

# Psychopresents!



*A festive Moonstone scenario.*

# Story

Cuthbert grasped the window frame and leaned out until his arms began shaking. He squinted his eyes and strained his hearing, desperate for a sign of some kind. But the night was crisp and still.

Cuthbert sighed dramatically, the cockerel crown atop his head wobbling dangerously. He darted inside to stop the crown plummeting into the holly bush far below, his relieved sigh clouding in front of his face. He plonked down on top of a nearby chest, folding his legs under himself and shivering. He searched the sky again, the stars twinkling, and balled his fists in excitement.

"Oh do come inside Your Tweetfulness, or you'll freeze your nose off," Dowager Queen Phanny announced from the doorway, her neatly folded hands engulfed in masses of shining orange satin from her skirts. She frowned, the white paint on her face cracking from the wrinkles.

Valiant, her Crested Dog, poked his nose from beneath her skirts and growled at Cuthbert.

"I shall be quite alright," Cuthbert sat straighter, ignoring the ratty dog, and casually wiped away the drip that was forming on his nose.

Phanny clonked into the room, her gait unsteady on the fashionably tall shoes the goblins at court were wearing. She glared at the guard in the doorway, who quickly closed the gilded door to leave mother and son alone. Phanny grasped a thick woollen blanket from the bed and teetered over to Cuthbert, wrapping it around his shoulders.

"Thank you, mummy," Cuthbert said regally, tightly pulling the blanket around himself. He felt the crown slip to one side, but ignored it, his eyes on the sky. After a few moments of silence he glanced at his mother, who was staring at him wistfully.

"Mummy? What is it?"

"I was just thinking back to when you were a young princeling, running around the palace without any clothes on except for your father's crown. It used to slip down like that all the time."

Cuthbert smiled. "Then Old Grimbles gave me a tiny tin crown, which stayed on my head for years."

"Oh, how the time has flown," Phanny scooped Valiant into her arms. Holding him on his back she cradled him against her chest like a baby, nostalgia palpably flowing from her.

Valiant's tongue lolled and he whined happily, watching her large gemstone earrings catch the light.

"What do you think Old Grimbles will give me this year?"

Cuthbert asked, giving the dog a dirty look.

"I'm sure it will be something delightful," Phanny said, letting Valiant lick her fingers.

Cuthbert opened his mouth to address this disgusting display, but was relieved to catch a rumbling sound at the edge of his hearing.

"Mummy, he's coming! Old Grimbles is going to empty his sack all over the palace!"

"Oh how wonderful!"

The pair stood, leaning out of the window and watched a dark rotund shape block out the stars.

"Oh! Oh, oh oh oooooooh!" Grimbles groaned from up high and shapes began falling from the basket beneath the balloon. The parcels fell quickly, too many to count shooting out and down into bushes, ponds, and through windows. Laughter, shouts, and screams filled the air, as Grimbles's balloon turned. There was a ripping flatulent sound and the balloon shot away.

Ah, *Grimblesnacht*... Cuthbert thought dreamily. He glanced around and realised his room was empty. Stamping his foot he shouted, "Hang on! What about m—"

A large, square parcel dropped from the roof above, bounced off a tree branch, and pinged through the open window over their heads. It landed with a satisfyingly heavy, expensive, thud. The Grimbles paper was bright red, with painted blue frogs over the surface, and gold ribbons adding decoration.

"It's so pretty," Phanny gasped. Valiant hopped out of her arms and yapped at the box.

"I'm going to open it!"

"You should wait until tomorrow—"

"But muuuuUUUUuuuummy, I want to open it nooooOOOOow..." He pouted and gave her the most innocent look he could conjure.

The look was rusty, but Phanny's expression softened. "Oh alright, but then off to bed afterwards. You've got a busy day tomorrow."

"Yessssss!" Cuthbert knelt down, sliding Valiant out of the way. He slowly pulled at one end of the ribbon, delighting in the silky sensation as the bow started to uncurl.

The box shuddered.

Valiant and Cuthbert hopped backwards. "What was that?"

They watched the box and it was still.

Cuthbert shrugged, reaching for the bow again, his tongue curled over his lip.

The box juddered and jumped, sending it rocking forwards and the top bursting open. Valiant darted beneath his mistress's skirts, howling, as something small rolled out, armour clanging.

"Gimbles has given me a mechanical toy soldier! -2 damage and a melee of 5! He can go with my collection! Just what—"

The mechanical soldier's tail twitched and it looked over its shoulder, a too-large grin on its face. A rogue golden bow stuck to its helmet gave the impression of a strange nose.

Phanny clutched her hands to her chest and roared, "Guards!"

The guards burst into the room while the creature turned to her, confused, and blew a tiny horn that sent small streamers flapping from within. It danced in a small circle, still blowing the horn, then gave a small bow.

"Should we...?" A guard used his sword to gesture at the creature.

The creature dropped the horn and pulled a small bottle from beneath its armour, which it offered to Cuthbert.

"Oh..." Cuthbert said, glancing at the bottle that was labelled as a fine cream-based liqueur, "Thank you!"

It bowed to him, tail feathers twitching, and muttered something in a language they couldn't understand.

"You may rise," Cuthbert said regally and sipped from the bottle. The liquid slid down his throat with a satisfying hum of alcohol.

The creature stood, reaching beneath its armour again to remove a sprig of mistletoe. It grinned again and sashayed towards Phanny, taking her hand it planted a kiss on the back of her fingers.

Valiant trotted over to smell the creature and it planted a kiss on the top of the dog's head.

"Your Most Royalnesses, should we remove this creature?"

Another of the guards asked, confused.

Phanny giggled—

Cuthbert looked at her in horror.

—And Phanny said, "It's Grimblesnacht, all are welcome! Let's go and see if there are any other presents." Fanny took the creature's hand and they strode from the room, Valiant at their heels.

# Scenario: Psychopresents! (2-4 Players)

*Old Grimbles has once again spilt his sack all over the town square. But unbeknownst to the town's inhabitants this year gleeful Psychopomps, full of festive mischief, have hidden themselves inside some gifts!*

**Turns:** 4

## Recommended Troupe Sizes

**2-Player Game:** 6 each.

**3-Player Game:** 4 each.

**4-Player Game:** 3 each.

## Setting Up

Set up terrain to represent a town square.

Grow Moonstones as usual (7 Moonstones).

Deploy Troupes as per the standard scenario.

## Special Rules

In this scenario the 7 Moonstones represent *Grimblesnacht Presents* that have fallen out of Old Grimbles's sack. The numbers on the dice do not represent a depth value, but instead represent how big the present appears to be! Any model performing a Harvest action in contact with a *Grimblesnacht Present* (regardless of the number on the die) should immediately shuffle the Arcane Deck, then draw and reveal a number of cards from the top of the deck equal to the value on the die. If one or more Catastrophe cards are amongst those revealed then a dastardly Psychopomp bursts out of wrapping paper! Shuffle all cards back into the deck and place a *Psychopomp* miniature, chosen by the player to your left, in the location where the *Grimblesnacht Present* was, or as near as possible (the *Grimblesnacht Present* die is discarded).

A Psychopomp entering play this way is considered to have been summoned by **all** characters on the board. It is considered friendly to whatever troupe is currently active at any given moment, and enemy to all other characters. Replace the **Thrall** ability with the following:

**Festive Mischief:** This character does not activate and can never gain energy. Instead, while **any** character is active, this character can take actions, **excluding** Jog and Harvest, under the control of the active player, by discarding the required energy on the character that is active. It **cannot** take Reaction Steps or *Go For It's*. During each Replenish Step, move this model 4" directly towards the nearest non-*Psychopomp* model. All Dmg or Wds this character would suffer are reduced to ☉.

## Troupe Selection

You are free to use whatever characters you have in your collection for this scenario. You will need a selection of [Psychopomp miniatures](#) and/or the limited edition [Wrapped Poms!](#) pack to play.



If a player performing a Harvest action on a *Grimblesnacht Present* does not reveal a Catastrophe card then they have found a genuine item of value – *Phew!* The player should choose one of the cards in secret and place it face down under the Stat Card of the character who gained possession of the *Grimblesnacht Present*. They are considered to be in possession of a Moonstone for game rules and abilities which reference Moonstones, including gaining **Slow** as normal. Shuffle any remaining cards back into the Arcane Deck.

If a character in possession of a *Grimblesnacht Present* is slain, or affected by an ability that would cause the model to drop a Moonstone, place any D4s back on the table in base contact as normal at value '1' (the Present looks a bit damaged and not as valuable!), and shuffle the *Grimblesnacht Present* Arcane Card(s) under the character's Stat Card back into the Arcane Deck. Randomise which Arcane Card is returned if an ability causes only one Moonstone to be dropped by a model with more than one *Grimblesnacht Present*.

If a character uses an ability that transfers possession of a Moonstone from one character to another, *Grimblesnacht Present* Arcane Card(s) should also be transferred with the dice, randomising the card if the target is in possession of more than one *Grimblesnacht Present*.

## Victory Conditions

At the end of the game, all players should reveal the *Grimblesnacht Present* Arcane Cards below their characters Stat Cards. You gain X Victory Points (VPs), where X is the sum value of all these Arcane Cards. The player with the most VPs is the winner.

This year's Secret-Grimbles was definitely the weirdest one Liv could remember...

