DA COMPANY

The Sky Bridge

"It's a cakewalk." At least that's what I tell myself as I hang on for dear life, 1,000 arrow lengths up in the sky. Unfortunately, this ancient rope bridge connecting the two mountain ridges is more "ancient" than it is "bridge." There's an unknown party on my tail and a trading post waiting beyond the ridge ahead. Only seconds remain to make one of two ill-advised choices. I could turn and fight on this tangle of rotting rope and wood. The other option: high-tail it to the other side while dodging arrows from behind. If I make it, I can cut the ropes and send my pursuers on a one-way trip to the bottom of the canyon.

e Set - Solo 001

ENCOUNTER

Just Out of Reach

Hove rocky landscapes. Trouble is easy to spot, and it's a breeze to cover larger distances. Sparkling streams of freshwater are commonplace in the mountains of Deelore, one of the land's few mercies on ill-prepared travelers. Up ahead, the narrow corridor I'm following suddenly opens into a sunbathed canyon with a peaceful creek flowing just beyond. Such a place would offer some much needed resources, but odds of an ambush are high. If I waitz out into the open, I might be picked off before I can taste that cool mountain water. I might be able to scale this wall and find a higher pathway around, but that will take time I'm not sure I have.

ENICOMPRESE

Between a Rock and a Hard Place

Hmmm, scaling down this rock cliff feels oddly different from the last shale I traversed. It exudes a strange warmth. Must just be the altitude. After all, I've been descending all morning. Thankfully, solid footing is not far away. I briefly pause on a ledge to survey the valley and relocate the raiders I've been tracking. A quick glance back at the rock behind me reveals the rock looking back at me! Giant pieces of earth break free from the cliff's surface, and suddenly. hollow burning eyes are staring into my soul. Towering above me is an angry monstrosity – a golden golem!

ENCOUNTER

A Dire Situation

My desire to sleep is clashing with my fear of being eaten by wolves. These torches only burn for so long. Must...stay...awake... "Ho-ooow!" Jolted from my involuntary slumber, my sleeping gear becomes a tornado of chaos as I scramble from under my blanket. A few dying embers flicker weakly in the expiring fire, giving just enough light to see nothing at all. I look up to find some moonlight through the trees, but my view of the night sky is suddenly eclipsed by the evil glow of two huge yellow eyes. As I slowly stand, my stomach turns as I reelize I'm still only half the beast's size at best. I desperately fumble through my belt for a weapon that's not there, and this dire wolf looks hungry!

Harro Sot Sola (10/

ENCOUNTER

Invited for Dinner

Wakey wakey, little critter!" a deep voice bellows, as a putrid stench fills my nose and mouth. I cough and spit to gain my breath, but the air is thick with the smell of rotten fruit, or worse... Something pokes my side, and I start to swing. Swing? Why am I swinging? This question forces my eyes open. Everything is upside down and swaying uneasily. I look up and see nothing but green grass. Gaining my senses, I'm frighteningly aware that I am bound and hanging, legs lashed to a tree branch. Below me is a boiling pot. Beside it stand two troll mules. currently fighting over what to add to their stew – Gearloc stew!

ENCOUNTER

A Trap of My Own Making Too big and too many. I could never overpower or outrun them. Either this works, or my journey ends before the sun sets. The plan? Be my own bait. What could possibly go wrong? The trap is set just as the golden sun is beginning to sink, which I pray helps obscure my hasty work of covering the freshly excavated pit. Now I just need to screech like a wounded griffin, stand in plain sight and hope they don't simply jump over the trap before tearing me limb from limb.

ENCOUNTER

Risky Payoff

The Ebon, evil as they are, still show a strange cross-species loyalty. Trolls won't hesitate to call for help from an orc, a kobold, or even bog scum. A fight may look winnable, but it's often not worth the risk. Lucky for me, creatures of the Ebon almost always have a price. I wonder if the menacing figure ambling toward me can simply be bribed with something shiny in exchange for safe passage. Unfortunately, if he has friends hiding

in those bushes, they might be waiting to take a whole lot more than a shiny object... ENCOUNTER

Not So Ordinary Water

At last! A stream of liquid trickles from a crack in the ravine wall. I've been running for what feels like hours with a nasty gash in my side, and the water instantly renews my strength. That was no ordinary merchant camp back there, and I paid for my stupidity before I could flee. Hmm...this spring is also not so ordinary. A strange, yet welcome, sensation is present as the water runs through my system.

Instinct tells me to wash my wound directly, and instantly, the bleeding stops! Maybe I should set up camp and allow this water to do its work.... but who else knows about this spring? Have I distanced myself enough from those swindling merchants?

TNOOUNTER

What Goes Around...

How unusual. Up ahead, I can make out a group of raiders robbing a lone Mohlner trader. Mohlnor always have amazing goods, usually belonging to others. The original owners of those goods are typically the ones who need rescuing. Seems the boot is on the other foot for a change. Helping a black market trader seems wrong, but I also despise raiders. I could let the dust settle before picking off any straggiers, maximizing my spoils. And yet, it would be nice to have the Mohlnor owing me for a change.



An Issue of Lung Capacity

34...35...36... How long before I drown in this bog? My ill-advised aunting landed me here, cornered in this soggy cesspool with no one to blame but myself. Thankfully, I remembered that most Ebon have an unnatural aversion to water, if you can even call this water. Yet, there they sit at the water's edge with all manner of sharp and pointy objects. 42...43...44... The opposite bank is too far to swim to, and I abandoned my gear behind a boulder on this side. Maybe I can reach out and grab one of their spears...

MALES AND RANGES AND

Trust Your Gut

Rarely do I second-guess my gut, but today might be the day. An inevitable battle awaits me up ahead, but there are two distinctly different camps blocking the way. The first appears to be filled with swarms of underlings and new recruits. The second camp, though less populous, only contains burly and battle-tested foes. While I enjoy hacking and slashing my way through countless Ebon as much as the next Gearloc, at some point, I will run out of steam. My gut says to second-guess my gut, but my gut is also very hungry...and now my head

Unwanted Affection

The day began innocently enough. encountered a rare Gearloc family living a quiet life at the foot of a hill Their child had been kidnapped by raiders days ago. Given our scarce population, I immediately set out on a successful rescue mission. Now I'm back, and the parents are applying heavy pressure. "Our little

one will be safer with you than with us!" "It looks like you could use a companion, anyway!" "You could use someone to help you scavenge food and water!" Truth be told, the raiders paid me to take this little Gearloc back. The gold coins they handed me came with a warning that this youngling was "unlucky

ADDIVITION

The Dreaded Bog shortcut is smart in keeping quiet! It's been all day and half the night drudaing through muck up to our throats, and party morale is fading fast. I'm halfway through convincing myself to speak up when a sudden 'croak" from up ahead interrupts the thought. We avoided similar noises on the way in, but now it looks like we have no choice but to face whatever creatures call this bog home. It's either that or pass out from bog stench while looking for nother exit from this accursed place

Fire in the Sky a hint of sulfur tickling our noses. With the next gust, it's quite obvious that something is on fire, and it seems to be us! "Rotten oggots!" someone exclaims, followed by a commotion of Gearlocs frantically patting out singed hairs and side-stepping falling branches fully ablaze. A spatter of fire is raining down upon us, and in a frenzy we run for what little cover we can find. knowing a dragon has us in its sights. Our options are limited as other unwanted guests are now pouring into the clearing. We need to do something fast, or we are toast!

Like Pigs to the Slaughter All day it's felt like we've been corralled down a specific path. From impassable road blocks to strange "suggestions" offered by traveling merchants, there's no way it's all a coincidence. If anything else were to come up...and there it is! Another oddity! Since when have road signs been posted in uncharted forests? This one is hastily and crudely made with the paint still fresh. It reads:

> LEFT fur Fun, RIGHT fur Bad Things

Never Trust a Dance in the Wood

Chains cut our wrists and ankles as the team of mercenaries leads us through a rocky pass. It's maddening how they got the drop on us. Of all the conceivable things you may encounter in the thick of the forest, a traveling company of lady dancers should not be one of them! "Dancers in the heart of the woods?" I'd questioned. And sporting long beards as well? Apparently, some of our party were Apparentity, some of our party were less surprised by this prospect, and we proceeded to let our guard down. What's done is done. We'd best find a way out of these chains and make break for it or else somehow subdue our captors before we are taken further off course.

MANANA

A Kobold Konundrum

and we immediately start running coming from a nearby clearing. We are at once put on guard when our approach reveals a scaly kobold, who is the source, not the cause, of the screams. The kobold lies thrashing in the grass, bound by its hands and feet. As if on cue, the gang responsible presses in, eager to end the kobold's life.

Some in our party are already backing away - why meddle in this? But so many questions arise! Is the kobold a defector? A possible ally?

Something About This Stinks

Great, a fork in the road - something else for us to fight about. Regardless, our path now splinters. To the left, the air smells like death itself - a tell-tale sign of a poisonous swamp. To the right, the way remains quiet and appears peaceful - never a good sign in these lands. As usual, our decision is as uncertain as the road ahead.



ENCOUNTER

Mud Never Killed No One, Did It?

I'm claustrophobic, and you all hate to get dirty: isn't this a fine mess. Sure, the hill on the road to the northeast is much faster, but look how narrow it is! We're bound to meet opposition and be sandwiched in! I'd much rather muck up my trousers and hit the inevitable mudbath to the west; I mean, look how open the road becomes. Plus, the lot of you could use a free facial to improve those nuddy complexions of yours! So what are we doing, then? Time's a wastin'!

Bace Set - General 007

ENCOUNTER

Go Big or Go Home

So it's two groups of Baddies coming, is it? Well, we can't risk fighting them both, so which will it be? We may take a beating, but the first group is clearly more formidable and thus holds our best odds at gaining better spoils. And, if we're gonna take a beating, we best get something shiny for our trouble.

That said, I recall a verse in the Gearloc Book of Whimsy that refers to "the importance of stomping your foes into the ground," and we are definitely due for a definitive outcome in our favor.

ENICATINTER

Objects May Appear Farther...

"Is he looking back at me?" I worry. looking at an enemy scout 21 arrow lengths away through my trusty spectroglass. "Uh oh! I'd guess he is, given that he's getting ready to blow his bugle!"

ENICALINTER

A Stump in the Road

Hmm, what is a large, hollowed-out tree stump doing squarely in the middle of a otherwise barren path? If that wasn't odd enough, someone has piled up lovely gems and tempting items in its center. It's certainly grabbed our attention, but everything about it is wrong. The gear-triggered plate the items are resting on and the fine wires running from the stump deep into the woods confirms . that thought.

And yet...with a little luck and guick hands...

ENCODIMAR

Why Can't We All Just Get Along?

"Does that mean we can't be friends?" I joke as an arrow narrowly misses my left ear. The scrawny intruder just laughs as though he has no reason to be afraid of us. Judging by the wall of enemies that are rapidly amassing behind him, he may be right.

It's going to take a lot of brute force to get through this blockade...

ENCODATE!

Caverns or Cake?

"Gather 'round everyone!" After a few hours of scouting, it seems we have a couple choice options to consider and the cover of dusk in which to carry them out. We could risk the unknown in cramped quarters and explore the northern cave, which seems laden with impressive loot, or take a breather and possibly a nice meal off the group of napping raiders camped on the eastern ridge. "Anyone with an undisclosed fear of bats?"

ENCOUNTER

Free Trade is Rarely Free

After going so long without a significant find, the approaching group of merchants are a welcome sight. They seem friendly enough and are quick to beckon us to trade. I guess we should have approached more warily, as we are caught completely off guard when surrounded by four hooded figures. "Maybe this is the way they greet everyone?" one of us suggests. "Or maybe we are dead," I reply. Either way, we need to act fast!

Base Set - General 013

ENCOUNTER

Something Shiny This Way Cometh

Being concealed in a small outcropping of trees allows our party to appreciate the wilderness scene at dusk, but our reprieve is cut short when someone notices the waving light of a lantern being carried by two figures headed toward the glow of a larger fire about 100 arrow lengths to the northwest. Unfortunately, Gearlocs are easily distracted by bright and shiny things, and we are soon on our feet once again...

Base Set - General 014

ENGODNERR

Spread Too Thin

Raiders to the right of us...raiders to the left of us. Well, not us, but a poor merchant party following the distant river path at the bottom of the valley. "Let's go get 'em!" someone yells. But get whom? The raiders already at the end of the valley, about to overtake the merchants? Or the larger party forging a longer route dangerously close to us?

Base Set - General 015



EN EXCLUSER DE

It's a Trap!

Something doesn't look right, and we instinctively stop in our tracks. Upon closer inspection, I see why: the leaves we are standing on don't match the color or shape of those above our heads. My warning comes too late, as someone is foolish enough to take another step. "CLICK"

The threat sounds and everyone freezes...again. "No one move," a voice warns, "someone is standing on a trap, and it's ready to go off!" Clearly, "Captain Obvious" is in our party...

DAYO CONKADA

A Bold Challenge Although the afternoon sun obscures his features, the giant shadow cast by the stranger ahead makes the hair on our backs stand to attention. Everyone feels it. The fact that he. .stands squarely blocking our only advancement makes confrontation a painful certainty. However, it seems most of us may yet avoid the unwanted exercise this day, as the mountainous figure has his own plans. A challenge is made clear as his voice thunders across the gap between us. declaring, "Choose your champion, then diel'

ENCOUNTER

The Mystery in the Mountain

This is intriguing. After many days, this is the first time we've found a mineshaft carved into a mountain. By the looks of it, the tunnels must travel deep within. "Perhaps it's a secret passage," someone chimes. "Or maybe it leads to a glorious

treasure vault," another adds. Myself, I wouldn't be surprised if it's the entrance to a sadistic dragon's oven, and we're the main course. Regardless, the sentries posted at the entrance are a serious threat, but the rare and ornately engraved weapons they are holding are mesmerizing and very tempting. Is it worth the risk?

Base Set - General 018

MOQUNTER

Sticks and Stones

I awake with a start. Searching for my weapon, I realize it's been taken during my slumber. Looking around our makeshift camp, it's clear the rest of our number have suffered the same thievery.

A nearby sound of twigs snapping rouses us to our nakedness and sets us all scrambling for sticks and stones with which to fight.

ENCOUNTER

Finally, Open Sky! "Ah, finally, sun and fresh air. I was beginning to forget what a horizon looked like," someone exclaims as we happily step foot outside the weight of the dense forest. The sun is at high noon, raising our own spirits a little higher than they've been in days – until, that is, the open air fills with the alarm of war cries.

Our first instinct says to run for cover, but that may warrant us an arrow in the back.

A Bed of Bones

"Over here." our scout calls, ending our pursuit of the owner of an odd set of tracks we've been following all day in hopes they'd lead us to something special. Well...they did. Unfortunately, they have led us to a cavern filled with heaps of torn armor and gnawed-on bones of what once were other all-too-eager suckers...I mean adventurers. What's more disturbing are the piercing eyes staring down at us through the dark – there's something very much alive in here with us...

FNOOMNAFR

A Prickly Encounter

It's always a good day when you encounter a goblin scout -- one that's already rotting in the earth. that is. Same thing with a ferocious dire wolf. However, when you stumble upon a goblin corpse in the jaws of a dire wolf which is also dead, that could be a problem. "Oh bog bile," someone says, shaking their head. And no wonder: there are three daggers still stuck in the wolf's neck, and the pelt is still warm. Relieving the scout of his satchel gives us a clue as to why violence happened here, for it reveals a crude map that marks a nearby thorny thicket, a hidden way inside that's no longer so hidden, and the location of a golden chest. Clearly, we are not the first sojourners here

ENCOUNTER

Unsteady Ground

Nothing tops a tough day of hack'n'slash like a smoky campfire and a warm meal, or one of Patches' stims, or a bottle of Tantrum's home-made grog. It's just nice to be together, have all the limbs we've started with and still be pressing forward. It's a little strange, though, as it seems the longer we lie by the fire, the taller everything is becoming. Wait a minute! Where's our gear going? The earth is swallowing our pots and pans! Everything's disappearing before our eyes... GUICKSAND!

Base Set - General 023

EN OP DANGABR

Base Set - General 021

A Chance Encounter

You know you are travel weary when sounds of the wilderness zoo, sundry war cries or even companion babble eventually turn into indiscernible noise. So, you can imagine our surprise when, after a day of traveling with danger at every bend, we hear actual musical notes filling the air, calling us from a clearing just ahead. After checking ourselves for signs of delinium and finding ourselves sane, our party picks up the pace, the enticement of a hearty meal and friendly trade being too much to ignore. Thankfully, unlike a few previous bad experiences, the notes do not disappoint, as we find ourselves amongst a group of traders who offer us both friendship. ..and a challenge.

Base Set - General 024



DINIOCONNENDA

Our Ducks in a Row

The Barrens attract all types of reclusives, wackos, outlaws and illegal entrepreneurs. Coming across a rickety homestead, it's anyone's guess what you'll find. And if an opportunity should arise to gain an advantage in the coming battles, well, who's to say what passes as a noble or useful side quest? With said shack just ahead, it looks like we'll have a chance to find out what such an opportunity holds. From a distance, it seems like a harmless farm of sorts, but we Gearlocs know to never trust first impressions...especially this far

HIN KOKONDIN KANALIKA

Blinded by the Light

"Let's duck in here," our scout says as we all dash for a cave that's well protected from the torrential downpour. As we wring out our drenched clothing, we realize the narrow entrance has opened into a large cavern. We are surrounded by dusty barrels of unknown origin. There is an opening in the ceiling that seems to have caught the only ray of sunlight in the middle of this storm Suddenly, in the center of the barrels, a large chest with an ornate lock is revealed by the focused beams from above. The ornate lock reflects the light rays into our eyes, making it hard to look directly at it, but we also can't seem to look away.

ALC: AND CONTRACT OF

Lights Out

"Everyone go dark," the command calls as torches are extinguished and we all huddle. "That's the group of marauders that stole our gear a few days back. This is our chance, but no fighting. See the lanterns surrounding their camp? That's our goal. Destroy them while they sleep, then grab our stuff and meet on the other side of the bush. If you can't manage to shoot out the light, hopefully one of us can pick up the slack. Now go... and good luck!"

ENCOUNTER

Base Set - General O25

Gearlocs Need Food Badly!

We're gettin' tired of eating whatever we can scrounge up in this forest. The "food" here seems helibent on poisoning us. On good days we're able to catch and eat a small critter that tries to steal some warmth from our fire. In battle, we're only as strong as our last meal. We need to put something substantial in our stomachs soon before someone in this party eats something they shouldn't. We should take the afternoon and concentrate less on Baddies and more on our belies.

BNOODNOOR

Caution...Blasting Ahead!

We fought all day to reach the rocky cliff. It's a location of strategic advantage. We can look out over the valley and river areas. It's also a great place to find a small cave for the night. But of course, fate doesn't favor a Gearloc. Directly in our path is a huge boulder landslide. Night will come before we can make a way around, and behind us is a mess of orcs and wolves we'd rather not disturb again. It's a combustible situation...Or at least, it's going to be!

Base Set - General O27

Lost and Found

That settles it, we're lost!" How does a group of forest-born get lost in the woods? As luck would have it, we hear a kindly old woman sitting on a nearby rock call out, "Lost are we? Perhaps I can help." We huddle around the curious old lady as she offers us a trade. "Something of personal value in exchange for my mysterious compass. It will only show its holder the direction they most want to go."

ENGCHINEER

Leaving Obendar

Only 12 hours 'til dawn and the send-off ceremony that will no doubt change the lives of every remaining Gearloc (and likely every life in Daelore). Weapons and supplies are ready to go, but the night is young and adrenaline fills the veins. It's clear no sleep will be had tonight.

There's sure to be some shady peddlers in dark alleys ready to deal in loot. Then again, some last-minute training could pay a nice dividend by morning.

So, what to do...what to do..?

FNOOLINFER

Hardly Out the Gate

15 steps into the journey...15 steps ...and already a Gearloc boot is struck through by an arrow. Luckily, no toes were killed. Teeth are clenched and a painful tug is made while looking around in embarrassment. Yeaow!!! Now, sufficiently ticked, it's time to return the favor to the ominous figures at the edge of the woods. A commotion breaks out atop the city wall, interrupting all thoughts. Guards have now spotted the brazen intruders and are notching their arrows. Their help is at the ready. Like it or not, this adventure is underway!

ENCOMPAN

Crossing the Sibron

The Sibron river, a glistening vein of trade running the length of Daelore, playfully beckons as it shimmers in the daylight up ahead. But with so few bridges in these parts, this crossing is an obvious spot for enemy scouts and traps. A journey of this importance leaves only two options. Tucking the ears and trying to blend in is risky but efficient. A boat at dusk carries less chance of discovery but requires business with the Mohlnor - a trading syndicate with their own set of...drawbacks.



Review of the second se

to becoming obvious this is no coincidence. Every time a formidable Baddie is taken down, there's always something bigger and more adept in hot pursuit. Seems that when you tangle with the baby, mom or dad always comes a-runnin'. It's taking its toll. At some point, it will make more sense to just face the whole family than to keep fleeing. That is a frightening prospect! They're all ridiculously huge! The Ebonite Doorway It's actually real - the fabled Ebonite Doorway! It's existence is the subject of moonshine monologues and fireside tales. And yet, here it is! Time to see if the treasure is also real! The map says to press each stone from smallest to largest to open the door. Check! Now, each tunnel stone must be stepped on in the same way. Check! Finally, light the torches in that order...! feel like I should be wearing. a hat and a whip!

Whoal The glow of gold is blinding, but Gearlocs don't care about gold, is there anything useful in here?

Base Set - Special 005

NATIONAL PROPERTY OF

Mohinor Traders The Mohinor are a sticky bunch, always showing up at the most opportune time...for them. Despite requiring payment in full and up front when selling their services, they also show up at random to demand extra coin or loot for no good reason at all. Unfortunately, they have leverage, knowing the importance of keeping this adventure secret from the the Ebon. These silly games are tiring. Again they approach, demanding participation in contests clearly stacked in their favor!

GENIDRICKS

Ready to torch his own kind if it gives him an edge in battle, Gendricks is well known throughout the region as a ruthless and dangerous leader. His lair is said to contain mysterious pillars, controlled by his staff, but no creature has lived long enough to confirm this legend.

Trolls, as a species, are not so smart. Nom, the Troll Chieftain of the Shalefist region, is no exception. However, no one has ever felt the need to point that out to Nom, due to obvious reasons like size differentials and Thunderclubs. It could also be because Nom loves to imprison those that anger him and then face-off against his prey in a caged



The Problem With Thick Skin

And there he stands, the size of a Gearloc hut, right in the middle of the path. Nom, the Troll Chieftain. and his cronies are clearly unafraid of leaving the safety of their lair They are thirsty for blood, and this battle feels premature. That's good for Nom, not so good for this side of the battle line. With what feels like zero time to prepare, there's got to be a way to delay this encounter! Perhaps fighting aggression with aggression would cause Nom to back off. If not, the crack of Nom's Thunderclub will resound throughout Daelore this day.

Page Set Nem 1 of 1

TOSTANTER

The Hall and the Orb

The beauty is enough to take your breath away. This level of architecture and ornate decoration is beyond any Gearior's wildest dreams. Marble pillars with ornate ivory accents support a roof of gold leaf. The obsidian floor makes Gearloc boots look even more worn than usual. Rising from the center of the room, a solid glass pedestal cradles a faintly pulsating orb. Deathly quiet, the hall exudes dread, beauty, and power all at once. The orb seems to be observing everything in the room, though it's not moving or making a sound. Destroying something so beautiful seems criminal, but it has all the makings of one of Gendricks' dangerous and powerful artifacts.

Roce Set - Gendeicks - 1 of 3



The Language of the Orb

The orb materializes out of nowhere, suspended in the air and emanating a black and ominous light. At first, it simply hovers above the mud that's been impeding any real progress for the day. Then, it speaks. Not audibly, and not in any language spoken in Daelore. The words it's speaking seem to float through the air without movement or sound, yet they're easily understood. Running away in this driving rain is going to be difficult, but meeting the orb's demands is going to come at a cost.

Base Set - Gendricks - 2 of 2

DOSTREAS

GAME LENGTH

GAME LENGTH

seems to have her own agenda when it comes to The Ebon. She's already amassed quite the following after quietly assassinating the previous ruler of Ebonhart and claming his followers as her own to command. Constantly searching for something. Duster remains a mystery.



Cloak & Dagger: If 2 or more Gearlocs are on the Battle Mat, temporarily remove the next Gearloc on the Ini Meter from Battle Mat and place Duster on their Battle Mat position. Removed Gearlocs rejoin the battle after a fellow Gearloc is KO'd. When rejoining battle, Gearlocs are placed on any Gearloc starting position and in the top spot(s) of the Ini Meter.



Duster's Dagger: Place a Bleed Effect Die on any target Duster does Dmg to this round.

Shadow Pack

Go back to Obendar and burn it down. You have no idea what you're trifling with." Duster materializes out of the shadows and casually leans against a zelfey tree that has clearly seen better days. The scar on har face glistens in the moonlight. How can a scar look fresh and decades old at the same time? The yellow, beady eyes of dire wolves are visibile between the tree trunks. "I don't want to kill you, but I will stop you at any cost." Without another word, she waltzes back into the shadows. She's gone. Her wolves are not.

In a Fog

The fog is suffocating. With no ability to see more than a few feet away, it's easy to imagine seeing Duster's face averywhere. That scar, that dagger. "The council can't be trusted, you know." The words are nothing but a whisper, but they are loud and clear. Fog. Suffocating. Zero vision. She's *right here*, but she's nowhere. Maybe the fog is playing tricks with sights and sounds? "They're cowards, or they'd come for me themselves. Like the first time." Mere seconds pass, and the fog lifts. Wandering into a wolf den is usually ill-advised.

Mercy of the Lost

In retrospect, following this blood trail for three hours may not have been the best idea. The lure of scavenging some loot off an unfortunate traveler was too much to resist with the stakes this high, but make no mistake, a *lot* of time has been wasted. Finally, however, the source of the blood has been found! She's doubled over in pain, wincing and breathing heavily. "Get away from me!" Duster wheezes. Tunic stained crimson from the bleeding, Duster clutches at what must be a serious wound to her left side. "I don't need you! I don't need anyone! You're nothing but pawns of the Council!"

MOLIMIESSA

Once human, now worgen, Mulmesh has an insatiable hunger for that which he once was. Knowing there is no going back, he lets that hunger fuel his fury toward any non-Ebon Daelorian who stands in his way of exacting vengeance.



ENCOUNTER

Set - Duster - 2 of 3

The Scent of a Gearloc You don't have to be a ranger to sense when you're being followed. When your stomach instinctively clenches and the hair on your ears is at attention, there are probably eyes on you. What can be done? Well, nothing in this case. Too much time would be wasted trying to reveal this pursuer. And yet, after a few hours, paranoia starts to set in. It feels like there are more eyes watching with each passing moment. Shadowy

figures slip in and out of the trees, always hidden, but there in the corner of the eye. What are they waiting for?

PALERANCE PALERANCE

Ages ago, Drellen was banished from Obendar to the poison marshes for reasons no one can, or is willing to, recall. Instead of perishing, however, Drellen remains alive. Face twisted and scarred from extended time in the swamps, he is but skin and bones. Yet somehow, he thrives in the bog.

GAME LENGTH

In Pursuit of an Antidote

If you didn't know better, you'd think him a local hero in Obendar. The controversy surrounding Drellen Paleface's exile seemed like it was on every tongue – many opinions and rumors, but few facts. With the gift of gab and a few coins under the table, lesser known secrets began to emerge around town - secrets of careless experimentation. Of deadly concoctions and potions. In a dimly lit corner of an ale house, a local handed over a list of ingredients. She swore that acquiring these ingredients on our journey would be of service should Drellen be met face-to-face. It's time to put this list to use, and round up some ... rather disgusting ingredients



GAME LENGTH

Getting Out of Hand From this vantage point high above the valley, two small groups of oros are visible. They're approaching from both the northwest and northeast, building their camp directly in front

of the only path through the mountains. Their numbers are growing, and the placement of their camp seems intentional. Did scouts tip them off, or was it those merchants who quickly passed us by a day ago? Either way, it appears they are ready to fight. This is not going to be easy.

President



ENCOUNTER

Marrow's Civil War Marrow is renowned throughout Daelore for his military tactics, but his reluctance to leave his stronghold apparently has caused the factions he commands to follow their own agendas and bolster their standing in the region. Massive armies are forming on either side of the pass, and they look to be facing off against each other! Waves of creatures from the bogs of Daelore are going toe to toe against what appears to be the elite of the kobold army. This battle is happening, and there is no way out of it. Time to pick a side, or this dissension in Marrow's ranks will be the end of this adventure!

We Have a Goblin Problem Goblins everywhere. These "locusts" of Daelore seem to be growing in number at an alarming rate. No matter how many are cut down, others show up to take their place. It seems impossible to make a dent in their numbers. Exhausted and behind schedule, every minute wasted on these pesky things gives The Goblin King time to gather and send out reinforcements. Clearly, a different approach must be found. This plague must be eradicated at the source. The unfortunate reality is that the most direct route means... ugh...even more goblins.

KORNEG Dependence of the provided tight control over the to the pash held ti

Care Package When you find boxes in the middle of the road in Daelore, always exercise caution. These three were made to look like they contain valuable supplies. Probably a trap. Instinct calls for scouting the perimeter before arriving back in front of the crates. Carefully opening the first two, it's surprising to actually find some items of value. The third box, however, has that unmistakable goblin odor seeping through the rough-hewn wood. The fact that goblins love dangerous pranks and that this could be one of them, is fully confirmed when the paint on the lid is revealed, reading: REGARDZ FRUM THE GOBLIN KINGG









I draw the line at smelly boxes with goblin heads on 'em. Ignore that box! The decision is made to leave while ahead.

BO: Baddie Pts.

C: Dananc I to:

Choice

Choice

Attempt to disarm!

Each party member must name a Lock type (Lever, Trip, or Force) and reach a 3 of that type by making a Lockpick Attempt. If successful, the box is disarmed, and the bomb inside can be used later to destroy The Goblin King's "throne" instantly at the start of battle (place this card in a Gearloc's Loot Area).

If unsuccessful, party takes 2 Dmg before the start of battle.

RED MINOTAUR



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GAME OF THRONE

Set up a "throne" on Lane 1 Range position using Lane 1 marker and 3 HP. Flace The Goblin King (and his HP) on top of throne.

BQ: Baddie Pts (party of 1 ignores this).

Throne will only take Dmg from adjacent opposing units and must be destroyed before The Goblin King may be targeted. The Goblin King cannot Dmg himself.

Tyrant Skills:

Kaboom: Blasts all Gearlocs to positions farthest from The Goblin King (happens before applying Dmg).

Boom: Any Dmg dealt by The Goblin King is also done to unit(s) adjacent to his target for 1/2 Dmg (round down).

Tyrant Die:



Call for Help: Add a Baddie to bottom of BQ: Party of 1-2: 1Pt Baddie. Party of 3-4: 5Pt Baddie.

Careless Bomb 3: Deal 3 Dmg to strongest Baddie and all adjacent units. For today's battle, you will only fight one Baddie Type. If you succeed, the defeated type is removed from Active and Defeated Stacks for the duration of this adventure. Choose wisely.



Only Option Press on! The Goblin King | will soon be within reach!

BQ: Baddie Pts

Party of 1-2: Add a 1Pt Goblin-Type Baddie to top of BQ.

Party of 3-4: Add a 5Pt Goblin-Type Baddie to top of BQ.

Persistent. Apply the following effect to every future "BQ: Baddie Pts" battle you encounter:

Add the most recently defeated Goblin-Type Baddie to the BQ.

No wings. Plenty of bull.



Outside of battle, permanently increase your Health Stat Die by 1. At the start of your next battle, reduce your current HP by 3.

140% Alcohol by volume





Merchants will offer you a **Trove** Loot Chest in exchange for this gem (draw a Trove Loot during your Recovery Phase)!

*This does not take the place of your Recovery Phase options.

"The rarest of gems in Daelore. Ghillie's been gazing into it for hours...still hasn't blinked." - Boomer's Journal



On your turn, unexhaust any 1 die (may include fellow Gearloc dice).

"It's strange...the Daelore countryside seems littered with abandoned Gearloc technology." - Picket's Journal



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Select one of your Consumable Skill Dice and place it in its spot on your mat. It is now available for use,

"Shots on the house!" - Patches

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During your Lockpick Attempt, you may bypass a Lock of 4 or less without using Action Dice.

"Nugget, here's a mech-pick. It might come in handy if you, the master of unlocking, take it with you." - Officer Burton of Obendar

Heal any Gearloc for 2 HP.

What's more rare than zelfey seeds? The legendary zelfey stick.



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Roll 2 additional Atk Dice on your turn (does not cost Dex).

"The foul odor was strong throughout the campsite. I could also faintly smell the incense."- Nugget's Journal



If a Training Attempt fails, you may make another attempt.

"Design requires the removal of your right arm. Terrible. The left arm would be much more sensible!" - Tink



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Single-use - Discard After Battle

Heal yourself for 1 HP at the start of each round during battle.

"A zelfey a day, keeps Patches away.



Add 1 Def Die to your roll each turn (this is not restricted by Def Stat and does not cost Dex). **Heavy.**

"Of course it makes you look tough! Your tombstone will read, 'Looked tough. Went down in a hurry."' - Patches



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SKINNING KNIFE Three Uses

Before drawing your next Encounter, place a defeated Baddie from your most recent battle onto this card. Any Baddies of that Type appearing in your next battle are **Surprised**.

"Tried to skin golem. Got clay pot." - Adamo the Tyrannical Yeti



In battle, heal yourself for 5 HP, then add a Poison 2 Effect Die to your Gearloc.

"If not for the smell, texture and taste.. this would be delicious!" - Nugget



At the start of a new day, draw an additional Encounter Card. Choose one and place the other at the bottom of your Encounter Deck.

"Deepwood flora grows quickly. Navigating by sight and intuition alone is ill-advised." - Adventurer's Guide to Deepwood



During your turn, roll 1 Atk Die and deal its Dmg to any unit on Battle Mat (*does not cost Dex*).

"I don't care if YOU found them - hand 'em over." - Tantrum

PARRING

ermanent

SPIRITS OF EBON



Prevent the application of 1 Effect Die to your Gearloc.

"The medicinal effects are undeniable, but there's a sense of unease in camp every time the bottle's uncorked." - Patches' Journal



Add 4 to an Action Die result during your Lockpick Attempt.

Troll tools tend to favor blunt force over calculated precision.

Ignore 1 💥 during any of your Training Attempts. **Heavy.**

Speak softly, and carry a big sparring weapon.





Roll 1 Atk Die immediately after being attacked by a non-adjacent Baddie. Apply rolled Dmg to that Baddie (Strom this roll cannot be used in Backup Plan).

"It lacks the sophistication of archery, but I'll deal with it." - Ghillie PRYING IRON

Add 2 to an Action Die result during your Lockpick Attempt.

"I'll show you how I pick locks; gimme that thing! Flat end forward, I'm assuming?" - Picket



Place 7 HP on this card. At the start of each new day, remove 1 HP for spoilage. Outside of battle, any Gearloc may remove any number of HP from stew to heal for that amount.

Reliving your last battle is unpleasant. Eating your last battle is...disgusting.



Re-roll any 1 die on your turn. (including Training, Lockpicking and Initiative).

"If you experience enhanced performance for longer than 4 hours, see a doctor immediately" - Reflex Powder Warning



Shuffle Special Encounter -The Ebonite Doorway into your Encounter Deck if it has not already been completed.

"Getting Nugget to talk about anything else" t'day was a lost cause." - Boomer's Journal



Increase your Dex by 3 for this turn.

"Find a sprocket, fill your pocket. - Gearloc Book of Whimsy

Mixed Berries

Heal yourself for 3 HP in battle or 5 HP out of battle.





Heal yourself for 3 HP in battle or 5 HP out of battle.

Plump. Juicy. Nourishing. Laxative.





1's rolled on your Def Dice may be upgraded to 2 Def. So rolled on your Def Dice may be converted to 1 Def. **Heavy**.

"It's hardened by dragon fire, heavier than Tantrum's axe, and stinkier than Ghillie's foot." - Boomer's Journal





The next Baddie you defeat (deal killing blow) goes on top of this card. Each future Baddie you defeat of this same Type also gets placed on this card. Roll 1 additional Atk Die (does not cost Dex) for each Baddie on this card when attacking this same Baddie Type.

Encounters that require you to search your Defeated Stack may pull from this stack if needed (use D6 to show replaced Baddies).

One, two, three, ten, thirty..." - Tantrum



Backup Plan Extension: 2 % Unexhaust any 1 die (may include fellow Gearloc dice). Usable once per battle (turn card sideways after use).

The future of Gearloc convenience. The ancient history of Gearloc fashion.



Backup Plan Extension: 2 % Choose one of your rolled Atk Dice and add a Poison Effect Die for the same amount to its target.

"May cause indiscriminate death, despair, and giggling. Usually giggling, then death." - Vial Kit Warning



Before battle, select a Battle Mat Lane (1-4). Any 1, 5, or 20 Pt Baddie that comes out in that Lane is delayed for 1. round (place this Baddie back on top of BQ after all Baddies have been placed on Battle Mat). Useable once per battle (turn card sideways after use).

"Squirrel!" - Goblin Alarmist



On your turn, you may choose a target after rolling your dice.

"The trick is, you need to be able to see it to install it." - Patches



Ignore 1 💥 when performing any Training Attempt.

"Body scan complete...says my leg is missing!? Patches!?" - Picket





"Careful with those, or we'll be seeing rainbow colored goblins riding beautiful white griffins for hours on end." - Patches

Heal a Gearloc for 1 HP

"Quickly heal up those missing limbs and other minor injuries!" - Patch Kit

"Not recommended for indoor or outdoor use." - Grappling Gun Safety Warning use.





Permanent

Your party has +1 Dex while this is in your possession. **Heavy.**

This game has how many bones?! That's a steal!" - Nugget Promo - 002