

Scenario Goals

The scenario is complete when the control console on tile 15-D has five damage tokens on it. At the end of that round, read **62.1**.

Introduction

“Peace?” The Orphan says, its voice incredulous. “Peace?”

It turns and looks back at what you’ve done, at the ruined machines left in your wake and the injuries you yourself have suffered to come here. You can understand the sentiment; you’re a little surprised yourself. Here you were at the brink of war, the destruction of all the Unfettered within your grasp, and you laid down your sword. So you explain how you arrived at the decision. You tell of your time here in the north. You tell of the freezing expeditions, fierce battles and brutal attacks, of the memories that follow you now. Then you describe Frosthaven: this hopeful town perched on the edge of the world and how hard you and everyone there have fought and worked and died to keep that hope alive.

As you speak, something dawns on the Orphan. You see it in the machine’s mannerisms, how it nods slowly and lowers its arms. It understands. These obstacles that you’ve overcome, the anguish that you’ve endured, the Orphan has felt those same things. You aren’t sure when, but at some point, you find yourself speaking not with an enemy but with a fellow pilgrim, fighting in an unforgiving world.

When you finish, the Orphan takes a moment to consider. When it speaks again, it does so with warmth.

“Life is not so gentle a thing, is it?” The Orphan says. It shakes its head, a small concession to the immense burden it has endured over all these years. It turns back to you, the blue light behind its eyes softening.

“Perhaps,” it says, “we have misjudged each other. Perhaps the world is not the same as it once was. You struggle here, just like us, and perhaps the answer is not to destroy, but to work together.”

The Orphan turns and gestures for you to follow. “Come,” it says, “we must tell the others.”

Together you move through a side passage and enter a series of triangular chambers filled with great towers of black steel and flashing lights.

“If we are to have peace,” the Orphan calls back, “I must issue a new proclamation to the Unfettered.” The automaton moves to the base of a tower and opens up a small compartment, revealing a complex web of cords and buttons. “But be forewarned: I can entreat, but I cannot command. Each Unfettered has a mind of its own, and each chooses for itself whether to accept my decision.”

The Orphan manipulates the control tower, its fingers clicking over the row of buttons, and after a moment the tower itself shifts. The lights that weave in and out of its steel façade flicker, changing from red to green like distant stars—except a few of them do not.

“As I suspected,” the Orphan says with some darkness in its voice. Almost on cue, you hear the sound of machines marching, and a moment later, a line of heavy Unfettered barge into the triangular chamber: hulking steel automatons, their fists already clenched.

“My personal guard,” the Orphan says. “They will never accept peace, I’m afraid. They will try to destroy both of us now. Quickly, we must move to the other towers and send the message to the rest of the Unfettered. If enough of them take up our call, we might stand a chance.”

Surrounded, you face a row of solid steel. The Orphan’s private guard are huge, well-built machines, their joints hissing as they bring their massive limbs to bear, but still you must hold them back. The Orphan needs time to send out the new orders, because without them, none of you will get out alive.

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