Whenever a champion or follower unit activates during the plot phase, it may take three actions instead of two.

Claiming The Throne Quest

A barbaric den of rough stone and dry timber it might be, but hoisting a banner atop this eyesore will be instrumental in claiming this land. First defeat your rivals at the gates, and then look to the tyrant hiding inside.

Winds of Change

At the start of the plot phase, the first player may replace one boon or blight on a friendly model with any boon or blight of their choice. Then the second player may replace one boon or blight on a friendly model with any boon or blight of their choice.

The unrelenting sun has long defeated any hint of life here. For as far as the eye can see in every direction is only sand and stone, even the shade home only to withered husks, shimmering in the heat.
You are the second player (Green) for this game.

Knowledge

A champion beginning an advance action on an objective hex may place themselves on any other empty objective hex, instead of moving. If the champion has either \(\text{or}\) \(\text{}, do not remove them after placing the champion.

The tyrant lies unmoving at the foot of the walls, and your followers cheer until their voices are silenced by the beat of war drums. On the horizon new challengers march to lay siege to this bloody ground...
You are the first player (Red) for this game.

A champion beginning an advance action on any objective hex may place themselves on any other empty objective hex, instead of moving. If the champion has either the or , do not remove them after placing the champion.

In the absence of the stolen godtears, the earth and walls shudder as a massive earthquake takes hold of the caverns and pits, great rents opening in the ground and threatening to send the unwary plummeting to their death.

Aged stone now smashed asunder to allow entry into the depths, obsidian gates await in the gloom. Stepping between the pillars is a passage through the aether and a glimpse of forbidden secrets no mortal should ever know.

After the first skirmish, the futility of wasting further time is obvious. Nothing awaits in the forsaken ruins or wasteland. The fortress looms dark and brooding, a crude and jagged throne but an unbreakable foothold.

In the absence of the stolen godtears, the earth and walls shudder as a massive earthquake takes hold of the caverns and pits, great rents opening in the ground and threatening to send the unwary plummeting to their death.
**The Bounty**

Encampment - Chapter 3

Godtears of change shape and twist the air as they burst from the ground, revealing the true cause for the quake that ravaged this desolate region. Such energies are dangerous and unstable, yet impossible to refuse...

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**Soul Eaters**

Ancient Ruins - Chapter 3

Freed from their crypts under the ground, spirits ride on the wind, hunting the souls of the living. Yet such creatures can be made to serve those strong of will, their baleful energy harnessed to become vital lifesblood...

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**Quest**

Each time a champion knocks out a follower, remove 1 wound from the champion.

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**Ancient Ruins**

Freed from their crypts under the ground, spirits ride on the wind, hunting the souls of the living. Yet such creatures can be made to serve those strong of will, their baleful energy harnessed to become vital lifesblood...

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**Encampment**

Godtears of change shape and twist the air as they burst from the ground, revealing the true cause for the quake that ravaged this desolate region. Such energies are dangerous and unstable, yet impossible to refuse...

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**Wasteland**

The wrath of a mighty storm has blasted away the sand to reveal a series of crevices, cut into the earth like massive gouges. Power emanates from the depths, the allure too strong to resist despite the treacherous footing...

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**Aftermath**

When a model enters an objective hex, it gains Aftermath.

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**Aftermath**

Death
When a champion on a non-objective hex is knocked out, place an objective hex there before moving the champion.

Recruitment Drive
After resolving the end phase, follower units belonging to the player who won the turn must make recruit actions until each unit reaches its maximum unit size. Then follower units belonging to the player who lost the turn must make recruit actions until each unit reaches its maximum unit size.

Fallen Empire
Chaos
When a model enters an objective hex, it gains Aftermath.

The walls have fallen, the tyrant’s bloody dream long banished. Energy crackles where champions have shed their precious blood, so much carnage turned to raw power waiting to be harnessed...

Wasteland
Aftermath
Godtears of change shape and twist the air as they burst from the ground, revealing the true cause for the quake that ravaged this desolate region. Such energies are dangerous and unstable, yet impossible to refuse...

The wrath of a mighty storm has blasted away the sand to reveal a series of crevices, cut into the earth like massive gouges. Power emanates from the depths, the allure too strong to resist despite the treacherous footing...

Encampment
Recruitment Drive
After the master’s nascent dominion broken, the tyrant’s minions seem spellbound by the deeds of the chosen. This source of godtears may be spent, but a devoted army awaits the soul willing to break their chains...

The walls have fallen, the tyrant’s bloody dream long banished. Energy crackles where champions have shed their precious blood, so much carnage turned to raw power waiting to be harnessed...

Encampment
Recruitment Drive
Godtears of change shape and twist the air as they burst from the ground, revealing the true cause for the quake that ravaged this desolate region. Such energies are dangerous and unstable, yet impossible to refuse...

The wrath of a mighty storm has blasted away the sand to reveal a series of crevices, cut into the earth like massive gouges. Power emanates from the depths, the allure too strong to resist despite the treacherous footing...
When a champion on a non-objective hex is knocked out, place an objective hex there before moving the champion.

When making an advance action, models may move through other models' hexes but cannot end their movement on those hexes.

The walls have fallen, the tyrant's bloody dream long banished. Energy crackles where champions have shed their precious blood, so much carnage turned to raw power waiting to be harnessed. They are waiting to be harnessed to break their chains...

The walls have fallen, the tyrant's bloody dream long banished. Energy crackles where champions have shed their precious blood, so much carnage turned to raw power waiting to be harnessed...
Stillness reigns as the sun sets on the horizon, and the pits fall into darkness. Above, an incessant wind tugs at tattered flags affixed to long poles, offering a final salute to a land soon to be abandoned. New followers stand alongside the old, eyes still wide at the sight of the chosen. Their newfound devotion promises only hardship, yet their spirits are defiant. This day, they have discovered that gods walk amongst them, and that the fables of the champions are true. Onwards they march, as new disciples to worthy masters at last.

The Encampment

Epilogue

The tyrant once dreamed he might claim the power of the gods. He raised a mighty army, and built an imposing citadel for his throne. His minions dug deep into the earth, searching for the essence of the gods. Yet, now his forces are destroyed, his kingdom lies in ruins, and the mines are spent. Such is the fate of mortals who would defy the destiny of the champions. This conflict might not have led far along the path of ascension, but instead it has been a warning—and a powerful portent of what is yet to pass.

Fortress

Epilogue
Mortals are as unwelcome in this graveyard as they are in the inhospitable land surrounding it. The city stands as a bitter reminder of the fate of past ages, and a dire warning of a future yet to come. In the shadows, ghosts whisper dire omens, wailing in despair born from their untimely deaths. Yet, the world beyond the Broken Plains is vibrant. Life flourishes, and the bitter memory of this forsaken frontier will soon fade. There are enough places that remain pure in the world... and there you shall march next.

The Ancient City

Epilogue