

Scenario Goals

The scenario is complete when the Vestige of the Imprisoned God is dead. At the end of that round, read **74.1**.

Introduction

Run is all you can think, just run.

All night, you've been marching, head down in the wind, pushing your body beyond endurance. The pace is grueling. Your lungs feel crystallized, frost-burnt by the air, and each step chews your muscle to shreds, but you cannot slow down. You race the darkness itself. You race corruption, a river of oily death rushing beneath your feet, churning with teeth and bone and venom.

Crain has managed to keep up, the same fear coursing in him. Already he's jettisoned half his gear, every nonessential item—tools and trinkets and spare parts—just dropped in the snow, a trail of precious metal crumbs. He knows the danger you're facing better than anyone, and his face is a split mask of panic.

When you reach Frosthaven, the night is still deep. Crain will not speak more than a few gasped words, but he tells you where the seal is hidden. When the gates creak open, you both shoot through, sprinting now for the center of the outpost, to where the seal awaits—the Temple of the Great Oak.

Guards turn, their faces knit with worry. They have never seen you like this. One of them catches up, asks what's wrong, what's coming, and you answer: everything.

Satha joins the race, as does Moonshard and neither asks questions. They know what is coming without hearing the words, they can feel it deep in their bones.

You find the temple doors bare in the moonlight. Each panel is hand-carved with the sigil of the Oak, pale and beautiful. To some, it represents a sense of normalcy, a mast to hold onto during the storms, but there is no hiding from what is coming. You crash through the doors without a second thought.

The Keeper of this place is a haggard man named Eustice who regularly haunts the morning streets. He protests the invasion.

"B—blasphemy," he sputters, pulling on his robes. "You cannot—these are hallowed grounds. What are you doing with that? Who—?"

But no one slows down. You charge through the temple, smashing open the rear door and rush into the courtyard where the Oak resides. The holy tree. Here it lives, surrounded by a protective courtyard, its trunk carefully wrapped to protect against the cold, and its roots brushed free of snow. It is a fitting symbol

for the town. This single tree, smaller than it's cousins to the south, cold and bent—but strong nonetheless. Its roots have grown stubbornly deep in this rocky soil.

Crain takes his device, stabs its legs into the earth, and turns it on. But something is wrong.

Horns sound from the distant walls—enemies approach. You freeze and listen for the signal. Two blasts—they come from the east. A clamor rises outside, the guards waking to the call and donning their armor. Captains shout the call to arms, practiced but urgent. These people are used to fighting. You pull your weapon and prepare to join them, then you stop. Three more blasts from the horn. Enemies to the west. Eustice, the Keeper, shakes his head confused. Then four blasts. Then five. Enemies coming from every direction. They are here.

You few, you who stand in the Oak's courtyard, pause long enough to meet each other's eyes. Crain stands under the tree, his thin brow low, his eyes like rivets. Moonshard hoists her axe. Satha snarls a grin. You nod. This is it. This is for everything.

Section Links

At the end of the tenth round, read **72.1**.

— Continued on next page.