





# GLOOMHOLDIN'

Everyone needs to eat. You especially, after this job.

A mercenary is only as good as her word. It's a novel concept, but hardly a new one. You ponder it over and over in your head as you continue your way on the rut-filled road to Gloomholdin'.

After your third failed attempt at locating your target on your latest job, you start to question whether your reputation – and your stomach – will survive the winter. Gloomholdin' is a mere 5 day's journey from its namesake, the larger and more prosperous Gloomhaven. Perhaps you'd have better luck scratching out a living there. You've heard stories of mercenaries becoming legend with work they found in Gloomhaven.

You shake your head. That's probably all they are. Stories.

You finally see the gates of Gloomholdin' up ahead, but your attention turns to the roadside, first to the left and then the right. Wolves, emerging from the darkness. They close in on you, snarling wildly.

It looks like you aren't the only one desperate and hungry tonight.

## New Location:

#1: The Gates of Gloomholdin'

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As you set out to begin your mercenary career, here's a reminder on a few things that are easy to forget:

- You can look up **Treasure Chest contents** on the last page of this Scenario Book.
- You don't start Scenario #1 with **any items or gold**.
- You can own and equip a **maximum** of 2 items.
- It's recommended you start playing on **scenario level 1**. If you play on a harder (2 or 3) or easier (0) level, remember to adjust the following things:
  - Monster HP
  - Monster Attack Modifier row
  - Trap damage
- The value of money tokens looted is **always 2 gold**, no matter what scenario level you are playing.
- The monster attack modifier row is based on the **scenario level**. Your character's attack modifier row is based on your **character level**.
- Dashes (-) for monster range mean melee range (range 1). Dashes for monster movement or attack mean Move or Attack zero.



# #1

# The Gates of Gloomholdin'

Blocks: None

**Requirements:** None

**Goal:** Kill all enemies

## Introduction:

At least the road isn't lonely anymore.

The wolves snap and sneer in anticipation of what they think will be their next meal. You wonder what in the world has driven them to be so aggressive. And so near the city gates.

Normally you'd take pleasure in taking down these nasty beasts, but tonight...there's just enough red in their beady eyes to make you uncomfortable.

Best to not mess around. You step forward to kill the wolves as quickly as you can.

## Monsters:

- Wolf

## The King Needs Your...

- Hawk Helm
- Heater Shield
- Throwing Axe
- Night Blade

## Conclusion:

As the last wolf falls, spitting viciously to the last, you waste no time moving on. You were already overdue for a night's sleep before this interruption. Now you feel more overdue for a drink than anything else.

You head into town toward the Blackguard Inn, nodding your respect to the city guard as you pass through the gate.

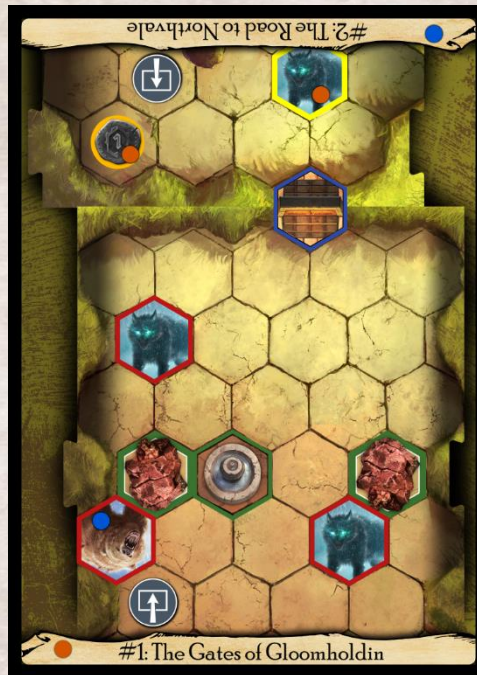
No sense getting on anyone's bad side.

## New Location:

#2: The Road to Northvale

## Reward:

12 gold









**Requirements:** None

**Goal:** Kill all enemies

### Introduction:

You've never been to Northvale, but you know the way from the stories alone. Your father's generation knew the region well, but a best-forgotten falling out has since ceased all trade and travel with Gloomholdin's northern neighbors.

Not that you are complaining, the road isn't too hazardous—yet. Mostly you are wondering what you'll say when you inevitably encounter the Lora, the mysterious inhabitants of Northvale. From what you've heard, the Lora are actually a Savvas cult, though they wouldn't describe themselves that way.

You are certain your elders cut ties with the Lora for a reason, and you hope to not find out what it was on this particular venture.

As your quest leads you through Winter's Pass, a famed canyon traversable just two months out of the year due to these miserable weather conditions, a thick, icy fog rolls in. Two ice-covered beasts suddenly emerge from the ice-cloud, clearly not interested in you getting any closer to Northvale.

A closer look reveals they are Frost Demons, notorious and deadly spirit creatures. Rarely encountered and even more rarely survived.

Seems to be your luck today.

### Monsters:

- Frost Demon

### The King Needs Your...

- Throwing Axe
- Night Blade
- Heater Shield
- Hawk Helm

### Conclusion:

The last of the demons lets out an unsettling shriek as you make the killing blow. Almost immediately, the fog lifts.

You judge that this little encounter was no accident. A trap, set by the Lora for protection—or secrecy. At any rate, it means you are going the right direction.

You press on to Northvale, mentally preparing for whatever evil you might find ahead.

### New Location:

#5: Northvale





**Requirements:** None

**Goal:** Kill all enemies and reach the stairs tile

### Introduction:

Crumbling walls overrun with vines. Faded and broken statues of once-revered heroes of the past. Even in this decaying, ruinous mess, you can see in your mind's eye the majestic city Shadowhelm once was. Or rather, you can feel it. You sense a hum—no, an electricity—in the air, as if the city left a ghost in its stead, determined not to be forgotten.

You'd stop to appreciate it if you weren't so blasted hungry. You need to get paid—soon. You start to wonder if chasing this legend of a city of gold under the Shadowhelm Ruins was a mistake.

But not for long. A sword buzzes past your left ear, landing blade-first in the wall behind you. Your instincts take over as you immediately dive into a somersault that takes you behind some cover. As you do, your experienced eyes scan your surroundings for threats.

You count four. Bandits. That makes sense. You expected to find some squatters in the city ruins, just not this many. And not this well armed.

### Monsters:

- Bandit Guard

### The King Needs Your...

- Piercing Bow
- Silent Dagger
- Balanced Blade
- Tower Shield

### Conclusion:

As the last enemy falls, you turn to the dark stairwell that caught your eye during the fight. It is partially obscured by rubble from an adjacent building's exterior stone wall. You have no way of knowing whether the bandits simply didn't notice it or if there are more dangers waiting for you in the darkness.

Either way, it seems to be what you are looking for: a way down. If you're lucky, you'll find these legendary mountains of gold before noon.

### New Location:

#6: Secret City Landing

### Reward:

5 gold





**Requirements:** None

**Goal:** Kill all enemies

### Introduction:

Happy to have Winter's Pass behind you, you progress along the now-treacherous path to the city of Northvale. You're becoming less confident you'll be able to solve this mystery of the crazed animals tormenting Gloomholdin'—but you are becoming more and more determined. The Lora, or whoever you find in Northvale, are going to give you some answers, whether they prefer to or not. The one thing you *are* confident of in this situation is your ability to get information out of someone when you need it. Tricks of the trade, one might call it.

Under the backdrop of the gray, clouded sky, you suddenly see the expected up ahead. More devils of the frost—and now evil wind spirits—stand between you and your destination. You see self-gratifying smirks on their devilish faces.

What these monsters don't know is how impatient you are getting. You step forward, eager to wipe the smiles from their faces.

### Monsters:

- Frost Demon
- Wind Demon

### The King Needs Your...

- Throwing Ax
- Night Blade
- Heater Shield
- Hawk Helm

### Conclusion:

As you plant your weapon in the heart of the last of the demons, you hear a male voice up ahead. You look to see figures standing in a formation of some kind, barely visible thanks to a reddish light from the setting sun behind them.

"You've come a long way, Mercenary," the owner of the voice says. "Suffice it to say we weren't expecting you to make it this far."

Wow. Pretty formal greeting from a guy who has already tried to kill you twice with his demon minions. You respond with some words you learned at the Blackguard Inn bar, half shouting to cover the distance.

"No need for spiteful language," the figure says rather calmly, his voice carrying oddly easily. "You and I are, I assure you, in alignment. You may not see it yet, but we want the same thing."

You tell him to explain himself. Fast.

The figure introduces himself as Erolith, king of the Lora. He explains that the strange behavior of the animals, as well the demons you just fought, is indeed a result of activity in Northvale. But it is the work of a Loran warrior gone rogue. Furien, an influential leader of the Loran army, has taken some loyal forces and fled underground to the Loran mines. He is consumed with a fanatical plan to rebalance the very essence of all natural life. His ritual, they have seen, has already had side effects—namely, the demon-like aggression of the creatures in the region.

Erolith explains that Furien must be stopped before he can complete his ritual. The future of all natural life in the known world could be at stake.

You consider Erolith's words. His story for some reason has left an uneasy feeling in your gut. You think back to the legends from your youth about the Lora. You can't

put together exactly what it is, but something does not seem to be adding up.

Could it be Erolith is playing you? Tricking you into doing his dirty work and taking out a threat of his own making? Perhaps it would be best to confront Erolith, and fight him if necessary, to get to the bottom of this (#8).

Or is he telling the truth? His story would, after all, explain the mystery behind the aggressive creatures making life miserable in Gloomholdin'. And confronting Furien just might be the fastest route to your much-needed payday. Maybe you should carry out Erolith's request and put a stop to Furien's plans (#7).

### New Locations:

- #7: The Loran Mines
- #8: The Throne Room





**Requirements:** None

**Goal:** Kill all enemies

### Introduction:

As you descend further down the black stairwell below Shadowhelm, the air begins to chill. This isn't your first trek into a dungeon, so you are confident in your assessment that this change in temperature has some kind of supernatural cause.

Real danger lurks nearby, in other words. You know there's something spooky up ahead.

You've never been afraid of battling the spiritual or even the magical. What you've learned to fear in your career as a mercenary is the unknown. You ready your weapons and limber your breath as you reach the bottom of the staircase.

Within a moment the room lights up. Torches lining the walls burst to flame, revealing a large, long room with a door on the far side. But it's what's between you and the door that has your attention. Undead fighters, armed and grimacing. Knowing full well they will be useless, you attempt a few words of diplomacy.

"You are not welcome at the Doors of Deathgate," is the response from the closest walking skeleton. "And there is no turning back for you now. The Life Giver requires all who enter here to die."

You speak once more, this time to see what information you can get. You inquire of this "Life Giver".

"You'll know The Sorcerer well enough when his plan is complete," they say, moving in for the attack. "Or you would, if you were to live past the next few moments."

### Monsters:

- Living Bones

### The King Needs Your...

- Balanced Blade
- Tower Shield
- Piercing Bow
- Silent Dagger

### Conclusion:

The bones of the final skeleton crack loudly as you deal a final blow. The room feels suddenly silent. The only sound comes from the slight, eerie crackle of the wall-bound torches. You take a second to examine your surroundings. Satisfied there are no additional threats to manage, you make your way to the door, planning to move deeper into the secret underground city (#9).

You chuckle to yourself as you walk. Deathgate. Nice name. Hopefully the rest of the city is nicer than the greeters.

Before you reach the door, you notice an alcove on one side of the room. Further investigation reveals it is a secret door of sorts, and seems to be able to be opened with a little bit of effort. Perhaps investigating this (#10) would reveal some of the secrets of Deathgate.

### New Locations:

- #9: Welcome to Deathgate
- #10: The Treasure Room





**Requirements:** None

**Goal:** Kill all enemies

### Introduction:

You decide to trust Erolith. His story seems like the best explanation for what's been going on in Gloomholdin'. Erolith gives you instructions for how to find Furien and his followers. He's carrying out some ancient ritual in the Loran Mines beneath Pale Mountain, half a day's travel from here.

Less than a few hours later, you reach the entrance to the mines, and minutes more to reach the door that will lead you to Furien. You pause momentarily to listen to the activity on the other side of the door. You hear what must be Furien's voice leading a chant in a language you don't understand.

Time to crash a party.

You burst through the doors, surprising everyone inside. Fires rage from floor to ceiling in the background of the scene. You figure they must be a feature of the mines now being manipulated for whatever horrible ritual Furien is undertaking.

Furien stands elevated above the rest of his Savvas followers. Every eye in the room is focused on you. After a short moment, Furien speaks, evidently understanding your purpose for being here. His voice breaks through the wind gusts created by the flames.

"If you truly knew the stakes of all this, you wouldn't try to stop us," he says. His eyes are bloodshot, but earnest. "Creation herself urges us to complete the ritual. The fate of the living world depends on it."

You, in turn, ensure Furien knows that the fate of your reward money depends on the exact opposite.

Furien shakes his head, disappointed but unmoved. "We know where we stand, then," he says. "So let us not waste time."

He makes a motion with his hand. As he does, every Savvas in the room advances in your direction.

### Monsters:

- Savvas Icestorm
- Furien

### The King Needs Your...

- Ancient Bow
- Staff of Eminence
- Minor Healing Potion
- Staff of Control

### Conclusion:

Furien lies at your feet, dying. He is propped up modestly on his right elbow, his left hand holding his side. He inhales slowly, working up the strength to speak. You respectfully keep silent.

"You don't know what you've done here today," Furien says quietly, half to you, half to no one in particular. "There are looming threats from forces you do not understand."

He gestures for you to come closer and pulls something from his pocket. It's a marvelous red stone, faintly glowing with what is apparently light from within.

"I don't have breath left to explain, but you need to finish what I started," Furien says. "You'll need this." He hands you the stone.

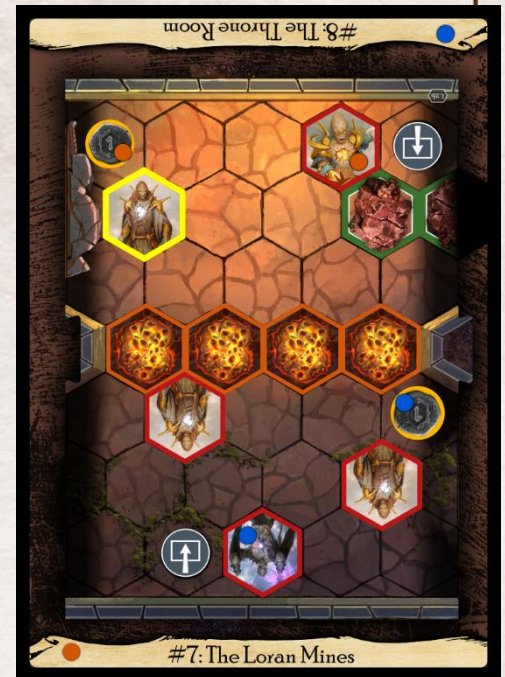
You only manage to shake your head slightly, indicating you don't understand. Could you have been wrong about Furien?

"The gem is the key," he says, fading off. "It's the key..." And his eyes close.

The room is silent now, a stark contrast from how you found it. You stand in shock, staring stupidly at the red gem in your hand. You feel less certain than ever you understand what kind of plot you've become a part of, but you have a feeling this adventure is just getting started.

### Achievement:

Red Gem





**Requirements:** None

**Goal:** Kill all enemies

### Introduction:

Something doesn't smell right. You've been in this business long enough to learn to trust your gut. And your gut is telling you there's more to the story than Erolith was willing to share.

You resolve to get to the bottom of it. But not here. Erolith and his Savvas guards have the high ground, and a clear tactical advantage. You want as close to even odds as you can get in case things turn sideways.

You bid farewell to the Loran royalty, claiming you are headed to find and stop Furien. In reality, you double back and trail Erolith from a distance, following him and his guards to what you can only guess is Erolith's throne room.

Your initial suspicions that Erolith has a narcissistic love for theatrics are confirmed. The large, long room is extravagant. A line of deep pits divide the room in two, flames shooting upward to the ceiling periodically from their depths. Elaborate tapestries line the walls, and massive statues, each one of Erolith himself, tower over the room's occupants.

You decide that even if it turns out Erolith wasn't lying to you about Furien, he still deserves to be punched in the face.

You hide and listen for only a few minutes before your doubts about Erolith are confirmed. You overhear him talking to one of his guards—an advisor perhaps—about how the mercenary would take care of their "Furien problem" soon, and how their true plans should be hindered no more following Furien's death.

That's enough for you.

You emerge from your hiding place, walking calmly but quickly toward Erolith's throne. It's multiple seconds before anyone even notices. Erolith does first.

After a moment of disbelief, he speaks to you. "And I suppose you've heard everything?"

You respond with silence.

Erolith nods a few times to himself. "Well then," he says through a sigh. "I don't need to tell you what happens next."

You scan the room as the Loran guards move in on you. You were hoping for even odds. But this will do.

### Monsters:

- Savvas Icestorm
- Erolith

### The King Needs Your...

- Ancient Bow
- Staff of Eminence
- Minor Healing Potion
- Staff of Control

### Conclusion:

Erolith takes in a labored breath and speaks. "This changes nothing," he gasps defiantly. "The king will still face his judgement."

Before you can get anything more out of him, Erolith lets out his last breath and falls at your feet.

You try to process what he said. The king? Was he referring to himself, the king of the Lora?

He couldn't mean the king of Gloomholdin'. The Lora would have no reason for a grudge against Fere. None that you can think of, anyway.

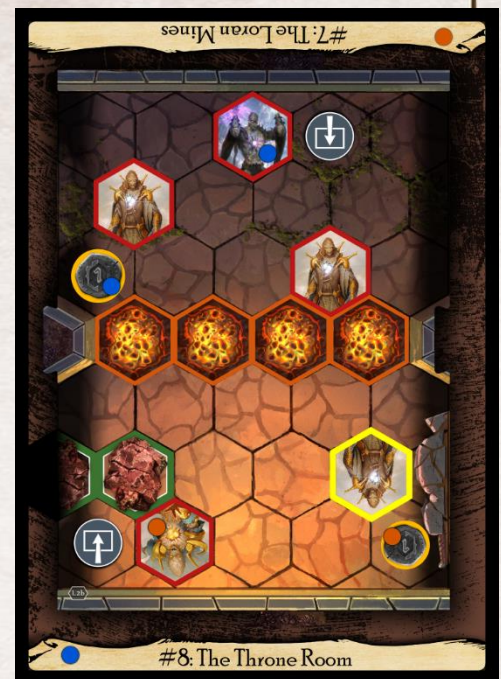
Movement in your periphery breaks your concentration. A secret drawer, seemingly by enchantment, has juttred outward from Erolith's throne, revealing mysterious contents: a glowing blue stone.

You think for just a moment about what to do. You decide fairly quickly. There's no way you're leaving here without this thing. Like it or not, you seem to be in the middle of something big happening in Gloomholdin',

and whatever this stone is, you are guessing it will come in handy.

### Achievement:

Blue Gem





**Requirements:** None

**Goal:** Kill all enemies

### Introduction:

You emerge through the heavy door and are immediately awestruck. The tales you've heard about an entire city existing in secret under Shadowhelm—they are most assuredly true.

Could that really be the span of this place? The jagged rock-ceiling is hundreds of feet above you. The city covers what must be miles in all directions, the carved-out rock walls providing the limits to the breadth of this incredible dome. Rock structures with surprisingly modern features fill the space, organized in a functional grid of streets and houses.

No mountains of gold, though.

Whatever people once occupied this city are certainly absent now, but it could not have been so many years ago, judging by the state of things. Fifty, a hundred maybe. You can't help but wonder what happened here.

A mystery for another day. For now, you must press on to find the gold that the eccentric Brash, the traveler you encountered on the road to Northvale, had told you about. If the secret city—what you now know is called Deathgate—is real, the part about the treasure must be as well.

Before you can move any further, your senses pick up on a small, shadowed figure flitting between two structures to your left. You don't have to wonder what it is. You've dealt with these nasty creatures before. Rats. Vermling scavengers, likely stealing what they can find in these ruins.

You'll need to get rid of them before you can continue your search. You know they'll follow you, waiting for an opportunity to kill you just for the coins in your pocket.

Normally killing Vermlings would be a simple task, but in this labyrinth of buildings you are definitely playing on their turf.

Better start the hunt.

### Monsters:

- Vermling Scout

### The King Needs Your...

- Imposing Blade
- Staff of Elements
- Versatile Dagger
- Major Healing Potion

### Conclusion:

Just before you make the killing blow on the final Vermling, it cries out at you to stop, saying it knows something you'll want to know. You're feeling generous, so you let it speak.

The Vermling stutters at the start, but speaks quickly. "You've attacked us because you think we'll kill you if you don't," it says. "You're not wrong about that. But what you don't know—what you need to know—is who invited us here."

You tell the rat to keep talking. It gulps and continues.

"A man—or a creature, I'm not sure which—more powerful in magic than any you have ever encountered. He offered us the opportunity to scavenge in Deathgate, and offered us death if we refused. We were to kill any who intruded in the city."

You ask if this man happened to refer to himself as The Sorcerer.

"No," is the reply from the Vermling. "We knew him by his name: Vaal."

The name causes you to shudder, a rare occurrence for you. The rat continues.

"He has plans. Big plans, and bad ones. We think—" the Vermling swallows hard. "We think he's raising an army. He's going to try to overthrow the king."

Well. That's some news. You press it for more, but the Vermling swears it has

told you everything it knows. You let it free, and it scurries away frantically.

This is above your pay grade. If what the Vermling said is true—and you have every reason to believe it is—this Vaal needs to be dealt with. It's not normally your style to do something like this without getting paid for it. But considering the fate of Gloomholdin' hangs in the balance, you are willing to make an exception. The king might be a tyrant, but there's no telling what this sorcerer intends to leave standing after his coup.

You are not going to be able to handle this alone. You decide you must go back, above ground, to find some help. You have an old friend in mind who will want to know about this.

### New Location:

#11: Return to Shadowhelm





**Requirements:** None

**Goal:** Kill all enemies

### Introduction:

The secret door leads into a dark, cobweb-laden passage. A few hundred paces takes you to an old wooden door, padlocked flimsily with a rusty contraption. With a swift kick to center mass, the door flies into the room beyond. Dim light bursts into the passage, overwhelming at first to your darkness-adjusted eyes. You shield your eyes with your arms before leaving the dark passage behind.

Onward into the open. Before you is a massive cathedral of a room. Faux windows emanating with unexplainable light line the lateral walls, and two rows of large, floor-to-ceiling pillars give you an unsolicited feeling of appreciation for the beauty of this below-ground structure.

At the far end stands a dragon, dark and proud, but clearly advanced in years. You can't decide if that makes it more or less dangerous. It has noticed you from the start, staring intelligently and patiently, apparently waiting for your next move.

You give the beast a cautious wave of greeting. It doesn't respond. After a moment of consideration, you verbally ask the dragon its purpose here. It takes a full breath and finally speaks.

"I am Morth-Gar," it says calmly, as if leading a lecture. "I am of an ancient breed of dragon, the Dragon Guardians, and my species has been granted haven here, in Deathgate."

After your eyes make another sweep of the room, you ask the dragon where the rest of his species is.

"I am he," it replies. "The last of the Dragon Guardians."

Your pause is invitation for it to continue.

"For the last fifty years, our kind has been hunted and killed by the dreadful Dargoth. As to why, I can only speculate. Perhaps he considered creatures of our strength and intelligence too great a threat to ignore. This ignores the fact, of course, that we have no

aspirations for war. We are guardians, not soldiers."

Morth-Gar continues. "And so I was offered haven in Deathgate. The Dark Man approached me with promises of peace and asylum. His only request was that I guard the contents of the room beyond these doors." The massive dragon motions to an ornate set of doors behind him.

"The Dark Man did not leave me unequipped for the task," the dragon says. Almost immediately, a number of smaller dragons you recognize as Spitting Drakes emerge conspicuously from their hiding places. Morth-Gar seems pleased at the brief look of fear that flashes across your face.

You evaluate the situation. The Sorcerer you've heard about must be behind this. And the treasure the traveler Brash spoke of—you've finally located it. The only thing that stands in your way is a deadly ancient dragon, bred specifically to protect its ward from threats like you.

Seems simple enough.

You feel you owe it the respect, so you explain to the dragon that you are going to take the prize he is guarding.

Morth-Gar smiles. "A chance to do what I was made for. I relish it."

### Monsters:

- Morth-Gar
- Spitting Drake

### The King Needs Your...

- Shadow Armor
- Bloody Axe
- Cutpurse Dagger
- Boots of Dashing

### Conclusion:

Morth-Gar sputters as you drive your weapon into his throat. He emits some final words.

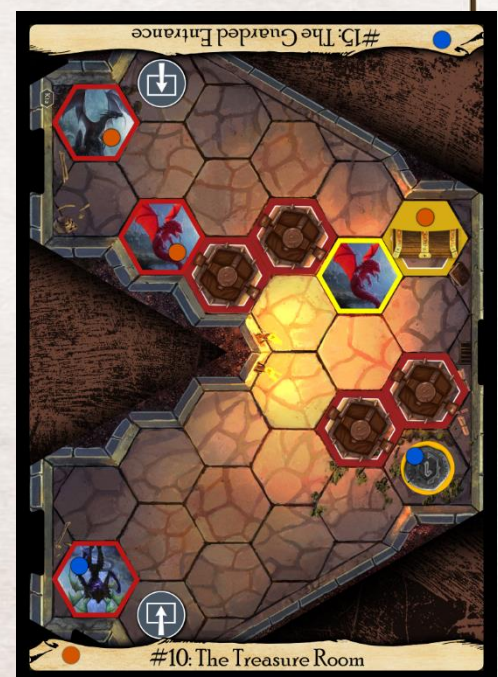
"Death is upon me, and I embrace it," he chokes out. "It comes as I fulfill both my duty and my destiny." And with that, he goes silent.

You use your sleeve to brush blood from your eyes. This treasure must really be something, with all the trouble this sorcerer has gone through to protect it.

You turn and face the direction of the room Morth-Gar was guarding. Time to find out what's on the other side of those doors.

### New Location:

#12: The Ancient Depths





**Requirements:** None

**Goal:** Kill all enemies

### Introduction:

You scramble back the way you came, finally climbing the final step and emerging from the hidden entrance to Deathgate. You are in the Shadowhelm ruins once again, this time with a very different mission.

Masking the night, the moon overhead is bright and nearly cheerful, oblivious to the dark plot threatening the very future of Gloomholdin'. The air is cool and refreshing as you start your sprint back to town. You know whom you must go to for help, and you know where to find him. You're pretty sure, anyway.

Before you make it even 10 paces, you stop suddenly, listening, silently but intensely. Yes. It's as you feared. You draw your weapons and ready your stance, using all of your senses to create the equivalent of a 360-degree view of your surroundings.

The dead quiet night becomes less quiet as sure-footed bandits emerge from various cover all around you. They say nothing, and nothing needs to be said. There are more of them than when you first entered Shadowhelm, and they seem to have been ready for the lone mercenary to return.

This time, you fear, they want to kill you out of revenge instead of greed. A subtle distinction, but you know it to be a deadly one. You brace yourself for the fight as the closest bandit makes the first move.

### Monsters:

- Bandit Guard
- Bandit Archer

### The King Needs Your...

- Silent Dagger
- Piercing Bow
- Balanced Blade
- Tower Shield

### Conclusion:

As the last enemy falls, you hear the unmistakable sound of horses approaching. You scramble for cover, frustrated at the



delay, but intent on waiting until the threat passes.

It does not pass. Instead, you hear horses and riders halting nearby. They exchange a few indiscernible words, clearly having ridden here in a hurry, given the fact that both horses and riders are breathing heavily. Your ears perk up as a familiar voice speaks, seemingly the leader of this group.

You can't help but smile. Perhaps your luck is changing.

You leave your hiding place and approach the group. The moment you are noticed, weapons are raised instinctively in your direction, accompanied by shouts of warning from nearly every man involved. Then, you are recognized by one of them. The man hollers orders to his men to put their weapons down. He knows this shabby-looking traveler.

You smile at your old friend. Torsten, the Captain of the Guard, one of only a handful of people in Gloomholdin' you trust. Your unlikely friendship has been tried in every possible way over the years, and despite vastly differing moral and political affiliations, it has stood the test of time. His unwavering loyalty to the corrupt king of Gloomholdin' is a concept lost on you, and yet you admire his single-minded adherence to his values.

Torsten approaches you. After a firm handshake, he speaks.

"You're a long way from the Blackguard Inn," he says. It's true you had been spending most of your time there as of late. You ask him what brings him and his men to the God-forsaken ruins of Shadowhelm.

"We received word of a darkness here," Torsten explains. "The demon-curse in the animals, as well as other strange happenings—it has all led us here."

"I must admit, we're searching for a threat we know little about." Torsten turns to look at the determined eyes of his men, then looks back at you. "But we're ready for whatever fight comes our way."

You explain to Torsten that the threat is worse than he knows. You relay what you have learned about Vaal, the powerful sorcerer with a plot to overthrow the king. Torsten's expression never falters as you reveal all of this. He is no stranger to this level of danger.

The two of you quickly devise a plan. Torsten and his men will ride back to Gloomholdin' to ready the entirety of the King's Guard. If Vaal is raising an army, it will take an army to defeat him. Meanwhile, you will go back into Deathgate, trying to reach and somehow stop Vaal before he can execute his attack against Gloomholdin'.

Torsten quickly mounts his horse, and gives an earnest look in your direction. "Good luck, friend," he says, and he and his men ride off in the direction they came.

You turn back to the dark entrance of Deathgate, knowing you must press even further into its depths than you had before. You dread what evils await.

### New Location:

#13: The Corridor

### Reward:

5 gold



**Requirements:** None

**Goal:** Kill all enemies and loot the treasure tile

### Introduction:

You pass through the ornate doors into a darker and far less extravagant room. It has the feel of a dungeon, something once designed by a twisted lover of both architecture and pain. The very structure of the room is unique, an odd diamond shape with pillars supporting the rough ceiling in various places. Old (but likely functional) traps are strategically placed across the floor.

/ A large figure that had been seated near the far end of the room stands up. You recognize immediately the athletic build of an Inox warrior. Except this Inox was of a height and breadth you've never seen in all your travels. She holds a massive sword and accompanying shield, and is armored head to toe. Not that this particular Inox would have needed any armor.

Two archers stand with her, presumably following her orders. She assesses you for a moment and speaks.

"I see Morth-Gar has failed," she says to you. "Which means I alone am left to protect Vaal's treasure."

Finally. Someone getting to the treasure part. You had already noticed the promising-looking chest residing on the floor near its Inox protectors.

The Inox warrior motions with her sword hand. One of the archers races forward, finding cover from which to shoot. The other stays back at the side of his commander.

The large Inox gets in an arrogant quip before the fight begins. "Let's see if I even break a sweat killing you."

### Monsters:

- Inox Champion
- Inox Archer

### The King Needs Your...

- Drakescale Helm
- Platemail
- Stamina Potion
- Spiked Shield



### Conclusion:

The massive Inox falls with a violent shout. Her armor rattles as she hits the ground, and dust flies up from the dirt-coated floor. You stand resting, coughing a few times from the dust cloud.

You waste no time breaking into the treasure chest. To your incredible disappointment, it is empty, except for a ratty, rolled-up scroll. You examine it, only to find a few lines of text in a language you've never seen before.

You hear footsteps behind you. You whip around to face the threat, already beginning the motion of your attack.

"Whoa, stop!" comes a reply. "Friend! I'm a friend!" yells the stranger, hands raised awkwardly. You squint in the semi-darkness. It takes a second, but you recognize the figure as Brash, the traveler you met on the road to Northvale—the one that gave you the tip about the gold in Deathgate.

What a timely encounter. You shove the scroll in Brash's face and instruct her to explain herself. This ratty, rolled-up piece of parchment is a far cry from mountains of gold.

"I did lie to you," confesses Brash. "But allow me to explain." You nod, so she continues.

"I needed to know if I could trust you," she says. "And I knew you wouldn't trust me. I heard stories of your skillset from folks around Gloomholdin'. I needed someone of your abilities to help thwart an evil plot that poses a danger to the citizens of our city."

You tell Brash you already know about the sorcerer Vaal's plan to overthrow the king.

"Yes, but that is half the story," she says seriously. "A militant faction of Inox have parallel plans to attack Gloomholdin'. The group call themselves the Graymen. They are led by a brilliant but mad Inox called Dargoth."

Apparently taking over Gloomholdin' is in vogue at the moment. Brash can see your disbelief, but goes on anyway. "Unlike Vaal, who seems to be motivated by a personal vendetta against King Fere, Dargoth simply desires power. He has a vision for a utopia of sorts, one that begins with Gloomholdin' and can only be accomplished under his rule."

"As for Dargoth and the Graymen—I unfortunately have discovered nothing of their whereabouts," says Brash. "So we must deal with the more immediate threat. The devil we know, as it were."

Brash gestures to the scroll in your hand. "That scroll is the missing piece. It's why I lied to you, so you would do what I couldn't: Fight through these guardians and find the scroll. Ironically, it had once belonged to Dargoth. Now, it contains the key to reaching Vaal."

At this point, you have little choice but to trust Brash. You ask what must happen next to stop Vaal.

"Come with me," she says with intense eyes. "I know the way."



# #13 The Corridor

Blocks: None

**Requirement:** Dargoth's Scroll

**Goal:** Kill all enemies

## Introduction:

After connecting with Brash, you are following her to the place where Vaal is in the process of raising his army. She claims to know the way.

Grasping for more information as you move, you ask Brash if she knows how Vaal is managing to gather an army deep underground. The sorcerer is apparently quite literally raising warriors to fight for him. The dead, if you and Brash are unsuccessful, will soon rule the living.

You reach a pair of tall, gold-infused doors. Brash asks you for the scroll, so you hand it to her. She unfurls it, faces the door, and begins to read its contents, lisping out a strange-sounding language you're unfamiliar with. After a few dramatic seconds of silence, the door's locking mechanisms unlatch, seemingly by magic.

You look in disbelief at Brash. She half smiles and shrugs. Without a word, the two of you press forward, first through the door and then down a faintly lit passage.

Brash stops suddenly. She has heard something. You push ahead of her, scanning the corridor ahead.

It's Vermlings again. This time they brought the big guns. Vermling Shaman protect the way. Their primitive but effective use of magic makes them a force not to be trifled with.

You step forward, intent on swift destruction. Time is running out for Gloomholdin'.

## Monsters:

- Vermling Shaman
- Vermling Scout

## The King Needs Your...

- Imposing Blade
- Staff of Elements
- Versatile Dagger
- Major Healing Potion



## Conclusion:

When the fight is finally over, Brash addresses you with an urgent tone: "We must press forward quickly. We are nearing Vaal's location."

How in the world is Brash so informed on all of this? She can't have gotten all of her knowledge of Vaal and Dargoth and their plots to attack Gloomholdin' from mere gossip in her travels. There is something more to this. Something she's not telling you.

You confront her about it. Brash protests, insisting there is not time to explain, but you are insistent. She is visibly pained at the notion, but finally releases a sigh of defeat and begins to tell you everything.

Brash stares at her feet. "The reason I know of Vaal and his plans," she says, now lifting her head to look you in the eyes. "Is because I was once involved in his movement. I worked for him, more or less. It's how I know the Spirit Language. It's how I know my way in Deathgate."

You remain silent, so she goes on. "When he talked about removing Fere from power, I...I got caught up in it. I thought whatever the

outcome, getting Gloomholdin' out from under the corruption and the tyranny of Fere's rule would be worth it."

Brash's tone changes slightly. "But when I saw what Vaal was doing—his methods—I could stand with him no longer. I betrayed him, and escaped. I've been working to stop him ever since."

So this mystery, at least, is revealed. Whether or not you trust her, Brash is your best chance at putting a stop to Vaal's plans. And you suppose Dargoth's as well. You tell her as much. Brash nods, understanding. Without another word, the two of you get back to your mission.

Brash leads the way through a winding passage and finally into a small room with nothing in it but two small, sturdy doors. Above each door is an inscription. It's the mysterious language from Dargoth's Scroll. Brash has no trouble with it.

"These inscriptions say we need the proper relic to advance," she says, her voice shaking slightly. "Gems. The relics they require are rare gems that to my knowledge haven't been seen in generations."

The two doors have ancient depictions of the respective stones needed to open them. The left door (#15) requires a red stone, and the right (#14) requires a blue one.

With a defeated voice, Brash says, "I...I wasn't expecting this. I have neither of these."

## New Locations:

- #14: Tomb's Gate
- #15: The Guarded Entrance



# #14 Tomb's Gate

Blocks: #15: The Guarded Entrance

**Requirements:** Blue Gem

**Goal:** Kill all enemies

## Introduction:

You smile. For once you feel a step ahead of Vaal. You produce the Blue Gem from your pocket, the one you discovered in Erolith's throne room. It's self-emanating glow has not wavered.

Her eyes must be deceiving her. Brash exclaims, "Where did you get that?" There is no time to explain. You approach the door, slotting the gem into a ready-made space. The stone locks into place, and a few seconds later the door slides slowly open.

When the dust clears, you see the dreadful contents of the next room: a Prime Demon, a rare, ancient devil that you know only from tales you once took to be mere legends. The Demon stands before a grand gate, beyond which is only darkness. And standing with it, a taste of Vaal's army. Walking skeletons, like those you encountered when you first came to Deathgate.

"This is the final test," Brash says to you. "Through those gates you will find Vaal. We have no way of knowing his progress. By now his dark magic could have produced an entire army of undead. But if we're lucky, we'll reach him before his sorcery is complete."

You size up the creature ahead of you. It waits patiently, simmering in a mass of bright red flames. You turn back to Brash and explain that she needs to leave. You know the way now. You will press forward and stop Vaal. She must go find a way to prevent Dargoth and his Graymen from completing their own plans of destruction.

Brash agrees. You waste no time on goodbyes, though it could likely be your last. Brash turns and rushes back the way you came. Sentiment briefly overcomes you as she leaves. What odds of finding something very close to friendship in the middle of this web of evil?

You turn and face the Demon ahead of you. If this is not the Devil himself, it's a close relative. You wonder how this burning monster will appreciate cold steel through its heart.



## Monsters:

- Prime Demon
- Living Bones

## The King Needs Your...

- Balanced Blade
- Tower Shield
- Piercing Bow
- Silent Dagger

## Conclusion:

You fall to your knees, exhausted after the epic confrontation with the Prime Demon. Your clothes still burn softly in places, adding to the nearly overwhelming stench of death around you.

Suddenly, a man bursts onto the scene behind you. It's Torsten, alone, rushing to meet you. He doesn't wait for your greeting, or to catch his breath. Instead, he gasps out the news he ran here to tell you.

"Dargoth—" he chokes out, doubled over and breathing heavily. "The crazed Inox—his forces are assembling." He looks up at you, dismayed. "They are minutes from marching on the city."

You rise to your feet and grab Torsten by the shoulders. You ask how he knows this.

"A messenger—not one of mine—relayed it to me. We crossed paths by chance. She discovered Dargoth's location. She—" Torsten shakes his head, recalling the memory. "She took many wounds in the act.

She gave me the message, and she died at my feet."

Your heart races. You ask if this messenger had given her name.

"Her name was Brash."

Reality falters for a moment as your mind tries to reject the news. The room spins. You fall to one knee, feeling sick. Brash, the one who turned out to be one of the bravest individuals you'd ever met. The only reason you stand a chance to defeat both Vaal and Dargoth.

You eventually stand and collect yourself, wiping the sweat from your face. There is not time. You assess the situation, taking inventory of your choices.

Vaal is just beyond the gates, within reach. Perhaps you should follow your original plan and try to stop him before you do anything else (#17).

But according to Torsten, the threat from Dargoth may be more imminent. And who knows how much progress Vaal has made in raising his army? It might be best to go take the fight to Dargoth before he can march on the city (#18).

A third idea begins to form in your head. Vaal and Dargoth, two giants bent on ruling Gloomholdin'. What if—no, it's crazy. But you allow yourself to consider it. What if you let them carry out their plans? (#16). What if Vaal and Dargoth were allowed to fight each other over rule of city, diminishing their respective armies in the process? You and Torsten could defeat whoever was left standing after the fact, in their weakened state.

## Reward:

10 gold

## New Locations:

#16: Tomb of the Sorcerer A

#17: Tomb of the Sorcerer B

#18: Dargoth's Hall A



# #15 The Guarded Entrance

Blocks: #15: Tomb's Gate

**Requirements:** Red Gem

**Goal:** Kill all enemies

## Introduction:

Perhaps your luck is turning. You produce the Red Gem from your pocket, the stone Furien gave you in his dying moments. Regret creeps into your mind as you realize he must have been on your side all along.

Unbelieving, Brash shakes her head. "Where did you get that?" she exclaims. There is no time to explain. You approach the door, slotting the gem into a ready-made space. The stone locks into place, and a few seconds later the door slides slowly open.

When the dust clears, you see the dreadful contents of the next room. A dragon-like horror, roughly twice the size of a man, stands waiting. Three sets of flesh-covered wings have a life of their own, flapping disgustingly against each other and giving the creature a mild resemblance to an insect.

It speaks. "I am Alrath, the Sorcerer's protector," it says with jarring clarity. "I am older even than the Age of Humans, bound by the ancient Draconic Curse to defend the harbingers of war."

"Which makes me," it smiles, bearing its long, sharp teeth. "Your problem."

Well, that was unsettling. You turn back to Brash and explain that she needs to leave. You know the way now. You will press forward and stop Vaal. She must go find a way to prevent Dargoth and his Graymen from completing their own plans of destruction.

Brash agrees. You waste no time on goodbyes, though it could likely be your last. Brash turns and rushes back the way you came. Sentiment briefly overcomes you as she leaves. What odds of finding something very close to friendship in the middle of this web of evil?

You turn once again to face the creature in front of you. Alrath might be your greatest challenge thus far, but what he doesn't know is how desperate you are. His fight is for honor. Yours is for your life, and every life in Gloomholdin'. You raise your weapons and move in for the attack.



## Monsters:

- Alrath
- Spitting Drake

## The King Needs Your...

- Boots of Dashing
- Cutpurse Dagger
- Bloody Axe
- Shadow Armor

## Conclusion:

You fall to your knees, exhausted after the epic confrontation with Alrath.

Suddenly, a man bursts onto the scene behind you. It's Torsten, alone, rushing to meet you. He doesn't wait for your greeting, or to catch his breath. Instead, he gasps out the news he ran here to tell you.

"Dargoth—" he chokes out, doubled over and breathing heavily. "The crazed Inox—his forces are assembling." He looks up at you, dismayed. "They are minutes from marching on the city."

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But according to Torsten, the threat from Dargoth may be more imminent. And who knows how much progress Vaal has made in raising his army? It might be best to go take the fight to Dargoth before he can march on the city (#18).

A third idea begins to form in your head. Vaal and Dargoth, two giants bent on ruling Gloomholdin'. What if—no, it's crazy. But you allow yourself to consider it. What if you let them carry out their plans? (#16). What if Vaal and Dargoth were allowed to fight each other over rule of city, diminishing their respective armies in the process? You and Torsten could defeat whoever was left standing after the fact, in their weakened state.

## Reward:

10 gold

## New Locations:

- #16: Tomb of the Sorcerer A
- #17: Tomb of the Sorcerer B
- #18: Dargoth's Hall A



**Requirements:** None

**Goal:** Kill all enemies

### Introduction:

You decide to gamble on the idea that if left to their own plans, Vaal and Dargoth will destroy each other. You do not yet share your thoughts with Torsten, but tell him to follow you. You must still investigate Vaal's progress, to see if he'll be ready in time to confront Dargoth before he lays ruin to the city.

Needing your attention, Torsten grabs your arm. "Before we go, I swore to Brash I'd pass along a Blessing of Strength. I'm to say these strange words over you." He proceeds to speak a few words in the mysterious Spirit Language. Immediately, you feel yourself growing physically stronger.

### Achievement:

#### Strength Blessing

*You may now equip up to 3 items.  
You may buy or sell items as desired before continuing.*

You and Torsten exchange determined glances and walk through the gates into Vaal's location. Before you is a massive tomb, dark and glowing a faint blue in places. Blue and red flames dance carelessly across the walls and ceiling. A nasty, bottomless ravine crosses the room at its center, with a narrow land bridge providing the only means to cross.

And now you notice Vaal. He is carrying out odd motions with his arms, reciting incantations one moment and shouting orders the next. He's surrounded by—no, the entire tomb is littered with—dark spirits, apparently in pain and going through some kind of transformation.

You shudder when you realize what is going on. These spirits are the makings of his army. Soon—you don't know how soon—they will transform into the undead warriors you have previously encountered. And Vaal will have his army.

And now you must do the thing you've avoided up to this point. You tell Torsten your plan. Vaal must be allowed to carry out



foolishness—and treason. It is the king's orders."

You hate to do it, but you move between Torsten and Vaal. You insist this is the only way to save Gloomholdin'.

Torsten stares at you, confused. He is clearly refusing to let the truth of what is happening sink in. You stand resolute, ready for a fight, finding yourself the unlikely protector of Vaal.

Torsten furrows his brow. "You defy the king?"

Your silence is his answer. You've already given your reasons. You know that Torsten is a lifelong soldier. He would die before he betrayed his king, no matter the circumstances.

Torsten doesn't break eye contact, but his senses obviously recognize the half dozen city soldiers entering the tomb behind him. He now knows the odds are with him in this fight.

"I don't know what magic has clouded your mind, but I cannot let this madman succeed in his plot," Torsten utters. "I'm sworn to protect my city and my king. If you stand a threat to either, your fate will be the same as Vaal's." These last words cause him visible pain, but he is steadfast in his verdict.

You ready your stance. What greater evil could reveal itself this day? If there were another way, you'd take it. But the lives in Gloomholdin' hang on this moment. Your heart breaks as you prepare for a fight with a good man, and an old friend.

### Monsters:

- Torsten, City Guard

### The King Needs Your...

- Cutpurse Dagger, Boots of Dashing, Bloody Axe, Shadow Armor, Drakescale Helm, Platemail, Stamina Potion, Spiked Shield

### Conclusion:

You stand over Torsten, weapon raised. His wounds are many, but possibly not fatal. You cannot go through with the killing blow. You leave him where he lays.

Without warning, a small force of Inox Graymen burst into the room, led by a figure that can only be Dargoth. His large stature and ornate armor give him away. He completely ignores you and Torsten.

"Sorcerer!" he shouts with a deep, booming voice. "Your ambitions stop here. You've interrupted my plans. That makes me angry. And you're about to find out what happens when I get angry."

Vaal, who has yet to speak a word, simply motions with his hand. His spirit army moves in toward Dargoth's warriors.

As the fighting starts, Torsten gets your attention and speaks with labored voice. "I was wrong," he says. "You've done right here today. But you have killed many of the king's guard, and wounded his Captain. Fere will not let your insurrection go unpunished."

You hadn't thought that far ahead. Torsten continues. "Fere is a tyrant," he says. "I can see I was blinded by loyalty. He is truly an evil man, but he is also a fearsome warrior. He will come for you, with everything he has. You must take the fight to him. It's the only way."

"You must confront him in the city (#19). But I know a secret entrance that should get you to him with less trouble on the way (#20)."

### New Locations:

- #19: Gloomholdin' City A
- #20: Gloomholdin' City B

### Reward:

15 gold



**Requirements:** None

**Goal:** Kill all enemies

### Introduction:

You decide to try to stop Vaal. You are so close—at the very gates—and you cannot risk him finishing his task of raising his army. Who could say what it would take to stop him then? You will have to worry about Dargoth when you finish with Vaal. Torsten agrees with your plan. You turn to march forward into the Sorcerer's tomb.

Lest you move on too quickly, Torsten grabs your arm and gets your attention. "Before we go, I swore to Brash I'd pass along a Blessing of Strength. I'm to say these strange words over you." He proceeds to speak a few words in the mysterious Spirit Language. Immediately, you feel yourself growing physically stronger.

### Achievement:

Strength Blessing

*You may now equip up to 3 items.  
You may buy or sell items as  
desired before continuing.*

You and Torsten exchange determined glances and walk through the gates into Vaal's location. Before you is a massive tomb, dark and glowing a faint blue in places. Blue and red flames dance carelessly across the walls and ceiling. A nasty, bottomless ravine crosses the room at its center, with a narrow land bridge providing the only means to cross.

And now you notice Vaal. He is carrying out odd motions with his arms, reciting incantations one moment and shouting orders the next. He's surrounded by—no, the entire tomb is littered with—dark spirits, apparently in pain and going through some kind of transformation.

You shudder when you realize what is going on. These spirits are the makings of his army. Soon—you don't know how soon—they will transform into the undead warriors you have previously encountered. And Vaal will have his army.

Your heart skips a beat as Vaal notices you and Torsten. His eyes are hidden behind the recess of his robe, but you can feel it. The hate in them. The sinister black depths of his jaded soul are unmistakably felt as his gaze covers you. In your many years as a mercenary, you've never felt this sort of fear.

"Wizard!" yells Torsten, over the noise of it all. "Stop this madness! There is still time to reconcile with the king. You may yet prove your allegiance."

That was the wrong thing to say. Vaal spares no words (perhaps he speaks none?). He emits a loud, rageful hiss. As he does, the dancing blue flames triple in size. The room shakes, and his army of half-formed spirits scream in dreadful chorus with their master.

Vaal motions with his hand, and his spirits move in on you and Torsten. This fight, for every life in Gloomholdin'.

No—for Brash.

### Special Rule 1:

Spiteful Curse

*If Vaal fails to deal any damage to you on his turn, take 2 damage.*

### Special Rule 2

Sight of the Sorcerer

*On Vaal's turn, if you are invisible, roll an extra time. If it's an A, he ignores your invisibility.*

### Monsters:

- Vaal
- Living Spirit

### The King Needs Your...

- Staff of Elements
- Imposing Blade
- Major Healing Potion
- Versatile Dagger.



### Conclusion:

Vaal releases a final ear-splitting hiss as you drive your weapon into his heart. As he falls to the floor, the remaining of the spirit army vanish in an instant, each leaving behind a faint wisp of black smoke where it stood.

All is quiet now. You scan the room for Torsten. You had gotten separated during the fighting. You see him, standing midway across the tomb. He wipes sweat from his face and looks in your direction. Without words, the two of you move swiftly back towards the gate through which you entered. Dargoth remains, and there will be no resting until he is stopped.

### New Location:

#21: Dargoth's Hall B

### Reward:

15 gold



**Requirements:** None

**Goal:** Kill all enemies

### Introduction:

You decide Dargoth poses too great a threat. He cannot wait. It's a shame you've come so far in reaching Vaal, but according to Torsten you have but minutes before Dargoth marches on the city. Torsten will lead the way.

Only Torsten has something to take care of first. "Before we go, I swore to Brash I'd pass along a Blessing of Strength. I'm to say these strange words over you." He proceeds to speak a few words in the mysterious Spirit Language. Immediately, you feel yourself growing physically stronger.

### Achievement:

Strength Blessing

*You may now equip up to 3 items.  
You may buy or sell items as  
desired before continuing.*

You and Torsten exchange determined glances and proceed to make your way through the twisting dungeons of Deathgate, running when the terrain allows. A few times Torsten seems unsure of which path to take, but never wastes much time on the decision. Finally, you reach a pair of massive doors, probably hundreds of feet high, accompanied by two floor-to-ceiling pillars of equal magnitude.

"Dargoth's Hall," says Torsten, gawking upwards at the sight before him. "As she said." Without warning, the colossal doors open slowly inwards, with expected sounds of strain and rumbling.

Inside is a massive hall, simple but unable to hide its brilliance, seemingly designed by someone more concerned of conquest than cosmetics. Dozens (more?) of Graymen warriors stand in relative formation. And there, standing a head taller than the rest, is Dargoth. Regal, proud and completely off his rocker. He seems to have been waiting for you.

"Friends!" he booms with a deep and almost likable voice. "You've joined us just in time.



### Monsters:

- Dargoth
- Inox Archer

### The King Needs Your...

- Platemail
- Drakescale Helm
- Stamina Potion
- Spiked Shield

### Conclusion:

As you deal the final blow, Dargoth stumbles backward, resting—one final time—on his throne. His body slumps, but he manages to get out a few spiteful words.

"You fools," he breathes. "You're like the rest of them. You needed me." And with that, he grows quiet.

You had only been able to defeat a handful of the Inox warriors on your way to Dargoth, but it was evidently enough. Seeing their leader fall, the remaining Graymen fighters set their weapons to the ground in a show of surrender.

But there is no margin to celebrate. Vaal remains an imminent threat. You and Torsten briefly check in to see if either of you are wounded, and then you are off, headed back to the Sorcerer's tomb.

You just pray there's still time.

### New Location:

#22: Tomb of the Sorcerer C

### Reward:

15 gold

We're about to liberate King Fere from the burden of his throne." A faint chuckle echoes through the otherwise stoic Inox army around him.

You respond that the citizens of Gloomholdin' might not find his plans as enjoyable.

"Ah," Dargoth nods with understanding. "You are wrong there. You see, the people of Gloomholdin' need me. They crave a true leader, one that will give their insignificant lives a little meaning."

"And the girl?" interjects Torsten. "What of her life's meaning?"

Dargoth smiles, and his open palms gesture widely. "We're making omelets here," he says enthusiastically. "No one ever changed the world without cracking a few eggs."

This guy is nuts. Time to wipe that stupid smile from his face. You stand no hope of taking on his entire army, so must fight your way to Dargoth as quickly as possible. The rest of his forces will likely stand down once their leader is defeated.

You and Torsten rush in for the attack.



**Requirements:** None

**Goal:** Kill all enemies

### Introduction:

You've never been one to shy away from a fight. You decide to take the fight to Fere, and to do it right. No tricks. No secret entrances. Just a good old-fashioned showdown.

Carefully, you had helped the injured Torsten find a safe hiding place in Shadowhelm, and now you are making your way swiftly back to Gloomholdin' to confront the king. No doubt he's received word of your treason, and will be waiting.

The gates open for you as you approach the city walls. You step through, into a surreal scene. The sun is low but burning, casting long shadows, yet illuminating sunward structures brightly. The city courtyard is clear and eerily still, but for the city guards standing ready, watching your moves closely.

And there—straight ahead of you, a mere 20 paces away—stands Fere himself. His powerful-looking dragon armor somehow rejects the red sunlight, remaining dark and strangely beautiful against the backdrop of the red orange landscape. You can't help but wonder if these are the kinds of details people notice in their last moments before death.

"I heard of your deeds today, Mercenary," Fere says calmly, but with authority. His athletic frame stands conspicuous and casual, but you know he'll move like lightning when he needs to. You've heard stories of his formidable abilities as a warrior. It's how he rose to power in the first place.

"You have betrayed your city. You have betrayed me." Fere examines his sword as he speaks. "You had a chance to put a stop to grave dangers to Gloomholdin', but you chose differently. And now," he loses interest in his sword and looks you in the eyes. "Now I face dual threats from false kings."

You say nothing. Fere would not hear your case if you did.

"Your blood," he says with finality, "will be the only proper payment for your treason."



You would laugh at Fere's self-aggrandizing words if he was not such a terrifying threat. The fear you feel in this moment—you know it is justified. Legends of the king's accomplishments as a fighter make him larger than life. You have heard he hits like a hammer, sometimes literally crushing his opponent's armor in a single blow.

You ready your stance, and Fere does the same, raising his sword. You think of your city. You think of Brash, and Torsten. You find yourself resolute. Fere's tyranny will come to an end at your hands, or you will give your life to the effort.

You rush into the fray, one last time.

### Special Rule:

Crushing Sacrifice

*You may lose an active item to ignore a stun from Fere.*

### Special Rule 2:

Ready, Waiting

*Face the Elite version of Fere.*

### Monsters:

- King Fere
- City Guard

### The King Needs Your...

- Staff of Eminence, Ancient Bow, Staff of Control, Minor Healing Potion, Boots of Dashing, Cutpurse Dagger, Bloody Axe, Shadow Armor

### Conclusion:

Fere stumbles. You catch it through your sweat-drenched eyes, barely. You take advantage of his split-second mistake and inflict the fatal wound. Fere cries out, and falls to the ground. His reign is over.

You stand, hands shaking from exhaustion and chest heaving from lack of breath. The sun, though lower, still burns bright red and purple into the Gloomholdin' courtyard. The trees, more real than ever, dance whimsically in the breeze.

You look to the streets. All around you, the citizens of Gloomholdin' have emerged cautiously from their homes. No one says a word. Their eyes are focused on the still body of Fere. Disbelief. Elation. Apprehension. All these crowd their faces at once.

And then they look at you. You return their silence, happy you don't seem to be expected to speak. The people—they thank you. They don't say it, but you can tell. You nod humbly in return. Then you slowly lift your eyes to the now-legendary city of Gloomholdin', and the mountains beyond. You take in the sight with wonder.

What's next?

### Reward:

Unlocked Content

*Well done! You've completed the campaign. You have shown great heart and much character in defending Gloomholdin'. I think you are ready for your next challenge.*

*I propose a hunt.*

*Locate the first character of the second paragraph of every scenario. Follow this path, and you will find your prize.*



**Requirements:** None

**Goal:** Kill all enemies

### Introduction:

You know Torsten is right about Fere. The king won't stop until he kills you. Your best chance is to take the fight to him. You decide to try to use Torsten's secret entrance into the city to improve your odds. Perhaps you will catch Fere by surprise.

Killing the warrior king. Ha! You pause to appreciate just how crazy this plan sounds.

You carefully help the injured Torsten find a secure hiding place above ground in the Shadowhelm ruins. Then you make your way swiftly back to Gloomholdin' to confront Fere. No doubt he's received word of your treason, and will be waiting.

As you near the city walls, you keep a distance and work your way to where the secret entrance should be per Torsten's instructions. To your relief, you find it exactly as described. A shadowed crevice in the outer wall reveals itself to be a narrow passage leading you to the Gloomholdin' courtyard via a labyrinth of twists and turns.

On your way, you stop to investigate a lighted crack in one of the inner walls. Peering through it, you can see what's up ahead—the courtyard. It's a surreal scene. The sun is low but burning, casting long shadows, yet illuminating sunward structures brightly. The city courtyard is clear and eerily still, but for the city guards standing ready, watching for the trouble-making mercenary they expect will come.

And there—a mere 20 paces away from your hidden location—stands Fere himself. His powerful-looking dragon armor somehow rejects the red sunlight, remaining dark and strangely beautiful in the odd scene. Your heart races. You can't help but wonder if these are the kinds of details people notice in their last moments before death.

Fere's athletic frame stands conspicuous and casual, but you know he'll move like lightning when he needs to. You've heard stories of his formidable abilities as a warrior. It's how he rose to power in the first place. Legends from your adolescence of Fere's sword crushing his opponent's armor in a single blow creep into your thoughts.



You steel your mind and prepare to traverse the final winding passage into the courtyard, and face the dreadful king at the end of it all. You know in his eyes your blood will be the only proper payment for your treason.

You think of your city. You think of Brash, and Torsten. You find yourself resolute. Fere's tyranny will come to an end at your hands, or you will give your life to the effort.

You rush into the fray, one last time.

### Special Rule 1:

#### Crushing Sacrifice

*You may lose an active item to ignore a stun from Fere.*

### Special Rule 2:

#### Locked Door

*The door is an obstacle that must be destroyed. It has 5 HP.*

### Monsters:

- King Fere
- City Guard

### The King Needs Your...

- Staff of Eminence, Ancient Bow, Staff of Control, Minor Healing Potion, Boots of Dashing, Cutpurse Dagger, Bloody Axe, Shadow Armor

### Conclusion:

Fere stumbles. You catch it through your sweat-drenched eyes, barely. You take advantage of his split-second mistake and inflict the fatal wound. Fere cries out, and falls to the ground. His reign is over.

You stand, hands shaking from exhaustion and chest heaving from lack of breath. The sun, though lower, still burns bright red and purple into the Gloomholdin' courtyard. The trees, more real than ever, dance whimsically in the slight breeze.

Now you look to the streets. All around you, the citizens of Gloomholdin' have emerged cautiously from their homes. No one says a word. Their eyes are focused on the still body of Fere. Disbelief. Elation. Apprehension. All these crowd their faces at once.

And then they look at you. You return their silence, happy you don't seem to be expected to speak. The people—they thank you. They don't say it, but you can tell. You nod humbly in return. Then you slowly lift your eyes to the now-legendary city of Gloomholdin', and the mountains beyond. You take in the sight and release a deep sigh.

What's next?

### Reward:

#### Unlocked Content

*Well done! You've completed the campaign. You have shown great heart and much character in defending Gloomholdin'. I think you are ready for your next challenge.*

*I propose a hunt.*

*Locate the first character of the second paragraph of every scenario. Follow this path, and you will find your prize.*



**Requirements:** None

**Goal:** Kill all enemies

### Introduction:

You hope against hope that Dargoth is not already marching on Gloomholdin'. Before she fell to her wounds sustained in finding the location, Brash had given Torsten instructions for how to find Dargoth's Hall, where the Inox's army is making preparations to attack the city.

Every step seems to echo as you follow Torsten through the twisting dungeons of Deathgate, running when the terrain allows. A few times Torsten seems unsure of which path to take, but never wastes much time on the decision. Finally, you reach a pair of massive doors, probably hundreds of feet high, accompanied by two floor-to-ceiling pillars of equal magnitude.

"Dargoth's Hall," says Torsten, gawking upwards at the sight before him. "As she said." Without warning, the colossal doors open slowly inwards, with expected sounds of strain and rumbling.

Inside is a massive hall, simple but unable to hide its brilliance, seemingly designed by someone more concerned of conquest than cosmetics. Dozens (more?) of Graymen warriors stand in relative formation. And there, standing a head taller than the rest, is Dargoth. Regal, proud and completely off his rocker. He seems to have been waiting for you.

"Friends!" he booms with a deep and almost likable voice. "You've joined us just in time. We're about to liberate King Fere from the burden of his throne." A faint chuckle echoes through the otherwise stoic Inox army around him.

You respond that the citizens of Gloomholdin' might not find his plans as enjoyable.

"Ah," Dargoth nods with understanding. "You are wrong there. You see, the people of Gloomholdin' need me. They crave a true leader, one that will give their insignificant lives a little meaning."

"And the girl?" interjects Torsten. "What of her life's meaning?"



Dargoth smiles, and his open palms gesture widely. "We're making omelets here," he says enthusiastically. "No one ever changed the world without cracking a few eggs."

This guy is nuts. You stand no hope of taking on his entire army, so you must fight your way to Dargoth as quickly as possible. The rest of his forces will likely stand down once their leader is defeated.

Time slows down as you process the magnitude of this moment. The stakes couldn't be higher. You've come so far on this journey in saving Gloomholdin' from destruction, beating overwhelming odds at every turn. What are the chances you can pull off just one more upset?

You look at Torsten, and he nods in response, sword ready in his hands. You return your attention forward and rush into the fray, one last time.

### Special Rule:

Prepared

*Face the Elite version of Dargoth.*

### Monsters:

- Dargoth
- Inox Archer

### The King Needs Your...

- Platemail
- Drakescale Helm
- Stamina Potion
- Spiked Shield

### Conclusion:

As you deal the final blow, Dargoth stumbles backward, resting—one final time—on his throne. His body slumps, but he manages to get out a few spiteful words.

"You fools," he breathes. "You're like the rest of them. You needed me." And with that, he grows quiet.

You had only been able to defeat a handful of the Inox warriors on your way to Dargoth, but it was evidently enough. Seeing their leader fall, the remaining Graymen fighters set their weapons to the ground in a show of surrender.

You stand, hands shaking from exhaustion and chest heaving from lack of breath. As Graymen warriors flee the Hall, you find yourself at a bit of a loss of direction. You turn to Torsten, who has been by your side for the duration of the fighting.

You ask him what he thinks should happen next.

"I could really go for a drink," Torsten says, through a slight smile. "What say we head back to the Blackguard Inn for a stint?"

You express your agreement. There was never a more appropriate time for a cheap drink with an old friend.

Plus, there's a man there who owes you money.

### Reward:

Unlocked Content

*Well done! You've completed the campaign. You have shown great heart and much character in defending Gloomholdin'. I think you are ready for your next challenge.*

*I propose a hunt.*

*Locate the **first character** of the **second paragraph** of every scenario. Follow this path, and you will find your prize.*



# #22 Tomb of the Sorcerer C

Blocks: None

Requirements: None

Goal: Kill all enemies

## Introduction:

With Dargoth defeated, Vaal remains the final threat to Gloomholdin'. You hope your decision to go after Dargoth first does not backfire. What will you do if Vaal and his army have become too strong for you to stop?

Deathgate seems an endless labyrinth as you and Torsten race back to Vaal's location, but you finally reach the gates of the Sorcerer's tomb once again. After briefly exchanging determined glances, you and Torsten walk through them. Before you is a massive tomb, dark and glowing a faint blue in places. Blue and red flames dance carelessly across the walls and ceiling. A nasty, bottomless ravine crosses the room at its center, with a narrow land bridge providing the only means to cross.

And now you notice Vaal. He is carrying out odd motions with his arms, reciting incantations one moment and shouting orders the next. He's surrounded by—no, the entire tomb is littered with—dark spirits, apparently in pain and going through some kind of transformation.

You shudder when you realize what is going on. These spirits are the makings of his army. Soon—you don't know how soon—they will transform into the undead warriors you have previously encountered. And Vaal will have his army.

Your heart skips a beat as Vaal notices you and Torsten. His eyes are hidden behind the recess of his robe, but you can feel it. The hate in them. The sinister black depths of his jaded soul are unmistakably felt as his gaze covers you. In your many years as a mercenary, you've never felt this sort of fear.

"Wizard!" yells Torsten, over the noise of it all. "Stop this madness! There is still time to reconcile with the king. You may yet prove your allegiance."

That was the wrong thing to say. Vaal spares no words (perhaps he speaks none?). He emits a loud, rageful hiss. As he does, the dancing blue flames triple in size. The room shakes, and his army of half-formed spirits scream in dreadful chorus with their master.



Vaal motions with his hand, and his spirits move in on you and Torsten. This fight, for every life in Gloomholdin'.

No—for Brash.

## Special Rule 1:

### Spiteful Curse

*If Vaal fails to deal any damage to you on his turn, take 1 damage.*

## Special Rule 2

### Sight of the Sorcerer

*On Vaal's turn, if you are invisible, roll an extra time. If it's an A, he ignores your invisibility.*

## Special Rule 3:

### Nearly Formed

*Add +1 to every Living Spirit attack, applied before attack modifiers.*

## Monsters:

- Vaal
- Living Spirit

## The King Needs Your...

- Staff of Elements
- Imposing Blade
- Major Healing Potion
- Versatile Dagger

## Conclusion:

Vaal releases a final ear-splitting hiss as you drive your weapon into his heart. As he falls to the floor, the remaining of the spirit army vanish in an instant, each leaving behind a faint wisp of black smoke where it stood.

All is quiet now. You stand, hands shaking from exhaustion and chest heaving from lack of breath. As the wisps of black smoke begin to fade around you, your mind wanders strangely. You find yourself at a bit of a loss of direction. You turn to Torsten, who has been by your side for the duration of the fighting.

You ask him what he thinks should happen next.

"I could really go for a drink," Torsten says, through a slight smile. "What say we head back to the Blackguard Inn for a stint?"

You express your agreement. There was never a more appropriate time for a cheap drink with an old friend.

Plus, there's a man there who owes you money.

## Reward:

### Unlocked Content

*Well done! You've completed the campaign. You have shown great heart and much character in defending Gloomholdin'. I think you are ready for your next challenge.*

*I propose a hunt.*

*Locate the first character of the second paragraph of every scenario. Follow this path, and you will find your prize.*



# Treasure Chest Contents

## Scenario # 6:

12 gold

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## Scenario # 10:

You've unlocked the *Night Blade* item. Receive it for free after completing the scenario. Sell items as needed if equipping it puts you over the maximum. You may sell the Night Blade if desired.

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## Scenario # 12:

Achievement: Dargoth's Scroll