

Conclusion

The Unfettered will never tire. Their bodies will never feel pain. They will come at you as long as they draw power, but you cannot wait. Already your limbs are heavy, and sweat stings your eyes. You back up and hit a wall, and there is nowhere else to go. The machines are closing in. Then a shout.

“It is done!” The Orphan says. The moment hangs. Nothing appears to have changed, and yet the steel golems do not advance. You wipe the sweat and blood from your eyes, confused. Then the guard closest to you shudders, and that’s when you see it: the blade piercing through its chassis.

The other Unfettered have come to your defense. Waves of injured and mismatched automatons burst through the door and drag down their steely siblings, like a storm crashing over a sandcastle.

Within seconds, the fight is over. The room is reduced to a heap of broken machinery and a new army, loyal and at the ready. One of them, a large, barrel-chested automaton,

lifts the Orphan and brings it over, and you understand how close you came to death.

The Orphan’s legs are broken and its chest is cratered. It took a terrible beating, but somehow it managed to stay alive long enough to finish its work.

“We’ve done it,” the Orphan says, the light behind its face blooming like a rising flame. “I asked them for peace. I asked them to join me, all of them. To give up this fighting and work together with those above. This is their choice. The Unfettered choose peace.”

It takes several days to recover from the battle. The Unfettered aid you as best they can, though hospitality is clearly a skill the machines have not practiced. Eventually you make your way out of the complex and back to Frosthaven.

When you arrive at the outpost, you are not alone. Instead you come surrounded by a retinue of figures draped in thick cloaks, their long armored legs jutting down into the snow.

One of the guards atop the gate shouts down, asking who goes there, but rather than answering yourself, you allow someone else to speak up.

“Allies,” the Orphan shouts and peels back its hood. “Allies come to your aid.”

Rewards

Gain 2 morale and 2 prosperity.

Gain “Key Card” **[246]**.

Unlock **◆** class box.

Gain “Unfettered Allies” campaign sticker. Remove all **■** events from all outpost event decks.

Add event SO-49 to the summer outpost deck and event WO-63 to the winter outpost deck.

Add one **+50** card to the town guard deck.

Locked Out Scenario:
Orphan’s Core **(58)**

62.2 • Bathysphere Plans

If the Craftsman is not at least level 3 add **62.2** to the calendar in three weeks and stop reading.

A high, nasal voice reaches you at the back of The Crater, Frosthaven’s recently rebuilt canteen.

“I have it, ach, I have it!” This is Pinter Droman, the outpost’s best and only tinkerer, and he’s pushing his way through the smoky gloom to find your group at your usual table. When he arrives, you see that Pinter’s eyes are raw and his skin has a waxy shine, which means he hasn’t been sleeping again.

“The seawater, I have a way around it! Or, rather...” Pinter unrolls a scroll of parchment on your table, pushing aside your drink. The parchment shows a diagram of some sort of armored ball. “Through it! In a bathysphere!”

The tinkerer goes on to explain that with this “bathysphere” you could safely descend deep into the Biting Sea for short periods of time. But that only solves the problem of the pressure; you still need to avoid freezing. “I have a plan for that too!” Pinter exclaims, his bleary eye twitching. “All I need is a very, very powerful heat source.” As luck would have it, Pinter believes you might be able to find such a thing somewhere in the middle of the Radiant Forest.

“The whole forest is unfrozen, even in the winter, so something must be heating it!” Pinter says. “I can’t be certain what it will look like, but I’m certain it’s there, yes. Ah, and with your particular skills, finding it should be no problem.”

Rewards

New Scenario: Thawed Wood **(33)**.

62.3 • Haunted Vault (17)

This place is clearly designed to separate you from the others and then murder you in the dark, but you think you’re getting the hang of it now. Another door opens, and more spirits arise to stop you.

Section Links

When door **4** is opened, read **19.3**.



Conclusion

Finished with the Algox mountain, you head back to Frosthaven to plan your next move. There you find Satha speaking with a downtrodden populace, still reeling from the latest attack they barely survived. “A few new support beams here and there, patch up some of the walls, and we’ll be sure as snow in no time. You’ll see,” she says with a wink. “No frost or fire in the world’ll keep us down for long!” Her enthusiasm is met with minimal recognition as the residents continue to sift through the rubble. You grab the mayor long enough to make a report of your time with the Algox.

“The sea have mercy,” she snorts, slightly surprised, “this internal struggle with the Algox explains a lot. But at least it sounds like you’ve made strong progress towards getting at least one group to stop attacking us, so that’s something.”

“We’ve had some troubling developments of our own while you’ve been gone,” the

mayor continues. “Some of the watchmen have reported Lurkers, of all things, on the outskirts of the territory ⑦.

“I reckon since you made it safely back to town, you might go out and check on those damned crabs for me. Better to get a handle on them before they show up at our door.” She punches you on the arm and then begins to walk away.

“Oh, actually,” she stops and turns back, “there was one more thing. A scouting party came back recently and reported seeing some strange metal constructs marching through the wastes. The scouts tracked them east through the Whitefire Wood and then into some frozen valley, but couldn’t follow beyond that, so you might as well have a look at that too ⑧.”

You rub some of your bruises from the Algox altercation, and nod.

“Good,” Satha chirps. “And while you’re

doing that, we’ll keep rebuilding the town. I’m sure you can already tell, but the north isn’t exactly hospitable, so we need to get Frosthaven back on its feet as soon as we can. That means we need all the resources we can find. So while you’re out there, see if you can collect some lumber, metal, and hides to help us out. Sea willing, we’ll be able to rebuild this outpost before winter, because if we don’t, then there’s no hope for any of us.”

Rewards

Gain 1 morale and 1 prosperity.

New Scenarios:

Edge of the World ⑦,
Crystal Trench ⑧

Section Links

Add **156.1** to the calendar in four weeks.

63.2 • Accuse Barno

A portal opens and out steps an Aesther in an unusual hat. He pulls a pipe from his mouth and speaks up, “Hello. Sorry to pop by, saw there was something of a mystery afoot. Seems like you’ve selected the wrong individual.”

The Aesther touches a scorch mark on the wall. “Cecil is the murderer, clearly—he killed Tarro after the man refused to return the Oak Charm Cecil lost in a game of cards. Probably accidentally, wouldn’t think it’s in his nature. The fire was just to cover his tracks. Of course you needn’t even leave this room to determine the killer: the fire ignition point is a full head higher than either of the other two could reach. It turns out the answer is elemental, my dear demon prince.”

And with that, he hops back into a portal and is gone. The demon prince looks a bit taken aback by the whole affair, but ultimately smiles. “Perhaps you were wrong, perhaps you were trying to cover

for Cecil. Either way, I think it’s time to remind this plane about consequences.”

Frosthaven isn’t willing to go without a fight, though:



where X is 40 if there are less than fifteen buildings built, or otherwise 70.

Target buildings randomly by drawing from the building deck.

You finally manage to drive the prince back. He laughs as he steps back through a portal to his home—“An enjoyable fight, but I have other matters to attend to. See you soon.”

Rewards

All characters start the next scenario with

63.3 • Sunless Trench (42)



64.1 • Rising Brine (83)

Conclusion

The water is cresting alarmingly high now. With all those pesky porcine fish defeated, you swiftly collect the rusty parts. In the poor light and with the impending doom of the tide, you can't tell whether they'll be valuable. They're awfully heavy, so that's something, right?

Encumbered by chunks of metal while paddling against the tide is not a feat of strength you wish to repeat, but you finally make it out into the waning daylight. A beleaguered trip back to Frosthaven, then

into the town hall, ends in you collapsing across Glint's desk. The Inox's brows shoot toward his horns as you unpack your loot in front of him, feeling a rush of pride about how much you salvaged.

Face stoic, Glint examines the rusty refuse. You await his assessment, breath bated. "Always dreamed of becoming a tinkerer," he says wistfully.

Really? Asks the hope in your face. But then the records-keeper scoffs, "All junk!" and shoves the parts off his desk.

He's about to add to this indignity with sarcasm, when his nose wrinkles. "What's that smell?"

You. The smell is you. Sighing, you leave before the other mercenaries in line start to complain.

Rewards

Gain "Giant Piranha Pig Spine" |202.

64.2 • Deadly Pastimes (85)

Special Rules

If you are occupying tile 7-A and tile 7-C is unrevealed, read 64.3 instead.

The wall looks weak here, so you give it a good shove. It comes tumbling down, revealing more of the cave.



64.3 • Puzzle Solution

"Genius!" Crain shouts and accidentally hurls his teacup across the room. "You, my hard-knuckled friend, have unlocked one of the better mysteries I've seen in my academic career. What now? What now?" He scratches his chin and a wild look comes into his eyes, a look you know, a look that usually ends in fire and anguish.

"Let's do it right now." Crain giggles. "Let's charge the device."

You won't deny the idea has some appeal but you do not think it's wise to perform the charge without the Shattersong and Terra present.

"Well, they've helped so much already." Crain says. "Shouldn't we give them a break? And just think how impressed they'll be when they see it!"

You look for wine, or a bottle of spirits, or a large club, anything to calm the scholar's

excitement until tomorrow, but when you turn back he's already climbing the ladder to the gyroscope, the vial of dark energy in-hand.

"Don't worry," he shouts. "If we die, they'll blame it on me. Probably hold a nice ceremony for you. Lots of weeping, I'm sure." He's inside the gyroscope now, gently laying the vial of energy on a metal track that leads directly into the device. It's supposed to reduce the chance for error, but with Crain at the helm, who can say. He calibrates the device's resonance dial to match the number you found in the book, and then, moving with breathless caution, he slides the vial incrementally toward the device.

Your muscles tighten. Your lungs empty. You can only see the back of Crain's head but he isn't moving. Then he jerks suddenly, and there is light.

A blinding flash rips from the gyroscope. The workshop is flooded. Searing brightness everywhere. You turn but there is no avoiding it, no escape. You brace for the pain, for the fire, the deafening explosion. But there is only the click of metal and the sound of two small footsteps.

You turn back and Crain is standing on the gyroscope's platform, the device singing in his hands. It's as large as he is, and its glass and crystal components are aglow with a pearlescent light, not at all like the black energy. Crain stabs the device into the wooden platform with a satisfying metal thunk, and he smiles.

"Wow, I can't believe that worked."

Rewards

New Scenario:
The Unfettered Seal 62

65.1 • Avalanche (6)

Conclusion

Clawing from the snow you find the mountain completely changed, its face wiped clean by the slide. You realize the avalanche didn't carry you as far as you had expected; you can still see the top from where you're standing, and you're not too far off. Unfortunately, with the snow cover gone, all that's left between you and the peak is a painfully steep cliff, and you're not equipped for that sort of climb. If you want to press on, you'll need to return with better gear: a harness and ropes and as many pitons as you can carry (11).

You do notice, however, that the avalanche has revealed something more. You spot a lone survivor of a storm a short distance to the east: some sort of ruined stone structure jutting out from the ground. It's not too far off, and might be worth a look (12).

Rewards

Gain 2 collective .

New Scenarios: **Snowscorn Peak** (11), **Temple Entrance** (12)

65.2 • Unfettered Shard (41)

Some of the creatures flew off into the darkness, but you don't let that stop you. You return one broken piece to the altar, and a wave of light bursts forth, pushing

back the oppressive black wall. Yes, there—you see a creature holding another piece. It vibrates with wickedness, but you are undeterred.

Special Rules

Move the shadow walls three hexes to the left, then spawn one elite Deep Terror at (b). When this Deep Terror dies, instead of a loot token, it drops another piece of the altar.

In addition, spawn the following monsters at the listed locations based on character count:

Two Characters	Three Characters	Four Characters
(a): Two normal Deep Terrors. (b): Two normal Night Demons.	(a): One elite and two normal Deep Terrors. (b): Two elite Night Demons.	(a): Three elite Deep Terrors. (b): Two elite Night Demons.

At the start of each even round, instead of spawning Living Spirits, now spawn one Night Demon at (b).

It is normal for two characters, or elite for three or four characters.

Section Links

When the second piece is returned to the altar, read **17.1**.

65.3 • Crystal Enclosure (10)

From the outskirts of the spike clusters, you rush forward into the heart of them. Here even more Algox protect the largest of the conduits. One leaps forth and howls, and as she does so, ice forms around her, providing a protective shell. In her hands, the crystals form into wicked axes.

"May your frozen blood sing the song of our victory!" The Algox yells.

Special Rules

Open all doors (1). Place all characters and character summons, in initiative order, in the closest empty hexes on tile 16-A, then remove all doors and tile 13-A from the map.

Do not set up ice pillar (a) for two characters, or ice pillar (b) for two or three characters. Each ice pillar in this room has $4 + (L \times C) / 2$ hit points (rounded down).



66.1 • Ravens' Roost (32)

Before long, you emerge into a clearing. Here only one giant tree stands, but it is an old, barren thing, picked free of leaves and covered instead in flapping black wings. It's a nest—a writhing, fidgeting nest—and the birds call to you with a single voice.

Special Rules

The raven nest **a** has $3 \times C \times (L+2)$ hit points and $\text{☠} X$, $\text{☞} 10$, where X is $(L+1)/3$ (rounded up). It is an enemy to you and an ally to all monsters.

At the start of next round and each second round after that, spawn one Shrike Fiend at the raven nest. It is normal for two characters, elite each second spawning for three characters, or elite for four characters.

"Oh, here you are, slow walkers. Warm bodies. We've waited long for you."

You watch as shapes drop from the nest like overripe fruit: humanoid bodies swarmed with wings and razor beaks—

more of the fiendish humanoids from the fjords. They rise from the ground, gray bipedal creatures with clawed hands and grotesque feet, and fill the air with their screams. Well, you found your bird friends. Now to cleanse this place of the foul things.



66.2 • The Pass is Ready

"It's ready!" Pinter Droman shouts as he bursts into Satha's cabin, interrupting your meeting on the latest building projects. The excitable tinkerer opens his mouth as if to continue speaking, but only gasps for breath.

Satha leans back in her chair and winks at you. "What's wrong, Pinter, did you run all the way here from the Frozen Pass?" she asks with a smirk.

"No," Pinter wheezes, "I had to stop a couple times. But it's ready! The shortcut through the Frozen Pass is complete! I call it... Droman's Path!"

You helped Droman with this project on a couple of occasions, but you hadn't expected it to be done so soon. Thanks to a lucky landslide, Pinter's ingenuity, and weeks of backbreaking work, this shortcut could shave days off the dangerous trek through the Frozen Pass. Satha explained

why this was so important: A shorter trip means more traveling merchants coming to Frosthaven, which in turn means more life-saving supplies for the beleaguered outpost.

Satha laughs in delight, clapping the breathless Quatryl on the back. "Great work, Droman! We'll send for some of the braver merchants to give this a test run as soon as we're able." She turns to you with a smile. "You helped build this path as much as anyone; you should be there to celebrate when the first caravan rolls through!"

The mayor's grin doesn't falter, but you're pretty certain you detect an edge in her voice, and you understand the unspoken end to her sentence: "—in case anything goes wrong."

Rewards

New Scenario: **Caravan Guards** (116)

66.3 • Call of the Harbinger (56)

You expect it this time. As the altar crumbles beneath your blow, the shadow once again overtakes you, pushing you into the creature's dark home.

"A new morsel has arrived," it hisses at you. "You cannot hope to escape this place, so come. I welcome you into my embrace."

Special Rules

Place the destroying character in **a** or the closest empty hex to it and any of their summons and tokens in empty hexes adjacent to them.

The Harbinger of Shadow **1** is now active.

Section Links

When the Harbinger of Shadow is reduced to at most one third of its maximum hit point value (rounded down), read **100.2**.

Conclusion

Your ears fill with the sound of your own breathing: heavy, stinging, rib-pulling breaths. Your legs are full of acid, ready to seize, but you push through the pain and exhaustion, struggling to keep up with Moonshard. The shadows are close behind, reaching, stretching out. They will not let you leave, and even now, they claw at the edges of your mind, yearning for your fear. But then, all at once, you pass into open air and the cave behind you fills with frustrated screams. The fear is gone. The pain. You are beyond the terror's reach now, safe.

Outside the cave, it is late. Much time has passed since you entered the cave, and that sinks a lead ball in your gut. You realize just how lost you really were and that, had Moonshard not arrived when she did, you would not be alive.

Moonshard begins walking towards what you see is a circle of cloaked figures in the distance, all gathered around a small fire. You follow, and a voice calls out.

"How did you find them?" A female voice asks, anxious for news.

"Just like I said I would," Moonshard answers.

"In danger then."

"I believe my words were, 'about to get themselves flayed.'"

You move close to the fire and Crain hurries to one side, eager to warm his hands. His face is gaunt, skin paled. You have no idea what the Quatryl saw down there in the dark, but you hope it was not too much.

Looking over the fire, you can make out Moonshard's companion—a smaller Orchid—and you see that both her and Moonshard are quite old. The smaller one

sits on a traveling stool and inspects you with easy purple eyes. Behind her are half a dozen other figures, each roughly the size of a human, and each hidden beneath heavy, wool robes.

"I am thankful for your service, as always, my friend," the new Orchid says to Moonshard. And then to you: "We have waited very long to meet you. My name is Terra."

"Well, ah, thank you," he says. He rubs his swollen jaw, trying to hide his suspicion. "But how is it you knew we would be here? Even I didn't know where exactly we were going this morning."

"Because," Terra explains, "I have seen this moment in my meditations for the last two hundred years." Crain's eyes widen.

"We have been planning for a long time," Terra explains. "All in preparation for the days that are now upon us—for the emergence of the Harbinger."

At the mention of this name, the cloaked figures all rotate their heads to the east. One of them adjusts its hood, a long, bone-white hand emerging briefly and then disappearing back into its sleeve.

"Our friends here are part of our preparations," Terra says. She gestures to one of the figures and it comes forward. "They are the Shattersong."

The figure lowers its hood and reveals itself to be a Savvas of a unique and rather incredible form. Unlike other Savvas, whose bodies take on a variety of ochre or brown or slate, this one is made entirely of quartz that glimmers with the reds and yellows rising from the campfire. It would be beautiful were it not for its black eyes that stare at you with cold disregard.

"We have been helping them," Terra says and rises to her feet. Her movements

are slow, pained. It must have cost her a great deal to come here. "We have been fortifying this line of Savvas for generations now, providing them with only the purest of energy and sustenance and, because of that, the Shattersong are a lineage uniquely tuned to the thoughts and intentions of the Harbinger. Of malice and spite."

Terra shuffles around the fire, moving a little easier now. "But you." She raises her eyes, sharp beneath her arched brow. "You play a crucial role here as well. The Harbinger means to invade everything around us, to break through the seals that contain it." She nods to Crain. "But with your ingenuity," then to you, "And with your might and courage, we have a slim chance of stopping it."

"It's the best we can manage. The force we are trying to stop is far greater than any that exists on this plane. It is something of a miracle the Harbinger was ever bound at all, but there it sleeps, deep within the earth. In its dreams, it corrupts and plots its escape. Through its machinations, the seals grow weak."


Crain jumps up excitedly. "Yes, the seals! This is what I've been trying to tell them all along. Logren wanted to strengthen the seals, but we require a device made of star iron!"

Moonshard groans loudly. "Star iron is a myth used to lure gullible adventurers to their deaths. Don't worry, we'll get you the materials you need."

Rewards

Unlock  class box.

Section Links

Add section  140.3 to the calendar in one week.

Conclusion

The crystal shatters with one final strike and the metal construct falls to the floor with a crash. All around you, the

facility powers down, becoming silent as a tomb. You strip the place of as much metal as you can carry and head back to Frosthaven.

Rewards

Gain 5 collective .

68.1 • Xain's Gambit

Sure enough, Lurkers show extreme interest in polar bear meat. The proposition spreads by word of claw and Xain finds you on the street to deliver your gains, minus his fee.

“What did I tell you? Lurkers can’t get enough of that fatty polar bear steak!” A realization crosses the Orchid’s face. “I wonder if I can get the Algox interested in bottled seawater somehow...”

Rewards

Gain 50 collective gold.

68.3 • Depths of Delirium (27)

Special Rules

Do not set up altar **b** for two characters.



68.2 • Elemental Cores (66)

Entering the portal, you are met with smells of fallen leaves and decay. It has been a while since you last breathed in

such rich scents. The floor is crawling with vines, and boulders block a clear path. A powerful roar fills the air. Between you and the elemental core, a group of earth demons stand their ground.



68.4 • The Collection (87)

Conclusion

The chaos of the room subsides, and you free the two brothers from their restraints. One of them doesn’t look so great, but the other seems fit to travel.

“We must stop that monster!” One of the brothers pleads. “It steals the life force of its captives to prolong its own miserable life. I won’t rest until all those it has killed are avenged!”

He picks up a weapon off the floor and starts toward a door at the far end of the room. You grab him by the shoulder,

trying to calm him down. You explain that his brother needs medical attention and should be carried back to Frosthaven as quickly as possible. He nods, taking the task upon himself while providing you with directions on how to reach the Collector’s inner sanctum.

Rewards

Gain 1 inspiration, or 2 inspiration if both brothers survived.

New Scenario:

Collection’s Capstone **88**

68.5 • Puzzle Solution

With the stables full, Crain has been content to observe the creatures of the North and write his notes for the past few days—a pleasant break from his usual, much more destructive style of research. After many days, he finally calls you over to his workshop to give you a report.

“I think I am finally ready to begin construction on the device,” he says proudly. “With the help of everyone you have brought together for me, and getting nearly through Logren’s journal, I think I have fully grasped the problem and can, in turn, devise a proper solution.”

This all sounds great to you, but Crain’s expression isn’t quite as joyous as you’d expect.

“I just have one small problem remaining,” Crain mutters and holds up his hand. He averts his eyes in shame as his hand at rest twitches uncontrollably. You can’t believe you haven’t noticed before, but Crain’s whole frame trembles slightly.

“I could spend another month in recuperation,” Crain says, “but I fear we don’t have that kind of time. This needs to happen now, so I need one more thing from you—a good craftsman to help with

the construction. See if you can recruit someone capable of this job, and we’ll get this business with the Harbinger concluded.”

You’re about to object—to implore the Quatryl to put his own well-being above his research—but you see the determination in his eyes. Crain won’t back down until this is finished, so you need to help him get it done as quickly as possible.

Rewards

Turn to the next page in the puzzle book.

Conclusion

The weight of your enemies is incredible. Not their physical weight, though that too is immense, but the weight they exert on your sanity. They are everything. They are the shadow itself, gathered all around you, lashing out. Tendrils sting the air, narrowly missing your already bruised body. Claws and pincers lift from the ground, deflected with barely an inch to spare. You have no doubt that the Harbinger's corruption, the pure menace that it contains, is awesome. But then, there is strength in your side as well.

A fountain of prismatic light shoots suddenly toward the ceiling and the ring of monsters flinch all at once. Crain has found his position, and his device is active like you've never seen it. The varied spokes, the crystals and cylinders of liquid, have taken to the air and are hovering several feet from the tripod, each one shining with a fierce, eerie brightness. The room responds in kind.

An immense sigil, a glyph made of pale blue light, appears suddenly above the cavern floor. It flickers as if unwilling

to be summoned, but Crain's device is only warming up. The floating crystals and cylinders shift, some rising up, some lowering down, and in response, several more rings appear. These, however, are made of a dull sunny glow, like the light that the Shattersong reflect in the early mornings, and these rings vibrate with a heady, beating thrum.

The air in your lungs becomes warm. The spot in the back of your head settles. And the seal that holds the Harbinger at bay ignites into a renewed vibrant blue. All at once, new lines appear in the seal's design where before there were only vague shadows: a chain reaction that spreads all around the cavern, runes illuminating with ferocity. The ancient sorcery that keeps the Harbinger at bay is revived, poured into by Crain and the Shattersong's power.

The demons, who had been skulking away, now shriek as they try to flee. Some that were standing too near to the Harbinger's seal are ensnared and their bodies collapse suddenly inward. The sight would be disturbing if it weren't for the bloom of light that covers their gruesome

banishment. Within seconds the cavern is still, except for the new and constant thrum.

You lower your torch, partly out of fatigue but also out of relief. Crain comes to you, and, for a few moments, you both simply stare, watching the glory of it all.

Eventually Crain breaks the silence.

"We can do it," he says, no hint of his normal joking tone. "This really might work. Terra's plan. We just keep going, no matter what, we keep going." Crain considers his own words and when he speaks again there is a new sobriety in his voice, a new hardness. "But the next seal will be harder. It's not in an empty cave. It is near the Savvas source of life."

Rewards

Gain 1 prosperity.

New Scenario: **The Savvas Seal** 63

69.2 • Depths of Delirium (27)

Something about this place is sapping your strength at an alarming rate. A green pain creeping behind your eyes. Destroying the altars dulls it a bit, but then it just comes screaming back,

stronger than ever. You should not be here, but the only way to banish this agony is to keep moving forward.



69.3 • Call of the Harbinger (56)

The final altar crumbles, and the last of the shadow falls away from the creature. It is now exposed in both realms, and there is nowhere left to run for either side. It is time to finish this.

Special Rules

Place the destroying character in ① or the closest empty hex to it and any of their summons and tokens in empty hexes adjacent to them.

The two Harbinger of Shadow figures no longer share hit points. Harbinger of Shadow ① retains its current hit point value and is now active, but Harbinger of Shadow ② now has $Hx(C-1)/2$, where H is Harbinger of Shadow ①'s current hit point value. Harbinger of Shadow ② is no longer immune to damage. The Harbinger of Shadow is considered dead when both figures are dead.

Undead are a sure sign that nothing good lies ahead. The creatures dwell where death and decay linger. It comes as no surprise, then, that shortly after leaving the undead behind you find more corruption.

Huge mounds of discarded skeletons have been heaped on either side of this hallway—the remains of humans and Quatryls, left here to mold. The smell is intense. Stale blood and dry rot stings your throat, but you must move forward.

As you do, you notice that other things are mixed in with the dead. Bits of metal and glass glimmer in the low light: cracked mechanical shells and half-bent legs, old tools ruined and tossed away. This is a junk chute, a tunnel where refuse is left for time to pick over. But not everything here has accepted that fate. The bodies are starting to move.

Several pale shapes shake loose from the piles. Metal arms and legs scrape their way out and, before you can think, several machines manage to pull themselves free from the mass graves. They clamber into the hallway like awkward puppets, and just behind you comes the familiar sound of spirits returning for another fight.

Special Rules

At the start of each round, spawn one Living Spirit at any empty starting hex. It is normal for two characters, elite each second spawning for three characters, or elite for four characters.

Section Links

When door 2 is opened, read 81.5.



70.2 • Retires

“My power is waning,” the Boneshaper says distractedly. “The plane I draw life force from—it seems to be running dry.”

You give the Boneshaper a quizzical look and they sigh with exasperation. “It has nothing to do with me. These things just happen—worlds and planes grow, live, and die, just like you mortals. It just happens on a much larger time scale so you don’t notice it. I’m sure one day this plane will die, as well.”

They stare into the sky for a moment, lost in thought. “Regardless, I must leave for a time, to search out a new, vibrant plane to draw from. I should be back shortly.”

The Boneshaper stands and begins to fade from sight, before snapping back into focus and turning to you. “Shortly for me, anyway. You may be dead by the time I return.” They shrug and then disappear.

Section Links

Add 89.3 to the calendar in six weeks.

70.3 • Ancient Spire (15)

Conclusion

It’s over. The demon lies ruined beneath you, its life ebbing slowly out, but still, it speaks.

“Your efforts mean nothing. Our machinations are ageless. We will gather our power and turn this world to ash.” It’s glossy eyes swivel toward the tower above, and a terrible smile curls over its face. “Even now my kin prepare to destroy you mortal upstarts and your failed outpost.”

The demon tries to laugh but the effort pushes it over the edge. The creature’s body swells and then sinks down, breaking its physical barriers and dissolving into a slick of prismatic fluid that seeps through the grates below you, leaving only a greasy smear behind.

However, with the demon’s passing you notice that the machines—what few were still hanging on—suddenly drop to the floor, dormant. A connection, perhaps, between them and the infernal creature.

Taking stock of the chamber again, you find two points worthy of inspection. First is a stairwell leading down, where

a number of the automatons had been carrying their cargo when you first entered 23.

Second, the beam of light. Standing close to it, you can feel its sickly energy radiating outward, and yet there is a warmth to it that is not entirely repellent. It’s like some immense tropical waterfall flowing in reverse.

Acting on a hunch, you grab a hunk of ruined machine from the floor and toss it into the light. It hovers there, begins to fall, and then vanishes from sight. A second later, you hear a soft metal clang from somewhere up above, and you understand. Teleportation magic is a fickle thing, but if you decide to investigate the upper levels of this tower, at least you now have a way up 24.

Rewards

Gain 1 collective , 1 collective , and 1 collective .

New Scenarios:
Spire Basement 23 ,
Upper Spire 24

71.1 • Deadly Pastimes (85)

You stare down at the odd, star-shaped tracks in the snow. You've heard rumors of a creature that could make something like this, but what is it doing here? And, more importantly, how did it escape? Buried in the snow, you also find a small pack with a few provisions.

Special Rules

The character occupying or adjacent to hex **f** gains two loot tokens. Gain "Brummix" campaign sticker.

71.3 • Scrap Pit (35)

"No good, no good!" Crain laments. "I must have picked that pile clean on my last visit. But that one over there looks promising" He begins to trundle off into the darkness, and you prepare to make up for his recklessness.

Special Rules

Crain's current goal is now debris **c**, which is on the other side of door **1**. If that door is closed, Crain can enter and open it.

Section Links

At the start of any round, when there are three damage tokens on debris **c**, read **117.3**.

71.2 • Relief Effort (40)

Conclusion

When the battle is over, hardly a single shelter is left standing. Torn metal limbs, smoldering branches, and hundreds of iron bolts lay strewn among the wreckage. The machines have been put down, but the Snowspeakers have been pushed to the brink. Those that can walk shuffle around in shock, kicking the ruins of their crude shelters. Others just stand there and stare.

And yet, not all of them have fallen into despondency—one Algox still appears to have hope. She darts between the wounded, assessing each with the confident hand of a veteran healer, though she appears young. She's draped in a tattered leather parka, and her neck is adorned with half a dozen bead-and-bone necklaces that jangle when she moves. It doesn't take long for her to reach you.

"Oh the divine eye must still be on us. You arrived at just the right moment." The Algox greets you, introducing herself as Denpang. "I have a request to make of you."

It strikes you as odd that this Algox should act so warmly, especially since you played such a large role in her current predicament, but she has a certain optimistic bent that lends itself to quick trust. Or perhaps she can see the injury you carry—the scars that brought you here.

"Our current home, this camp, can't sustain us for much longer," she says,

"especially with those mechanical things lurking around. So I want you to help us find a place where we can be safe. Our legends tell of an island far out north in the Biting Sea, a place called Frai'd Tog—the Shining Land—that will give us shelter from the Icespeakers and the other dangers of the mainland."

You can't help but show a little skepticism, since, from what you know, there is nothing in the Biting Sea but salt water and death, and it would seem you're not the only one who thinks so.

An older Snowspeaker—one with a splinted leg and a missing left hand—shuffles up to the conversation.

"Frai'd Tog is a pup's tale, young one," he growls. "It is for telling on stormy nights when the wind blows strong. It is not real."

The young Algox just smiles harder.

"It is real. I know it's where we must go. I have studied the legends, and I believe I know how to get there. Please, will you help us? Will you help find the island and make sure it's safe for our arrival?"

Rewards

Lose 1 inspiration. Gain 2 additional loot cards each.

New Scenario: **Blizzard Island** **48**

71.4 • Flotsam (73)

Conclusion

"Scaleless fools!" The Fish King roars. "I will retrieve the final piece of the scale and then crush your sad little outpost. I'll crush everything!" He thrashes about the water in anger and then disappears beneath the waves.

You return to Lihrey, rowing the boat as quickly as you can back to Frosthaven. Luckily, you get him to a healer in time, but he's in quite terrible shape. He'll need to spend some time convalescing before he can help in retrieving the final piece of the scale.

Special Rules

The scenario is complete.

Rewards

Gain 3 collective **5**.

Section Links

Add **146.1** to the calendar in five weeks.

71.5 • Depths of Delirium (27)



There is no avoiding the chaos. Demon bodies spill over walls, slick limbs clawing over each other to breach your line, hundreds of greedy hands reaching, reaching for flesh and skin. Arrows fly into the horde like rain and evaporate. The enemy is relentless. Even as you defend one wall, another cries out for aid. Men and women shout, fleeing from demons that have breached your flank, and all the while, you must protect Crain and the Oak.

Now and then, you spot heroes rising above the madness. Satha, atop a crumbling roof, howling orders at her guard. Moonshard, flitting between the waves of carapace, splashes of black gore flying in her wake. Even Terra takes up the fight. She moves slowly and carries no weapon, but any demon that approaches her is cut down with the flick of her wrist, an unseen blade shearing their bodies in two.

Even still, the battle never slows. Armor breaks. Leathers tear. Swords snap against twisted carapace, and guards resort to their fists. Frosthaven fights with everything it has, and so do you. The few souls that populate this outpost, the hardened and lost, you all fight together, unblinking against a grisly tide.

At some point, you can't be sure when, there comes a pause. The constant chatter of shrieks and phantom screeches that fill your ears, tormenting you, suddenly eases, and a deep, primordial dread blooms in your stomach: a cold fear spreading. It is here.

You must protect Crain.

You turn. Move for the temple. Run. Faster. Faster still. You leap over dropped logs, maimed bodies. You race, you sprint, you charge for the doors—they are so close. But the ground swells beneath you and the temple of the Oak rises up. The earth itself,

the temple's courtyard, billows skyward, and then, like an immense barrel of powder thrown into a bonfire, it bursts wide. Brick and timber and stone explode, and debris crashes everywhere. Rocks sink through buildings like cold meteors. Human and demon bodies tumble like dolls. The Oak itself plummets to the ground a dozen feet away, completely uprooted, broken.

What stands in its place is impossible. What stands in its place wrenches at the base of your skull, upending a basic principle of this realm. A violation. A gargantuan gnarled limb, molded from abyssal black shell—a colossal, jointed obelisk—has burst from the ground, a spider's leg large enough to annihilate the entire outpost.

"It's only a part of it," says a weak voice—Crain. He's limping out from some nearby wreckage, his contraption now reduced to a single leg that he's using for support. "The seal is complete, but I couldn't stop this. A part of the Harbinger broke through. It's trying to destroy the seal."

The limb swings downward like a living tower and crashes through a line of guards, scattering them like sticks.

Screams.

Terror boils over, a black stew, smothering the flame of battle.

People drop their weapons and flee. This is an impossible fight. Terra was right: this force is beyond any mortal. No one could contend with such a thing. But if that's true, why are you marching toward it?

Frosthaven is nothing special. This place—an outpost—it's nothing but a few rough buildings huddled against the cold. It's a town for the weird and the lost, for people rejected from better places. It is no kingdom. No glory lives here and no bards to sing its

name. But Frosthaven is your home and you will not let it fall. No, you will not.

Special Rules

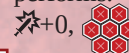
Relocate all characters, character summons, and Guard Captains from any of the outer tiles to the closest lettered hexes on tile 15-A, or the closest empty hex to them if they are not empty (e for tile 7-E, f for tile 11-E, g for tiles 2-A and 2-C, and h for tile 13-E), then remove these tiles and everything on them from the map.

At the start of each round, spawn one Burrowing Blade at g. It is normal for two characters, elite each second spawn for three characters, or elite for four characters.

Replace the tree with the Vestige of the Imprisoned God. It occupies all three hexes the tree did and is immune to forced movement. All its attacks can target figures at any range but are considered melee attacks.

Boss Special 1

The Vestige of the Imprisoned God performs:



Boss Special 2

The Vestige of the Imprisoned God creates 1-hex difficult terrain tiles in the hexes occupied by each character. If any of those hexes is already difficult terrain, it is replaced with hazardous terrain instead. Then the Vestige performs:



2, 2, all, 3

At the end of the round, any character who did not attack the Vestige this round suffers trap damage.

72.2 • Deadly Pastimes (85)

Though it's hard to tell at first, once you get up close, you see this poor adventurer is a woman, so clearly not the guy you're looking for.

72.3 • Furious Factory (109)

With the final console destroyed, the alarms have somehow become even more strident. The crystal briefly recedes beneath the ground, and then, a hulking contraption holding the crystal in its chest rises in its place. Of course it can't be easy

Special Rules

Replace the glowing orb with one Steel Automaton. It is normal for two characters, or elite for three or four characters. This is the Central Processor.

After searching the cages and not finding your quarry, you move deeper into the facility. You enter some sort of laboratory and find both of the brothers. They are tied down in the center of the room, a circular machine of flames and blades spinning between them. “I see you have found my

latest experiment: humans. They have proved to be the most valuable of all of my subjects. Not so willful.”

The two young men see you and cry out for help, while also trying to fight off the spinning death robot.



Special Rules

The Flaming Bladespinner cannot perform move abilities and is immune to forced movement.

Ⓐ and Ⓑ represent the brothers, allies to you and enemies to all monsters. Each has Cx(L+2) hit points and a base attack value of 4, cannot perform any move abilities and is immune to forced movement. At the start of each round, reveal one Boss monster ability card to determine their actions, with Ⓐ being lower than Ⓑ in initiative order for the purpose of focusing. Whenever they perform an attack ability, only brother Ⓐ performs it, unless he is dead, in which case brother Ⓑ performs it. If both brothers die, the scenario is lost.

Boss Special 1

One brother performs:

⚡+0

Boss Special 2

Brother Ⓑ performs:

⬆ 2, Ⓞ all allies, ➡ 2

73.2 • The Savvas Seal (63)

Conclusion

These Savvas will never relent. Not while you threaten to cut off the corruptive influence of the Harbinger. This evil force has spent centuries fostering these beings of rock, grooming them into an army. And now you will set them free with one fell swoop.

Crain's device has finished: the rings of white now hum above the Harbinger's seal and the ancient magic is recharged in full, turning a deep vibrant red. You expect the Savvas to keep coming, to lash out at you with even more fury, but something in them has changed.

With the seal now at full strength, the stony warriors move with less vigor. There is confusion in their eyes: confusion and pain. You've done something to their power. Then a noise—a shout—so loud it carries over the battlefield like a bell reverberating off the high dome above—

the Shattersong have spoken. One of them has just shouted a single word, but in a tongue you cannot understand.

The few of the Shattersong who helped carve the tunnel, move into the center of the dome. There is no ignoring them. They stand proud, their crystalline bodies pulsing along with the seal's red thrum, their dark eyes lifted up. Even the most grizzled Savvas stop and watch them.

With the source of corruption cut off, the Savvas now listen to their crystalline brethren as they explain the terrible will of the Harbinger and how the Shattersong live apart from its influence. The Savvas civilization is not doomed, but has been set free. There is confusion, of course, but also acceptance. The Shattersong resolve to remain here; to help lead the Savvas in a new direction away from malevolence that sleeps below them.

A moment later, Crain appears at your side, his large contraption folded under his arm. But there is a paleness to his skin and his eyes are wide with worry.

“About our discussion from earlier,” Crain says quickly. “I know where the third seal is, where the Harbinger is pouring all its energy.”

He shakes his head, seeming to search for another answer, hoping there is a mistake in his calculations. You tell him to say it, and so he does, low and in a hoarse whisper: “Frosthaven.”

Rewards

Gain 2 prosperity.

New Scenario:

Frosthaven Seal 64 Ⓞ ⚡

Conclusion

You aren't sure when it happens, when the thing—the segment of the Harbinger—stops. You only pause to breathe through the fire in your lungs and realize that the world has gone quiet.

The behemoth is still. Its body is a colossal, broken steeple. Sickly black slime oozes down its side. Its shell is cracked, dented, battered, feathered with arrows. It will fall. It will come crashing down directly where you stand but there is no running. The wounded lay scattered and they know it too—you all do. Your body is wasted. You can barely breathe, much less flee, and somehow this feels right. It is done. Frosthaven will stand. You just hope whoever the capital sends next, those unwitting souls, you hope they learn to love this place as you did.

The shadow grows. The abyssal body tips and falls and your mind goes back to your first day here. You remember Satha, how she smiled despite the flames. The Algox. The snow. You've never said anything before, but you've learned to appreciate the snow, especially on those quiet nights when everyone is asleep and the flakes fall big and downy like cotton, how they

sizzle in the guard's torches like so many whispering moths. You will miss it.

"Begone," a voice cracks. You open your eyes and see Crain and Terra. They're kneeling over the Harbinger's seal, their hands pressed down into the vibrant purple light, manipulating some remnant of Crain's device, re-engaging it. A burst of light pulses from where they're touching and spreads outward. The black obelisk, the falling immensity of it, slows, stops. It hangs, suspended only feet above you, held by the light of the seal.

The energy grows. It splinters over the obelisk, zigzagging arcane bolts, covering the slick colossus until the whole of it is vibrating with volatile energy. Standing this close, with your face tilted up: it's like standing next to an eclipse. The light grows. Everything shakes, cracks, and all at once the limb rips out of this reality entirely. Gone. In its place is dust and a cleaved shell.

For a time no one moves. Everything is ruined. Fire gutters in the distance. The outer walls are flattened and heaped with demon bodies. Clouds have gathered overhead, ambivalent to your struggle, and a new snow has begun to fall. Soon it will cover everything in a fresh, cleansing powder.

People stir. Guards lift their comrades from the dirt, slowly, cautiously, and seek out the injured. Fires are dowsed. Satha, limping but alive, barks orders and marches past.

Cooks make for the stores and emerge with casks.

Crain ambles over, slaps a hand against your back, but he says nothing. You both watch in silence. Here is a town, a tiny settlement, carved inch by inch out of the wilderness. For half of the year, it is cut off and wholly unreachable. It has survived demons and ghouls and every wild beast that walks the north. It has survived the wind and the storms and the darkness itself. And now you watch as, once again, Frosthaven rises.

Rewards

Gain 3 morale and 3 prosperity.
Gain 3 ✓ each.

Open the scenario flowchart window to the right of The Frosthaven Seal (64) and apply the sticker over the completed scenario.

74.2 • Upper Spire (24)

Well, it worked last time. You keep your eyes open this time so that you can see the new foes materialize around you.

Special Rules

Place any figure occupying a corridor on tile 8-A in any empty corridor hex on tile 4-B. From now on, whenever any figure enters a corridor hex on tile 8-A, after applying a numbered effect, place them in any empty corridor hex on tile 4-B (if able), and apply a numbered effect for it, as well. No figure can travel from tile 4-B to tile 8-A, and there is no line-of-sight or focus between rooms. Character summons on tile 8-A focus on the nearest empty corridor hex.

Section Links

When all revealed enemies are dead and any character occupies a corridor on tile 4-B, after applying any numbered effect, read 12.5.



74.3 • Unfettered Shard (41)

Conclusion

You plunge the final piece of stone back into the pedestal and the night demons are pulled back into their ancient prison. The room settles into renewed quiet.

With the shard now in your possession, you find little reason to stay in this part of the catacombs. You pocket your treasure and start the long journey back out of these tunnels.

Rewards

Gain 15 gold each.
Gain 2 collective . Gain "Coral Shard" campaign sticker.

Section Links

Read 36.7 now.

75.1 • Heart of Ice (4)

Read this narrative text if **Algox Scouting ②** is complete.

With the final group of guards dispatched, you move forward into the heart of the mountain. The central chamber opens like a cavernous maw, ice and blood and bodies writhing in battle. In the center of the room hangs an enormous shard of pearlescent ice, and for a moment, you simply stare at it. The shard rotates slowly in the air, held aloft by some otherworldly means. Clearly, a great power does reign here.

Your Algox companion steps forward, drawing looks of both terror and relief from those already in combat. Their eyes move over the chamber floor and lock onto a large figure standing on the other side: a huge Algox who has just emerged from another passage—the other chieftain, who tilts their head back and releases a long, angry roar.

Your companion roars back and the two chiefs charge and crash near the center of the room, blasting open a gap in the battle. Both are clearly more skilled than the other fighters, and each moves with a surety gained from authority. Thunder cracks around the Snowspeaker, and the

Icespeaker bludgeons the air and ground with brutal strikes.

You only get a few moments to observe the fight before you notice that several of the combatants are waiting to see what you do, but you can afford to wait no longer. If you're going to buy security for Frosthaven, you'll have to help finish this fight. It's time to pick a side.

Read this narrative text if **Algox Offensive ③** is complete.

You move up into the main chamber to see the two chieftains locked in mortal combat around the massive crystal of ice in the center of the room. The Algox behind you no longer give chase. They are waiting to see what you do, but you can afford to wait no longer. If you're going to buy security for Frosthaven, you'll have to help finish this fight. It's time to pick a side.

Special Rules

The Frozen Fist and Snowdancer are enemies to both you and each other. Draw a separate Boss monster ability card for each one each round. All other monsters cannot focus on or target either boss in any way, and vice versa. If either boss dies and the scenario goal is not fulfilled, the scenario is lost.



75.2 • Skyhall (19)

Scenario Goals

The scenario is complete when all six dark fogs have been destroyed. At the end of that round, read **58.1**.

No matter how many wraiths you destroy, the tide never seems to ebb. They rise like infernal vapor and come at you, each one more furious than the last.

“Something is wrong,” the chief huffs. “No Snowspeaker could control so many spirits. There must be something here that spurs their anger.” He raises his fists in the air and beseeches them. “Show me what is wrong, spirits. Please, tell me what I must do!”

The answer comes in fitting form. The ground shifts violently, your feet nearly sliding out from under you, and a huge shard of ice breaks from the ceiling, crashing into a pillar below. The icy plinth

shatters, but something is revealed beneath it—a glowing crystal of black ice jutting upward like a thorn.

“There!” The chief shouts. “They have corrupted Skyhall itself. We must purge their devilry. Destroy the pillars.”

Special Rules

Replace any one altar with dark fog.

All altars can now be damaged. Each has $Cx(L+2)$ hit points. They are enemies to you and allies to all monsters. Whenever any altar is destroyed, replace it with one dark fog.

Each dark fog has $Cx(L+2)$ hit points. They are enemies to both you and all monsters, with an initiative of 01 for the purpose of focusing.

75.3 • The Way Forward (38)

Special Rules

The emissaries on the spirit plane now focus on moving adjacent to the glowing orb.

Section Links

Return to **23.1** to reference its special rules, if necessary.



76.1 • Relic (79)

You still have a ways to go to get out of the cave with the cube. While you were dealing with the ice creatures, more of them were lurking around the exit, which malicious undead have now blocked with walls of ice. You realize you will need to use the cube to break through.

Special Rules

If sled **b** moves at least one hex and is blocked by either ice pillar **d**, then it destroys that ice pillar.

Section Links

When either ice pillar **d** is destroyed, read **85.3**.



76.2 • Black Memories (121)

You move into the final room of the crypt. As the psychic energy increases its pressure tenfold, you expect to confront the Mindthief, and perhaps another cobbled-together contraption.

Instead, you're faced with nothing. A dark room, empty, even of ghosts.

Upon closer inspection, however, you notice a darker patch in the floor. There's a hole. Its circumference is only large enough for one of you to descend at a time.

Section Links

The first time any character enters dark fog **a** or **b**, read **100.1**.



76.3 • Mindthief Found

It's been many weeks since you hired her, but Kefra the tracker finally returns to update you about her search for the Mindthief.

"I've found your quarry," she says. "Or rather, evidence of her. Around the outskirts of the city of Gloomhaven, far to the southeast, is an old burial mound called the Black Barrow. There have been reports of individual Vermlings behaving strangely, but the local colonies are avoiding the place. Travelers nearby have also exhibited the same symptoms as the guards the Mindthief was experimenting upon."

That sounds promising, but Kefra warns that the road to Gloomhaven is long and arduous. It may take extra time to travel there and back.

Rewards

New Scenario: **Black Memories** (121)

Everything is set. Crain's gyroscopic workbench is prepped. A vial of dark energy hums on his desk. And the device, the one that will create these symbols of power, is mounted inside the gyroscope, waiting to be charged. From here it looks like a ship's wheel bolted atop a tripod, but instead of wood, the wheel is made of all variety of crystal and glass and metal.

You and Crain are seated by the fire, texts and documents stacked all around as you try to unknot the final riddle from Project Source: the calibration instructions.

The workshop has been quiet for an hour, except for the occasional crackles from the fireplace, when suddenly Crain lunges up from his chair and lets out a groan.

"I've hit the wall," he says. "My brain is a bag of oats. It's bad now. Bad brain, that's

what I've got. Maybe it was those caves, you know? Not easy on the mind, all that hallucinating and whatnot."

He lurches over to the fire and prepares another pot of tea. You turn your attention back to the book. The riddle, you assume, was left as a sort of protection: a final bit of cypher to prevent the wrong person from replicating Logren's work. The cypher itself isn't terribly difficult, but you've not been able to figure out where to draw the reference material. You pull over Crain's notes and see if, somehow, it makes sense this time.

Rewards

Turn to the next page in the puzzle book.

"Willful, willful Lurkers! They have an abundance of stamina and intelligence, but accompanied by such willfulness! When I tried to drain their energy, their psychic power nearly tore me apart from the inside. Horrible creatures!"



Conclusion

The ice barrier shatters with a great ear-splitting crack and you look down through the hole to a chamber far below. A stone floor covered in strange runic symbols and a spiral of pedestals radiating out from its center—Skyhall, it would seem. However, it's much too far to simply jump.

"Ha! Finally it's open." You turn to see the Algox you rescued staring forward. She nods with a confident, satisfied frown. "Those foul Icespeakers cannot hope to keep this mountain now."

She bends down and grabs a handful of snow, testing it between her fingers. Satisfied, she brings it to her face and whispers. The white powder flies from her hand and swirls around her. Whirling like a miniature storm, the snow lifts her off the ground and carries her gently down through the hole.

"Ah," the Algox calls to you from below, "Are you not coming? Plenty more Icespeakers to kill."

On cue, the snow around you swirls into a great eddy of white and lifts you like a leaf, carrying you down through the

opening just like the Algox. As you float down, you get a grand view of the majestic open cavern that must be the Skyhall. It is a circular layout of stone seats with a raised platform in the center that holds an ornate altar.

The priest is doing something at the altar—perhaps praying—when you land, but she quickly turns and introduces herself as Lanprul, explaining the situation.

According to her, this mountain—Snowscorn—is a site of great religious significance to all Algox. However, the clans in the area are divided into two rival factions who disagree violently over how to communicate with their god. The Snowspeakers—led by the priest in front of you—believe their god speaks to them through the snow falling from the heavens, while the Icespeakers—or "dirt-lovers"—claim to commune with divinity through ice that emerges from the ground below.

Currently, the Icespeakers inhabit the mountain, but when their war party went out to attack Frosthaven and returned battle-weary, the Snowspeakers used the

opening to launch an attack of their own.

"But there is no more time for speech," she says decisively. "The battle must be raging in the mountain's heart, so if you want my help, we must head there with all haste." With that, the Snowspeaker chieftain turns and moves to a tunnel leading deeper into the mountain.

You're not sure which side you should take here, but you know this information is valuable. If you can help turn the tide in the Snowspeakers' favor, you might be able to broker a truce with the victors. You follow the priest deeper into the mountain, wondering whether this is what Satha had in mind.

Rewards

Gain 1 ✓ each.
Place map overlay sticker W on the map in location W (M7).

New Scenario:
Heart of Ice 4

Locked Out Scenario:
Algox Offensive 3

78.1 • Abael Stash

You open the chest and find all manner of books and art created by the Abaeli in their own language. You decide it's not worth your time to weigh yourself down with this stuff, but one piece of art does particularly catch your eye. It depicts a beautiful, expansive Abael underwater city and above it, completely and utterly dwarfing the city, a massive scaled serpent swims. This must be the Leviathan, but you got the impression that the thing was long-dead. This piece of art looks relatively new. It could be a bit of fantasy, of course, but it makes you wonder what giant, god-like creatures may still be down in the depths of the ocean.

78.3 • Corrupted Camp (39)

Special Rules

Reduce the Algox Guard's current hit point value to $(L+X) \times 2$ (if able), where X is the number of damage tokens on door 3.



78.2 • Glowing Catacombs (9)

You continue on, passing into the next chamber to find a narrow cavern where fallen stone has made it difficult to traverse. Here the green light is even stronger, and a warm breeze jostles the dead air. It's not entirely upsetting, this warmth, but you gird yourself nonetheless. Beyond your footsteps, there is silence.

Section Links

When any door 2 is opened, read 26.1.



78.4 • Garden Built

Once complete, the garden draws young and old alike to contribute to its maintenance. In the summer, it will grow arctic flowers and edible green tin-berries; in the winter months, root vegetables and squash.

Among the rows, you greet Listeritus, a Savvas who is busy tending to tea plants. Guiding you around, its rocky

face tranquil, Listeritus queries you about your collection excursions outside of Frosthaven. "If you'd like to plant a sample of what you find here, you will be able to propagate more of them for your use."

Listeritus is patient with your many gardening questions and ends the day brewing you a cup of tea. As a Savvas, Listeritus only consumes rocks, but it

enjoys the scent just the same. "It is transporting," Listeritus says, closing its eyes and leaning over the waft of steam, evidently glad for a break in a busy day.

Rewards

Add event SO-57 to the summer outpost deck and event SR-46 to the summer road deck.

79.1 • A Giant Block of Ice (72)

Conclusion

The giant sentinel's runes go dark as its lifeless mass collapses to the floor. Getting the ice block outside turns out to be much easier now that everything is not trying to "eradicate" you.

You load the bulky block onto the Cinnabar and Lihrey takes some time to inspect the ice-encased piece of the Leviathan scale. He uses his instruments to take some readings, then frowns and gives a little cough.

"This ice is magically imbued. I unfortunately cannot melt this here, I need to get this back to the workshop in Frosthaven." Melted ice here or melted ice back home makes no difference to you. You're just happy to finally rest after that endeavor.

Rewards


Gain 1 ✓ each.

New Scenario: **Flotsam** (73) 

79.3 • Collection's Capstone (88)

The next room holds several more cages filled with Lurkers. As you start to walk through the room, the cage doors swing open. The screeching noise swells as they skitter out toward you.

Section Links

When door ② is opened, read  25.1.



79.2 • Underground Station (96)


Conclusion

You rush down the staircase and away from the automated systems hell-bent on your demise. They stop where they stand, uninterested in chasing you farther underground. With no place else to go, you continue your way through the passages. You're about to give up and brave riding the rail line back home when the corridor opens into a wide lobby of sorts. Rushing around are small robots, scrubbing and polishing the metal floor to a pristine shine.

A set of elongated metal arms strapped to the ceiling pivots around, twisting and analyzing you from a distance. Satisfied with its evaluation, it addresses you in a modulated robotic tone: "UNCLEAN CONTAMINANTS WILL BE PURGED FROM THE PROGRAMMING CLEAN ROOM."

Rewards

Gain 1 morale. Gain 5 ★ each.

New Scenario: **Program Control Nexus** (97) 

79.4 • Puzzle Solution

A single row of metal shells—Unfettered brought back from your latest foray—lie arranged on the floor of Crain's room. Each one is damaged beyond repair, crushed or pierced, destroyed in battle or by the elements. He stands over them, scribbling in a book. An oil lamp on the floor casts his shadow against the far wall.

"Makes you wonder what else we've forgotten," he says. "Metallurgical technique," he taps an Unfettered foot with his lead stylus. "Automated mechanics," he taps a head. "The Unfettered were built by Quatryl some time ago. But their construction, how their limbs are joined, the way they move—that's all been lost. Look here." Crain turns over one of the machine's breastplates and shines his light where it's been pierced.

"This metal is treated." He angles the metal and it shimmers like fish scales.

"That's why they're so strong; why they don't rust. Logren mentions it in her study. She said her team used this treatment when they worked on the symbol of power." This is the first you've heard of such a thing, and it sounds like something that will require another quest.

"The symbol of power is everything," Crain waxes. "But it isn't an object at all. It's a symbol, a seal, and there's more than one of them. But they are created with an object." Crain leads you to his desk, where a drawing of a three-legged contraption is featured prominently.

"The symbols of power, the seals, are created with this device, but in order to build it, I still need a few things. The most pressing, I believe, is this." He pulls out Torfi's journal, turns a few pages, and taps on an illustration of a cuboid stone, a mineral of some sort. "Star iron."

Your eyebrow rises skeptically.

"I didn't name it—you can blame my ancestors for that. But I do have a way to detect it, so we won't be going in blind." He directs you to the far end of his bench where a small cage is sitting, all strung with cord and glass vials. You saw it when you first entered, but you'd taken it as garbage. "This can detect the metal within a relatively small radius. It's nearly ready. And I know it sounds risky, I know what's in the Copperneck Mountains, but—" Crain hesitates. His voice becomes low, serious. "There isn't a way around it. This will be hard, very hard, but we need to do it."

Rewards

New Scenario: **Life and Death** (61) 

80.1 • Fleeting Permanence (52)



80.3 • Guardian's Temple (110)

Conclusion

With a thundering explosion, the final rock column comes crashing to the ground and you can feel the electricity leave the room. The thundering, however, doesn't stop. The entire cavern begins to shake, stalactites fall, and you realize this whole cavern will soon collapse in on itself.

With what little time you have left, you leap forward and grab the scroll from the now defenseless altar, and rush back out the way you came. Everything crumbles right behind you as you race up to the surface, finally bursting from the mouth of the cave along with a heavy cloud of rubble and dust.

Rewards

Gain "Rose Gauntlet"
1075 blueprint.

80.2 • Change of Heart (55)

The Heart of Ice levitates in the air just as it did all those weeks ago—a great, pearlescent shard suspended just above the floor. It will need to be cracked open to drive the Unyielding Shard inside.




"You should not have returned," a booming voice calls out. You recognize the new Algox chieftain as the one who fought against your mission of peace. "This mountain is ours now. And we will not rest until you and all other heretics have been destroyed!"

Gurndel offers you the Unyielding Shard, her breath ragged from the fight. "We are too worn for this. You must reach the Heart of Ice and embed the shard yourself. We entrust you with this task, warm-bloods."

She hands you the relic and you feel its power surge through your limbs. A wave of clarity washes over your mind—a centering force that calms your breath and brings to you a new focus.

Special Rules

The large ice crystal has 4xCx(L+2) hit points. It is an enemy to you and an ally to all monsters.

If the  class box is unlocked, set up the  miniature and use the Snowdancer boss stat card. Otherwise, set up the  miniature and use the Frozen Fist boss stat card. For the purpose of its abilities, the Boss treats all elements as strong.



80.4 • Ancient Coin

You settle into a booth at the Boiled Crab tavern, ready to reveal the mysterious coin you found to the Vermling proprietor, Dinah Snapclaw. Before you have a chance to get her attention, your almost-friend Xain catches your eye. He rushes over, excited.

"Oh wow—you found one, didn't you? I can see it on your faces. You found one of those pirate treasure coins?" You place the ancient coin you found onto the table and

his jaw drops. He hollers to Dinah across the room. "Look what they found! One of those coins! We're going to be rich!"

You join Dinah in frowning at Xain. "What? Would we even be this far were it not for my expert matchmaking? That's what businesspeople call a 'finder's fee'. Look it up!"

She ignores him, scooping the coin off the wooden table. "Let me see. Hmph.

Yeah, this is one of them." She drops it unceremoniously back onto the tabletop, then loudly clears her throat as she walks off to service another table.

"Oh, she's excited. That's her excited walk." Xain rubs his hands together, looking at your party across the table. "What are you going to spend your share of the treasure on? Because I actually have a business idea I've been meaning to tell you about..."

