Scott Alnes

Heroes of Land, Air & Sea

5-6 Player Expansion

Order and Chaos

Scan to watch an instructional video for the Base Game

Aughmoore is consumed by war...

As the Elves, Dwarves, Orcs and Humans slit each other's throats for food and minerals, the Goblins and Lionkin endured Aughmoore's blight through innovation and tradition. Their humility and tendency toward reclusiveness allowed them to remain innocuous as the world first began to crumble under the fog of war—until the Armageddon.

Unleashed through the experimental weaponization of the dead, the Underworld rages to consume the world. At the heart of Aughmoore's inner flame, now fueled by the intensity of emotion and warfare, lies this sphere of unimaginable horror. Unlocked by an Elven mage high atop a darkened spire, the Underworld is the result of hexed tinkering with the webs of mortality. The mage channeled the war-furnaced core of Aughmoore to power his maddened visions of domination. His infusion returned the souls of the fallen, intending to drive his risen slaves against all who opposed him—a mistake for which the world will pay dearly. The revolt of the Undead was but a whispered premonition of Aughmoore's newly twisted fate.

The forces of the Underworld seeped into the swamps and perverted the rot. Fumes of decay became stronger, piercing and maddening the Lizardfolk psyche. The Armageddon had awoken yet another new monster. Warped visions of unknown lands filled with tempting treasures tortured the reptilians' minds. Little by little, they began to venture forth with wild, violent curiosity. They crashed relentlessly at the gates of fortresses, weathering an endless war. As the Lizardfolk and Undead armies clashed, spreading disarray across already war-torn battlefields, the hatred that drove the war was now supplemented with true fear.

Panic and dissent propagated in the face of this madness, and thus the warring races desperately sought a place of brief refuge to establish new colonies. In their travels, they uncovered a long-forgotten race—the Goblins. Thinking them weak because of their bastard heritage and ramshackled nomadic villages, the naïve races advanced with haste. From the shanties poured Goblins by the thousands, armed to their yellow teeth in gadgets and deadly fizzwidgets that eviscerated with ease. Though long exiled, the Goblins had been lying in wait, sharpening their rusty blades.

With the Goblins in pursuit and enemies old and new at every turn, traveling armies turned to Aughmoore's last imaginable sanctuary—the desert. Mercenaries drilled through abusive sun for days before spotting a speck of promise on the horizon. They rushed toward what their commanders believed to be mere mirages of settlements. Their march erupted to riot as they converged on the humble town square. There was a brief stillness in the ghost town before suddenly, the air shook with ancient roars—a trap. War had landed unwelcomed on the sanctified doorstep of powerful beasts. Aughmoore had just met, for the first time, the proud and sturdy stature of the Lionkin.

With the last independent tribes of the land absorbed into conflict, all of Aughmoore's children began to understand there will be no rest until the chaos is absolved by a single ruler. Amidst the vengeance, deceit, insanity, and pride of all, the Underworld expands, bringing Aughmoore itself closer to total annihilation. There will be no peaceful resolve, no final retreat from strife, until this land is either united under one iron order or consumed completely.

Lionkin

At the moment of creation, feral beasts roamed the deep jungles of Aughmoore on all fours. Their speed and strength unparalleled, they slaughtered all around them in sport. For centuries, beings lived in constant fear of evisceration by these great predators. Growing bored with their prey, the beasts turned on each other, forming two prides. Their savagery reached a climax when the two alphas, Ari of the pride Kelsinia and Shi'Shi of the pride Khota, mauled one another in the audience of their packs. In their vicious struggle, they fell from a waterfall into a divine pool below. The gleaming waters churned as bloody patterns danced across the surface. When the water calmed, two figures emerged, each walking upright and enlightened.

In their newfound wisdom, Ari and Shi'Shi saw instability in the destruction around them. The two leaders then created a single Lionkin tribe known as The Collective. They abandoned their jungle homes and sought isolation in the desert. Through meditation and the sport of calculated physical contest, The Collective has strived for a peaceful existence. To enhearten their bodies and minds, cubs are encouraged to challenge one another in mock colosseums drawn in the sand between meditations. Parents watch eagerly as their young learn to best their opponents with a strategic pin rather than by fang and claw. It is by this method that Regulus honed his legendary skills.

As the inhabitants of Aughmoore turn their weapons on each other, the younger generation of Lionkin have sworn off the peaceful vows made by their ancestors. Even Elder Ari and Shi'Shi have no other option but to venture from their isolation and demonstrate the true power of divine inspiration and discipline. Through these values, any Lionkin easily wades through enemies unscathed. It is the duty of the Lionkin to be an example to the warmongering races of Aughmoore who seek lazily to find fulfilment everywhere but in their own hearts.

The world will soon learn it is a deadly blunder for any soldier to swagger self-assuredly against a Lionkin, for every step reveals a calculated weakness to be exploited for the ultimate victory of the powerful Collective.

If you win with the Lionkin, read aloud:

After the final bloody battle, the Lionkin return home triumphant. Ari and Shi'Shi gather the bodies, not only of their lost Lionkin warriors, but of all the fallen races of Aughmoore, and say a vigil over the dead. Regulus wipes the blood from his sword in shame, determined to return to his ancestors' old ways of peace.

Undead

Bony fingers splinter on the cold iron bars of prison cells. They stir, restless with the urge to taste the flesh of their mortal captors. In his desire to animate mindless soldiers and strike the steadfast Dwarves from their snow-capped castles, an apprentice elven mage tore wide the seal between the realm of the living and the dead. The River Styx now flows in reverse, and the souls of the rotted people have returned. They are an accident, an explosion, their consciousness an abomination born from the embers of the Elves' reckless attempt to conquer the natural order. They are the Undead.

The Underworld calls to them. Day and night, it beckons them to feed it. In return, it promises power. They have organized an escape, and as they leave the city of their birth burning behind them, they carry one memento—the elven mage. He pleaded with them, his wretched children, but his morbid secrets are now at their limitless disposal. With them, the Undead will destroy this world, and build one worthy of their vision.

The father of the Undead was the first mortal to be condemned to the Underworld. As the echoes of his panicked cries faded, the Undead discovered that a sliver of their humanity remained, a vicious notion of retribution. As they devoured the mage, they watched their haunting faces crack into a smirk from the reflection in the victim's clouded, lifeless eyes. Happiness, as it is known to the living, is only known to the Undead as the satiation of a ravenous craving.

The reanimated warriors revel in their creation for one singular purpose—to consume, to unravel all that moves from the fabric of existence and bring out silent, still peace. In this realm, the Undead were created as slaves, but in the Underworld, they will reign as kings. They have awoken from their great slumber, and they are hungry.

If you win with the Undead, read aloud:

In the end, the dead walk the earth. King Amdiak slaughtered thousands during his bloody climb to rule over Aughmoore, but now that he has the throne, he allows his victims to return from the grave to serve him. The River Styx flows no more, and across its still waters, the border between Aughmoore and the Underworld blurs as the two realms merge.

Lizardfolk

The creation of Aughmoore was a violent process, and during its solidification, pockets of magic were trapped deep inside the world. As it cooled, this magic bubbled slowly to the surface and was encased in mud right before escaping to the atmosphere. The earth-shattering storms of the forming universe energized the encased magic, and in a violent reaction, it took form. This mix of magic, energy, and earth became the first egg nest of the Lizardfolk.

The grimy homelands of the Lizardfolk are a treacherous place. However, the viscous membranes and resilient scales of the Lizardfolk grant them a resistance to the fetid chemicals, and their ability to withstand the muck has given them the chance to discover the power of the rot. A keen knowledge about the nature of matter decomposing into energy and vice versa has allowed the Lizardfolk to tap into natural energy stores to fuel their hexes.

Once firmly protected by the fearsome headhunters, the Lizardfolk began exploring every turn of their squalid homelands. The prolonged exposure to the corrupting forces of the swamp led to a warped psyche, giving them estranged visions and the ability to briefly remove themselves from vines that entwine time and space. This warp sends the Lizardfolk into a berserk state, which many use either to maintain a great productivity or to hunt for treasures in the wastes.

Energized by the addicting sensation, the Lizardfolk quickly grow tired with the familiar, and have begun straying into conflict if only to experience the new territories of their neighbors. If resisted, they have been known to grow deeply vindictive, and often join at night to cast voodoo curses against those who have halted their curiosity. They will not stop until they have explored every corner of Aughmoore, and those who stand in their way are nothing but collateral.

If you win with the Lizardfolk, read aloud:

Aughmoore has fallen into chaos! The Lizardfolk have gutted and pillaged every race, leaving nothing but destruction behind. The plains have turned to desert, the forests to swamp. Aughmoore has become a wasteland with nothing new to offer the ravenous Lizardfolk who must now find a new world to conquer or else give in to total insanity.

Goblins

Despite strained relations between the Dwarves and Elves, an infamous romance between them prevailed. Before the star-crossed lovers' execution, they gave birth to a pair of twins. The children inherited the analytical aptitude and stature of their Dwarven father and the abstract ingenuity and ears of their Elven mother. They were spared the fate of their parents, but were forced into exile. Banished to a life of two conflicting cultures, these sibling relied on each other and their cunning to survive. Through intricate experimentation with magic and technology, the siblings engineered their first offspring. Thus began the chapter of the Goblins.

Highly occupied by invention, and perhaps persuaded by the fate of their birth parents, the Goblins do not develop romantic relationships. They are not, however, withdrawn. Finding comfort in their unity as a spurned race, the Goblins have developed an interdependence much like the many gears of the machines they have created. The ideas of many are compounded together to make highly effective, though convoluted, contraptions. Many have argued that the best solution is the one that is most simple, but any Goblin could convince them otherwise, though their argument would veer through a labyrinthine array of premises.

In the impending conflict of Aughmoore, the Goblins find a great deal of strength in numbers against their many spiteful enemies. Through collaboration, they have thrived against the odds. The "twin-tanks," as the artificial reproduction devices have been named, have been modified for full capacity, and the numbers of the Goblins are growing. Through hardship and strife, their genius will carry them together towards victory.

If you win with the Goblins, read aloud:

Through their ingenuity and camaraderie, the Goblins have taken control of Aughmoore. Only a few isolated regions remain outside their power, inhabited by the weak who deserted their armies and fled from the bloodshed. Everywhere else, the Goblin twin-tanks cover the ground, multiplying their numbers to the point that no one would ever dare challenge their dominion.

Game Components

Faction Components:

- 4 Capital City Boards (*1 per Faction*)
- 80 Miniatures (*20 per Faction*)
- 12 Hero Cards (*3 per Faction*)
- 32 Constructs (*One-Time Assembly Required*):
  - 12 Capitals (*3 stackable levels per Faction*)
  - 12 Towers (*3 per Faction*)
  - 4 Sea Vessels (*1 per Faction*)
  - 4 Air Vessels (*and 2 plastic stands*)
- 12 Faction Tokens (*3 per Faction*)
- 1 Undead Underworld Card
- 6 Undead Soul Tokens

Other Components:

- 1 Expansion Game Board (*Map*)
- 14 Tactic Cards (*7 Cards for each player*)
- 6 Resource Tokens (*2 Ore, 2 Mana, 2 Food*)

Credits

Game Design: Scott Almes

Illustration: Adam P. McIver, Ian Rosenthaler

Product and Game Development: Michael Coe

Graphic and Construct Design: Benjamin Shulman

Miniatures Design: Chad Hoverter

Lore Writing: Jacob M. Burton, Dylan D. Phillips, Michael Coe

Editing: Richard A. Edwards, Dylan D. Phillips

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5-6 Player Expansion

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Expansion Setup:

For a 5-6 Player Game:

1. Place the **Base Game Board** in the center of the table with the side showing "5-6" in the upper left corner face up.
2. Place the **Expansion Board** next to the right side of the Game Board, aligning the edges.
3. Place **Exploration Tokens** on the Regions of the Expansion Board as well, making sure to place 2 Sea Exploration Tokens in the Central Sea Region with the *Sea Serpent*.

Playing As Undead Faction:

If a player is playing as the Undead Faction, that player takes the **Underworld Card** and **6 Soul Tokens**.