

Conclusion

The Icespeaker chief, his body immense and heavy, finally crashes into the ground. His frozen fists shatter like glass. For a moment there is silence.

"You have helped us reclaim what is rightfully ours," a voice says. It's the Snowspeaker chief, her brow bleeding. "Now you must tell me why you did it."

Seeing no alternative, you opt for honesty: You say that you've come here in response to the Icespeaker attack on Frosthaven on a mission to secure the town's safety. You'd hoped that by helping the Snowspeakers, you'd be able to broker some sort of alliance, or at least a truce. You're not sure how sincere this all sounds with so much blood covering your clothes, but you do your best to put on a straight face.

"We have no quarrel with the human town," the Snowspeaker chief says. "In return for your aid, for now you will have no trouble from our tribe. Yet we cannot predict what the Icespeakers will do. If you wish for safety, help us do away with these blasphemers once and for all. Before we came here, we spotted a group of Icespeakers north of the Whitefire Wood. What they're doing there, we do not know, but they will launch a counterattack if we do not intervene. I charge you then: kill those who wish us harm, and we will see about this peace."

Seeing peace within your grasp, you agree to the terms.

"Chief Lanprul," one of the Snowspeakers yells from the restless crowd. "We do not need these soft, tiny creatures to defeat the Icespeakers! Geryuu is on our side!"

The chief wordlessly raises her chin, a menacing blue light grows around the tips of her fingers, and the grumbles stop. She considers you again, and comes to another decision.

"These warriors are here by the will of Geryuu, and it would be foolish not to use their aid. But one of our champions will aid them in this fight," she says, "as any good alliance requires both sides to be tested."

Rewards

Unlock ★ class box.

New Scenario: Frozen Crypt (5)

Section Links

Immediately read □ 63.1.

22.2 • Avalanche (6)

"It's just snow," you keep telling yourself. You've faced the giant Algox, packs of wolves, and far worse threats on your journey so far. You will not let snow defeat you. You won't even entertain the possibility.

Special Rules

Remove all snowdrift and snow rock tiles from tiles 2-E and 2-G before setting up tile 13-A.

Each (a) is an escape hex.



22.4 • Deadly Pastimes (85)

Hoping to discover some passage out of this small valley, instead you just find a dead-end. But there is a suspicious patch of snow on the far side.



22.3 • Vermling Siege

You rally the troops, massing them behind the gate. When the alarm bell rings, the doors open and Frosthaven's finest flood through the opening. They charge at the Vermling extortionists like their lives depend on it.

Morale > 15: -10 ★

75 ◉3

No buildings are damaged during this attack. Instead, for each target that is unsuccessfully defended, lose 3 morale. If you fail two or more, Wreck four buildings randomly by drawing from the building deck.

A guard draws his blade from the neck of a Vermling. The leader with the orange feathers is nowhere in sight, and the majority have fled back into whatever burrows they came from. They won't consider Frosthaven such an easy target in the future.

Rewards

Do not resolve an outpost event this week.

Standing next to the altar is like standing in the path of a storm. The black smoke darkens the air, making everything damp and clammy.

Gurndel and Barduu huddle against the altar as more corrupted beasts emerge from the woods. You expect them to swing a weapon or else strike at the altar with some spell, but instead, Gurndel simply raises a hand to the black smoke. Her eyes go blank, and her body becomes still as death.

Barduu shouts to you.

"We must fight the corruption from within. We need your help inside, but some must stay here and protect our physical forms from these beasts."

With that, she too raises a hand to the cloud and then falls, her eyes turning a milky white.

You must choose: some of your party must fight in the other realm and some must remain here and protect the emissaries.

Special Rules

a and **b** on tile 1-F represent the emissaries on the spirit plane. The **a**s are counterparts, as are the **b**s, sharing the same allies, enemies, initiative, conditions, and hit points. On initiative 99 each round, the emissaries on the spirit plane perform **C** 2, focusing on moving toward and opening door **②**. The emissaries on tile 15-A no longer act.

Whenever any character is adjacent to altar **c**, they may transfer to the spirit

plane. Place one of their character tokens in their hex, then place their figure in **b** or the closest empty hex. All character tokens on the map share the same allies, enemies, initiative, conditions, and hit points as their character, but do not act.

Set the round track to the first round. At the start of each listed round, spawn the following monsters at the listed locations based on character count:

Round	Two Characters	Three Characters	Four Characters
2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, etc.	d and e : One normal Hound	d and e : One normal Hound at each.	d and e : One elite Hound
4, 7, 10, etc.	e : One normal Polar Bear	d and e : One normal Polar Bear	d and e : One normal Polar Bear

Section Links

When door **②** is opened, read **75.3**.



surprises lying in wait. Near the doorway you find a series of small indentations set in the floor that glow with a faint blue light. You dust them off and study their strange luminescence, realizing that the indentations are shaped much like the automatons' feet—conduits, perhaps, some way for the machines to regain power. But if that is true, then there must be a power source.

Conclusion

How long has this place been hidden, buried and forgotten by the rest of the world? And how could these metal creatures still be functioning after all that time? It gives you pause, this line of questioning, because to answer it would upturn your understanding of history entirely. Perhaps, then, you should keep your thoughts on present matters.

You search the preserved room carefully, minding that you don't trigger any

metal cord buried underneath the stone floor, and those cords in turn run farther into an eastern passage. That path is dark, however, and there's no telling how many automatons wait at its end.

Rewards

Gain 15 ★ each.

New Scenario:
Temple of Liberation **20**

Conclusion

While destroying machines doesn't quite provide the same satisfaction as, say, slaying monsters, there is a certain pleasure in returning the room to silence; libraries should be quiet, after all.

Looking around, you find that the room has held up better than you'd first thought. The shelves are packed with books, and many of them are still quite legible, though their pages are brittle to the touch. You while away some time browsing, and discover two particularly illuminating texts.

The first is an unusually shaped book, much taller and wider than the others. Taking it down, you find within it a complex series of diagrams—maps, you realize—that lay out a portion of this complex. You find the library, demarcated by a scribble of ink and, from the library, you can see two avenues branching outward: paths leading to what must be the central core of this place. The map shows an immense inkwork of intricate, almost knotlike design: thousands upon thousands of lines and shapes all leading toward some great labyrinthian chamber. You turn the page yet again and inside that chamber you find another, smaller room made in a triangular design. The script below the map is confusing, but it looks similar to the common word for ‘thought’.

The second book is even more helpful, though at first you take it for junk: the cover is dry, cracked leather, and half the pages have been cut out. The pages that remain offer only a dense, tight script written in a language far older than any spoken today. You are about to toss the

book aside when a voice makes you freeze.

“I say, you've found one of my favorites there.”

You turn and find a Quatryl, short, dressed in rags, shuffling through the far door with a heavy ball and chain shackled to his ankle.

“Of course, I've borrowed the best section on something of a long-term loan,” the Quatryl laughs and fishes from his shirt a sheaf of folded paper. “I'll let you read it if you get me out of this thing.”

You go to the Quatryl's side and, with a bit of effort, help him out of his restraints. You learn that he is an academic named Crain Tallengyr who ventured down here one year ago on an ill-advised solitary exploration. He was eventually captured by the machines and has been kept prisoner ever since.

“They're quite rude really, but they are an impressive force. Being their unwilling companion all this time, I have learned quite a bit about the Unfettered.”

You interrupt to ask about the name, ‘Unfettered.’

“Fascinating isn't it? That's what they've named themselves, these machines. A bit melodramatic if you ask me, but I suppose it fits. Their origins are actually hidden in that tome you were about to toss.” Crain unfolds his sheaf of papers and shows you more of the cramped, eye-glazing text. “The language is archaic, but I've been able to glean the general idea from the illustrations. I believe that these

machines were once used as a source of cheap labor. To what end, I am less certain, but, as their name suggests, the Unfettered work for themselves now. More troubling, however, is that they appear to be planning something, perhaps an assault if you want my opinion, and judging by their numbers, I don't know that any force aboveground is prepared to take them on. I believe therefore, that we, or rather you, may be the only party able to intervene in time. I can direct you toward their central chamber.”

There is no need for deliberation. Having fought what machines you have, you're confident in Crain's analysis: if you can stop the Unfettered from attacking the land above then you have to try. The only question then is how to proceed. Unfortunately, all this excitement has clearly caused the Quatryl some stress. He groans and holds his head.

“Oh my, I think I need to lie down for a bit...” Crain stumbles and collapses to the ground. If you want any more information out of him, it's probably best to bring him back to Frosthaven and give him some time to recover.

Rewards

Gain 10 ⚡ each.

Locked Out Scenario:
Rusted Tunnels 25

Section Links

Add **169.3** to the calendar in four weeks.

Not wanting to cross that river again, you push through another soft wall and into a familiar-looking cavern.



You enter the control room, filled with different gadgets that beep and click. The Collector hums with energy as he speaks “So much life, wasted in your fruitless pursuit. But that is no matter, as you have brought your own juicy forms to me. I would have preferred to not get my own hands dirty, but your persistence just proves your hardiness.”

So close to the Collector, you take note of his fractured, decaying form. The rocks that form the Savvas’s body are cracked and crumbling, held up only by a shimmering aura of magical energy. It is both beautiful and hideous.



25.2 • Trading Post Built

“Guys, guys! This is all a misunderstanding!” Xain, an acquaintance who always seems down on his luck, pleads as two guards push him unceremoniously into the tent of the new trading post. Mayor Satha is waiting inside, arms crossed.

“Mayor! I was just coming to see you, actually—I’d brokered a deal, a... a fantastic deal! The Abaeli are willing to polish the town guard’s weapons for a price you wouldn’t believe. I’d just finished packing up the armory and was going to surprise everyone tomorrow morning—”

“And did you think that the Abaeli wouldn’t attack while all of our defenses were off being ‘polished’?”

“No, they were... I mean, it was really an excellent price...” Xain meekly trails off, realization settling in.

“I have put up with your harebrained schemes in Frosthaven for long enough.

This here?” She gestures around the trading post tent. “This is your penance. You will put that entrepreneurial spirit to work. You will receive shipments. You will sell goods. Honest goods.”

Xain looks mortified. “But... but for how long?”

Satha brushes past him on her way out of the tent. “Until I say otherwise. And if you screw this up? I’m marching you out of Frosthaven myself.” She nods at you in passing. “Look, it’s your first customers.”

“Oh, uhm. Hello.” Xain gives you a sheepish smile. “Welcome to the trading post?”

Rewards

Add event WO-80 to the winter outpost deck, event SO-61 to the summer outpost deck, and event WR-41 to the winter road deck.

Special Rules

At the start of next round and each second round after that, spawn one Savvas Lavaflow at **a**. It is normal for two characters, elite for each second spawning for three characters, or elite for four characters.

Boss Special 1

The Collector performs:

E+0
A+1, (**E**:+1 **O**), (**A**:**T**), (**E**:**W**)
C:**W**, **O** all, **G**+1
W, **F**, **W**, **W**

Boss Special 2

The Collector performs:

E+1
A+0, (**E**:+1 **O**), (**A**:**T**)
C:**W** C, self
E:**W** 1
W, **F**, **W**, **W**

25.3 • Haunted Vault (17)

You press down on the two matching plates and the far door unlatches. You move forward, but something has shifted in these catacombs. You feel it before you see it: a creeping tendril of frigid air reaching out behind you. You turn to see an icy spectral figure looming high overhead, while at the same time a deep lamenting moan escapes from the newly opened room.

Section Links

When door **③** is opened, read **262.3**.



26.1 • Glowing Catacombs (9)

Passing through the narrow chamber, you reach what must be the end of this path. A room extends out before you, the whole of it bathed in the unnerving green glow. At the far end you see the source: a giant door covered in gears and unintelligible runes. It stands like some warded vault, pulsating vibrantly while a viscous emerald ooze seeps from its cracks.

Had you more time, you would stop and investigate closer, take samples of the slime for study. But time is short. As you stand there, a breeze lifts and pushes against you. A foul wind. A warning.



26.2 • Here There Be Oozes (84)

Conclusion

Ooze drips and dangles from the ceiling, slides down the walls, and lies generously splashed about the cave floor, glistening in the torchlight. Covered head to toe in the gunk, you scoop a handful from your eyes and spend a brief moment just absolutely hating life.

So you quickly act, collecting a sample of the goo in a glass vial. Given its unique properties, who knows if it might be useful later? You also take note of an interesting looking skeleton that was released when the creature dissolved. It appears to have the build of a deer, but with a tapered, almost

beak-like skull, resplendent pink horns, and star-shaped hooves. Truly magnificent.

And then some slime gets caught up your nose, and you remember how deeply you desire to get out of this cave. Luckily, you encounter a creek on the way back to Frosthaven and start washing off the gunk. You see a few sheep grazing nearby and give them a knowing thumbs up.

Rewards

Gain “Ooze Vial” [234]. Gain “Brummix” campaign sticker.

26.4 • Random Scenario

You retrieve a hand-held mirror with an elaborate silver frame, thinking, if nothing else, someone in Frosthaven should be willing to pay something for it. When you look into its reflective surface, however, you don't see your own image staring back at you. Instead, it shows you an image of yourself walking out the main gates of Frosthaven. You watch the mirror for

a while as the image treks through the wilderness, eventually arriving at a cave filled with treasure. Looks like something worth investigating.

Rewards

New Scenario: **Ice Cave [111]**

Special Rules

Open all doors **2**.

Switches **a** can be targeted by character attacks. Whenever either switch is attacked, regardless of damage, it is considered activated.

At the start of each round, any switch not activated spawns one Ooze. It is normal for two characters or elite for three of four characters.

26.3 • Ice Floes (22)

You drive the Lurkers, chittering and clawing, from your ship, but there is no peace yet. Below deck, you hear more creaking and crashing, as if your boat is being torn apart from the inside.

Special Rules

Border hex **a** is a stairway to below deck and can now be entered.

Section Links

The first time any character enters **a**, read **41.2**.

26.5 • Puzzle Solution

Section Links

If **Glowing Catacombs [9]** is complete, read **124.1** now.

If **Temple of Liberation [20]** is complete, read **127.1** now.

27.1 • Algox Scouting (2)

Dodging boulders on the side of a mountain wasn't quite how you imagined spending the morning, but you make it to the overlook without getting crushed. However, just before you pull yourself over the final ledge, a voice carries over the wind, stopping you.

"Foul ice-pissers!" It shouts in a deep, commanding cry. "You're nothing but petty blasphemers twiddling in your caves."

You make it over the ledge and see the owner of the voice pinned between two boulders: she's clearly an Algox, but she is dressed much differently from the brutes who were just hurling boulders at you. Larger than her male opponents, she wears ornate battle garb that marks her as a prominent member of a different faction. She turns to you with snarling hatred, but softens when she realizes you're not friends of her enemies.

"Quickly then, warm-bloods—help me fight these dirt-lovers. Aid me, and I swear to aid you." Her hand, though pinned, glows with a crackling blue energy.

Special Rules

The Algox Priest is an ally to you and an enemy to all other monsters. If all revealed enemies are dead, the Algox Priest focuses on moving toward and opening door ②. If the Algox Priest dies, the scenario is lost.

Section Links

When door ② is opened, read **6.1**.



27.2 • Derelict Elevator (16)

What were once pebbles now are stones and cracked brick. Fist-sized hunks of rock have begun to fall from above and then crash loudly onto the metal floor; it seems the shaft is collapsing. You keep clear of the shower, but now more debris is beginning to fall elsewhere.



Section Links

At the start of the seventh round, read **44.2**.

Special Rules

Place one debris in each ①. Any figure occupying ① suffers trap damage and is placed in the closest empty hex.

Spawn two Ruined Machines at each ② and one Ruined Machine at each ③. These are normal for two characters, elite at ④ for three characters, or all elite for four characters.

Set up tile 1-D as depicted. This tile follows the same rules as tile 1-B. Place two damage tokens to the right of it (i.e. it is currently two floors lower than tile 15-D).

Pebbles rain down at ⑤. This has no effect yet.

27.3 • Sacred Soil (69)

Conclusion

Carrying a case laden with soil samples from all about the forest, you trek back to Liseritus' humble abode and sit to enjoy one more cup of tea as it sets about examining the samples. Using an array of magnifying glasses, Liseritus peers down at the soil, picking at it with tweezers, muttering, and scribbling notes.

Not even breaking from its work, Liseritus breaks the silence. "This is going to take longer than I thought. I will send for you when I have an answer."

Rewards

Gain 1 \$, 1 ⚒, and 1 ⚔.

Section Links

Add **15.4** to the calendar in three weeks.

28.1 • Mysterious Crate

You bring the crate you found to Eddica at the library. After a few hours' wait she's combed every inch of it against a growing stack of reference books. She mutters something concerning under her breath.

"Well, that can't be right. Must be a coincidence..." It's another four hours before she speaks again, shutting a book loudly enough to wake you from your light dozing.

"Not a coincidence." She gathers you around her desk to walk through her findings. "I think someone may be trying to make a new Valrath." She pushes up her red-rimmed glasses. "Droman's right; the crate is built with materials and craftsmanship from the Eastern Continent. But most concerningly, elkwood and Kivak fat are resistant to elemental energy—*demon energy*."

She taps the horns coming out of her head. "Valraths like me were originally created from the infusion of demon blood into humans—my people are the byproduct of corruptive meddling with genetics. It seems someone is trying to do the same thing here." She stands and straightens her skirt, then gently scoops the cracked egg out from inside the crate to hold it up for examination. "But with... *Lurkers*."

Rewards

Gain 10 ★ each.

Do not resolve an outpost event this week.

Section Links

Add 28.1 to the calendar in three weeks.

28.2 • Algox Offensive (3)

Their numbers are thinning. If you can just get past this line, you should be able to push through into the heart of this place.

Special Rules

Each a is an escape hex.



28.3 • Flotsam (73)

Making your way through the floating remnants of the Cinnabar, you note the odd timing of all of this – the swift destruction of the ship followed by the sudden appearance of these fishmen. They must be after the second piece of the scale, but how could they command the sea like that?

Special Rules

Replace all doors 1 with corridors as depicted.

Section Links

When any door 2 is opened, read 143.1.

28.4 • Crain's Expedition

Crain's research crew finally returns from their expedition late in the evening. The archaeologist is overjoyed and begins chattering about his discoveries to anyone who will listen.

"It was marvelous! Oh, the incredible things in that complex could fill a lifetime! It's amazing how much work you can get done when you're not locked in a cell. We must return as soon as we can resupply!"

The guards who had accompanied the researcher don't look quite as thrilled about the prospect of another long journey with the prattling Quatryl.

Rewards

Gain one random item blueprint.

Return one S card and one +20 card to the town guard deck.

Add one +1 sticker to one ⚔ loot card (the card gives one extra ⚔ when resolved).



29.1 • Old Coin

Your scrutiny of every looting opportunity has made sure you don't leave a scrap of gold behind, but it isn't turning up the ancient coins you're looking for in this case.

Rewards

The looting character gains X gold, where X is how much gold one money token is worth at L+1.

29.3 • Aesther Outpost

"Your assistance... is needed," the faint whisper of Voice-of-Eight slips into your mind, though they are nowhere to be seen. "Please... hurry..."

Rewards

New Scenario: Core Attunement (67)

29.4 • Fleeting Permanence (52)



29.2 • The Tempus Forge (106)

With the elemental locks destroyed, you push the iron gate aside and enter the forge room. Before you stands the blacksmith, a human unnaturally corrupted by demonic forces. This whole place must be corrupted, used for some dark purpose that you have interrupted.

The blacksmith doesn't say a word. He just roars with anger and charges.



29.5 • Puzzle Solution

You find Crain much as you left him—cloistered in his small room, surrounded by his surreptitiously begotten books and muttering to himself. However, unlike last time, he's up and moving around.

"My pugilistic chum!" He says when you knock on his door frame, "What a pleasure to see you again so soon! Have you already cracked the cipher then?" The Quatryl clicks his tongue and examines your findings. He mutters, looks at his own notes, which are now nailed to the wall.

"Ha!" Crain shouts. "Fancy that. Look here." He tears down one of his sheets and brings it over. On it are several lines of the ancient numerical system apparently copied directly out of the source text. Using your new system, he translates a few of the lines and ends up with a fairly basic equation that he solves without trouble.

"You've done it then," Crain says with a bit of guarded surprise. "Had you marked as a fighter through and through, but seems there's a scholar trapped beneath all those muscles." He lets out a high,

Special Rules

The City Guard is the Blacksmith. It has HxC hit points. At the end of each round, the Blacksmith performs ♦ 2, self; ♦ 1, ◎ all characters, ♣ 5, ♦, then all characters suffer ✶ 1.

cackling laugh that carries on far too long. You wonder when the last time he got some fresh air was, and ask as much.

"Fresh air? There's no time! We have the numbers—the numbers! Now I can get to work on the alphabet, then we'll know what secrets hide in this book." He holds up the musty tome and a few pages fall onto the floor.

"Which reminds me." He retrieves another slip of parchment from the wall and hands it to you. This one is scrawled with a section of text copied in the lost language. "Let's see how you do with this. Take note, there are some scribbles there in the corner concerning two unrelated words. Something about ancient technology. Not sure about any of it, but if you have two words that fit there, it might lead to something else."

Rewards

Turn to the next page in the puzzle book.

Crain's shed is dark and utterly silent. Not five minutes ago, you heard screams coming from inside along with the sound of wood and glass crashing. But now that you're here, everything is quiet.

"I haven't seen him for days," Satha says next to you. "Figured that was normal though." She lifts her lamp and casts a beam around the darkened shed. The place has been ransacked. Crain's books and shelves are all scattered on the floor. His tools are everywhere, some of them stuck into the wall like throwing knives. In the center of it all lies the remains of some new contraption, now reduced to bent metal sheet and broken glass. You recognize three shattered domes that came from the alchemist, along with samples that Crain gathered from the energy sites.

"It hungers," a voice whispers. Satha flashes her light into the rafters and a shadow dashes away.

"Crain?" She shouts.

"It hungers for ruin-Nah." Crain skitters behind you and then over to a far corner. He crouches there, wrapped in a dark-stained sheet. Satha trains her light on him and you both approach slowly. "It lies deep, deep, beneath the soil, black-ack soil, rich, waiting to rise. I found it. FowuNd it."

"What did you find, Crain?" Satha asks.

"The bringer of ruin, fools—the abyss. It's bound in the ropes. The one who waits. No more. It's waking up now. Waking!" Crain turns and leaps at you, arms spread wide. The scholar is fast. His long hands scrape at your face but you hold him off. He thrashes, reaching for your eyes, spewing gibberish.

"It yearnsto wake! Sewtheseed-burnthesky-vastnessofnightforeverdarkpainandruin andnothing—" Satha cracks her fist

into Crain's jaw and he falls to the floor, stunned. She holds him down while you bind him in the filthy sheet. It reeks of lamp oil and fever sweat.

"He'll need time," Satha says. "Seen plenty of winter madness, but this ain't it. May take a while to turn around. He'll need some better quarters for a spell, and none of this research business."

Crain groans weakly in your arms. He is glassy-eyed, mumbling to no one. "Yes, new quarters would be nice. A tavern perhaps. The mutton sandwich is 79 after all. Too bad we cannot stop it, though. It will consume everything."

Rewards

Do not turn to the next page in the puzzle book. Instead write the solution to the next puzzle on the same page.

30.2 • Algox Offensive (3)

You duck and weave, winding your way through the battle, dodging arcane blasts and enormous Algox fists, but you manage to sneak through without losing your head. Unfortunately, there are many more Algox standing in your way.

Section Links

When door ② is opened, read **28.2**.



30.4 • The Lead Door (103)



30.5 • Tower of Knowledge (134)

Special Rules

Spawn one Shrike Fiend at the closest nest, which the Shrike Fiend treats as a corridor. It is normal for two characters or elite for three or four characters.

30.3 • Raised by Wolves (112)

Conclusion

After a quick sweep of the cave, ensuring no more demons are around, you begin to make your way back outside. The wolves all wag their tails and howl, a victorious call for their hero. You kneel to say goodbye to Wolfie, who licks you and lets you pet its belly. Then you stand up and leave Wolfie behind, heading back to Frosthaven with a single tear in your eye.

Rewards

Gain 15 ★ each.

30.6 • Puzzle Solution

"It's troubling," Crain says. "Troubling." You find the quatryl in his quarters, sulking behind a newly made desk, cobbled together from scraps of wood and the legs of his bed. He's poring over your work on the cipher, but it doesn't seem to be the breakthrough he was hoping for.

– Continued on next page.

30.6 (cont.) • Puzzle Solution

"You sorted their letters," Crain says. "I much appreciate it, but your solution just leads to more problems. It seems the author of this tome has taken steps to shroud their work in deeper levels of obfuscation." Crain stabs his quill into his ink pot and slouches back in his chair.

"It's not complicated by any means, just time-intensive," he says. "I've got the title at least: Project Source, by Mistress Torfi Logren. It appears to be a research journal. These Quatryl researchers were investigating some phenomena in the North. I can't say what they were looking for, but this section here."

He holds up the tome, open to a page with a very small, very crude map surrounded

by text. "This tells of an experiment at the largest of a series of spires. They were apparently built not too far from here. But the experiment, I don't know. All I have is this."

Crain hands you a small scrap of paper that shows a diagram of sorts. "I'm sure you won't have any trouble working out what it means. See if you can find this large spire and get to the bottom of it."

Rewards

Turn to the next page in the puzzle book.

31.1 • Blizzard Island (48)



31.2 • The Collection (87)

You rush into the next room, but the Collector is long-gone, apparently fleeing from the commotion you caused.

As you look around the cage, a voice crackles above you. "Who are these new morsels that have wandered into my web? Normally I need the Algox to go find my subjects, but you saved me the inconvenience. So diverse and succulent... Let's run some new experiments!" And that's when you see the giant automaton lumber out from one of the cages.

Special Rules

Door ④ is locked and will unlock when doors ② and ③ have been opened and all revealed enemies are dead.



31.3 • Jeweler Built

As the jeweler's opens its doors, you feel particularly proud of its construction. At the worktables, craftspeople are absorbed in examining gemstones under magnifying glasses, and standing at kilns or with blowtorches, melting precious metals into fantastic shapes. Their nimble hands seem to weave an air of sophistication into Frosthaven. One Vermling jeweler approaches you, showing off a black opal he's set into a broach.

"What do you think?" His face tucks shyly against his vest. "I've been scouring the coast for these opals, and now I finally have a use for them." He tells you he plans to sell them, then send the proceeds to his family down south. You're pleased that you've created many new livelihoods, and hope to see the residents of Frosthaven wearing these beautiful pieces now and again.

Rewards

Add event WO-77 to the winter outpost deck and event SR-37 to the summer road deck.

Add items #156 to #159 to the available item supply.

32.1 • Orphan's Halls (51)

You burst into a large central room, and your heart drops. There are just so. Many. Machines.

They pour into the room in droves, but you find your resolve. With Crain's bombs in hand, your only hope is to punch a hole through the main force and get to the hall on the other side of the room.

Section Links

When door ② is opened, read 137.1.

Special Rules

Open all doors ①.

At the start of each round, spawn one Ruined Machine at each ① and one Steel Automaton at ②. These are normal for two characters, Steel Automaton are elite for three characters, or all are elite for four characters.



32.2 • Crackling Tunnel (31)

Special Rules

Remove tile 11-F and everything on it from the map.

All characters must lose one card from their hand or discard pile.

At the end of each round, all characters occupying or adjacent to any power conduit tile suffer hazardous terrain damage, while all enemies occupying or adjacent to any power conduit tile will perform +X, self, where X is the hazardous terrain damage value.

When all revealed enemies are dead, each ① becomes an escape hex.

The crackling escalates as you move forward until the very air seems charged. Rather than threatening, though, it is welcome. Your muscles ache from the exertion, and the energy in the air lifts you up and keeps you going. Straight into more machines.



32.3 • Visiting Trader

A carriage piled high with blankets and carpets is tucked between a snowbank and a building near the edge of town. Its old owner sees you wandering by and looks both ways before beckoning you over.

"Nice place, nice place this Frosthaven. Cold though, eh? Heh. Maybe you're the sort of people who would like some hot items." He chuckles a bit to himself as he pins back a blanket on his carriage, revealing assorted items in like-new condition.

"I just need a few motivated buyers. Shouldn't be trouble up here, no... but I wouldn't wear these out in, let's say, uh, Gloomhaven for a while. Heh."

You're not planning on heading south to that decrepit city any time soon. Might as well pick up a few items at a steal of a price.

Rewards

Each character may buy one item from the purchasable item supply for its listed price or one material resource for 7 gold.

If building 88 is built, read 135.4 instead.

The mechanical unit HE-RO-IC-S approaches you, its antennae drooping with dejection. “I CANNOT FIND A SUITABLE HOUSING UNIT IN MY NEW HOME. IT IS NECESSARY FOR MY FUNCTION. PLEASE BUILD ONE SOON SO I CAN BEGIN HELPING!”

Section Links

Add 33.1 to the calendar in three weeks.

Conclusion

The final tower erupts in spectacular fashion. A sharp whistle blows like a massive kettle coming to boil and the top of the tower bursts, releasing a plume of bluish smoke that mushrooms and drifts up to the high ceiling above. It smells of charred pine and spring rain, and as this last tower falls, so too do the enemy machines. They stumble and collapse to the ground, twitching. All that’s left now is their leader. You ascend the stairs to its overlook, and with each step you feel hope returning.

You find the machine waiting on its platform, its face an unmoving mask of steel. The Unfettered leader, far from being an imposing figure made for combat or destruction, is in fact little more than a basic automaton. Its arms and legs are awkward steel shafts and its chest is a small barrel-shaped container. Its body has even been patched in several places with ragged pieces of copper and brass that give a haggard appearance. But its eyes: those glow blue with fresh intensity.

“You,” the automaton says. “You come to our home and lay waste to it. You, who bound us in servitude and then abandoned us, you come to immure us once again?”

The vitriol behind the accusation strikes you as much as its content. The history of this place is clearly a sad and violent one, but you object to this machine thinking you had anything to do with it. Perhaps it thinks all organic beings are connected, somehow, like the machines seem to be?

“You look surprised,” the machine says. “Perhaps you did not expect us to persist? You expected that we would simply remain here, lifeless forever. No. I persisted, after I was left here, orphaned by the overseers.” It pauses, weighing the moment. “That’s what I am, you see—the Orphan. And I am the one who revived us, who brought us back to life—me, the one you forgot.”

You explain that you weren’t the people who built or enslaved the Orphan—that, in fact, you don’t know who they were at all, and they must be long-dead. The automaton just looks down at the still, twisted shapes of its kin and shakes its head. It makes

a scoffing noise, as if to dismiss your explanation as nothing but lies.

“And now you return. Never content. You cannot tolerate that your former slaves could live free of your tyranny. No... We must bow, or be destroyed.” The Orphan’s words drip with bitterness, the blue glow flaring angrily behind its mask as it turns back to you. “So tell me, masters. What would you have me do? Kneel? Beg for peace, hoping you’ll spare these children you abandoned? Or are you simply here to end what you began with your barbaric invasion of our halls, and destroy us once and for all? Tell me. Tell me what you believe is right, you who intrude here.”

Silence stretches between you. If what the automaton says is true, that these machines were built with the capacity for reason but used as mindless slaves and then tossed aside, you can’t blame it for feeling wronged. And yet, these Unfettered have used their independence to wage war against the world at large, Frosthaven included. They freely attack anyone who they see as an enemy, and did this machine not say just a moment ago that they would lay claim to the world’s surface? Thousands more machines of every type stalk these halls; how much havoc could they wreak if allowed to invade?

So then, you have a choice to make. It seems that when you carved your way to the core of this place you inadvertently became envoys for the surface dwellers. You can either try to broker peace with the automatons 59, or you can destroy them 58. There is no knowing what either choice will bring or how many lives hang in the balance, but you are the ones who journeyed this far. You are the ones who are here, now, for the final negotiation with the Unfettered, and so you are the ones who must decide.

Rewards

Gain 5 gold each. Gain “Energizing Baton” 1073 blueprint.

New Scenarios:

Orphan’s Core 58

Automaton Uprising 59

Choose one.



Conclusion

With the Algox raiders defeated, Droman says he can clean up the rubble and reinforce the remaining pylons to be much sturdier. This was the final obstacle stopping traffic through the shortcut; if there’s still time in the season after Droman’s crew finishes cleanup, Satha might be able to send for a caravan of much-needed resources.

Rewards

Gain 15 ★ each.

Section Links

Add 66.2 to the calendar in X+1 weeks, where X is the number of pylons destroyed.

34.1 • Temple Entrance (12)

You push forward, delving further into this hall, wondering at its purpose. From what you can gather, this place is no tomb. There is no smell of decay, but neither is there one of life. You enter a room that's somehow managed to withstand the beating of time. Here the floors are still intact, and the stone is less worn down. Of course, that comes with a trade. As you enter the new room, another group of mechanical creatures turn, these ones wholly put together and preserved, their sharp metal bodies glinting in the low, flickering light of your torches.



34.2 • Snowspeakers in Trouble

It's been only a few weeks since the Snowspeakers were destroyed at the spire, but it has felt like years. You nurse your wounds and keep yourself numb with a steady diet of ale. Your dreams do not let you rest. They replay scenes that you wish you'd forget—scenes that make you wake up in a panic. Your cuts and bruises have healed, but deeper wounds remain. You work and try not to think.

On this unusually warm morning, Satha comes to rouse you from your hangover herself. A few dozen Snowspeakers have gathered outside Frosthaven's gates to plead for aid. They are in poor shape, thinned down to their ribs and leaning on cracked staves.

"A hard sight if I've ever seen one," Satha grumbles.

The Snowspeakers apparently managed to set up a small camp on the outskirts of the Crystal Fields, but they're so battered from the war and the ensuing retreat that

they can hardly tend to their wounded, much less rebuild. Satha continues, "The problem is, I can't justify sending out supplies to a clan of Algox. These people never spared a thought to help us."

It's an understandable position, but the Snowspeakers' plight feels personal. Ever since the battle of the spire, you've felt a weight hanging over you. This presents an opportunity to lighten it.

You make a deal with Satha: if she can offer half the requested supplies, then you will carry them to the tribe and help the Snowspeakers yourself. The suggestion makes her grin.

"You southerners are too soft," she says, but her smile widens, and she agrees to the terms.

Rewards

New Scenario: **Relief Effort** (40)

34.3 • To Bury the Dead (95)

Conclusion

The darkness seems to gather a little thicker about the grave, and the clouds move faster. As the cold earth is tossed down upon the coffin, you recite prayers of the Oak in Camilla's name while her family, who arrived once the area was made safe, waves smoldering oak branches, infusing the air with smoke. This is certainly far from your typical role. You can only hope you've played it well enough. At the very least, everything in the graveyard, including Camilla herself, has calmed.

Her two granddaughters invite you back to their house for a reception, though you decline. The payment is fine, of course, though the night feels somehow solemn and more suited to quiet contemplation now. You step away and pause to look up at the black sky. Rest in peace, Camilla.

Rewards

Gain 1 morale. Gain 10 gold each.

Ever since Crain has come to live in Frosthaven, he has been incredibly busy working out the intricacies of the ancient diary, but, given its glyphs match the markings on the ancient technology you found, at some point your patience gives out. You enter his longhouse with the various bits of technology and ask for his help.

Rather than being annoyed, Crain's eyes light up at the sight of the machinery. "That's quite a collection of interesting items you've got there! In fact, judging from these markings, it looks like they may all be parts of some larger device. Astounding!"

Crain begins to mutter to himself as he pores over all the details of the machinery. "Yes, perhaps if we insert this into that, this drill could be an arm of some sort..." You try to get a better look at what he is doing, but he shooes you away, demanding that you only come back when it is done.

He doesn't call for you until a week later. You enter his abode once again and are astounded to see a giant mechanical creature standing before you with arms, legs, and a steam engine chugging away, providing power to a central core.

"I had to add a few parts here and there, but I'm sure this was the original intent,"

Crain marvels. "It's some sort of combat robot, but there's still one problem. While I got its engine running, I can't get its circuitry to activate. From what I can tell, it will remain dormant until a specific code phrase is uttered, and I have no idea what that is."

Completely transfixed, you approach the machine and speak the words that you know to be correct: its name, Metal Mosaic.

Rewards

Unlock  **class box.**

35.2 • The True Oak (70)

Conclusion

All around you, the zealots lie dead, their blood soaking the ground of the glade, returning to the cycle of life. Peace and quiet returns. Birds chirrup and sing, and deer emerge from the forest to feed from the lush grass. Within this calm, you are able to sit in the splendor of the True Oak, soaking in the sun and cool air, taking the time to contemplate and rest.

But then your thoughts turn to who else will come in time to destroy the True Oak. You set off back to Frosthaven and Liseritus, where you are met with a warm embrace.

"The Oak? Is it safe?" You nod, and the botanist lets out a long sigh. "I am glad it stands, and proud to say we have found it. But that will not be the last of the Radiant Order if we spread the word of its existence. And I don't particularly want to get roughed

up again. I think the True Oak must remain a myth while these zealots remain."

You nod again in agreement. "Then it is settled. How about some tea?"

Rewards

"The True Oak" quest complete.
Gain 1 prosperity.

35.3 • Tavern Upgraded

"Here's the deal." Dinah Snapclaw, salty Vermling proprietor of the Boiled Crab tavern, has dragged a stool over to your booth uninvited. She stares at each of you with an intensity that, despite her small stature, makes you feel a bit like a hostage in the conversation.

"I used to sail with Barty Half-Ear, most successful pirate on this coast. A Lurker got half his ear, but I was supposed to have half his treasure. 'Til he betrayed me, tossing me to the piranha pigs like I was the scullery boy." She pauses to spit on the floor, and you don't interrupt to ask why the scullery boy deserved such a fate. "But I lived, and I want what's mine."

A patron who is new in town taps Dinah on the shoulder, inquiring about a drink.

Dinah spins around and sneers with a deep growl, leaving the patron apologizing and backpedaling. No wonder The Crater has been busier than ever. She turns her attention back to you.

"He told me time and again that he knew of the biggest haul—the one earned by the Pirate Queen. Knew more about it than most, even told me the secret to find it. Four ancient coins: he had one, I found another. That haul was part mine by rights."

She pops her neck with a loud crack, then continues. "He had an old hideout. I'd bet this crummy bar he's storing that coin of his there. Go and get it." She flashes the coin hanging around her neck. "Come to me with all three coins and I'll share what I've got. Then we'll get rich together."

With that, she rises, tossing her stool across the tavern with a clatter.

She shouts to the room: "Drinks tonight are free and tongue lashings are on tap! I'm in a good mood."

Rewards

Gain 1 morale.

Add loot card 1419 to every scenario loot deck in addition to the normal loot distribution.
When drawn, read any one section number depicted.

New Scenario:
Abandoned Hideout 

36.1 • A Contained Fire (89)

You see the haggard frame of an Algox inside a small prison at the base of the statue. Judging from the smell, she's clearly been in there for some time. A hastily scribbled sign posted on the cage reads "Faye, embodiment of inadequacy".

"Get me out of here, and I swear I'll rid this place of that hateful creature," she yells at you. "You'll have to take this whole thing down to do it, though." One look at the construction, and you can see she's right. The resolve in her voice convinces you it could be worth the effort. Besides, this ridiculous statue deserves to come down.

Special Rules

Altars **a** and **b** can now be damaged. Each has $(1+L) \times C/2$ hit points (rounded down). They are enemies to you and allies to all monsters.

Section Links

When both altars **a** and **b** have been destroyed, read **119.2**.

36.3 • A Waiting Game (117)



36.6 • Deadly Pastimes (85)

You get close to the scorched body and quickly realize this isn't the husband either. This is a Savvas, which begs the question, why would a Savvas cast itself into lava?

36.2 • Tome Solution

"This is incredible! Do you realize what you've found?" Eddica the Librarian is borderline giddy with excitement at your discovery. "There is no written record about this at all, but look—this decoration isn't a decoration at all, but an indicator of the lettering on this page—and this crossed out punctuation on the third page? It's not crossed out, it's upside down!"

There's a manic intensity about her as she flips between the pages of the four tomes, comparing and contrasting diagrams and errant ink-stains.

"And the imagery of the warding circle? The one that was a bit too wide and nearly made me blow up the whole building—" she sees your shock, "Oh, don't look at me like that, I didn't blow us up. It was fine!" She straightens her skirt out of habit and defiantly continues. "Look! It overlays perfectly on the language in the Tome of Time! There's meaning here—these aren't just individual tomes, they're a complete hidden history!"

You leave Eddica to her research and return a few hours later. She's thankfully

36.4 • Old Coin

You spot some coins that are undoubtedly old, but don't match the description Dinah Snapclaw at the Tavern provided. Still worth something, though.

Rewards

The looting character gains X gold, where X is how much gold one money token is worth at L+1.

36.7 • Ancient Technology

You find a pile of scrap machine parts in one corner of the cavern, along with a single sheet of frail parchment.

ΛΗ ΤΦΗΓΛ ΝΙΖ Φ ΛΣΧΙΞ
ΝΙΖ ΤΛΓΓΧ ΞΞΝΞ Ν ΛΔΛΛ
Φ ΝΙΝΤΛΗ ΝΗ ΝΛΞΛ
ΝΛΞΓ ΝΔΙΝΛ

calmer, but a broad smile makes clear she's ready to share the results.

"Belara, a Savvas channeler, did write the Tomes of Power. But the power turned the Savvas to evil, and it threatened to use the tomes against all of creation. The Orchid High Council had to step in, which is exceptionally unusual for them. It wasn't easy, but the Tomes were wrested away and scattered to make sure Belara would never wield them. The fight should have killed the poor Savvas, but instead its mind was cracked in half by the High Council and it was sealed away to live out its days."

Eddica takes a deep breath, but looks too embarrassed to make eye contact. "I... I know where Belara is. I'm not saying you should go, obviously that would be madness... but in the interest of research..."

Rewards

New Scenario: **Belara's Keep** **135**

36.5 • Fleeting Permanence (52)



36.8 • Puzzle Solution

You and Crain stand in the Quatryl's study, looking down at his desk. Atop it sits a shard of ice that you took from the Prince of Frost's realm, and next to it is Crain's lamp. Nothing is happening. The lamp flickers green, but the ice sits stubbornly frozen and unchanging—no vapor, no energy.

– Continued on next page.

"Nothing," Crain says. "It's not related at all to the energy we're researching. Though, I do recognize a few things in your report." Crain snuffs out the lamp and moves over to his small fireplace, in which he's worked a stifling blaze. "That bit of verse I translated—which, let's hope there's no more of that—it mentioned an Ice Prince not unlike the creature you found. Spoke a good deal about capricious spirits and the like, beings that appear during northern storms and vanish into the air. Logren found the poem and thought the creature might be related to the energy."

Crain tosses two handfuls of kindling onto the already roaring fire. You squint at the flames and spot a small object that he seems to be heating: a brass orb, except it can't be brass because it hasn't melted or changed shape.

"Her team found the Ice Prince, same as you, but their visit didn't go as well. She ultimately ruled it out as an avenue for investigation, too dangerous and no obvious connection to the energy. I'd been hoping she made a mistake but no, she doesn't seem to make any." Crain takes up a pair of billows and works the flames until they're practically scorching his face.

"In any case," he says, head turned from the heat. "They did speak of an energy site

not too far from where you were. A forest." Crain takes a pair of tongs and removes his heated orb. It's glowing now, a dark red ball that he immediately plunges into a bucket of water, filling the room with steam.

"That look on your face reminds me of Satha. 'Crain stop smelting metal in your quarters, Crain stop testing elixirs on the watchmen, Crain stop trying to capture lightning in a cage.' A bunch of worriers, the lot of you." Crain reaches his tongs into the bucket and pulls out the cooled orb. It's taken on a deep black color and there are faint scratches going all around its exterior that look similar to the ancient quatryl writing.

"Just go explore that forest already. Torfi's notes say something about an energy source, and then 'up, down, right'. If you can figure out what that means, then maybe I will be able to figure out this blasted experiment!" Crain says this with finality and dumps the orb unceremoniously back in the fire.

Rewards

Do not turn to the next page in the puzzle book. Instead write the solution to the next puzzle on the same page.

Conclusion

It is a harsh trek through deep, fresh snow, but you finally reach the outskirts of the unnatural storm. The way back to Frosthaven is a long one and so, on the return through the pass, you are happy to find a natural cave to set up camp for the night. You build a nice roaring fire to warm up the rescued mercenaries, and they slowly come back to their senses.

They ask how you found them, and when you mention the message of the Aesther woman, their eyes light up. "Cassandra!" One of them shouts in surprise. They explain that the Aesther used to be part of their adventuring group. As dusk falls, you listen to stories of their exploits, relaying back some of your own adventures, until you eventually fall asleep.

You return to Frosthaven, and there the rescued adventurers convalesce for some time. Once ready, they move on to their true goal, the Aesther outpost, where they teach Voice-of-Eight how to craft some of the equipment from their adventures.

Rewards

Gain 2 prosperity. Add the following *Forgotten Circles* items to the Frosthaven supply: 153, 159, and 161

After the initial encounter, the tunnel falls back into silence. As you follow the path, the hum of energy crackling through the conduits along the wall intensifies. And then a snap. You jump back, and a bolt clatters to the ground. You turn to find a small garrison of machines have emerged from up ahead. Back to the grind.



Special Rules

Remove tile 7-H and everything on it from the map.

All characters must lose one card from their hand or discard pile.

At the end of each round, all characters occupying or adjacent to any power conduit tile suffer hazardous terrain damage, while all enemies occupying or adjacent to any power conduit tile will perform $\spades X$, self, where X is the hazardous terrain damage value.

Section Links

At the start of the next round after all characters have been removed from the map, read 32.2.

Conclusion

Silence is something you're beginning to treasure.

All around, the crypt is littered with broken bodies, the dusty remains of the undead horde smashed to bits. The altar, which had been pumping out its necrotic fume, now decorates the floor as rubble. In its place, a beam of eerie green light trickles from a new gap in the wall. You move closer and discover a passage that appears to lead farther

down. It's clear this complex continues, and that some bizarre power lies hidden within. The question is whether it's worth investigating 9.

The other option, of course, is to continue hunting the Algox that dropped you in here 10.

However, after scrambling your way out of the pit, you realize that your quarry's tracks lead from the forest out into the frozen tundra—attempting to follow

without the right equipment would be suicidal. If you want to give chase, you'll have to come back with a sled.

Rewards

Gain 2 collective 🦉.

New Scenarios:

Glowing Catacombs 9,
Crystal Enclosure 10



Section Links

When door 2 is opened, read 55.3.



You enter the trading post and its proprietor, Xain, is nowhere to be found. On the counter is a lockbox with a handwritten sign posted on the front: "Prices marked. Drop coin in slot." The rainbow parrot, Squabbles, watches your confusion carefully.

After a moment of browsing the bird emotes a pitch-perfect rendition of Xain's voice: "BWAK! Xain is currently drumming up new and exciting opportunities to stock these shelves. Or whatever. Yeah... Just tell Mayor Satha that if she comes around, okay? That'll give me a few hours to find a drink around here. And unpack these boxes... BWAK! Well you have a beak, don't you? BWAK!"

It does look like there are a few choice items from down south now on display. You try on a pair of goggles and briefly consider what would happen if you just walked out with them. Before you can decide, the eagle-eyed bird takes notice and taps the lockbox expectantly.

You can guess who taught it the high-pressure sales tactics.

Rewards

Add items 138 to 146 to the available item supply.

In addition, add any of the following items you have unlocked from Gloomhaven: 46, 83 to 88, 102, 110, 111, 120 to 123, 126, and 128.

As if one Bladespinner wasn't enough, another wave lands to join the fight. Within seconds, they unfold their blades and move forward, adding to the whirring vortex of steel.

Special Rules

Place one debris in **d**. Any figure occupying **d** suffers trap damage and is placed in the closest empty hex.

Spawn one Flaming Bladespinner at both **e** and **f**. These are normal for two characters, elite at **f** for three characters, or both elite for four characters. Any figure occupying **e** or **f** suffers trap damage and is placed in the closest empty hex.

With a piece of the glacier now secured in your pack, there's just the small matter of getting back to the boat, and the

ever-growing army of fish-men aren't going to make it easy.

Special Rules

Spawn the following monsters at the listed locations based on character count:

Two Characters	Three Characters	Four Characters
a : One elite Piranha Pig.	a : One elite and one normal Piranha Pig.	a : One elite and one normal Piranha Pig.
b : One normal Abael Scout.	b : Two normal Abael Scouts.	b : One elite and one normal Abael Scout.
c , d , e , and f : One elite Lightning Eel.	c and e : One elite and one normal Lightning Eel. d and f : One elite Lightning Eel.	c , d , e , and f : Two elite Lightning Eels.

"This is the spot!" Crain professes with confidence, his machine oscillating violently behind him. "I'd stake my reputation on it!" At this point, Crain's confidence isn't exactly contagious, and so you brace for the worst.

When the pulse comes, it is like tiny daggers stabbing through your insides and twisting, pulling you apart. You scream and look to Crain for solace, but he just taps the readout screen with confusion. Then he mutters something about polarity and turns the screen upside-down.

"That's the problem!" He turns to you with a very unearned smile. "Don't worry, I've got it now. Turns out the ideal spot is exactly where we started. Imagine that!"

He laughs. You are not amused.

Special Rules

All characters suffer trap damage.

Crain's current goal is now **a**.

Remove any one of the six numbered tokens from the scenario, then shuffle the rest face-down.

"And how many metacarpals do you suppose it has—I-In total?" This question comes from Crain, who you find at the stables, pen and paper in hand, trailing the stable master while she tries to work.

"For the last time, I don't know." The Inox says. She's marching along the stalls, dropping in pitchforks of hay and trying very hard to get Crain to leave her alone.

"You say that, but I'm sure you have a guess," Crain says. "Does twenty sound correct? Or maybe twenty-four? I'll write down twenty-four."

You approach, and the stable master gives you a silent plea that's common in Frosthaven as of late, mainly from Crain's victims.

"And their diet, I suppose it's mostly, what, insects? No. It would be grasses. But there is no grass in the winter. So maybe they eat bark."

She turns on the Quatryl, "I swear, Tallengyr, if you ask me one more blasted question—"

You interrupt, gently, and try to diffuse the tension by asking Crain what he's doing.

"Research," Crain says, showing you his notes. From what you can tell he's creating a zoological catalogue of creatures in the North, but the information written next to each animal seems dubious at best. The entry for field mouse, for example, reads: hibernates ten months per year, possible cannibal, poisonous?

"It's the device," he explains. "In order to calibrate it against things 'not of this realm,' I need to know more about what actually lives here. Problem is, I've never had much talent for biology, so I need an expert, or actual specimens to study."

"And what will you do to these specimens?" The Inox asks pointedly. Crain finally takes this as a cue to leave, and you follow him outside.

"Oh everyone is so sensitive," he huffs. "I don't have to dissect them. I just need a large variety of animals to observe. If you are able to fill the stable up, that should be plenty."

Rewards

Turn to the next page in the puzzle book.

40.1 • Brummix

Save this section and read it in the place of your next road event. If you are not reading a road event before your next scenario, add 40.1 to the calendar in one week as a reminder.

You trek through the newly fallen snow, and your mind turns to the elusive brummix. You have seen their tracks, their images, their horns. There must be a pack of them somewhere up here in the North, but you wonder if you will ever get to see one of the majestic creatures up close.

Just then, you look down and see the tracks. Star-shaped and delicate. A brummix is nearby.

You stalk silently through the brush, following the tracks, laid in the snow as clear as day. With as much care as you can muster, you come upon one of the creatures drinking from a small stream. It raises its head and turns, staring right at you. You are awestruck.

It looks at you and sees you. Somehow, you understand that it understands. It trusts you. It knows that you respect it, and it wants to help. It approaches you and lowers its head, giving you back your respect. It will come when called.

Rewards

Add Brummix (Pet 12) to the Stables. This can exceed the capacity of the Stables.

40.2 • Dead Pass (46)

Special Rules

At the start of each round, place one damage token in each **a** that is both empty and has all its adjacent hexes unoccupied. These represent new snow. If any figure enters any **a** or any overlay tile is placed in any **a**, remove all new snows from that hex.

Any character may forgo a top action (discarding the card instead) to harvest all new snows in one adjacent **a**, placing them on their character mat.

Set the round track to the first round. At the start of each listed round, spawn the following monsters at the listed locations based on character count:

Round	Two Characters	Three Characters	Four Characters
2	b : One normal Burrowing Blade	b : One normal Burrowing Blade	b and c : One normal Burrowing Blade
4	c and d : One normal Burrowing Blade	b , c and d : One normal Burrowing Blade	b , c and d : One normal Burrowing Blade
6	b and c : One normal Frozen Corpse	b : One normal Frozen Corpse c : One elite Frozen Corpse	b and c : One elite Frozen Corpse
8	c and d : One normal Shrike Fiend	b and d : One normal Shrike Fiend c : One elite Shrike Fiend	b , c and d : One elite Shrike Fiend
10, 12, 14, etc.	b : One normal Frozen Corpse c : One elite Burrowing Blade	b : Two normal Frozen Corpses c : One elite Burrowing Blade	b : Two normal Frozen Corpses c : Two elite Burrowing Blades

40.3 • Deadly Pastimes (85)

Air is bubbling up from somewhere deep below, so you take a refreshing gulp to keep you going.

Special Rules

Whenever any character ends their movement occupying or adjacent to **g**, they may recover up to two of their lost ability cards. Each character may only gain this benefit once.



41.1 • Job Posting

Captain Olmstead, head of the town guard, brings you out of the cold and into the warm barracks. By the fire is a shivering Inox girl wrapped in heavy pelts. The rest of the normally lively barracks is empty, cleared out at the Captain's orders. He speaks quietly to you, out of earshot of the girl.

"Patrol found her outside the wall, frozen half to death. Claims someone called 'The Collector' has been holding her and her brothers for a few weeks now. I don't have the troops to spare, but I'm not letting this one languish over at the town hall. Someone has to do something."

You draw closer to the girl as non-threateningly as you can. She tries to put on a brave face when she sees you, but the façade doesn't last long. After a few deep breaths she speaks. "I... I think I can tell you where. He has my brothers. The Collector..." She sobs, and Captain Olmstead puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "Promise me you'll stop him."

Rewards

New Scenario: **The Collection** (87)

41.3 • Former Prisoner Guests

One of the prisoners you invited to stay in your longhouse surprises you one afternoon.

"I just wanted to say thanks for... y'know, for not executing us. I can't say I'm happy to be up here in Frosthaven, but maybe I needed a fresh start." He looks anywhere around the room but at you, clearly embarrassed to be saying this aloud.

"Anyway, I scraped together a bit of money over the last few weeks—honest money—and I'll be moving out. Figured I should repay you for a bit of your kindness. It's not much, but... anyway, yeah, thanks."

Rewards

Gain 10 collective gold.

41.2 • Ice Floes (22)

Below deck is madness. Saltwater has filled the hold up to your ankles and loose boards float freely about. Lurkers clack in the darkness and they've brought with them

several glistening black fish: lightning eels. Together the creatures are blasting holes in the ship. You must bring them down before they drop you to the sea floor.

Special Rules

(a) and all (b) are linked hexes.

If any monster would perform an attack ability but lacks a primary target, it instead attacks the closest empty hex or border hex, prioritizing those with the most damage on them. Place damage tokens on the attacked hex equal to the

damage dealt. Hexes cannot be damaged in any other way and are immune to all conditions. If a hex accumulates $4+(2\times L)$ damage tokens, remove those tokens and place one 1-hex water tile in the hex.

If tile 7-G ever has $5+(3\times C)$ water hexes on it, the scenario is lost.



41.4 • Flotsam (73)

"ENOUGH!" The Fish King yells, and a reprieve seizes the battlefield. He stares at you, his lidless eyes truly evaluating you for the first time. "Perhaps I misjudged you." His speech has a wet quality to it, like it is coming from the back of his throat, but it is clear enough.

"Scaleless, you are in my realm. I am the king of the seas and all who live in it. Why are you standing in my way, when all I desire is to once again bring..." The Fish King pauses, searching for the right word. "Peace to these waters?

"Something happened when that one," the Fish King gestures to Lihrey with his spear, "began tampering with these divine rocks. I felt it—the power of the Leviathan—and I immediately knew what must be done. The seas are fraught with warring and death. The Lurkers and Abaeli

fight endlessly, but with the strength of the Great One, I can create the stability needed to calm these waters forever.

"There is a third piece, yes? One more to complete the scale. Help me retrieve it, and I will help you fight the Lurkers. Your pathetic mud hovels will be under my divine protection."

Peaceful seas seems like an aspiration you can get behind, but you are wary of this megalomaniacal Fish King who, only moments earlier, was trying to impale you with his spear.

Section Links

If you agree with the Fish King's proposition, read [40.1](#) now.
Otherwise, read [71.4](#).