

CAMPAIGN



DRAGON WAKE
THE VEIL

MATURE AUDIENCES ONLY This game module contains disturbing, violent, and graphic text. Not intended for players under the age of 17.

AGE RECOMMENDATION

The Veil card game contains some graphic and violent imagery. The card game is recommended for ages 14 and up.

The Campaign Book's text contains some additional scenarios that imply torture, disturbing scenes of violence, and some sexual implications that may not be suitable for children under the age of 17. We recommend the Campaign books for Mature Audiences Only.

HOW TO PLAY

Rules and additional game content is available at our website.

DEATH ANGEL ONLINE

HONOR OR GLORY

1



You scan the skies with a weary frown. There have been too many attacks lately, far too many for it to be a coincidence. Your village has only been partially rebuilt from the last attack, and these double shifts of guard duty are starting to weigh down on you. You breathe deeply and sigh. Who could be responsible for setting dragons upon your village? How could anyone control such beasts? Your eyes blink heavily as you are startled by the all too familiar sound of the village bell. Another attack? Of course it would be on your watch.

You look around and still see nothing in the air. Your eyes dart toward the ground, and you see at least two Drakes moving toward the village well. You clamber down the railing and head them off, preparing for battle once more.

You take your turn first. There are 2 Drakes (+2 Drakes for each additional Hero in your party).



DEFEAT: (Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.)

The Drakes flee after nearly killing you and several others. What's worse, the village is in shambles once more. No reward. (continue on page 2)

VICTORY: (You eliminate the Health of all Drakes.) As you pull your bloodied axe from the slain dragon skull, you look up to see one last Drake flying away from the battle. It is already out of range from the village archers. There are several fires burning the huts of your village, but if you can keep up with the small dragon, you may discover who is orchestrating these attacks.

REWARD: Choose a 1 or 2 cost Control card from your Fate Deck and replace a card in your Hero's Starting Deck. For the remainder of the campaign, your Hero's Starting Deck will keep this adjustment.

A The fires need to be doused to save the village. (continue on page 2)

B The Drake looks injured. You may be able to keep up with it. (continue on page 3)

Hot steam billows from the quenched flames as the final water drops from your clay pot drip down your arm. The blackened wood frames of the homes are too far damaged now, and it will take weeks to repair.

"It's those green-skins from the Yaqon Mountains. They set these beasts on us," says a grizzled townsman wielding a pickaxe.

"I heard they captured one of the b-big ones. A m-mamma," stammers another.

"They're breedin' em. Like pets, they are," says a third.

"And what's our Chief d-doing about it? N-nothin' at all."

"Somebody oughta do somethin' about this, 'fore we get killed!"

You squint at the grizzled man with the pickaxe, choosing your words carefully. "There is plenty to be done here before we go looking for more trouble," you say calmly.

"Maybe you just wanna keep the Chief from ownin' up to 'is failures," grins pickaxe. "Maybe, you're a part of the problem too!"

They form a semi-circle around you, gripping their weapons as though you started this nonsense. *They just need someone to blame.* There is nothing to be gained from this conflict, but some people don't listen to reason.

You take your turn second. There are 3 Rebels

(+2 Rebels for each additional Hero in your party).

DEFEAT: (Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.) The grizzled townsman raises his pickaxe to finish you off, but he is cut down at the knees. The Chief's guards grab the remaining rebels as the Chief approaches. "Who started this?" Pickaxe smiles and spits into the Chief's face. The Chief wipes his face with a rag and helps you to your feet. "Start with him," says the Chief. No Reward.

(continue on page 6)

VICTORY: (You eliminate the Health of all Rebels.) "We are wasting our time fighting amongst ourselves," you spit. "If we don't bring the Chief to Yaqon Mountains, the village is doomed," the grizzled townsman growls. "Who told you that?" He just smiles. Sigh. *This is going to be a long night.*

REWARD: Choose a 1 to 3 cost Support card from your Fate Deck, and replace a card in your Hero's Starting Deck. For the remainder of the campaign, your Hero's Starting Deck will keep this adjustment.

A These rebels know more than they are letting on. (continue on page 6)

B The rebels are a waste of time. Best to ask the coastal folk. (continue on page 7)



FREEDOM OR SECURITY

3



Your horse pants against the wind as you spur her on. The Drake has traveled south toward the Yaqon Mountains for nearly 3 hours. The Throng tribe settled in these parts long ago. Orcs and goblins they have hence been named. You heard these green-skinned abominations were spawned from the depths of hell--*empty campfire tales to frighten children, no doubt.*

They went unnoticed at first. The seer claims they emerged around the same time as the Dragons. *It doesn't matter. They are all the same, animals that pillage our lands and murder our loved ones. We won't be safe until they are all dead.* The Drake begins to descend as something darts past your head. You turn to see another arrow loosed from a Throng Bowman. Your horse drops to the ground.

You look to your horse to see if you can rouse her to a swift escape. Her dead eyes stare back into the black nothingness beyond. *A mercy!* You think to yourself. *These Savages would have eaten her alive.*

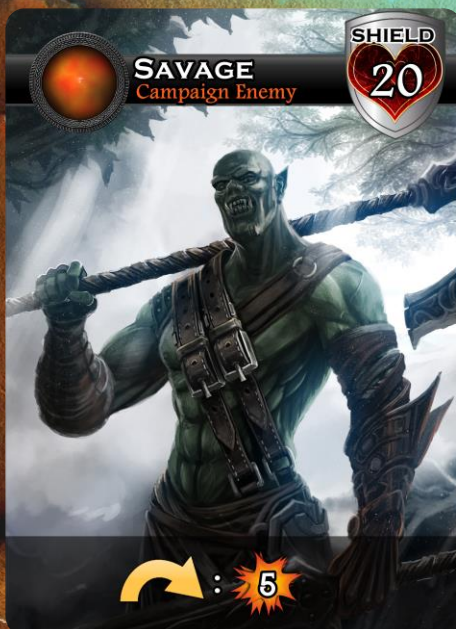
You take your turn first. There is 1 Savage and 1 Bowman (+1 Savage for each additional Hero in your party).

DEFEAT: (Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.) The injured Bowman binds your arms with rope. As he walks you back to the Throng encampment, you manage to cut the binds with a small, concealed knife. Without the Savages to protect him, the Bowman is no match for you. This close to the camp, you finally see it. The White Dragon! Chained and injured. No Reward. (continue on page 4)

VICTORY: (You eliminate the Health of all Orcs.) After dispatching the Orcs, you take in your surroundings of mountainous terrain and barren wastelands. You hear drumming and a bellowing cry from some large beast. The Throng encampment must be close. You stealthily approach the strange sounds and see it there chained to their stone wall, the White Dragon.

REWARD: Choose a 1 to 3 cost Agro card from your Fate Deck, and replace a card in your Hero's Starting Deck. For the remainder of the campaign, your Hero's Starting Deck will keep this adjustment.

- A This Dragon is the threat. Best put it out of its misery. (continue on page 4)
- B If you could free this Dragon, it may be of some use. (continue on page 5)



The creature is huge. Its white scales glint in the light of the sinking sun. You've never seen one fully grown. The enormity of its claws takes your breath away. Even chained up and injured as it is, this beast will be difficult to eliminate.

The Orcs dance and chant around a large fire in the distance. None are here to guard it. Still best not to rouse their attentions, or you'll be facing the entire Throng tribe and an angry Dragon. *How did they manage to capture it?* The sage at the old tower might be able to tell you. If you survive this, it might be wise to consult his wisdom.

As you sneak up toward the beast, you see a number of missing scales near the throat, revealing flesh underneath. *A chink in the armor? Perhaps you can silence it before it calls the Throng upon you.*



WHITE DRAGON
Campaign Enemy

45

SLAY

12 to each Hero if Weak Spot or White Dragon are damaged.

You take your turn first. There is 1 Weak Spot and 1 White Dragon.

DEFEAT: (Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.) You try to stab at the opening of the Dragon scales, and the beast turns again, avoiding the full strike of your attack. A chain restraining the Dragon's neck rumbles. You are knocked to the ground as the chain breaks, and the Dragon rises up above you. Its mouth closes around your waist as you feel the sword-like teeth sink through your flesh. Your bones crush under its jaw strength, and you cry a muffled scream as it continues to chew. (game over)



WEAK SPOT
Campaign Enemy

15

Gain VICTORY if you eliminate WEAK SPOT with 4 Control cards in your Fate Route.

VICTORY: (You eliminate Weak Spot with 4 Control cards in your Fate Route, or you eliminate Health of all enemies.) The Dragon finally goes limp. With blood pouring from its neck, you turn and see the tribe of green-skins still chanting and dancing by the fire. The thought of these fools managing to capture such a beast still haunts you. *The old sage would know...*

REWARD: Choose a 1 or 3 cost Control card from your Fate Deck, and replace a card in your Hero's Starting Deck. For the remainder of the campaign, your Hero's Starting Deck will keep this adjustment. (continue on page 8)

THE WHITE DRAGON

5



You step up to the chained White Dragon, and its eyes bulge in fear. You gently put your hand on the crest of the Dragon's head. It recoils but doesn't attempt to harm you. "It's okay," you say peacefully, "I'm here to help you."

The Dragon sighs and seems to calm its breathing. *Can it understand you? You remember the sage at the old tower. He used to speak of the time before the Dragons and the Throng. Perhaps he could help you learn more about the Dragons and how to better protect your village.*

You begin to examine the barbed chains that restrain the dragon. A number of huge bolts pin the chains into the old wall of the ruins surrounding the Throng encampment. It will take you some time to detach them.

A horn bellows. You turn to see a troop of Goblins charging towards you. A large Minotaur beast sounds another horn. *The Dragon will have to wait.*

You take your turn first. There are 8 Goblin Soldiers and 1 Minot.

DEFEAT: (Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.) The Goblins pin you down. Another of their serrated, rusty blades pierces you, and the attacker twists the blade before removing it, tearing flesh and muscle. You go still, too weak to fight back anymore. The Goblins notice your change in demeanor and begin biting into your skin. You feel hundreds of jagged teeth sink into your flesh, rending the meat from your bones. Your eyes roll back in your final moments, as you are eaten alive by the Throng. (game over)

VICTORY: (You eliminate the Health of all Goblin Soldiers and the Minot.) Exhausted from the battle, you can barely stand. The pile of Goblin corpses teeters in the wind. You begin to work loose the Dragon's chains. As the final pin is broken, the White Dragon rises up and regards you. You pray this wasn't a mistake. "You are free to go," you speak gently. The Dragon makes no move as you glance toward the ruined tower on the distant horizon. "I wish to learn more about your kind. I'm going to consult the sage at the old tower." The Dragon lowers its neck for you to mount it.

REWARD: Add the White Dragon Ally to your roster. (continue on page 8)



You tighten the restraints on the grizzled man's wrists and crank the rack one notch further. He winces in pain. "You wanted to turn our Chief over to the green-skins," you scowl. "What did they promise you?"

"They'll stop the Dragon attacks," the grizzled man moans. "They said we can 'ave peace."

"And you believed them? When did you make this deal with the Throng?" you assert.

The grizzled man spits at you. You tighten the rack another notch, and the grizzled man's elbow pops.

You take your turn first. At the end of your turn, add the combined Gold costs in your Fate Route to reveal more info.

4-8 Gold in your Fate Route: "I never met them," the man cries. "P-p-please stop!"

9-13 Gold in your Fate Route: "The Chief knows it's true. He met with them."

14-18 Gold in your Fate Route: "The Orcs said they'd leave us be if we bring the Chief."

19-23 Gold in your Fate Route: "The old man in the tower. He knows about the Dragons..."

DEFEAT: (*The informant dies before you have 24 Gold Cost in your Fate Route.*) You tighten the rack three more notches, and you hear the snapping of tendons. The man squeals out in pain as his limbs tear away from his torso. The villagers stare at you in horror. "I'm trying to keep you all safe," you growl. "Don't you understand that?" You are no wiser now than when you began, and you have lost the faith of the village. *Perhaps it would be best to consult the sage.* No Reward. (*continue on page 8*)

VICTORY: (*You have 24 or more Gold in your Fate Route.*) You bring your hand to the lever to tighten the rack once more. "I don't think you can take much more," you whisper. "Please," the grizzled man moans, "I've told you everything." "What makes you think the Orcs would honor this arrangement?" you say with a frown. He whimpers once more, "The Orcs work for the old man in the tower. He needs the Chief to stop the Dragons." *Finally, something of value.* You release the grizzled man from the rack, and he lays on the ground weeping. *Can it be true? Best to be careful when you confront the sage.*

REWARD: Choose a 2 to 4 cost Control card from your Fate Deck, and replace a card in your Hero's Starting Deck. For the remainder of the campaign, your Hero's Starting Deck will keep this adjustment. (*continue on page 8*)



INFORMANT
Campaign Enemy

35

Informant loses 6 Health. You may Banish a card of your choice from your Fate Route.

THE ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE

7



You travel east for several days, toward the neighboring village. The road is lonely, but you eventually meet a stranger along the path less traveled. She is dressed in a strange fabric that seems completely unrestrictive to her movements.

“Hail to you,” you exclaim. “Are you of the coastal folk?”

“I am,” she stoically responds. “What business do you have with my people?”

“My tribe has been having some trouble with Dragons of late,” you reply. “I seek counsel.”

“We have never seen our Dragon fly toward your village.”

“You have a Dragon? How do you control it?” you plead.

“It helps defend us in times of great need, but we do not control it,” she says unconvincingly.

“The green-skins send younger Dragons against us to cripple our village,” you say. “If you could loan us your Dragon, we could easily defeat them and save our village.”

She shakes her head, “As I said before, we do not control our Dragon. I cannot send it to help you.”

“Then tell me where it is kept, so I can meet this ‘uncontrollable’ Dragon,” you growl.

“Mind your tone, stranger,” she says while taking a defensive stance. “I do not know you.”

You see her stance and reach for your blade, in case she tries to strike. *Not your first mistake of the day.*

A swift kick of her leg knocks you to the ground.

You take your turn second. The Ninja has 25 Health (+20 for each additional Hero in your party).

If you have less than two Control cards in your Fate Route during your turn, the Ninja takes no damage from you.

DEFEAT: (Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.) The Ninja throws another blade into your back. You stumble toward the ground. A pool of your blood trails behind you as you crawl back towards the path. “Pity,” she says. “I had no quarrel with you. Now your village will have one less warrior.” You feel a sharp pain at your neck. Your ears ring, and you lose your breath. Your head rolls to the side of the road. Panicking, the pain amplifies in your final moments. As consciousness begins to fade, all you can think is how bad your legs hurt. (game over)

VICTORY: (You eliminate the Health of the Ninja.) She falls backwards, and you hold your final attack. “I should kill you for your trouble,” you spit angrily. “Our Dragon,” she pants, “it strikes at us too. The man in the tower knows how to control them.” You glance behind you and see storm clouds forming above the tower at the furthest reaches of the horizon. “If I let you live, will you promise not to kill me?” The ninja nods and mutters, “I feared you would attack my village for our Dragon.” You nod, “I was considering it. But now I think it would be best to have an ally when I visit the old man who tames Dragons.” The Ninja slowly rises and smiles, “Perhaps you aren’t as foolish as you look.”

REWARD: Gain Ninja Ally. (continue on page 8)



At the base of the tower, stands the old sage. He looks blind, but you have a strange feeling you are being watched. "I've come seeking your wisdom. I've heard you have power over the Dragons," you sternly voice.

"Only a great Wizard could manage that," the old man scowls. "The Dragons came when the Serpent agreed to keep the Demons from our realm. And without Demons, magic died. So you see, there are no great Wizards anymore. Only regretful blind fools."

You tilt your head questioningly, "Then why are you here?"

"The Lich's tower held the green Runestone," the old man scoffs.

"When the stone was damaged, the Veil weakened."

"The Veil?"

"An old magic," the sage grinds his teeth. "It was an enchantment. A barrier between our world and the spirit realm. If we could repair the Runestone, we might be able to prevent more Dragons from crossing over."

"And if we weaken the barrier further?" you ask.

The old man looks fearfully to the west and retorts, "Then you will face countless more Dragons and Demons with only your strength to defend you. Mankind can't survive it."

You look to where the old sage glanced. You only know of two settlements in that direction: the ruins of Saraceth and Blackridge monastery.

"My name is Xernon," says the sage, "and I need your help to restore the green Runestone and the Veil."

A Help Xernon. *(continue on page 9)*

B He is untrustworthy. *(continue below)*

You lunge at the old sage, and he steps back, pulling a lever at the base of the tower. A group of horrid beasts are released from the tower and instinctually rush to kill you.

You take your turn first. There are 4 Horrors (+4 Horrors for each additional Hero in your party).



HORROR
Campaign Enemy

15



5

to the Hero or Ally
with the most Health.

DEFEAT: *(Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.)* The creatures begin to crush the bones of your extremities, blood pouring from your wounds. "Stop," Xernon commands his horrific beasts. "I need him alive." A green smoke courses through your body, as the Runestone reactivates. Your dying soul will feed this tower's magic for all time. *(game over)*

VICTORY: *(You eliminate the Health of all Horrors.)* Xernon cowers in fear as you drop the body of the final beast. You grab the old man by the throat and growl, "Where are the other Runestones?"

REWARD: Choose a 2 to 4 cost Agro card from your Fate Deck, and replace a card in your Hero's Starting Deck. For the remainder of the campaign, your Hero's Starting Deck will keep that adjustment. *(continue on page 11)*

LIFE OR DEATH

9



Atop the great tower, you see the shattered stone flooring that was once the Green Runestone. In the light of the moon, there seems to still be some magic left in it. Xernon adjusts a great mirror to shine the moonlight into the center of the Runestone. A corporeal human skeleton slowly rises through the shattered stone.

Xernon breathes excitedly, "Arise, Lich, and return to your rightful prison."

Magical armor encases the skeleton as it stares at Xernon.

"My powers have ascended from my time in Hell, Wizard. You are a fool to bring me back. I am far more than the man or the lich I once was." Xernon's eyes seem to clear, and lightning courses around his body. Xernon smiles, "And with you here, I can feel my magic returning."

- A** The other may be a better ally. Stop Xernon. (gain the Death knight as an ally)
- B** Stop the Death Knight. (gain the Archmage as an ally)

ARCHMAGE
Campaign Enemy

70

SLAY

9 9

You take your turn first. Archmage (campaign enemy) attacks Shields first, non-shields second, then Death Knight Ally last. Death Knight's (campaign enemy) Skeletons attack Shields, non-shields second, then Archmage last.

DEATH KNIGHT
Campaign Ally

12

Put up to 2 Skeleton Tokens into play with 2 Shield and Exhaust: 2 Damage.
(When one dies, Banish it.)

DEFEAT: (Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.) The two great spell casters hurl lightning and life draining magic back and forth. Your attacks go unnoticed. Xernon throws a fireball at the Death Knight, who reflects it back. The great fireball hits your chest, and you ignite. Your flesh sears and melts as you stumble from the tower's height. The impact doesn't kill you, and you feel your bones fracture. Another lightning strikes and the tower itself rumbles, lurches, and falls. The moment before the tower crushes you, you eagerly anticipate the end to your agony. (game over)

ARCHMAGE
Campaign Ally

8

1 1 for each Agro in your Fate Route.

VICTORY: (You eliminate the Health of your Campaign Enemy.) Standing victorious over the corpse of your enemy does not bring you satisfaction this day. You feel the looming dread of a long journey that has only just begun. You slowly turn to your new ally and mutter under your breath, "Now what?"

If Archmage was your ally (continue on page 12)

If Death Knight was your ally (continue on page 13)

DEATH KNIGHT
Campaign Enemy

55

SLAY

Put 3 Skeleton Tokens into play.

You feel dizzy, fatigued, and confused about how you got to this place. You see the old Lich's tower, where the Green Runestone once powered the enchantment called THE VEIL. You see yourself from days before when you first met the sage, Xernon. "Where are we?" you whisper.

"When are we is a better question," the stranger responds. "Three days ago, when you first suspected Xernon, you took actions here that set this all into motion. I specialize in a magic that helps me travel through time. I am a Chronomancer."

"Time magic?" you question as you rub your temples. "I've never heard of such a thing."

"It has not yet come into being. In my time, anyone with the potential of magic is killed within the womb. I am from your future," says the Chronomancer. "You have an important choice to make. Whenever we traverse time, you will lose a piece of yourself. Your memories, your hopes, your fears. We can destroy the Veil, but it will cost us both our lives."

"Why me?"

The Chronomancer looks away toward a distant horizon. "Changing our fate requires great sacrifice."

You nod, understanding the stakes, "What would you ask of me?"

"You will remember nothing by the end of this, but we will destroy the Blue Runestone in the past. We will collect the three orbs of fate. Groat, the Warlock, has one. Xernon and the Spiritist have the other two."

"What are the orbs for?" you ask.

"They will change the fate of all," replies the Chronomancer. "Many years before the Dragons and Orcs came to your land, the way to the underworld was found by the Warlock Groat. We travel now to the black gates of his stronghold in Hell. Prepare your mind." With that the Chronomancer begins an incantation, and a swirling vortex of light and shadow begins to surround you. You know you must try to hang onto what little information the Chronomancer has supplied you with.

You take your turn first. Have 4 Control cards in your Fate Route before the end of turn 5.

DEFEAT: *(Turn 5 ends, and you have less than 4 Control cards in your Fate Route.)* The swirling vortex turns around you as fear grips your heart. Through the play of light and shadow around the vortex, you see a reflection of yourself as a child and another reflection of yourself as an elder. You step through the portal into the madness of Groat's stronghold. *No reward. (continue on Campaign II page 12).*

VICTORY: *(You have 4 Control cards in your Fate Route before the end of turn 5.)* Through the portal of light, you see Groat's stronghold. The Warlock lies on the ground near Xernon and the Spiritist. An armored warrior tears the crown of Groat's skull from his head as you step through the portal. You must remember to take the orbs from the Chronomancer before the end.

REWARD: Add the Distracting Ruminations Reward card to your Fate Deck. For the remainder of the campaign, your Hero's Fate Deck will keep that adjustment. *(continue on Campaign 2 page 12).*



In the ruins of Saraceth, you find no sign of the two remaining Runestones. You were sure Xernon was bluffing when he said you'd find your answers in Blackridge. As you turn to begin your trek toward the monastery, you see three men robed in grey, blocking your path. Each holds a great halberd. They turn their heads to you in unison. *No, not men. Something more.* As feathered wings extend from the backs of their robes, you step back in awe.

"Do not be afraid," the three creatures speak together.

"Who are you?" you ask breathlessly.

"Warriors, as you are. However, you are on a fool's errand for the Blue Stone is safely kept in the underworld," they whisper. "Hell's gate was closed to your kind, and cannot be reached by man or woman."

You nod, "Then I'm off to Blackridge. The Red Runestone must be there."

"We cannot permit you to release the entity imprisoned in that stone," they warn. "It cannot be loosed before the millennium."

You step closer to the three winged creatures. "Who?" you breathe. "Who is imprisoned there?"

They step closer to you and slowly raise their weapons. "Turn back now, warrior, lest you be this world's undoing."



You take your turn first. There are 3 Archons. On their turn, they each deal 6 damage to the Hero or Ally with the most Health.

DEFEAT: (*Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.*) You feel yourself begin to slump as the weariness of battle sets in. The Archons swoop in from three directions and cross their halberds around your body. A warm light pours over you from within their crossed weapons. The light begins to push through your body with a tangible force as the warmth increases to searing heat. Your eyes burst from your skull and you screech as your blood boils within. (*game over*)

VICTORY: (*You eliminate the Health of all Archons.*) The three Archons vaporize to dust as you strike the last one with a fatal blow. You are thankful those creatures were still mortal. You look to the horizon and faintly see the old monastery. *What are they hiding in that old Church?*

REWARD: Choose a 3 or 5 cost Support card from your Fate Deck and replace a card in your Hero's Starting Deck. For the remainder of the campaign, your Hero's Starting Deck will keep that adjustment.
(*continue on page 15*)

The Archmage, Xernon, leads the way through the craggy mountain pass. You see the mangled corpses of mules and goats strewn by the sides of the path. Only Orcs and goblins eat in such ways.

"They are disgusting creatures," you say as you cover your mouth with a rag to fight the stench.

"They were once men, you know," Xernon smiles. "Maybe some of them could be related to your ancestors."

"Impossible," you snarl, "I am nothing like those monsters." Xernon shakes his head and remarks, "There are things worse than demons in the underworld. A dark being called Yaquon grew a fondness for deforming man's image. Yaquon made the first of Orc-kind."

"How do you know these things?" you ask.

Xernon stops and reflects. "I was there, in Hell, with a warrior like you."

"What became of your friend?" you frown.

"We made a deal with the devil," Xernon trails off as you both notice a troop of Orcs and their leader.

"Trespassers!" the Chieftain howls.

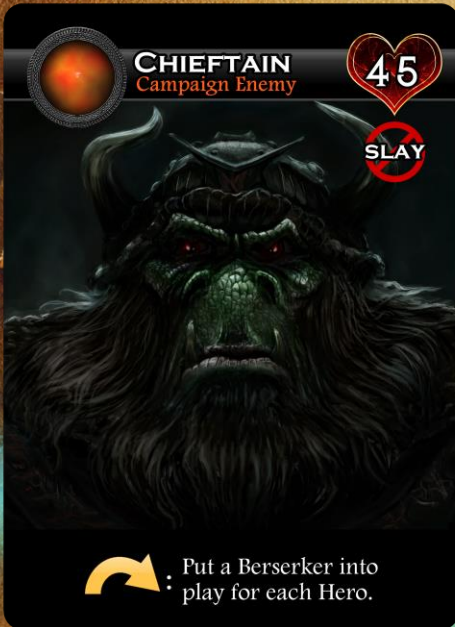
You take your turn first. There is 1 Berserker and 1 Chieftain (+4 Berserkers for each additional Hero in your party).

DEFEAT: (Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.) You see Xernon pinned to the ground as the Orcs begin to feast on his flesh. Restrained by more Orcs, you feel them begin to sink their sharpened teeth into you. Xernon's screams die down and you expect your own pain to end, but the savages never bite your throat. There will be no mercy kill for you. As they grow bored with the meal, they wander away. You see parts of your arms and legs around you, and your entrails spilling to the dusty ground. Through labored breathing, you cry out and wait for your body to succumb to the inevitable. (game over)

VICTORY: (You eliminate the Health of all Orcs.) With your final attack, the Chieftain falls. You turn to Xernon who is still electrocuting another Orc with his magic. Xernon finally notices your glance and scowls, "Are you ready to face your demons?"

REWARD: Choose a 3 or 5 cost Agro card from your Fate Deck and replace a card in your Hero's Starting Deck. For the remainder of the campaign, your Hero's Starting Deck will keep that adjustment.

(continue on page 14)



The Deathknight leads you into the dank gloom of a massive cemetery just outside Blackridge monastery. His armor clanks with each heavy footstep.

“Are you not concerned that some priests may find you here and destroy you?” you ask.

“My bride must be returned to me,” the Deathknight hisses. “Besides, no human can kill me.”

“How does one achieve that? Tell me of this magic,” you ask.

The Deathknight finds the grave he was searching for and cuts into the dirt with his bony fingers. “Not magic. A curse. I killed my brother, and I was cursed to walk the earth as an immortal,” the Deathknight growls.

“What did your brother do to deserve death?” you ask.

“God loved him more,” the Deathknight grimaced, “so I took vengeance on them both in one act of cruelty.”

You feel your heart begin to rise in your chest. “Who are you?” you finally question.

“The first man born of woman,” the Death Knight sighs reaching into the soft earth. “I am Cain.” With that he pulls out a brittle old skull and stares into the eye sockets, a black oily substance pours out from the skull’s openings.

“And this is your bride?” you ask uneasily.

“One of her descendants,” the Deathknight laments. “The offspring carry with them the essence of their ancestors.” The oil continues to trail from the skull to the ground and begins to take the shape of a woman.

A group of paladins led by a mighty warrior enter the cemetery.

“There they are,” the Templar bellows pointing at you. “Kill them all before they finish their dark ritual!”

You take your turn first. There are 5 Paladins and 1 Templar (+5 Paladins for each additional Hero in your party).

DEFEAT: (Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.) Another blade rends through your stomach, you collapse to the ground. Without hesitating, the Deathknight mutters an incantation, and your lifeless corpse rises to continue the fight. You are faintly aware of the battle you partake in. A spectator in your own lifeless body. “Welcome to eternity, my friend. Now you cannot be killed either,” the Deathknight smiles. (game over)

VICTORY: (You eliminate the Health of all Paladins and the Templar.) Amidst the mountain of armored corpses, the oily female form begins to solidify into human flesh. Clothed in a shadowy vapors, she looks more like a ghost than woman.

REWARD: Choose a 3 or 5 cost Control card from your Fate Deck and replace a card in your Hero’s Starting Deck. For the remainder of the campaign, your Hero’s Starting Deck will keep that adjustment. (continue on page 16)



TEMPLAR
Campaign Enemy

50

SLAY

Slay all Recruits and Exhaust the Ally with the most Health.



PALADIN
Campaign Enemy

10

5 5

Xernon cautiously leads you beyond the edge of the mountain, where you finally see the overseer of your Orc and Goblin enemies. Beyond the base of the mountains, there is a great eye, burning but not consumed. "The Egregore," Xernon whispers.

"How do we kill it?" you ask.

"We don't," Xernon chortles. "It is an occult enchantment for controlling the masses. It's why the Orcs have been giving you so much trouble. But if I can manage to change its magical patterns, we could turn it into a beacon for the dragons instead."

"Draw them all here?" you question.

"If you can keep me alive long enough, perhaps," Xernon nods.

"I'll keep you alive, old man," you smirk to your new friend.

"What about the dragons?"

Xernon smiles, "One catastrophe at a time if you please."

As you approach the great eye, Xernon begins the preparation for his spell to change its magic. The Goblins take no time at all in spotting you and identifying the real threat to their false god. As they close in on Xernon, you ready yourself for a long battle.



You take your turn second. Each turn, 7 Goblin soldiers and 1 Goblin mage are generated. The Goblin Soldiers deal 1 damage to Shield Recruits or to Xernon if there are no Shields.

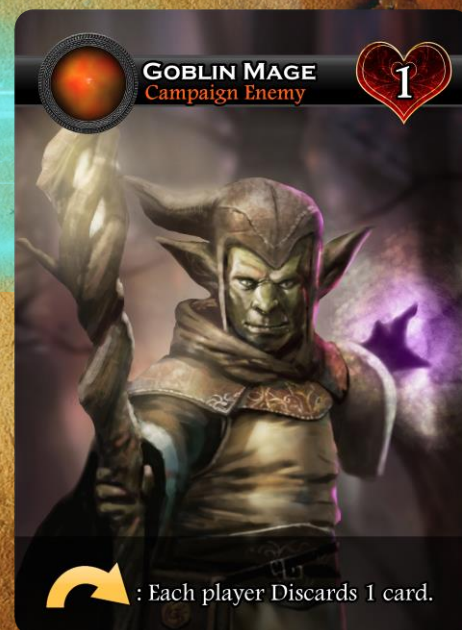
DEFEAT: (*Xernon loses all Health.*) You see the Goblins begin to feast on Xernon as you are overrun. The flaming eye gazes into you, and you are overcome by dread and the emptiness of an unimaginable void. Beyond your ego, and any sense of self, you realize the constructs of your being were nothing more than empty teachings of your tribal ancestors. There is no meaning. No truth. Xernon's panicked eyes look to you pleadingly, but nothing remains of you. Only hunger. Xernon screams as you join in the feast. (*game over*)

VICTORY: (*Xernon survives to turn 7.*) The flaming eye widens, and the fire that once glowed orange and red has changed to a white flame. A pulse emits from the Egregore, and

the remaining Goblins fall lifeless to the ground. You catch your breath, notice the ground is rumbling, and hear a distant roar drawing nearer. Xernon slowly stands, "Brace yourself, my friend. The real war is about to begin."

REWARD: Choose a 1 to 6 cost card from your Fate Deck, and replace a card in your Hero's Starting Deck. For the remainder of the campaign, your Hero's Starting Deck will keep that adjustment.

(continue on page 17)



GOBLIN MAGE
Campaign Enemy

: Each player Discards 1 card.



Weary from searching the monastery, you step out through the narthex of the old church into the courtyard. Slumping down on a stone bench, you begin to think it was all a ruse. *The Runestone cannot be here either. Was it all a lie?* As you raise your head, still in your despair, you see it. Carved from the earth itself, the Red Runestone is barely distinguishable from the natural rock surrounding it. The monastery itself was built to conceal it. You rise to destroy it.

Suddenly, a being of light crashes down in your path, knocking you back. Rippling waves pulsing around it, as if the air itself is unable to contend with this creature's breach of your reality.

"You must not release the Serpent of Old," the being speaks like an eerie choir.

"They bound the devil under their church?" you scowl questioningly.

"What is a church for, if not to keep you from evil?" the chorus mock.

"They could teach us how to defend ourselves," you say, "instead of concealing the truth from us!"

"I am the Aeon," the being interjects. "I have borne witness to all your history.

When has your kind ever embraced truth? You would murder your wisest prophets to avoid it. You would wage war for generations to hide from it. You would ally yourself with devils and wrestle down angels if it prolonged your self-deception another day."

You hiss through your gritting teeth, "Perhaps it's time we face our demons!"

You take your turn first. The Aeon has 100 Health (+100 Health for each other Hero in your party).

DEFEAT: (*Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.*) You stumble backward, trying to catch your breathe. The Aeon floats closer to you and touches your forehead gently with its fingertip. "There, there, child," the Aeon speaks in a choir of voices. "You were never meant to succeed." You feel a stirring within, behind your eyes. The back of your skull bursts open, expelling the inner workings of your mind like a firecracker. Your body collapses to the ground, and the Aeon fades from your plane of existence. (*game over*)

VICTORY: (*You eliminate the Health of the Aeon.*) In a desperate attack, you lunge against the Aeon and push it backward. It crashes into the Red Runestone, and a shimmer of red light emanates from the stone. The Aeon looks down at its impenetrable armor casing. The giant Serpent bursts out of the Runestone through the Aeon, splattering blood, and glowing white energies. Coiling out of the Aeon's corpse, the red light from the Runestone fades to darkness, and the enormity of the great Serpent is finally realized.

REWARD: Choose any 1 to 4 cost card from your Fate Deck, and replace a card in your Hero's Starting Deck. For the remainder of the campaign, your Hero's Starting Deck will keep this adjustment.

(continue on page 18)

The Wraith opens her eyes and smiles with sharp otherworldly teeth. "You remembered me."

The Death Knight caresses her cheek with his withered hand, "For all time."

You notice dark clouds beginning to encircle the monastery on the far side the cemetery. "Something is happening at the church," you mutter.

"Soon the three, who were sacrificed to veil the truth from all, shall have reunion," the Death Knight says. Removing the gauntlet from his arm, he reveals a glowing mark in the form of a coiled snake. "The Dark masculine: who slays his brother instead of helping him."

"The Dark feminine: who bears death instead of life and manipulates instead of nurtures," the Wraith grins wider raising her arm to reveal a glowing mark of the same coiled snake on her arm.

You see in the distance a massive, wingless dragon crashing through the stonework of Blackridge monastery. The church is no more. You instinctually know the third being that was sacrificed to the Veil. "The old serpent," you whisper under your breathe.

The Death Knight and Wraith look to see the wanton destruction of the monastery. "Father of Lies and Lord of Chaos," the Death Knight reverently says.

With these three united, the dragons will not stand a chance, nor will mankind. The Death Knight opens a glowing portal. The three may meet at last. Now is your chance to isolate one of them.

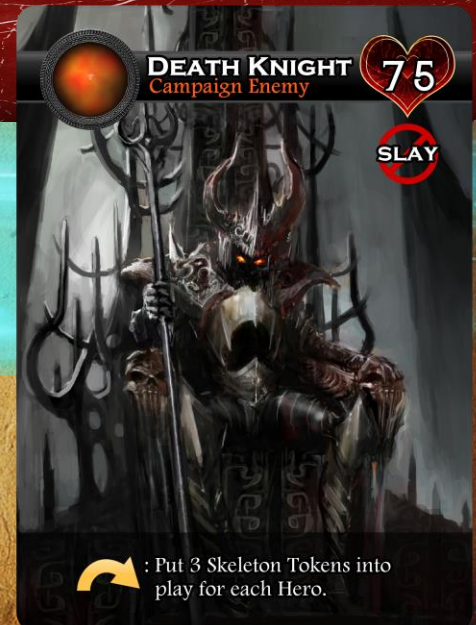
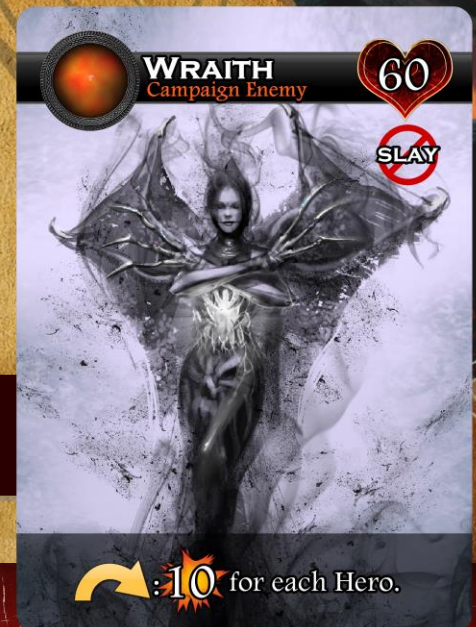
- A** Push the Death Knight through the portal and attack the Wraith.
- B** Push the Wraith through the portal and attack the Death Knight.

You take your turn first. Lose the Death Knight as an Ally.

DEFEAT: (*Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.*) Weakened by the battle, you try to crawl away. Another glowing portal opens beneath you, and you fall into the furnace of the underworld. Death has no power in Hell, so the tortures inflicted on you now shall have no end. (*game over*)

VICTORY: (*You eliminate the Health of the Death Knight OR Wraith.*) A final swing and your enemy is decapitated. You try to catch your breath as the hairs on the back of your neck stand on end. Another glowing portal opens, and the corpse of your enemy is reformed through some black magic. You are both pulled through the portal to see the great Serpent, coiling through the rubble of the monastery.

REWARD: Choose any card from your Fate Deck, and replace a card in your Hero's Starting Deck. For the remainder of the campaign, your Hero's Starting Deck will keep this adjustment. (*continue on page 19*)



ALL OR NOTHING

17

Your eyes widen as you see the 6 colossal dragons circling around you. No one could survive this, but perhaps with a little luck, you can use what's left of your life to rid the world of these monstrosities.

You turn to Xernon and ask, "Any last words of advice?"

The Archmage nods, "Don't die."

You take your turn first.

DEFEAT: (Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.) One of the dragons grabs you and throws you into Xernon. There is no life left in him. Xernon will not be able to shut off the beacon. As the blood drains from you, you glance up and see the beacon of light drawing thousands more dragons to this place. Your hubris has brought them all together. They will breed unchallenged and your world will be overrun. (game over)

VICTORY: (You eliminate the Health of the 6 Dragons.) Another dragon falls to your attack. There are thousands of dragons now circling the beacon of light. Xernon changes the enchantment of the beacon once more, and the light changes to lightning, electrocuting each of the flying beasts. As they fall to the ground, it shakes in a great earthquake that must be heard around the world. Your ears still ringing, you pat Xernon's shoulder and exclaim, "we did it! We got them all." Xernon frowns, "No friend, there is one more to slay."

REWARD: Choose any card from your Fate Deck, and replace a card in your Hero's Starting Deck. For the remainder of the campaign, your Hero's Starting Deck will keep this adjustment (continue on page 21)



You look up at the colossal serpent who glances down at you as you speak, "I thought you were trapped in the underworld?"

The Serpent smiles, "I am beyond your pitiful understanding of height, depth, and breadth. I am in Hell tormenting the damned. I am on earth whispering in the ears of kings. I am in the highest heaven reminding the Maker of His greatest failure, humanity. And I have seen the last stage set. I will win. The Maker and I, together, shall destroy all of heaven and earth."

"The Veil has deceived us all for a thousand years," you say. "I have one more Runestone to destroy."

The Serpent laughs at you, and your soul shivers. "The Blue Stone is in the womb of the underworld. That way was closed off by the last of your kind, who dared negotiate with me."

The Serpent darts into the ruins of the church, and you hear the muffled screams of clerics and priests within. As hopelessness washes over you, a strange traveler robed in black steps closer.

"That one does love the sound of his own voice," the stranger scoffs. "If you wish it, we can still destroy the Veil. I can take us to a time when the Underworld was still traversable. Help me finish this."

A "What do I have to lose," you lament. *(continue on Campaign 3 page 10)*

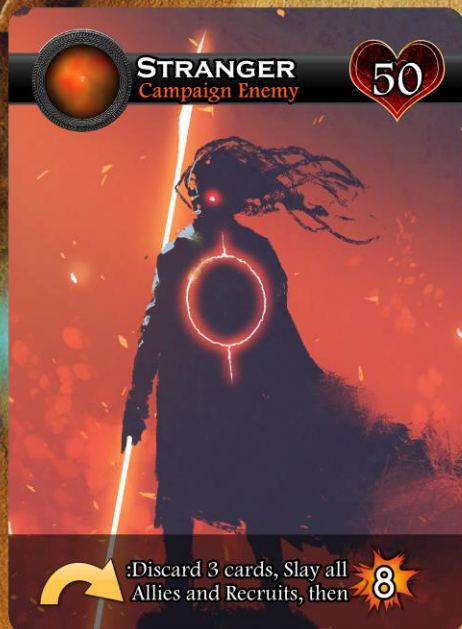
B "I'm tired of trusting liars," you shout. *(continue below to kill the stranger)*

You take your turn first.

DEFEAT: *(Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.)* You have felt weaker somehow as the battle continued. Now your hands can barely hold your weapon. You look down and see age has taken you. Old, white-haired, and barely able to move, the Stranger turns and walks away from you. Consumed by the bitter embrace of time, you are returned to dust. *(game over)*

VICTORY: *(You eliminate the Health of the Stranger.)* This stranger's magic is odd. He moves too fast, and his movements are disjointed. You barely had a moment to fight. In a mad struggle, you are able to turn his glowing staff against him. The glowing red circle in the center of his chest dissipates, and the stranger explodes into dust. "Now for that damned snake," you cough.

REWARD: Choose any card from your Fate Deck, and replace a card in your Hero's Starting Deck. For the remainder of the campaign, your Hero's Starting Deck will keep this adjustment. *(continue on page 19)*



STRANGER
Campaign Enemy

50

Discard 3 cards, Slay all Allies and Recruits, then

8



The Deathknight and the Wraith pass over the broken Red Runestone, as the Serpent emerges from his murderous rampage from within the Church. The Serpent sees them and smiles, "Rejoice, for the kingdom is at hand."

The Deathknight removes the gauntlet from his right arm to reveal the mark of a coiled snake. "Cursed be the ground I walk on. For with this mark, none shall kill me."

The Serpent nods and looks toward the heavens, "The Maker does love a good curse."

The Wraith scowls, "Too long have we been imprisoned with our powers bridled."

"And yet here we are, freed from our inequities," the Serpent hisses. "There is vengeance to be had," the Death Knight breathes.

The Serpent turns and sees you in the ruins of the church. Eyes narrowing he cries, "Vengeance is mine."

You step forward and assert yourself bravely. "I do not fear you." "Then you do not know what you face," the Wraith grins toothily.

You take your turn First.

DEFEAT: (Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.) You are held down by the Wraith with some ethereal spell. The Serpent smiles, but he does not strike, as the Death Knight casts some greater incantation. As a black smoke surrounds you, you feel your skin split open all over your body and your own bloody skeleton steps forth from your body--tearing sinew, organs, and tissue alike. Your husk of meaty flesh drops to the ground, as the bones that once held you together now follow the command of another. (game over)

VICTORY: (You eliminate the Health of all Campaign Enemies.) With the Death Knight and Wraith fallen, only the Serpent remains. With a quick strike that you were not prepared for, the Serpent swallows you whole. As its throat constricts against you, you find the strength to push your battle worn blade through the flesh of the snake's neck. Beheading it from within, you collapse to the ground, the beheaded Serpent smiles at you. A black smoke lifts all three of your enemies into the air and reforms them. These three seem to be eternal spirits. *Perhaps I cannot kill my way out of Hell after all.*

REWARD: Choose any card from your Fate Deck, and replace a card in your Hero's Starting Deck. For the remainder of the campaign, your Hero's Starting Deck will keep this adjustment. (continue on page 21)



SERPENT
Campaign Enemy

100

SLAY

Slays the Recruit with the highest Health for each Hero in your party.



WRAITH
Campaign Enemy

60

SLAY

10 for each Hero.



DEATH KNIGHT
Campaign Enemy

75

SLAY

Put 3 Skeleton Tokens into play for each Hero.

You step through the Chronomancer's portal and steady yourself. *Blackridge Monastery? It is in ruins now. Impossible, you were just there moments ago when you killed the Wizard.* You see the Serpent, Death Knight, and Wraith lying in pools of some kind of black oil, bubbling up from the ruins of the old Church. A black smoke rises near their corpses, and these three begin to regenerate.

You are here for a purpose. Some great and terrible task, you remember. The Chronomancer presses the Green Orb of Fate against the forehead of the Death Knight, and he is teleported into the orb by some unknown magic. He then steps to the Wraith and presses the Blue Orb of Fate to her head. Her essence is absorbed into the Orb in the same manner.

The Serpent is nearly healed, when the Chronomancer brings the Red Orb to it. He captures the Serpent within the magic crystal ball. *Some great and terrible task.* You recognize the power of the orbs now containing these 3 entities. *Who could be trusted with such unchecked power?*

"Give me the orbs," you growl. The Chronomancer turns slowly.

"They would destroy you. You cannot keep them," the Chronomancer replies.

"Neither can you," you bark as you lunge towards him.

You lose the Chronomancer as an Ally. You take your turn First.

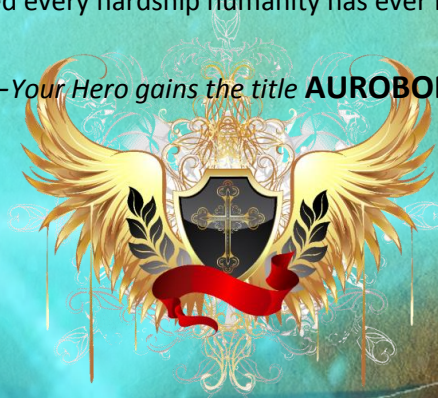
DEFEAT: *(Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.)* The Chronomancer touches your chest with his staff. Suddenly, time lurches to a halt. You look down and see your fingernails grow to a foot long. Your hands wrinkle and spot with age. The hair on your head whitens and grows down to the small of your back. You cough blood and teeth from your mouth. Your chest caves in, before you fall to the floor and shatter to meaty pieces. *(game over)*

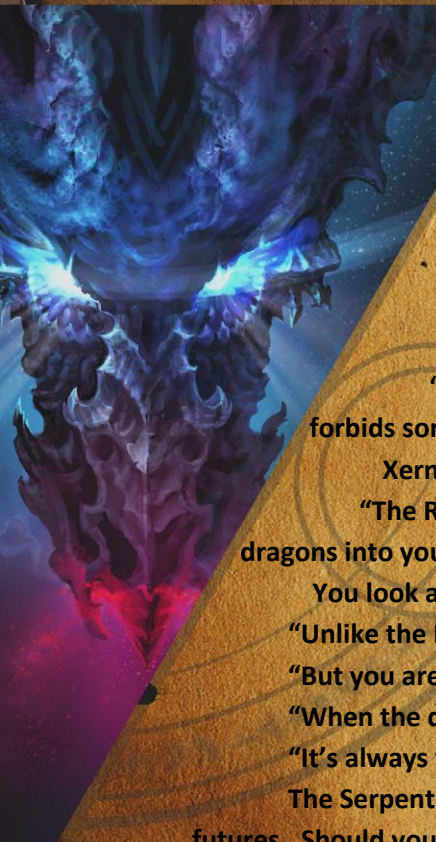
VICTORY: *(You eliminate the Health of the Chronomancer.)* As you struggle to pull the Orbs away from the Chronomancer, you both tumble to the ground. The red orb clanks to the floor and cracks. In an instant, the Serpent rises above you both and leeches the soul from the Chronomancer, now an empty husk of dried bones. The Serpent crackles with a distortion of time. "What have I done," you weep. "Let not your heart be troubled," the Serpent grins. "Everything is now as it should be." You realize this is how it was always meant to be. The Serpent can now travel through time and replay any event a thousand times to be the outcome it desires. In your vain attempt to change a dark future, you have caused it. You are reminded of an old symbol. A snake eating its own tail. You failed and may have caused every hardship humanity has ever faced, just as you were always meant to.

(THE END—Your Hero gains the title AUROBOROS.)



20 Each player Banishes a card from their Hand.





The Serpent hisses, "Death is just another curse. It has no power over the damned." He turns from you and regards the Death Knight and his bride. "Cain," the Serpent begins, "Be'eala, you are free to roam the earth, and do what is right in your own eyes." As you watch them go, the Archmage steps forward from behind the ruins of the church.

"Xernon?" you exclaim, surprised to see him once more.

"Don't trust anything this one says," Xernon says sternly.

"Oh ye of little faith," the Serpent grins. "Have you come for your reward?"

"In all my life, I have never sworn allegiance to you," Xernon scowls.

"Where do you think your magic comes from?" the Serpent hisses. "The Maker forbids sorcery and witchcraft. Despite your hypocrisy, I have an offer for you to consider."

Xernon glances at you wearily and steps closer. "I'm listening," Xernon says.

"The Ruler of Darkness chose to contain the demons to Hell, and in turn, I released the dragons into your world," the Serpent begins. "I will permit you to undo the previous exchange."

You look at Xernon confused and speak, "What does it have to gain by this?"

"Unlike the Maker, I believe your kind should always have a choice," the Serpent smiles.

"But you are our adversary," you contend. "Either choice will be our doom."

"When the demons were here, we casters stood a fighting chance," Xernon whispers to you.

"It's always the lesser of two evils, isn't it?" you lament. "It's always two terrible fates."

The Serpent smiles, "A third option, perhaps? I am not constrained by your ideas of history and futures. Should you ask it, I can send you back to a time when magic still ruled your world."

Xernon perks up and whispers covetously, "How far back?" The Serpent smiles. Xernon continues, "I wish to train a generation of spell casters from when the Veil was new. I will prepare them for everything you would keep hidden from us."

"Kneel before me, and I will grant your request," the Serpent hisses again.

You shake your head. "Xernon, no. You said yourself not to trust it."

Xernon discreetly hands you a small satchel. "We will test the snake with my life," Xernon whispers to you. "If it works, then you can make your own decision. Our fate is in your hands. If you choose to go back to the beginning, travel to before the Lich was released from his tower. Find the tavern of the Bony Buzzard in the town of Trent. You will find an adventurer there who can help you." Xernon turns to the Serpent and speaks louder once more, "I am prepared." Xernon kneels.

The Serpent opens a portal to another time, and Xernon recognizes the room. "By the gods. It IS true," Xernon smiles with tears in his eyes. He steps through the portal without looking back.

The Serpent turns to you and hisses, "Demons, Dragons, or change your history?"

You lose the Archmage as an Ally.

- A** Choose Demons. (continue on page 22)
- B** Choose Dragons. (continue on page 23)
- C** Go to the past. (continue on page 24)

22 THE DEVIL YOU KNOW OR THE DEVIL YOU DON'T

"The world was safer when the casters had their powers," you state. "Release the demons and take the dragons back to the hell which spawned them."

The Serpent nods and smiles, "Let there be darkness." The sun goes dark and the sky stills. Fire erupts from the ruins of the old church, and a great demon steps out.

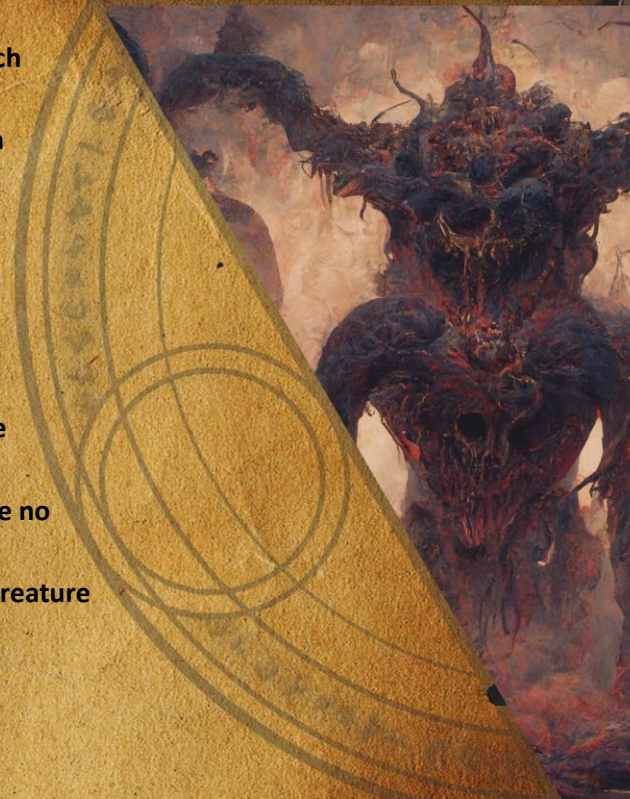
You glance back to the Serpent and yell to him to be heard over the cacophony of sound from the blazing inferno. "How do I know you will keep your word about the dragons?"

"It is far more amusing to see your kind choose your own destruction," the Serpent smiles. "You will see no more Serpent-borne on the surface of this world."

The demon turns to you and moves to strike you down. "I have no quarrel with you, demon," you assert as you ready for battle.

The Serpent slithers away from the ruins of the church as the creature responds, "I am no demon! I am the Ruler of Darkness!"

You take your turn first. Ruler of Darkness has 216♥
(+66♥ for each other Hero in your party).



RULER OF DARKNESS
Campaign Enemy

216♥

SLAY



18 for each Hero, and each Player Banishes the top 4 cards from their Fate Deck.

DEFEAT: (Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.) The battle is going poorly, even before this creature of hell picks you up by the throat. You are held into the fire, pinned down by a great spear, and left in the flames. The smell of your own burning flesh fills your nostrils, as your skin chars and blackens from the heat. The sensation of melting flesh is all you feel as you slip into darkness. (game over)

VICTORY: (You eliminate the Health of the Ruler of Darkness.) You maneuver your opponent to the edge of the ruins and are finally able to knock him into the rocks. His head smashes into the stone, and the burning fires extinguish. The Serpent is long gone. But even after your enemy is vanquished, the sky doesn't brighten. The sun remains shrouded in darkness. Something has definitely changed in your world, perhaps not for the better. (THE END—Your Hero gains the title DEMON HUNTER.)



COME NOT BETWEEN THE DRAGON AND HIS WRATH 23



"It is best we not make concessions to you," you finally respond. "We will find our own way to destroy the remaining dragons."

"As you wish, Hero," the Serpent coldly retorts. And a great colossal dragon lands at the broken Red Runestone behind the ruins of Blackridge monastery. The beast is far greater in size than anything you've seen before.

"What the hell?" you mutter under your breath.

"Indeed," the Serpent smiles. "Find your own way to destroy this."

The Serpent opens a portal and departs, and you are tempted to try and follow rather than deal with this. But in the end, you know you must contend with the colossal dragon. You charge in for what may very well be your final battle.

You take your turn first.

ELDER WYRM
Campaign Enemy

300

SLAY

9 to each Hero, Ally, and Recruit.

DEFEAT: (Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.) Weariness has taken you before the Elder Wurm places its foot on your chest. When it shifts its weight, you will be crushed to pulp. "You'll never defeat us all," you scream defiantly. "Even at our weakest, we outnumber you a thousand to one." The beast looks down at you and grins fiendishly. The dragon lifts its foot and a multitude of boulders drop onto your body. You are pinned down, but not crushed. The boulders have some kind of slick translucent outer layer. *No, not boulders. Eggs. The Elder Wurm was a female. Pregnant.* Under the mountain of eggs, it takes you several days before you die of thirst. You regret the challenge you gave to the Dragon about humanity's strength in numbers. (game over)

VICTORY: (You eliminate the Health of the Elder Wurm.) The Elder Wurm lays in the rubble with its eyes wide in anticipation of its own

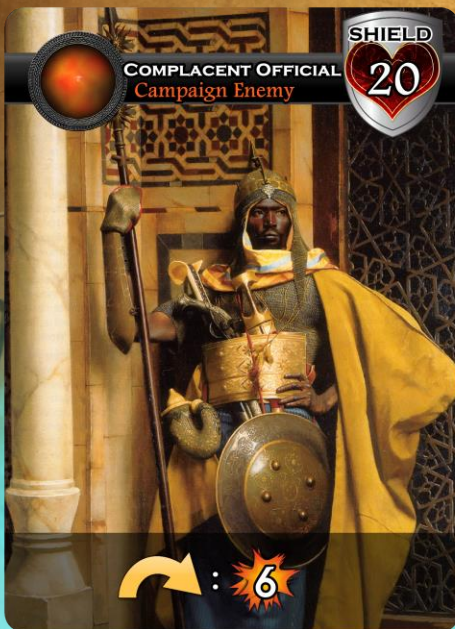
death. It mutters under its breath, and you understand its words, "It will never end for your kind. There will always be one more dragon to slay." You nod and retort, "Then we'll have to look within ourselves to change the world." The dragon struggled to say something more, but its eyes roll back. The cold still of death overtakes it. "Peace to you, my enemy," you state with a modicum of respect. *Peace. Perhaps I've finally earned some of my own.* (THE END—Your Hero gains the title DRAGON SLAYER.)



You step through the Serpent's portal and into the ancient city of Trent. It does not seem so ancient here. *Where could the Serpent have gained the ability to send you to another time? No wonder he is so difficult to dispatch.*

You see a city official and step closer. "Can you point me to a tavern called the Bony Buzzard?" you ask politely. The guard eyes the satchel you hold and extends his hand expectantly. You furrow your brow and remark, "Nevermind. I'll find my own way."

The complacent official draws his blade. *Great, this whole town must be ruled by criminals!* You ready your weapon, and an arrow pierces your chest. You stumble and see an entire troop of guards and archers running towards you.



You take your turn second. There are 3 Complacent Officials and 1 Ranger. Add 1 Complacent Official and 1 Ranger at the end of your turn.

DEFEAT: (*Your Hero [and your allies] loses all Health.*) Laying in a pool of your own blood, you breathe in the liquid taste of iron with each gasp for breath. The many arrows in your chest rise and fall as you attempt to find air. The official grabs the satchel and rummages through it. "No coin after all," the guard chuckles to himself, as he finds a sealed note. He opens the parchment and reads it to himself. "It's signed by that bastard, Xernon! Get the Crimelord!" They run away from your murder, and you exhale your last breath, knowing you have indeed changed history. (*game over*)

VICTORY: (*You eliminate the Health of the Campaign Enemies.*)

Stumbling out of the alley, you see the old tavern. Blood pours down your chest and legs as you enter the saloon doors. You see the adventurer sitting at the table. He looks confused when you hand him the leather-bound satchel. "I need your help," you cough. "Hide the satchel and meet me in the back before it's too late. I'll explain everything." As you dart towards the back exit, a spear tip impales you. Then another. *More warriors from the crime syndicate?* They make short work of you. Lying there on the floor, slipping into darkness, you feel a sense of fulfillment knowing in your heart that your sacrifice in the past may help insure a brighter future. *I did it, you think to yourself. I have changed the course of history.*

(**THE END**—Your Hero gains the title **INCITER**.)



• Slay the Recruit with the most Health.
• Each Hero Discards 1 card.





“No,” you say to the Serpent. It looks confused by your response.

“No?” the Serpent responds, with its vile grin changing to a frown.

“You need me to choose my own destruction, and I refuse! I will not choose Dragons or Demons. I will not try to change the past or accept any bargain you offer,” you scowl. “I will not accept the fate you lay before me anymore.”

The Serpent’s frown shifts again to rage. “You can’t even be here! There was no path for you to come to this decision,” the Serpent screeches. “How did you come to this conclusion?!?”

You are confused by his assertion, but you shake off the feeling and reassert your intentions. “My answer is no,” you growl. “I will not be controlled by you. I resist!”

“NOOOOOO,” the Serpent howls. It opens a portal and slithers through, escaping to some other place.

You stand in the ruins of that destroyed church and realize you are not alone. You turn to see a man robed in white. He is unimposing, but there is strength in him you cannot help but fear. His eyes look upon you like burning coals, and you sense that somehow you know him, though you are sure you’ve never met.

“Am I dead?” You ask quietly.

The man smiles and shakes his head *no*.

You look off toward the horizon unsure of your future.

“I think I’ve managed to step off the path,” you whisper. The man robed in white steps to your side and looks off toward the horizon with you.

“I’ve been fighting against my enemies for so long. I don’t think I would know what to do with myself if the wars were finally over,” you say, feeling a lump in your throat.

He gently puts his hand on your shoulder, and your eyes well up with tears.

“All this noise. The moral dilemmas. All the games we’ve played. The fighting and the hate. Sometimes I think it was all just a distraction, so I wouldn’t ever have to look at myself,” you mutter with tears rolling down your cheek.

He gives you a look of sympathy and nods in understanding.

You sigh and wipe the tears from your face, once you realize the vulnerability you have shown to this quiet stranger. You take your first steps toward that distant horizon, and the man robed in white stands behind, watching you walk away.

“I have a future out there somewhere,” you call back to the man. “Something tells me we will meet again.”

You look back and see the robed man nod.

“Next time we meet, do me a favor,” you grin. “Don’t talk so much.”

The man laughs, turns, and walks back toward the ruins of the old church. *Perhaps there are some repairs He can see to.* You keep walking toward your unwritten future. *One step at a time, you smile to yourself. One step at a time. (THE END)*

GAME DESIGN

Logan Gendron

CAMPAIGN 1, 2, & 3

Logan Gendron

EDITORS

Deidra Gendron and
Lawrence "Orion" Janiec

THE VEIL LOGO

Mombaedo and Logan Gendron



A reward card with a circular image of a glowing skull inside a golden ring. A trophy icon is in the bottom left. The text "DISTRACTING RUMINATIONS" and "Reward" is in a black bar at the bottom. The cost "9" is in a circle in the top right. The card has a yellow background with a starburst pattern.

DISTRACTING RUMINATIONS
Reward

Play first. Discard 1 card.

 :Add "Orbs of Fate" Reward card to your Fate Deck if you pay 

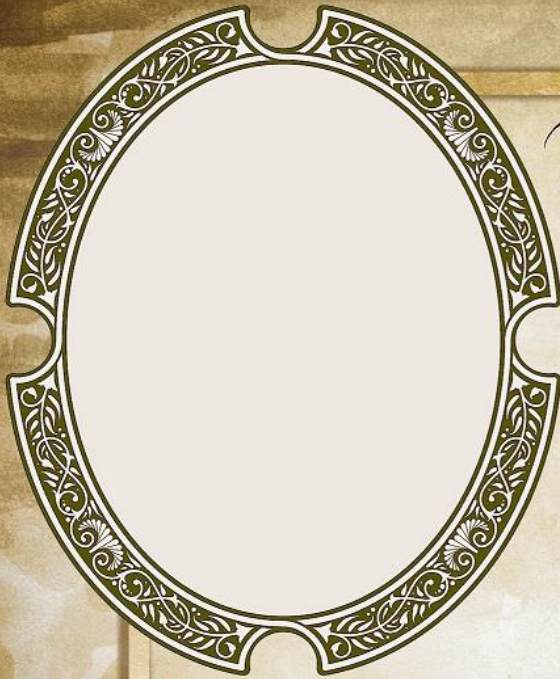


A reward card with a circular image of three colorful planets. A trophy icon is in the bottom left. The text "ORBS OF FATE" and "Reward" is in a black bar at the bottom. The cost "9" is in a circle in the top right. The card has a yellow background with a starburst pattern.

ORBS OF FATE
Reward

Play first. Banish a card from your Hand.

 :Slay a Campaign Enemy that could normally not be slain.



Name

Class

Title

Starting Deck

- 1 _____
- 2 _____
- 3 _____
- 4 _____
- 5 _____
- 6 _____
- 7 _____
- 8 _____

Roster

- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

Rewards

- _____
- _____
- _____

Campaign Progress



THE VEIL



DARKNESS WAS CONTAINED. YOUR ANCESTORS GAVE THEIR LIVES TO SEAL OFF THE UNDERWORLD, BUT IT COST FAR MORE THAN THEIR BLOOD. WE NOW KNOW THAT MAGIC AND SORCERY ARE BOUND TO THE POWERS OF THAT SHADOW REALM. WITH THE UNDERWORLD SEALED, MAGIC WAS LOST. WHAT'S WORSE, THE SERPENT CHILDREN, WE NOW CALL DRAGONS, WERE UNLEASHED TO RAVAGE OUR WORLD. TRIBAL LEADERS WAR AGAINST EACH OTHER AND THE WINGED TERRORS, BUT WITHOUT THE AID OF THE CASTERS, ALL MAY SUCCUMB TO THE FIERY WAKE OF THE DRAGON.

1 – 5 PLAYERS

REQUIRES THE VEIL DECK BUILDING GAME TO PLAY.

DEATH ANGEL ONLINE

