Undead (instead of Living).

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

**UNNATURAL VIGOR:** After killing an enemy model, this model Heals 2.

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

1 2 3 4 5 6 7  
HEALTH

### DOMADOR DE CADÁVERES

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>DECAY</b> Target suffers 2♣/2♣/3♣ damage. Models damaged by this Action gain <b>Injured +1</b> . ♣ <b>Life and Death:</b> When resolving, friendly Living models that would be damaged by this Action instead Heal 2. ✕ <b>Severe Injury:</b> Models damaged by this Action gain <b>Injured +1</b> for each ✕ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of <b>Injured +2</b> ).	8"	6♣	Df	-
<b>COMMAND CORPSE</b> This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. Non-Leader Undead only. Target takes a non-♣ Action that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name, chosen and controlled by this model. ♣ <b>Mend:</b> Target Heals 2.	12"	5✕	Wp	12✕
✕ <b>VILE RECLAMATION</b> Target gains <b>Injured +1</b> and this model Heals 1.	6"	5	Wp	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>DRAW ESSENCE</b> This model suffers 1 damage. Models within range must each pass a TN 12 Df duel or suffer 2 damage. For each other model damaged by this Action, this model Heals 1.	(X)3"	-	-	-

30MM



# EXORCIST

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

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

EXORCIST

Minion (2), Living

MARSHAL

6

COST

5

Df

5

Wp

5

Mv

2

Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

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

**RUTHLESS:** This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

**UNNATURAL VIGOR:** After killing an enemy model, this model Heals 2.

**BARRIER TO THE OTHER WORLD:** After an enemy model is Summoned within  $\odot 5$ , it suffers 2 damage.

**GUNFIGHTER:** This model may treat any of its  $\curvearrowright$  Actions as having a range of  $\# 1$ ".

1 2 3 4 5 6

HEALTH

EXORCIST

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

**SANCTIFIED CROSSBOW**  $\curvearrowright 10"$  5 Df -

*This Action ignores **Friendly Fire**. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage, ignoring **Incorporeal** and **Hard to Wound**.*

$\odot$  **Into Dust:** *Undead only.* Kill the target unless it discards one card or one Soulstone.

$\heartsuit$  **Hunt the Dead:** *Enemy Undead only.* Target gains **Adversary (Marshal)**. Push this model up to 3" toward the target.

$\times$  **Exorcism:** *Target must have a Summon Upgrade Attached.* Target is killed.

$\spadesuit$  **FALSE ACCUSATION** 8" 5 Wp -

*Enemy only.* Until the End Phase, the target gains the Undead Characteristic.

$\heartsuit$  **Swift Action:** Take this Action again.

$\times$  **Mental Trauma:** Target must either discard a card or suffer 3 damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

$\spadesuit$  **FINAL REST**  $\odot 4"$  5 - 10

Remove all Scrap and Corpse Markers within range. Choose a number of friendly models in this model's LoS up to the number of removed Markers, then each chosen model Heals 1.

30MM



# DEATH MARSHAL

There is a thin line between knowing your enemy and becoming him. It is the curse of every Death Marshal to find this line and walk it. The magic that is the course of their study eats away at them, leaving only a well-trained shell beneath the large hat and high collars of their uniform. This uniform hides the physical deformities that each Death Marshal suffers for their power. This more than anything has been the cause for Governor-General Marlow's disdain for the Marshals, despite their usefulness.

Skilled not only in the use of standard Guild weaponry, they have also mastered a more unlikely weapon – the enchanted pine box. It is with this coffin-like tool that they can trap their prey, locking it away until the time is right to handle it. Under the dual training between Lady Justice and the Judge, they are drilled until they are experts with the Peacebringer blade and gun. Only once they have reached mental and physical perfection do they earn the right to the title of Death Marshal.



## DEATH MARSHAL

Minion (3), Undead  
MARSHAL

**5**  
COST

4  
Df

5  
Wp

FACTION

5  
Mv

2  
Sz

### ABILITIES

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

**HARD TO KILL:** When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

**UNNATURAL VIGOR:** After killing an enemy model, this model Heals 2.

**HATE THE DEAD:** At the start of this model's Activation, If there are one or more enemy Undead models within 6, this model gains **Fast**.

1 2 3 4 5 6

HEALTH

**DEATH MARSHAL**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>PEACEBRINGER BLADE</b> Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.	1"	5	Df	-
<b>PINE BOX</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Target gains <b>Distracted +1</b> and is Buried. When the target Activates, it must attempt a TN 13 Wp duel. If it passes, or if this model is killed or Buried, Unbury it into base contact with this model. <b>Purification:</b> End one Condition on the target. <b>Leeching Strength:</b> Choose a Buried model. The chosen model suffers 1 damage and this model Heals 1.	0"	2X	Sz	-
<b>PEACEBRINGER</b> Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each P in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).	12"	5	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>SHRUG OFF</b> Discard a card. End one Condition on this model.	-	-	-	-

**30MM**











## A painting of a skeleton running through flames, symbolizing the power of the Holy Spirit. The skeleton is depicted in a dynamic, forward-leaning pose, as if running or leaping. It is surrounded by intense, swirling flames in shades of orange, yellow, and red. The background is a soft, hazy white, making the fire and the skeleton stand out. The overall style is expressive and dramatic, with visible brushstrokes and a sense of movement.

Such is Sonnia's power that she has imbued this totem with the power to suppress magic in its area. Where she and her crew only gain more power from it, enemies will find their mind unfocused and the Soulstones in their hands hot and powerful, though they cannot concentrate enough to call forth that power.

PURIFYING FLAME				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>BURNING TOUCH</b>	0"	4	Df	-
Target suffers 1/2/3 damage and gains <b>Burning +1</b> . <b>Blaze:</b> Models damaged by this Action gain <b>Burning +1</b> for each in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of <b>Burning +2</b> ).				
<b>BREATH OF FIRE</b>	6"	4	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. Models damaged by this Action gain <b>Burning +1</b> .				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>HOVERING FLAME</b>	-	5	-	12
Move this model up to 5", ignoring other models. Every model that this model came into base contact with during this move gains <b>Burning +1</b> .				



# SAMAEL HOPKINS

When magic users in Malifaux sleep, it is Samael Hopkins who stalks their nightmares.

Samael is Sonnia Criid's second in command, and there are few as loyal as he is to his commander, but his reputation as a skilled tracker is what strikes fear into the hearts of criminals. He has an uncanny ability to sense where his target is hiding, and he will lead Witchling Stalkers to flush them out.

If it was just his skill at tracking that was exemplary, there would be little to fear from Hopkins. However, once he has found his target, there are few who can escape from his deadly aim. If the combat is too close for his custom revolver, Samael will think nothing of using his tracking tools as weapons.



## SAMAEL HOPKINS

*Henchman, Living*  
WITCH HUNTER

9  
COST

5  
Df

5  
Wp

FACTION

6  
Mv

2  
Sz

**ABILITIES**

**ARCANE SHIELD +1:** During the Start Phase, this model gains **Shielded +1**.

**COUNTERSPELL:** Enemy models within 6" must each discard a card to declare Triggers during opposed duels with this model.

**UNIMPEDED:** This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain.

**FLAMING BULLETS:** Models damaged by this model's ⚡ Actions gain **Burning +1**.

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

123456789

HEALTH

## SAMAEL HOPKINS

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rc	Stat	Rst	Tn
<b>WOODEN Mallet</b> ⚡ 1" 6 Df - Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. If the target has the <b>Burning</b> Condition, this Action receives a ♠ to its damage flip. ♠ <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ♠ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). ✕ <b>Drain Magic:</b> Target discards a card. This model may draw a card and then discard a card.				
<b>COLLIER REVOLVER</b> ⚡ 12" 6 Df - Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ♠ <b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ♠ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). ♣ <b>Ricochet:</b> Choose another model within 3" of the target. That model suffers 1/2/4 damage, which cannot be Cheated.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rc	Stat	Rst	Tn
♠ <b>Creep Along</b> - 6 - 11 Push this model up to its <b>Mv</b> in inches toward a friendly model in LoS.				

30MM

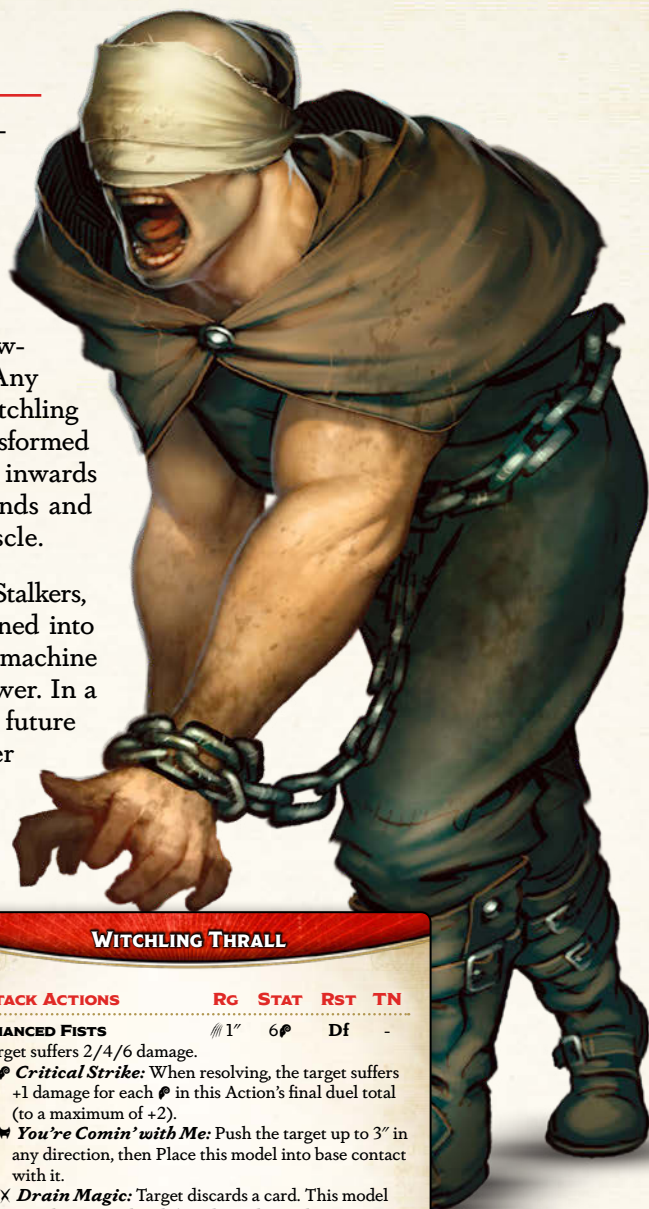


# WITCHLING THRALL

Everyone reacts differently to the aetheric environment of Malifaux. Many people seem to remain untouched, others are able to tap into their magical potential more easily, and a rare few learn how to bend the aether around them, using it to fuel their growing magical power.

On the rare occasion Sonnia captures such a powerful individual, she takes her time with them. Any run-of-the-mill Arcanist can be turned into a Witchling Stalker, but these prime specimens are instead transformed into mighty Witchling Thralls. Their power turns inwards during the transformation, searing away their minds and repurposing their bodies into massive walls of muscle.

Afterward, they are assigned a handler, just like the Stalkers, and they begin the agonizing process of being turned into nothing more than a tool for the Guild, a killing machine designed to seek and destroy others with their power. In a different world, they might have been deciding the future of Malifaux, but Fate, and Sonnia Criid, had other plans.



WITCHLING THRALL

Minion (2), Living

WITCH HUNTER

WITCHLING

8

COST

5X

DF

5

WP

5

MV

2

SZ

ABILITIES

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

**RUTHLESS:** This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

**NO LOVE FOR WITCHLINGS:** Friendly Witch Hunters' Attack Actions ignore this model for the purposes of Friendly Fire.

**DF (X) DRAWN TO PAIN:** *Enemy only.* After resolving, if this model suffered damage, Push this model 4" toward the Attacking model.

**DEMISE (FLAMING +2):** After this model is killed, models within (M)2 suffer +2 damage and gain **Burning +2**. This model does not Drop any Markers when killed.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

HEALTH

WITCHLING THRALL

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

ENHANCED FISTS

1" 6P Df -

Target suffers 2/4/6 damage.

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

**You're Comin' with Me:** Push the target up to 3" in any direction, then Place this model into base contact with it.

**Drain Magic:** Target discards a card. This model may draw a card and then discard a card.

AETHERIC BLAST

8" 5 \* 12

**Shockwave 1, Mv 13, Damage 2.**

**Blaze:** Models damaged by this Action gain **Burning +1** for each  $\blacksquare$  in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of **Burning +2**).

**Blown Back:** Push models damaged by this Action 3" away from the Marker.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

ABSORB THE FLAME

(M)3" 6 - 11

Reduce the value of the **Burning** Condition on every model within range by 3. For each point of **Burning** reduced in this way, this model Heals 1.

40MM



# WITCHLING HANDLER

When Sonnia Criid takes captured witches into the Yellow Crypt, she burns their old selves away, leaving their thoughts and personalities in ashes. The Guild mages known as Witchling Handlers work with those ashes. Handlers bond with their charges through the gift of their skin-brand, the runes on each resonating with the Handler's own runesword, and tattoos like the inaudible note of a tuning fork.

In the cells, painstaking as an archaeologist working on a shattered pot, the Handler coaxes together just enough of the Witchling's mind to allow it to follow orders, hunt, and fight. Then the true conditioning begins, as intimate as taking a lover and cold-blooded as an autopsy on a living subject. The Handler binds the remnants of the Witchling's personality together with lies, half-truths, and Guild maxims, making merciless use of the target's old life to shape the conditioning. This triple role – trainer, nurturer, torturer – takes its toll on the Handlers, who strive to emulate Criid's unfeeling detachment so as not to burn out and go mad in their own turn.



**WITCHLING HANDLER**  
Minion (2), Living  
WITCH HUNTER

7  
COST

5 Df 5 Wp 5 MV 2 Sz

**ABILITIES**  
**ARCANE SHIELD +1:** During the Start Phase, this model gains **Shielded +1**.  
**COUNTERSPELL:** Enemy models within 6 must each discard a card to declare Triggers during opposed duels with this model.  
**GOAD WITCHLING:** Friendly Witchling Minions that Activate within 6 gain +2 MV until the end of their Activation.  
**DF (P) ON MY ORDERS:** After resolving, Push a friendly Witchling within 12" and LoS of this model up to 4" toward the Attacking model.  
**ATTUNED:** This model may use Soulstones.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7  
HEALTH

**WITCHLING HANDLER**

**ATTACK ACTIONS**

**RUNIC BLADE** 1" 6 Df -  
Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. This model Heals 1.  
**Critical Strike:** When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each P in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).  
**Blaze:** Models damaged by this Action gain **Burning +1** for each in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of **Burning +2**).  
**Drain Magic:** Target discards a card. This model may draw a card and then discard a card.

**COLLIER REVOLVER** 12" 5 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.

**WITCHFIRE** 8" 6 Wp -  
This Action ignores LoS and Concealment. Target gains **Burning +2**. If the target is engaged with a friendly Witchling model, it instead gains **Burning +3**.

**TACTICAL ACTIONS**

**CONSOLIDATE POWER** 10" 5 - 10  
**Friendly Minion only.** Push the target up to 4" toward a friendly model in its LoS.

30MM



Thalarian Quellers are a fairly recent addition to the Guild. Franco Marlow hand-picked them from the ranks of the Guild's magewrights and gave them access to a powerful grimoire that he confiscated from Sonnia's private collection while she was recovering from her injuries caused by the death of the previous Governor-General.

From this ancient tome, the Quellers learned how to enchant the weapons of their allies, how to subdue problematic individuals, and how to dampen the flow of magic in specific areas. When Sonnia returned to the Witch Hunters, she was furious that Marlow had “stolen” a grimoire from her collection... until she saw the Quellers in action and was begrudgingly forced to acknowledge their usefulness.

THALARIAN QUELLER				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
ARCANE STAFF	12"	6	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3♣/4♣♣ damage.				
<div> <div> Blaze: Models damaged by this Action gain Burning +1 for each in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of Burning +2). </div> <div> Drain Magic: Target discards a card. This model may draw a card and then discard a card. </div> </div>				
STARTLE	8"	5	Wp	-
Target gains Staggered.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
FLAMING BRAND	8"	-	-	-
Target an enemy model with Burning +3 or greater.				
Target gains Adversary (Witchling). This model may choose a friendly Witchling model with LoS to the target and reduce the value of the target's Burning Condition by up to 3. For each point of Burning reduced in this way, the Witchling model Pushes 2" toward the target.				
I DIDN'T START THE FIRE	8"	-	-	-
End the Burning Condition on the target. Enemy only.				
Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target.				



**WITCHLING STALKER**  
*Minion (3), Living*  
 WITCH HUNTER  
 WITCHLING

**5**  
COST

5x Df 5 Wp 5 MV 2 Sz

**ABILITIES**

**UNIMPEDED:** This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain.

**DF (X) DRAWN TO PAIN:** *Enemy only.* After resolving, if this model suffered damage, Push this model 4" toward the Attacking model.

**NO LOVE FOR WITCHLINGS:** Friendly Witch Hunters' Attack Actions ignore this model for the purposes of Friendly Fire.

**DEMISE (FLAMING +1):** After this model is killed, models within (0)2 suffer +1 damage and gain **Burning +1**. This model does not Drop any Markers when killed.

1 2 3 4 5  
HEALTH

**WITCHLING STALKER**

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>RUNIC BLADE</b> Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. This model Heals 1. <b>Blaze:</b> Models damaged by this Action gain <b>Burning +1</b> for each in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of <b>Burning +2</b> ). <b>Drain Magic:</b> Target discards a card. This model may draw a card and then discard a card.	1"	5	Df	-
<b>SMALL-GAUGE REVOLVER</b> Target suffers 1/2/4 damage. <b>Blaze:</b> Models damaged by this Action gain <b>Burning +1</b> for each in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of <b>Burning +2</b> ).	10"	5	Df	-
<b>DISPEL MAGIC</b> End one Condition on the target.	6"	5	Wp	12

30MM

## WITCHLING STALKER

It is dangerous to be a mage when there are Witch Hunters like Samael Hopkins and Sonnia Criid to contend with. Sonnia not only excels at killing mages, but also at turning their powers back upon themselves, creating the half-alive being known as a Witchling Stalker. These creatures were once men and women, but they have been stripped of their will and identities. Now these poor souls exist only to further the cause of the Guild and Sonnia. Where once their powers were potent, they can now do little more than negate the magic of others.

Witchling Stalkers are dangerous in both close and ranged combat, though it is through their runed blades that they smite their enemies. As part of their creation, they are burned by Criid's purifying power, and so they must remain cloaked and hidden both for their own protection and the sanity of others.





Not every magic-user who is caught can reasonably be transformed into a Witchling Stalker. And while executions are effective, there are those among the Guild who see them as wasteful when such talent is involved. To answer this problem, the Witch Hunters devised the Control Collar.

While the criminal has full control of their own body, all of their spells belong to the Guild. And should they misuse the freedom of their body that the Guild has graciously allowed them, the Collar can be made to detonate quite spectacularly.



## SANCTIONED SPELLCASTER

### ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

#### ARCANE TOUCH

⚡ 0" 4 Df -

Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.

- ☐ **Rising Flames:** Enemy models within (t)3 of this model suffer 1 damage and gain **Burning +1**.

#### FLAME BLAST

☼ 8" 5 Df -

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

- ☐ **Blaze:** Models damaged by this Action gain **Burning +1** for each ☐ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of **Burning +2**).

### TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

#### NEGATION AURA

⚡ 3" 4 - 10

Until the End Phase, enemy models within range must each discard a card to Cheat Fate.

30MM







# BRUTAL EFFIGY

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

Their reports showed that the Effigy was not an invader, a spy, or some seditious lampoon of the Death Marshals. Bizarrely, it seemed to be a Guild ally, trotting into the fray on sturdy legs, sword waving, the little boxwood coffin bouncing on its back in imitation of the Marshals' caricatures.

Guild crews have come to think of Brutal as a mascot or a good luck charm, but their leaders know it is more: they can sense the knot of power within it and how it draws and shifts the currents to help the crew it has joined.

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



## BRUTAL EFFIGY

Enforcer, Construct  
Versatile  
EFFIGY, PUPPET

4  
COST

5  
Df

4  
Wp

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

## BRUTAL EFFIGY

### ATTACK ACTIONS

	Rc	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>PINE BOX</b>	0"	1	Sz	-
<p><i>Enemy only.</i> Target gains <b>Distracted +1</b> and is Buried. When the target Activates, it must attempt a TN 13</p> <p><b>Wp</b> duel. If it passes, or if this model is killed or Buried, Unbury it into base contact with this model.</p>				
<b>SMALL-GAUGE REVOLVER</b>	10"	4	Df	-
<p>Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.</p> <p><b>Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each <b>C</b> in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).</p>				

### TACTICAL ACTIONS

	Rc	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>AURA OF VENGEANCE</b>	3"	5	-	10
<p>Until the End Phase, after a friendly model ends its Activation within range, that model Heals 1 if it damaged an enemy model during that Activation, or 1/2/3 if it killed an enemy model.</p>				

30MM



# BRUTAL EMISSARY

Here and now, in these times of all times, Malifaux needs unashamed strength and indomitable resolve, and the Brutal Emissary has arisen as that need's answer. There will be no cowardice. There will be no retreat. There will be no abandonment of duty. No desertion, no disobedience. The wheels will turn, the machines will run. Men and women will labor. Dues will be paid. Laws will be laid down. Lines will be drawn against the outlaw, the subversive, the Arcanist and the Resurrectionist, the beast and the Neverborn, and those lines will be held.

When there is insurrection, invasion, or disorder, the Brutal Emissary will know it in its core, and it will be there to face the threat. With blade and gun, with cage and irresistible command, it will stand on the battle line and teach the Guild's enemies the order of things.

May heaven help us all.



BRUTAL EMISSARY

Enforcer, Undead

Versatile

EMISSARY OF FATE

10

COST

6

DF

5

WP

6

MV

4

SZ

FACTION

ABILITIES

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

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

CROWD CONTROL: Enemy models within 6 cannot take Actions unless it is their Activation.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

HEALTH

BRUTAL EMISSARY

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.

Heave: Place the target anywhere within 3" of this model.

Sweeping Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +2 damage.

Knock Aside: Push the target 4" in any direction.

INTO THE CAGE

2" 4 Sz -

Enemy only. Target is Buried. When the target Activates, it must attempt a TN 13 WP duel. If it passes, or if this model is killed or Buried, Unbury it into base contact with this model.

Reposition: Move this model up to 3".

Leeching Strength: Choose a Buried model. The chosen model suffers 1 damage and this model Heals 1.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

A CAGE FOR ALL

3" 6 - 10

Until the End Phase, enemy models that Activate within range must each pass a TN 13 MV duel or gain Slow.

Bolster Strength: Friendly models within range Heal 1.

AURA OF VENGEANCE

3" 6 - 10

Until the End Phase, after a friendly model ends its Activation within range, that model Heals 1 if it damaged an enemy model during that Activation, or 1/2/3 if it killed an enemy model.

50MM



# PALE RIDER

Many tales surround the Guild Guard concerning the origin of the Pale Rider. They say he was a once Death Marshal. Some think he got too deep into whatever magic the Death Marshals study that makes them more like the Ressers they fight, and went mad. Others think he was locked in his own pine box for a long time, and when they finally let him out, he was just... wrong. Still, more people insist the Pale Rider isn't a man but some entity of Malifaux, conjured from the fears of man.

The Pale Rider doesn't offer any answers. He appears on the eve of battle, silently staring at those who are near death, or at least that's how the stories go. When they fall, he moves on to the next, and the next, until the battle is over. Then he departs as quickly as he appeared, leaving the survivors with a grim realization that he'll be back for each of them, someday.



PALE RIDER

Enforcer, Undead

Versatile

HORSEMAN

11

COST

6

DF

7

WP

7

MV

3

SZ

FACTION

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 (P):

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 +P to its final duel total for each discarded Token.

DF (P) FORGED IN WAR:

When resolving, reduce the damage this model suffers by 1 for each P in its final duel total.

GUNFIGHTER:

This model may treat any of its R Actions as having a range of # 1".

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

HEALTH

PALE RIDER

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

PNEUMATIC RIFLE

~12" 6 Df -

Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.

Final Breath:

Target gains **Staggered** and **Injured** +X, where X is equal to the number of P in this model's final duel total.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

REVEL IN CONFLICT

(M)6" 6 - 12P

Friendly models within range Heal 1, or Heal 2 if they are engaging an enemy model.

Diminished Pain:

Each friendly model within range gains **Shielded** +2 and ends the **Injured** Condition, if able.

Hatred Unleashed:

At the end of this model's Activation, friendly model's within range may take the **Charge** Action, one at a time, even if engaged.

Devastation:

Enemy models within range suffer 2/3/4 irreducible damage and gain **Slow** and **Burning** +1.

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



**GREED**  
Henchman, Living  
Versatile  
CROSSROADS

**7**  
COST

5 DF 5 WP 6 MV 2 SZ

**ABILITIES**

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

**RESONANCE:** At the start of this model's Activation, if there is another friendly Crossroads model within **16**, this model gains **Focused +1**.

**DF (P) GIVE IT TO ME:** The Attacking model must either discard a Soulstone or suffer 2 damage and gain a Sin Token.

**CONSUMED BY GREED:** When an enemy model within **16** would use a Soulstone, this model may discard a Sin Token from the enemy model to ignore the Soulstone use and instead add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.

**TAKE WHAT IS MINE:** After an enemy model within **16** uses a Soulstone, that model gains a Sin Token.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7  
**HEALTH**

**GREED**

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>UNCHECKED AVARICE</b>	8"	6	Wp	-
Target suffers damage equal to the number of enemy models within <b>(1)3</b> of itself. If the target can use Soulstones, it must either discard a Soulstone or gain a Sin Token.				
<p><b>P Take It All:</b> This Trigger can only be declared if the target is an enemy model with one or more Attached Upgrades. The target may discard one of its Attached Upgrades. If it does not, it suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains <b>Injured +2</b>.</p> <p><b>X Sin Spiral:</b> Target gains a Sin Token, then this model Heals 1.</p>				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>USE IT ON YOURSELF</b>	(1)3"	6	-	12
Enemy models within range that can use Soulstones must each pass a TN 14 <b>Wp</b> duel or discard a Soulstone and gain a Sin Token.				
<b>DESTRUCTIVE PERFORMANCE (1)3"</b>	6	-	12	
Once per Activation. Enemy models within range with one or more Sin Tokens must each discard a Sin Token and suffer 3 damage.				
<p><b>The Beat Goes On:</b> Discard a card. Another friendly Crossroads model in this model's LoS may take the <b>Destructive Performance</b> Action.</p>				
<b>FRANTIC SEARCH</b>	2"	-	-	-
Remove target Corpse Marker. Discard the top card of this model's Fate Deck. If the discarded card was a <b>P</b> or <b>M</b> , add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.				

**30MM**

## GREED

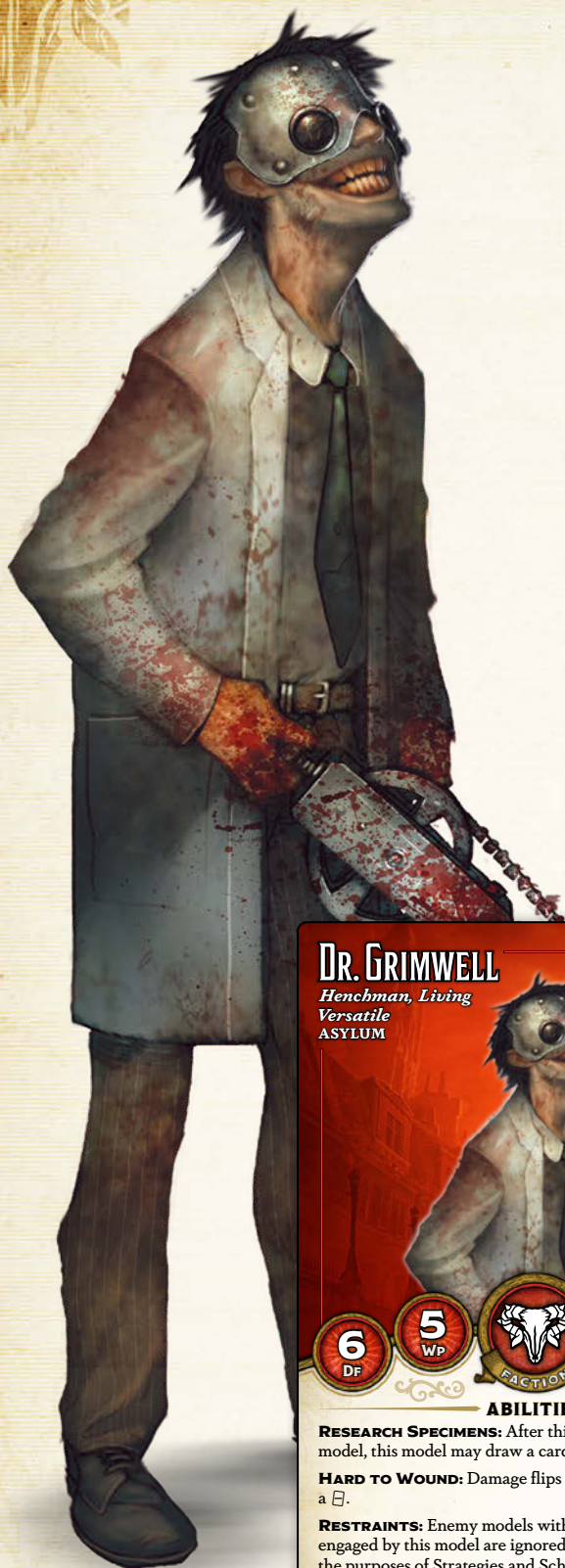
There was never much more to the town of Crossroads than the big ramshackle hotel for which it was named, pushing up head and shoulders out of the little huddle of wooden houses, looming over the patch of corduroy road where the trails in off the Badlands all met.

Then came that one moonless, fiery night, and now there's nothing left any more. Not after what happened when the music started. Not after he and she stepped up to dance, eyes shining bright as their grins. Not after they said what they said. Not after the stroke of midnight.

The young woman who walked out of the burning, crumbling hotel with her guitar over her shoulder never looked back. And never has since. She got what she wanted from the deal she struck that night... but that deal was not all she wanted. She wants more. And more. And more. There was a fortune to be had, and it was all right in front of her.







## DR. GRIMWELL

Doctor Grimwell looked at the little sign that hung on the wall of his office in Smedley's Asylum.

"Service With A Smile."

He leaned back in his chair and tapped his chin as he contemplated it. He really did believe in what it said; smiling did wonders for the mentally ill whom he had devoted his life to helping. This was one of his many daily rituals; they helped to clear his mind and prevent the very maladies he worked so hard to eliminate.

Had he been smiling when applying electrodes to that old woman this morning? Yes, he had. What about when he was forcing pills down the throat of that raving lunatic? Yes, smiling then, too. And the business with the skull saw after lunch? Damn! Some of the blood had gotten in his mouth and he had given a bit of a grimace. He would work on that, he nodded to himself. He would work on that...

**DR. GRIMWELL**  
*Henchman, Living*  
*Versatile*  
**ASYLUM**

9  
COST

6  
Df

5  
Wp

**FACTION**

5  
Mv

2  
Sz

**ABILITIES**

**RESEARCH SPECIMENS:** After this model kills an enemy model, this model may draw a card.

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

**RESTRAINTS:** Enemy models with **Staggered** that are engaged by this model are ignored by their controller for the purposes of Strategies and Schemes.

**NIMBLE:** This model may treat the **Walk** Action as a ⚡ Action.

**IN MY CARE:** When targeting a model with **Staggered**, this model's Attack Actions receive +X to their duels.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

**HEALTH**

DR. GRIMWELL

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>SKULL SAW</b> ⚡ 1"     6     Df     - Target suffers 2/3/5 damage and must either discard a card or gain <b>Injured +2</b> . <b>☠ Critical Strike:</b> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ☠ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). <b>✕ Maim:</b> Target discards a card. <b>✕✕ Lobotomy:</b> <i>Once per Activation.</i> When resolving, the target may discard any number of cards. Then, the target suffers +X damage, where X is equal to the number of cards in the target's Control Hand (to a maximum of +3).				
<b>PREPARE FOR SURGERY</b> 8"     7     Mv     12 <i>Enemy only.</i> Push any number of friendly Asylum models within ⚡6 of the target into base contact with the target, then the target suffers damage equal to the number of friendly Asylum models within ⚡11. <b>☠ Bloody Fate:</b> Draw a card. If the target was not killed, discard a card. <b>☠ Stagger:</b> Models damaged by this Action gain <b>Staggered</b> .				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>DOCTOR'S ORDERS</b> 6"     -     -     - <i>Discard a card. Friendly only.</i> Move the target up to 4".				

30MM



# NURSE HEARTSBANE

Nurse Emily Heartsbane is Doctor Grimwell's closest companion and friend. Unlike many other employees of Smedley's Asylum, she has a real medical background and was never a patient. She is a true believer in the work they are doing, and she is quite competent at her job. Indeed, she takes a great amount of satisfaction in her work and she never misses a day.

Many a patient has tried to sneak out of bed in the middle of the night, only to find her behind them gently pushing a needle into their neck and shushing them as they slump to the ground. She is also an expert in the application of electroshock, which Dr. Grimwell takes full advantage of.

Together, the two of them keep the asylum clean and orderly. And they always have a smile for a new patient.



## NURSE HEARTSBANE

*Enforcer, Living Versatile*  
ASYLUM

7  
COST



5  
Df

5  
Wp



FACTION

5  
Mv

2  
Sz

### ABILITIES

**RESEARCH SPECIMENS:** After this model kills an enemy model, this model may draw a card.

**SERENE COUNTEenance:** Enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a  to their duel.

**RESTRAINTS:** Enemy models with **Staggered** that are engaged by this model are ignored by their controller for the purposes of Strategies and Schemes.

**Df (W) REGRET:** After resolving, if this Action is a  Action and this model suffered damage, immediately end the Attacking model's Activation.

1

2

3

4







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
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HEALTH

NURSE HEARTSBANE

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>ELECTROSHOCK MACHINE</b>  0" 6 Df - Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.  <b>Stagger:</b> Models damaged by this Action gain <b>Staggered</b> .  <b>Convulsions:</b> <i>Enemy only.</i> Move the target up to 3". Then the target must either discard a card or this model may move it up to 3".				
<b>STRAITJACKET</b> 10" 6 Wp - <i>Target must be engaged with a friendly model.</i> Target gains <b>Staggered</b> and must either discard a card or gain <b>Slow</b> .  <b>Coordinated Attack:</b> Another friendly model may take a  Action targeting the same model.  <b>Daze:</b> Target gains <b>Stunned</b> and is Pushed up to 3" in any direction.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
 <b>CREEP ALONG</b> - 6 - 11 Push this model up to its <b>Mv</b> in inches toward a friendly model in LoS.				

30MM



# ORDERLY

The orderlies at Smedley's Asylum are grim fellows, and they are all under the direct supervision of Doctor Stanley Grimwell. In fact, many of them are former patients. Dr. Grimwell believes that they make the perfect attendants as they know exactly what the afflicted are going through.

Where hiring people through traditional means results in complaints like “You can’t possibly expect me to do that!” or “This is beyond even the remotest of human decency!” or “Are you mad?!”

Employees recruited from ex-patients have no such qualms. They understand the full necessity of a bit of electroshock every now and again, and they know better than anyone what a relief removing a bit of brain can be. They are the perfect employees, and Dr. Grimwell delights in seeing his patients flourishing in their new positions.



ORDERLY

Minion (2), Living  
Versatile  
ASYLUM

5  
COST

5  
Df

5  
Wp

6  
Mv

2  
Sz

ABILITIES

RESEARCH SPECIMENS: After this model kills an enemy model, this model may draw a card.

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

RESTRAINTS: Enemy models with **Staggered** that are engaged by this model are ignored by their controller for the purposes of Strategies and Schemes.

CONSTRICTION: Enemy models engaged by this model suffer a ⚡ to duels generated by the **Disengage** Action.

1 2 3 4 5

HEALTH

ORDERLY

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>NECROTIC INJECTION</b> Target suffers 1/3/4 damage. ♥ <b>Stagger</b> : Models damaged by this Action gain <b>Staggered</b> . × <b>Infect</b> : Models damaged by this Action gain <b>Poison +1</b> for each X in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of <b>Poison +2</b> ).	0"	5	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<b>EMERGENCY SURGERY</b> Other Living model only. Target Heals 1/2/3.	2"	6	-	10

30MM



**GUILD STEWARD**  
*Enforcer, Living Versatile*

**6**  
COST



4  
DF

5  
WP

  
FACTION

5  
MV

2  
SZ

**ABILITIES**

**COMPANION:** After a friendly model ends its Activation within 6" of this model, if this model has not Activated this Turn, it may discard a card or Pass Token to do so.

**PROTECTION MONEY:** After an enemy Scheme Marker is Dropped within 6", this model may draw a card.

**DEMISE (REPRISAL):** After this model is killed by an enemy model, that model suffers 4/6/8 damage.

1

2

3

4

5

6

**HEALTH**

## GUILD STEWARD

With everyone out shooting their guns and bloodying their swords, there must be someone to take stock of ammo and distribute repair orders. While he lacks any martial ability, the Guild Steward fulfills a necessary bureaucratic role, crossing the T's and dotting the I's to make sure that everything goes as smoothly as possible before the fighting parties arrive.

Post battle, there are reports to be filed, burials to be arranged, and families to be notified. It is not an easy job, but, for this small man, there is a strange joy in completing all the paperwork. It brings things to a neat end.

Though a small man, the Steward speaks for the Guild, and commands men in its name. Anyone seeking to harm a Steward may find himself at odds with the entirety of the Guild, a scenario few are willing to contend with.



**GUILD STEWARD**

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>SHARP WIT</b> Target gains <b>Slow</b> . <div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> <b>Boring Topic:</b> Models within (0)3 of this model must each pass a TN 12 <b>Wp</b> duel or gain <b>Slow</b>. </div>	#1"	5	Wp	-
<b>DISPEL MAGIC</b> End one Condition on the target. <div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> <b>Galvanize:</b> Another friendly model within 3" of this model gains <b>Focused +1</b>. </div>	6"	6	Wp	12

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
<b>FOUL-MOUTHED MOTIVATION</b> Other friendly model only. Target Heals 1/2/3 and gains <b>Focused +1</b> .	6"	6	-	12

**30MM**



## 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)

### EXPERT MARKSMAN | 2

This model gains the following Ability:

**EXPERT SHOT:** This model's Attack Actions ignore Friendly Fire.

This model's ⚡ Actions gains the following Trigger:

☐ **Armor Piercing:** When resolving, damage from this Action ignores **Armor**.

If this model is a Minion, it gains the following Ability:

**SHARPSHOOTER:** This model's ⚡ Actions ignore Cover and Concealment.



#### LIMITATIONS

Plentiful (2)

### LEAD-LINED COAT | 2

This model gains the following Abilities:

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

**LAUGH OFF:** If this model would be moved during an enemy model's Activation or from an enemy model's effect, it may choose not to.

If this model is a Minion, it gains the following Ability:

**HUNKER DOWN:** At the end of this model's Activation, if it did not move during its Activation, it gains **Shielded +2**.



#### LIMITATIONS

Restricted (Living or Undead)  
Plentiful (2)

### NO PRISONERS | 2

This model gains the following Ability:

**ON THE PROWL:** After this model kills an enemy model, it Heals 1 and may Push up to 2" in any direction.

This model gains the following Action:

**ATTACK ACTIONS**    **RG**    **STAT**    **RST**    **TN**

⚡ **CLOCKWORK GRENADE**    ⚡8"    7    \*    13

*This Action ignores LoS. Shockwave 1, Mv 12, Damage 2.*

If this model is a Minion, it gains the following Ability:

**RUN AND GUN:** This model's Charge Action may generate ⚡ Actions instead of ⚡ Actions.



#### LIMITATIONS

Plentiful (2)



VIOLATION OF MAGIC

O

If Sonnia Criid is this Crew's Leader, increase this Upgrade's **Plentiful** Limitation to **Plentiful (3)**.

This model gains the following Ability:

**CONSUMED BY FIRE:** At the start of this model's Activation, it gains **Burning +1**.



**LIMITATIONS**

Special (Summon, Enthralled)  
Plentiful (2)

SKYBOUND ALLY

O

This model gains the following Ability:

**"CAW!":** After this model suffers damage, it may discard this Upgrade to reduce that damage to 0.

**DEMISE (YOU'RE FREE NOW...):** After this model is killed, Summon a Trained Raptor with **Fast** anywhere within 3" of it.

This model gains the following Action:

**ATTACK ACTIONS**    **Rg**    **Stat**    **Rst**    **TN**

✦ **ANGRY RAPTOR**    14"    6    **Df**    -  
*This Action ignores Cover, Concealment, and LoS. 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).

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



**LIMITATIONS**

Special (Raptor)  
Plentiful (2)

ON PATROL

O

If Dasher Barker is this Crew's Leader, increase this Upgrade's **Plentiful** Limitation to **Plentiful (5)**.

After Attaching this Upgrade, this model gains **Slow**.

This model gains the following Action:

**TACTICAL ACTIONS**    **Rg**    **Stat**    **Rst**    **TN**

✦ **"I NEED BACKUP!"**    8"    -    -    -  
*Target a friendly Guard Patrol or model with a Reinforcements Upgrade. Push the target up to 3" toward this model.*



**LIMITATIONS**

Special (Summon, Reinforcements)  
Plentiful (2)





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Looking for more info on which models work with each Master or on how to build the best Crew? Visit [wyrd-games.net](http://wyrd-games.net) for all of that fun stuff.



# THE GOULD



**M3E**

BAD THINGS HAPPEN



# THE GUILD

**T**he vigilant protectors of the people against what evils may ail them, the Guild is a multi-world power with influences in nearly every government and organization. In truth, they care not for safety or justice, but only profit and control. They oversee the Breach and all that passes through, the Soulstones and who may have access to them, and the news and how each story is shaped. The Guild are both the police and the cartel, and will shape history however they see fit, no matter the cost.

## MBE

Malifaux Third Edition is a story-driven skirmish game that carries the events from the lore directly into the characters' mechanics. With a streamlined hiring system, straightforward and updated rules that don't get in the way of the fun, and enough strategic depth to keep those mental gears turning for years to come, it's never been a better time to dive into the world of Malifaux.

Seek your fortune, test your luck, and stake your claim in this fast-paced and brutal tabletop miniature skirmish game.



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