

Scenario Goals

The scenario is complete when all enemies in it are dead. At the end of that round, read **38.1**.

Scenario Effects

Each character suffers **2**.

Introduction

The Whitefire Wood stands against the frozen waste like gray unflinching ramparts. The trees have grown tall and wide, bunched densely together to create a defensive line closer-knit than a phalanx of Valrath infantry. But this is where the Snowspeaker sent you, so there must be a way in.

The entrance, which you find only after an hour's search, sits like a gate in the wood. Two enormous trees guard either side of a snow-packed trail, and just past the opening is a figure covered in white fur, hunched over, eyes looking back—an Algox. You lock eyes long enough to take half a breath, and then, he turns and runs deeper in.

You give chase. The path is trod snow and rock—a road used often, which is just as well. You barrel down it, trees whipping past your periphery, your muscles recharged by the sight of your quarry. However, just as you're certain you've got the Algox cornered, you turn a corner and find the huge Algox waiting for you. It's hunched in the middle of the trail, facing you, but its fists are planted firmly in the snow, a smug grin cutting its face. Not good.

You charge forward, ready to leap, but before you can take two steps, the ground shakes violently. Large fissures erupt in the earth. The trees buck. And like summer-thinned ice, the ground beneath you breaks away.

Thankfully the fall is short, and you land without serious injury. You cough as the dust settles, and find yourself in an open pit deep enough for four Algox to stand on

each others' shoulders and not reach the top. Dirt walls rise up on every side, soft loamy soil that will make the climb back up difficult. As you stand there looking up at the white sky, a noise creeps into your ears. It's a thin, wispy howl, like the wind coming through the walls of a poorly-built house.

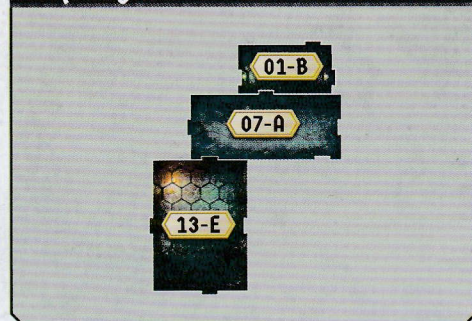
You turn and ethereal shapes emerge from the dark, cast in a blue whirling haze. They hover above the floor, their forms shaking in the gloom, and wherever they move a layer of frost grows thickly across the floor.

They are coming closer now, and the air is getting cold.

Section Links

When door **1** is opened, read **7.2**.

Map Layout



Scenario Key



Loot

⚔ x6
 🗡 x4
 🛡 x3
 🛡 x1
 🛡 x2
 🛡 x2

