



MYTHOS™

RULE BOOK

DYSTOPIAN AGE™

MYTHOS™

SECOND EDITION

VERSION NUMBER 2.00



WARCRADLE®
STUDIOS

Warcradle Studios is a trading name of Wayland Games Limited. Mythos and the Mythos logo are trademarks of Wayland Games Limited. Illustrations and Designs are copyright © 2022 Wayland Games Limited.

This book is printed under the copyright laws of the United Kingdom and retains all of the protections thereof. All Rights Reserved. All trademarks herein including, but not limited to Mythos, The Hidden Ones, Wyldbome, Silver Venators, Path of Chronozon, Odani Travellers, Custos Crypta, Brotherhood of Belial, character names and all associated logos are property of Wayland Games Ltd. This book is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual people, places, or events are purely coincidental. No part of this publication may be reproduced or stored in any retrieval system or transmitted in any form, except as permitted by the UK Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988, without prior written permission from Warcradle Studios. Duplicating any portion of the materials herein, unless specifically addressed within the work or by written permission from Warcradle Studios, is strictly prohibited. In the event that permissions are granted, such duplications shall be intended solely for personal, noncommercial use and must maintain all copyrights, trademarks, or other notices contained therein or preserved all marks associated thereof. Product information is subject to change.

Warcradle Studios also publishes books electronically, content may differ between electronic and printed formats

First Printed February 2020 in the United Kingdom, Version 1.01 Printed February 2020.

Registered Office: 17-19 Eldon Way, Hockley, Essex, SS5 4AD, United Kingdom

For more information on Mythos & Warcradle Studios visit:

www.mythosthegame.com | www.warcradle.com

Background & Setting

Stuart Mackaness
Chris Pond

Art & Design

James Ginn
Jon Cartwright
Neil Googe

Digital Sculpting

Brandon Beren
Agata Stolarska
Ben de Bosdari

Development Team

Stuart Mackaness
Jim Radford
Matthew Parker

Managing Director Richard Lawford

Second Edition Lead Chris Pond

Art Direction Roberto Cirillo

Miniature Painting Daren Mcaninch

"A Different Kind Of Horror" Allen Ward

SPECIAL THANKS TO PARANOID MINIATURES

Mark Brown, Gareth Brierley, Stuart Phillips, Dominic Read and Geoff Strike

CONTENTS

Introduction.....	i - viii	Fear & Conditions	22
The Basics of Play	1 - 14	Set-Up & Turn Sequence	23
Combat	14 - 18	Scenarios.....	24 - 32
Movement & Terrain	19 - 21	Faction Details	33 - 57



MYTHOS

DYSTOPIAN AGE



From the Badlands of North America to the icy realm of Antarctica, the influence of Mythos on the Dystopian Age has made the world into a wild and dangerous place. It is a generation since the end of the Union Ore War and the greatest scientific minds of the age have unlocked secrets that humanity was unprepared for. Ancient cults, hidden horrors, twisted science, and alien agendas have plunged the world into a conflict fought by a desperate few in secret. A struggle that will shape the destiny of the Dystopian Age - The Shadow War.

The disparate alien and esoteric forces that underpin the Dystopian Age have influenced it over millennia. Ultimate supremacy lay in a confrontation between them, but for thousands of years that moment seemed impossibly far away. As the world teeters on the brink of a catastrophic global conflict, long-forgotten horrors and ancient powers finally take notice. Those touched by these cosmic entities have formed rival cults and now move amongst an unsuspecting world preparing for their ascendance.

Down the centuries, humanity has given different names to the ways of drawing upon the power of Mythos. For some it is invoking abstract notions of luck, good fortune, or the blessings of an intangible god. For others it is the ritual of magic, arcana, or shamanism through which such forbidden knowledge has been learnt or rediscovered. But can monsters and myths fuelled by this really stand up to the flamethrowers and gatling guns of Nineteenth Century super-science? The hubris and industry of mankind may be all that holds back the darkness of this perilous time.

Mythos is an exciting narrative skirmish game played with superbly detailed 35mm miniatures and set in the dark corners of the Dystopian Age. Engage in twisted head-to-head confrontations in casual play or create epic campaigns using the narrative guide, as the competing factions wage the Shadow War against each other and the wider world.



A DIFFERENT KIND OF HORROR

Bertram 'Bertie' Smythe was no stranger to horrifying things. As a British Crown aviator, he had seen his fair share of misery. A decade of witnessing first-hand the grind of daily inhumane acts as pointless conflicts engulfed tens of thousands in fire, filth, and blood. He'd soon come to realise after seeing those horrible things that there are no real victors or victims in war, there are only those forever fallen, the living and the dead. Whilst Bertie was fortunate enough to still be amongst the former, he continued to be haunted by the faces of the latter. However, even those unforgettable experiences, those memories and nightmares that had seared their way into his very soul, (for he had not returned the same man by any means) paled into insignificance compared to the scene that played out before him now like some cruel and twisted pantomime. Reality flickered before him and his senses were pushed to their limit, to say nothing of his psyche. Stretched to the point of breaking, his mind was saved by the horrors he had endured after he had been shot down during the Caribbean conflict, the days alone, hiding from enemy patrols and trying to stay alive, and what were those shapes he kept seeing moving in the darkest hours of the night. All those things that had so inured him that he did not go irrevocably insane on the spot. Even so, he felt his sanity begin to fray, his mind overloading, as the impossible horror turned toward him, flailing, and screaming...

The evening had started like any other; in the pub. Ever since the campaign in the Pacific had ended Bertie had struggled to reintegrate himself back into anything approaching a normal life. Though his sleep was far from peaceful, he had learned to deal with the nightmares and no longer woke in the middle of the night, screaming and covered in sweat. Physically, Bertie had been one of the lucky ones. Even though a pilot, his crash landing had ensured he had suffered his fair share of injuries, with scars enough to impress the girls. His service had allowed him to remain largely unmaimed, still with all his limbs and digits. Bertie's injuries, however, went deeper than that, he was wounded inside and wasn't healing. Discharged from the Royal Flying Corps on grounds of ill health, Bertie had lost meaning to his life. Like many young men, he had thought serving the Crown would be a grand adventure. Instead, Bertie lived a lifetime in the four short years he was in the Caribbean, knowing only conflict and camaraderie. Yet in the time since he had returned to England, he had been unable to hold down a steady job. Frequently getting into fights and just listing from day to day, drinking and sleeping restlessly, waking at first light, and repeating the ritual. Existing but not living. He could not shake the persistent feeling that something was very wrong with the world. Something just out of his sight, an elusive hidden danger just at the periphery of his vision. He put this down to trauma from that day over Hell's Gate Island that he had seen... something in the clouds. He still could not speak of that day and instead tried to carry on with his routine,

though he could never shake the knowledge of there being something else, some unfathomable 'other' waiting for him.

The drink was easy to come by, he was after all a war hero. Bertie had committed many acts of valour for the Crown and was considered a hero in his village. Decorated though he was, he never wore his medals beyond the first month or so of his return to England, the continual attention irking him. Favours and gifts were nonetheless bestowed upon him and combined with his saved army pay he was by no means destitute. This may have been part of the problem, he did not need to try, to strive. He just idled by like driftwood on a stream. Some might have said that he had struggled enough, certainly his neighbours, who looked upon him with a mix of pity and concern. 'There goes Joyce's boy' they'd lament. 'Such a shame.' Always such a shame. Worse than all of this was the violence inside him. Bertie had revelled in the destruction he could cause with his aircraft. Strafing enemy positions, catching infantry in the open and laying waste to them with Gatling gunfire. The adrenaline rush got him through his first few encounters, but after that, it was the adrenaline that he craved. In the first few weeks after getting home, he would pick a fight with anyone, the anger, and the need to lash out was just too great for him to keep inside. He pictured it as a darkness in his soul, a need to fight against the world just for something to slake his thirst for violence. After waking up in a cell of the local police station he realised he needed to control his temper. He soon found that drinking helped, just not too much or he would inevitably end up locked up for more than just a night or dead in a gutter.

Most evenings Bertie sat alone, drinking solemnly in a secluded corner of the King's Arms. Precious few as they were, you would sometimes find him accompanied by a fellow survivor, drowning together in remembrance. He never really took part in the singalongs or revelry, even the ladies that regularly approached his table had lost their allure after a time. That night he did have company. Peter 'Twitcher' Jones had lost a leg in the fighting abroad, a proper blighty and no mistake. All Tommies had coveted the 'Blighty', a wound serious enough to get you sent home, but not serious enough to be fatal and Twitcher had caught a corker. A shell, just like any other, but this one was in the right place at the right time, and he was in the wrong place at the wrong time. Or was he? He'd caught the Blighty, he'd gone home, albeit minus one of his legs. Bertie wasn't bitter about it, he didn't feel much of anything these days, no hatred, no honour, no pride, just an overwhelming numbness.

As usual, they drank to the dead. To Big John McCormack and to Sparks, to Cabbage Herbert and to Sniffles Bridges. Poor scrawny Sniffles had been just a boy, fated never to return, fated to die on the beach to a bolt from a Japanese rifle. Glasses were raised, the glorious dead toasted, and memories honoured. Those once loyal, now drowned in distant tropical seas in a battle seen as an embarrassment to their government and already forgotten by their countrymen. They shared stories and reminisced, though Bertie's experiences spanned a full two years more than Twitcher's. With the evening done, they'd parted ways, duty paid, dead friends

done right. Bertie lit a rolled-up cigarette in his cupped hands as Twitcher hobbled off, crutch tip-tapping on the cobbles as he disappeared around the corner.

Enjoying his cigarette Bertie took a meandering route home, the distant hum of the now ubiquitous machinery and ceaseless industry of the world his only companion through the dark streets. He still lived with his ma; his father cruelly having died the month before Bertie had returned from the conflict in the Pacific. Neither of his brothers had returned. Older and younger, both had perished, adding to the butcher's bill of the Crown's disastrous conflicts around the globe. His Ma had never been the same, each dreaded telegram leaving its heavy mark upon her soul. Becoming widowed had been the final straw. She was a cold, distant woman now, permanently ruined by grief and loss. Still, it was home, as much as anything was these days. It was safe, it was easy and that was all Bertie really cared about.

It was wandering down the third or fourth dark alley that Bertie had first heard the noise, a shuffling scraping sound accompanied by a rasping wheeze. At first, he'd paid it no mind, probably a fellow inebriate, making their hesitant and faltering way home. But the sound continued, and it wasn't always behind him. Bertie looked about and then quickened his pace, foregoing lighting another cigarette. He wasn't overly worried, he could look after himself easily enough if things turned to violence, but something was unnerving about the sound, it didn't feel right. Then again, Bertie was not entirely sober, so it was probably just his mind playing tricks. Then something hit him from behind and he stumbled. The blow wasn't anything solid, more like a sudden gust of wind. Reflectively, his combat instincts had come to the fore, and he'd turned the tumble into a roll, springing up and spinning about-face, his fists bunched, ready to fight.

No amount of combat experience could have prepared him for what he saw... The air in front of him had split, no, it had been torn. Reality was being rent asunder before his very eyes, even as his intoxicated brain tried to comprehend what was happening. The tear had widened, and a sickening unearthly light had spilt forth, illuminating the alley. A cat bolted noisily but Bertie barely noticed, he could not have looked away if he'd tried. The edges of the rift rippled, and reality screamed as something forced its way through the rupture in space. The creature's large, glistening bulk pulsed as it heaved itself through the portal with an effort. Bertie had slowly backed away and lowered his fists, desperately wanting his trusty Webley in his hands and almost wishing he was in the death-filled skies above the blue-green waters of the Caribbean. Anywhere would be better than being near this abomination. The thing was through the fracture in its entirety now. It had lain momentarily, quivering and undulating, then pulled itself upright. It wheezed and rasped, and Bertie realised with mounting horror that this was the thing that had been stalking him all along. Upright, it wasn't much taller than him, though it was certainly bulkier. It shimmered and glittered, appendages flailing, dripping an ethereal ooze that splattered on the cobblestones. Bertie couldn't settle on its actual colour as the rippling light from the portal around it distorted its hue, patterns of light and shade flickering across

its glistening skin. Slowly it turned, and as it did so it screamed, though from where Bertie could not discern, for he could see no mouth. It had eyes though and that was perhaps the most horrifying thing of all, for they gleamed with alien intelligence and comprehension, but above all, malevolence.

What profane creation was this? Bertie felt his sanity begin to fray. Constantly pulsating and flailing, it shuffled toward him, all the while screaming and wailing. Bertie wanted to run, so desperately he wanted to turn tail and flee, but he was rooted to the spot. The thing came closer now. Close enough that he could smell its honey-like, sickly sweet odour. So close now that he could almost touch it...

Resolve finally formed in Bertie's mind as the much-craved adrenaline began to hit his system, and with a scream of his own he reached for the nearest functional weapon and struck out wildly. He grabbed a steel bar and although he half expected it to pass through the monster, as if some sort of phantasm, the blow connected with solid, unyielding flesh. The thing recoiled, tentacles retracting slightly, as it shrank back from the strike. Emboldened, Bertie followed up with a more measured attack, swinging from the right and then from above, each blow eliciting an unearthly howl from the hulking beast. A tentacle whipped up, snake-like, and grasped the bar, ripping it from his grip. The beast surged forward and collided with him, knocking him from his feet. He lay sprawled on his back in the dirt, stunned and helpless as the horrific entity bore down upon him.

Bertie was no stranger to death, after all, most of his mates had been killed in front of him, and he himself had faced death more times than he could count. He and Death were old friends, but he was damned if he was going to die now. He'd survived the Caribbean Hurricane and there was no way this creature was going to be the thing that ended him. He scooted back, grasping about him for another suitable weapon, bellowing obscenities at the horror as it lumbered and shuffled after him. His desperate fingers found a brick but throwing it had appeared to have little impact. The brick bounced off the creature with no discernible effect, eliciting nothing more than a hiss to interrupt the wailing, he needed something better. Inexorably the monster came closer, and Bertie found himself backed up against a granite wall he didn't remember being there. A quivering tentacle touched Bertie's boot, pulling, and coiling itself into a vice-like grip. Though he struggled mightily, Bertie was drawn steadily into the clutches of the unspeakable horror.

Suddenly there was a blur of movement, the tentacle that was constricting his leg erupted in a shower of blood and the beast screeched in pain as its severed limb dropped to the ground. Bertie scrambled to his feet as the horror twisted to face a new threat. Another blur and another cut appear across the creature, slicing whatever passed for its torso. The wound oozed a pallid luminescent ichor and the beast wailed louder, impotently lashing out with its tentacle stump. As his senses re-established themselves, Bertie became aware of a hooded figure crouched atop a fence, silhouetted against the night sky. Suddenly it vaulted and there was a flash of

silver in the moonlight, the creature sliced open once again. Inexplicably its wounds began to quickly heal, he noticed. Within seconds, its slimy skin began knitting together, the protoplasmic flesh becoming whole once more. Even the stump of its severed tentacle had already healed over, at least it hadn't begun to regrow as far as Bertie could tell.

The horror's attacker made to leap back out of range but stumbled on the discarded metal bar Bertie had used a moment ago. Sensing an opportunity, the creature lashed out and there was a yelp of pain as his would-be rescuer was struck roughly to the cobblestones. They weren't down for long, bounding up and brandishing a pair of wickedly shimmering blades. Bertie studied this newcomer. It was a woman; he could discern that much straight away. She was slight, wearing some sort of cowl and light leather jacket and trousers, but her aspect was unmistakably feminine. The weapons she wielded were strange, and unlike even the unearthly Covenant weaponry he had seen in his last tour of duty. Shifting symbols in an unrecognisable script flowed along her blades, burning brightly in the gloom of the alleyway. Bertie stared in amazement; he'd never seen anyone like her.

The woman was more cautious now but still moved frighteningly fast, landing two swift strikes on the abomination in rapid succession. A second tentacle flopped lifelessly to the floor, but another had grasped and upended the battling figure despite her agility. She fell heavily to the ground with a grunt, one of the exotic weapons flying from her grasp, before recovering and springing to her feet once more, darting away from another attack from the flailing tentacles. Whilst guarding an attack from her right, she was exposed on the left and she took another blow from a snaking appendage, again letting out a cry of pain. Bertie had seen enough fights to recognise an uneven one. Whatever advantage his rescuer had possessed was rapidly vanishing and the struggle was now turning against them.

Bertie swallowed, reached down, and picked up the newcomer's fallen weapon that had become quiescent upon leaving its owner's grasp. It glowed dimly in his hand though he could see no mechanism within. It felt slightly warm to the touch and although it shone, it was nowhere near as bright as it had been in the hands of the mysterious woman. He saw the strange icons carved into the blade was still present, but now unlit. He had no idea why, the nature of the weapon escaped him completely, not that it mattered.

"No guts, no glory eh ol' chum?" he muttered bitterly to himself and with a wild cry on the edge of abandon, he hefted the weapon and charged.

Bertie was not entirely unused to fighting with a blade, he'd had ample experience with a bayonet in basic training, and once he had even killed with an axe after bailing out close to enemy lines. This weapon, however, was completely different. It was the same weight and heft that would be expected but its design was quite bizarre. It had a mid-length handle and a rippled wide blade that did not jut out at a

right angle but was offset from the handle, almost like an angular spearhead, it was like a short polearm or some dagger/axe hybrid. He'd certainly not used anything like it before. Still, it cut well enough and even now he hewed at the creature, having decided to wield it for now as a rather odd axe. Now facing attacks from both sides, the creature reeled. It still struck out, but its strikes were getting feeble and slower, becoming easier to dodge. The monster quivered and drew back on itself as Bertie and his mysterious ally redoubled their attack, but it wasn't dying. Any wounds rent in its being healed swiftly and though it was growing weaker it just wouldn't die. What did he have to do to finish it? Bertie wondered. The woman glanced over, and he saw her eyes widen as she saw him wielding her weapon, the blade glowing softly like dying embers.

"You can't kill it!" Her voice was muffled but he could hear the underlying pain in it. "We must drive it back into the portal, once gone I can seal the rift behind it."

There was a pause as the woman fended off a couple of blows. "Trust me," she continued, "I know all too well we cannot slay it. We can only send it back where it came from, trapping it there and that is hard enough."

There was something else about her voice, Bertie couldn't quite place it. Still, he was a little preoccupied truth be told. Between them they drove the creature back, advancing step by step, raining coordinated strikes upon the horror. In the end, the thing wasn't really attacking at all just trying to deflect their blows and with a final mewling noise it slunk back into the glowing rift. Bertie wasn't inclined to let it depart intact and hacked off one more tentacle as it withdrew through the portal. He looked down at it laying there, quivering, jerking spasmodically. The woman pulled a charm from her leather jerkin and performed a series of complex hand movements accompanied by some muffled chanting that Bertie couldn't comprehend. The portal wavered and then closed, blinking out of existence, as if it had never been there. The severed tentacle instantly stopped moving and began to dissolve, not into a puddle of ichor as Bertie had expected, but into nothingness, as if it had just evaporated. He stared dumbfounded as the only physical evidence of the encounter dissipated like a wisp of smoke.

The woman staggered, clearly weakened by the feat, leant against a wall while she recovered. They stood silently in the gloom of the alleyway; Bertie felt on the verge of hysteria. Adrenaline was quickly leaving his system and now his brain began asking questions that he found he was utterly unable to answer. Bertie suddenly remembered he was holding the weapon that only moments ago had been glowing strangely. He quickly opened his hand and it fell to the ground, striking the cobblestones with an almost musical chime. The woman slowly replaced the charm back inside her clothing, and breathing deeply, pushed back her hood with her free hand. Even in the wan moonlight, Bertie could see the way her red hair shone and her face, though weary and pained, had a noble beauty to it. Though he conceded that might have been the influence of the beer and the excitement of the night.

The woman bent down and retrieved the weapon that Bertie had dropped while he nonsensically began to ask questions and fail miserably. He stared agog as she studied the blade for damage before securing both weapons on her belt. She turned to look directly at him for the first time. Kind yet hardened eyes gazed intently as she extended her hand towards him.

"The name's Agatha," she said, by way of introduction, in a lilting Irish accent. "I'm sure you have many questions but now is really not the time. Come with me, it's not safe here and I have questions for you too."

Her head tilted, quizzically, as if she were assessing him. Bertie dumbly took her hand as he pulled himself to his feet, mind reeling.

"Come on," she repeated a little more insistently "We have a lot to discuss, and I know just the place."

As the roar of pounding blood in Bertie's ears subsided, the sound of distant dogs barking and people waking up became apparent, no doubt disturbed by the commotion. He fancied he could even hear a policeman's whistle somewhere in the distance. Clearing off would be wise. Besides, he thought, the world was no longer the one he thought it was, and he had to have answers that only this stranger could supply.

"The name's Bertie." he said, a measure of strength returning to his voice.

Agatha smiled brightly, extending a hand "Pleased to meet you Bertie, let's go".

Without another word, he took her arm and followed her into the night.





M

WHAT YOU NEED TO PLAY

- 3^{ft} x 3^{ft} flat playing area -
- Miniatures, each with their own Character Cards -
- Terrain, to cover at least 1/3 of the playing area -
- A handful of six sided dice -
- Tape measure -
- Objective Markers of various Base Sizes -

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

ACTIVATION: Mythos uses an Alternating Activation mechanism. This means a player will activate a single Character, resolve various in-game actions (Move, Attack etc.) that result from its Activation, before play then passes to the other player. Should a player have Characters still remaining to activate after their opponent has completed activating all their Characters, the player may activate their remaining Characters as normal, one following the other until they too have activated all their Characters.

ACTIVE CHARACTER: The Active Character is the Character who is currently taking their activation.

BASE CONTACT: Base contact means that the model in question must have their base physically touching something. Mythos miniatures come mounted on bases. Whenever there is a reference to base contact, it refers to the physical base of the model or the edge of the miniature or terrain itself if it does not have a base. In all cases, only the edge of a base needs to be in contact.

BASE SIZE: Models are designed to be mounted on specific bases. Bases are usually round and the Base Size is indicated on the Character Card as 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5. Objectives will also have a Base Size.

CHARACTER: A Character is a model or single miniature used in the game. Characters are mounted on a Base, and any reference to Character, model or miniature should be assumed to also refer to that Character, model or miniature's base.

CRITICAL SUCCESS: Should a player roll a natural double six on any two dice, regardless of the number of dice rolled, it is considered a Critical Success. If the score is still less than required to succeed, a Critical Success is always considered to be one point higher than the required number. A Critical Success will always trigger the Mythos Effect of an Attack if it has one. If both Models roll a Critical Success in an opposed roll the Attacker wins and is considered to have a score that is 1 point higher than the Defender regardless of the actual result.

CRITICAL FAILURE: Should a player roll natural ones on all dice it is considered a Critical Failure. A Critical Failure of an Action is always considered to have failed and have a score of zero regardless of the actual score required for success or the opponents combat roll.

ENGAGED: A model in base to base contact with one or more enemy models is considered to be engaged.

FORCE: In Mythos all of the Characters controlled by a particular player are known as their Force. A Force will have a points limit and players will choose Characters up to that limit. A Force must include a Character with the Leader trait.

GRAVEYARD: The Graveyard is a place outside of the Play Area where you can put your destroyed models. This helps keep clutter off the Play Area and makes a game look more cinematic. It also makes it easier to assess how a game is progressing.

INITIAL TARGET: When a model makes an Attack against an enemy Character, an Initial Target must be declared. The Initial Target is the chosen Character

that the Attack is intended to be resolved against.

LEADER: A Leader is a Character used in the game. You must include one, and only one Leader in your force. A Leader will typically have the Leader Ability that gains them an extra AP when they activate.

LINE OF SIGHT (LOS): Line of Sight is required by models when carrying out some actions. For the majority of cases, if the model can't see it, the model can't target it. Models have a 360° Line of Sight. For the purpose of working out Line of Sight, models are assumed to have a volume of a cylinder with a width equal to the model's base. The height of the cylinder is equal to the width of the model's base. All Models and terrain block line of sight. As long as you can draw a straight line from any point of one model to any point of another they have Line of Sight to each other. While engaged in combat, Line of Sight is restricted to any models you are engaged with.

MEASURING: In Mythos measurements are made in inches ("). You are allowed to measure any distance in the play area at any time. Like Line of Sight, distances and elevations are measured from the assumed cylinder of one model to another. You may measure how far weapons can shoot, how far your opponent's weapons can shoot, the distance to terrain pieces, Line of Sight and anything else you wish at any point of the game.

PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE: Bases of Characters cannot overlap, but on occasion it may be impossible to place a Character without doing just that. To resolve this, models affected may be moved outside of their Activation but only by the minimum amount necessary to prevent bases from overlapping. You

must ensure that the minimum number of models are moved to accommodate this process.

PLACING AND REPLACING CHARACTERS: Occasionally Characters are replaced or placed in a new location as a result of a rule or other interaction. Placing or Replacing a Character is not considered movement. There must be room for the Character's base at the location in the Play Area that the model is placed. When replacing a Character, the centre of the new model's base must be in the same position as the centre of the Character it has replaced (using the Path of Least Resistance in cases where this is not normally possible).

PLAY AREA: Mythos can be played on any flat surface usually with at least 36" x 36" of space. Often players may want to use a gaming mat or play on a specially designed gaming table so that their battles can take place in an area that matches the look of their miniatures. Some Scenarios may specify a larger or smaller play area. Experienced players should feel free to experiment with different Play Area sizes regardless of the Scenario played. Should any part of a miniature's base be placed outside of the Play Area, it is assumed to have left the Scenario and is considered destroyed.

RE-ROLLING DICE: Some rules give you the ability to re-roll dice. This either applies to one die or to all dice in a test, attack or defence. However, the same die cannot be re-rolled more than once.

ROUNDING UP: At times in Mythos you may be required to do something with half a given value, such as half the distance your Character can move. When the game requires you to use half a value, always round up to the nearest whole number.

MYTHOS

SCENARIO: In Mythos, a Scenario is the specific set of rules for deployment, narrative and objectives which determines the parameters of the game to be played. The Scenario is randomly generated by players at the beginning of each game or by the tournament organiser in competitive play. Once their Force has been selected, players then consult the Scenario to determine the size of the Play Area as well as other variables, including objectives for winning, deployment and the terrain pieces that will be placed. Unless otherwise noted on the Scenario, games last for five turns and are played on a 36" x 36" Play Area.

TESTS: Thirteen is the number of the dark ancients. Thirteen are the baleful stars in the sky that will mark their return. Players will be required to make tests for their Characters throughout the game. This is performed by rolling 2d6 and adding the result to the appropriate stat on their Character Card. To pass a

test, the total rolled must be equal to or higher than 13 after applying any applicable modifiers.

All Attacks are Opposed Tests. This is where both players roll and add an appropriate modifier and then compare their results. See *Combat P.14*

TRAITS: These are important keywords and associate those traits with the Character. Examples would include the Character's Faction, Gender, Base Size, whether it is a Leader and a host of other useful or descriptive words to associate with the Character.

WITHIN: If a rule refers to a model being 'Within' a certain distance to a point in the Play Area, then a part of that model's base must be within the distance given. If it refers to another model then a part of both model's bases must be within the distance given. Example:

Within 3" means that part of that model's base must be within 3" of the target.



ANATOMY OF A CHARACTER CARD

Every Character in Mythos is represented by a highly detailed miniature that players move around the battlefield, engaging enemies by using strange arcane powers, shooting weapons or engaging in vicious close combat.

Each model has a unique double-sided Character Card, an example of which can be found below:

READY

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

Abigail Halsey
Mortal . Archaeologist . Follower

MV	CH	CD	RD	AD	SAN	MYTH	WND
4	7	7	6	7	6	2	15

15PTS

PICK - 8 / COMBAT / Base / Bleed

REVENGE OF THOTH (8⁺) - 9 / ARCANE / 8⁺ / Burn

RESEARCH - 1

When this Model activates it may spend 1 MYTH to gain the ability to re-roll all the dice rolled for one Attack or Test this turn.

REASSURING PRESENCE

Friendly Models within 12" gain +1 to their SAN statistic for any Tests they are required to take.

APPRENTICE

This Model gains +1 to Arcane Attacks when within 8" of Professor Zachary Lazarus.

MENTAL STRAIN

During its activation this Model must spend 1 MYTH for each additional Arcane Attack after the first.

v2.00

ALTERED

Abigail Halsey
Mortal . Archaeologist . Follower

MV	CH	CD	RD	AD	SAN	MYTH	WND
4	7	7	6	7	6	2	15

PICK - 8 / COMBAT / Base / Bleed

REVENGE OF THOTH (8⁺) - 9 / ARCANE / 8⁺ / Burn

FATHER WARNED ME!

This Models suffers -1 to Arcane Attacks when within 8" of Professor Zachary Lazarus.

MENTAL STRAIN

During its activation this Model must spend 1 MYTH for each additional Arcane Attack after the first.

AGATEOPHOBIA

Take a SAN test every time this Model wishes to use MYTH. If it fails, discard the MYTH and do not gain the effect.

DREAMWALKER (FLIP)

When Abigail flips to this side place her Model anywhere within 2D6" (roll immediately). You may place this Model in base contact with an enemy; if you do, they suffer 2 WND.

v2.00

1. Character Cameo
2. Faction Symbol
3. Character Name
4. Traits
5. Character Statistics
6. Madness Threshold
7. Points Value
8. Character Attacks
9. Mythos Abilities
10. Character Abilities
11. Base Size



MYTHOS

Every attack a model can make is made up of four elements: Rating, Type, Range and Mythos Effect.

An example of a Model's attacks:

1 PICK - 8 / **2** COMBAT / **3** Base / **4** Bleed

REVENGE OF THOTH (8") - 9 / ARCANIC / 8" / Burn

- 1. Attack Rating:** This is the Character's ability to use the weapon. Add this to the roll for the attack type listed to the right of this number.
- 2. Attack Type:** This indicates the type of attack being made; Combat, Ranged or Arcane.
- 3. Range of Attack:** Specifies either Base or a number of Inches.
- 4. Mythos Effect:** An ability that may be applied by spending Mythos (MYTH) when attacking or defending



FLIPPING CARDS

Each unique Character Card has two sides. A 'Ready' side which is how Characters always start the game (unless indicated otherwise). The reverse of the Ready side is the 'Altered' side. There are various ways a player may choose (or be forced) to flip their card from Ready to Altered during the game.

The Ready side of a Character Card indicates how many Madness points they can take before they become Altered. When they reach their Madness Threshold, the card is flipped to its Altered side. There may be other rules that can cause a Ready card to be flipped to Altered. When a card is flipped remove all Madness from the Character. If multiple Madness Points are gained that take a Character over their Threshold, any remaining points are added to the Character once it has been flipped.

RULE PRIORITIES

When two rules contradict, rules printed on a Character Card have priority over rules printed within the rulebook. If it is still unclear which rule has priority, players should attempt to come to an agreement between themselves - ultimately they can each roll 2d6 with the highest result breaking the tie.

MODEL STATISTICS

Each model's capability to do certain things is defined by statistics found on their Character Card.

While Madness is not a Model Statistic it is something that is gained by Characters throughout the game. When a Character gains a point of Madness simply add a Madness token with the appropriate number next to the miniature for that Character or on their card.

- **MV - Movement:** Measured in inches, the value is the distance a model may move during a Move action.
- **CH - Charge:** Measured in inches, the value is the distance a model may move during a Charge Action.
- **Combat Attack:** The model's ability to attack during Combat actions.
- **Ranged Attack:** The model's ability to shoot during Ranged actions.
- **Arcane Attack:** The model's ability to cast during Arcane actions.
- **CD - Combat Defence:** The model's ability to defend themselves during Combat attacks.
- **RD - Ranged Defence:** The model's ability to avoid or resist Ranged attacks.
- **AD - Arcane Defence:** The model's ability to resist Arcane attacks.
- **MYTH - Mythos:** The amount of Mythos generated for the player's Mythos pool during the start phase of each turn.
- **WND - Wounds:** How many wounds a Character has. Once a Character has lost its final wound, the miniature is immediately removed from the Play Area and is considered destroyed.
- **SAN - Sanity:** This statistic represents the Character's strength of mind, used whenever a SAN test is taken.
- **MT - Madness Threshold:** This is the number of Madness points a Character can take before they start to lose their grip on reality and become Altered. Some Characters do not have a Madness Threshold. They will have other triggers that flip their card. These Characters



MYTHOS

DO NOT roll on the madness Table when they flip but they do still make a roll on the Madness Table at the start of the turn while they are on their Altered Side.

TESTS & MODIFIERS

Players will be required to make tests for their Characters throughout the game. This is performed by rolling 2d6 and adding the result to the appropriate stat on their Character Card.

To pass a test, the total rolled must be equal to or higher than 13 after applying any applicable modifiers. This is known as The Test of Thirteen.

Opposed tests, such as Combat Tests, do not need to hit 13 to be successful. The Model with the highest roll wins.

DICE MODIFIERS & RE-ROLLS

Whenever a player chooses to reroll dice, the following applies:

- Dice are only rerolled once per test
- You must accept the second result

CRITICAL HITS & MYTHOS EFFECTS

After an Attack has been made, a winning roll that includes a natural double six is a Critical Hit. The attack's Mythos Effect (as listed on the Character Card) is applied automatically without the need to spend Mythos (MYTH).

If a double six is not rolled, Mythos Effects may instead be activated by spending 1 MYTH.



ACTION POINTS

During each activation, a Character is normally granted 2 Action Points (AP). Once activated a Character must use all AP in that turn. A Character's available AP may be modified by various Traits, Abilities and Conditions.

ACTIONS

Each action has an associated AP cost. Actions can be taken in any order and may be repeated, but each action must be fully resolved before proceeding to the next.

Move (1 AP): Move the Character's model up to its MV stat in inches. If a model takes a Move action whilst in base contact with an enemy model (or models), those enemies may target it with a Disengage Strike before it moves.

Charge (2 AP): Declare an enemy model in Line of Sight as your intended target. Move your Character's model up to its CH stat in inches and move into base contact with the targeted enemy model. At the end of its Charge your Character makes an immediate Combat Attack against its target. The player rolls an additional d6 and adds the result to its Attack total.

- A model must be able to reach its target with a Charge Action.
- A model does not have to travel in a straight line during its Charge Action.
- A model that is engaged with an enemy model (or models) may not declare a Charge.
- A model ending its movement in base contact with multiple models may only make an attack against its original target.

Combat Attack (1 AP): Use their Combat Attack against an enemy model in base contact.

Mighty Blow (2AP): Use their Combat Attack against an Enemy model in base contact. Add 1 plus your base size to your result.

Ranged Attack (1 AP): Make a Ranged Attack against an enemy model that is within range and Line of Sight. This may not target engaged models, other than those engaged with the attacker.

Aimed Shot (2 AP): Whist unengaged, make a Ranged Attack against an engaged enemy model that it is within range and Line of Sight.

Arcane Attack (1 AP): Make an Arcane Attack against an enemy model that is within range and Line of Sight. This may not target engaged models, other than those engaged with the attacker.

Focused Cast (2 AP): Whist unengaged, make an Arcane Attack against an engaged enemy model that it is within range and Line of Sight.

Recover (1 AP): Whist unengaged, remove one Condition from either the active model or a single unengaged friendly model within 2".

Pass (1 AP): The active model does nothing for this action.

Interact (1 AP): This Action may be used for various reasons relevant to the Scenario or Special Rules. (Pulling a lever, picking up an Objective Marker, etc) Unless otherwise noted you must be in Base Contact with the target of the Action to use an Interact Action.

MYTHOS

In the Start Phase of each turn, all Characters add Mythos to their controlling player's Mythos Pool equal to their MYTH value.

During each Character's activation, players may spend Mythos from their Mythos Pool in the following ways:

Mythos Effect: Activate a Mythos Effect for 1 MYTH if you are successful in a Attack or Defence Test.

Focus Mythos: As part of any Attack or Defence roll, or any Test, except a SAN Test, a model may spend one Mythos to gain a +2 to their dice roll. This must be declared before the dice are rolled and can be added once to each roll.

Mythos Abilities: Using these abilities does not take Action Points, but they do have an associated MYTH cost required to activate them. Each ability may only be used once per Character activation and cannot be used whilst performing an Action. When a Character spends Mythos, they immediately make a SAN test. If it fails the Character gains 1 Madness

per point of Mythos spent. If this causes the Character to reach its Madness Threshold, roll on the Madness Table when the current Action has completely resolved.

SANITY & MADNESS

Throughout the game, Characters gain Madness in various ways, usually by failing a Sanity test.

Upon completion of any action that causes a character to gain a point of Madness that would make it go above its Madness Threshold on its ready side, that character must immediately roll 2D6 minus its current Madness value consulting the table that matches the appropriate trait for that character. This happens regardless of whether it is the current Active model.

A model that is flipped to its altered side for any other reason does not have to make an immediate roll on the Madness table.

Whilst a Character is flipped to their Altered Side, they must roll as above and consult the Madness Table at the start of each of their Activations.



MADNESS TABLES

Value	Mortal
1 or less or Critical Fail Succumb to Madness	The Character's mind opens up to a Great One. Every fibre of their being is destroyed in a fraction of a second. The Character is immediately removed from play.
2 - 3 Screaming Terror	The Character suffers hallucinations of tiny biting and stinging creatures covering their body. In an effort to get the things off, it suffers WND equal to half its Combat Attack value. This damage cannot be prevented and the Character gains the Paralysed condition.
4 - 6 Fatigued	The Character falls into a moment of despair, assailed by thoughts of their loved ones and struggles to decide what to do next. The Character suffers the Fatigue condition.
7 - 9 Haunted	The ghosts of its past haunt the character. Specters linger just out of sight and shadows dance on the periphery of their vision. All rolls made by this character suffer a -2 penalty for this Activation.
10 - 11 Clarity	The Character has thankfully had a moment of clarity; shaking their head, the temporary insanity passes and it may be activated as normal this turn.
Critical Success Conduit	The Character sees the world in all its layers and the path before it becomes clear. It acts as normal but does not gain Madness while spending MYTH during its current or next activation.

Value	Tainted
1 or less or Critical Fail Overtaken by the Hex	The characters grip with their psyche is overloaded by Hex energy. Replace the Model with a Hex beast following the Path of Least Resistance rule if necessary.
2 - 3 Incandescent Rage	The character claws at itself in fury causing it to suffer WND equal to half it's SAN score. This damage cannot be prevented and it gains the Burn condition.
4 - 6 Bloodthirsty Rampage	The next time this model activates, as its first Action it must make a Charge against the closest unengaged model within range and Line of Sight. If there are no viable targets, it must instead use it's first action to move directly towards the nearest enemy Model.
7 - 9 Outcast Paranoia	The next time this model activates, as its first Action it must make a Ranged Attack against the closest model within range and Line of Sight. If there are no viable targets, it must use its first action to move directly away from the nearest enemy Model.
10 - 11 Peace	The Character has thankfully had a moment of inner peace; blinking their eyes, the red haze passes and it may be activated as normal this turn.
Critical Success Conduit	The character becomes aware of the Taint running through their veins but is able to ride the invigorating wave. Remove any Conditions of the Players choice.

MYTHOS

Value	Myth
1 or less or Critical Fail Gaze from Beyond	The Myth's body falls under the mind's eye of a Great One, shatters into a thousand pieces and is removed from play.
2 - 3 Coruscating Power	Mythos energies crackle through the Myth's form causing it to suffer WND equal to half its Arcane Attack value. This damage cannot be prevented and the Myth suffers the Paralysed condition.
4 - 6 Dimensional Disconnect	Mythos energies wax and wane within the Myth's body. It refuses to function properly and the Myth suffers the Fatigue condition.
7 - 9 Void Warp	For the briefest of moments the Myth leaves our reality then immediately returns. Distracted by the sudden shifts the creature cannot focus. All rolls made by this character suffer a -2 penalty for this Activation.
10 - 11 Eldritch Focus	The Myth's energies rise again, its mind refocusing on the enemies around it; it may be activated as normal this turn.
Critical Success Conduit	The Myth is charged with powerful energies from an unknown source, static coruscating across its form. The Myth gains the Vigour condition.

Value	Crypt Grub
1 or less or Critical Fail Starvation	The model is removed from play.
2 - 3 Premature Hibernation	The model suffers the Paralysed condition.
4 - 6 Billious Excretion	The next time this model activates, as its first Action it must make a Ranged Attack against the closest enemy model within range and Line of Sight. If no enemy models are in range, it must target a friendly model instead. If there are no viable targets, it may act as normal.
7 - 9 Lash Out	The next time this model activates, as its first Action it must make a Charge against the closest unengaged enemy model within range and Line of Sight. If no enemy models are in range, it must target a friendly model instead. If there are no viable targets, it may act as normal.
10 - 11 De-evolution	This model loses one mutation of your choice.
Critical Success Conduit	This model gains the Vigor condition and may act as normal. If there is currently no friendly Crypt Guardian or Oracle of Khepera in play this model is replaced by the Crypt Guardian model and all of its associated statistics. Any existing conditions, wounds or sanity loss are also transferred to this new Crypt Guardian.



ENGAGING

A model in base to base contact with one or more enemy models is considered to be engaged.

LINE OF SIGHT (LOS)

Line of Sight is required by models when carrying out some actions. For the majority of cases, if the model can't see it, the model can't target it. Models have a 360° Line of Sight.

For the purpose of working out Line of Sight, models are assumed to have a volume equal to a cylinder with a width and height equal to the width of the model's base.

While engaged in combat, Line of Sight is restricted to any models you are engaged with.

MEASURING, DISTANCES & ELEVATION

Pre-measuring is allowed at any point by either player. A player must check if a model is within range before carrying out actions. Like Line of Sight, distances and elevations are measured from the assumed cylinder of one model to another.

If a Model is higher than a target model's base width that Model gets a +2 to any Ranged Attack rolls.

If a Model is higher than an attacking model's base width that Model is considered to be in Hard Cover.

COMBAT ATTACK SEQUENCE

Combat Attacks can generally only be made by the active Character, but there are some circumstances where a Character can make a Combat Attack out of activation (e.g. Disengagement Strike).

The Attacker rolls first and declares his final total, then the Defender rolls.

MAKING A COMBAT ATTACK

Attacker (2d6 + Combat Attack)

Combat Attack value as printed on their Character Card.

+2 Combat Attack for each additional friendly model engaged with the target.

-2 Combat Attack for each additional enemy model engaged with the Character.

Defender (2d6 + CD)

CD value as printed on their Character Card.

Players compare the Attacker and Defender totals, the winner is the player with the highest final total. If the totals are tied, the attack has missed and the Action ends. Otherwise:

- If the attacker is the winner they may spend 1 MYTH to apply their attack's Mythos Effect.
- The losing Character takes Wounds equal to the difference in the two final results.

COMBAT EXAMPLE

- *Player A is making a Combat Attack against Player B.*
- *Player A rolls 2d6 and gets 9. They then add their Combat Attack value of 7, plus another 2 because there is a friendly model engaged with their target. Player A's total is 18.*
- *Player B rolls 2d6 and gets 7. They then add their CD value of 6. Player B's total is 13*
- *Players compare the two results, the difference is 5, in favour of Player A.*
- *5 Wounds are inflicted on Player B's Character.*

RANGED ATTACK SEQUENCE

Ranged Attacks can generally only be made by the active model. Targets must be within Range and Line of Sight. If the Attacker is engaged, they may not make Ranged Attacks.

The Attacker rolls first and declares his final total, then the Defender rolls.

MAKING A RANGED ATTACK

Attacker (2d6 + Ranged Attack)

Ranged Attack value as printed on their Character Card.

Defender (2d6 + RD)

RD value as printed on their Character Card.

Players compare the Attacker and Defender totals, the winner is the player with the highest final total. If the totals are tied, the attack has missed and the Action ends. Otherwise:

If the Attacker's final total is higher:

- The Attacker may spend 1 MYTH to apply their attack's Mythos Effect.
- The Defender takes Wounds equal to the difference in the two final results.

If the Defender's final total is higher the Attack has missed:

- The Defender may move up to 2" in any direction, taking any Disengaging Strikes they might be subject to. The Defender may not end this move engaged.

RANGED COMBAT EXAMPLE

- *Player A is making a Ranged Combat Attack against Player B.*
- *Player A rolls 2d6 and gets 5. They then add their Ranged Attack value of 7. Player A's total is 12.*
- *Player B rolls 2d6 and gets 7. They then add their RD value of 6. Player B's total is 13.*
- *Players compare the two results, the difference is 1, in favour of Player B.*
- *The attack has missed, Player B may now move 2" and may be subject to Disengaging Strikes.*



ARCANE ATTACK SEQUENCE

Arcane Attacks can generally only be made by the active Character. Targets must be within Range and Line of Sight. If the Attacker is engaged, Line of Sight is reduced to include only models that are in base contact.

The Attacker rolls first and declares his final total, then the Defender rolls.

MAKING AN ARCANE ATTACK:

Attacker (2d6 + Arcane Attack)

Arcane Attack value as printed on their Character Card.

-1 Arcane Attack for each enemy model engaged with the Character.

Defender (2d6 + AD)

AD value as printed on their Character Card.

Players compare the Attacker and Defender totals, the winner is the player with the highest total. If the totals are tied, the attack has missed and the Action ends. Otherwise:

If the Attacker's final total is higher: The Attacker may spend 1 MYTH to apply their attack's Mythos Effect.

- The Defender takes Wounds equal to the difference in the two final results.

If the Defender's final total is higher the Attack has missed:

- If the Defender is engaged with the Attacker they may move up to 2" in any direction, ignoring any Disengaging Strikes they might usually be subject to. The Defender may not end this move engaged.

OR

- If engaged with the Attacker, you may inflict Wounds equal to

the difference between the two final results.

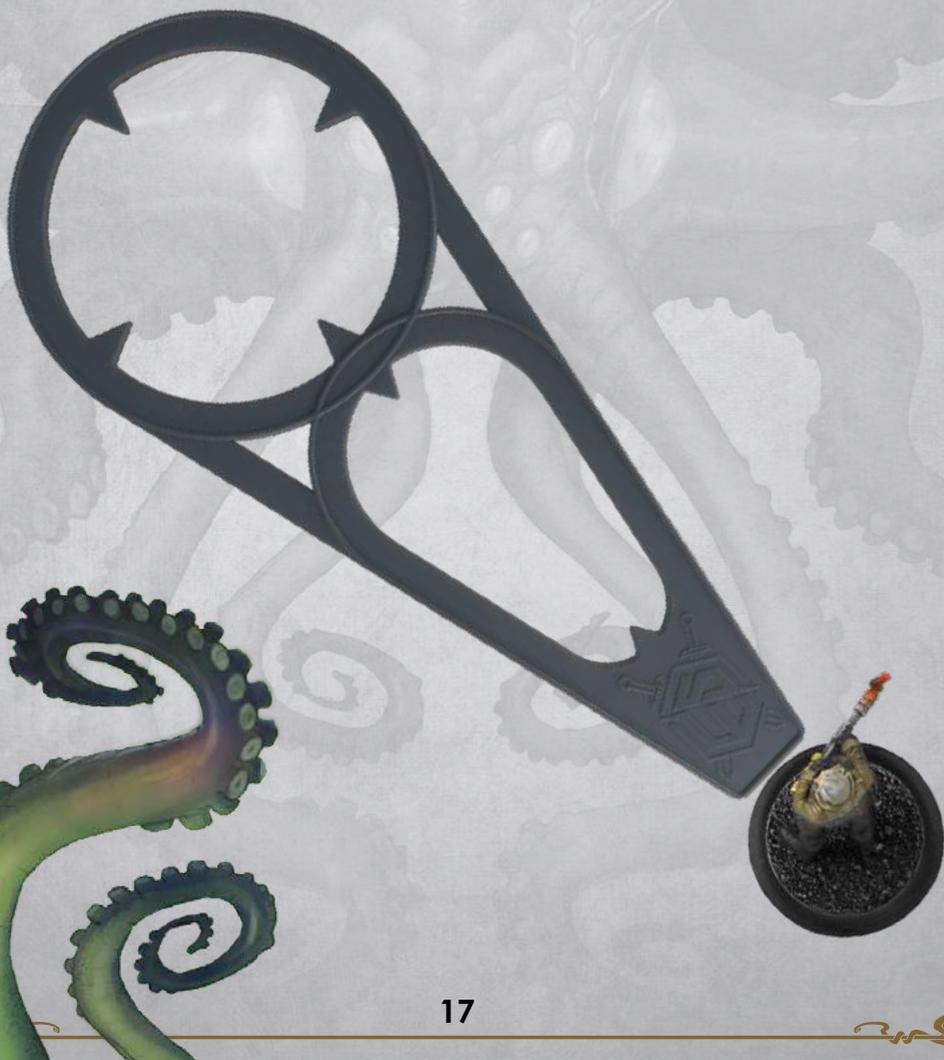
ARCANE ATTACK EXAMPLE

- *Player A is making an Arcane Attack against Player B.*
- *Player A rolls 2d6 and gets 10. They then add their Arcane Attack value of 8. Player A's total is 18.*
- *Player B rolls 2d6 and gets 4. They then add their AD value of 6. Player B's total is 10.*
- *Players compare the two results, the difference is 8, in favour of Player A.*
- *8 Wounds are inflicted on Player B's Character.*



TEMPLATE WEAPONS

Use the tear-shaped template as the area of effect for this weapon. The narrow end is placed flat touching any point of the edge of the attacker's base, with the centreline touching the initial target of the attack action. All models touched by the template, except the attacking model, are considered to be defenders for this attack. The Attacker makes one roll of $2d6 +$ the relevant stat based on the attack type and all Defenders roll $2d6 +$ the relevant stat based on the attack type. Rolls are compared individually as per a regular attack. Models that have their Line of Sight completely blocked from the original attacker by terrain can still be affected by the template but cannot be the Initial Target. Mythos Effects are applied to all targets with the expenditure of 1 point of MYTH, or for free if the attack roll is a Critical Hit.



DISENGAGING STRIKES

If the Activated Character is engaged with an enemy model (or models), it may declare a Move Action in an attempt to disengage from combat.

Each engaged enemy Character may choose to make one free attack (of any type, including a Ranged Attack) against the Activated model before they leave base contact, applying any modifiers as necessary.

If the Activated Character wins, it inflicts Wounds as normal and can complete its Move action. If the Activated Character is engaged with multiple enemies, It must win all Disengaging Strikes made against it before it can move any distance, including the 2" move usually allowed for winning a Ranged or Arcane Attack.

If the enemy Character wins, Wounds are inflicted as normal and the active Character remains engaged. Any Action Points spent to carry out the Move action are lost.

DISENGAGING STRIKE EXAMPLE

- *Player A's Character is engaged with a single enemy model.*
- *Player A declares that they wish to move out of combat.*
- *Player B decides they will make a Combat Attack against Player A's Character.*
- *Player B successfully wins the Attack and inflicts 4 Wounds.*
- *Player A's Character is unable to complete its Move action and remains engaged.*

FAMILIARS

Some Characters have the Familiar trait which allows another named Character to use them as a conduit when making an Arcane Attack. As long as the Familiar is in Line of Sight you can treat the Familiar as the Active Model when using an Arcane Attack.

While either model is engaged, the following rules apply:

- When the active Character is engaged, their Line of Sight is reduced as normal. Therefore, they may not draw Line of Sight to the Familiar and may not make an Arcane Attack through it.
- When the Familiar is engaged, Arcane attacks may still be made through it, but Line of Sight is reduced to only models it is engaged with. However, because the Activated Character is not engaged, it does not suffer the normal -1 Arcane Attack modifiers when making its attack.
- If the defender's total is higher than the attacker's then the Defender may either apply damage to the Familiar equal to the difference or move up to 2" in any direction, ignoring any Disengaging Strikes they might usually be subject to. The Defender may not end this move engaged.



COVER

Before the game begins, discuss with your opponent(s) which terrain will grant which modifiers. We suggest the following guidelines:

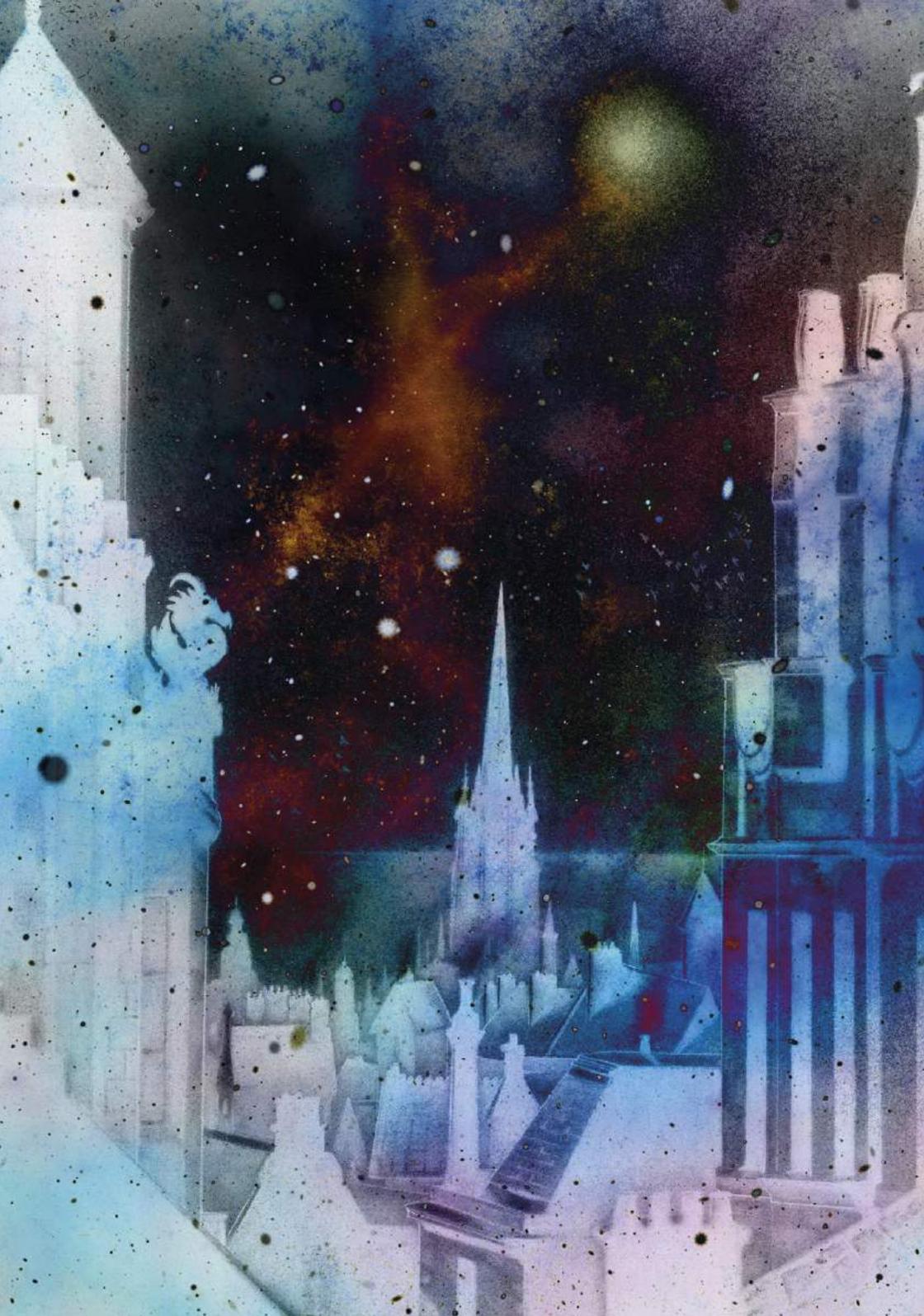
Type of Obstacle	Stat Modifier
Soft Cover: Tall Grass, Hedges, Trees, Small based Models	+1 RD & AD
Hard Cover: Buildings, Walls, Medium Based Models or Larger	+2 RD & AD

- Defence bonuses are gained if any part of a model is obscured from the attacker while they are within 2" of the obscuring terrain or model.
- Cover does not provide bonuses against Combat Attacks.
- Cover does not provide bonuses against Arcane/Ranged Attacks whilst engaged.
- All miniatures, both friendly and enemy, provide cover depending on their base size.

MOVEMENT IN TERRAIN

Before the game begins, discuss with your opponent(s) which pieces of terrain have the following properties.

Type of Terrain	Movement Restrictions
Open ground	No movement restrictions
Difficult ground (rubble, forest, swamp, etc.)	Models move at half movement through this terrain.
Impassable ground (deep or fast rivers, lava, etc.)	Models cannot move through this terrain.
Obstacle (above or equal to 1" in height)	Reduce movement by height of the obstacle
Obstacle (below 1" in height)	Models move normally with no restrictions.
Narrow terrain	Models may pass between terrain where the gap is 50% of their base size or greater. Models move at half movement through this terrain.
Friendly models	Models may move through but may not end their movement on another friendly model
Enemy models	Models cannot move through or end their movement on an enemy model.



JUMPING, CLIMBING AND FALLING

Climbing inclined or vertical surfaces that both players have agreed are climbable costs MV as normal. You may not Charge up climbable terrain, the Character is too busy trying not to fall!

Sometimes Characters may wish to climb a piece of terrain, leap across a gap or jump down to the ground below. Before the game begins, discuss with your opponent(s) which pieces of terrain are climbable and their elevation for the purposes of jumping.

Jumping or Climbing is carried out as part of a Move action. Players choose a starting point and a destination when they jump as part of a Move action.

To jump across a gap in the terrain that is the same elevation, make a test adding the model's Combat Defence value (requiring a result of 13 or more as normal).

- If the test is passed, the Character may jump up to their MV statistic (minus any Move already used this action) across the gap and use any remaining Move as normal.
- If the test is failed, the Character falls. It takes one wound for every inch it falls above the model's size. Falling models will always take at least one wound. The character is placed on the level it landed as close to its original position as possible.

To jump down from terrain, make a Combat Attack test. For every inch above your model's height, rounding up, deduct 1 from your roll.

- If the test is passed the Character has landed safely and may continue its Move action, deducting -1 from its MV and CH to represent the jump.

- If the test is failed, the Character falls. It takes one wound for every inch it falls above the model's height. Falling models will always take at least one wound. The character is placed on the level it landed as close to its original position as possible.

JUMP EXAMPLE

- A player decides their Character will jump down to the ground from a ledge that is 4" high.
- The player makes a Combat Defence test using their Character's Combat Defence stat of 7.
- The ledge is 2" higher than the Model's Size, so they deduct 2 from their roll.
- They roll an 8 and deduct 2, giving a total of 6.
- Added to their Combat Defence of 7 gives them a total of 13.
- This result passes the Combat Defence test, the jump is successful...just!
- The Character can continue the rest of its movement, subject to the -1 MV modifier.



FEAR

If a Character declares a Charge Action targeting a model that causes Fear, it must first make a Sanity test before paying the AP for the Charge. Failure results in the Character gaining 1 Madness, they also lose 1 Action Point and because the Charge is not complete they do not move.

A Character being Charged by a model that causes Fear must take a Sanity test. Failure results in it Gaining 1 Madness.

Characters that cause Fear are not required to take tests when facing enemy models with Fear.

CONDITIONS

Throughout the game, various Attacks or Abilities can inflict Conditions upon Characters. When a Character suffers one or more Condition, place the appropriate token next to its model.

Wounds caused by additional applications of the same Condition, are treated as Condition damage for the purpose of damage reduction.

 **Bleed:** The next time this Character activates, it immediately suffers 1 WND. This condition remains until it is removed and any additional Bleed inflicted onto this Character immediately causes 2 WND instead.

 **Blind:** Until the end of its next activation, a Character with the Blind condition may not make Disengaging Strikes, Ranged Attacks nor gain any Charge bonuses. Multiple applications of Blind cause no additional effects.

 **Burn:** A Character with the Burn condition suffers -1 to Combat Attack, CD, Ranged Attack & RD. This condition remains until it is removed and any additional Burn conditions inflicted on this Character immediately causes 2 WND instead.

 **Paralysed:** This Character's AP are reduced to 0 for its current activation (or its next activation if it is not currently active). A Paralysed Character can still make CD, RD or AD rolls and may still move if it successfully defends.

Paralysed Characters must still be activated during the turn if they haven't already activated.

 **Fatigue:** The Character has -1 AP to a minimum of 1 AP until the end of its next activation. A Character with the Fatigue condition may not spend Mythos until the end of its next activation. Multiple applications of Fatigue have no additional effect.

 **Vigour:** The Character gains +1 AP to a maximum of 3 AP during its current activation or next activation if the Character is not currently active.

GAME SET-UP

Unless stated otherwise by the Scenario set-up, Mythos is played on a 3' x 3' game area and terrain should cover at least a third of the Play Area.

FORCE SELECTION

Players should agree on a points limit in advance of the game. A Force must include a Leader. Each Character has a points value and the total of all the Characters in the Force must not exceed the agreed limit. No Character may be taken more than once in a Force. As a guideline, a good starting point is 100 points.

DEPLOYMENT

Each player rolls 2d6 with the winner deciding whether to deploy first or second. The player who deploys first chooses a deployment zone and then places all of their models within it. The next player then deploys all of their models within their deployment zone.



TURN SEQUENCE

START PHASE

1: Initiative

- *Players each roll 2d6.*
- *The player with the highest result has initiative and decides who will activate the first Character.*
- *After the first turn, the player with the least Mythos remaining in their pool gains +1 to their initiative roll.*
- *Ties must be rerolled, still applying any Mythos bonus if applicable.*

2: Generate Mythos

- *Players discard any unspent Mythos and generate a new Mythos pool from their remaining Characters by adding their MYTH values together.*

ACTIVATION PHASE

In turn, players choose and activate one Character that hasn't been activated this turn. Repeat until all Characters have been activated.

END PHASE

Generate Victory Points (VP)

- *Each Scenario details how Victory Points are earned each turn.*
- *Check the Scenario's Victory Conditions and determine if there is a winner.*
- *If there is no winner, resolve and remove any end of turn effects and proceed to the next turn.*

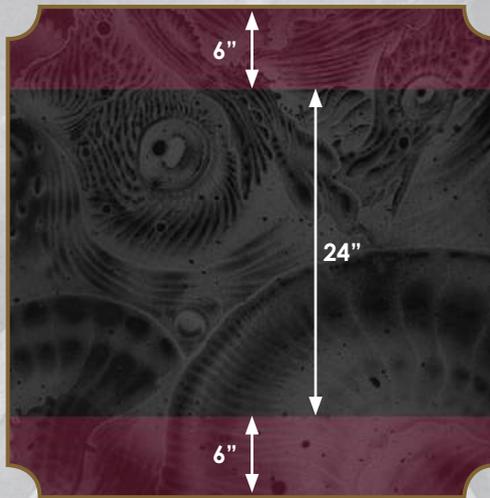
SCENARIOS

S1 - CHANCE ENCOUNTER

Tension mounts as two opposing factions meet in the same area, the bitter tang of Mythos is strong in the air. The leaders stare into each others eyes, respectfully acknowledging the others power. There will be no surrender here today as neither leader is willing to give ground.

The uneasy silence is broken as weapons are drawn, claws unsheathed, teeth bared and arcane energies crackle into life.

The outcome of this meeting will be negotiated in combat, until one faction stands victorious and the other lies defeated in death.



Deployment & Setup: Standard 6" deployment as per diagram.

Game Length: 5 Turns.

Special Rules: None.

Objective: Eliminate the opposing faction.

Victory Conditions: At the end of the game, players score 1 Victory Point for each enemy model defeated.

In addition, 1 Victory Point is scored for First Blood (inflicting the game's first casualty) and 1 Victory Point for killing the enemy Leader.

S2 - TOMES OF POWER

Powerful Mythos waves seem to be emanating across a number of locations in this area. With your finely attuned senses, you can see that three ancient looking tomes are slightly out of phase with reality. It's obvious that these tomes will hold considerable Mythos and are definitely a prize worth seizing. However, you can also sense there are other forces nearby seeking the prize that is rightfully yours.

Springing forward, you know this will be a race to secure the tomes and then a bloody battle to keep them in your possession.



Deployment & Setup: Mark three Objective Markers the size of a small base with the 1, 2 & 3 VP. Randomly place them face down at 9" intervals across the centre of the Play Area.

Standard 6" deployment as per diagram.

Game Length: 5 Turns

Objective: Acquire and read mysterious ancient Tomes to gain their power.

Victory Conditions: At the end of each turn after the first, score Victory Points

based upon the value of any objectives interacted with during that turn. E.g. if you read both the 1 & 3 Victory Point Tomes you would score 4 Victory Points.

In addition, 1 VP is scored for First Blood (inflicting the game's first casualty) and 1 VP for killing the enemy Leader.



Special Rules:

- If an unengaged model is in base contact with an Objective Marker, they may spend 1 Action Point to pick it up and place it on their Character Card.
- An unengaged Character holding a Tome can acquire its ancient knowledge by spending 1 Action Point and Gaining 1 Madness - this counts as interacting with a Tome for Victory Point purposes.
- Players may only interact with each Tome once per turn.
- Models may freely move over an uncontrolled Objective Marker, however they may not end their activation on it.
- If an Objective Marker blocks a Charge, place the Objective Marker in base contact with the charging model after the move is completed.
- Characters holding a Tome may pass it to a friendly model in base contact for 1 Action Point.
- A Character may take a Tome from a friendly model in base contact for 1 Action Point.
- Characters may not carry more than one Objective Marker at a time.
- Characters in possession of an Objective Marker gain +1 Arcane Attack and +1 AD
- After making a successful Combat Attack against an enemy Character carrying a Tome, the attacking Character may choose to either apply Wounds as normal or take the Tome instead.



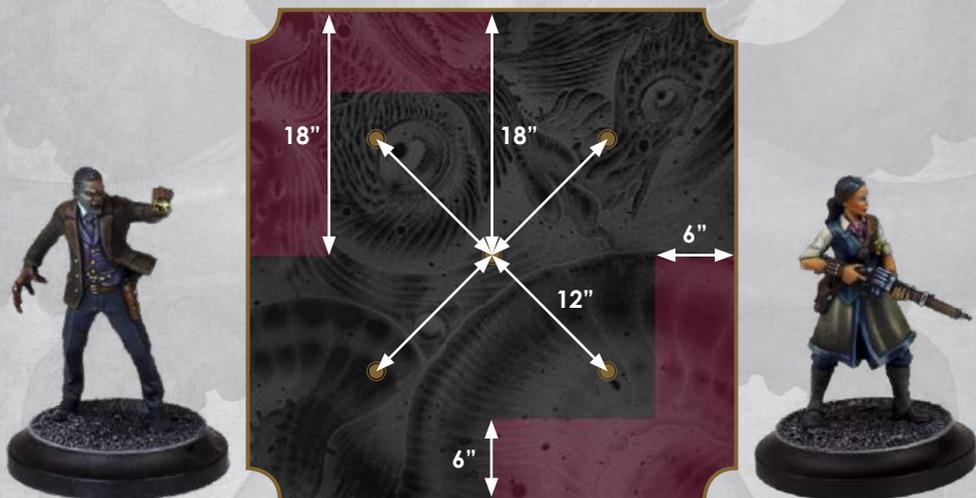
MYTHOS

S3 - GATE JUMPER

A convergence of Mythos has occurred and powerful energies flow throughout the area. Five unfathomable gates have suddenly materialised, their raw power causing the air around them to crackle with charged static.

Maintaining control of these gates is the key to harvesting the Mythos energy they represent. Convergences are rare and they have almost unlimited Mythos potential before burning out.

By attuning the gate's Mythos to your own, it will be converted and can then be channelled to your faction. But beware the dangers of using a gate, for who knows what lives between them?



Deployment & Setup: Place five Small Based Objective Markers (Gates) as per the diagram.

Players deploy into opposite corners as depicted above.

Game Length: 5 Turns.

Objective: Gain and keep control of as many Gates as possible.

Victory Conditions: At the end of each turn after the first, players earn 1 Victory Point for every Gate they control

In addition, 1 VP is scored for First Blood (inflicting the game's first casualty) and 1 VP for killing the enemy Leader.



Special Rules:

- Gates begin the game in a Neutral state.
- Whilst in base contact with a Gate, an unengaged Character may change its alignment to their own faction by spending 1 Action Point and 1 Mythos
- Characters may not move over a Gate nor end their movement on them.
- Any Character in base contact with a Gate may attempt to move to another Gate, regardless of its alignment, for 1 Action Point.
- The Character first attempts a Sanity test, if they pass successfully, the model is moved into base contact with another Gate.
- If the test is failed, the model does not move and suffers 1 Wound as they are attacked by maniacal creatures from within its depths.

GATE JUMPING FAQ

Q1: If I am in base contact with a Gate but engaged with an enemy, can I attempt to move through it?

A1: Yes, and if you move successfully, your opponents are caught off guard by your sudden disappearance so you also negate any Disengaging Strikes granted by leaving combat,. However, because you were distracted by combat when entering the Gate, your destination is by no means certain.

Number the Gates 1 - 5 and roll a d6 to determine which Gate you emerge from. On a result of 6 you may choose your destination Gate as normal.

Q2: What happens if there is not enough space to place my model in base contact with my destination Gate?

A2: Your sudden arrival is usually enough of a surprise that you can force your way out of the Gate. You may move other models already at the Gate to make space; however, you may not move a model out of base contact with a Gate or in such a way that they would disengage from combat.

If you cannot make space at your destination, you may not move to that Gate and a new destination Gate is determined at random as per Q1 above.

Q3: My Cultist has used "Snatch & Grab" on an enemy model. Can I try and drag them through a Gate?

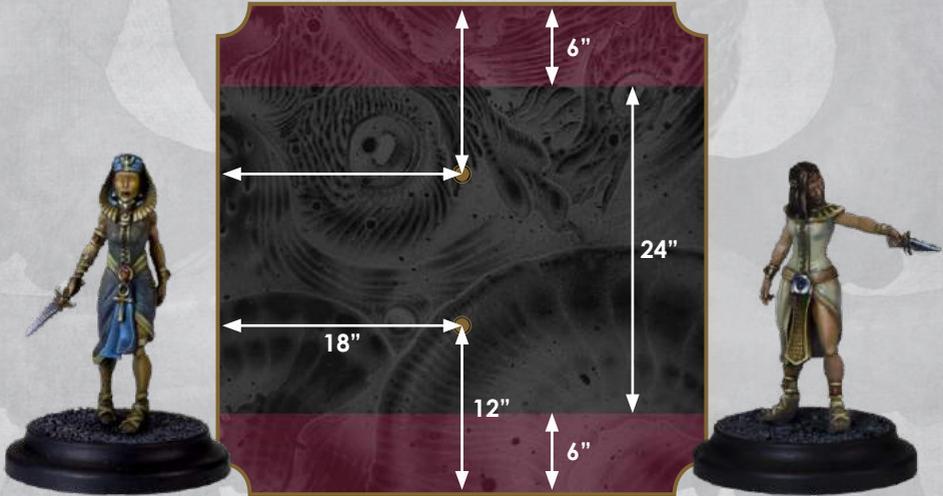
A3: Absolutely! You're a little distracted by the effort of dragging them around though, so the destination Gate is determined at random as per Q1 above.

Q4: Do Gates count as objectives?

A4: Yes, but only Gates that are aligned to your faction.

S4 - DESTROY THE RELICS

Every lunar cycle raw Mythos energies are released into the air. Unstable, dangerous and not easily channelled, they have to be captured by powerful faction artefacts and relics. These ancient items are rare and difficult to find, but they are key to channelling and harvesting Mythos from these sites. Each of these invaluable items is jealously guarded and specifically tuned to a faction's cause.



Deployment & Setup: Place two Large Based Objective Markers in the centre of the Play Area, 6" away from each player's deployment zone. These Objective Markers are treated as impassable terrain and may not be moved for any reason.

Standard 6" deployment as per diagram.

Game Length: 5 Turns.

Objective: You must inflict the most damage to your opponent's ancient artefact/relic.

Special Rules: None

Victory Conditions: A Model may spend an Action Point, just like taking any other action, to score 1 VP while in base contact with an opponent's Objective Marker. Action Points may only be spent in this way whilst Characters are unengaged.

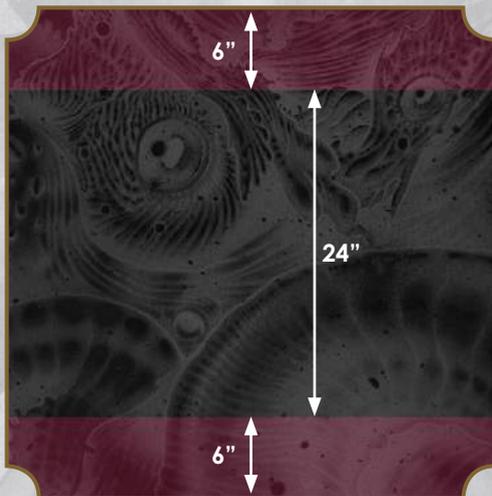
In addition, 1 VP is scored for First Blood (inflicting the game's first casualty) and 1 VP for killing the enemy Leader.



S5 - THE JOINING

The broken must be remade, that which has been torn asunder must reunite, the sleepers must be called from the shadows, the joining will guide them to the light.' The pull of the artifact has drawn you here, though you thought you'd be alone. You recognise them, the enemies who wish to end the glory of your masters. They have crossed you at every turn, hoping to destroy the artifacts before they can be used for their glorious purpose.

It whispers to you, it must be complete, made whole. Somehow, you know that the cursed thief in the shadows has the thing you seek. Kill them, liberate from slumber and all you've wished for shall be yours.



Deployment & Setup: Each player must place one Objective Marker on their Leader's Character card. This is that player's Artifact Half.

Standard 6" deployment as per diagram.

Game Length: 5 Turns.

Objective: To acquire your opponents Artifact Half and perform the Ritual of Joining (or Destruction).

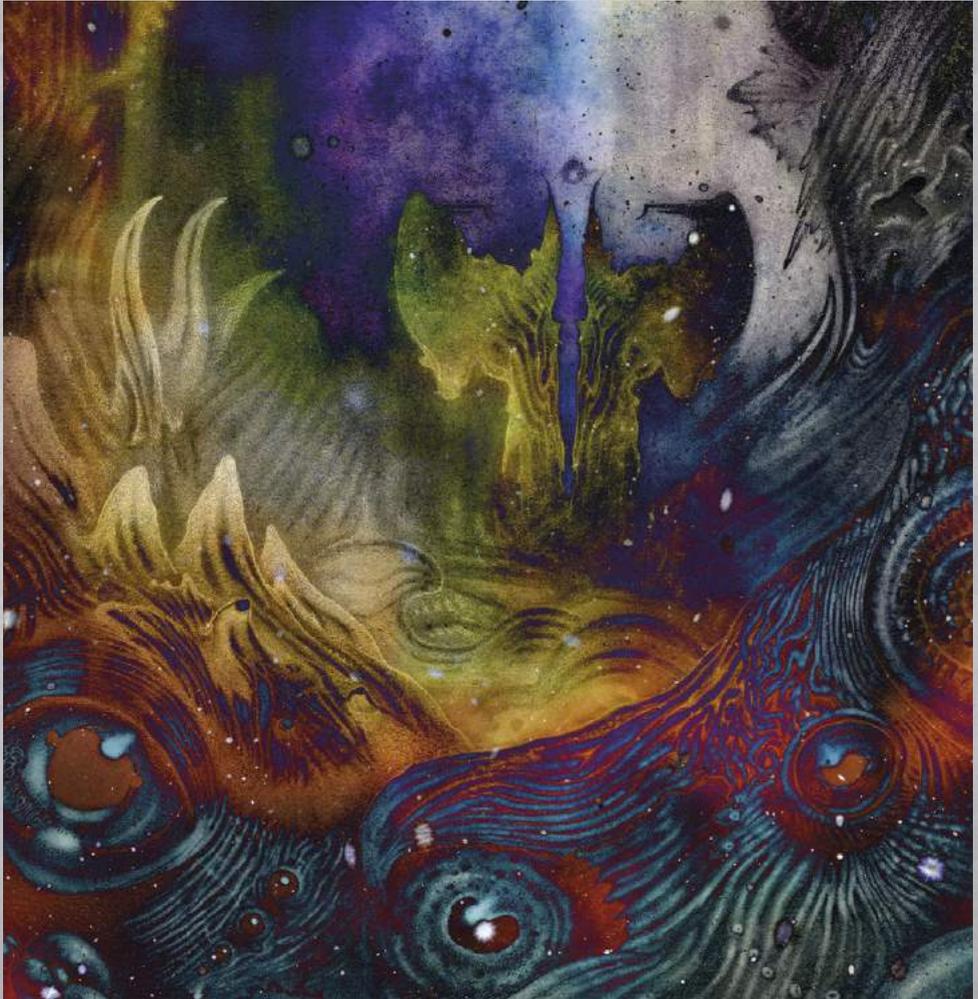
Victory Conditions: At the end of each turn, players earn 1 Victory Point for each Artifact Half they control.

In addition, 1 VP is scored for First Blood (inflicting the game's first casualty) and 1VP for killing the enemy Leader.

Alternatively, if one player performs the Ritual of Joining (or Destruction) then they win the game.

Special Rules:

- A model may not voluntarily drop an Artifact Half. A Model may pass an Artifact Half to a friendly Model for 1 AP.
- A Myth Model may not be given an Artifact Half
- If an unengaged model is in base contact with an Artifact Half, they may spend 1 Action Point to pick it up and place it on their Character Card.
- If a Model is carrying an Artifact Half when it is removed from play, the Objective is placed in base contact with that Model immediately before removing the Model.
- If a Model has both Artifact Halves they may perform the Ritual of Joining (or Destruction) for 1AP, ending the game.

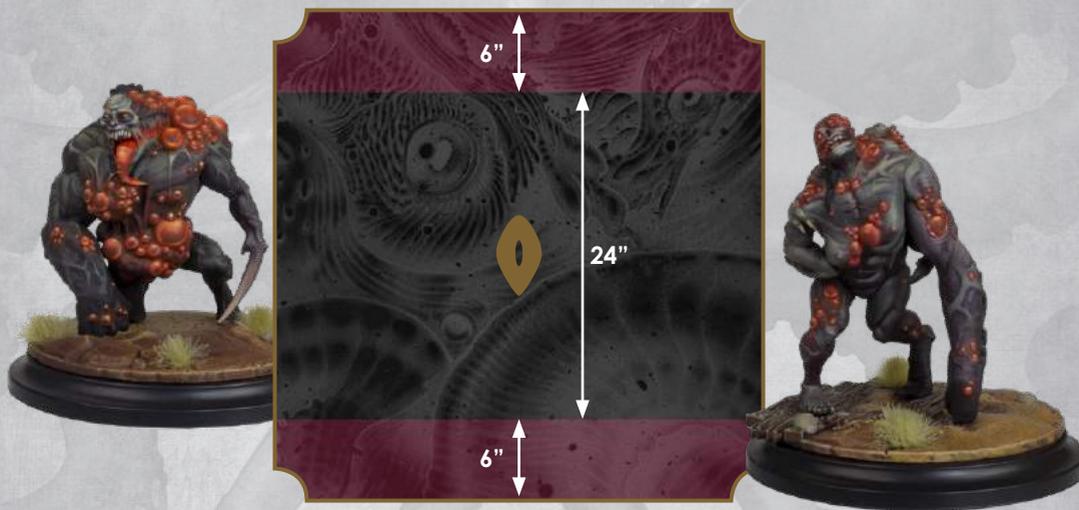


S6 - BLACK SUNS ASCENDENT

There is another world alongside this one. It presses against the boundaries of sanity, seeping through when the stars are right. Tonight is such a time, when the constellations above have twisted beyond recognition. Black suns pulse against the midnight sky, a sign of their coming. The gate must be opened if they are to manifest and make their will reality. The site is prepared, foul deeds done and stones consecrated with innocent blood.

Space and time twitch and distort, things that were solid are made flowing. If you lose focus, you may be transported hither and yon through the veil. Unbelievers come to shatter your works, kill them and complete the ritual and the world will be yours. In the name of the masters.

The gate is opening, things are starting to come through. Human shaped things.



Deployment & Setup: Place a suitable terrain piece with an Objective Marker in the centre of the board. This is the Sacred Site (representative of any kind of raised dais, shrine or similar).

Standard 6" deployment as per diagram

Game Length: 5 Turns

Objective: To complete the ritual and open the gate for the masters, or prevent their coming.

Victory Conditions: At the end of each turn, players earn 1 Victory Point if they have the most Models within 3" of the Sacred Site. If there is an equal number neither player scores.

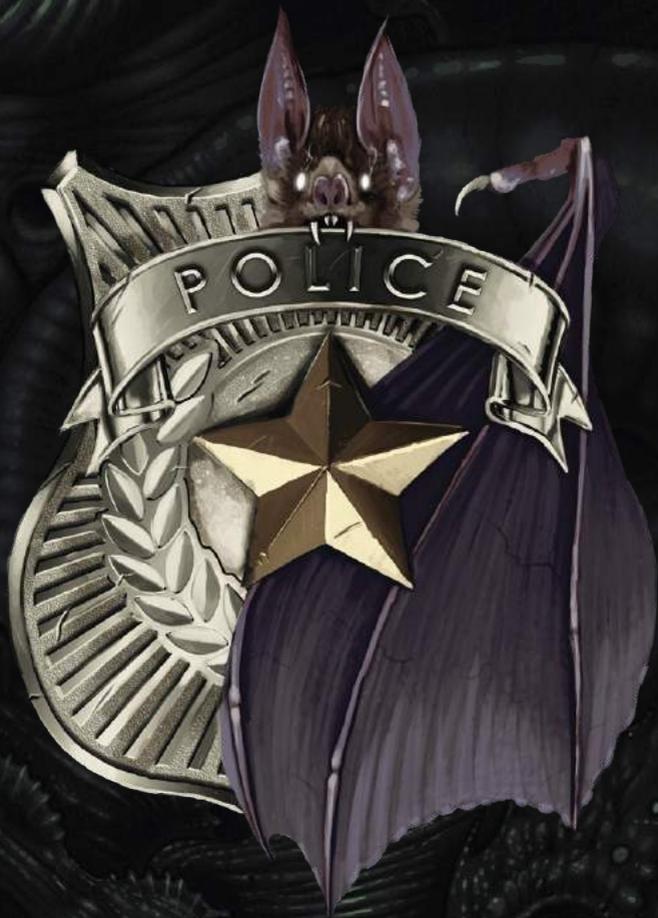
Players score 1 VP for destroying a Hex Beast, however it is generated.

In addition, 1 VP is scored for First Blood (inflicting the game's first casualty) and 1VP for killing the enemy Leader.

Special Rules: At the start of each Models activation it must make a SAN Test. If failed, the opposing player may choose to place that model up to 6" away from its current position.

If a Player scores 1 VP for having the most Models within 3" then the opposing player may place a Hex Beast anywhere within 3" of the Sacred Site if possible.

BROTHERHOOD OF BELIAL



As the state capital and a crucial rendezvous for Union troops during the Ore War, Augusta is a major city in Maine. With a regular steamboat service along the Kennebec River and the heavy railroad passing through each day, the city is a shining example of Union industrial modernity and prosperity. Despite its rapidly growing population and frequent transient visitors, the lawmen of the municipal police force are faced with a surprisingly low crime rate that can be dealt with at a leisurely

pace. That is until the winter of 1873 when the Shadow War came to Augusta.

A wave of vicious crimes swept the city leaving a bloody trail of destruction in their wake. Murders, beatings, rapes, and numerous muggings were perpetrated by what appeared to be a gang of cutthroats and outlaws. More brutal acts were committed in the first three weeks of the spree than had been recorded in the previous three years. Worse still, the gang proved to be incredibly elusive

despite the best efforts of Marshall Jim Dugan. With a string of commendations to his name from his time in Chicago, Jim had expected to break the gang within a week. But three months later, the lack of a breakthrough was really beginning to take its toll on the Marshall and his posse.

Reports from surviving victims were confused and outlandish, often sounding more like something from a dime novel or a Wild West campfire tale. Accounts alternated between the attackers being hulking, inhuman brutes while others claimed that the attackers simply vanished after striking. Oliver Driver, the force's dog handler, was added to the posse along with two faithful hounds in the city's service. Even the highly talented noses of Storm and Shadow were unable to get a trace on the perpetrators of these ghastly crimes. In the face of mounting public pressure, Jim desperately needed results.

Marshall Dugan followed a hunch that led him and his posse to a set of abandoned freight houses on the banks of the Kennebec River. A lead had put five of the initial crimes in that area and Jim wondered whether the gang was had been operating further afield over time. Sure enough, with his team in tow, Dugan finally discovered the gang had been using a rotting attic as their hideout. It was unsurprising, with the stairs having long disintegrated and the attic completely inaccessible, that the location had been overlooked in the initial investigation.

Bursting into the hideout, the lawmen stumbled across the suspects enacting some sort of bizarre ritual. Candles covered the floor and walls; blood was daubed on the rotten floorboards in intricate patterns. In the horror and confusion, Florence Delany fired a burst from her Thompson rotor gun and all hell broke loose. Officers Flack and Marquez managed to put down

a few of the fleeing outlaws while Delany continued to spray the room. A round from Marquez's rifle struck an RJ cannister, causing it to explode and the warehouse was engulfed in flames. In the ensuing firefight, not a single member of the gang emerged from that warehouse alive. The injured and the dead were consumed by a raging fire that devoured the structure. Despite the loss of life and property destruction, the crimewave that had gripped Augusta was ended that night and commendations for Marshall Dugan and his posse were readily given by the mayor.

But it is a fool who thinks that an ancient power like the chiropteran god Belial would not punish those who slaughtered their acolytes and disrupted their rituals. From that moment, every member of Jim Dugan's posse was tainted by Belial and marked as his playthings. Each of the officers was cursed to only exist as things shifting in form. Most of the time they remained as bitter and haunted versions of the people that they once were. But at other times it amused Belial that they would transform into his likeness - fang mawed and winged limbed nightmares. At first, these transformations were uncontrolled and painful, but over time many of the Augusta police learned to control this dark secret shame. Though irrevocably changed and facing the certainty of a lonely and monstrous death one day, the posse still hoped to use their newfound strength and abilities in the line of duty to try to serve their city. Such is not the purpose of the Bat God, however, and as the lawmen under Jim Dugan's command respond to criminality with their newfound preference for brutality and lethal force, they unwittingly continue to carry out Belial's great plan in the Shadow War.

THE CUSTOS CRYPTA



The story of the Custos Crypta begins in the year 700 BCE at the height of the Kushite Empire when the authority of Pharaoh Neferkare Shabaka was considered absolute. Shabaka was said to be blessed by the ancient Egyptian goddess Khepera. It was in Khepera's name that Shabaka ruled, from Nubia to the Nile Delta and a blood sacrifice was made daily in his name. For this tribute, the Kushite Empire was gifted the service of the Custos Crypta, a sentient insectoid species from the great sky beyond that

acted as both guardian and custodian of Shabaka and his people. But time and the treachery of humankind are the only constants in this world and Shabaka was murdered by his nephew Taharqa. The remaining Custos Crypta were entombed alongside their Pharaoh in the pyramid at el-Kurru, there to remain for the rest of eternity. At least that was the plan...

The Crypt Guardian was the last of its kind to survive the overthrow of Shabaka. Though thought dead by

the primitive priests at the time, the Guardian had instead entered a state of cryptobiosis, and its desiccated body was interred alongside the slain Pharaoh. When the pyramid at el-Kurru was excavated by Auguste Mariette and his team in 1869, the Guardian was acquired as a curio by the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, Massachusetts. It was late one night that Mariette's daughter Sophie, as head archivist, made the mistake of spilling a glass of water onto the Guardian's inert form. Though initially, it appeared no harm was done, by the following morning, the Guardian had vanished, revived, and now enacting the will of Khepera once more to ensure her servants are triumphant in the Shadow War.

That following evening Sophie Mariette was made host to a Crypta parasite and found her body and mind reshaped to serve as the Oracle of Khepera. High priestess amongst the goddess' human servants, Mariette was gifted with flight and the ability to channel the Mythos of her deity to awesome effect. As Oracle, Sophie Mariette is second in eminence only to the Crypt Guardian itself.

The Crypt Guardian extends its influence through the rest of humanity by way of mentally compelled servants. Research students Sara Heriot and Victoria Taylor were summoned by Sophie Mariette that same fateful night and swiftly brought under the control of the Crypt Guardian on its reawakening. Though utterly dedicated to the whims of Khepera, regrettably any initiative or higher reasoning is stripped away by the process which limits the Custos Crypta's use of such enslaved pawns.

The Crypt Guardian births a dozen or more live young each month in a process that is relatively swift but draining, requiring the Guardian to withdraw and recover for several days afterwards. These Crypt Grubs are the larval form of the Custos Crypta and the most numerous of the creatures to be encountered. Usually tasked with all manner of menial tasks, when fed a specific blend of proteins and secretions they rapidly evolve into their required final form.

Protecting the recovering Crypt Guardian and tending to the Grubs as they pupate are the Crypt Wasps, winged evolutions of the Grubs that the Custos use to guard their nests and forage for prey that cannot be found nearby. Another final form of the Grubs is evolved for long-distance infiltration and observation, perfect for fighting the Shadow War. The Crypt Sham has a passing resemblance to a human silhouette when at rest. When in low light or illuminated by solitary streetlamps, a Crypt Sham can stand in such public spaces and observe a target for hours without arousing suspicion.



THE HIDDEN ONES



Outcasts who worshipped the Sunken Pantheon, ancient sub nautical deities, the ancestors of the Hidden Ones were frequently in conflict with the Warrior Nation communities around Narragansett Bay on the American East Coast. The arrival of European settlers allowed the Hidden Ones to find safe haven and allies, slowly infiltrating and incorporating the colonial culture into their own.

By the 1850's the Hidden Ones were an oily parasite at the heart of the coastal town of Dunsmouth, Rhode Island. Through corruption and interbreeding, the Hidden Ones have irrevocably linked their community to the sea and to Dread Father Dagon, Deep Mother Hydra, and the other ancient names for the Great Spirit. As industrialisation takes hold in the Eastern States of the Union, the Hidden Ones remain unnoticed in

the shadowed doorways and alleyways of their isolated community. The Hidden Ones prey on their neighbours, considering them little more than talkative sheep ready for slaughter. Food is not an issue for the tainted bloodline that hides amongst the fair (but fishy) folk of Dunsmouth, and their numbers are growing with each cycle.

The tainted nature of these bloodlines has become all too apparent in recent years with a town curfew after nightfall necessary to protect the citizens from their own kin who have succumbed to this taint and been transformed into mindless beasts. Such creatures are hunted down by the town Sheriff if they linger, but most usually wander into the sea and vanish after a night of preying on livestock. For the people of Dunsmouth, this is their terrible secret and one that reinforces their

reluctance to encourage visitors to stay after nightfall. But the true rot at the soul of the town is far worse than the occasional Hex Beast...

Those who are steadfast in their devotion to the Sunken Pantheon are often blessed with offspring touched by the abyss below. In this time of the Shadow War, the birth of such hybrids are becoming frequent, able to pass for human except when confronted with fire or certain words of power. However, now these turbulent times have given rise to children of the Hidden Ones who are not of such concealed heritage. The Angler is one such tainted creature, born to a human mother but with no trace of mankind in its flesh. Its slippery skin is nauseating to the touch and its gaze is disconcerting with its prodigious bulging eyes that never close. The Angler's croaking, baying voice, clearly used for articulate speech, holds all the dark shades of expression which its staring face lacks. The Angler is both a child of Dunsmouth and progenitor from the deep. A true Deep One.

The slaughter of the Ore War and the start of the Shadow War has led Hidden Ones like the Angler to venture out from Dunsmouth, compelled by their matriarch, the self-appointed Dunsmouth Witch. The authority on almost anything in town, the Witch is a putrid hag steeped in ancient wisdom, none know of her true origin, but she has certainly lived in Dunsmouth for many generations. Popular gossip has it that on the night the State was founded, a young woman, mourning her stillborn son, walked into the sea in the hope of swift oblivion. She returned carrying a crying baby boy, a gift from the deep. The salt encrusted crone returned with not only a son but a vision of a great Sea Queen rising in the Union and believes it is their destiny to find her. As for the Witch's son, he

grew up tall and strong, the blessings of the Sunken Pantheon apparent beneath his rain-soaked sou'wester.

Family is important to the Hidden Ones. Loyalty through blood is unconditional. Such devotion can be found in Molly Malone, a woman desperate to find favour with the abyss. The Malone family have served the Sunken Pantheon for generations. Youngest of twelve siblings, Molly's elder brothers and sisters were killed in the Ore War. Alone, she feared that there would not be a way in which she herself could bring further honour to her family, until the coming of the Shadow War. She thanked the stars the night that the Witch sought her out and gave her this important duty. The titanic crab, Click-Clack, must be lured out from the harbour when needed. The pails of human offal that Molly must acquire for such a purpose is her privilege to collect from the sleeping homeless and itinerant visitors to their fair town. An immense crustacean from the dark caverns of the deep, Click-Clack is often found clinging to the underside of the town's trawlers. There the creature lurks, journeying out to the fishing grounds and feasting on its tithe of the catch before returning to the town each night to answer the call of the Dread and the Deep.

Molly and Click Clack now journey with the Witch and the other Hidden Ones on frequent raids far from home, as they hope to find clues to the identity of the Sea Queen and the location and of this reborn royalty from the Sunken Pantheon. Rumours of a powerful sorceress in the southern Bayous gives the Witch and her followers hope and fear in equal measure. What if this creature is naught but a blasphemous pretender? Or worse, what if she is the Sea Queen and finds the faith of the Hidden Ones lacking?

INFERNAL INVESTIGATIONS



There are many different branches of the Federated States Marshal Service that uphold the law across the Union, from judges in courthouses to the roving Rangers, organised police municipalities, and local sheriffs with their deputies. When the Shadow War leaves its mark on civilisation through Mythos or other supernatural or otherworldly ephemera, something more is needed to uphold justice. When darkness truly falls, and the stuff of nightmares crawls out beneath the clearing skies, only one group can

shine a light on the taint and corruption to enforce the Law. The Bureau of Infernal Investigative Affairs, an elite band of Lawmen working directly out of Washington, specialise in investigating the very worst crimes and infractions. Although Mythos often defies description or analysis, it is the men and women of Infernal Affairs who strive to keep the Union safe from the depredations of those cults, xeno-forms and other malign menaces that stalk the long nights.

When some purportedly horrific creature begins to threaten the peace of a town, something tries to break *out* of a museum, or a law-abiding citizen suddenly goes insane with rage and bloody-minded murder, it is the marshals of Infernal Affairs who are dispatched to deal with the threat. They tackle the missions that nobody else wants or is likely to come back from with their sanity intact.

Infernal Affairs are in conflict not only with cultists or other dastardly doers, but in this Shadow War they also come into opposition with other Lawmen and governmental forces, often finding them corrupted and tainted by darker powers. Should a Marshal, Sheriff or Deputy overstep their remit and put themselves above and beyond the Law, it is Infernal Affairs who are mandated to be the judge, jury and, if necessary, executioner of their fellow Lawmen. This ominous duty, along with the necessity that Infernal Investigators have pre-eminence over their fellow Marshals, officers and even judges causes no end of grief and frustration among those who perceive themselves to be the 'real' Lawmen in the Union.

Particularly active in the Shadow War are the Infernal Affairs team led by the indomitable Marshall Helena Miller. Miller uses her aero-pack to nimbly avoid trouble, her stormthrower pistols responding to threats in kind. Miller has a rational mind but has seen too much of the weird and worrisome in her career to not be a true believer in the paranormal and inexplicable. For Helena Miller, the Shadow War is the arc that links many of her investigations. It is a thread she would desperately like to pull on and tie off once and for all.

The blade skills of Furio Montoya are a without equal in the Marshal Service.

Trained by her father, the Sheriff of Florin, Illinois, Montoya came to the attention of the Bureau after her father was murdered in 1869. Montoya followed the evidence trail to Judge Tyrone Guest, who Montoya proved was in league with the Hex cult. And then decapitated him.

The incantation of a dark hierophant or the rantings of a corrupt official can usually be relied on to be cut short by a sniper shot from Ida Saxon if she is on the case. Using her faithful augmented owl Athena as a spotter or distraction, Saxon is a patient investigator and an even more patient assassin. In stark contrast, Mercury Jones is as much a trouble seeker as trouble shooter. Spritely in nature and in action, Jones is often the first to explore the investigation site. She has a keen eye and quick mind, able to see the tell-tale signs of Mythos in a crime that other more experienced officers might miss.

Unique in the Union, 20-20 is a relic of the closing days of the Ore War. A Blackhoof automata, 20-20 was a prototype for a mission that never happened. Blackhoof 20-20 has many of the capabilities of a trained sniper as well as the transformational ability to morph between two modes. The first is as a Vitruvian Simulacra - a humanoid machine armed with a deadly Hyper-V rifle. The second form is his original configuration as a Blackhoof steed. While in his equine form, 20-20 is often with his trusted partner Jedrick Powell. Jedrick comes from a long line of Texas lawmen, with more than twenty years of service to the Bureau. Originally something of a mentor to Marshal Miller, he has seen her become his equal in most things, though her enthusiastic desire to believe in the extraordinary over a more mundane explanation has occasionally brought the two into conflict.

THE NAUTILUS PRIVATEERS



Born under the Raj in Delhi, Rani Nimue had a turbulent childhood. Her English-born father worked for the diplomatic service and moved across the country to wherever Her Majesty required him, his wife and only child dutifully following. At the height of the Indian Mutiny, Rani's mother was killed, and her father was faced with the difficult task of raising his daughter alone. Seeing to it that she was educated by a succession of governesses and tutors; her father proudly saw her grow into a beautiful and fiercely intelligent woman. Rani secretly harboured a wanderlust

and restlessness that, added to the stifling restrictions of Victorian society brewed within her until she was fit to either explode or run away and leave it all behind. Eventually her love for the swaggering Outlaw Broad Arrow Jack, after a chance encounter in the Port of Bombay, twisted her father's pride to shame when, at the age of sixteen, she ran away with the pirate and was not heard from again for nearly a decade.

Now master of a crew of her own, the self-styled Captain Nimue has earned a substantial bounty on her head for the audacious theft from the Barrow

Shipyards of a prototype Morgana class submersible. Nimue rapidly built a notoriety for using the stolen submarine, which she had christened 'The Nautilus', to make lightning raids on European shipping. While this brought down the ire of the Crown and their allies, her exotic looks, and penny-dreadful fuelled reputation made her popular with the press and the public.

In the space of three years, Nimue and her crew of highly efficient Chowkidar were reported in raids as far apart as Portsmouth and Kolkata Port in India. Agents for the Crown identified a common thread in many of these raids being linked to Nimue's apparent obsession with collecting antiquities from across the globe. What they could not know was that in her storied adventures, Nimue and her crew became aware of the Shadow war as the various forces in play often competed with her for artefacts and arcanum that she liberated from tombs and museums with equal ardour.

While captive of the Priory, Nimue underwent regression therapy at the hands of Professor Nathaniel Lazarus. She escaped, gripped by the revelation that she is the reincarnation of the Lady of the Lake from Arthurian legend. Fanciful as this might seem, in an age where werewolves and mechanical monstrosities prowl the Union Badlands, and ancient alien technologies and mega-fauna flourish in the Lost World of Antarctica, it cannot be discounted.

Mythical figure or not, when repeated attempts to apprehend Captain Nimue proved futile, the Right Honourable Jonathan Peel of Her Majesty's government brokered an alternative. Under Peel's bargain, Nimue was gifted copies of dozens of historical documents from the archives and granted access to restricted sites of special interest across the Crown Dominions. In

exchange for this consideration, as well as a generous charter, the fierce Pirate-Queen agreed to put her considerable skills in service to the secretive Crown ministry known only as The Circus.

Leading her rough but highly disciplined crew ashore in raiding parties, Nimue acts as a privateer on behalf of the British Crown, though none of her crew has much love for the English which has ensured that a further condition of her service to The Circus mandated her taking the solid and dependable Violet Smee as Nimue's first officer. Smee is a former Royal Marine and commands the Nautilus Chowkidar with ruthless efficiency.

The crew has changed over the years as some decide to take their share of the wealth and settle down, while others are lost to the depths. In the treacherous perils of the Shadow War it is good that there are a core that Nimue can rely on. Sardar Hardit Singh, the Nautilus' Boatswain is very protective of his Captain and is never far from her side in a fight. Erasmus Darwin is the resident engineering specialist and while he rarely speaks of his colourful past, his knowledge of esoteric engineering is clear to see in the power-chair he uses to move around in. Charlotte Anning is the ship's navigator and Mythos archivist, never short of the answer to any questions, given enough time to research it in the vessel's surprisingly extensive library. Neko Mei's role is a little harder to quantify but she has a number of skills including infiltration, stealth and close combat, this would then make her the Nautilus' 'acquisitions' specialist. Finally, there is Drum, a mechanical marvel built for mechanised labour, it was clear that he exhibited a sense of self-awareness that Darwin and the other engineers had never seen in any Automata before. Fascinated as to the nature of this 'personality', Nimue offered the gentle giant the opportunity to join her crew

THE ODANI TRAVELLERS



The future may not be read with impunity. The threads of destiny for a person are wrapped through the days of their lives, known only to the omniscient beings known to their followers as the Fates. The secrets of the Fates are hidden from the eyes of mere mortals and only those with the gift of Mythos may begin to lift that veil. For the Odani people, the power of such foresight is passed down through the female line. From Mother to Daughter, the ability to see 'that what will be' has allowed the Travellers to remain healthy, wealthy, and wise.

The Odani camp moves from the

outskirts of neighbouring towns across the Union, never staying more than a few days at any location. On arrival, the extended families of the Odani set up their stalls with attractions and shows to entice locals to part with a few dollars in the name of entertainment. The highlight of the Odani Traveller's arrival is the dazzling performances beneath their canvas tent. Colourful, exotic, and always greeting visitors with a toothy smile, the demeanour of the Odani is designed to beguile the public. The Odani are welcomed by most folk, their entertainments a

welcome distraction for a generation still recovering from their terrible civil war.

The Odani have no interest in the mundane affairs of the world, preferring to focus on maintaining their way of life for as long as possible in this Dystopian Age of industry and imperialism. However, they are all too aware of the Shadow War being fought at the fringes of civilisation. Their knowledge of the Fates combined with skilful misdirection is one of the Odani's strengths which, they hope, will enable them to survive the ruin of humanity.

One of the most respected families within the Odani are the Calderas. The patriarch, Max Calderas, commands loyalty and respect from his children as well as the other families in their community. Known simply as 'Pop' by his closest kin, Max has the appearance of a veteran strongman, now gone to seed. His fierce appearance is undercut by his disarmingly charming demeanour, making him the ideal frontman for their show. His charm quickly evaporates should his family be threatened or the Fates demand action.

The blessings of the Fates are plentiful on Max's wife Talia, able to command spirits and see into the future. A teller of fortunes to the public, while everyone leaves amazed by what they've seen, these powers are assumed to be an elaborate trick. In reality, Talia commands spirits at the behest of the Fates, with many such as the imp-like Taka and Pali in thrall to her as servants and diminutive Grimaldi clowns.

The ghoulish looking Amran entertains the crowds as a puppeteer of unparalleled skill. His toys seem to take a life of their very own, though the smiling audience have no inkling how true that really is. For Amran an aetheric apparition that delights in compelling and controlling those who catch his notice. His puppets are miraculous

creations of wood and paint, but their eyes seem too life-like, staring out almost pleading with the audience. The effect is disturbing for those that notice it. And if you notice it, Amran notices you...

The Calderas children are as varied as the Fates, with monstrous Caleb and bewitching Nyssa two extremes of the family traits that have made them so powerful in the Odani. While Nyssa is beautiful and greatly gifted like her mother, Caleb is a formidable mountain of muscle with a mind like a young child. Stefan, the eldest and most like Max, has been marked as the future leader of the Odani. An intimidating opponent, Stefan is aware of how to exploit his enemies' assumptions. Often, the strongman plays his expected part, only for it to be a distraction from his youngest sister Vida to resolve matters more subtly from behind with a knife in the enemy's ribs.

A necessary evil, it is often the case that one or two of the encountered townfolk will go missing during the entertainments or even shortly after the wagons of the Odani have left. Usually, such disappearances go unreported and unremarked. The Union is expanding quickly and suffering from growing pains, the vulnerable often falling between the cracks. Those that vanish have often had a difficult life up to that point. The gift of the Odani means that the fate of their victims are already known by the travellers from the moment they meet them. Some of the disappeared would inadvertently or directly contribute to some great calamity in the Odani's future. Others are simply fated to nourish one of the spirits that are bound in service to the Odani. Destiny is a fickle creature and for each life taken and each doom averted, a new ill omen seems to materialise cursing the Odani to redouble their efforts in the face of this oncoming storm. If there is one thing the Odani are learning over the generations, it is that you cannot cheat the Fates.

THE PATH OF CHRONOZON



It is a great and noble thing to devote a life to the pursuit of knowledge. Some are obsessed with knowledge for its own sake. However, there are those who seek knowledge as the power to dominate others. Chester Barreman is such a man. Even in his youth in Cape Town, South Africa, Chester had an interest in history, more specifically in the religions of ancient civilizations. He was fascinated by the various interconnected beliefs of people across the globe stretching as far back as the written word, hieroglyphs or even cave paintings allowed. It was only as his studies matured that

he realised he was at the beginning of the true path to power. A path defined by a single word: Chronozon.

Chronozon is the dweller in the abyss. The demon of time and chaos was said to be the last great obstacle between the adept and enlightenment. Barreman knew in that moment that he couldn't just know more about Chronozon. He had to know everything. The young scholar's obsession with this powerful demon became all-encompassing and acts that would have been abhorrent to him only months earlier, were now acceptable in his journey down the path.

At The Spoil, a vast Promethean Complex in Nigeria, Barreman traded for a flask of RJ-1027, an otherworldly material he was certain was vital to take the next step. It was the subsequent near-death experience from inhaling the vapours that allowed him to open the third eye of his mind to connect with the abyss. The subsequent sacrifice of his sanity was so subtle that Chester was not even aware that he had crossed the line. It became the norm for him to barely recognise his own reflection, instead seeing Chronozon staring back through dark soulless eyes.

As Chronozon's mark settled on him, Barreman became more strong-willed and charismatic than ever before. His sanity returned for periods of time long enough to attract followers and instruct them in the way of the demon, though at times the abyss walks free of Barreman's soul and manifests itself in terrible tainted glory. The hex-pointed star with Chronozon's eye at its centre became Barreman's sigil. Barreman entered prolonged meditations where he entered a dream-like state. In this he claimed he could connect with figures of great power, from far eastern emperors to nobles in the court of Queen Victoria and even minds utterly alien in form. All were linked to Chronozon.

Led by Barreman's protege, Lydia Heron, the followers of the Path wear masks bearing this hex-pointed symbol of the abyss, all the better to purge their own identity. Barreman has taught them that Chronozon's function is to destroy the ego, which allows the adept to move beyond the abyss of occult cosmology.

John Talbot and his wife Elizabeth have proven to be devout followers to the Path. Willing to make the ultimate sacrifice, the couple have shed blood

many times in the name of Chronozon. At these times, the power of the demon quickens their hearts and gives them a vitality that makes the world seem grey and lifeless in its absence.

The Talbots are not alone in their devotion. Carol Greene and Karl Malik have also taken the abyssal rites and serve Barreman and the Path. Most recently inducted are the siblings Edward and Jane Carter. Having murdered their father, a Major in the Union Army, the pair gifted his eyes to Barreman so that the elder Carter might finally see his children take their place on the Path.

With loyal acolytes like these providing him with any components he might need, Chester has refined a ritual that allows spawn of Chronozon to be brought through to this reality. These demons of dispersion are obedient to the instruction from those bearing Barreman's sigil as well as those whispered from the true power behind that hex-pointed star. A creature of the umbra, the spawn are all bestial fury, sweeping through any environment in a blur of vorpal teeth and claws.

As Chester Barreman walks the Path of Chronozon, he has become aware of the larger struggle between Chronozon, and the mortal pawns of distant gods of order known as the Spica. This Shadow War is fought not between armies and nations like the conflicts of men, but as something more subtle and insidious. Should these Spica achieve their terrible goal, then they will burn the world on a celestial pyre. Only the champions of Chronozon can prevent this and bring humanity to its true destiny. In such a struggle for supremacy, how can the erudite servants of Chronozon accept failure?

THE PRIORY



Knowledge is power, so the adage goes. To the adepts of the Priory, this is a literal truth as their group have been gathering the knowledge of Mythos for decades. The Priory believe it is the power by which humanity will be saved from the predations of corrupt governments, tainted cults, and horrific alien infiltrators in the Shadow War.

Over the millennia, shamans, soothsayers, skalds and scholars held the keys to the power of Mythos but were unaware of

its greater purpose. Those fortunate few used it sparingly and merely glimpsed behind the curtain to barely retain their sanity. As humanity became increasingly arrogant in their own manifest destiny, this precious lore of Mythos was discarded in favour of technology, and the illusion of safety created by our increasingly modern world.

With preternatural knowledge of the coming Shadow War, the secretive Madame Adrestia recruited Professor

Zachary Lazarus in 1861. Lazarus had been viewed as brilliant expert in the arcane and occult but something of an eccentric conspiracist by universities across the Union. Traits that barred him from serious tenure in academia but made him an ideal leader for the Priory. Speaking to him through her intermediary, Adrastia explained to Lazarus that the Priory was an ancient institution, with members operating around the globe in roaming self-contained groups known as Cells. Membership and recruitment to each Cell is the responsibility of the Cell's Leader.

Since founding his Cell, Lazarus has built an eclectic team to fight for humanity in the Shadow War. It is Lazarus who meets with intermediaries, receives telegrams or even the rare telephone call from the enigmatic Adrestia, to help him plan the Lazarus Cell's next mission. At times, Lazarus is aided in his strategic planning by Garret Morden, the leader of another Cell. Contact between Cells is forbidden, to protect each from being compromised by another, however after the Icarus Incident, Adrastia introduced Morden as an infrequently encountered ally. Lazarus finds him a firm friend and one of the only people he can confide in at these difficult times. Morden guards Lazarus' secrets as though they were his own, giving them the same safeguard as he does to the identity of his own Cell members.

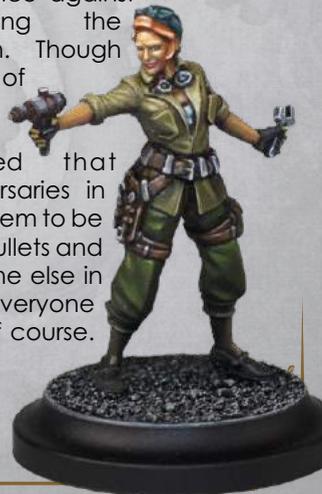
Morden has seen at first hand Lazarus' formidable will and distinctly Bohemian tastes, often found talking in earnest to his cat Zeus. More curious is that the creature seems to understand the detail of Professor's discussion and obliges with various acts of infiltration and observation for the Priory. Curious and curiouser.

The anarchist-archaeologist Abigail Halsey is an invaluable member of the Lazarus Cell, and her discoveries and research are often instrumental in

overcoming many of the challenges they face. It was Abigail who discovered the journal of Rabbi Judah Loew ben Bezalel and the Mythos secrets for creating the Golem Maharal. This fifteen-foot tall, animated clay monstrosity provides the muscle for the Lazarus Cell on their missions. For what Maharal lacks in subtlety, it more than makes up for with brute force! Though Abigail feels an attraction to the dashing Garret Morden, Maharal seems to take an irrational dislike to the man and so far, her attempts to explore a possible romance has been thwarted by her gigantic chaperone.

Bertie Smythe was a decorated British pilot who took early retirement from the Crown air corps after the bloody conflict known as the Caribbean Hurricane left him a changed man. He will not speak of what he saw in that dawn encounter in the clouds, nor of the fate of his squadron. Wielding a flamethrower, it is hard liquor and endless cigarettes that fuels his determination to right this unspoken injustice.

Weapon's such as Bertie's require constant maintenance, as does much of the Lazarus Cell's equipment. Fortunately, they can rely on the mechanically minded Kitty Page, the most recent recruit to the Cell. Kitty joined the Cell after their mission in Providence against cultists worshipping the Sunken Pantheon. Though still learning much of their war against the fell powers, Kitty is comforted that their mortal adversaries in the Shadow War seem to be as susceptible to bullets and burning as everyone else in the Priory. Well, everyone except Maharal of course.



THE SECRET SERVICE



As the Union shifted from being the victorious army in the Ore War to becoming martial force of government, the citizens of that Union were required to make a great deal of sacrifice as the nation pushed for its Manifest Destiny. But they would not be alone in their sacrifices. It had become painfully clear to President Abraham Lincoln that there threats to this great nation that could not be fought with armies and machines. There was a Shadow War being fought for the very soul of humanity. Lincoln

refused to countenance the notion such a conflict could be ignored or allowed to resolve the fate of the Union.

Lincoln knew he was best suited to lead the Union's efforts in the Shadow War but could not do so with the trappings of the Presidency, or the attention that even retirement would still bring him. Using the few agents that he could trust who had survived the Ore War, Lincoln plotted his own assassination. To that end he also enlisted the help of the Booth brothers,

patriots who were firm friends of his son Robert. These two actors truly believed in what the Union stood for and were ready to make the necessary sacrifice to help the nation achieve victory in the Shadow War. They would play their part in a massive public attack that would seemingly result in the president's death. Lincoln would then be free to assume more indirect control of the varied defences of the nation, while his vice-president, Andrew Johnson, a capable bureaucrat with little to no imagination or drive, would be left as a figurehead to rule as President in his place.

Knowing that his death was likely necessary for the ruse to succeed, John Booth, the younger of the brothers, made the sacrifice willingly. After the staged struggle, John's juiced blaster roared within the confines of the private theatre box containing Lincoln and his wife. When the smoke cleared the nation reeled at the death of the President, with even his own family having to believe that he had died that night. John Booth was caught and killed by Union troops while Lincoln would never be able to return to his private or public life again.

Abraham Lincoln now leads the gifted professional killers that are necessary to end the Shadow War. This Secret Service conducts the infinite number of dark and dreadful deeds this Dystopian Age requires of the nation to survive. Lincoln knew that there were things the Union Army could not be called upon to do, whether it was investigating dangers to the wounded country, to ferret out plots and schemes that threatened her, or eliminate potential problems

before the public could even be aware of them. Whatever it takes so that the good folk of the Union of Federated States can sleep soundly in their beds.

While Lincoln prefers to lead from the field, he knows he can rely on Robert Pinkerton his right-hand man. Pinkerton was already planning his own network of agents to defend the Union from domestic and foreign threats, but Lincoln showed him that there are threats even beyond these that require the Secret Service to thwart them. Lincoln had become aware of the concept of Mythos and so had recruited Leah Kingston and Camilla Blanche. Both agents had scored highly on the extra sensory perception aptitude tests that the Bureau of Infernal Investigative Affairs had implemented across the Union's intelligence agencies. Complimenting these uncanny operatives were his top agents from the Ore War, Lucinda Loveless and Henry Courtwright. Both had served the Union with great distinction especially with their operation in Bucharest had prevented the Russians and their Commonwealth from annexing the states of Washington and Oregon in the aftermath of the Ore War.

It was the artificer Milo Jefferson that developed 'cold iron', a Sturginium-Iron alloy that demonstrated remarkable disruptive properties against arcane auras and other Mythos-oriented phenomena. This has proven a vital tool in the Secret Service's arsenal and with the right people, Lincoln believes the Union's Manifest Destiny will see them emerge as victors in the Shadow War.

THE SILVER VENATORS



While the Spica Astraea use portals to travel instantaneously across great distances, the Venators are Spica huntresses who instead travel the angles of time as the Allshard demands. Each Venator is entrusted with a silvered key, an object forged in the fires of an Apothic Arch and attuned to the energies of the Allshard itself. With their key, the Venators can use a mirrored surface to step out of their immediate surrounds and travel through a narrow portal-like passage to emerge from that same point within 120 hours in the relative past or future.

The Venators are unique amongst the Spica in that they do not answer to a mortal Sircan in the priesthood but instead take instruction directly from specialised Cor Caroli known as Y'th. These warrior-scholar Cor Caroli dwell in a bubble-like library-realm formed adjacent to the Allshard itself, existing as a crossroads beyond the Earth and beyond the normal constraints of time. In that ever-shifting place, Venator Cohorts arrive to receive instruction and assignments by the Y'th. The Allshard have witnessed the regular flow of time and can see how this Shadow War threatens to irrevocably twist the outcome of the Order's Crusade on Earth. The actions of the adherents to the Hex, the Great Spirit, the Watchers and many others threatens to undo all that should come to pass after the 1870's. For the Allshard, their Crusade is humanity's only hope for a future and one which must be maintained at all costs. The followers and agents of the Hex and others must be countered whenever possible, powers and dark rituals that prolong life or otherwise twist and cheat fate are abhorrent to the Cor Caroli Y'th. At times such actions require even one of these incredible beings to leave their library-realm and accompany a Venator Cohort to Earth to deal with it.

Knowing that the Venators are on their trail, often the enemies of the Allshard will go to extreme lengths to remove all reflective surfaces from their places of power to deny the Venator easy access through their portals. Though distasteful, often the Venators find themselves dealing with more mundane targets. The driver whose foot slips on the pedal, slowing their vehicle and avoiding the animal in the road that would have killed him, must still meet his fate. The Union surgeon who cheated death and survived the trenches of the Ore War must still die before he can go on to save hundreds of lives.

Brigid Macleirgh leads Venator Cohort Silver. She is a strict disciplinarian and often seen as more unfeeling than even the alien Cor Caroli Y'th that they serve. Though their masters are inhuman, Brigid knows her Silver Venators are mortal and must rely on mortal means to stalk their prey. Through her Overseer Helm, she is given instruction in the field from the Y'th in their library-realm. This is useful for guidance in a rapidly evolving situation, but Brigid knows that wearing the Helm is not without cost. The Y'th see all...

Anna-Maria Golding is new recruit and a formidable grenadier, grateful for the opportunity service in the Venators brings. Only female Spica have the mental fortitude to survive translocation through time, and it is a privilege to be able to repay the Order in this manner. Anna-Maria, like the others, was recruited from the Spica by the Y'th. After returning to the Bastion Armature in the Rocky Mountains, she was visited by a Y'th, which appeared in a blinding light through the mirror in her sleeping cell. When told she had been claimed for a higher service to the Allshard, Anna-Maria wept. She took her oath there and then, was dressed in her new

vestments and stepped into the mirror to meet her sisters in the Silver Venators.

Rebecca Bateman is a tremendous athlete, using her limited time between missions to hone her body further. Temporal portal travel makes Venators unable to use other types of portals and so once they have arrived, a Venator's physical fitness is essential. Trained to moving swiftly to acquire the target, Rebecca, like her sisters, wears hooded dark robes beneath which silver accessories gleam, brandishing brightly polished weapons. An impressive sight, but there is a reason behind this appearance. The Venators' ability to travel through the angles of time is linked to reflections and it is by utilising reflections such as those of a blade or bracer, that their keys can manifest portals through time or back to their library-realm sanctuary once their mission is at an end.

When a target proves elusive or is alerted to the approach of the Venators, the Spica huntresses can resort to marking their quarry. Though physical contact is initially needed, once a target is marked in such a fashion, the Venators can use their key to call on a Tyndaly'th Hound from their library-realm. These are guard creatures of the Y'th, bred by the

Cor Caroli from a species acquired millennia previously on an early Crusade. The Tyndaly'th are unique in all the species so far encountered by the Order in that a few survived when their homeworld was cleansed of life. The creatures were verified to be free from Hex taint and so were deemed sanctified for use in future Crusades. Ten generations of selective breeding means that when hunting their prey, the Hounds materialise through any mirrored surface in the immediate presence of the target. When a Hound begins to manifest, it materialises first as a shadow in the reflection, becoming more distinct before the very reflective surface warps to form the dreadful alien foulness of the creature. Once they have brought down their prey, if the Venator's cannot intercede in time, the Tyndaly'th use their long, hollow tongues to drain their victim's body-fluids, leaving vile blue pus or ichor as their spore. Even a member of the faithful might fall prey to a Hound if they inadvertently find themselves between the creature and its quarry or if the rite to summon them is performed imperfectly. The Sircan of the Order considers them abhorrent would not sanction their use if they had the authority to forbid it. Even the Venators find the Tyndaly'th a dreadful and difficult weapon of last resort.

THE SOUL HUNTERS



To the common man, the Covenant of the Enlightened are little more than an exclusive club of intellectuals and aristocrats who sit in grand drawing rooms talking much and doing little. One such as this is the Hook and Ladder Club in New York City, so named due to being in a building that was originally destined for the nascent Fire Department. The club members specialise in the emergent field of parapsychology, a subject that the common man might call supernatural.

The club's Auger, Warwick Hudson, leads all manner of discussions and theorising into matters ephemeral and improbable.

Like the club's founders, Hudson believes that all things can be explained by applying the scientific method. He maintains that they are in an age of Industrial 'super-science' and that any reports of strange and mysterious happenings are simply exaggerated or misunderstood by unreliable witnesses. Of particular interest are rumours of a paranormal conflict fought in secret by agents and cults of esoteric origins.

Hudson has been working for many months to assemble his team and to prepare them with such equipment as the most dangerous of environments

and situations require. Armed with an array of bizarre and highly experimental weaponry, Hudson is set upon venturing forth and collecting enough data to present to the Hook and Ladder Club, therefore securing his position in the Covenant. Hudson and his Soul Hunters (as the lurid press would daub them) follow up reports of 'aetheric apparitions' that they believe are at the fringes of this Shadow War.

At Auger's right hand is Erin Meltzer, a scientist and researcher with a passion for uncovering the unknown that almost burns as bright as his own. She is particularly fascinated by reports in the Badlands of Montana of animals growing to an almost impossible size and imbued with some aetheric properties. Ernesto Volk is similarly obsessed with the physical, though more often his thoughts are of his own impressive physique, and he has a reputation in the club as a pugilist of some renown, a skill he developed while he studied at University in Greenwich Village.

Hans Spelmann is the quiet, contemplative member of the group and will often only contribute to a discussion when he deems it a necessity. He believes that the spectral anomalies they have encountered are linked to some undiscovered wellspring of arcane energy. Perhaps the secrets of Mythos hold the answer? Jocasta Tobin is the writer and archivist of the Hook and Ladder Club; she documents all their research and theories and promises to one day publish them as a guide to future investigators into the hidden secrets and mysteries of Mythos and the Shadow War.

Katherine Holst is the engineering risk-taker and the most outgoing of them all. It was Holst who collaborated with the French scientist Girauld Eres and made possible the spectral containment technology on which their research now relies so heavily upon. Eres' passion

lay in animal physiology and specimen capture. He was in his laboratory the night of his accident when a beaker exploded, and the chemicals began to eat away at his flesh. When his fellow scientist Xavier Bichat found him, it was almost too late as Girauld's skin had been flensed from a large part of his body. Fortunately, Bichat was a keen study of the Mythos of the galvanic arts, having demonstrated this by macabrely reanimating a gorilla cadaver the previous evening. Through the rituals of Bichat, and the skills of the Countess Augusta Byron, Eres was saved by transplanting his brain tissues into that reanimated primate.

Although Girauld was grateful to still be alive it would be impossible to return to his old life in society. Girauld was a sickly child and life as an academic did nothing to increase his vitality, so the change to the body of a 700lb gorilla was even more significant. His Mythos wrought brawn and brains soon led him into service with mercenary groups across the Union and eventually into the Shadow War itself. It was during the Atlas Affair that the outlaw Jim Petersen gave him the nickname of Mr Ears. So extraordinary were the circumstances of their adventure together that the name became synonymous for him in the local press and a year later when President Johnson awarded them both the inaugural Presidential Medal of Freedom, it was presented in the name of Mr Ears.

With a newfound sense of purpose, Mr Ears joined the Hook and Ladder Club as they thwart the other forces in the Shadow War. It is clear that these other parties are an enemy to the free thinkers of the world. They do not wish to elevate humanity to a new age but seemed bent on shackling mankind to their own dark agendas. The Soul Hunters cannot allow humanity to fall into such chaos and mass hysteria.

THE WYILDBORNE



The more eccentric naturalists and biologists in the Covenant of Enlightened say that Nature is a living thing in perfect balance. But even they scoff at the notion that such harmony has only been reached through the influence of the ancient force known by the Warrior Nation as the Great Spirit. For the Wyldborne, they too dismiss notions of such fanciful and comforting deities. For the real power of nature is the Wyld, worshipped in its own right in past centuries and can be found in

the roots of more... sanitised religions.

The Wyldborne keep the old ways and are rewarded with untamed power to those who hold true. In the settlement that would become Spearfish, South Dakota, Dorothy Good was raised in the Old Lore along with her sister, Mercy. Her mother would have had it no other way and rebuked attempts by the settlers to educate or civilise her family. When Dorothy was of age, she began to listen to the Wyld in the forest. As

the dense forests willed her to, Dorothy laced the family soup with the fungi she had foraged the previous night. All of them fell deathly ill and, as promised, her parents quickly succumbed to the toxins. But for Dorothy and her sister, they awoke changed. Now the forest speaks to her every night. The Shadow War has begun and the Wyld has such plans for the Wyldborne...

The barrow-witch Mercy Good might be the older sister, but she lacks the temperament to lead the Wyldborne. Mercy is all aggression and primal fury. She revels in murder and bloodshed wherever it might find release. Only the call of the Wyld compels her to serve alongside her sister, though the same voices that drive Dorothy to plot and scheme do nothing but fuel Mercy's rage.

The serpents Blood and Nadrageel visited the Good home the night after her parents died. Nature wastes nothing. Once the reptiles had fed, the sacrifice Dorothy had made to the Wyld bound the snakes to her service. The great viper Blood has become virtually inseparable from Dorothy, while his sister Nadrageel (mirroring Dorothy's relationship with her own sister) prefers to hunt independently and alone. Even so, at a glance, Blood and Nadrageel know when their mistress needs them to hunt down and hold someone fast... and when to feed.

The centaur-like Loren is a Nuckalavee. These mythical creatures have a rapacious hunger which causes them to hunt deer and other prey in the deep forests. Stepping between shadows and preferring to hunt by moonlight, Loren is nonetheless a capable member of the Wyldborne. Strong and



perceptive, Loren understands the power of the Wyld all too well. As long as her voracious appetites are sated, she can be relied upon to fearlessly attempt any task that Dorothy Good may require of her in the Shadow War.

It was the Wyld that brought the bestial Carcosa into the world, screaming with umbrage at the blasphemy of Man. One of this twisted breed, Sernos was an avatar of the Wyld, known in as 'the Goat'. He stalked the shadowy forests of the Dakotas for centuries before finally being slain by the Shaman Raven Spirit in 1831. Half a century later, Sernos rises as a ghastly wraith, waxing strong as the Wyld is nourished by the millions dead from the Ore War. Sernos is a terrifying amalgam of beast and nightmare and judges that of all mewling humanity, only the Good sisters are worthy enough to live. Dorothy has begun to gather her Wyldborne, Sernos answers the call.

MYTHOS

