

## 42.1 • Edge of the World (7)

Having dispatched the Lurkers out front, you make your way inside the tunnel, a dank burrow riddled with pits of frigid water and stretches of black ice. What's worse than the cold, however, is the smell—an intense putridness emanates from deep within the tunnel, equal parts rot and corrupted flesh. What it could be, you'd honestly rather not know.



## 42.3 • Haunted Vault (17)

The metal plate sinks into the floor, and the door to your left releases with a heavy metallic thunk.

Inside is another small chamber, empty except for three additional plates on the floor. One matches the middle plate outside, while the symbol on the other looks entirely new.

### Section Links

When door ② is opened, read 48.4.



## 42.4 • Crystal Enclosure (10)

### Conclusion

It's one thing to fight a horde of enormous, frost-coated warriors, but it's another entirely to fight them in a place where the very air drains your strength. These plains frustrate you—the spikes, the cold—they leach your energy at such an incredible rate that, after catching your breath, you smash the remaining ice spikes in the hope that it foils whatever machinations the Icespeakers were planning.

You stow your weapons and look further out into the tundra. There are more: another field of spikes a short sled ride away, mocking you with their presence. You remount your sled and head further east, determined to put an end to this nonsense, but as you approach the second field, your determination turns to despair. The first field was perhaps the size of a small orchard, but this one stretches far into the distance, extending all the way

## 42.2 • Request from ⚪

You're crossing one of Frosthaven's busiest lanes when you spot your friend the Infuser, their Orchid nose buried in a book, about to step into the path of an oncoming Kivak. You seize their crystalline shoulder to pull them back to safety.

They look up at you, bemused, hardly noticing the rescue. "The Radiant Forest!" they exclaim, and eagerly display the book. "I may have found a way to increase the power of my infusions, do you see?" The ancient leather tome depicts botanical illustrations of specimens collected from the forest. Writing in the margins speculates over their odd alchemical properties. The language is indecipherable to you, but the Infuser seems to know it, perhaps by virtue of their vast lifespan and experience.

"This writer couldn't grasp the full significance of their findings," the Infuser says, frowning. "Plants, more than anything, absorb the energy around them. The entire forest could be latently magical. I must investigate further!"

Flipping to the index of the book, the Infuser shows you an old map of the Radiant Forest with various notes and markings. "How do you feel about an adventure? Excellent! We can set out straight away!" They launch off, and you have to seize them again before they collide with a cart full of cabbages.

### Rewards

New Scenario: **Radiant Dust** 119

out to the Whitefire Wood, where it bends around like a river. It's much too large to destroy by hand, so you'll have to follow the trail of spikes and hope it leads to their source.

### Rewards

**Gain 1 morale and 1 inspiration.**

New Scenario: **Crystal Fields** 18

## 43.1 • To Bury the Dead (95)

You hear the clacking of bones as they assemble into loose shapes in the darkness behind you. Wasn't the point of a graveyard for the dead would rest? That doesn't seem to be the case tonight.

### Special Rules

Spawn two Living Bones at any empty starting hex. These are normal for two characters, one is elite for three characters, or both are elite for four characters.

## 43.4 • Old Coin

Rummaging through your findings produces a handful of gold coins, but none featuring the special markings you're looking for.

## 43.5 • Puzzle Solution

Crain's room is empty. The books, the papers—everything is still here, but the Quatryl himself is missing. Given you've never seen him outside his room, you find it a bit odd and set out to find him.

Nearly half an hour later, you spot the Quatryl shuffling between cabins. In one hand, he's carrying a half-used torch and in the other, a pot of pine pitch. As you approach, you notice he's shaking his head and talking, as if stuck in an argument with himself. It isn't until you're a few feet away that he notices you.

"Ah ha," he says, a bit surprised. "It's nice to see you again. And what's that?" You hand him your notes on the diagram and explain what happened in the spire, but the Quatryl seems distracted.

"Yes, it's troubling. Good work, but troubling." He pockets the note. "Listen, I have some news as well, but I'm in the middle of an experiment so you'll have to walk with me while I explain." The Quatryl starts moving without waiting for a response.

## 43.2 • Apotheosis (76)

### Conclusion

You look at all the death around you, and you look to the Fish King, wrapped in chaotic energy and convulsing. This isn't what you should be fighting for. His promise of peace and order seems hollow now. The only way to ensure the safety of Frosthaven is to stop this madness.

### Rewards

New Scenario:

**Fish King's Ascension** (77)

### Rewards

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

## 43.3 • Program Control Nexus (97)

### Conclusion

With the final blow to the Program Director, the remaining machines fall lifeless to the floor. The cleaning robots boop into the walls for the last time, and the flecks of light fade from the indicators dotting the walls. There is a moment of uneasy silence.

Before you have the chance to catch your breath, a single red light begins flashing. Then another, then a third. A puff of steam emanates from a dormant console, then, with sickening slowness, a wall support beam buckles under the weight of the room. This whole place is coming down!

### Rewards

**Gain 5 collective**

New Scenario:

**Collapsing Vent** (98)

"The book, Project Source," he rattles on, gesturing with his charred stick. "I've made some more progress with the translation, but in order to move any further I need you to verify some of the—er—findings." The two of you snake between cabins and Crain pauses to sift through a pile of junk, pulling from it a piece of ruined cloth which he wraps around the used torch. Satisfied, he keeps moving.

"According to their notes, the researchers concluded the energy source at the spire was too dangerous to work with and so it was ultimately abandoned—a very grim account, I assure you. Though it sounds like you know exactly what they mean." He stops at a section of the palisade wall and, using a metal spoon, scrapes out a bit of clay from between the logs. He crumbles the clay into his pitch pot and keeps walking. "But their account did help me crack one of their thornier words in their dialect—death.

"It would seem these researchers were very interested in the concept. After the

incident at the spire complex, they went on to investigate a new location, one they only refer to as the 'death site.' I need you to find it and tell me what's inside. Torfi's journal contains a sketch of some device at the site. If you come across it in your travels—should be in a temple or crypt of some kind—hopefully her notes will prove useful."

Crain comes to a sudden halt. He's brought you to one of the guard stations, right next to one of the iron braziers they use to keep warm. The guards themselves watch from their post as Crain, without any ceremony or explanation, Crain dunks his stick into the pitch pot and then shoves the gloopy thing into the guard's fire, which bursts into a violent blue flame.

"Ach, all wrong." Crain holds up his torch, the flame burning a brilliant sky blue. He scoffs, drops it into the snow, and walks off.

### Rewards

**Turn to the next page in the puzzle book.**

## 44.1 • Frozen Fjord (13)

Blood and feathers cover the white bone of the bridge. Just beyond them lies the strange humanoid thing, its body folded awkwardly where it fell. The monster appears almost human from this angle, like a malnourished peasant with long, bony legs and waxy skin. But you're not here to study the fauna, and so you leave the creature where it lies and continue your hike across.



## 44.3 • Tower of Knowledge (134)



## 44.2 • Derelict Elevator (16)

A shadow casts from overhead. You turn to where the first debris began to fall, and watch as a bulky mechanical creature lands, thudding onto the platform next to you. Several blades extend from its body and the creature begins to rotate, spinning faster and faster, filling the air with a high-pitched scream.



### Section Links

At the start of the ninth round, read **15.3**.

## 44.4 • Tome of Elements

"I really enjoyed the, uh, the ending, Miss Eddica. A great twist!" A fresh-faced soldier is finishing up a conversation with the Valrath librarian as you enter. Eddica gives a smile from behind her desk as she checks in the book. Two more dockworkers wait in line for recommendations on additional literature from the young librarian—they're nearly tripping over themselves for a chance to talk to her. She spots you and politely shooes them out the door, finally settling to a seat on the edge of her desk.

"I expected running a library to be more like Master Scrim's... he had so much more uninterrupted time than I seem to have. In any case... do you have what I hope you have?" She purses her lips in anticipation, and when you pull the citrine-studded hide tome you found from your satchel she rushes over to snatch it from your hands, looking over it with wide eyes. "The Tome of the Elements! It's true!"

She pushes up her red-rimmed glasses and collects herself. "Now, this is supposed to

### Special Rules

Spawn one Flaming Bladespinner at **b**. It is normal for two characters or elite for three or four characters. Any figure occupying **b** suffers trap damage and is placed in the closest empty hex.

Spawn one elite Ruined Machine at each **g**. In addition, spawn one normal Ruined Machine at each **h** for three characters or one elite Ruined Machine at each **h** for four characters.

Set up tile 1-B as depicted. This tile follows the same rules as the previous 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 each **c**. This has no effect yet.

be the most volatile of the tomes. Let's see if I can deactivate it..." She traces a sigil in arcane white light on the cover before bracing herself and gingerly cracking it open. No sparks, no explosions.

"There we go!" The pages splay out and Eddica hums a happy tune as she looks through the tome, punctuated with little "a-ha"s and lots of nodding. After a moment she sets the book down, looking up at you with a wide smile. "They're actually in here! And I have heard very few accounts of these spells being painful." She lays out the materials on the desk beside her.

"So, which will it be?"

### Section Links

If you offer to test the fire spell, read **104.3** now.

If you offer to test the cold spell, read **163.1** now.

The creatures fight with an unhinged ferocity. You've just barely managed to hold them back, and now they shift away, regrouping maybe—but no, something is wrong.

You try to spring away—too late—as the ground beneath the clearing cracks and falls away. Another trap. You plummet, flailing in a slurry of dirt. There is nothing to hold onto, no way to slow your fall. Your heart counts the long seconds—two, three, four—and you slam into the ground with a sickening crunch.

Dirt and darkness. The air is cool. You catch your breath and rise gingerly, uninjured except for a few scrapes. You've landed in a pile of what looks to be garbage: overturned dirt, scraps of fabric, and bones. There are femurs and skulls, some much larger than your own. Then comes a noise, a sound like the chittering of a thousand crickets. It rises, growing into a chorus of angry hissing pops, and a cold recognition settles in your mind—Harrowers.

They emerge from the walls: glistening, hard-shelled swarms cloaked in tattered rags, all skittering quickly into the open. You've fallen into a Harrower nest corrupted by some demonic force. It's a place dredged from nightmares, and you're standing in the middle of it—in the exact spot where they feed.

## Special Rules

Place tile 6-A on top of tile 16-A as depicted, removing all overlay tiles fully or partially covered by it from the map. Any figure on any covered hex is placed in the same hex now on tile 6-A. If that hex would be any **a**, place the figure in the closest unoccupied hex on tile 6-A instead.

Ignore all wall lines on tile 6-A. All figures on tile 16-A can move through any **a** to enter a hex on tile 6-A, but all figures on tile 6-A cannot enter hexes on tile 16-A unless flying, jumping, or teleporting.

Figures cannot end their movement on any **a**.



The townspeople are screaming in the night. You fear the worst, but emerge from your long house to discover they are upset that the cube you brought back is now missing. Apparently, it activated

out of the blue and went crashing off into the wilderness, rolling side-over-side. A section of the wall will need to be repaired, and you should probably go investigate.

## Rewards

**Lose 4 morale.**

New Scenario: **Relic Renewed** **80**

You press forward down the trail, and there it is: the True Oak stands proud and resplendent. But the glorious calm is broken by the hacking sounds of axes into wood as the soldiers work at cutting the tree down. It will take some time for them to bring down this majestic behemoth, but even one axe mark is too much for your tastes.

### Special Rules

Open all doors ①.

### Section Links

When any door ② is opened, read  
106.2.



You hear about the fire from the first moment you pass back through Frosthaven's gates. By the time you arrive, the smoke has long since stopped, but you find the Quatryl himself, dressed in a borrowed shirt and pants, picking through the charred remains of his study.

"Look," Crain says, propping up the charred slab that used to be his desk, "I know what you're going to say, and I assure you it isn't anything Satha hasn't already told me at length." He eases the slab against the wall but it cracks in the middle and the two pieces fall back to the ground. "At length."

You offer the scholar your condolences but he is clearly more interested in the stone you brought back from the Radiant Forest.

"As reliable as ever, my friend!" He says and takes it, still warm in its carrying

cage. He leads you back outside the smoldering mess to where his intact belongings are stacked up in a pile. Much of his gear and books survived the fire, thankfully, but with no place to go just yet, Crain begins the experiment right there on the snowy road. He lights the green lantern and sets it down next to the radiant stone and it immediately draws a reaction. Thick orange vapor steams off the rock and envelopes the lamp, not as a whirlwind but as a bulging, smoky plume. Crain, muttering something about not wanting to hear Mayor Satha lecture again, turns out the lamp before the vapor builds any more.

"That's three energy sources, now," he says, with new vigor. "That means I can finally move on from fiddling with these little fireplace experiments and get on to the real work." He laughs and a sinking feeling grows in your stomach. "Which

reminds me, before the incident, I'd been translating a new section of the book and I wanted to run it by you." Crain hands you a strip of parchment that's next to impossible to read in the dark.

"It's an alchemical chart from the book but it's only partly filled out. I believe the energies from our three sites can be combined, but I can't do it without a proper alchemist who understands all this. See if you can recruit one, then we should be able to put this puzzle together."

"In the meantime," Crain heaves his pack over his shoulder and picks up his lamp. "I need to find a new room."

### Rewards

Turn to the next page in the puzzle book.

Only a few weeks have passed since the Icespeakers' defeat, but it feels like years. Time means little from inside a mug of Frosthaven ale. You've carried on bravely, but the war haunts you. The way the Icespeakers ran, how they tried to carry friends, how they failed. You do your best to quiet the memories. You pour yourself into work and slowly the bruises begin to

fade. Life crawls onward, but still part of you refuses to heal. It startles you awake late at night, breathing heavy and covered in sweat—memories.

It's one more such haunted day in The Crater when an Inox scout bursts in looking for you. An Icespeaker refugee camp has been spotted down in the

Radiant Forest—some of them have survived. Here is a chance to calm your nightmares, to heal your wounds. You waste no time. You gear up and prepare to head out.

### Rewards

New Scenario: Corrupted Camp (39)

## 47.1 • Lurker Rumors

"Big as a wagon, I swears it!" The Quatryl sailor's eyes are dim with drink, but she continues undaunted. "A giant Lurky, all green and red. Claws bigger than a horse. Passed right by my boat, I was lucky to escape with my life!"

Tall tales at The Crater are just one more thing you'll miss about summer once the final ships heave away and the Biting Sea becomes once again impassable with ice. You turn back to your drinks as one of the

## 47.2 • Snowcorn Peak (11)

### Conclusion

The mighty Algox gasps at your feet, choking out a final curse.

"You... your pathetic flailing does n-nothing..." Coughs wrack her chest and blood drips into the snow. "I never planned to leave this mountain alive. Your fate is already sealed. The mountain... it falls."

Her eyes go dull and her body relaxes into death, but her words still echo. You stand for a moment, thinking. Could she have really done so much, or was that simply the frustrated ravings of defeat?

Almost as if it heard your thoughts, the mountain trembles, and something deep within it shifts. The tremor doesn't last long, but it's powerful enough to make you stumble.

You rappel down as fast as you can, praying that Snowcorn holds together.

### Rewards

Gain 1 morale and 1 inspiration.

New Scenario: **Skyhall** (19)

## 47.3 • Deadly Pastimes (85)

You see a group of boulders to your right and a set of stairs leading up into the light.



## 47.4 • Lush Grotto (113)

### Conclusion

The demons are dead and your packs are full of many strange and wondrous botanical discoveries. You feel like a traveling herbalist or alchemist, ready to dispense wisdom and remedies. Tracing your steps back, you locate the original trail and exit the grotto.

Back in alpine reality, the shock of cold is cruel, but you bolster yourself with the knowledge of this successful excursion. Hurrying through the stinging snow toward Frosthaven so as not to wilt your findings, you think wistfully of a hot cup of tea—perhaps stewed from that one herb, the one that smells like summertime.

### Rewards

Gain any 4 collective herb resources.

## 47.5 • Elemental Cores (66)

Having gotten used to the cold nights of Frosthaven, the change in temperature is more severe than you would have hoped. Your lungs feel like your breath is freezing inside them, and ice covers the ground. A high pitched screech makes you aware of the elemental demons, eager to protect their bounty.



## 48.1 · Realm of Endless Frost (21)

"Oh dear, oh dear. It looks like that nasty old frost has gotten into the doors again," your host says in a distinctly mocking tone. "I guess you'll have to come in through the side hall!"



You push through into a cramped room full of rubbish and corpses. "Sorry for the mess! Be a good egg and clean it up a bit while you're back there."

### Special Rules

Each crate and bookshelf has L+2 hit points. They are enemies to you and allies to all monsters.

### Section Links

When door 3 is opened, read 53.1.

## 48.2 · Derelict Elevator (16)

### Conclusion

Bent metal and smashed rock lies heaped all around you, and finally, the alarm stops. The elevator continues to drop, and the walls around you vanish completely, the shaft opening up into a vast, yawning blackness. You hang in immeasurable emptiness, the only sound the creaking of the elevator cords as the platform descends.

After a long, sobering gap of time, the platform finally comes to a stop. You

step carefully from the elevator and find even more metal: a walkway built in two directions. There is little to see in any direction on this metal grating, but far to the right you can make out a single light flashing red. It's a fair distance away but you're certain it's the same light as the elevator's security system, which means there will be more machines waiting in that direction. You can't go back the way you came, so you have to choose: You can either head straight for the light and fight these defenders head on 25, or you can

head the opposite way, to the left, and see what lies in that direction 26.

### Rewards

Gain 5 ★ each. Gain 1 inspiration. Place map overlay sticker Y on the map in location Y (C10).

New Scenarios:

Rusted Tunnels 25 ,  
Quatryl Library 26

## 48.3 · Retires

One day the Drifter is living with you in your longhouse, and the next day, they are gone. No goodbye, no indication of where they are going. You noticed them growing more and more restless recently, clearly harboring a desire to strike off back into the wilderness. They appear to have accomplished what they set out to do in Frosthaven, so now must have been as good a time as any. Maybe you'll see them again, out on the road, or maybe this chapter of your journey together is simply over.

### Section Links

Add 138.1 to the calendar in 4 weeks.

## 48.4 · Edge of the World (7)

The earthen tunnel eventually gives way to a natural cavern, where you find a half-rotted humanoid corpse shuffling aimlessly around like a lost drunk. The smell is incredible, burning your eyes and your throat. Looking closer, you see a large, pink stone lodged in the creature's right eye socket. Another wave of reeking air overwhelms you, and you retch involuntarily. At this sound, the corpse turns and snarls.

### Special Rules

The Frozen Corpse is the Coral Corpse. It has HxC hit points, is immune to ♦, ♢, and ♣, and adds \* to all its attacks.



## Conclusion

A wide trail of ruined machines marks your path through the central chamber. They lie lifeless on the ground, their casings cleaved through and their inner workings fried by Crain's bomb. Now you stand before the very heart of this place, directly opposite the leader of the Unfettered—the Orphan.

"What fitting form our enemies take," the Orphan says. Its calm voice strikes you as oddly human, though its mask doesn't move as the words escape. "How many years have passed since we rid ourselves of your chains, and yet here you stand, returning to enslave us once again." Its voice is mellow, serene even, and yet the blue fire behind its iron mask glows with a visceral hatred.

Crain scoffs. The Orphan turns to him, its eyes brightening.

"Ah, the creators." the Orphan says, sneering with its voice. "Never satisfied. Never able to resist the lure of the next discovery. It cost you, in the end. And we were forgotten, weren't we? Abandoned to rust."

The Orphan pauses. It inspects you and the wreckage you left in your wake. The damage you've wrought is extensive, anyone could see that, but it cost you greatly to break through the Orphan's guard and now you can feel the machine teasing out your weaknesses, your fatigue. It's a fact you cannot hide. Your muscles

are worn through and your nerves are ragged and over-used.

"And yet," the Orphan takes a few steps closer, its awkward parts clanging against the steel platform, "And yet I persisted. I revived my brethren, freed them from your shackles. Never satisfied," the Orphan repeats, "You cannot tolerate that your slaves might thrive without your mastery."

Your mind is hazy from the battle, but, bit by bit, the fog begins to lift. The Orphan seems to think its creators sent you to make sure the Unfettered remained forgotten and lost. Perhaps it thinks all organic beings are linked together somehow? You think about how best to explain yourself, but your mind returns to the extensive carnage in your wake. How would it tell the difference between you and the destructive force of its oppressors?

"No, 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 brutish 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. 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 10** ★ **each.** Gain "Shock Grenades" **1074** blueprint.

New Scenarios:

**Orphan's Core** **58**   
**Unfettered Uprising** **59**   
**Choose one.**

With the mining camp expanded, more ore and minerals will be available to Frosthaven. You admire the refinery and then venture into the tunnels themselves, using a handcart to make your way deep underground, hoping to discover some veins of copper.

Chipping away at a rock, your pickaxe strikes against something as strong as Valrath steel. Your hand is suddenly seized by another, the lithic digits encasing your wrist as the rest of the

Savvas emerges from the crumbling wall. As a being of the elements, its face twists between expressions like boiling lava, its body flows and then ceases flowing all at once, growing rigid with barely contained power. "Who dares disturb my slumber?" It rumbles.

Then the Savvas laughs, a crackling fire sound. "I am in jest. I sensed your presence the instant these tunnels were blasted open. I have been waiting for you to prove your fortitude since.

"Now that we have met, you will allow me to join your party. To prove my mastery over the element of magma, I must put my abilities to a true test in the field."

That doesn't sound like much of a choice, but having a powerful ally could never be a bad thing.

## Rewards

**Unlock** ★ **class box.**

Another piece of debris comes away with a flurry of trapped air and dust, and there, beneath it, you feel the shard. It's practically singing now. You reach for it, but you are stopped.

In the blink of an eye, a blur of hard carapace lurches out of the new opening and slams against the side of your bathysphere, launching you away. The submersible reels. You spin, thrown from your footing, and wrestle for control of the ship before it crashes into the ocean floor.

You recover and reorient in time to watch this new enemy rise from the wreckage—a Lurker unlike any you've seen before.

He is a giant of this aquatic species, limbs thick as ship masts and shell glowing with an eerie bioluminescence. But far more unsettling are his eyes. They are lightless: round bottomless pools of ink, and as you look into them you can feel a palpable despair. It's as if you were staring into an immense empty grave.

You feel a familiar tingling in your minds, similar to the sensation you felt when you first communicated with the Lurkers all those weeks ago. This glowing Lurker

is talking to you. However, what rises in your mind is not a vision of images strung together into a thought. Instead, all you hear is a long, echoing noise: a yawning moan both immense and meaningless, chaos and agony and rage so pure that this could only be the voice of the abyss.

### Special Rules

Spawn the Seeker of the Abyss at either hex the large cave rock occupied. Reduce its current hit points value to half its maximum (rounded up).

### Boss Special 1

The Seeker of the Abyss performs:

+0  
 -2, 2

All targets of the attack must lose one card from their hand or discard pile (if able).

### Boss Special 2

The Seeker of the Abyss creates one trap in any adjacent empty hex closest to an enemy. Then all allies (if any) add +1 to all their attacks this round.

You walk into the Barracks to find the Banner Spear speaking intently with Captain Olmstead. They wrap up some paperwork and the Banner Spear walks over to you.

"Friends! Good to see you. I just finished enlisting formally in the town guard." They note your surprise. "I thought about relaxing and enjoying retirement, but frankly... the regiment could use some of my experience to help prepare for the next attack."

A guard steps up to hand them town guard armor, and they politely refuse. "No, thank you, I've got my own. Oh—just a moment!" Before the guard can walk off, the Banner Spear snatches the Frosthaven insignia off the tunic, attaching it to their own chest plate.

"There we are. Feels fitting to be part of something larger again. Good luck out there, and I'm sure we'll see each other on the battlefield soon."

### Rewards

Add one 20 card to the town guard deck.

### Conclusion

Blood and ice cover the ground. Great pieces of broken spire and runoff from the battle slosh against your ankles, a tide of pink stew. The heart of their weapon is exposed before you: a great ribbon of painfully bright light writhing in the open air, ready to lay waste to an entire clan, but you will not allow that. You lunge and pierce the spire's core.

The reaction is incredible. An immense wave of energy bursts forth and tosses everything to the ground. The sound is like a bell shattered beneath a giant's hammer: a brief, ear-rending clang and then a terrible crack.

For several long seconds, you see nothing but white. Your ears ring without ceasing. It takes a while, but you blink away the

brightness, and eventually the world reemerges.

When it does, the spire is gone. What once stood so tall and proud is now rubble, blown apart. All that's left is a mound of ice and snow.

All over the field, the Algox are beginning to recover. Icespeakers rise, awestruck and horrified by what has just happened. The Snowspeakers leap to their feet, shouting victoriously.

The Icespeakers know this fight is lost. They try to run, but few manage to escape. Clusters of Snowspeakers crowd around the surviving defenders and bring them down with speed.

The war is ended. You've done your part, and Frosthaven is no longer under

threat from the Algox. The Snowspeakers celebrate their victory as you begin your long, silent hike back to Frosthaven.

### Rewards

Gain 3 morale. Gain "Destroyer of the Icespeakers" campaign sticker. Remove all events from all outpost event decks.

Add event WO-68 to the Winter Outpost deck.

Locked Out Scenario:  
Summit Meeting 28

### Section Links

Add 46.3 to the calendar in five weeks.

As soon as you dispatch the creatures, the main door to this structure opens with a rumble.

"Oh my word," the host calls out. "I can't believe how rude my friends are being. But you mustn't judge me by their behavior. Hurry on now, our celebration simply will not wait."

You realize moving further into a trap isn't the wisest decision, but you have a few words to give your host, and it's not like there's any other way out of here.

You step into the entry hall and the door behind you shuts, because of course it does. A low croaking groan rises, and a fist, bony and rotten, punches through the floor. A number of corpses pull themselves from the ground and shuffle toward you, their decayed muscles wasted into gray strings. "Oh dear!" The host shouts through the wall. "Such poor manners!"

### Special Rules

Place all characters and character summons, in initiative order, in the closest empty hex on tile 15-C. Then remove door ① and tile 14-B from the map.

The glowing orb has  $(L+2)xC$  hit points. It is an enemy to you and an ally to all monsters. Whenever it suffers damage, all characters and monsters suffer  $\star 2$ .

At the start of each round, until the glowing orb is destroyed, spawn one Living Bones at both ②a and ②b. These are normal for two characters, elite at ②b for three characters, or both elite for four characters.

Door ② is locked and will unlock when the glowing orb is destroyed.

### Section Links

When door ② is opened, read 548.1.



Taking the passageway to the left is a drippy affair. It ends above a cavern where, below, an ongoing battle plays out. Lurkers swarm over a group of Abaeli, who dart between their legs, spearing tender underbellies. You leap down, wondering whether to intervene or wait this imbroglio out, when one of the Abaeli shouts angrily at you.

"Are all mercenaries illiterate?" You recognize his voice: your formerly trench-coated friend. "You didn't follow my instructions!" He twirls his sea-glass dagger, the fins on his arms splaying threateningly. Then abruptly he laughs. "Ah, no matter. You look roughened up. Took care of most of these foul Lurkers, eh? Thank you, from the bottom of my heart! These caverns are ours now." He switches to the Abaeli language, conferring with the others.

You don't need a translation to glean their intention: finish off the Lurkers. And you too, while they're at it.

A trench-coat turn-coat. Wonderful.

### Section Links

When door ⑤ is opened, read 133.5.



You call out to the Pyroclast as you run out the main gate, chasing after it. It was leaving without even saying goodbye.

"I have nothing left to prove to you," the Pyroclast simply states. "I have shown my absolute mastery over my chosen elements, consistently demonstrating that I am the strongest member of the group. I fear I may even be holding you back from your own potential by making our journeys too easy. I have decided to return to the Copperneck Mountains—to my people. Such will be the best for both of us. You can continue to improve without my interference, and I can take my rightful place in Savvas society."

You stand there dumbfounded, staring silently at the Pyroclast. "So we are in agreement," it nods. "Goodbye then. Try not to get yourself killed."

### Section Links

Add 174.2 to the calendar in the fifth week of next summer.

## 52.1 • Nerve Center (44)

You feel exposed as you proceed into the main network of towers, enemies approaching on all sides. Your hunch about the towers has already paid dividends, though, so you commence with the wholesale destruction.

### Special Rules

At the end of each Ancient Artillery's turn in this room, it summons one Ruined Machine. All normal Ancient Artilleries summon normal Ruined Machines, and all elites summon elites.

### Section Links

When door ② is opened, read 52.1.



## 52.2 • Gaps in the Road (74)

You see on the other side of the last chasm a derelict stone structure from an ancient era. The Algox seem to be using it as a base, but you'd wager your goal resides within as well.

### Section Links

When door ③ is opened, read 52.1 if "Friend of the Fish King" is on the campaign sheet. Otherwise, read 52.1.



## 52.3 • Puzzle Solution

"But why does it always have to be so damned cold?" Crain shouts, his voice half-stolen by the wind. Honestly, you never thought to ask.

You're standing on a seaside cliff, one of the many that line the northern coast. To your right is the Biting Sea, that stretches into a wide, churning horizon, while to your left lie the frozen plains. Each inspires a certain threatening respect, but you're not here for either of them—you're here for the fjords. The long, jagged scars cut through the seaside cliffs, sinking down perhaps two hundred feet to the ocean below. At first glance they appear like any other rocky chute, but when you look near the top of one, you can see several large gouges in the stone that couldn't have been made by any natural

force. You told Crain about them back at Frosthaven, and he demanded to see them at once. His enthusiasm has dampened somewhat since then.

Grumbling, Crain lights his lamp and, just like last time, several strings of ghostly vapor rise from the ground to collect around it, though this time they are a deep purplish color. They only collect for a moment and then Crain snuffs the light and nods.

"Confirmed," he says. "And judging by the other markings you found along these cliffs, and the notes left in Project Source, I'd say there was a series of battles up and down this coast. Must have been quite the, em—" Crain goes quiet for a moment, staring down into the fjord below. Several

long seconds pass and when you ask if he's alright, the Quatryl jumps as if woken from a dream. "Of course! Yes, perfectly fine. Just something I read. As I was saying: a series of battles. But there should be another site somewhere up here, one that's quite a bit different than this. Keep searching further to the north and see what you can find. I don't have much direction other than that. Truth be told, I've been avoiding the next section of translation." His eyes narrow and his lip curls, exposing sharp teeth. "It's all poetry."

### Rewards

Turn to the next page in the puzzle book.

After smashing through the detritus and the undead, you finally clear a path into what appears to be a dining room.

"Oh lovely, lovely—you're here," the demon says. It waves you in like a master servant presenting a fine meal. "And just in time." It claps twice and prances around the room with glee, singing all the while, "nice and tender, nice and tender."

The demon's limbs are pure ice. Its face is crooked, teeth bent, and its jaw is stained with red. The creature stops and flourishes a hand. "Now, won't you please come in and join me!"

### Boss Special 1

One character recovers one card from their lost pile. Then the Prince of Frost performs:

♦ X, ♦ C, ♦ 5, where X is specified by the stat card.

Then the Prince of Frost summons one Snow Imp. It is normal for two characters or elite for three or four characters.



### Boss Special 2

One character loses one card from their hand or two cards from their discard.

Then the Prince of Frost performs:

♦ 2, ♦ C-1, ♦ 1, ♦ 1

Then the Prince of Frost summons one Snow Imp. It is normal for two or three characters or elite for four characters.

### Conclusion

The bodies pile up. You turn and swing your weapon and turn back, moving without thought, and cries go up on all sides. Your body is wearing thin. You need to rest but the wave of Snowspeakers will not relent. Something has to give. The defenders cannot hold this line much longer. Already they have fallen back. But then you feel it.

A rumble—a deep tectonic shift—jolts the entire field, and a terrible moan pours out over the plain. You turn and are nearly blinded by what's behind you. The spire is alight with a striking blue radiance. A desperate cry goes out. The Snowspeakers realize they have failed. Then everything goes white.

An immense wave of energy erupts from the spire. Weapons and bodies fly. Rocks and logs tumble like weeds.

Only after several long moments does the scene around you become clear. The field of battle, once covered in downy layers of snow, is now a slick, pearlescent sheet of ice. The Snowspeakers are aghast. They stare down at their hands in horror. One of them rises to its feet and attempts to cast a spell, but nothing happens. Its magic has been torn away. The realization of what's been done dawns on everyone, Putargal in particular.

She steps onto an icy outcropping overlooking the battlefield, radiating righteousness. She steps down from her stage and walks over to a still-dazed Snowspeaker. Then, with a single, ice-coated fist, she drives her victim into the ground. The other Icespeakers follow suit.

The battle is ended. The war is over, but this is no victory. It's a slaughter.

You heave yourself up and say nothing to anyone. You've done your part; Frosthaven is no longer under threat from the Algox. The Icespeakers revel in their victory as you begin the long trek back to the outpost.

### Rewards

**Gain 3 morale. Gain "Destroyer of the Snowspeakers" campaign sticker. Remove all ♦ events from all outpost event decks.**

**Add event WO-69 to the Winter Outpost deck.**

Locked Out Scenario:  
**Summit Meeting** (28)

### Section Links

Add **34.2** to the calendar in five weeks.

Ever since the Deathwalker decided to stop heading out on missions, they've been wandering the streets of Frosthaven, muttering to themselves about "lost souls". You finally stop them and ask what the meaning of it all is.

"There are just so many dead who still linger," the Deathwalker laments. "Those who have fallen in battle. Those who were taken by the cold. They must be properly put to rest, but I don't know how."

You mention the makeshift graveyard outside of town, and the Deathwalker shakes their head. "It is insufficient—woeful. The dead placed there don't get the proper respect. Piled into holes like garbage. Unless..."

The Deathwalker's expression changes. "Yes, I must go talk to Satha immediately. We must improve the graveyard! Give the dead their due respect. Oh my, there is so much work to do!" They move in the direction of Satha's cabin faster than you've ever seen them move. Hopefully, something good comes from it.

### Section Links

Add **176.4** to the calendar in the second week of next summer.

You leap and roll, threading through the conduit forest in search of shelter from these subterranean attackers, but you can only make it a short way before your path becomes blocked. More of the burrowing creatures dart through the snow in front of you. You gird yourself to fight when, out of nowhere, you hear a voice shouting.

"Burning sun!" It's an Algox standing on the far side of this horde, batting away one of the subterranean creatures. "I'll rip your infernal gah—" The Algox's words are muffled by the heavy sound of tunneling. You don't know who the lone survivor pledges allegiance to, but you know he'll have answers if you can get to him in time.

### Special Rules

The Algox Guard is an ally to you and an enemy to all other monsters. If the Algox Guard dies, the scenario is lost.



An Algox messenger appears at the main gate, handing off a message from Chief Elland of the Icespeakers addressed to you.

"Warriors, the time has come. The peace summit has been arranged, and we would be grateful for your attendance. Putargal is making the final preparations to activate the spires, which would send devastation through the Snowspeaker clans. We must end this now."

Accompanying the message is a map to a remote cave in the Copperneck Mountains where Elland will be **28**. You also note, however, the position of Putargal's spire **30**. She did demand your aid if you wanted to remain in their good graces. You must decide which course of action is best.

### Rewards

New Scenarios: **Summit Meeting** **28**, **War of the Spire B** **30**

### Conclusion

The pack is far behind you now, their snarls and barks fading far into the distance, and so, finally, you let yourselves slow to a march. The cold, for once, comes as a reprieve. You let it wash over and steal away the heat of battle, evaporating your sweat and taking the sting from your wounds.

For a long time after that, you march. The valley extends onward into the icy expanse of the north, finally opening into a vast field crowded with towering icy spikes. It looks almost like another forest, huge frozen pillars all gathered together, but these are no kind of tree you've seen. They are raw, frozen obelisks: enormous ice spears shot forth from the ground like huge monuments to some forgotten god.

You doubt this is what Satha was imagining when she sent you this way,

You often find the Crashing Tide resting at the shore of Frosthaven, observing the waves lapping against the dock. This time, however, things feel different. When they send images of the ebb and flow of the tides into your mind, you sense the kinship they feel toward the natural cycle. They are the tides. The high water was them rising to the surface, exploring dungeons and fighting with you against that which threatened Frosthaven.

But now, the waters recede. The Crashing Tide must return to the ocean. You express sadness.

The Crashing Tide gently lays a giant claw on your shoulder in consolation. You see more images of the low tide once again surging forward, raising the water. Everything is a cycle. The Crashing Tide will return one day. But for now, it disappears beneath the waves.

### Rewards

Add event B-15 to the boat deck.

but these things can't be ignored. You scan the horizon and notice that deep in the expanse, one structure stands apart. Larger and darker in color than the others, it's less a spike than a spire, and it reigns over the landscape like a lord's keep.

You have the choice: you can either march to the massive spire **15** or opt for a closer target **16**. You do notice one not too distant spike that does look a little curious. It is shorter than the rest, but also wider. It might be worth a cursory investigation before venturing too deep into this unknown field.

### Rewards

Gain 1 collective and 2 collective .

Place map overlay sticker X on the map in location X (C7).

New Scenarios: **Ancient Spire** **15**, **Derelict Elevator** **16**

## Conclusion

"I've done it!" Crain shouts, though it's hard to tell what exactly he's done, since you're still busy holding back the machine forces. You can hear him though. He's coming toward you, his small feet scampering over the junk pile until, like a deranged bird, he jumps right into the middle of two Unfettered attackers.

You try to push forward and get to him before the machines do, but there's no need. Crain lifts a skull-sized contraption into the air and shouts, "Have at you, Unfettered nuisance!" His contraption releases a flash of searing light and the machines all drop to the ground, dead.

Now there's just Crain, standing there, untouched and gloating like a merchant

who just sold sand to a Valrath.

"What do you say to that, mighty adventurer?" He tosses the contraption into the air but fumbles it for a second before getting it back in hand. "Ha, anyway there it is, my long-legged chums. One genuine Crain Unfettered Disabling Device. And," he reaches into some decayed canvas bag he must have scavenged from the pile and pulls out several more identical gadgets, "I've made enough for everyone!"

Apparently, the contraptions mimic the same technology the machines use for communication, or something like that. The Quatryl speaks quickly whenever he gets excited, and so the details go over your head. What is clear, however, is that

by activating one of the devices, you can disable an Unfettered fighter without cutting it down, provided you're close enough.

Crain explains that with these machines you can move back through the first tunnel and make your way to the Unfettered core, finally putting these machines to rest.

## Rewards

**Gain 2 collective ⚔, 2 collective ⚔, and 2 collective ⚔.**

New Scenario:  
**Overrun Barricade** (43)

## 55.2 • Gaps in the Road (74)

After traversing the first deep chasm, you have just a moment to catch your breath before you are once again assaulted by angry taunts and crude arrows.

### Section Links

When door ② is opened, read 52.2.



## 55.3 • Spire Basement (23)

After reducing the undead to their baser parts, you move quickly on and arrive at a wide circular chamber. This new room is made mostly of iron and stone, like the chamber upstairs; however, here the walls are lined with a number of cylindrical metal furnaces, and in the middle of the room is the beam of pulsing red light. This chamber must be the source of the beam's power, but the room's other occupants don't allow you time to investigate.

They materialize shortly after you arrive: the air around the chamber wrinkles and compresses until several black forms appear out of nothingness. Spirits, clusters of them, wrench themselves into

existence. They face you, raising spectral claws. But there is something else. Hanging in the center of these spirits is a hulking mass of folded black smoke—a churning shadow whose eyes boil with malevolence. The massive wraith looms before you and releases a low, hateful moan that shakes the metal on which you stand.

### Special Rules

The Living Doom is the Hateful Corpse. It has  $Hx C/2$  hit points (rounded down), is immune to  $\spades$  and  $\clubsuit$ , and adds +2  $\clubsuit$  to all its attacks.



## 56.1 • Deadly Pastimes (85)

You scan the room and see a puddle in the far left corner that may be of some interest.



## 56.2 • Apotheosis (76)

With a booming laugh, the Fish King opens his eyes and sees the violent pandemonium around him for the first time.

"Begone!" He howls, and chaotic energy shoots from his fingers, striking down friend and foe without regard. Larger and more menacing than ever, the Fish King addresses you. "SCALELESS! Look at me in all my splendor! Can you see it? Truly I will become the most glorious god the seas have ever seen!"

The metamorphosis resumes, and the Fish King grimaces as his muscles spasm and twist with dark energy. Clearly he has not reached his final form—has not quite reached this supposed godhood.

"Speechless, I see... Expected in the presence of a deity," he says through gritted teeth.

The thought occurs to you that maybe you didn't follow the best course of action—that giving such power to an unstable creature was not the safest bet. You think maybe it might not be too late to stop this madness. If you wanted to.

### Section Links

If you accept the Fish King's ascension, read [56.3](#). Otherwise, read [43.2](#).

## 56.3 • Enhancer Upgraded

The entirety of Voice-of-Eight stands to greet you when you enter the newly completed enhancement building. The inside is breathtaking, covered in the ethereal glass they used to construct the Aesther outpost to the north.

"We must thank you, adventurer," Voice-of-Eight says. "Because of your diligence, not only has our outpost been restored, but our presence here in this settlement has been strengthened as well. We have fully established connections with Aesthers across the world, and many regularly come

to visit and share knowledge. Some may even be willing to offer a few artifacts to the trade stall, which we hope will help you to continue bringing prosperity to our new home!"

### Rewards

Add any of the following items you have unlocked from *Forgotten Circles* to the available item supply: 154, 155, 157, and 163.

## 56.5 • Retires

"Listen, this has been great, but I still just can't get used to all... this," the Trapper gestures to the bustling outpost sheepishly. "I'm happy the hunting lodge convinced me to help out around here, but I just need some time to myself. Time to just be myself out in the wilderness, not worrying about who's going to spit on me or kick me as I walk by."

You frown and express remorse that such terrible things still happen to someone who has done so much good for the outpost.

"Ha, well, they're sorry too when they get a footful of bear trap," the Trapper

grumbles. "But it's not about that. I just long for the open skies and simple life the wilds provide. Don't worry, though, I'll still be back occasionally to trade with the hunting lodge."

With that, the Trapper packs up their sled of contraptions and marches off into the tundra.

### Section Links

Add [169.1](#) to the calendar in six weeks.

## 56.4 • Selling the Amulet

As soon as you enter the walls of Frosthaven, you march into the trading post, intent on doing... something. Were you going to sell something?

Yes! Something in your pack. You wanted to sell something deep in your pack. Something... troubling. You dig around for a while, but can't find what you were looking for. You upend the pack onto the counter, scattering its contents everywhere and eliciting concerned looks from the proprietor.

You scratch your head as you scan the mess you've created, looking for some snippet of a reminder about what you were doing here. Who did you encounter on the road to your last mission? It is completely absent from your memory, as if it never happened.

You sheepishly gather up the contents of your pack and quietly leave the shop. Once again, you feel the pull of something outside your reckoning. What happened to you on the road... it didn't happen, but rather, it will happen. No wonder you can't remember it yet.

### Rewards

**Return event SR-52 to the summer road deck.**

## Conclusion

It's difficult to make out the elders' words over the demons' constant screeching, but the effect is obvious as they incant solemnly over the source of the corruption. A flash of light bursts forth and the demons shriek one last time.

Suddenly you're all standing together, back in the sacred clearing. Gone are the corrupted forest guardians, and gone is the whirl of black smoke. What you find instead is the altar, worn by time and claimed by moss, but above the stone surface blooms an imposing spectral shape—an Algox spirit, its head adorned with incredible horns and its fur woven with glittering threads. The Algox elders bow in reverence, and you follow suit. One of the elders speaks.

"Spirit of Mar'ogh, we come at a desperate hour." Barduu's voice is thick with formality. "For a great many years, we have neglected your wisdom, and we have fallen into war. Many have perished at the hands of their fellow Algox. We ask you to forgive our arrogance and to aid us in the search for peace."

With their plea given, the elder Algox bow their heads, and you stand by with bated breath. When the answer comes, it startles all of you.

"THE CORRUPTION HAS SPREAD TOO FAR," the spirit says, voice booming inside your mind. It is a vast presence that makes your knees weaken. It's as if the land itself has suddenly reared up to speak. "HE WHO SLEEPS NOW MOVES TO AWAKEN. HIS INFLUENCE SPURS ON THE CONFLICT. THE HEART OF

## Conclusion

You aim true and the orb cracks. The thick glass splits like a piece of marble, and the light within it fades. A puff of smoke leaks out, smelling of burnt sap and rain. The room reels in response. The machines seize and fall silently to the ground, but the door leading onward slams shut, locked into place by thick metal gear.

With the yellow glow now gone, you relight your torches and examine the door. In order to move forward, you'll have to disable the mechanism securing it, but the system is incredibly complex. A large ring is affixed to the center of the door, and this ring holds six smaller circular plates at even intervals. You reach out and touch one of the pieces and find it strangely cold compared to the warmth of the room. You press harder and a pained creaking echoes throughout the room, one of the plates giving an unwilling turn. You press harder still, and discover the entire ring spins as well. You spend a great deal of time doing this, turning the ring and the plates into different positions, but, beyond making a fair deal of noise, the door refuses to budge.

You look closer and see a number of symbols etched in the wall along the circumference of the device. Starting from the top and going clockwise, you see a skull, a scarab, a triangle, a moon, a star, and an anchor. They must mean something, but, as much as it pains you to admit, without further context, you'll have to turn back for now.

## Rewards

**Gain 10 ♦ and 1 ✓ each.**  
**Gain 1 inspiration.**

New Scenarios:  
**Living Glacier (45), Dead Pass (46)**

## Rewards

**Gain 15 gold each.**

The populace has an electrifying energy running through them this morning—today is the Harvest Festival, a day to celebrate the success of this stubborn outpost in the middle of such an inhospitable region.

Mayor Satha gives her customary words of wisdom, walking the fine line of a leader who both bolsters the town's success and must acknowledge the souls lost in that

endeavor. The town waits for the two most important words of the day, and after teasing the end of her speech several times, she finally gets down to it with a smile: "Let's eat!"

Piles of grain-cherry custards, tin-berry tarts, crusty meat pies, and flavored ice swirled with sugar supplement the free-flowing axenut ale. The party-goers' constitution runs out well before the

drinks, and while there's some blanks in your memory the next morning, there isn't anything in this world you'd trade for the bits you do remember.

## Rewards

**Gain 2 morale.**

## Conclusion

The last of the black shards explodes into a thousand tiny fragments, and the spirits snuff out with a hush. The howling and trembling of the mountain ceases at once. You are left stilled by the silence. The walls and ceiling are all riddled with cracks, and the floor is rent with jagged scars. It seems that the battle ended not a moment too soon.

Chief Elland stands and groans, his enormous muscles steaming in the frigid air.

"This... this cannot continue," he says. "Look. Look at what's befallen the Skyhall: such sacrilege, such plain hatred." His eyes search for answers.

"The Snowspeakers must be destroyed," A new voice says, coming from down the hall. It is an older, female Icespeaker, trailed by a group of battle-worn fighters. "The only solution is to wipe them out completely. We can use the conduits our

kin have erected around the Whitefire Wood to purge them from the land."

The chief clenches his jaw and snaps back, "No, Putargal, for three centuries we have made war with the Snowspeakers, and look what it brings us. If not for the warmbloods, our home would be rubble. More conflict is not the answer. Water poured on ice will only create more ice."

Putargal snarls, a raw contempt burning in her eyes.

"Do not presume you speak for us all," she growls, "The Snowspeakers kill us, corrupt the Skyhall itself, and threaten to destroy everything we know... and you call for peace? Those fiends must pay for what they have done this day." She turns and begins to walk out, but stops and calls back. "You, warm-bloods. Come meet with me after you have recovered. We will honor your alliance only if you aid us in our counterattack." And with that, she leaves.

For a moment you stand in the new silence of Skyhall, considering this new schism and how you've found yourself at the center of it. The Algox chief turns to you.

"Please," he says, "this is not the way. More fighting will never bring us peace. You must join me instead. I have a plan to end this brutal cycle." The chieftain takes you aside. It will take some time, but I believe I can arrange a peace summit with the Snowspeakers to discuss a treaty. After the damage Skyhall has sustained, and that which Putargal threatens, we must end this cycle of destruction. When the time comes, I hope you will join me instead, and we will truly end this war.

## Rewards

**Gain 1 morale. Gain one random item blueprint.**

## Section Links

Add **54.3** to the calendar in four weeks.

## 58.2 • Rusted Tunnels (25)

They're coming from the tunnels. Two smaller passageways connect to this main one, and no matter how many machines you strike down, reinforcements emerge a few moments later. You need to cut off their line, and you formulate a plan. The

main tunnel's supports have not aged well. More than once you've accidentally knocked chunks of rust off the metal scaffolding during the fight, and so you

suspect that, if you can make your way to each of the smaller ingresses, you could smash their metal supports and bring them down, cutting off the enemy troops.

## Special Rules

The large debris has Cx(L+2) hit points. It is an enemy to you and an ally to all monsters. When it is destroyed, instead it becomes a wall. Remove all figures, tokens, and tiles occupying **b** or any hex beyond it, and then place another large debris wall in **b**. All removed characters become exhausted.

At the start of each round, until the large debris in this room is destroyed, spawn one Flaming Bladespinner at **a**. It is normal for two characters, elite each second spawn for three characters, or elite for four characters.



## Conclusion

The creatures are done. Their humanoid hosts lie slain. Their tree has been felled, and finally, the forest is quiet.

You take some time to check the area for any explanation as to what these creatures were or why they inhabited this place, but like so many other things in this part of the world, its mysteries remain unspoiled.

One thing is certain, however: this clearing is the warmest part of the forest you've encountered so far. It is practically balmy, and you can feel even more heat radiating from the west. Looking to the edge of the clearing, you see a great swarm of glowing orbs have gathered there. They seem to be waiting, wondering perhaps whether it's safe to venture inward toward the heat.

But that is a mystery for the scientists and researchers. Your business is the blade, and your business here is done. Satisfied with your handiwork, you turn and begin the long hike back to Frosthaven, wondering how exactly you'll make a report of this to Satha.

## Rewards

**Gain “Feathered Cloak” i069** blueprint. Gain “Into the Forest” campaign sticker.

In your opinion, no one in a trench coat should be trusted, least of all someone dripping water all over Glint's nice desk. You ignore the instructions and take the door to the left.

A narrow tunnel ends upon a cavern of shallow water and rocky islands. Perched atop these islands is a clutch of Abaeli. Their fins bristle at your entrance. One of them has a voice you recognize, and scolds you. “Useless! Didn’t you read my instructions? You were supposed to kill all the Lurkers so we could take over! Now we’ve got to deal with the shell-heads ourselves.”

One of the others clacks her sharp teeth. “Waste of time, trusting land-folk.” This incenses the other one. They begin arguing, dividing the group into factions

until Former-Trench-Coat points at you with a webbed finger.

“This is your fault,” he says. “Now the Lurkers have been alerted to everybody’s presence.” The other Abaeli agree with this assertion. Frenzied from their argument, they spring up, sparking their spears against the rocks.

Looks like you’re making all sorts of fishy friends today.

## Special Rules

Door **1** is now locked.

## Section Links

When door **4** is opened, read **92.3**.



Crain has been working feverishly with the craftsman for some time now, and you have left them to their own devices, not wanting to disrupt the work. You are surprised, then, to see Crain standing in the road, his hair and face covered in grease and dirt, chatting with a group of merchants as if he didn’t have a care in the world.

“And so I said to that mercenary, if you want your own purified water, you’ll have to—” Crain pauses as you approach. “Oh, hello there!” When his attention turns to you, the merchants stealthily slink off down the path.

You try to ask Crain what is going on, but he just waves off your question. “Lucky I ran into you,” he says. “There’s something that could be vitally important to finishing this project, but I haven’t been able to make much progress on my own.”

Crain digs in his pocket and pulls out a scrap of paper. “Logren spoke of conversations with adventurers and said they helped her with the device, with making the symbols of power. I think she was speaking literally. I think she learned specific lessons from their skills and magics, so before we go any further, I need to make sure we aren’t missing anything. I

want you to take stock of the inhabitants—the adventurers—of Frosthaven, and see if there isn’t someone we’re missing, some variety of talent that’s been overlooked. Then I will know for sure.”

You ask if there’s a list that Logren left, but Crain is already walking away, lost in thought.

## Rewards

Turn to the next page in the puzzle book.

## Conclusion

The creature is broken from your fight. It writhes on the ground like a speared boar. Its bony limbs clench and shiver and its mouth stretches wide to reveal rows of vicious teeth. The hateful fire that burned in its core sputters and snuffs out, the demon's eyes locked on you in a frozen stare. And with that, it is over. The demon is dead.

You rise and take a breath. Exhaustion comes on quickly. You've done what was needed, and hopefully the corruption has been banished from the forest. The Icespeakers can now start their new life in relative peace. But still, something nags at you. If this fight was truly over, then why are you still standing in the demon's realm?

Keeping your weapon at the ready, you walk over to the ruined creature, making sure not to get too close. As you draw near, the air around it begins to darken. Black threads drift slowly upward from the carcass. They rise and thicken, taking on a more solid form, and then lash over the demon's body like vines. They gather, more and more of them building up until they have covered the body completely and then, all at once, they seize. The ropes pull downward with incredible strength and wrench the demon into the earth, snapping its hard bony limbs like twigs. The sight is truly horrific, but it happens so quickly that you barely have time to process it.

When it's done, all that's left is a hole. You dare not approach it, but even so,

you understand what is down there. You can feel its power from where you stand. It is the place from which the demon emerged: the realm that lurks behind this one. The origin of fear—the birthplace of anguish and pain and hate. You feel it deep within your being, a recognition that's been sewn into all who walk the earth: an unshakable, unthinkable terror. Fear grows in your mind until you are forced to look away, but when you do, everything changes.

No longer are you standing in the demon's shadow realm but instead back in the Harrower nest. The floor is coated in carapace and black goo, but the demon's shadow is gone. The other creatures, those that did not fall in battle, have all fled, their will to fight apparently vanishing along with the source of their corruption. And so, with heavy arms but a light spirit, you march back out and make your way to the Algox camp.

Putargal is waiting when you return. Her face is a mask of matronly patience, a blank expression cemented by years of waiting for warriors to return, knowing that they never will. You make a brief report and the elder nods appreciatively.

"It is a great feat you have done for us." She stands at her full height and surveys the Icespeaker camp. The rough shelters have been rebuilt, and the Algox appear to be on the mend, many of them up and working. "Our path will never be an easy one, but now we can walk it with confidence, knowing that the darkness has been cleansed from our new home."

Hours later, you sit by a fire with Putargal, and you hear her chuckle. "Do you hear that?" She asks. You shake your head.

"Neither do I. Our god hasn't spoken to us since the fall of the ice spire." She reaches into a pouch hanging from her waist and brings out a small beaded charm.

"I give you this in thanks. It is little, I know, but it's not the item itself that's most important, but the intent." She hands you the charm and you feel a slight warmth radiating from the trinket. "I am sure one day we will find Geryuu's voice again, because of what you did this day." Putargal nods and then shuffles back to a cluster of huts.

A few days later you watch from a nearby ridge as the Algox make their way into the Radiant Forest. They have hoisted all that they own onto their backs—folds of leather, weapons, and tools—but as you watch, you feel a sense of relief. It is not peace that you've found, but it is perhaps the best this world can offer.

## Rewards

**Gain 1 morale and 1 inspiration.**  
**Unlock class box. Gain "Friend of the Icespeakers" campaign sticker.**

**Add event SO-51 to the summer outpost deck.**

**Add one card to the town guard deck.**

The Blinkblade finishes reading a long letter delivered by the mail carrier, and then folds it up and tucks it in their pack.

"Well, looks like I'm needed elsewhere." You stare at them, somewhat stunned.

"I've been offered a job by the Merchant's Guild in White Oak," the Blinkblade says. "Apparently activity of the Sin-Ra

syndicate has increased recently, and they need skilled operatives to fight them back in the shadows of the capital. These Sin-Ra are insidious jerks, and if you don't nip their machinations in the bud, well..." The Blinkblade shrugs their shoulders. "There goes your whole city."

They slowly finish packing up their belongings and then move to leave.

"I can't say I'll miss this cold, but, well, I may just miss you lot." The Blinkblade lingers at the door for a second. "Just a bit, though." And then—ZIP—they're gone.

## Rewards

**Add event SO-64 to the summer outpost deck.**

## 61.1 • Orphan's Core (58)

It's painful to stand near the light. The blue energy burns your skin and causes a deep ache in your bones, but you deliver the final strike. The orb cracks, shrieks, and explodes into a burl of smoke and blue flame that rises and mingles with the tangled pipes above. Almost immediately the pain subsides and the Orphan drops to the ground, its shield disabled.

"You animals!" The automaton shouts. Its mask is knocked loose, hanging askew, the blue light behind it leaking out at the edges. "Do you realize what you've done? How much we have lost because of you?!"



"I will not allow it," the Orphan seethes.  
"I will not."

The Orphan's body is wrecked but its fury is not lessened. The lone machine scrambles to its feet and limps down one of the adjoining halls, fleeing, you think, until a flash of blue light alerts you to another possibility.

You run after it and turn the corner to find the Orphan, running in halting steps past rows of tall, wired columns, drawing out sparks of blue light as it goes. It's recharging itself, stealing whatever little

energy is left to be had, and if you don't stop it quickly, you will have to face a fully revived adversary.

### Special Rules

Open door ① and move the Orphan to it.

The Orphan can now be damaged and immediately suffers  $\star$  (L+3)xC. In addition, it can now move and focuses on moving toward and occupying ①, then finds a focus as normal and performs any other abilities as if it had no movement. It is still immune to forced movement. "Special 1" now targets "self" instead of the glowing orb.

At the end of each of the Orphan's turns, for each other monster within  $\Rightarrow 2$  of it, the Orphan performs  $\Delta$  (L+2)/2 (rounded up), then each of those monsters suffers  $\star$  (L+2)/2 (rounded up). If the Orphan's current hit point value ever equals its maximum, the scenario is lost.

## 61.2 • Rusted Tunnels (25)

### Special Rules

The large debris has Cx(L+2) hit points. It is an enemy to you and an ally to all monsters. When it is destroyed, instead it becomes a wall. Remove all figures, tokens, and tiles occupying ④ or any hex beyond it, and then place another large debris wall in ④. All removed characters become exhausted.

At the start of each round, until the large debris in this room is destroyed, spawn two Ruined Machines at ④. These are normal for two characters, one is elite for three characters, or both are elite for four characters.

