

Scenario Goals

The scenario is complete when there are four damage tokens on **a**. At the end of that round, read **69.1**.

Introduction

There is a spot at the base of your skull—a small spot—that normally feels nothing. If you run your fingers along it, you can tell where the bone gives way to form a tiny soundless drum. That spot is normally safe, quiet. But now, you stand surrounded by darkness, and a throat-tearing cry is rising up all around like a thousand gulls wailing at once, and in that spot at the base of your skull you feel a deep and vicious bite. You feel, for the first time, terror.

You are hundreds, perhaps thousands of feet beneath the Northern tundra, far below the ancient Quatryl catacombs, because it is here where Crain must strengthen the first seal. But the Harbinger is no idle force, and its dark guardians have awoken to repel you.

Crain is only a few feet away, working frantically in the dank gloom.

“Just hold them for a few minutes, gods, just give me that!” He shouts and the room jostles with shadow. Faces in the dark rise and fall: green, glittering eyes watching you. Crain is asking an enormous thing. You can recognize the silhouettes of these infernal guardians, their stink: Harrowers, imps, and demons—enemies that would be more than enough to handle on their own, but now they all come at you together.

Your battleground is nothing remarkable except for its depth. It is a wide empty cavern: cold stone dappled here and there with brackish water that has seeped through the stone. The floor and walls have been reinforced by elder Quatryl trellises in spots, but for the most part the chamber is untouched. You suspect the original architects abandoned this place after feeling the same venomous fear that now courses through you. That was wise of them. You do not have the luxury.

Another demon screeches to your right, a sound that makes your teeth ache. You wave your torch this way and that, wasting time. Your only real hope is Crain.

His new contraption is fully erected, standing a foot taller than the Quatryl himself, but it is painfully still. This gadget supposedly has the ability to strengthen the seals keeping the Harbinger at bay, but you’ve only seen a minor demonstration back in Crain’s workshop, and back then he had Terra and the Shattersong standing by to help.

The device itself is a large metal tripod, mounted with a circular dial of liquid-filled cylinders and metal-capped crystals.

It looks like the spokes of a wheel bolted to the top of a telescope, and beneath it hangs a cluster of glowing diodes and knotted tubing and some sort of tuning device—but all of it is dormant.

“The crystals aren’t responding,” Crain shouts, seizing the tripod’s legs. “I need time to find the correct position and draw out the seal’s energy. Time, dammit, please!”

So you breathe. The shadows are here. They move into the dim light of your torch: chaos demons licking the air with their wild horns, infesters skittering under their cloaks. They are eager. Hungry. You tell yourself: just hold them back, that’s all you need to do. Just hold them.



Loot

- x5
- x4
- x4
- x4
- x2
- x2
- x1

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