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a lot to prove. From an early age, they are encouraged to study as much as possible about many different subjects. Though there are expert Quatryls in any field, they seem to have a particular affinity to engineering and machinery. Their long, delicate fingers allow them to build all manner of intricate contraptions to make life easier and augment their inferior physical strength. Though they are not numerous, Quatryls can easily integrate themselves into any society due their expertise in critical fields and their charming, graceful demeanor. Only a fool would shun a Quatryl's offer to help.

Even when augmenting themselves with machines of their own creation to destroy anything that stands in their path, Quarryls will still do it with charm and flair. Though they may be small, Demolitionists don't let that hold them back in the least. Between their rocket boots, multitude of bombs, and giant piston fists, they are a force to be reckoned with. Sometimes the only path forward is the one they create themselves. In such cases, it is best just to get out of their way.

Inox Hatchet



The lnox are a primitive and barbaric race, preferring to live in small nomadic tribes scattered across the wilderness. There, they subsist through hunting and gathering, scraping together a meager existence while fighting off the more dangerous creatures of the wilds. What they lack in intelligence and sophistication, they make up for with their superior strength and size, always eager to prove themselves in a challenge. And one should certainly take care in challenging an lnox. Their society does not pay much heed to ethics or morality. For the lnox, it is all about survival – kill or be killed.

While any normal Inox may be valued in Gloomhaven for their brute strength and endurance with manual labor, if you want to be a successful mercenary in the city, sometimes a little more finesse is required. Hatchets have fully embraced life in the city, outfitting themselves with the latest fashions. It is all a bit of a front, though, as their true passion lies in their arsenal. No one is a better marksman with a throwing axe, and if anybody wants to challenge that claim, they had better be prepared for a duel to the death.





Valrath Red Guard

I mough their demon-like qualities make them feared by many, Valraths are, for the most part, well-mannered and gentle, preferring to solve problems through diplomacy rather than violence. They come from a dark and bloody heritage of genocide and warfare, and, as they have become more civilized, have simply made concerted efforts to put their past behind them. Valraths pride themselves on being able to integrate themselves peacefully into human society, often becoming wealthy merchants or influential politicians.

Not every Valrath can be peaceful, however. There is a specific caste in the Valrath capital of Jhinda tasked with protecting the city. It is a prestigious position and one not easily lived up to. Outcast from Jhinda for unknown crimes, the Red Guard found it too difficult to part from their identity as a protector, keeping the distinctive red armor, as well as their chained sickle and shield. The only place to find work was as a mercenary in Gloomhaven, and maybe, just maybe, by standing on the front lines and keeping their allies from harm, the Red Guard will find some way to redeem themselves. Not in the eyes of the Jhinda culture, which has permanently turned its back, but at least within their own esteem.



I umans are by far the most dominant of the races, I spreading across the continent like locusts, erecting extravagant cities and disturbing slumbering forces they can never hope to understand. The human society is one of rules and regulations, but also one of great diversity. Due to their intense curiosity and relentless nature, humans can find themselves walking almost any path imaginable – from the obscenely wealthy noble to the unappreciated tavern cook; from the blacksmith forging rugged weaponry to the corrupted pursuant of dark magics.

The Void is a dangerous and terrible place. Anything that enters it dissolves into a coarse, black sand without explanation or remorse. After a near-death experience with the Void as a child, which scarred the left side of their body, the Voidwarden made it their duty to protect others from a similar fate. Being touched by the Void has left more than just physical scars, however. They can channel the power behind the Void to manipulate the thoughts and actions of both allies and foes. The Voidwarden can also offer powerful boons of healing and stamina, but those gifts usually come at a terrible price.