

THIS
WAR
OF
MINE

THE BOARD GAME

WARTIME DIARY I:
TALES FROM THE RUINED CITY

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ABOUT THE RULES

The rules on the board may modify the rules in the Journal or the expansion rulebook. The rules on the cards may modify the rules on the board, in the Journal and in the expansion rulebook. In turn, the rules from the scripts may modify all of the above.

When several rules indicate that you should perform an action at the same time (e.g., at the start of phase X), then you need to decide the sequence of these actions.

This War of Mine: The Board Game is a large, complex, and elaborate game. There will surely be situations you encounter that are not covered by the rules, at these situations will raise doubts unresolved even by the FAQ scripts. In these situations, you need to use common sense and choose an interpretation that best reflects what would have happened in the real world. We also encourage you to check the regularly updated Rules Clarification file that can be downloaded from our webpage:

www.galakta-games.com

However, remember that many of the rules are hidden and you will find them only during gameplay. Some of the rules may seem irrelevant at first, and you will come to appreciate their effective use during the Campaign as you gain more experience. The gradual discovery of the strategies and hidden internal works of the game is also part of the *This War of Mine: The Board Game* gameplay.

HOW TO USE WARTIME DIARY I

Similarly to the Book of Scripts from the base game, do not read any of the numbered scripts in this book until you encounter an entry on one of the cards, the board, a token or in another script indicating that particular script number. Only then you are to find that script number and resolve it.

Never read the whole scripts aloud – doing this will surely bore other players and ruin the thrill of the game.

When resolving the script, read it yourself and then, as best you can, **narrate what happened in your own words**. You can narrate parts of the script each time or read and then narrate the whole event at once.

You can read aloud any quoted letters or notes (written in *italics*).

Of course, in situations in which you absolutely cannot narrate the events from the script, as a last resort you can read the whole script aloud. Keep in mind, however, that the gameplay will suffer when you do that.

The fusion of the rules and the narration in the scripts is intended. The person who partakes in this experience should never hastily omit the narration in order to easily navigate through the rules. We know that for some people the only “important parts” are those that influence the mechanics – the rules. But it is not the case in this game.

Whenever you encounter a script with choices or a continuation (to another script), after the given single script is resolved, the Journal (and the role of the Leader with it) is **transferred to the next player**.

Scripts in this book are divided into 3 parts, each corresponding to a different game module:

Chapter 1: Sewers contains scripts from the Sewers module marked with the letter ‘s’.

Chapter 2: Farmers contains scripts from the Farmers module connected with the Market and marked with the letter ‘f’.

Chapter 3: Incidents contains Scenarios scripts. It is further subdivided into chapters with titles identical to titles of corresponding Scenarios. Scripts from a given chapter are numbered. The Scenario sheets and cards feature proper references to these numbers.

BLANK TOKENS AND A, B, C... TOKENS

Many of the scripts instruct you to write down a text entry and a script number on a Blank token.

When that occurs, take one of the Blank tokens that come with the base game and write down on the token (with a pen, for example) the words that are required.

If the rules require you to remove a Blank token, you can destroy it completely, as the Blank token on which you’ve written the text will not be useful in any future game.

Should you run out of Blank tokens, you may use the blue A, B, C... (and so on) tokens. In such case, mark down the appropriate letter in the Notes field of the SAVE sheet and write down the words required on that sheet, while using the same letter token instead of a Blank one.

CONVERSATIONS DURING GAMEPLAY

This War of Mine: The Board Game is a fully cooperative game, based first on the story being told and choices being made. The most important part of the gameplay is player communication: talking over plans and ideas together, roleplaying, enriching the narration, reflecting the Characters’ situations, both rules- and story-wise.

The survival of your Characters is just as important as the history you will tell and how you will remember it. What goes on over the board, between the players, is just as important as what happens on the board. As such, *TWOM: TBG* gameplay is very similar to roleplaying games.

As players, you can add a significant amount of mood to the game yourselves, by enriching the scenes, describing your emotions, and playing the roles of civilians trapped in a war-torn city.

Try to interpret even the abstract effects of the rules, as relevant as they are to the ongoing story and the Characters participating in it. You are free to communicate during gameplay. The very light multiplayer rules were designed with the specific intent that the gameplay be fueled by player conversations and interaction.

6 PLAYERS

Before you attempt a 6-player gameplay, it is recommended that most of the players know the game very well. With 6 novice players, the gameplay may be bogged down by too much downtime.

CHAPTER 1: SEWERS

s87 He doesn't stop us. Soon, we're moving away at a brisk pace from the gap leading into the ruins of the underground tram line.
▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s88 Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of the Character chosen before.
▶ **A result that is equal to or lower than the Character's Empathy** – see s77.
▶ **A result that is higher than the Character's Empathy** – see s63.

s89 We quickly check the dead bodies, cautiously watching the tunnel exit at the same time. We feel like grave robbers, even though we try cheering each other up, saying that those people do not need their luggage anymore. It's no solace though.

We grab whatever catches our attention and whatever we can carry. As soon as we hear the crunch of footsteps in the darkness, we back out immediately, looking for another tunnel.

Add 1 Canned Food, 4 Cigarettes, 1 Broken Pistol, 2 Jewelry, 2 Electrical Parts, 2 Mechanical Parts, 2 Weapon Parts and 1 Knife to the Findings Pile.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s90 This is a horrible moment. Our fingers attempt to grip wet stone, and our feet cannot find purchase. For a few seconds, we slip downwards and then it's a limp fall. The churning waters finally drown the horrifying pain... Forever.

Remove from the game the Character who has fallen.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s91 Sara immediately establishes a connection with 1 Character (choose 1 Character present).

Write "Sara, s91" on a Blank token. Place this token by the card of the Character chosen before.

From now on, this token will represent the child:

SARA:

Sara must eat (like any Character) – each time you don't feed the child, roll the Black die. A result of 1-5 = the girl is completely famished and it will be too late to save her – remove the Sara token and see 661 in the Book of Scripts.

A child's happiness – under our influence, Sara is becoming lively again and her good mood is infectious. As long as the Character, whose card is marked with the Sara token, is in the Shelter, the Misery value of all Characters cannot be raised above 3 (with the exclusion of script 1000 from the Book of Scripts).

▶ **Forfeit the Sewers Exploration and BACK TO GAME.**

s92 The robber knows the sewers well.

He is like a shadow. One moment the sound of his footsteps is close, another moment – far away. He might set an ambush again. It's better to back down before it's too late.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s93 We back off, returning all the way to the last intersection. The man audibly sighs with relief. He quietly explains that right above the open manhole, soldiers from across the river are camping. They've installed microphones to listen for footsteps. They have grenades and kill everyone who comes by.

We extract some important information from what he's saying – about booby traps, deadly gas, smuggler camps, and corridors flooded with sewage. His description of the sewer system in this part of the town is really discouraging. We'll have to pay far more attention next time.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s94 The flash of the blade is so sudden that I have no chance to react. The man attacking me is practiced. He is holding the blade against my throat now. His long gray hair falls onto his long face. His black eyes look like fading coal embers.

"Give me what you got or I'll kill you." The blade cuts into the skin of my neck.

He is not joking around!

▶ **See s75.**

s95 We hear a weapon being cocked. A rifle barrel pokes out of a broken TV set and a small pistol protrudes from one of the holes in the big mattress.

"All right, love. You leave all ya got and we won't fill ya up with lead..."

▶ **We run for our lives** – see s55.

▶ **We leave all we have on us and obediently go back where we came from** – discard all tokens from the Findings Pile and **BACK TO GAME.**

s96 It gets darker and colder by the hour. Following the sign, we go deeper and deeper into the rarely frequented innards of the city.

A sudden beam of light from a side tunnel makes us freeze on the spot. A man in a uniform and full gear is patrolling the sewers. There are similar figures following him. The shadows of three armed men are moving over the walls – we can hear curses and hushed conversations.

It seems they are looking for someone, following the exact same path as we are. We attempt to back out of the tunnel, but the faint beam of a military flashlight cuts us off from the exit.

Draw 3 Enemy tokens. All soldiers are armed with Pistols.

Begin Combat – see Journal: COMBAT sheet.

If we manage to kill two of them, the third will run away.

▶ **After Combat** – see s71.

s97 Giving up on words in the end, we use gestures to explain to the kids to follow us and that we will get them to the exit. They eventually follow us.

We do not make even a kilometer when the lagging children suddenly vanish. Where they were just a moment ago, we see a small access duct, into which only a small kid would fit. We can hear the patter of their small feet and crying.

That's about how much trust for the adults is left in them.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s98 Once more, we're in a narrow and tight passage. The claustrophobia-inducing pipe – no one could call it a corridor – seems to stretch out into infinity. Crouched down, we are wading in semi-fluid sewage. Suddenly, we hear a high-pitched voice. It sounds like a young child crying. Once again, we realize that war gives the youngest no chances. The cries are getting louder. We reach a point where the pipe forks off in two directions. We notice rats scurrying by the walls. They are gathering at the edge of the light, as if they've sensed something interesting. The desperate sounds are coming from a side pipe, even narrower than the one we're in.

▶ **We don't have the supplies to take care of a child. Let's move on...** – Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1. **BACK TO GAME.**

▶ **We go towards the crying** – see s141.

s99 We see the light of a strong flashlight coming from behind a half-open door. We carefully look inside. A massively-built man is sitting by a wall, hiding his face in his hands. His body is racked by spasms. On the floor next to him lies a helmet and there's an assault rifle leaning against the wall.

▶ **We furtively move on, trying to avoid the man** – see s130.

▶ **Maybe we should help him? Let's get closer** – see s187.

s100 We are close to a space where we finally might be able to stand when a wave of terrified rodents reaches us. The rats run over us, in their panic scratching, biting and getting into our clothes. Fortunately, just a short distance ahead we could finally get up and move out of the throng's way. The bastards scurry somewhere into a tunnel and we, frightened but in one piece, go on our way. After a moment we realize that we've lost a few things, but no one wants to return into the tunnel.

Discard any 1 token from the Findings Pile.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s101 We place everything we've got on the wet ground. Weapons, food, precious resources we have gathered with a great difficulty.

One of the marauders puts his rifle over his shoulder and approaches us. He puts his hand into our backpacks, pats our pockets and we can only stare into the dark gun barrels and swear quietly. After it's over, we're left alone in the sewers.

Discard all tokens from the Findings Pile.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s102 First, we hear the howling. A female voice that's full of grief and pain – truly heartbreaking. A dozen steps further we can see her. She's walking straight at us. She's twenty-something, dirty, emaciated and her face is swollen from crying, which makes her look more like a monster from a nightmare than a young woman.

"A boy, a little boy, have you seen him?" Her voice quavers. "He was somewhere here! He was here! Here, here, here!" she shouts, as if she's gone mad with grief.

▶ "Have you lost your son? Where did you see him? Can we help you look?" – see s153.

▶ **There's nothing we can do to help her. The child is probably dead and she's delirious** – see s215.

s103 The box is heavy, like it's filled with rocks. Jumping with it, one of us completely lost their balance and probably twisted their ankle. Now, we're not just carrying the package, but we also have to help our companion, as their every step is painful.

We retreat to a safe spot and tear the wrap off. We point some light on the contents and take out a smaller package labeled "Brake blocks". Is this what we took such a risk for?

Distribute 1 Wound among the Characters present.

Add 2 Mechanical Parts to the Findings Pile.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s104 "Here you are! To me!"

A gray-haired, bearded man holding a raised floorboard sprints out of the darkness. The bear looks at him gently, and the stranger stares at us – surprised and scared. After a moment of silence, we tell him who we are. In turn, he shares his story with us. His name is Nikolai and he used to be a circus trainer. When everyone fled and the bombs started falling, he escaped to the sewers with his bear, aware that he wouldn't be able to reach his family. Then he looks at us with a hopeful expression:

"Maybe... Maybe you could help us escape the city?"

▶ **No way! We have no intention of traipsing around the sewers in such company** – see s123.

▶ **We'll help him – the animal is innocent in all this. It has suffered enough** – see s220.

s105 The air is getting noticeably fresher. We can feel the wind on our faces and hear the murmur of water. The corridor becomes wider and we enter a spacious room. We instantly recognize it – it's the new interceptor running under the river, which was officially opened just before the war. It was supposed to increase the capacity of the city's sewage system. Now it presents a sorry sight. The whole room is literally covered with the bodies of soldiers from both sides. This strategic passage must have recently been the arena for a horrible battle. Only its proximity to the surface and the river makes it possible to breathe in here, although the sweet odor of death is nauseating. On the other side of the room we see a door buried by rubble. That's probably the reason why no one's here anymore – the interceptor has lost its strategic value. We see flashes of metal among the bodies. The winners must've overlooked a few valuable items.

▶ **Let's leave the dead alone. It's time to go** – BACK TO GAME.

▶ **We start searching** – see s161.

s106 One of us takes some of the expired medicines. Roll the Black die for the Character who chose to do it.

▶ **A result of 1** – see s229.

▶ **A result of 2-6** – the medicines are inefficient, but nothing bad happens either. BACK TO GAME.

▶ **A result of 7-10** – the expired medicines are effective (just like a Meds token). BACK TO GAME.

s107 "Before all this... Well, you know. Before the war I was a sewer worker. I know every nook and cranny here."

The stranger's name is Toma. He must've felt safer as part of a group, because he starts telling us about himself.

"I've escaped underground because my block was bombarded by tanks, but it's not much better down here. They took everything from me! I'm just glad they didn't kill me like a dog..."

We make a simple deal with the man – we will accompany him on the way to the surface, and he'll tell us about hidden passages, blind alleys and underground rooms.

You may immediately exit the Sewers to any of the 3 Locations.

Write down "Toma's Guidance, k107, I I I" on a Blank token and place it on the Findings Pile. Treat it as a grey token with a value of 0 and a weight of 0. When you cross out the last line, remove this token from the game.

TOMA'S GUIDANCE:

When you draw a Corridor card or a Room card, you may cross out 1 line on the token to draw 2 cards instead of 1, resolve 1 chosen card and shuffle the other card back into its deck.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s108 We find him in a narrow conduit service tunnel. He's sitting with his head shot through and dropping down on his chest. In his hand, lying limply in his lap, he's still clutching a small gun. We come closer, and that's when we notice revolting blisters, filled with congealed, yellowish pus. They're everywhere, on his hands, face, neck...

▶ **It's better to not even approach him. We move on, holding our breath** – see s162.

▶ **We cannot pass such an opportunity. One of us picks up the gun and we move on** – choose 1 Character present and see s216.

s109 We say goodbye, back out and put some of the fallen bricks back in their place. Then we start searching the nearby corridors. One of them clearly reeks of a corpse. One of the corridors has a dead end. It's actually a small room in which the stench is almost impossible to bear. There's a primitive fire pit in the middle of the floor, a large, fat-coated pot and some cutlery. It takes us a moment to notice what's in the back – a pile of yellowed bones and skulls. We barely contain our nausea as we realize how Marina has managed to survive. It's time to make a decision.

▶ **We can't take three children to our shelter. We go away, leaving the children with their "caretaker"** – roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1. BACK TO GAME.

▶ **We must free the children** – see s230.

s110 We sit at the abandoned campsite and greedily chow down the old meat. It's still cold at the top, while the bottom has already become burned. Every little sound in the empty corridor makes the charred meat stick in our throats. A few minutes pass... but nothing happens. We leave the still smoldering bits of wood and the empty can and leave before someone can catch us stealing.

Lower the Hunger of all Characters present by 1.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s111 We are moving carefully, when suddenly we hear an ominous click. One of us has stepped on a mine's firing mechanism. We freeze in place, but we know that nothing can help our companion. Tears stream down our faces – we simultaneously want to say farewell and are afraid to move a muscle. It's strange. They're taking it so well. They carefully give us all their things. We retrace our steps and move deep into the corridor to get as far away from this place as we can. Several moments later, we hear an explosion and the corridor fills with dust. We've just lost another friend.

Remove the Character who stepped on the mine from the game.

Raise the Misery of all Characters present by 1.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s112 We spread out across the parking lot, forcefully opening trunks and breaking windows. One of us even pulls a passenger from a limo just to get to an abandoned purse. The charred corpse hits the concrete with a dull thud. More and more soot is in the air.

For each Character present choose 1 option from the following (you can choose the same option more than once): 1 Jewelry, 1 Electrical Part, 1 Mechanical Part, 1 Book, 1 Bandages, 1 Cigarette.

- ▶ **Soon, we won't be able to breathe in here. And we've gathered enough stuff anyway. It's time to go** – BACK TO GAME.
- ▶ **Maybe we could look for a way outside? After all, there has to be an emergency exit here** – see s138.

s113 We must have accidentally wandered off the main corridor. The ceiling is slightly lower here, the mustiness more stifling and the wall brick instead of concrete. After a dozen steps we find ourselves at a meter and a half high door with a metal frame, which looks like it would be a better fit for a museum than the sewers. A few hard kicks and in the beams of our flashlights reveal narrow, steep stairs.

Another door. We ascend into some basement. An arched lintel, brick and stone everywhere, that distinctive sour smell of beer which was mopped off the floor over many years... We seem to have found one of the pubs in the old town. Wait. Is that music?

- ▶ **Someone lives here and we have no idea if he's friendly. We should probably leave** – BACK TO GAME.
- ▶ **Maybe we could do some trading? It's worth a try** – see s129.

s114 The next passage ends in a steel escape door, from behind which we hear a hum of voices. The air is fresher, like we've gotten closer to the surface. We lurk by and listen – you rarely meet one or two people in the sewers, and there must be a few dozen people there... Finally, we push down on the handle... and almost fall down off a narrow ledge straight onto some tracks for the underground fast tram system, which used to cut through the city.

People are milling around. A mix of impoverished city dwellers begging for scraps; vendors presenting all manner of junk on dirty blankets; deserters willing to guard your wares for a cigarette or beat someone to death for a bottle of moonshine... Everyone has their own flashlight or lamp, braziers burn in a few places. Deeper in, at one end of the tunnel, we see a derailed tram-car blocking the way. It's brightly lit – the whir of a generator can be heard above the din. A dozen or so people are waiting in a queue to the tram's front door. Once in a while, a buff guard holding a Kalashnikov rifle prods the next person in the queue to get inside. Just as often, someone leaves through the central door.

- ▶ **Let's get out of here before someone wants something from us** – BACK TO GAME.
- ▶ **Let's haggle a little, after all an opportunity like this doesn't come every day** – see s151.
- ▶ **"Hey, friend, what's this queue for?"** – see s186.

s115 We reach a dead end. However, we notice some pipes up by the ceiling. They go into the wall that's blocking our path. A few hits with a scavenged rod and we're sure that we're standing in front of a partition wall. We keep hitting it. It breaks apart quite quickly and we hear china crashing on the floor on the other side. When we can finally take a look inside, we can see we've broken through to a public toilet – the noise was made by tiles falling off the wall. There are only two stalls and a urinal in there. The door leading outside is partly blocked by rubble. The whole thing doesn't look too stable, but we can see that there is another room clear of debris only a little further.

- ▶ **The ceiling looks like it's about to cave in. We won't risk it** – BACK TO GAME.
- ▶ **It's not that bad. We should try enter** – see s226.

s116 What a run! If this were the Olympics, he'd get the gold! Our companion falls in the mud once, but he's already halfway through the ravine. Suddenly, we hear shots fired and the wet ground explodes around him!

- ▶ **"E...! Get back!"** – see s200.
- ▶ **"Keep going! You're so close!"** – see s157.

s117 We lean over the body and search through what remains of the uniform. We also check the weapon. Luckily for us, the soldier died a long time ago. It doesn't even smell, though messing around with a corpse is never the most pleasant experience. We find a dog-tag with an ID number, some crumbled cigarettes and a photo of an older woman in a headscarf, probably his mother. We take whatever

has any value and get out of there. The cameras in the corridor are still recording.

- ▶ Add 1 Broken Pistol, 2 Ammo, and 2 Cigarettes to the Findings Pile.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

- ▶ **"Let's also take the dog-tag!" someone suggests. Maybe we could ask around and find out what this place is?** – see s148.
- ▶ **"Let's leave his stuff alone."** – BACK TO GAME.

s118 An interceptor fell in. The path ahead leads us upwards, across piles of rubble. We go through a hole in the ceiling and enter a railway tunnel. There is a freight train here, covered in rubble. To go further we have to crawl between its wheels.

We are moving forward, inch by inch, on the old railroad ties and gravel. The air's getting thick and the train's end is nowhere in sight.

"You hear anything?" An unknown, muffled voice comes from somewhere above the train car floor. "Like something's rustling below."

"Just don't waste any bullets!" A stronger, louder voice joins the first one.

- ▶ **We freeze, completely motionless** – see s173.
- ▶ **We speed up! Move, move!** – see s212.

s119 We secure our flashlights to make them waterproof, take a deep breath and dive into the icy swirl. Darkness surrounds us. We swing our arms, trying to get through as quickly as we can. Our lungs are starting to hurt and our bodies are demanding a breath of air after every meter. Our movements become more panicky. A moment longer and we're done for.

Suddenly, we break through the water's surface. We greedily take huge gulps of air. We quickly move up the corridor, just to get far away from the nasty, stinking water.

- ▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s120 We take a few things out of our pockets and backpacks, and throw them on the ground halfway between us and them. One of the marauders puts his rifle over his shoulder and comes to search us.

"And what's this?" he asks angrily, finding more things in one of the bags.

A hard hit with the rifle's butt sends the first of us to the ground. Soon, we are all lying on the wet floor. We can only grind our teeth as they search us, taking everything we've gathered with a great difficulty. A few minutes later, we are left with empty pockets, our bodies battered and dirty.

Discard all tokens from the Findings Pile. Then distribute 2 Wounds among the Characters present.

- ▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s121 Bojan – as he must be the person assessing the offerings through thick glasses – looks down at his nails. The guards jump on us without warning and hold us down. Then someone starts beating one of us with his rifle. In the end, breathing heavily, the attacker takes out a knife... and sticks an apple on it. When we fly out the side door, we can still hear it crunching.

We pick ourselves up and walk along the line of people. No one looks at us. At least they didn't take anything from us.

- ▶ Choose 1 Character present and raise their Wounds by 2.

- ▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s122 The almost sterile cleanliness of this place stands in stark contrast to the chaos in the rest of the shelter. Although someone broke glass in the cabinets and took almost all valuable items, we still manage to find some treasures among the shards.

- ▶ Add 1 Meds, 1 Bandages, and 2 Chems to the Findings Pile.
- ▶ **Time to go back. On the way, we can search the first body** – see s117.

- ▶ **We've wasted quite some time here. Let's leave with what we've managed to find** – BACK TO GAME.

s123 We tell Nikolai that we don't know the way and can't help him. He looks at us sadly, but it seems he didn't expect to hear anything else. He motions for us to keep moving, blocking us from

his bear. It gets really tight and we can barely squeeze through the former trainer and the wall.

We move on, still shocked by this unusual encounter. Only a few corners later do we realize that the trainer had not only a soft heart, but also sticky fingers.

Discard the most expensive token from the Findings Pile.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s124 When the kid finds out we've got nothing to pay him with, he gets angry. A struggle starts. He shouldn't have attacked us. A few punches are enough to leave him unconscious in the gutter. His precious merchandise lands in dirty water and floats away. Now, no one will make any use of it.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

You may immediately exit the Sewers to any of the 3 Locations.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s125 Our companion admits that she slept a couple of times in this corridor before the war. She approaches a wall, loosens a brick and reveals an old hiding place. A few worthless, moldy banknotes fall out, but we also find some real treasure.

Add 1 Canned Food and 1 Moonshine to the Findings Pile.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s126 The bandits are dead... The woman drops to her knees, in turn begging for mercy and thanking us with tear-filled eyes. For a moment we want to just leave her there, but then our anger subsides and we let her explain herself. Her name is Irina, and her son is Slobodan. The men captured her and the boy. For some time, they have been forcing her to lure innocent people into their den, not to mention other distasteful tasks... They had managed to gather a nice cache of supplies this way. We'll share them, and help Irina and the boy get to the surface. If anyone can bring this sordid mess to a happy conclusion, it's us. Up top they won't find anything apart from the war, anyway.

Add 2 Canned Food, 3 Cigarettes, 1 Jewelry, 1 Knife, and 1 Meds to the Findings Pile.

Until the end of the current Sewers Exploration, Irina and Slobodan are with us. Once during this trip together we may decide that one of them instead of 1 Character present will become the victim of a random unfortunate event (e.g. Wounds, Illness, etc.).

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s127 There is a fire burning in the middle of a narrow passage. It's tiny, barely a pile of sticks. Above the flames, resting on three paving stones, there is a can of food. A regular one, from a shop. The meat-fat mush is starting to burn and stink... But what a beautiful stink it is! We can't stop the saliva dripping down our chins.

► **We sit at the fire to warm up and eat** – see s110.

► **We should probably move on... and quick!** – see s211

s128 "There he is, get him!" We hear a shout.

We pull our trapped companion as hard as we can, but all for nothing. Our movements become more and more frantic. Someone's left with a piece of sleeve in their hand, a torn of button ricochets off a wall. Dogs run from around the corner. Shots are fired. On instinct, we fall to the ground.

After a dozen seconds, the ringing in our ears is replaced by frenzied barking. Our companion is still stuck in the narrow passage. His head drops down on his shoulder, blood trickles from his mouth. We can sense movement on the other side. Another moment, and something jerks the body – back into the passage and down. For a second, we stand paralyzed, to snap out of it on hearing a voice say, "Leave it! Heel!"

We have to run while the way behind us is blocked. We couldn't help him earlier, or now.

Remove the Character chosen earlier from the game.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s129 We walk through the pub, passing surprisingly clean tables that seem to be waiting for patrons. Niches in the walls contain mostly old candle stubs, lights and oil lamps. Some are lit, but give

off too little light to brighten the many nooks and crannies. Jazz fills the room. It feels like we've traveled back in time, to "normal life". However, the illusion is quickly broken. The smell of burned paraffin wax mixes with a different, much less pleasant odor.

► **Something's wrong. We back out while we still can** – BACK TO GAME.

► **Since there's no one here, we won't even have to trade to leave with some spoils** – see s176.

s130 Fortunately, the armed man hasn't noticed our presence.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s131 We hear the sound of heavy footsteps. We instantly recognize them to be military. Only soldiers move through the sewers with such confidence, as if the place was theirs. We look around anxiously. But we can't discern where they are coming from.

We hear, "Time to clean this up!" The next moment the tunnels are filled with a bang and a hissing noise.

Now we can see it. To our right, there is a small hole in the wall. We can see orange flames inside. Shadows start dancing on the opposite wall. We drop to the ground and crawl closer, led by irrational curiosity. Or maybe we're drawn to the flame like moths?

The tunnel starts to fill up with black, acrid smoke. Despite this, we still see two soldiers with flamethrowers walking at the front of a large squad, burning pallets made of mattresses and rags. Fire burns through someone's bags, some rubbish, soft toys... The strings of an old acoustic guitar snap in the heat with a painful wail.

It would be better for us to disappear from here, before they notice the hole in the wall that leads to our tunnel.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s132 We thought we knew the sewers like the back of our hand, and still we somehow got lost in the tangle of corridors. After a few hours' march, when we are exhausted and our annoyance is at its highest, we suddenly come across a teenager. As it turns out, he makes a living trading. He travels through the sewers from district to district, trying to sell his wares. He's got some tea, cigarettes, and foreign newspapers from a few months back, lighters...

► **We ask him to show us a way out** – see s156.

► **We'll manage on our own** – see s219.

s133 Nikolai loses control of the bear. The beast charges on four legs towards the fire, and the man follows it.

"Fu... what is that?" We hear a panicked scream.

Then the air is pierced by long bursts of machine gun fire. We drop to the ground to avoid any stray bullets.

"Did you see that? A bear. The Sargent is never going to believe this", the same voice as before says.

"Look, there's a guy lying over there," replies someone.

We don't wait for the soldiers to start checking the corridor. We retreat, leaving more senseless victims of the war behind.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s134 The barking is getting louder with every second. The noise intensifies: yells, shots, a struggle! Suddenly... silence falls. We stand a few dozen meters away, hidden in the darkness, listening with our hearts beating like crazy.

► **We can't do anything to help – let's get out of here as quickly as possible. Remove the Character chosen earlier from the game. Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1. BACK TO GAME.**

► **We go back to check what has happened there** – see s180.

s135 Bojan – as he must be the person assessing the offerings through thick glasses – is silent throughout the deal. He just picks a few things, and then gives us a few seconds to look through his wares.

You can buy any green tokens here (see Journal: TRADE sheet).

Trade Commission: 0, but you can trade here only non-green tokens with a value of 10 or more. You must trade this way at least 1 token from the Findings Pile. Otherwise – see s121.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s136 The man, with tears in his eyes, looks at the pills we're offering him:

"I'd really like these antibiotics to help Katrina or Mila, but for them to get better I'd have to get them out of the city. Even then they'd need expensive treatment. These pills will be more useful for you, but it's good to know that we haven't all gone completely feral in the ruins."

He gives us a friendly wave of his hand and in the next moment he's only a silhouette retreating deeper into the tunnel.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = lower their Misery by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s137 We hide among the pallets and wait. The voices seem to be getting closer with each passing moment, until we can finally see their source. The people are walking with a small flashlight which is giving off barely more light than a candle. We can't see them clearly, but they appear unarmed.

► **We wait some more, and let them go in peace** – see s222.

► **We ambush them** – see s172.

s138 Even the flashlights can't hack it anymore, so we blindly search the walls of the increasingly dust-filled space. Finally, we find a door. And it's blocked!

Choose 1 Character present and roll the Black die (the Character may use their Prowess) to determine whether the Character manages to pry the emergency exit door open.

► **A result of 1-6** – see s160.

► **A result of 7-10** – see s192.

s139 Luck must've been on our side when, after wandering for a long time, we stumbled upon this tunnel. Though falling water made it a truly arduous climb, the fact that the walls were close together made it possible to use them for leverage and push on, step by step, to the exit. Daylight and fresh air reassured us that we were finally going to make it out of the musty depths of the sewers.

We are standing now by a torn-out grille. At the end of a ravine filled with deep mud, into which the tunnel exits, we see a wall of trees. There is not a soul in sight. Here and there we notice tracks in the ravine's steep walls, partly covered by fresh snow. There are also traces of blood. Then again, you can find those everywhere in the city. We've made it to the forest and now have a real chance of getting away from the war zone.

► **It can't be true – could we just run away from here? We should go back into the sewers** – BACK TO GAME.

► **One of us has to at least try** – choose 1 Character present and see s116.

s140 We say that we're hungry ourselves, and we can see the stranger instantly age a few years. Just as if he'd just heard a sentence passed on him.

"I'm begging you, please, let me join you for a little bit! I can't stand the loneliness down here any moment longer...", he sobs, possibly hoping that we'll help him in some other way.

► **No way. We have no reason to trust him. We move on at a fast pace** – see s199.

► **We let him join us – we could always use an extra companion** – see s107.

s141 As we get closer, a new note appears in the wails. In the light of our flashlights we see blocks of cracked concrete, which must have fallen from the ceiling. A tiny kitten is sitting next to them. Terrified and covered head to toe in sludge, the baby cat is meowing at the top of its lungs. We quickly find out how it wound up here – under some pieces of concrete we see the body of a bigger cat, probably the mother. The kitten won't last long here; the rats we saw earlier will make a dinner of him.

► **We won't waste precious resources on an animal. It has to try to survive on its own** – BACK TO GAME.

► **We take the cat with us** – see s189.

s142 We didn't stand a chance. They were waiting for us in a niche that was impossible to notice in the darkness.

"Stop and give us all your stuff!"

We turn around. Several men are standing maybe two meters behind us. Without helmets, in incomplete uniforms, but still with service rifles aimed at us...

► **We hand everything over without a word of protest** – see s101.

► **We give them a few things. Maybe they'll take them and leave us alone?** – see s120.

► **The way before us is clear; the corridor is wide. If we start running, they'll quickly lose sight of us** – see s217.

s143 We were running at breakneck speed, because all hell broke loose behind us. Explosions, shots, bomb strikes shook the area every few minutes. We wanted to get away as fast as possible. We ran into a fairly large room to get through it to other corridors and we froze in shock! We still can't snap out of it. About half of the space is taken up by some rubble burying a tank? Its front is stuck in a canal with the gun driven into the ground and the back sticking out on the surface. Its armor is dented and covered in dust, as if it's been in the sewers for a long time, with neither side considering it worth the effort to dig it out. Daylight is filtering through the hole in the ceiling. We can still hear the sounds of the nearby battle.

► **Let's run! Someone could get here at any moment!** – BACK TO GAME.

► **Let's search the tank. If no one's shown any interest in it by now...** – see s164.

s144 We waited, in complete silence, maybe for half an hour, hoping that the tired youth would let his guard down. Finally, we crept in their direction. The men hid in a cubbyhole used before the war by sewer workers for storing maintenance equipment.

After a moment, we see two people. In a dark corner, with legs drawn up and a pool of blood around him, sits the commander. His head hangs low, his body is curled up in a ball; he looks like he's dozing. Right at the entrance, with his head resting on his rifle, sits his guard. We're in luck. The boy is so exhausted that he hasn't heard us this time. Everything is going our way. A moment's struggle and they both become our hostages – we take their guns, bind their hands, and gag the younger man. We can finally think about what to do next.

► **We have to get rid of them! They're armed and if we let them live, they're sure to denounce us** – see s201.

► **Let's take the officer to the nearest outpost. They'll know what to do and we can be sure we'll get something for our troubles** – see s159.

s145 Grateful, the kid thanks us a few times and gives us his military Swiss army knife.

"I'll say that I lost it. I mean, it's not a grenade."

He smiles at us and disappears in the darkness.

Add 1 Knife to the Findings Pile.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s146 This shelter must have been built back during the Cold War. Almost every public building had one like it, including schools. Now, all that remains are some steel lockers with crates full of gas masks, piles of moldy blankets and military cots with the springs sticking out.

If there ever was an electric generator here, someone stole the fuel from it a long time ago, or maybe the janitor sold it before the war. We were walking slowly, lighting the way with flashlights as we searched each room. Then we encountered the first inhabitants.

This must have happened recently. The bodies haven't even started to smell, though the puddles of blood have dried up. We find the girl first. She is lying face down. None of us check how old she was. Maybe ten? It only gets worse further on. The kids lay in twos and threes, in dirty jumpers. They fill the corridors. At one point, there are so many of them we have to step on their heads, arms, legs, just to move on. Someone trips and falls on the pile of bodies.

Finally, we make it to the entrance. Soldiers must have blown the door open with a grenade – the walls are blackened and bits of concrete cover the floor. The teacher was hurt worst. We find her hanging over a railing of one of the cots. Her clothes are in tatters. When the soldiers got bored with her, they shot her in the head.

We have to leave all of them like that... or at least we hope we won't have to go back the same way. Unfortunately, a few minutes later it turns out that the stairs up are blocked by rubble. The work of an artillery shell... Or, more likely, the animals that did this decided it would be safer to bury everyone here. The fathers and mothers of these children will never what had happened. Definitely not from us.

We walk over bodies again and head back underground.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s147 The big man lets us in with noticeable disdain. Most of the seats have been torn out, replaced with fold-out tables and plastic chairs. The place is filled with supplies – mostly crates with vegetables that are starting to go bad, badly smoked meats, and dented cans. A few armed men are watching over it. They don't take their eyes off us, gesturing with their guns for us to keep moving.

Close to the tram joint, there sits an older, short man with thinning hair. He's wearing coke bottle glasses. A magnifying glass in his hand, he's inspecting a necklace. An old-timer standing in front of him is kneading a cloth cap in his hands. After a moment, the sitting man points without a single word to a can of the rankest type of luncheon meat and tosses the necklace into a metal box. One of the guards puts the can in the supplicant's hands and brutally shoves the man out the door. The bespectacled man turns a questioning gaze to us.

► **How could we ever trade with this louse? Let's leave – see s121.**

► **Time to make a real deal – see s135.**

► **"His goons seem to have dropped their guard... Now's our chance!" If there are at least 1 Firearm Weapon token (Pistol, Shotgun, Assault Rifle) and at least 2 Ammo or any 2 Melee Weapon tokens (Knife, Hatchet) on the Findings Pile – see s206.**

s148 Write down "Dog-tag, s148" on a Blank token and slide it under the top card of the Night Raids deck. When you would draw a card during the Night Raid phase, but the "Dog-tag" token is on top of the deck, instead of drawing a card, resolve s235.

► **Meanwhile BACK TO GAME.**

s149 The man peers at us suspiciously, but when he sees food, he pounces at it like a wild animal and starts devouring it greedily. We use this opportunity to go on our way. He doesn't seem to have noticed...

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s150 The floor in this corridor clearly slopes up. It's also getting drier and the irritating, smacking sound of feet rising out of sludge disappears. After turning one corner, we come to a knocked-down wall. It doesn't look as if it was damaged in a bombardment. Some of the bricks are gathered in piles under the opposite wall. We can also see marks left by tools. We peek through the hole. Our flashlights shine on a floor and walls lined with marble tiles. We see a huge, round, metal door set in a neighboring wall – it's a bank vault! On the other side we can see rubble-covered stairs. There are thousands of banknotes strewn across the floor. On first instinct, we scramble to gather as many as we can. However, we quickly abandon this idea – in our war-torn country the old currency has become completely worthless. We look inside the vault. The contents of safety deposit boxes crunch beneath our feet – these once valuable documents, heirlooms and family photographs are now worthless junk. There's nothing here except for some ruined hopes for a better tomorrow. We shouldn't waste any more time here. We move on.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s151 We take a look around the makeshift stalls. We might find something interesting here, but definitely no food.

Draw 1 Findings card (ignore the Reality Impact card). You can buy here any tokens from the Furniture and Heap charts (see Journal: TRADE sheet), ignoring all green tokens shown in a given chart on the card.

Trade Commission: 2.

Afterwards, shuffle this card back into the Findings deck.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s152 We convince the woman that we don't pose a threat and our sudden entrance is completely accidental. Minutes pass, filled with the sound of children crying and her suspicious words. She finally seems to believe us and slowly lowers her knife; she still keeps her distance and doesn't let us come any further in.

She slides the knife in behind her belt, takes the saucepan and serves very tasty-looking and great-smelling stew to the children. She tells us that the three children are all that remains of the kindergarten group she taught. When the war erupted, no one came to pick them up. When battles were raging all around, they first hid in a basement and with time moved to the nearby sewers. At the beginning, there were more children, but some ran off and some died of sickness. Marina, as that's what the young woman calls herself, takes care of the kids as best she can. At night, she wanders around the sewers and streets searching for food, clothes and medicines. It appears that in this inhuman world she still follows her vocation.

After a few minutes' conversation, she makes it clear we should leave. Something's still bothering us, though. We notice that she is still clearly agitated by our presence.

► **It's none of our business and she's got a tough enough time as it is. Somewhat cheered up, we say our farewells and leave – BACK TO GAME.**

► **The woman's not telling us everything. We should take a look around the area – see s109.**

s153 "I think he went that way...", the woman points to where we came from.

We go with her, then we turn into a small tunnel. It's tight. The girl pushes through to the front, calling for her son, loudly, desperately... We look at one another, hoping her screams don't bring any trouble our way...

"Maybe he's hiding in here?" She points to some rubble through which we can get to a room below. "Please, go and check."

We climb down over the rubble. It seems to be a large cellar. Suddenly, we hear her voice from behind. There's no trace left of her recent hysteria, though we hear some sadness in it.

"Forgive me, they made me do it..."

We understand her meaning when several men step out of the darkness. It's obvious they don't want to talk.

Draw 3 Enemy tokens. The bandits are armed with:

A – nothing

B – Knife

C – Knife

Begin Combat – see Journal: COMBAT sheet.

► **When we kill two of them, the rest will flee – see s126.**

s154 With all your strength you try to push through the passage. Your clothes rip, a piece of rebar makes a gash in your side, blood drips down on the dirty rubble. But the yapping dogs motivate you enough to pull through to the other side at any cost.

Finally, you fall, exhausted, on the tunnel floor, only to get up to run at breakneck speed in fear of the hounds after you. You stop a few minutes later, lost, disoriented, with lungs aching from the exertion... but still alive.

Raise the Character's Wounds and Fatigue by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s155 We are walking along a damp interceptor. In the complete silence surrounding us, the scraping sounds and the murmurs seem like they can only be figments of the imagination. Suddenly, a bear's snout and massive body appear in the tunnel before us. We haven't got a moment to lose.

► **We freeze and back out quietly, trying not to startle the beast – see s104.**

► **We grab everything we've got at hand and attack the animal, before it can jump on us – see s208.**

s156 The kid is cautious – he has us walk in front, occasionally giving out short instructions about where to go. After about an hour, almost completely exhausted, we reach an area of the sewers where we can hear sounds from outside and see glimpses of sunlight.

► **The kid saved our lives – maybe we should give him something?** – discard tokens with a total value of 5 or more from the Findings Pile. You may immediately exit the Sewers to any of the 3 Locations. **BACK TO GAME.**

► **We have nothing for him** – see s124.

► **We could really use the things he's got on him. We won't get a second opportunity like this...** – see s184.

s157 More shots echo through the area. He crosses a short distance and starts climbing up the slope when a soldier gets out of the thicket at the end of the ravine. Our companion freezes in place. A gun is raised. One bullet and his head explodes in a red cloud. His body slides down the snow and mud, leaving a bloody trail behind.

We run away before the soldier turns his attention to us. When we're in the tunnel, we hear the loud rattle of bullets hitting a concrete wall. We drop down into the water and slide down the bottom, praying that no one gets hit by a ricochet.

Remove the Character chosen earlier from the game.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s158 When Vlad offers to lead us to something interest he has found, an alarm goes off in our heads. Not once, and not twice did similar stories end badly for us.

We say goodbye to the old man before he can protest and walk away at a brisk pace.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s159 We forced the kid to show us the nearest way out of the sewers, and then made our way to the closest outpost we knew about. The old guy had to be pushed along all the time. He kept bleeding and could barely drag his legs along. In the end, we made the kid carry him. We would never have got to our destination otherwise.

Two soldiers, tired from long guard shifts, straightened up in an instant when we appeared before them and told them we brought them. They took the rifle and called some higher-ranking soldiers. They, in turn, consulted someone over the phone and a moment later we made the exchange.

"Not a word of what happened here to anyone. You're lucky you didn't end up with bullets in your heads," hissed one of them as we were leaving and the other pushed us out of the outpost with a small bundle.

We're now carrying our reward with hands stained with the Lieutenant's blood. Today, we're going to have a real feast.

Add 1 Canned Food, 1x 100% Alcohol, 2 Coffee, and 5 Cigarettes to the Findings Pile.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

You immediately exit the Sewers to any of the 3 Locations.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s160 Panicked we kick the door and grapple with the handle, to no avail. Clouds of dust and soot fill our lungs when we run blindly across the parking lot to the manhole where we entered. In the smoke we can only hear gasps of pain which accompany the falls and collisions with the wrecked cars.

Raise the Fatigue and the Wounds of all Characters present by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s161 We slowly walk in among the corpses, looking for things these wretches don't need any more. The stench is unbearable, so we breathe through rags. Rats and cockroaches, who prey on the dead just like us, flee from under our feet. Suddenly, we notice something that makes us uneasy. Amid the torn up bodies we see a round hole and some clear space. With horror, we realize that an anti-personnel mine exploded over there. There might be more of them hidden in this cemetery.

► **We don't want to share the soldiers' fate. Carefully, we retrace our steps and move on from this place** – **BACK TO GAME.**

► **No risk, no gain. We keep searching** – see s193.

s162 We pass the poor bastard without even looking at him. It's a horrifying sight, but it's an even bigger shame to just leave a working gun here. It might save someone's life one day... How much food could we trade for it?

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s163 We go deeper in. It's got to be some underground military facility! Before the war we heard about a secret military shelter for VIPs, but who'd believe such nonsense back then? Then again, the President and other officials disappeared just before the final assault.

We are walking through a labyrinth of concrete corridors. One of us was smart enough to draw little arrows on the walls, otherwise we'd never be able to find the exit. It's completely empty; from time to time we hear the buzzing of a light bulb slowly failing behind a thick cover. Here and there we notice signs of battle: walls riddled with holes, stains of dried blood, bodies. We could spend a week inside and not see everything. So far, all the rooms have been stripped bare. It still seems like a good place to stay. We could move everything from our shelter, set up a new home. But for all those damn cameras! The longer we spend walking around in here, the greater the probability that someone's going to show up.

► **We must turn back. There's nothing here. Maybe we'll find something useful on that first body?** – see s117.

► **We've gone so far that retreating now makes no sense. Whoever is watching us through those cameras already knows we're here** – see s190.

s164 A quick decision and quicker action! We approach the tank and suddenly someone shouts from inside:

"Not a step more! I've got you in my sights!"

Damn it, there's someone in there!

► **We break into a run before he can start shooting** – **BACK TO GAME.**

► **We risk it. If whoever is inside really had a gun, he'd have already shot us and loot the bodies** – see s203.

s165 We don't really know what we've been hoping for. That whoever it was that massacred the inhabitants of this shelter would leave untouched supplies for us? Apart from a sack of flour and a packet of noodles, the most valuable find is a rat feeding on a sack of rotten potatoes. It's so fat and slow we manage to kill it on the spot.

Add 1 Raw Meat and 2 Vegetables to the Findings Pile.

► **Time to go back. On the way, we can search the first body** – see s117.

► **We've wasted quite some time here. Let's leave with what we've managed to find** – **BACK TO GAME.**

s166 We are moving slowly as the ceiling keeps getting lower. First, we're stooped over, then we have to walk bent in half. Finally, we start crawling. We cover some hundred meters like this when a strange, splashing sound appears and keeps getting louder somewhere in front of us.

► **We can't turn around, but we quickly start backing out the way we came** – see s100.

► **We forge ahead, ignoring the strange sounds** – see s232.

s167 He thought that he was invisible, but we clearly saw the outline of a person leaning against a wall, clutching a weapon, straining his ears and waiting. We froze in place. This technique of pretending that we don't exist had benefited us in the past. After a few minutes, the man lowered his weapon.

"Someone has just passed, but the coast is clear now. Don't worry, sir. I've got everything under control. Please, sit down, Lieutenant. The wound is still bleeding. You must rest up. Save your strength. When it gets dark, we will go to the exit and then find our people," said someone quietly.

That trembling voice belonged to a young recruit. Over the last few days we'd heard rumors that a high-ranking officer went missing after an insurgent attack, but we hadn't believed that. Until now.

► **An officer hiding in the sewers with some greenhorn? Impossible. We've got better things to do** – **BACK TO GAME.**

► **It's an easy target and a valuable loot, for which someone is sure to repay us** – see s144.

s168 Another unbelievably narrow corridor. We have to crawl, taking care not to kick the person behind us in the face. Fortunately, it's dry in here. We've been moving along like this for a long while when suddenly we hear a long whistle, after which the whole structure starts shaking. Debris fall on us and the passage fills instantly with dust. Visibility drops down to nothing. We hear more whistles and explosions. We've learned to recognize this sound – the city's being bombarded again. The surface must be hell right now. Nervously, we keep crawling forward, just to get out of this narrow tube which could cave in and become our grave. More and more rubble hits our heads and backs. Dust gets into our eyes and throats. The rumble and noise make it impossible to think. The only thing we can do now is to move forward at any cost. After what seems like an eternity, we fall into a wider corridor, where the tremors aren't as powerful, and the explosions are quieter. Once more, we've made it...

Raise the Fatigue of all Characters present by 1.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s169 A few quick moves, and the lock clicks, letting us inside. The lockpick did break, but the place looks interesting. Someone's organized a nice, little hideout here. We find food, vodka and even a pile of magazines to kill the time.

Discard a Lockpick from the Findings Pile.

Add 1 Canned Food, 1 Vegetable, 1 Moonshine, and 2 Books to the Findings Pile.

▶ **Let's move on. Vlad wouldn't have gotten in here without our help, so we owe him nothing – BACK TO GAME.**

▶ **We should probably thank Vlad with something more than just kind words – see s198.**

s170 Someone up there must be looking out for us. We ran into this patrol in a corridor whose walls were covered in winding and crisscrossing pipes. Some of them were still hot, as if one of the city's heating stations was still in operation. In any case, it was warmer here than in our shelter. That's probably why we stopped and rested a while. We don't even know when sleep overtook us.

We were woken up by heavy footsteps and the light of flashlights. Fortunately, they were still quite far. We scrambled to our feet and started running the very moment when one of them reached for his gun. A series of shots pierced one of the pipes behind us. Water burst out and hot steam filled the corridor.

Now we're running and hoping they won't feel like chasing us...

Raise the Fatigue of all Characters present by 1.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s171 A large car – maybe a military truck – must have stopped right above a manhole, into which gas was flowing from a leaky tank. The vehicle had either been shot at, or the driver had just run off. After all, no one would have stopped in the middle of a street, with snipers hiding nearby.

We crouched down close to the manhole, by the wall of a long underground corridor, and were listening to the happenings up top. This basement ran close to the surface, so we had to be extra careful to avoid being seen. Suddenly, through a narrow, barred window we saw a figure throw a Molotov cocktail at the car. The vehicle was instantly engulfed in flames that quickly made their way to our gasoline-drenched corridor. Fire and thick, black smoke hit us in the faces! We ran, terrified, putting out smoldering clothes.

Now we're choking from tiredness and lack of oxygen. Luckily, we have managed to get to a safe and dry place, where we can take a moment to regain our breath.

Distribute 1 Wound among the Characters present.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s172 We jump out at the strangers with force, knocking one of them over. On his way down, he hits his head on a metal shelf – he doesn't get up. The rest isn't as easy; the second man starts shouting and two more come running out of the darkness. Light glints off a blade held by one of them.

Draw 3 Enemy tokens. The scavengers are armed with:

- A – nothing
- B – nothing
- C – Knife

Begin Combat – see Journal: COMBAT sheet.

▶ **When we kill one of them, the rest will flee – see s195.**

s173 “I must've imagined it. Pour another one...” On hearing those words we look at one another in the darkness.

We wait a few minutes and move on. Slowly, very slowly. Before going forward, we move all pebbles aside, so that nothing can betray us.

We crawl to the very end of the train. It's cool in the tunnels, but the effort and fear made us as sweaty as if we've just run a marathon.

Raise the Fatigue of all Characters present by 1.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s174 A sudden bombardment on the streets caught us in the sewers. Together with a few other people, we quickly hid in a small, tight room at a meeting point of several corridors.

“Mom, what's happening?” asks a young boy clutching his mother. He's holding a wooden car.

“Honey, I told you, it's a game,” says the woman, casting furtive glances our way. “Daddy's looking for us and we're hiding.”

“Who's making all that noise up there?”

“Other people. They are also playing games with their children.”

“Mommy, they're playing with crackers! I can't, because they're too dangerous,” notes the boy. “What happens when daddy finds us?”

“Then he'll hide and we'll look for him. I told you.”

“I don't want to play anymore! I'm cold! Let's go home!”

“Fine, darling, we'll go back soon. But before we do, Let's have a race! Who'll be first at the end of the corridor!”

A moment later we hear the patter of the mother's shoes and the boy's loud laughter.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s175 We pass a ladder and look up to see an uncovered manhole at its end. However, instead of the blue sky we see only darkness – it must be a room. We climb up the steel steps embedded in the canal wall.

Metal shelves adorned with stickers bearing medicine names lurk in the darkness. We must be in a drugstore basement. A door with a small window, on the other side of which we can see stairs leading up, is locked tight, so there's nothing else to do but take a look around here. We can see we're not the first – after all there are a lot of takers for this merchandise. Unfortunately, all we find are a dozen boxes of antibiotics and some other pills thrown into the bin for expired medicines.

Write down “Expired Meds, s175, I I I I” on a Blank token and place it on the Findings Pile.

Treat it as a yellow token – each line has a value of 5 and a weight of 0. When you cross out the last line, remove this token from the game.

EXPIRED MEDS:

Each line on this token corresponds to 1 Meds token. From now on, whenever a Fate card allows you to lower the Illness and discard Meds tokens from any Characters, you may cross out 1 line from the Expired Meds token. However...

▶ **When any Character uses these Meds – see s106.**

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s176 We finally reach what seems to be the main room. At the brass-trimmed bar, there are three customers in shabby uniforms – each one hunched very low, almost touching the bar top with his face. Dozens of bottles in all colors stand on shelves behind the bar, subtly lit by small bulbs. The music is very loud in here and the strange smell fills the room. We try to talk to the patrons, but they don't react. When we get close enough, we discover that all three of them are dead. An empty glass stands before each man and on the floor we can see shards from a broken bottle of decent but not extravagant whiskey. Dried vomit stains the counter top in front of one of the dead men. Another is frozen with a gun in his hand. He must have been shooting at someone – chips of brick cover the tiles in a short passage, some of the bottles are broken, and we see a trail of dried blood leading to the back room.

We follow the blood. One of us takes the dead soldier's gun, another grabs a broken bottle by the neck. Even armed only with such a makeshift weapon feels safer than no weapon at all. The door to the back is ajar. A man is lying on the threshold. He's holding a framed picture of a woman. The glass is smeared with dried blood, but the pictured stranger seems pretty. In the room beyond him, we can see a cot, some folded clothes, and a tractor battery connected to a modified music player and the wall behind the bar.

► **We shouldn't waste any more time. Let's grab what we can and leave** – see s214.

► **Let's take a closer look. We don't really know what happened here** – see s227.

s177

It's getting narrow again. We squeeze sideways through a crevice-like corridor. The silver lining is that at least we can stand straight. Every dozen meters we take a break to stretch our necks, fatigued from our awkward gait. The stench of the sewers is joined by a new smell, one we've learned to recognize – the sweetish, sickening stink of a rotting human body.

A few steps later we see its source. The corridor is blocked by a makeshift grid gate on which someone was hanged. The mutilated face is frozen in an expression of extreme exhaustion. The arms and legs were tied up with barbed wire, the clothes are torn, the body has signs of torture. Someone went to a lot of trouble to commit this murder right here, underground. The sight makes us think of some exaggerated paintings of martyrs or films about serial killers that were so popular before the war...

It's impossible to squeeze by this macabre installation, but we can see that just behind it the corridor is wider. We push against the grate. With a gruesome grinding noise it slowly moves out of the narrow passage, then falls with a deafening crush. We untie the stranger's body and place it by a wall. We say a quick prayer. That's all we can do for him. May he go to a better place than this. We have to go on. Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s178

A man was sitting by the wall, playing with the light from a flashlight. He would first point it at his face, then at the wall across from himself, arranging his hand in such a way that it cast shadows in the shape of different animals – just like we used to play when we were children. We didn't immediately notice that the stranger was not wearing shoes and he was resting his feet in the narrow stream of reeking sewage. We looked at one another in silence and shrugged our shoulders. We were just about to move on when he heard us.

"Welcome, welcome to my humble abode!" He calls to us and then gets up. He comes closer, showing us that he's only holding the flashlight, "It's a good thing you're here. Maybe you can help me. Because, as you can see, my outfit is missing one crucial element," he adds. We look at his bare feet. "Have you, by chance, got a hat on you? I feel uneasy without something to cover my head."

We must've misheard him... There has to be something wrong with the stranger. We better not turn our backs on him without saying anything.

► **"We haven't got a hat, but we do have some food," one of us says to get this over with** – discard any 1 green token from the Findings Pile and see s149.

► **"We haven't got a hat, but we'll soon be coming back this way. We'll look for one and leave it here for you," one of us says to get this over with** – see s204.

s179

Curiosity wins over common sense, and he seems to need to talk. A few moments later, we're engrossed:

"As you know, before the war I worked in TV. I quickly got to the top – partly thanks to my tenacity, hard work, but also self-assurance. Also, no point in hiding it, I got lucky. Some thought I led a charmed life: a high position, an interesting job, a beautiful wife, a talented son, holidays abroad, a luxury car... My wife and son are safe far away from here, but... No one knew they were my second wife and child. Katrina and our daughter are still in the city, though years ago, when the girl was born sick, I abandoned them. They didn't fit my life... I couldn't believe something like that could happen to me! Katrina is a good woman. Today I know that she was... well, still is my true love. I stayed in the city because they stayed here,

too. I couldn't just leave. Katrina is ill and soon..." He pauses mid-sentence and wipes a tear from his eye. "...I'll be left with just my daughter. Mila needs me. I take care of them the best I can. My old friends didn't want to help me or work with me, but that's life for you. I'm one of you, though before I didn't really believe that and thought that I'm one of the chosen few..."

The man seems sad. He falls silent. We don't say anything either. The time has come to go separate ways.

► **Nothing left to do but quickly nod him goodbye** – BACK TO GAME.

► **"At least take this!" If there are any Meds on the Findings Pile, you may give some to the man** – see s136.

s180

We sneak up quietly. The narrow passage is empty. We move closer and pass through the opening to the other side. There, in a pool of blood, lies our friend, some stranger, and two dying dogs. Canine blood mixes with the human blood, flowing into the stream of sewage in the middle of the corridor. Our friend must have taken a gun from the man who pulled him from the passage. He fought until the very end, and we just left him...

The sounds of more people running down the sewers pull us out of our reverie. We've only got a few moments before they get here. We run as far away from this massacre as possible.

Remove the Character chosen earlier from the game. Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s181

We approach slowly, looking for the passage in which the old man has hidden.

"What do you want? Can't you see I'm just a tired old man?" he asks without looking at us. We come closer to say hello. The man is wearing a jumpsuit, high rubber boots and a hat with the logo of the Municipal Water Company. "You must want my weapons or food. Well, I've got nothing, I'm working."

He slowly moves and we walk together for a dozen minutes. Finally, he realizes we don't have bad intentions and agrees to tell us his story. His name is Vlad. Before the war, he spent many years working in the sewers as a maintenance man, making sure everything was in good condition. When the bombings began and he lost his family, he just couldn't stop going down here – it was the only stable thing that kept him sane. And though it's very dangerous now, and his company has ceased functioning, every few days Vlad puts on his jumpsuit and walks through the corridors, which he knows like the back of his hand, fixing whatever he can. Sometimes he just wanders through the tunnels, smelling the air down here which, however strange it may sound, reminds him of the time before the war. He suddenly stops his story and says, with a tear in his eye:

"Come, I'll show you something interesting I came across a few days ago."

► **It might be a trap. We quickly say our goodbyes and leave** – see s158.

► **Vlad seems harmless. Let's see what he wants to show us** – see s194.

s182

We hit around the lock a few times, without any result, We then wedge the tip of our shovel between the door and the wall, and start pulling. We spend a few minutes toiling at it – dirty sweat pouring off us – and still the door doesn't budge. Finally, they fall in with a loud thwack. The shovel's shaft breaks in half. We hope that whatever we find inside will be worth all this effort...

Discard a Shovel from the Findings Pile.

Add 1 Canned Food, 1 Vegetable, 1 Moonshine, and 2 Books to the Findings Pile.

► **Let's move on. Vlad didn't even move a finger when we were knocking ourselves out** – BACK TO GAME.

► **We should probably thank Vlad with something more than just kind words** – see s198.

s183

Together we manage to push the hungry animal to the crossroads and start walking down the side tunnel. We go through a hole in the wall and enter a derelict tunnel. By following the tracks, we reach the place where the streetcars drove outside.

The journey lasts until evening, but we make it. We shake Nikolai's sinewy hand, pet the bear carefully, and watch as they walk off into the darkness.

We are about to go back, when somewhere in front of us we can hear the engine of a large, military vehicle, then screams and shots. We can only hope, they were not fired at our new friends...

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = lower their Misery by 1.

You must immediately exit the Sewers to the Far Location.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s184 It's not the kid's fault: he was just in the wrong place at the wrong time. A few punches leave him unconscious on the ground and we can grab his bag.

Add 1 Ammo, 2 Books, and 3 Cigarettes to the Findings Pile.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

You may immediately exit the Sewers to any of the 3 Locations.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s185 We pass through a hole in the interceptor's ceiling into a large, underground hall filled with high, metal shelves. Piled up on them are pallets with hundreds of cardboard boxes. We come up to the closest pallet and start tearing off a thick layer of dust-covered plastic wrap. Suddenly, we freeze in place. We are not alone in this huge, dark room. We can hear hushed voices.

► **We grab a big box and quickly go back into the interceptor** – see s103.

► **They're quiet, so they're not soldiers. Let's hide and see what happens** – see s137.

s186 A haggard man is waiting for his turn, his head lowered. When we talk to him, he answers with what little resistance he has left noticeable in his voice:

"It's that bastard Bojan. He thinks he's got us over the barrel..."

"Cause he has!" jibes a nearby woman. *"Why are you even standing here, old man, if he hasn't?"* She turns to us. *"And what about you? Never heard of Bojan? He's an important man! You can buy anything from him, if you can afford it."* She smiles slyly and shows us a large, gilt cross stolen from some church.

We don't even know when we've become part of the queue and end up, pushed by the crowd, at the tram doors. The guard reeks of vodka and sausage. Both of those smells make our stomachs rumble.

"And what have you, hobos, got for Bojan?"

► **If there is at least 1 token (ignoring green tokens) with a value of 10 or more on the Findings Pile** – see s147.

► **If there are no tokens (ignoring green tokens) with a value of 10 or more on the Findings Pile** – see s207.

s187 We walk inside. He must have heard our footsteps, because he jumps to his feet and raises his gun. Finding the safety is taking him a while. If we wanted to kill him, we'd have enough time to do that. His youthful face and tear-filled eyes give away the fact that he's not even twenty. His name is Dragan and he got separated from his unit about a dozen hours back. Now he's hungry, dehydrated and afraid. He asks us only to help him get out of this damn place.

► **We tell Dragan which way he should go to end up near his companions** – see s145.

► **The kid is barely standing, and he's got a real treasure – the rifle. Let's try to wrest it from him** – see s228.

s188 We take a small morsel of food out of our bag and give it to the stranger. He looks at us like he's about to burst into tears.

"Could I join you? I won't make it much longer here on my own,"

he asks between bites, probably emboldened by our help.

► **We don't need anyone. We continue on our way** – see s199.

► **We let him join us – we could always use an extra companion** – see s107.

s189 The kitten may have lost its mother, but it did retain some instincts. When one of us tries to lift it, it meows and scratches like crazy. Only the remains from a can of meat and a few crumbs of

bread calm it down enough for us to take it. Who knows, maybe once it's tamed, it will be useful for something at our shelter?

Place the Cat miniature on the Findings Pile and the Cat card next to the Character cards. The Cat will return with us to the Shelter. Give the Cat a name.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s190 We finally come across something interesting. A larger room with a few tunnels leading off in a radial pattern. In the middle of the room there's a pile of burned bodies. Bullet marks are everywhere. There must have been a real battle here. The light is half-dimmed. The nearest light fixtures melted or cracked from the heat.

We quickly explore the surrounding area. We discover an infirmary and a kitchen. There's also a room locked with some sort of electrical lock. Only somebody ripped the panel out of the wall and the door cannot be opened. Bare cables are still sparking a bit. We find a magnetic card on a nearby body. We can't search everything here, so we have to prioritize.

Add 2 Ammo and 3 Shells to the Findings Pile.

► **"Let's search the infirmary"** – see s122.

► **"We could always use more food. Let's go to the kitchen."** – see s165.

► **"Let's do something about this lock." If there is at least 1 Electrical Part on the Findings Pile, you may repair the lock** – see s210.

s191 The corridor is long and narrow. It smells of damp and who knows what else. To go further, we have to squeeze through here. It's a big challenge; every single piece of equipment is a burden and hindrance, our backpacks barely fit in this tiny space. We have to admit that we didn't plan this very well. Another narrowing before us. Even without suffering from claustrophobia, you could get a panic attack in here. One after another, we squeeze through, tearing clothes and scraping skin.

"Help! I'm stuck and I can't move!" We hear suddenly.

One of us is wedged in the corridor. We try to help, pull him in by the arms, clothes, but it's all for nothing.

Suddenly, we can hear a noise coming from somewhere far away, and it's getting louder. Someone's running, dogs start barking.

"Come on! Over there! Get him!" a man shouts.

► **If only 1 Character is taking part in the Sewers Exploration, you must choose this option** – see s154.

► **We're not leaving anyone behind!** – choose 1 Character present and see s128.

► **We can't pull him out; let's save ourselves** – choose 1 Character present and see s134.

s192 The struggle with the handle finally pays off – the door opens and some fresh air flows inside. We climb up the stairs without caring what might await us outside.

You may immediately exit the Sewers to any of the 3 Locations.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s193 Roll the Black die for each Character present.

► **If at least 1 Character's result = 1, stop rolling for the remaining Characters** – see s111.

► **If each Character's result = 2-10** – see s233.

s194 We walk for a few dozen meters when Vlad stops and points at a rusted metal door set in the canal wall.

"Well, come on, don't be scared. I used to keep my tools in here. I took them a long time ago, but a few days ago someone must've left something else in there, because the lock is changed and I can't get inside."

It might be worthwhile to look in there. We thank Vlad for his help and move to the side to discuss the issue.

► **Without the right tools, there's nothing we can do here. Might as well not waste our time** – **BACK TO GAME.**

► **"We can break in there!" If there is a Lockpick on the Findings Pile, you may try to open the door** – see s169.

► **"We can break the door down! It's rusted and barely hanging on its hinges." If there is a Shovel on the Findings Pile, you may try to pry the door open** – see s182.

\$195 We rifle through the pockets of the fallen men, but apart from a now useless flashlight with a cracked case, we don't find anything. We unpack a few boxes from the shelves. Please, let it be some nice, fresh cans. Unfortunately, the cartons are full of car parts. We see spark plugs, gaskets, filters and even starter motors. We've killed people for scrap.

Add 1 Knife and 4 Mechanical Parts / Electrical Parts to the Findings Pile.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

\$196 The girl's body is painfully thin – it's obvious she was starving before she died. She's lying in a corner on a pile of rags, as if nothing was wrong, as if she just crouched down for a moment to catch her breath. She's holding a crumpled piece of paper in her fist. We take it and start reading:

"Zorica, just two more weeks until I come back for you. Be patient, be brave. I've organized everything here. We've got a place to live, some food and we can handle everything else. As long as we are together. No shooting in this part of the city. You will finally be able to sleep well. Wait for another message from me. Your Mirko"

It seems that Mirko did not show up. There's nothing here for us.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

\$197 We enter a wide part of the canal. Maybe we smell a stew cooking, but we're probably just imagining out of hunger and exhaustion. At one of the walls, right next to a passage leading further, a pile of rubble reaches the ceiling. As we're passing it, one of us trips over a piece of rebar sticking out from the debris. Trying to regain their balance, they lean against a stable-looking heap of rubble, which suddenly collapses. There's a loud crash as the stones and sheets of metal tumble down. Amid the clouds of dust we notice something surprising – behind a piece of wall cleverly hidden by the rubble lies another large part of the room. In its center, three frightened children are gathered around a makeshift table. Next to them, holding a saucepan, stands a pale woman in a polka-dot apron. For a moment, we all stare at each other without a word. Then, the woman casts the pan away, shields the children and grabs a huge butcher's knife from her belt. She aims it at us; her hand is shaking.

"You won't take my children!" she screams, and her expression tells us she won't give up without a fight.

► **We apologize for the mess and back out** – BACK TO GAME.

► **We try to calm the woman down** – see s152.

\$198 In return for showing us the hiding place, we give the old man a few small things. We part ways very happy with the encounter. Discard tokens with a total value of 10 or more from the Findings Pile.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = lower their Misery by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

\$199 We pass him and move on, watching just in case if the stranger is not going to do something nasty. You should always expect the worst of people found wandering around the sewers.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

\$200 We are cheering him on as well as we can. He's running in a zigzag pattern, while all around him the frozen grass is being shredded by machine gun fire. They must've been lying in ambush!

Roll the Red Combat die for the Character chosen earlier (the Character may use their Prowess) to check if and how many Wounds they suffered.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

\$201 The kid had to die with the lieutenant; we couldn't leave any witnesses. Two shots from their own weapons was all it took. And, anyway, the old man was so worn out he probably wouldn't have lived for much longer. We left the bodies where they fell – there was a long way to the exit. Anyway, no one will ever find them in this maze of corridors...

Add 1 Assault Rifle and 2 Ammo to the Findings Pile.

Raise the Misery of all Characters present by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

\$202 From a distance we can see the old, stooped man perching by the wall and gasping. The man, possibly aware of our presence, takes a few steps and disappears behind a corner.

► **Let's leave him alone; he's just an old man. He's no danger to us and he probably has nothing on him** – BACK TO GAME.

► **Let's talk for a while. Maybe he needs some help? After all, he's quite old** – see s181.

\$203 We run up to the vehicle, hoping that the person inside won't have enough time to shoot at us. Instead of bullets, we are bombarded by swearing. Apparently, he hasn't actually got a firearm. We walk around the tank, looking for a way to get at it. It turns out the armor is pierced in one spot. We light a rag and the stranger starts coughing, trapped in this huge, steel can with our smoke. We look at one another satisfied and we are rewarded with the distinctive sound of a hatch being opened. Someone who looks even more disheveled than we do appears – dressed in smelly rags with an impressive beard. The only thing that makes him remarkable is the headset he's wearing, which must have been inside the tank because he definitely doesn't look like a soldier. He is still coughing and his eyes are watering from the smoke. We quickly overpower him and search the smoky vehicle, not paying much attention to his groaning.

It's almost impossible to breathe inside. The stench of an unwashed body, a horrible mess – empty moonshine bottles, cans of food licked clean, some newspapers, piles of rags. Luckily, we find a few useful things whose worth the man didn't even realize.

After it's all over, we let him return to the tank. Anyway, we're not planning to stay here a minute longer. The sounds of battle have died down, so the soldiers are probably looking for new entertainment.

Add 1 Mechanical Part, 1 Electrical Part, 1 Weapon Part, 2 Shells, and 1 Ammo to the Findings Pile.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

\$204 We start backing out... Suddenly, the man reaches behind his back and pulls a shard of glass from his belt. He's surprisingly fast and agile, waving his weapon around and shouting at the top of his lungs. Before we can chase him off with a few well-placed kicks, he wounds some of us.

Distribute 2 Wounds among the Characters present.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

\$205 Dusk was slowly falling, so we picked up the pace. We were talking quietly and walking at a brisk, measured pace. He probably didn't hear us and we didn't hear him as he ran out of a side corridor. He crashed into one of us and they both went sprawling into the sludge oozing on the ground.

The man scrambles to his feet and quickly raises his hands in the air to show that he hasn't got anything except for a small backpack. His face is dirty and gaunt and his eyes are filled with fear. But the face, the eyes... seem somehow familiar. We peer at him in silence and then he starts to talk:

"I'm unarmed! I've got nothing! Please, don't hurt me! I got lost, but a moment ago I thought I knew this part of the sewers, so I started running. I have to get out of here before it gets dark. You probably don't want to spend the night here either, right?"

At these words, we notice his distinguishing accent. A moment's thought and we've got it. We recognize him as a man we used to see before this all started. He's a media star, TV's golden child from before the war, who presented the most important information programs for big stations. Talented, sharp, intelligent, mischievous, tenacious. Every evening we'd watch his verbal clashes with politicians. Others like him have either fled the country or are

working for the government, lying from the screen about what's happening here. And he's here...

► **We don't have time for his smooth talk** – BACK TO GAME.

► **Let's listen to how he ended up here. After all, it's not every day that you meet a real star** – see s179.

s206 We reach for our weapons. The guards react with lightning speed, much faster than we could've imagined. The tram echoes with gunshots...

Remove all Characters present from the game.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s207 "Get the f... out, you rats!", screams the big man, striking blindly with the butt of his rifle.

We sneak away, walking along the tram car. Others look at us with derision. Finally, they've found someone who's got even less than they do. Someone, who hasn't earned an audience with Bojan.

Distribute 2 Fatigue among the Characters present.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s208 We'd fought people before, but this was something completely different. The bear fought fiercely, desperately, and without any reserve. We couldn't avoid getting some wounds, but in the end we survived while it didn't, and that's what matters. You'd think we'd only encounter beasts in human form in a place like this...

Distribute 4 Wounds among the Characters present.

Add 3x Raw Food to the Findings Pile.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s209 This section was a part of the heating system. Wide pipes carried hot water into the apartments. Now cold and empty, they are a reminder of better times. The walls are lined with moldy mattresses with old blankets strewn over them. Further parts of the corridor are separated by makeshift curtains made out of plastic garbage bags. There are a lot of empty cans and rags here. Probably the homeless used to live here. People that we tried not to think about when the times were good. Now, when you can't find any warmth in the sewers, and a constant battle is raging on the surface, the inhabitants have abandoned their residence, though in some ways it seems safer and more cozy than our own shelter. We don't know, what happened to the people who inhabited this place. One thing's certain – no one has been here in a long time. We rifle through the pallets and find just a few items left behind after the move.

Add 2 Cigarettes, 1 Chems, and 1 Book to the Findings Pile.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

► **If Emira is present** – see s125.

s210 A moment's fumbling with the cables and we manage to connect the torn out panel. We slide the card and the door opens with a quiet grinding noise. Inside we see monitors – they take up a whole wall. They show some dozen places within the shelter, including the door through which we entered. Some are dark, others sprayed with dry blood. In the middle of this room, a soldier sits on a swivel chair. A gaping gunshot wound obscures part of his tilted head. Strange that nothing has touched him yet. Somebody must have locked the door before leaving.

We check the corpse, take anything of value and take a quick look around the room. It turns out that someone took all the tapes out of the recorders and the cameras are only showing live feeds. At least we're safe. We spend a moment staring dumbly at the screens. It's been months since we watched normal TV. Suddenly, someone says a strangled:

"Oh, fu...!"

A screen is showing several armed men walking along one of the shelter's corridors.

We rush out and run at breakneck speed. We pass tunnel after tunnel, barely paying any attention to the signs we left earlier. We stumble over the body that greeted us here. Our hearts are pounding from the exertion and we keep fleeing blindly through the tunnels, hoping those men won't pick up our trail!

Add 1 Pistol and 2 Ammo to the Findings Pile.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

Forfeit the Sewers Exploration.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s211 We pass the fire at a quick pace, and then we run on, still expecting an ambush. The can must have been a bait. No sane person would have just left it over a fire... The weak flame disappears behind a corner and we can only think about what would have happened if someone had caught us there.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s212 Quick, under the next car! We are crawling over the sharp gravel as fast as we can, as if the devil himself was chasing us. We are making a lot of noise, but that can't be helped. A shot is fired, then another and one more. We freeze, hugging the old wooden boards. Is everyone OK? Did they hit anyone? We stay silent, not moving... Suddenly, we hear a hearty laugh:

"That peashooter of yours can't even punch through the floor!"

"It was probably rats anyway. Better pour another one."

We crawl on, get up from the rails and start running, just to leave those people behind, whoever they are.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s213 Wide corridors are rare enough that we greet each one with relief. We can finally straighten our backs and the air seems less stuffy. We are marching with more of a spring in our step, when the sidewalk starts to noticeably slope downwards. Water appears at the bottom. Oily, rainbow-colored globs of gasoline float on its surface, together with lots of rubbish. There's everything here, from sodden wood to plastic bags and containers. Their vivid colors contrast with the gray walls. The water is getting deeper. It's extremely cold. We notice the ceiling is getting lower and lower to finally disappear beneath the water's surface. If we want to go on, we have to dive into this freezing dumpster. We don't know how long the submerged section of the corridor is.

► **The risk is too great. We won't be successful today. We have to go back** – forfeit the Sewers Exploration. BACK TO GAME.

► **We must risk it** – see s119.

s214 There was no point in staying in this charnel house any longer. Most of the bottles behind the bar turned out to be empty, but under the counter we found some not completely spoiled food. We also searched the bodies. They must've been deserters... but who even cares about the color of someone's uniform anymore?

Add 1 Pistol, 2 Vegetables and 1x 100% Alcohol to the Findings Pile.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s215 We pass the woman. She starts howling, drops to her knees. We hear some words, maybe a boy's name. There's nothing we can do; there are hundreds of people like her in the city, maybe thousands.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s216 One of us gets close to the man and grabs the gun. It's sticky, but maybe it's just dirt? A moment's struggle, and the gun is out of the dead man's stiff hand. We check – there are still a few bullets inside. Maybe the corpse has more on it, but we're not brave enough to search through its pockets. We leave, praying that we don't end up the same way.

Roll the Black die for the Character chosen earlier (the Character may use their Prowess):

A result of 1-3 – raise the Character's Illness by 2.

A result of 4-6 – raise the Character's Illness by 1.

A result of 7-10 – no effect.

Add 1 Pistol and 2 Ammo to the Findings Pile.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s217 We quickly exchange knowing glances: blind the bandits with our flashlights and take off running at full speed into the dark corridor. A few seconds of pure joy – we've done it, they're not

shooting! Then we're deafened by the bang of automatic fire. Only after passing the first corner can we check if we're all in one piece.

Roll the Black Die for each Character present (each Character may use their Prowess).

A result of 1 = remove the Character from the game.

A result of 2-3 = raise the Character's Wounds by 2.

A result of 4-5 = raise the Character's Wounds by 1.

A result of 6-10 = no effect.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s218

They are still crawling all over us... Will this ever end? Will we ever get them out of our clothes, out of the rotting vegetables that have become a staple of our diet, out of the half-open cans of dog food we've been keeping for a really rough patch? Will they manage to leave the bottles of musty water, in which they've been swimming for the last few hours, thrashing their tiny legs fiercely?

Just the thought of that tight tunnel makes everyone's skin crawl. We should've kept to wider corridors, but some stranger we met by absolute chance told us of a "shortcut" to a safe manhole, away from sniper positions and eyes of looters. And so we went inside, barely fitting into the narrow pipe. We had to push our stuff ahead of us, then spent long minutes struggling with stench and darkness. Finally, that sound... Like someone using their fingernails to beat out a chaotic rhythm on a bar table. One of us shined a flashlight ahead and it all became terribly clear – some insect migration. A call of nature or maybe lack of food wherever they had been before. Damn bugs. We couldn't move in any direction and could only wait for them to crawl over us, getting into every fold in our clothes. It lasted an eternity. There was no point in crushing them, though God knows that each one of us did their best.

When they finally disappeared, we crawled out of the pipe in record time. We should probably burn all our things, because who knows what crap those pests had walked over. But how could we afford it? We must hope that we've managed to gain immunity to any possible disease in this forsaken city...

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s219

We spend hours blundering around the stinking tunnels, afraid to exit through an untested manhole. In the end, we decide to go back. We've already wasted too much time to spare any for searching for supplies.

Forfeit the Sewers Exploration.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s220

We make our way to the city outskirts. The bear is walking with his minder like a dog. We can get a closer look at it now. It emaciated and losing hair. Like us all, it has spent way too much time in these conditions.

A light appears far ahead of us – probably a flame, quite possibly a fire, and not a lamp. People in uniforms are sitting around it. The bear must've felt food – its muscles move beneath the skin and scarce fur, like it's getting ready to jump. Nikolai grabs it by the skin on the nape of its neck, but it seems he won't be able to control it.

► **We wait to see how this will play out. None of us want to get into a wrestling match with a hungry bear** – see s133.

► **We help the man push and pull the bear in turn, just to keep the bear from running to the fire. We've passes a side corridor recently, so we try to walk around this outpost** – see s183.

s221

Hiding from a group of strangers, we duck down a side corridor we were avoiding. We traveled for a long time through the dark tunnel, when suddenly some red diodes appeared in the darkness, up on the ceiling. A moment later some halogen lights came on and everything was bathed in light.

We stayed in place only because our night vision was shot. We would have crashed into one another while trying to flee. No one responded to our sudden appearance and our eyes got used to the bright light. We noticed industrial cameras pointed our way. A bit deeper in, maybe some twenty meters, we saw a wide-open steel door.

Now, we're on the threshold, with a body at our feet. Not much remains – the rats left only bones, though scraps of uniform and a rusted weapon do tell us something. We start to wonder if the rats we caught yesterday didn't feed right here.

Someone has vomited. It's better to focus on what we should do next. The door is very stout, more like something you'd find on a ship or submarine. On the other side it bears shallow dents from bullets and scratches. The corridor behind them looks nothing like a sewer or basement. We see stenciled white letters and a lot of warning signs on the military-green walls within. What the heck is this?

► **This can't end well. Let's get out of here** – BACK TO GAME.

► **Let's at least search the body, if we don't want to go further in** – see s117.

► **We have to go in – we'll never get another opportunity like this!** – see s163.

s222

They've passed us. We wait for at least ten minutes, just to be sure, then leave our hiding place. We take a box off the shelf, tear off the plastic wrap. It's car parts. Couplings, brake blocks, shock absorbers. It must've been worth a fortune once, but now it's just scrap. We grab a few things that look useful and go back to the interceptor.

Add 4 Mechanical Parts / Electrical Parts to the Findings Pile.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s223

It's a basement of an apartment block. We tried to get to the surface, but the stairs were completely blocked by rubble. Maybe the block collapsed during a bombing? We look around. Someone seems to have lived recently in one of the units. We notice something like a bed made out of rags, also some empty food jars. We search the floor, but find nothing. They must've had enough time to pack well.

We are about to leave, when a beam of light accidentally hits the bare brick wall. A piece of tape holds a picture drawn entirely in green crayon. Three small figures and a large one are shown at the bottom. Above them is a plane dropping round and oval bombs. We are reminded of other drawings, accompanied by a child's smile – joyful, full of colors, in which green was used for the treetops in city parks and neighborhood squares, or for the dresses of mothers coming after work to pick the children up from kindergartens. Now, tree stumps are everywhere and we can only watch them after dark in fear of sniper fire.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s224

You may buy any of these tokens (see Journal: TRADE sheet):

Red: Weapon Parts, Knife (maximum 1),

Yellow: Chems,

Grey: Jewelry, Lockpick (maximum 1),

Green: Cigarettes, Moonshine.

Trade Commission: 2.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

s225

Probably during one of the bombings, the ceiling collapsed in here. We clamber up the pieces of concrete and brick, feeling a huge space opening up above us. Our flashlights drag the outlines of hundreds of once fancy cars out of the darkness. Some are rammed into the walls and columns of this underground parking lot, others are still standing just like their owners left them. In some, drivers are sitting behind the wheels, caught just as they were about to go to their now-ruined homes. A blocked exit and ripped open gas pipe clarify what happened here. Some cars burned up. There's dust and soot everywhere, and it rises up into the air with our every step, limiting visibility and making breathing difficult.

► **Let's leave this cemetery** – BACK TO GAME.

► **It might be worthwhile to take a look around here. After all, we might just find something valuable** – see s112.

s226

A moment's work and we manage to open the door. Small pieces fall off the ceiling; it creaks ominously for a moment, but then goes quiet. We walk out into a corridor. We can clearly see that it is a short length of an underpass, blocked at both ends. The only places standing are the toilet through which we got in and a pawn shop across from it, with a huge sign encouraging people to pay a visit. Dust and darkness have diminished its charm somewhat, but not enough to discourage us from entering.

Inside, it reeks horribly. In a corner, we see a heavily decomposed corpse on a makeshift bed. Judging by how the place looks, whoever

it was spent a few days in here before dying, waiting for a rescue that never came. At the end of his life the man must have gone mad with grief, as all the display cases are smashed and glass covers every last bit of the floor. The same thing happened to the TVs lining the wall and to the jewelry case. The till's drawer was ripped out and is still full of now useless banknotes. We'll probably find a few things in here, but most of it is just junk.

Add 1 Jewelry and 2 Electrical Parts to the Findings Pile.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s227 We devoted a lot of time to searching the pub. In the back, we found a box with some photos and letters. Most of them feature a thirtyish woman from the framed picture. Her name was Ljubica. One of the photos – dated from over a year ago, just before the war – showed her, the dead man and maybe five or six others, All in uniforms, smiling, armed. And three of them. It's hard to tell, but they might have had their final whiskey in this pub. That would explain the expired medicines and some sort of poison hidden under the counter. The man must have had his reasons to end the friendship in this way. That's none of our business.

Add 1 Pistol, 2 Vegetables and 1x 100% Alcohol to the Findings Pile.

After exiting the Sewers to any Location, you will begin Scavenging with 2 Exploration cards less in the Unknown deck.

You may immediately exit the Sewers to any of the 3 Locations.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s228 The kid isn't as helpless as he seemed. He dodges the blow and starts blindly hitting with the rifle's wooden butt. A shot rings out. In the cramped space, it sounds like a bomb going off. Instinctively, we drop to the ground and the young soldier disappears into the darkness. Luckily, the bullet hit the brick wall. Our ears are still ringing when we clumsily get up off the floor.

Distribute 2 Wounds among the Characters present.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s229 At first, our companion's condition seems to improve – for the first time in several days, they go to sleep without a fever. In the morning we find them cold, with dried spittle on their lips, wrapped up in a tangled blanket.

▶ **Remove the Character who took the expired medicines from the game – BACK TO GAME.**

s230 We sneak back into Marina's hideout. The whole group is eating. We burst in suddenly, intent on overpowering the woman, but the hysterical children join the fray. We are quickly losing control of the situation. In the heat of battle, the teacher is thrown into a wall and slides to the floor. A growing puddle of blood makes us realize that she must have fallen on her own knife.

The children are overcome by hysteria. Their deafening shrieks echo through the sewers. We try to calm them down, but they just cling to Marina's cooling body like newborn puppies to their mother. We try to drag the children away, but they scratch and bite us, not willing to leave. It doesn't seem we can do anything here and the screams might draw someone here. Smearred with the woman's blood, we won't inspire anyone's trust. It's best to get away, even if it means condemning the children to death.

Raise the Misery of all Characters present by 1.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s231 He can't be normal if he's traveling ahead of us in complete darkness – without a flashlight, a lamp or even a lit match. Before we can decide what to do about him, he turns around nervously and, on seeing us, raises his arms.

"Don't hurt me," he says. He's in his fifties, he's got a gray, homely face, and we can see he hasn't eaten anything in a while. "Give me some food! Just a slice!" he begs desperately.

▶ **We haven't got too much food ourselves. Let him manage on his own, as well as he can. We move on – see s199.**

▶ **We can't offer him any food, but maybe we can help him in some other way? – see s140.**

▶ **Here, take this and chew it slowly, it will last longer – discard 1 green token from the Findings Pile and see s188.**

s232 We press on. The tunnel is getting narrower and the hum – louder. The squeaking of rats reaches us, but it's already too late to go back. We can only cover our faces and try to bat away the rodents with panicked movements. The living wave rolls over us, biting and scratching us painfully. It lasts maybe a moment and then we're alone again, praying that we didn't catch anything from that sewer vermin.

Raise the Illness or Wounds of any Character present by 1.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s233 We have managed to safely cross the room and search the bodies of several soldiers. Though our hands are covered in dried blood and we smell of rotting meat, at least the dead men have given us a fighting chance of surviving another day. Maybe one of us will say a prayer for them after the war. Right now, we have no time to spare.

Add 1 Canned Food, 5 Cigarettes, 1 Broken Assault Rifle, 2 Weapon Parts, and 3 Ammo to the Findings Pile.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s234 At first reserved and vary, after a few minutes of conversation some of the smugglers – especially the ones from outside the city – seem to open a bit. Up to this point they haven't realized how tough it is to survive in the ruins of Pogoren. For them the war has been just another way to make profit. Although they have no real interest in helping us out, they show us the shortest route to get out of the sewers.

You may immediately exit the Sewers to any of the 3 Locations.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

s235 They came at night. They shot through the lock in our door, stormed inside and overpowered the guard. They ordered us to get out and drop our weapons, threatening to kill him. They looked like a lot of other soldiers roaming around the city. Deserters? Mercenaries? Definitely not the regular army or the soldiers from the peace zone. One came out to the front. A bearded man with a foreign accent:

"You've got something that belongs to me!" We looked at one another, confused. He pointed to one of us. "Hey, you! Get your ass over here! Not long ago you were in a military shelter and searched a body. Give us everything you found on it."

Our companion leaves and brings the stranger got a rusty gun and dog tags.

"Why would I want this crap?" the stranger barked out, throwing the gun aside. He peered at the tags, took out a notebook and wrote something down. Then he put everything away. "I've got a message for you."

He nodded at his companions. They rushed at us and started systematically beating all of us with butts of their guns. With no emotion. They didn't even get out of breath as we were screaming with pain and fear. Then they suddenly stopped.

"You've been asking around about that corpse like you've got nothing better to do. That was your first and last mistake. We've decided not to kill you like dogs, because you have no idea what you're meddling in, but this is the last warning. Here and now you will forget about that place and everything you saw there. Then I'll forget about your pathetic little house. If not, I'll be back and won't leave a single stone standing."

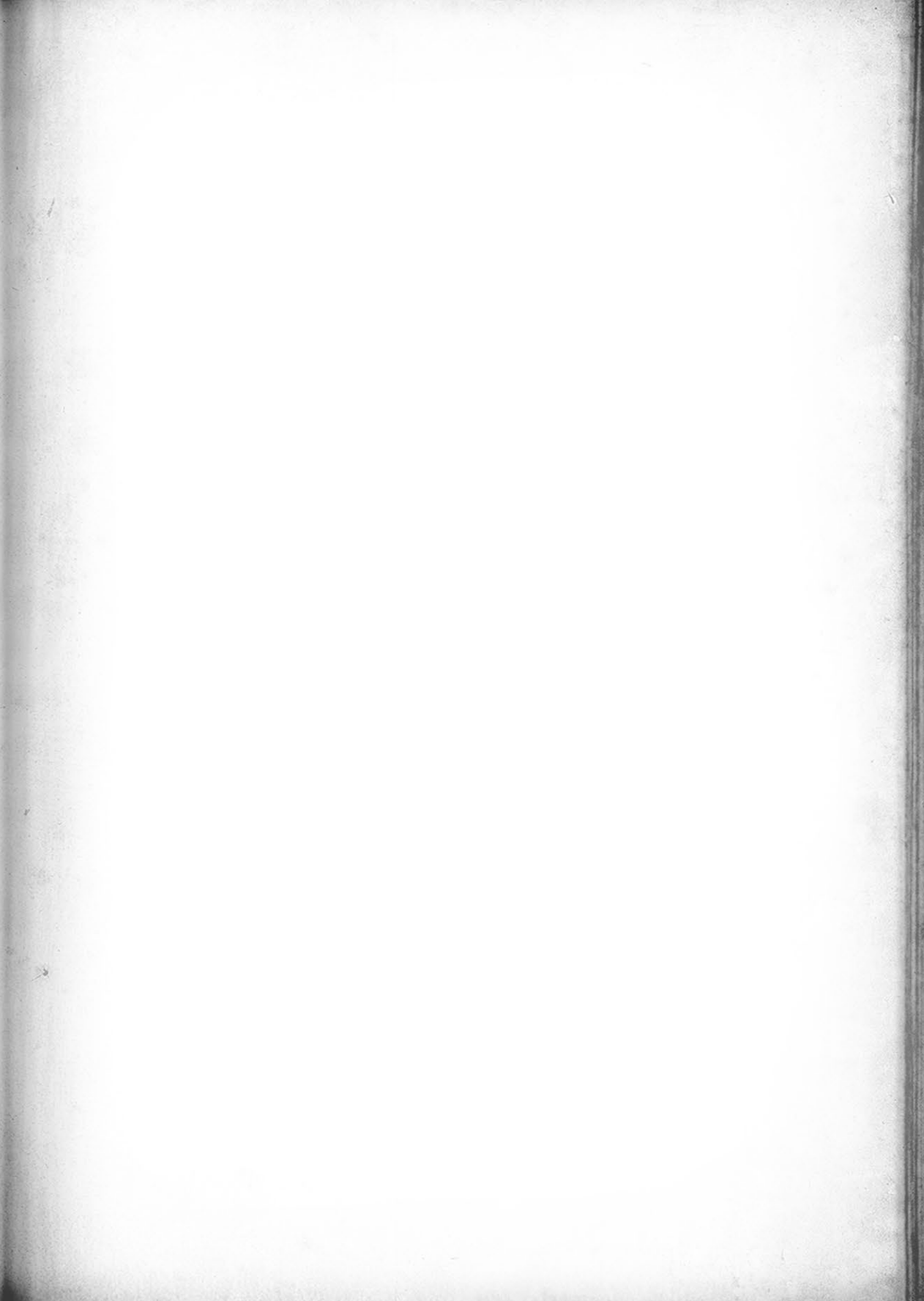
They left. We lay on the cold concrete floor, staring at one another, surprised to be still alive.

Remove the "Dog-tag" token from the game.

Distribute 2 Wounds among the Characters present.

From now on the military shelter from the script s221 is no longer accessible. If a Reality Impact would instruct you resolve this script, ignore it and BACK TO GAME.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**



CHAPTER 2: FARMERS

F1 We can hear the artillery firing somewhere behind the apartment block. Missiles are flying over our heads, but we manage to safely reach the market – this time they are bombarding the western districts. We walk among the stalls. Out of nowhere, some man accosts us. He's got shifty eyes, and his clothes, like everyone's, are dirty and ragged. He pulls back the front of his jacket, revealing a gun in its pocket.

"I've got a handful of bullets for it, and I'll give it to you for some food."

► **"Thanks, but we don't need a gun"** – see f153.

► **We shouldn't waste such an opportunity. "Take the food!"** – discard green tokens with a total value of 15 or more from the Findings Pile and f70.

F2 The story goes like this: a high-ranking officers set his heart on her. She used to be a foreign movie star or maybe a top model. When the fighting started, she couldn't escape. Being clever and resourceful, she found herself a patron, but even he wasn't able to get her out of the city. Or maybe he didn't want to? Or perhaps she was too famous. If she had got out, she would have been interviewed on TV, and the guy would have been executed. Every gossip has an opinion.

Anyway, now she lives like a queen among the ruins. As if the siege didn't even concern her. If something happened to her, this place would be razed to the ground. There must be a reason why everyone is treating her with kid gloves.

► **People talk all the time. Half of the story must be rubbish.**

► **We have to speak with her in person** – see f87.

► **We don't care even if she's a queen. We will ambush the two of them outside the market** – see f163.

► **We give up. The more we know about her, the less we want to meet her** – BACK TO GAME.

F3 We're in luck today. By the road leading to the market, there is an old van covered in faded red paint. Its owner is sitting in the back, leaned against a sack of large, ripe potatoes.

"Want to buy some? No problem, but I need antibiotics for my kid. Got any?"

► **"Actually, we've got some medicine on us"** – if there is at least 1 Meds token on the Findings Pile, you may discard it. If you do, see f55.

► **"Wait here. We'll get what you need"** – see f113.

► **"Thanks for the offer, but we don't need any food today"** – see f139.

F4 We jump over a cart with some wares, then over a makeshift stall, and dart between the crowd. People are still throwing rocks in a frenzy, but we pay them no mind. Fleeing, we knock some people over; someone's shouting.

We escape into the open. We're chased only by projectiles and swearing. Finally, we get between some buildings. Here we can count the bruises and ask ourselves what it was that we have done.

Distribute 2 Wounds among the Characters present.

Remove the **Unconscious** Character from the game.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F5 We turn around and run. We hear footsteps behind us. On instinct, we clench our teeth, waiting for the shot to ring. They catch up to us. A few shoves and we land in the dust. Heavy boots pin us to the ground.

"It's not them," the words are muffled by the balaclava. *"And what did you run for, huh?"* says one of the soldiers and brutally kicks one of us in the kidneys.

That explosion of pain is the last souvenir from the unit. They leave us laying on the ground.

Distribute 1 Wound among the Characters present.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F6 We're going back. After what happened at the market, we should probably not show our faces there for some time. We're running from cover to cover towards our shelter. We can hear someone doing the same thing behind us. We hear their footsteps

on the gravel. A quick jump into a gateway and we see a man – he's alone. We must decide what we should do now.

► **Let's go back home. We're not the only people avoiding sniper fire in this city** – see f72.

► **Let's ambush the stranger. We'll force him to tell us why he's been following us** – see f116.

F7 It turns out that the bodyguards were exceptionally nice in comparison to the vendors. Most of them watch us sullenly without speaking and don't want to trade even when we offer some really good stuff. At last, we find a vendor willing to trade with us. As we're talking to him, we notice a boy who's watching us keenly.

► **Who cares about the boy? We have a deal to cut** – see f91.

► **We approach the boy. He clearly wants something from us** – see f168.

F8 As we walk, we can think only about what would've happened if we hadn't heard him. Our shelter would've burned down, and with it our supplies, and possibly so would we... How could we cause people to hate us so much? We should avoid the market from now on, or we will end up badly.

MOLOTOV COCKTAILS:

Write down "Molotov Cocktails, f8, 111" on a Blank token and place it on the Findings Pile.

Treat it as a red token with a value of 5 and a weight of 1 for each line.

During any Combat, you may cross out 1 line from the token to use 1 Molotov cocktail instead of making a standard Combat die roll for 1 of the Characters present. Roll the Black die.

A result of 1 – the cocktail explodes in our hands, the Character suffers 2 Wounds.

A result of 2-5 – the throw is a miss, the cocktail brakes a few meters too far doing no harm to anyone.

A result of 6-10 – the cocktail hits and each Enemy suffers 1 Wound.

When you cross out the last line, remove the Molotov Cocktails token from the game.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F9 *"It would've been better to make moonshine instead of roving through the mountains... No one wants to buy this stuff,"* he says sadly.

We notice that beneath the beard his cheeks are sunken, and the jacket of his shoulder has some traces of milk. He's probably got a child.

► **"We'll buy the rope." Who knows, it might come in handy** – discard green tokens with a value of 5 or more from the Findings Pile and see f36.

► **"We'd like to help, but we're starving ourselves"** – see f160.

F10 We ask the merchants one by one. They look at us warily, shake their heads. We know that some of them are lying, but they just won't sell us the drugs, and that's that. Today's opportunity will pass us by. What a pity.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F11 The kid looks at us reproachfully and keeps rubbing his hand, like we've hurt him. We notice people staring at us. We don't want to make a spectacle. We wait a moment for the thief to realize it's all over and go away. That's when we leave, too. It takes us a while to notice the kid did not leave empty-handed.

Discard 1 least expensive token from the Findings Pile.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F12 The people are silent. Even in the dark we can tell they're no longer looking at the youth with the cracked skull, but at us. We feel cold under their stares.

► **We try to push through and escape** – see f45.

► **"We're sorry, take our things, just let us leave"** – see f130.

F13 We leave without looking behind us. Still, we can't rid ourselves of the thought of the tiny boy clinging to his mother's dirty clothes.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F14 We take off running. They didn't expect us to be so brazen, so we have some advantage at the start. Unfortunately, it doesn't last long – the longer we run, the more we can see they won't give up. Endurance is what counts.

Roll the Black die for each Character present (each Character may use their Prowess).

► **A result of 1-3** – when the first Character present obtains this result, see f178.

► **A result of 4-10** – if all Characters present obtain this result, see f129.

F15 "Oh, so you think you're tough guys!", says the man with the rifle, smiling, and a second later one of us falls to the ground hit on the head with the wooden butt. "Anyone else? Good, now keep digging!"

Choose 1 Character present and raise their Wounds by 1.

► **Frightened, we keep digging** – see f66.

F16 When we approach her, she shudders and points the gun at us: "Stay back. Don't come any closer, or I'll shoot you! Leave me alone!"

Despite the fact that her hands are shaking, it's clear that one of us might get hurt before we manage to disarm her. So we stand still. We try earnestly to convince her no one intends to hurt her. It appears that we might succeed, until one of us takes a step toward the girl. Her reaction is instant:

"*Hadiha is unforgivable, don't get any closer!*" she yells.

Then she puts the gun to her head. When she pulls the trigger, another gunshot echoes above the ruins and the girl's body falls down on the ground. The gun slips from her hand and disappears among the rubble.

► **Let's get out of here. We cannot help her and all this shooting will certainly draw some locals here** – see f158.

► **We look for the gun. We cannot leave a perfectly good weapon behind** – see f44.

F17 It's amazing that this poor substitute for a marketplace still functions. We keep coming here even though it's hard to find anything useful in the piles of rubbish. At least we can meet some rational people here.

The muted sounds of a brawl come from behind a partly demolished wall. The stallholders glare with suspicion in the direction of the dispute, but no one seems inclined to check what's going on.

► **Let's see what's happening. Maybe we can stop the conflict from becoming a fight?** – see f64.

► **This isn't the first brawl in the marketplace, nor is it the last one. We keep searching for something of interest** – see f106.

F18 We scour for some dry wood among the ruins and drain gasoline from nearby car wrecks. A few moments later the greyness of the dawn is pierced by a fast growing flame. None of us wants to wait for fire to reach the spot where we left the child.

Raise the Misery of each Character present by 1.

Write down "Ill child, f18" on a Blank token and slide it under the top card of the Night Raids deck. When you would draw a card this token was placed on, remove this token from the game and roll the Black die.

► **A result of 1** – see f41.

► **A result of 2-10** – see f108.

► **Meanwhile BACK TO GAME.**

F19 Following the boy, we pass the tenements surrounding the square. Suddenly, when we start thinking we've lost him among the ruins, we can hear a quiet whistle under the arcade.

"Hey, you there, come here!" says a young voice. "I've got a story for you. I've seen and heard some things. No one here likes you, but I am hungry. Share your bread, and I'll share my news."

► **You may discard any green tokens with a total value of 10 or more. If you do** – see f105.

► **"Save your secrets for yourself"** – see f155.

F20 Something whistles through the air and hits one of us on the head. We can only watch our companion slump to the ground, bleeding. More rocks fall. They're coming from all directions. We cover our heads. We don't have much time to think.

Randomly choose 1 Character present and raise their Wounds by 1. Until a script instructs you to go BACK TO GAME, the Character remains Unconscious.

► **If only 1 Character is participating in this Scavenging, you must choose this option. Remove this Character from the game. BACK TO GAME.**

► **Let's leave our unconscious companion and run** – see f4.

► **We try to flee together with our unconscious companion** – see f69.

► **We hide under the stall, pulling our unconscious companion under the cover** – see f107.

F21 We shake our heads, letting them know that we won't join them today, and move on, trying not to pay attention to the fact that the local drunks didn't like our refusal.

Lower the Tolerance by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F22 People are lying next to us, unmoving. A bit further, soldiers have fallen to the ground, too – the ones who came to check on the suspicious activity. Some of them are shooting back, uncertainly, in different directions. They, just like us, have no idea what's happening.

Then a machine gun fires from the armored vehicle. Long, orange streaks cut through the darkness. Bullets, earth and pieces of rubble are flying all around us. The wounded are screaming, but not like in the movies... Their shouts you want to cry.

Distribute 1 Wound among the Characters present.

► **We crawl away** – see f184.

► **We wait to see how this will end** – see f157.

F23 We start looking for some sort of carriage or trolley – anything that would help us transport the girl to the hospital. In a few moments, we chance upon an old man pulling two-wheel cart full of garbage. We quickly tell him what the problem is. Finally, he agrees to lend his cart – for a price.

► **If you discard tokens with a total value of 10 or more from the Findings Pile** – see f115.

► **If there are no such tokens on the Findings Pile or you decide not to discard them** – see f131.

F24 Some dozen minutes pass. Then a voice behind us says: "Alright, that's enough."

We clearly hear the trigger move beneath the thug's finger...

Remove all Characters present from the game.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F25 Our faces are pressed to the ground, waiting for the strike. The roar of engines gets louder, but nothing else happens. After a moment that lasts an eternity, the hum fades. The helicopters make a circle and leave without making a single shot.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F26 *"Get the fu... away!"*
"Haven't you got enough?!"
"Thieves and bums!"

First, the crowd hurls invectives at us, then comes the first rock, quickly joined by more, and finally some man jumps out from among the sellers and starts pummeling us. Others join him. And even more... We haven't got a chance, there's just too many of them. We try to get away, but wherever we go, we run into a wall of enraged people.

In the end, we jump over a stall, knocking it over, and run away chased by curses, still feeling the rocks on our backs.

Distribute 3 Wounds among the Characters present..

Lower the Tolerance by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F27 One of us stoops and pretends to look for something in their backpack. The trader glances up, but quickly loses interest. When he turns back to the dog, we become richer by several apples, and we can slip away before anyone notices.

Add 2 Vegetables to the Findings Pile.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F28 One of the traders falls unconscious to the ground and we step back, begging the others to listen to us. We must stop this madness before someone dies!

► See f103.

F29 One of us takes a careless step and falls to the ground with a loud thump. Upon hearing the noise, the men turn on their flashlights and ruin our night vision for a moment. That's all they need to vanish in the shadows.

What a night! We've lost so much stuff and now one of us has twisted their ankle. It's going to be a long trek back home.

Distribute 1 Wound among the Characters present.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F30 We crawl along the frozen ground. People run up and try to kick us... sometimes successfully.

We escape into open space. We're chased only by projectiles and swearing. Finally, we get between some buildings. Here we can count the bruises and ask ourselves what it was that we have done.

Distribute 2 Wounds among the Characters present.

Remove the **Unconscious** Character from the game.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F31 We keep a safe distance. They are easy to follow; we just need to watch for the glint of their flashlights. We follow in the dim moonlight. We know the neighborhood anyway. A few minutes later, they turn off their flashlights and when we approach, we can hear them talking and laughing behind a pile of rubble.

"I can't believe they fell for it," crows the older man.

"They almost pissed themselves when you showed them the gun. Did you see that?" his son responds.

"Tomorrow we must find more losers to rob."

It seems we have a chance to get our stuff back.

► **All in all, they still got the gun. This is not going to end well. Let's get out of here** – **BACK TO GAME.**

► **We try to sneak closer** – see f95.

F32 We're trying to enter the marketplace. The same bodyguards we are used to paying off with small trinkets now don't even want to look at us. Apparently, we've had it coming.

After some serious haggling, we agree on a suitably expensive bribe. But do we want to pay it?

► **You may discard any tokens with a total value of 10 or more from the Findings Pile. If you do** – see f7.

► **It's a waste of resources. If they don't want us here, we'd better go** – see f155.

F33 There's nobody to see us. Everybody else scattered for cover. We grab a few items from the nearest stall and run toward the buildings, hoping to get behind the gate before anyone is hit by a shrapnel.

Add green tokens with a value of 5 or more to the Findings Pile. Lower the Tolerance by 1 for each 5 worth of tokens (rounding up) added this way.

► **If you add tokens with a value of 10 or more this way** – see f102.

► **Otherwise** – **BACK TO GAME.**

F34 Our silence has been interpreted as admitting guilt. They drag us to the makeshift gallows. Strong ropes are produced. There is no chance to escape the tight hold. Each one of us has a noose around their neck. It's getting tighter. Silence falls, only to be broken by the woman's tearful question:

"Where is my child?"

► **"We truly don't know!"** – see f159.

► **"Leave us alone. It's all a huge mistake!"** – see f93.

F35 Nice weather tonight makes us stay at the marketplace a little longer. After wandering around for a while we see a group of locals gathered around a small, hand-crafted table. On the table there's a pile of cigarettes, some canned food and half a loaf of bread wrapped in an old rag. When they notice us watching, they quickly hide the cards they are holding and cover the things on the table – just as if we caught them in the act. We feel tension – their faces show discontent and the man send unfriendly stares. Suddenly one of them, with a scar on his face, whispers something to the others and then speaks to us out loud,

"Are you playin'? Or maybe you're chicken?"

► **Seeing all those food cans on the table is making us hungry!** – set aside any tokens with a total value of 10 or more from the Findings Pile and see f73.

► **It's not worth taking a risk** – see f128.

F36 He smiles like we've just showered him with gold.

"Take this one, it was with me on Trollryggen and saved my life. Like it's doing now."

We take the rope and put it into our backpack. We take out some food and give it to the mountaineer. He looks at it hungrily, but with hesitation.

"I'll leave it for my wife. She hasn't eaten for... some time."

Write down "Climbing Rope, f36" on a Blank token and place it on the Findings Pile.

If, during the resolution of the previous script, you discarded green tokens with a total value of at least 10 from the Findings Pile, roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = lower their Misery by 1.

CLIMBING ROPE:

Treat this token as a grey token with a value of 5 and a weight of 1.

If you have the Climbing Rope with you during a Scavenging, you may ignore the Climb up Exploration card – draw a new card from the Exploration deck. Additionally, any time during a Scavenging, you may remove the Climbing Rope from the game to add 5 cards from the Exploration deck to the Unknown deck.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F37 We're about to go away laden with our newly acquired things when the vendor says with some hesitation:

"Some guys came to me. They described you and said you were rotten sons of a b... They said they had hired someone from their village to teach you a lesson. I didn't chip in for their pay, but I was told that it's better to avoid the area to the east of the square because they may beat anyone who walks there. I've traded with you, we've shaken hands. I don't need your blood on my hands."

We thank the man and leave the square.

► **We take a further route to steer clear of the area east of the marketplace** – see f179.

► **To hell with them. Let's see what they've got for us** – see f155.

F38 Eight men appear quite suddenly: balaclavas, assault rifles and night-vision goggles pulled back on their foreheads. They head straight for us, trampling goggles lying on the ground and flipping over tables. People scramble to get out of their way; some even drop to the floor to avoid them.

► **We run** – see f5.

► **We move aside. Slowly...** – see f186.

F39 As they sit there, they look like some council of the elders. Maybe they used to be mayors or other officials in their villages. And here they are just sellers of rotten food. Usually, that is. They must have felt some hankering after the old times today.

"For stealing five of my apples," says the first.

"For tattling on me to the soldiers," says the second.

"For failing to help when Jasenka's people were stealing my wares," concludes the third.

What's that about? Are we supposed to be responsible for any injustice taking place in this damn market?

► **We start objecting** – see f114.

► **We keep quiet. Maybe if they let some of the steam off, they'll leave us in peace** – see f171.

F40 Suddenly a man comes rushing from behind a destroyed fountain more than thirty steps away. As he grabs hold of the girl, his leg blooms crimson with blood. He hobbles a few more steps and falls. He's managed to push the girl behind some cover and is slowly crawling in her direction. A well-aimed bullet stops his efforts.

When the shooting stops, a few well-concealed stallholders look at us with loathing. They saw that we could help the child but didn't. News travels fast here. Something tells us we won't be welcome here any longer.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1

Lower the Tolerance by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F41 A few days have passed since our encounter with the ill child. One of us comes down with a fever, and it's clear; we're infected. We dispose of our clothes, but we cannot take a bath or get rid of – now seemingly ubiquitous – lice. Medication is our only chance, but where can we find some?

Raise the Illness of each Character present by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F42 The night is unnaturally bright. People are afraid of snipers, so they are sitting close to the walls of the buildings around the marketplace. Hardly anyone dares to speak. All of a sudden, a scoundrel dressed in a faded uniform enters the scene. He's accompanied by two bodyguards armed to the teeth. The lowlife wanders the marketplace as if he owned it. He walks from stall to stall, stabbing his greedy finger at the things he likes. He doesn't pay for anything and anyone who tries to object is threatened or hit with the butt of a gun. Nobody wants to stand up to this petty warlord.

The group stops at the next stall. The honcho apparently likes the stallholder's daughter. They argue for a while and when the girl clearly refuses to go with him, his thugs turn over the gig which serves as the stall. One of them aims at the stallholder with a gun, while the other drags the kicking and screaming girl behind dilapidated garages. The scoundrel threatens the girl's father and follows his bodyguard and their victim.

► **It's better to leave quietly. We can't help anyway** – roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1. **BACK TO GAME.**

► **We can't let that happen** – see f181.

F43 A man tries to shield his head from the blows raining down on him from above. Two beefy men – we think they are vendors – are going to beat him to death if we don't help!

► **We have to stop it!** – see f80.

► **We'd better not intervene, or we might get a walloping, too** – see f99.

F44 We are busy looking for her gun and don't notice a group of market visitors until it is too late to react. They're looking at the dead girl and at us suspiciously. A moment later they accuse us of murdering an innocent woman. We try to explain the situation, but it is unlikely the dead body will confirm our story.

► **If the Tolerance = 1** – see f76.

► **If the Tolerance = 2 or 3** – see f103.

F45 They're like a human wall. Wherever we try to squeeze an elbow in, we encounter a silent human barricade. We try asking for space, but no one listens. Suddenly, an older, short woman steps out of the crowd. She slaps one of us.

"Haven't you done enough?", she asks. *"He was my son."*

"We didn't want this," we try to defend ourselves, but the woman refuses to listen.

She kneels by the young man and freezes, like she's a statue. We back away slowly and leave. No one tries to stop us, but we can see that even the smallest motion could provoke these people to mobbing us.

Raise the Misery of all Characters present by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F46 We push through the crowd, from one stall to another.

"I don't have it, I don't have it, I don't have it", the answers to our question keep repeating, until finally one merchant nods.

We can sigh with relief and start haggling.

You may buy up to 2 Meds tokens (see Journal: TRADE sheet). Trade Commission: 3.

If you bought at least 1 Meds token, roll the Black die.

► **A result of 1-5** – see f185.

► **A result of 6-10** – see f55.

► **If you bought no Meds tokens** – **BACK TO GAME.**

F47 Luck is on our side, as the girl's father and some other vendors rush to join the fight. The thug didn't even have time to moan before he fell to the ground, knocked out. The whole gang is robbed and thrown outside the marketplace. The girl's father eyes us with respect, but he doesn't say anything, only hugs his crying daughter.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = lower their Misery by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F48 People in the marketplace seem unusually tense today. All around us, we meet hostile eyes. Our walk through the market is being observed with suspicion. We try to ignore their aversion, but it's not easy.

As we're looking at some wilted, cold-damaged vegetables at one of the stalls, somebody calls:

"They did it! Catch them!"

Before we can find our bearings, we are seized by strong hands. They are everywhere. Our captors drag us to the middle of the square. A vengeful crowd has already gathered there. They put us in front of a painfully thin, sobbing woman. Her eyes, hidden beneath swollen eyelids, are full of despair.

► **"Let us go!"** – see f169.

► **We wait to see what will happen next** – see f92.

F49 We have less than a hundred meters to cover, but it seems it won't be so easy. Groups of vendors are moving to block our way. Soon, we won't be able to get away.

► **This is no time for overthinking, let's run!** – see f174.

► **We need to keep our cool to survive. We keep strolling towards the exit** – see f52.

F50 We push the woman towards the wall with all our might. She trips and falls to the ground, moaning. The surprised tradesmen rush to help her and for a few seconds we are surrounded by fewer people. We break free and dash towards the nearby ruins. Before the stallholders get a grip of the situation, we manage to leave the square far behind us.

Discard all tokens from the Findings Pile.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F51 We're walking down the middle of a narrow passage between the makeshift stalls. A dense crowd surrounds us on all sides and at times we have to elbow our way through. One of us feel a hand in their pocket. They grab it without thinking, and that's when we hear a high-pitched scream. It's some kid. He has tried to steal from us, thinking that he'd get away with it.

► **We let him go, he's already been taught a lesson** – see f11.

► **We can't just let it go! He must show what he's already taken** – see f104.

F52 The angry mob has surrounded us completely. Our escape route is disappearing. Soon it will be too late.

► **We elbow our way through the crowd** – see f144.

► **We give up. Maybe they'll spare us** – see f117.

F53 *"This son of a b.... He's been wandering around the area for the last few weeks," somebody tells us. "He's been asking people where they came from, treating them to cigarettes or vodka. Those he talked to disappeared! Finally, someone followed him, and it turned out he went straight to one of the outposts. He came out laden with canned goods. Spy and collaborator, I tell you!"* concludes the stranger.

Well, it's not our business. The story sounds credible. No one here tolerates people like this guy. On the other hand, it looks like he's a local, so maybe his circumstances forced him to collaborate with the soldiers. Now he'll pay, and his family, too. There's nothing for us but to wait until the end of the execution.

► **See f177.**

F54 Tough luck! Instead of a food stand, we chance upon a stall with some garbage. Still – it's better than nothing. We fill our backpacks with cables, electrical switches, bullet shells, and a few tools. Then we throw ourselves behind the nearest wall. Once we're pretty sure it's safe, we escape deeper into the ruins with stolen stuff rattling in our bags.

Add any 3 of the following tokens to the Findings Pile: Weapon Part, Electrical Part or Mechanical Part. You can add more than 1 token of a given type.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F55 The man takes the pill-containing plastic blister packs from us. He reads for a while and grunts like he's not completely happy, but finally he says,

"Fine, take the sack."

We make the exchange, after which he closes the hatch, sits behind the wheel and drives off.

Add 6 Vegetables to the Findings Pile.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F56 We heard the rumors long before we had a chance to see her. Irina. Her name is on everyone's lips tonight. Men say it with lecherous smirks, and women with hatred, spitting viciously on the ground as if it were a curse. It seems everyone at the marketplace is crazy about her as if she were a movie star or a VIP.

We see her, at last. Her provocative red dress stands out against the grey stall. She is trying on a necklace and earrings, then she takes out a hand mirror, spins in place, asks the vendor a question. She is accompanied by a typical goon. Finally, she makes the decision. One wave of her hand and the exchange is made – a few cans of food out of the goon's bag for a pearl

necklace. A few cans! If we had so much food, it would last us for a week.

► **We try to find out more about Irina** – see f2.

► **We give up – it's better not to be interested in some people** – **BACK TO GAME.**

F57 *"You have to search for them, dear. They really need you,"* continues the old woman, tracing a long, gnarled finger on the girl's hand. *"Listen, I'll tell you where to go."*

We don't hear the rest. We concentrate on looking for food, hoping the young woman will learn something.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F58 This is another stupid idea tonight. Before we can gather momentum, we run into a group of goons who guard the marketplace. A few deft punches and we're lying huddled on the ground. They take us back to the middle of the square.

Distribute 3 Wounds among the Characters present.

► **The guards drag us back to the middle of the square** – see f85.

F59 It's starting to get ugly. Several sellers are shouting something. Someone turns on a strong light, blinding us. This time we've exhausted their patience. We back out, but not too quickly, so as not to provoke anyone.

The growing noise of the mob is suddenly drowned out by engine sounds. We instantly realize it's not a regular car. The darkness is illuminated by the floodlights of a large armored vehicle. Soldiers spill out of it, and we can see that every gun is pointed at the market and the people.

"What the fu... is happening here?", we hear, and then everything disappears in the sound of bullets cutting through the air.

► **We drop to the ground** – see f22.

► **We run** – see f134.

F60 People swear as we elbow our way through the mob and run like the wind through the square. We fall across a pile of one vendor's junk, having tripped on the blanket with his wares. A few people are chasing after us. Others are screaming, but we manage to escape, aided by the murky weather and our will to live.

We leave the marketplace behind us, never to come back.

Lower the Tolerance to 0. Remove all Marketplace game elements from the game according to normal rules but do not remove the "Tolerance 0" script from the current Wares card.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F61 We feel that we have been to every part of the marketplace, with nothing to show for it. We couldn't buy anything, and the sun is about to rise. On top of this, our presence has further infuriated the already angry vendors. We have attracted a group of agitated people.

► **We slowly make our way towards the exit** – see f96.

► **We haven't done anything wrong. We stay** – see f110.

F62 They seize us as soon as we enter the square. They must have arranged it with the bodyguards – that they would give them a sign when we appeared. At first, we are in the calloused hands of some heavily built men. They hurl us onto the ground and pummel with their fists, probably to soften our will and show us they mean business. It's working.

They drag us to one of the farthest corners of the marketplace. Behind a few drop-leaf tables, sitting on makeshift benches, there are four tradesmen. We vaguely recall their faces from our previous visits to the market. Maybe we've even traded with some of them. Who would remember?

The goons brutally pull us up and retreat a few steps.

Distribute 2 Wounds among the Characters present.

► **They've bruised us a bit, but we're still standing. We'd better run for it while we still can** – see f14.

► **Let's wait. Those guys at the table seem reasonable** – see f39.

F63 We're almost out of the marketplace when we can hear the sounds of many powerful engines. They are getting closer.
▶ **We stop right at the border of the market** – see f110.
▶ **It's too dangerous here. We jump behind the nearest cover and we're ready to go home** – see f133.

F64 Let's not be hasty; we don't want to get shot. We cautiously lean around the corner to take a look. An emaciated man is shouting at two beefy guys who sell junk from the back of a rusty van. They watch him with bored expressions. At last, one of them grabs the front of the guy's jacket and hurls him onto the frozen mud. The man is now terrified and crying, and he's looking around for assistance.
▶ **We can't leave him like this** – see f152.
▶ **We have enough problems without getting into fights. He's on his own** – see f99.

F65 There's a man sitting on some cardboard. He's got a long, scraggly beard, but his eyes betray his youth. Before him lie two muddy coils of colorful rope, a plastic helmet and a few small, metal objects whose purpose we can't guess.
"I'll trade it for food," he says, sweeping his eyes over the equipment.
▶ **"Are these yours? Did you use to climb?"** – see f9.
▶ **"What would we do with this junk?"** – see f180.

F66 The earth is sandy and full of rocks. Digging is exhausting. Our panicked minds are desperately looking for a way out, but they've still got the gun pointed at us. We can only wait for a miracle...
Suddenly, a mortar shell explodes close to us! Shrapnel whistles above our heads. The men have turned away.
▶ **That's our miracle! We throw a shovel at the one with the rifle** – see f150.
▶ **We keep digging** – see f24.

F67 We are in the marketplace, next to one of the stalls. Three bodies are hanging from beams sticking out of one of the ruined garages. They have plates on their necks with the word "Traitors". We recognize a family of vendors from whom we used to buy food. What has happened to them is atrocious. No one – not even their closest neighbors – dares to cut down the bloated bodies. They are afraid of being associated with the traitors. We are surrounded by people with unkind faces. They huddle in small, anxious groups and the atmosphere presages a riot.
The further we go, the tenser the air. Nobody wants to haggle with us. Someone spits on the ground at our feet. A stone hits one of us in the back. Finally, three thugs armed with axe handles and knives bar our way.
"We don't want you here. Push off!"
▶ **We won't be intimidated!** – see f162.
▶ **We slowly back away toward the outskirts of the marketplace** – see f49.

F68 One of the vendors takes out a battered revolver. He checks if there are enough bullets in the barrel and then he puts the gun to the temple of one of us. Bang! A splatter of blood and bone. Our companion falls to the ground, dead.
The man aims at the next person. Suddenly, the roar of engines comes from outside the marketplace.
Choose 1 Character present – remove that Character from the game.
▶ See f110.

F69 The limp body is a burden which slows our escape. Without it we could jump over stalls... We're walking along the aisle as though to the chopping block, and furious merchants are throwing whatever they've got handy at us. We try to shield our heads, but it doesn't help much. We won't last long here.
Distribute 2 Wounds among the Characters present (including the Unconscious Character).
▶ **Let's leave our unconscious companion and flee** – see f4.
▶ **We go on together** – see f146.

F70 We give him some of our rations. The man hands over the weapon surreptitiously. He digs out the bullets out of a pocket and pours them into our hands. We quickly move away, so as not to draw any attention to ourselves.

At a safe distance, hidden between buildings, we take the gun out. Something's not right; it's impossible to reload. The barrel is rusted. We've just given away food for a kilo of junk and a few bullets, most of are useless.
Add 1 Broken Pistol, 1 Ammo, and 2 Shells to the Findings Pile.
▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

F71 We're fed up with rat meat. We hope to find something else to eat in the marketplace. We chance upon a farmer selling home-made meat preserves from a dirty blanket. He advertises his food loudly, saying that everything is freshly prepared from recently slaughtered pigs. The thought of good meat makes our mouths water. And the price for the meat seems not too high. Actually, it's alarmingly low...
▶ **No risk, no food. We buy the meat** – discard tokens with a total value of 5 or more from the Findings Pile and see f164.
▶ **It's too risky. It's probably a trick and tomorrow we'll all writhe in pain if we eat this** – BACK TO GAME.

F72 Write down "Arsonist, f72" on a Blank token and place it on the Night Raids deck. During the next Night Raid phase add 3 Wounds to the number of Wounds shown on the Night Raid card drawn. Additionally, choose any 2 Fitting cards in the Shelter and discard them (return them to the Fittings deck). Then, remove the Arsonist token from the game.
▶ **Meanwhile BACK TO GAME.**

F73 We play for a while, for smaller stakes so far. An elderly man and his son join the game, adding a brand new, unopened carton of cigarettes to the pot. Things are heating up and stakes are getting higher. If you look around the poker table and can't find the rube, maybe it's you. We start to suspect that we're in over our heads.
Eventually, the elder of the new players bets all-in. and loses to the man with the scar. His hand was high, but not high enough. We have lost as much as we're willing to risk, so we are about to leave when the elderly guy quickly reaches under his coat and takes out a gun! He waves it wildly, threatening to shoot everybody. Then he starts yelling, "Cheaters! Thieves! You're gonna give us back everything we've lost here!"

We try to explain that we have nothing to do with the others and came here by accident, but he isn't listening.
"Shut it, or I'll blow your heads!"
He tells the younger man to grab everything from the table while keeping everyone at bay with the gun. The other players – especially the scar face – must be as furious as we are, but no one is stupid enough to protest. They will probably get it all back from other losers.

The elderly man and his son finally depart, still waving the gun around.
▶ **Let's head home. We've already lost too much** – discard all tokens set aside earlier and BACK TO GAME.
▶ **We cannot afford to lose those things. We should be able to follow them** – discard all tokens set aside earlier and see f31.

F74 Laughter, and then some threats. That's all we've achieved by begging for forgiveness. We could have spared ourselves the trouble.
▶ **We lower our heads in resignation** – see f172.

F75 The young woman jumps to her feet. She grabs the backpack and rips it out of the boy's hands. The kid falls to the frozen ground. A fraction of a second later the girl is gone, and the woman who a moment ago pretended to be in a prophetic trance now cradles the screaming child in her arms. We can feel the surrounding people staring at us. They probably know the woman well... We should disappear. Quickly.
Lower the Tolerance by 1.
▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

F76 They don't believe us. They don't want to help us look for a weapon nor check the ruins the girl ran out from. They simply attack us and a chaotic brawl starts.

Draw 3 Enemy tokens. Traders are armed with:

A – nothing

B – nothing

C – Knife

Begin Combat – see Journal: COMBAT sheet. You cannot Flee from this Combat.

► **When we defeat one of them** – see f28.

F77 Coming back from the marketplace we hear a gunshot and see a girl running out from the ruins. She's rushing madly, wearing a torn dress and holding a pistol in her hand. We can see blood on her clothes and tears running down her cheeks.

► **We have to stop her – she's clearly in shock and may hurt someone** – see f16.

► **Has she just shot somebody? We should take a look around and find out** – see f98.

F78 As we flee, we hide in old shell craters, behind a fountain ruined by bombardments or an abandoned cart – anywhere we can get some cover. We move efficiently, but as we're almost at the wall of the building, a nearby stall is blasted to pieces. A whirlwind of steel pot chunks, partly melted cutlery, and burned books blazes nearby. We look at one another, half-deafened, covered with dust. Shockingly, we're all right. We run the last few steps to the gate, focusing on its promise of safety.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F79 Our return to the hideout lasts an eternity. We enter the area of the city we didn't know well even before the siege. All in order to avoid the ambush.

It used to be a notorious district. In fact, the war hasn't changed it much – spray-paint splattered ruins with broken windowpanes and cracked walls, shadows lurking behind the gates, windows hiding unfriendly eyes...

In the end, nobody even speaks to us. We reach the hideout with the first light of the day, covering the last hundred meters bent low so as not to attract any snipers.

Raise the Fatigue of all Characters present by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F80 It's not one of our smartest ideas, after all. Before we can say a word, the vendors lunge at us.

Draw 2 Enemy tokens. Vendors are armed with:

A – nothing

B – nothing

C – Knife

Begin Combat – see Journal: COMBAT sheet. You cannot Flee from this Combat.

► **If we manage to kill at least one of them, the other one will run** – see f170.

F81 While everyone else is fleeing in terror, we pounce on the stalls. We grab everything we can, and fill our bags and pockets. Suddenly, the whine of the rotor changes, and for the briefest moment it is drowned out by a series of shots. The blast knocks us over.

We lie on the ground, afraid to move. Seconds pass, and nothing happens. The helicopters lean forward and, like birds of prey, move on in search of next victims. We get up and sprint away, praying that the traders didn't notice our thievery.

Distribute 1 Wound among the Characters present.

Add green tokens with a total value of 10 to the Findings Pile.

Lower the Tolerance by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F82 The angry mob pulls us out without any trouble. We try to defend ourselves, but there are too many of them. They hit us, pummeling us with whatever's at hand, kick us with heavy boots.

It lasts an eternity. When we cover our heads, they kick us in the kidneys. We're at their mercy...

Eventually, they stop hitting us. Now they're pulling us along the dirty, frozen ground and throw us into a compost heap behind the stalls. We get up and walk away, dragging our feet, without looking back.

Distribute 5 Wounds among the Characters present (including the Unconscious Character).

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F83 Our companion jumps to their feet and runs towards the girl, their body bent low. They grab hold of her and dash back under cover of barrels.

Roll the Red Combat die for the Character chosen earlier (the Character may use their Prowess) to determine if and how many Wounds they suffer before reaching the cover.

After a few minutes, the shooting stops. The marketplace is completely empty. The moaning of wounded and trampled people fills the air. We wait in our hiding place in case the sniper attacked again. Then, we hear someone calling,

"Karina! Karina! Baby, where are you?"

The child starts screaming. It's the girl's father, one of the stallholders. Tears of gratitude are staining his cheeks. But where the hell was he when the shooting started?

Lower the Misery of the Character chosen earlier by 1.

Raise the Tolerance by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F84 *"If I see you here again, I'll..."*

The youth is wearing a black tracksuit. We barely see him in the dark. He grabs one of us by the clothes and won't let go. He's screaming so hard, spittle sprays on our companion's face.

"You want to steal again? That why you come here?"

Like he's so innocent. He's known at the market, and we have seen him a few times. He's always accosting people and taking whatever he wants, but no one reacts. He has the support of a band of thugs, so the sellers don't want to risk losing their wares or getting beaten up. That's also why no one jumps to our defense.

The struggle is getting dangerous. We try to pull him away, but it's dark. One of us gets tangled in some rags. We all fall down. There's a thud and a short moan. We get up. In the light of flashlights and gas lamps we can see the youth in the tracksuit lying motionless on the ground. He unluckily hit his head on some rubble. A dark, thick puddle spreads on the ground.

"Oh my God, he's dead...", someone says quietly, but we hear it like a shout.

A silent crowd is gathering around us.

► **"It was an accident, we didn't mean to hurt him!"** – see f12.

► **We try to push through and escape** – see f45.

F85 They start hitting us again. Someone spits in our faces. Our things are being looted.

Then, we can see as someone walks over to the woman and whispers in her ear. She starts wailing and shaking. There is a moment of confusion and then we're free. It turns out that the girl and her abductors have been found. Sadly, the child didn't make it. Even though everyone knows we had nothing to do with the kidnapping, they don't even apologise. We're lucky and grateful to get out of this alive.

Distribute 1 Wound among the Characters present.

Discard any 2 tokens from the Findings Pile (starting from the most expensive).

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F86 When the girl starts screaming, we become nervous as well. Her panicked boyfriend is not helping. Luckily, one of the vendors from the marketplace hears the girl's screams and comes to help. She takes in the scene and sends us to find some water and clean sheets or blankets. The girl is in active labor – there's no time to look for a doctor because there's about to be a baby.

We follow the older women's instructions though our hands tremble. It feels like time slows down – the girl's screams, the vendor's orders – but finally we witness the miracle of birth!

We are truly moved. Then, we realize that it's very unlikely the baby will survive – all in all, we can barely support ourselves. But that's tomorrow's problem. We depart to the sound of thankful farewells from the couple and the cries of the baby.

Lower the Misery of each Character present by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F87 We are drawn towards the stall Irina is in. She's just a few meters away when the aroma hits us with full force. Perfume! There is no reek of a long-unwashed body, no odor of cheap, looted deodorant. This woman smells as though she were about to attend an elegant dinner party.

When we regain our senses, one of us is already breathing hard in the tight hold of the huge goon. He is holding a cheap serrated military knife which looks like an action movie prop, but he can still do some severe damage with that knife.

"Scram!"

One word. It's enough. The woman doesn't even flinch. This must happen every time she goes "downtown".

► **We'd have to be brainless not to understand the message** – BACK TO GAME.

► **It's just one bodyguard and we won't miss the opportunity. We will strike outside the marketplace** – see f163.

F88 The market hubbub is suddenly drowned out by a bang and hum. In unison, people look up at the sky. Two silhouettes of attack helicopters emerge from behind the jagged remnants of apartment blocks. Sellers, buyers, beggars – without a moment's hesitation, everyone starts running to the nearby railway embankment and the bushes growing behind it.

► **We run with everyone, before the helicopters start shooting** – see f140.

► **We drop to the ground and cover our heads** – see f25.

► **We have to turn the confusion to our advantage and stuff our pockets with all we can grab** – see f81.

F89 The one-sided battle ends when one of us is hit on the head with a jagged piece of brick. The dead body hits the ground with a thud and for a moment everything is still. We take the opportunity to break free.

Choose 1 Character present – remove that Character from the game.

Discard all tokens from the Findings Pile.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F90 We come closer and accept the bottle they offer us from the ground. It's some exceptionally strong moonshine, probably made by one of them.

"They took everything: the cow, grain, even the tractor.", one of the drunks is just finishing his story. *"They were fleeing through my land. They jumped over the fence and took off. It would've been fine, but the others must have thought they were hiding out at my place and razed the place to the ground with the artillery."*

"My village saw battle," interjects another. *"We hid in our basements for three days, and they just kept shooting and shooting. Not much was left when they finally moved on."*

We listen for a long time. Each one of the drunks has his own story, and not even one ends well. Finally, the bottom appears in the bottle. Only now can we wish everyone good luck and go on our way.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

Raise the Tolerance by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F91 The deal isn't perfect, but we don't have any other choice. It turns out, the man has only recently started trading here, and he's heard a few bad things about us, but he needs this transaction as much as we do. He has some mouths to feed, too.

You may buy the following tokens here with a total value of 15 or less (see Journal: TRADE sheet):

Any green tokens.

Any yellow tokens.

Trade Commission: 5.

► **If you haven't bought anything** – see f155.

► **Otherwise** – see f37.

F92 The woman stares at us for a long while. It seems that our silence infuriates people even more. Finally, the woman turns to the crowd and states:

"I don't know. I think it was them."

The tussle resumes. People start looting our possessions. Some are shouting:

"Hang them all!"

Discard any 2 tokens from the Findings Pile.

► **Let's not waste time! We have to break free and run** – see f165.

► **We won't be able to break free. We have to distract them first** – see f50.

F93 Our faces are wet with tears. We keep trying to convince the crowd that we're innocent, that it's all just an awful misunderstanding. It doesn't seem to be working. We have only put off the inevitable. Time to get ready for death.

► **See f85.**

F94 We are mooching around carts full of withered vegetables and piles of junk laid out on ragged clothes. The only light comes from flashlights and grave candles, which waver in the hands of people who approach us. They speak in hushed voices. We're about to start haggling over some rotten apples when a familiar, ominous whistle rips the air. We act on pure instinct. We hit the dirt. No more than thirty meters from us a mortar shell explodes. One heartbeat later there is another one. And another. The following explosions seem to be getting farther away, yet the market sellers, who aren't used to the city, are panic-stricken. Many of them have abandoned their stalls and wares.

► **Let's grab the chance** – see f33.

► **We'd better focus on saving our lives. Let's find cover** – see f78.

F95 We look at each other and quietly move towards the two men's hiding place, careful not to make any noise that could alert them...

► **If the total Prowess of the Characters present is more than 1** – see f132.

► **Otherwise** – see f29.

F96 We're attracting too much attention. Soon, we're surrounded by a tense crowd. Someone throws a stone. And another one.

Distribute 1 Wound among the Characters present.

► **Time to flee** – see f142.

► **We try to mitigate the conflict** – see f126.

F97 No one is listening to our explanations. They start shoving us and swearing. We beg them to think it through, but it's no use. The first punch lands, then another. We've all curled up to protect our heads.

After a few minutes, the crowd's fury dissipates. Maybe the first death made them reconsider? Or maybe they've decided not to waste their strength on us. After all, everybody here is starving. Whatever the cause, they leave, and we pick ourselves up, sore and aching but alive.

Distribute 2 Wounds among the Characters present.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F98 We pass by the frenzied girl and run to the place, from where she appeared. Nearby we find a man in a uniform lying on a piece of bloodied carton. He's dead. It seems the girl took care of her tormentor herself.

We quickly return to the back alley where we saw the girl hoping that we will be able to help her, but she's gone. All we can do now is search the soldier. After a closer look we're almost sure he's a deserter. In his pockets we find a half empty pack of

cigarettes and a spare mag. We leave his body on the ground – he deserves nothing better than that.

Add 3 Cigarettes and 2 Ammo to the Findings Pile.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F99 We roam the area for a while, but the sky is slowly gaining color in the east. It's time to go. As we leave the marketplace, we pass a huddled, broken body. It's a man who lost an argument with two vendors. He is naked, beaten to a pulp, lying in a pool of his own blood. All of his possessions have been stolen. He had no one to help him.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F100 After a few minutes, a group of soldiers appears at the market's main street exit. They efficiently scatter to secure the place. Soon, trucks start entering the square, one after another. Each of them bears the humanitarian aid organization logos. Perhaps the planes we heard earlier were dropping supplies to one of the secured zones. To be honest, we have been expecting anything but this.

As we start to understand what is happening, a blowhard starts on a bullhorn:

"Get in line. We have rations. Line up."

We're closest to the trucks.. First! The others are slowly coming back to the marketplace.

We take everything we can carry, before they can organize themselves and start rationing the supplies. Maybe someone will not get any food because of us, but at least we won't go hungry.

We slip away, as quietly as possible. People are pelting towards the market now, running past us. Many of them are crying with joy. A few of them glance enviously at our stuffed backpacks. They must be jealous of our trophies.

Add 2 Canned Food, 2 Coffee, 3 Cigarettes, and 2 Sugar to the Findings Pile.

Lower the Tolerance by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F101 An older man set out apples and a few bottles with some cloudy brown liquid on a drab sheet in front of himself. A puppy sleeps next to him, and in its sleep, it runs, as though from a bad dream of its own. From time to time the man leans down to pet the dog. He whispers to it as though it were a child.

► **We can swipe a few apples while he's not looking** – see f27.

► **We ask about the puppy's name** – see f145.

► **Let's move on. We should look for something to eat** – see f182.

F102 We've dawdled too long at the stall. Another round of fire begins and we're still too far away from the safety of the closest gate. A nearby explosion hurls us to the ground. One of us is moaning, someone else is bleeding. We get up, confused as we are. With great effort, we pull our wounded companion along. At last, we push into a ruined apartment building. The marketplace is veiled in clouds of vicious smoke. But now we have problems more pressing than planning our next shopping trip.

Distribute 2 Wounds among the Characters present.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F103 We finally convinced them. We let them search us, proving we had nothing to shoot the girl with. Then, together we check the ruins the girl ran out of, finding the dead soldier – or maybe a deserter? Who cares. Hadiha must have shot him when he was trying to hurt her.

We bury the girl's body among the ruins – that's the least we can do – and decide to leave the soldier's body as it is. Rats will have a great feast.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F104 *"What did you swipe?"*, we ask, still holding the kid by the arm and searching through his pockets.

We quickly find a few things belonging to us. We want to move on, but we notice that we've now got more space around us, and the sellers and customers are staring at us.

► **If the Tolerance = 1** – see f26.

► **If the Tolerance = 2 or 3** – see f166.

F105 *"To business, then. Some vendors were talking with some beefy guys and then kept walking all over the market, talking to anyone who would listen. I overheard that they are preparing a stunt in the east. Better not to go there."*

The boy tells us his news, snatches the food from our companion – and he's gone.

► **We take a further route to steer clear of the area east of the square** – see f79.

► **Whoever's waiting for us there, we can take them on** – see f155.

F106 It seems that we won't find anything worthwhile today. The sun is going to rise soon, and we'll have to get back to our hideout. Again, we can hear angry voices from behind the wall, followed by shouting, the sounds of punches meeting flesh, and moaning. By the sound of it, the brawl is getting much, much worse.

► **Maybe we could still help** – see f43.

► **Let's not make enemies** – see f99.

F107 They've stopped throwing things. They can see their missiles bouncing off the wooden counter. And we see the crowd approaching... quickly. We glance to the sides. Crawling along the stalls made of old furniture we might get almost to the market border, but we can't do it with an unconscious person.

► **Let's leave our unconscious companion and flee** – see f30.

► **We keep waiting** – see f82.

F108 We burned the clothes we were wearing when we found the boy. For a few more days we check each other for any signs of rash or insects bites. A week or so have passed this way. No fever. No rash. Just the lice, which are as annoying as usual. Guess we were lucky this time.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F109 It's been a tough fight, but we are alive and they are dead. We look at the silent crowd. Just a moment ago, they were shouting, edging our attackers on and now no one seems eager to come closer and deal with the bodies. We must look like wild animals, all beaten up, covered in blood, our clothes in tatters.

We make the most of the situation and leave. We aren't running; we walk calmly, sending the message that we could do to anyone what we just did to those poor bastards.

Raise the Misery of all Characters present by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F110 We can hear the humming of engines coming from behind the ruins. The vendors are listening, too, visibly scared. A sudden, sharp whistle pierces the air. It's one of the boys who keep watch on the roof. He's frantically waving his hands. Before we can understand what that means, we hear the rattle of a machine gun and the boy falls to the ground, killed by a large-calibre bullet. A heartbeat later, one of the stalls is hit with a missile, and a tank comes onto the square through a ruined wall. More tanks follow.

Gruesome chaos breaks out. People and wares are being crushed under the armored tracks. The tanks are followed by the infantry shooting anything that moves.

Roll the Black Die for each Character present.

► **A result of 1** – stop rolling and see f141.

► **If all results = 2-10** – see f122.

F111 It seems we've added fuel to the fire. Our every attempt to get some answers ends badly. Even worse – the marketplace fills with angry buzzing.

"You damn well know why!"

"You shouldn't have been stealing!"

"Scoundrels!"

It's getting more and more dangerous.

► **We make for the exit** – see f63.

F112 We leave in a hurry to avoid infection. The kid won't make it anyway. Wait.. which one of us approached him with the flashlight? Maybe we've already caught whatever he has?

Write down "Ill child, f112" on a Blank token and slide it under the top card of the Night Raids deck. When you would draw a card this token was placed on, remove this token from the game and roll the Black die.

- ▶ A result of 1 – see f41.
- ▶ A result of 2-10 – see f108.
- ▶ Meanwhile **BACK TO GAME.**

F113 We confer on the side. We could either go the market and try to buy some antibiotics or try to find a drugstore nearby. Maybe we'll get lucky?

▶ "Let's try to find a drugstore, there should be one not too far..." – see f124.

"Let's go to the market."

- ▶ If the Tolerance = 1 – see f10.
- ▶ If the Tolerance = 2 or 3 – see f46.

F114 Our shouts of outrage don't seem to matter. The fourth member of the "council" gives a sharp nod, and the goons beat us back into submission. When we're on the ground, they take clubs and keep hitting us until we're unconscious.

We wake up swollen, in excruciating pain, and without our supplies. There is not a soul around, and the first rays of the rising sun are lightening the sky. If we don't hurry up, we won't reach our hideout.

Raise the Wounds of all Characters present by 1.

Discard all tokens from the Findings Pile.

- ▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

F115 We empty the cart, quickly return and lift the woman into it. Thankfully the hospital – the only one still open – is not very far. When we arrive, the boy gives us his boots as agreed and enters the hospital wearing only holey socks on his feet. It's very reasonable price for our help, considering the circumstances.

It turns out the boots don't fit any of us, so at least we don't have to fight over them. However, they are still valuable merchandise – no one will refuse good shoes these days. We just hope we don't meet the soldier they originally belonged to...

Write down "Army boots, f115" on an Blank token and place it on the Finding Pile. Treat it as a grey token with value of 15 and a weight of 1.

- ▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

F116 Among some tree stumps in a square we come across shallow trenches – probably the remains of a recent offensive. We hide in them, and when the stranger passes us, we grab him by the legs and pull him inside. We start struggling in the darkness. We give it all we've got, but we just can't overpower him. He's gone. However, he's left his bag in the trench, and inside it we find some carefully prepared Molotov cocktails and matches. We're sure this was meant to be an act of revenge...

▶ Let's go back to the market and see who'll come out on top – see f149.

▶ We got the message. Let's go home – see f8.

F117 They rip the backpacks off our backs and push us to the edge of the marketplace.

"Get lost!"

We earn a few goodbye punches.

Distribute 2 Wounds among the Characters present.

Discard all tokens from the Findings Pile.

- ▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

F118 We're looking for food as usual when we come across a woman kneeling on a blanket next to a lit candle. She has dark hair, a wrinkled face and seems quite well-fed by local standards. Her eyes are closed. Huddled before her is a younger woman who has clearly been crying.

"I see your parents, child. They're calling you," says the woman, holding the girl by the hand.

At the same time a boy of around eight silently and swiftly rifles through the younger woman's backpack.

▶ We're not exactly popular here; it's better to pretend we didn't see anything – see f57.

▶ Discreetly, we let the kid know we can see what he's doing – see f151.

▶ We shout to the girl that someone's stealing from her backpack – see f75.

F119 We talk to the vendors. It turns out they exchanged some of their wares for the necklace and the shawl in one of the villages. They don't want any trouble; they agree to give us the objects for some food rations.

▶ We can't afford this trade. The man is on his own – see f99.

▶ We can offer to buy the family keepsakes with some food – discard green tokens with a total value of 10 or more from the Findings Pile and see f156.

F120 How unlucky! None of the traders had anything valuable for us, so we take a look around the market. Long time ago, it was a lively place, with holiday fairs, parades and protests. Memory of those days tempts us to stay here just a few minutes more, before we return to the ruined place we now call home.

We pass dusty shop windows and once-elegant shops. Our attention is drawn to a light shining through a barely opened door. We carefully approach and take a look. We wrinkle our noses against the odors of stale beer and urine; this place is a mess! In the corner, we find a kid. The boy is shivering, weeping and scratching in his sleep.. One of us turns on a flashlight. The boy's body is covered with festering ulcers and lice. The awful insects swarm on his ragged clothes and filthy blanket as well.

▶ "He's ill. Let's get the hell out of here!" Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1. Then – see f112.

▶ We cannot leave him to certain death – see f127.

F121 They didn't expect it. We weave our way among the ruins which helps us put a healthy distance between our pursuers and ourselves. We run as fast as we can, trying to disappear in the darkness of the night. After a few minutes, we can't hear the sounds of anyone chasing us. Miraculously, we have managed to get out of there alive.

Discard all tokens from the Findings Pile.

- ▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

F122 By a stroke of luck, we have escaped the shooting. Sneaking from one makeshift cover to another, we flee the square. We are surrounded by the screams of the wounded and the dying. As we go farther, we can still hear the cannonade.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

- ▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

F123 By a stroke of luck, we manage to break free and escape to the maze of ruins. We've lost our possessions, but at least we're still alive.

Discard all tokens from the Findings Pile.

- ▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

F124 We turn towards the neighborhood. First, we sneak along the garages, and then among the trees and by the wall of a block. We pass a ruined supermarket, a burned down bakery, a hairdresser which must have been hit by artillery fire... An armored carrier is coming from the opposite direction. We leap into a ruined shop and drop down on the rubble. Two trucks are following the vehicle. Soldiers spill out like ants. We hear barked out commands and the stomping of heavy boots. Hours pass as we lay on the cold floor, and they don't seem to be going anywhere.

Finally, it's daybreak and the soldiers leave. Only now can we crawl out and slowly go our own way. Too bad... The man with the potatoes must have driven off by now.

- ▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

F125 Few people are trading today. Rain pours down from the sky and beats against the boards that make up the makeshift stalls. In the gateway of a ruined building close to the square, a family sleeps on an old, singed mattress: a mother, a father and a young son. They're hugging, trying to keep whatever warmth they can. There's just enough space for them to stay out of the rain.

► **We've got some food; we could share something small** – discard green tokens with a total value of 5 or more from the Findings Pile and see f147.

► **Let's move on. We're not exactly rolling in it** – see f13.

F126 Before we have time to say anything, we are cornered by the angry mob. People rip the backpacks off our backs and drag us towards the ruined fountain. They are shouting:

"Thieves! Kill them!"

They make us kneel in a row next to the fountain. We are about to be executed.

Discard all tokens from the Findings Pile.

► **We demand a chance to say our last words** – see f137.

► **We await our death with defiance** – see f68.

F127 One of us comes closer and gently taps the child. He opens his eyes, but he's way too weak to lift himself even a bit. He breathes heavily through his parched lips, clearly feverish and exhausted. He immediately falls asleep again.

► **We take the boy to the marketplace. Maybe someone knows him or we will find someone who will help us take him to the hospital** – see f173.

► **What if this is some sort of contagious disease? The kid doesn't have much time anyway. It will be better if we burn this place to ground, otherwise the whole city could be doomed** – see f18.

F128 *"Whoa! Not so fast! You cannot just leave without buying in."* – says the man with a scar. – *"Show us what you have in your bags."*

We are protesting, but they are holding us tight while the others are searching our backpacks. Then they let us go, but it costs us a few things we've found tonight. We shouldn't have come here in the first place.

If Tolerance = 2 or 3 – discard tokens with a total value of 10 or more from the Findings Pile.

If Tolerance = 1 – discard tokens with a total value of 15 or more from the Findings Pile.

If you cannot discard tokens of a given value, discard as many as you can. Then, distribute 2 Wounds among the Characters present – the gamblers are not pleased with the loot they found.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F129 We can hear moaning. Maybe they've gotten one of ours or maybe one of these motherf... has smashed his head into a wall. Doesn't matter. Looking back is too risky now. One false step and you're dead. No one will be able to pick themselves up before the mob gets them. We keep running even though our lungs are burning and our clothes are soaked through with sweat. After a while, we reach the part of the city we know well. We'll lose them here.

We hide as best we can and wait for a quarter of an hour to make sure they aren't chasing us anymore. We sigh with relief.

Raise the Fatigue of all Characters present by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F130 We put our backpacks on the ground and empty our pockets. *"He was my son,"* says a short woman. *"How many cans of food do you want to give me for him?"*

We're silent. What could we say?

"Go away. One death is enough," a large man in military pants and an old track jacket stand next to our things and waves us away, like we're flies.

We back out slowly, leaving our backpacks and a mother crying over her son's corpse.

Discard all tokens from the Findings Pile.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F131 We try to convince the older man that the situation is more than serious – lives are at stake – but he keeps refusing to give us his cart. We start struggling with him; suddenly he falls on a pile of bricks, losing consciousness. Blood is dripping from the wound on his head, but he seems like he's still alive. However, none of us is keen to make sure that we're right. It just happened; we might feel regret later, but there's no time now. We still have a chance to help the girl and her child. And there's a reward waiting for us.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

► **See f115.**

F132 We flank them and strike suddenly, knocking them to the ground. They're so surprised they don't even resist when we take the gun.

"This gun. It's a goddamn fake! They fooled us like we were babies!" says one of us.

We take their backpacks full of loot and smash the fake gun on the rocks. They won't trick anyone else.

Add any tokens (excluding red tokens) with a total value of 30 or less to the Findings Pile.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F133 We hide behind a pile of bricks as we watch the column of vehicles driving onto the square. Machine guns are spitting fire and the tank tracks are crushing the wares and possessions belonging to the stallholders. The tanks are followed by soldiers who cover with their rifles the blank spots missed by the tanks' crews.

A few people are running in our direction, probably hoping for cover. We retreat fast, bent low, before they attract the shooters' attention to our spot. Then, covered by the buildings, we quickly return to our hideout.

Raise the Misery of all Characters present by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F134 We're running. We see gunshot flashes in the building next to us. They are shooting from several floors up, and they've got the whole market on a plate... and us, too. Bullets are whistling all around us, and only darkness protects us. Someone screams. Is it one of us? We can't stop to check. We keep running!

The armored vehicle returns fire. We can feel more than hear incoming shots from its heavy gun. The front of the building explodes and disappears in clouds of dust. Chips of concrete reach all the way to us, but the shooting doesn't stop.

We reach a corner, breathing heavily. We've made it. The question is, have all of us?

Roll the Red Combat die for each Character present (each Character may use their Prowess) to check if and how many Wounds they suffered.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F135 It's a lousy time for the marketplace. There are almost no wares in the stalls and the available food is often half-rotten and stink horribly. The vendors say it's all because of the new offensive launched on the other side of the river. The smuggling routes which used to be relatively safe have now turned into death traps. There are soldiers everywhere and they demand exorbitant bribes for letting anyone through. There are fewer daredevils bold enough to venture into the war zone to bring back some wares. It seems that the marketplace will soon be no more.

To make matters worse, the stallholders apparently are fed up with us. We roam among the stalls trying to find some trader with interesting wares who are willing to sell us anything.

► **We won't give up. Sooner or later, someone will sell us something** – see f61.

► **We cautiously ask around to find out the source of their hatred** – see f111.

F136 "Hey, you!" someone calls us. "I've seen you together with him! You've been selling people to soldiers for cigarettes, too, eh?"

We huddle together as people start looking at us with hatred in their eyes. Apparently, one death isn't enough for tonight. Soon, the first stranger is not the only one accusing us of collaboration and informing on our neighbors. The mob is getting tighter, herding us in. It's our last chance to make a break for it, but that will only confirm their suspicions.

► **We lunge and run before they block our way** – see f60.

► **We deny the accusations waiting to see what will come next** – see f97.

F137 After we've yelled our demand, silence falls. Suddenly, a wave of whispering rolls over the crowd. Almost simultaneously, we start hearing disturbing sounds from afar.

► **People around us freeze. And we freeze, too** – see f110.

F138 "This time you've gone too far."

We turn around and see three men. One of them is pointing a military rifle at us. A quick move of his finger and we're done for. They bind our hands with wire and lead us between the stalls to the happy shouts of sellers.

A moment later we are lying on the cold metal floor of an old delivery van, getting jostled on the bumpy road.

► **We beg for mercy** – see f74.

► **We wait as there's nothing else we can do** – see f172.

F139 We go to the market, wondering if maybe we should have accepted the stranger's offer.

Draw a new Wares card and resolve it normally (ignore the Reality Impact card).

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F140 In the panicked crowd, people shove, fall and trample one another. One of us falls on the ground. We barely manage to pick them up and pull them away. From the bushes we watch the menacing machines make a circle in the sky and disappear behind the horizon.

Distribute 1 Wound among the Characters present.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F141 The soldiers noticed us before we had time to get behind cover. We are fish in a barrel. We try to avoid the bullets, but one of us is shot. We don't have time to check if our companion is alive. We flee, leaving our friend to the mercy of the troopers. Behind us, the square is turning into a pile of rubble and dead bodies.

Remove the Character who rolled 1 from the game.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F142 We cut and run. It was the last moment to do this because we can barely squeeze through the crowd, which is getting thicker by the second. We are now targets for flying bricks and stones. We are lucky because few of them reach us. As we hide among the ruins, we can hear the growling of engines, and it's getting louder. Some vehicles are approaching the square.

Distribute 2 Wounds among the Characters present.

► **It's too dangerous here. We jump behind the nearest cover and we're ready to go home** – see f133.

F143 Life in the marketplace has its own routine and it seems nothing is going to interrupt it tonight. We took a look around, spoke with a few people and set off back to our shelter. Suddenly, we hear a muffled scream coming from behind the nearby pile of rubble.

► **It's not our business** – BACK TO GAME.

► **We should check what's going on, maybe someone needs help** – see f175

F144 A scuffle ensues. It's getting worse with every second. Someone hits one of us on the head with a stone. More punches follow. If we don't surrender our backpacks, they will pummel us to death.

Distribute 4 Wounds among the Characters present.

► **We will fight to the end. Without our supplies we're dead anyway** – see f89.

► **We drop our backpacks and run** – see f123.

F145 "Joey. My daughter named him. She likes American movies. Well... liked."

We are silent, waiting to see if he'll say anything more. After a moment, he speaks again.

"They took everything from the village... But this little sly dog hid in the garden."

The man seems to be aging before our eyes, and we have no idea what to say to him. In the end, we ask him about the price of his apples.

"Take them, if you need them. You look like decent people. And this – made it myself. Nut flavored."

We pack some fruits and the bottle into a backpack. Then we say goodbye and leave. What could we have done to help him?

Add 2 Vegetables and 1 Moonshine to the Findings Pile.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F146 The rocks keep flying our way, but they don't hit us with the same strength or frequency as before. People are still shouting, but they must have sated their thirst for revenge. We walk among them with our heads low, bleeding from many wounds and feeling new bruises with every step.

Finally, we get out into open space. Here the assault intensifies again. More rocks fly. We hear shouts:

"Show yourselves here again, assholes! It won't go down this easy!"

Distribute 1 Wound among the Characters present (including the Unconscious Character).

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F147 We try to put our modest handout on the mattress without waking them. The woman stirs. She's young and pretty, but dirty and emaciated. She looks fearful, but seems to understand we do not have bad intentions. We smile and back away. There's nothing more we can do for them.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = lower their Misery by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F148 There is palpable tension in the marketplace and it will have to release one way or another. The air is filled with suspicion and apprehension. More people have gathered than usual. They are talking in hushed voices, looking around angrily. Then, there is silence. A bloodied man is being brutally pushed onto the square. His clothes are in tatters and his face – swollen from recent beatings – seems familiar. He's been around here more than once. We've seen him also around the safety zone talking to soldiers. He must have really gotten under somebody's skin to be here in this condition. Next to the shattered fountain, there are makeshift gallows, made up from pallets and a joist. The crowd is watching the convict silently, cold fury in their eyes. It looks like the sentence was passed long before they brought him here.

► **It isn't right to kill someone just like that. We try to find out what his crime was** – see f53.

► **He deserves what he's got** – see f177.

F149 We go back the same way. It takes a while, as we can't use flashlights, but we finally reach our goal. We climb up onto an embankment by a nearby construction site abandoned since the war, and start lighting bottle after bottle. We throw them and run away. We can see the burning gasoline spill and set fire to the

rubbish piling up everywhere. We dare stop and take a look behind us only over a few hundred meters away. The glow of the fire can be seen several blocks away.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

Write down "f149" on a Blank token and place it on the Night Raids deck. During the next Night Raid phase, remove this token from the game instead of drawing any Night Raid cards.

► **Meanwhile BACK TO GAME.**

F150 A plume of blood squirts out of the man's head, and he falls to the ground. There are two left now, and the rifle falls somewhere in the dirt. Now's our chance! Before they pick it up!

Draw 2 Enemy tokens. Thugs are armed with:

- A – nothing
- B – Knife
- C – Knife

Begin Combat – see Journal: COMBAT sheet. You cannot Flee from this Combat.

► **After Combat:** Add 1 Assault Rifle and 2 Ammo to the Findings Pile. **BACK TO GAME.**

F151 We draw the boy's attention with a cough. He looks at us uncertainly for a moment, holding something – possibly a pear – in his hand, before putting it back into the woman's backpack and backing away quietly. We can see his hungry, dark eyes. He hates us, but he's afraid. Finally, he disappears behind the concrete slab next to where the "psychic", probably the boy's mother, is sitting.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F152 We help the man up. He's shivering violently. He thanks us profusely and tells us what happened:

"They are selling things which belonged to my family! I sent my daughter and wife out of town before it all started... There! Can you see them? Can you see the engraved necklace over there? And the colorful shawl? These are my Irina's things! I've asked them about my girls and where they have gotten these things, but these brutes don't even pretend to listen! They think I'm a thief! Or maybe they have murdered my girls? Help me! I can't deal with it alone!"

► **We could at least try to find out what happened** – see f119.

► **This is not our concern. We've already done more than others** – see f99.

F153 The stranger instantly covers the gun and disappears in the crowd, as if he was never here. We move on in search of what we came for.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F154 Nobody reacts as the thug is running towards us. It seems we have antagonised people too much and now no one wants to help us. We have to deal with him on our own.

Find an Enemy token with the Prowess of 2 in the box. This Enemy is armed with an Assault Rifle. Place its token in the first column of the Combat chart, in the Firearm row.

Begin Combat – see Journal: COMBAT sheet. You cannot Flee from this Combat.

► **After Combat:** Add 1 Assault Rifle and 1 Ammo to the Findings Pile. Raise the Tolerance by 1. **BACK TO GAME.**

F155 We clear out. We've gone quite a distance away from the marketplace when they ambush us. At first, it's just a few thrown bricks and stones. Then, they come at us with clubs, knives, and axes. They don't look like locals; they're definitely too well-fed for that. More likely, they are some country bruisers, mercenaries hired by the commuting vendors to get even with us. We won't be able to escape them, so our only option is to show them how tough we are.

Distribute 1 Wound among the Characters present.

Draw 3 Enemy tokens. Thugs are armed with:

- A – Knife
- B – Knife
- C – Axe

Begin Combat – see Journal: COMBAT sheet. You cannot Flee from this Combat.

► **After Combat:** Add 1 Knife to the Findings Pile. **BACK TO GAME.**

F156 We trade our food stock for a few trifles. We give them to the man, reassuring him that his family is safe – his wife and daughter just needed some food.

Lower the Misery of all Characters present by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F157 We're lying in the mud, playing dead. We can only listen to the hell around us: the whistles of grenades, the rumble of another transporter, the explosions and dozens of automatic rifles spitting lead. A helicopter comes, but whose is it? Rockets whistle, the earth shakes. We clench our teeth... Is it the end?

The battle lasts for an eternity. Maybe it's one hour, maybe four. When things finally calm down, the sky is getting brighter. We stay still a while longer, just in case. Then we get up. The whole square has turned into a literal battlefield. There are hundreds of dead people on the ground, covered with earth and rubble.

We leave this place. We have to get home as fast as possible.

Raise the Fatigue of all Characters present by 1.

Distribute 1 Wound among the Characters present.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F158 Locals appear at the end of the alley while we're still standing over the body. The moment they see the girl, they rush towards us, screaming angrily. We are far too smart to stay and try to explain the situation, so we start running away and after a few minutes we manage to lose our pursuers. Our next visit at the market might not end well...

Lower the Tolerance by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F159 "Liars!"

"Hang them!"

Before we can say or do anything else, someone kicks the stump from under one of us. We hear a horrible snap.

Choose 1 Character present – remove that Character from the game.

► **See f85.**

F160 "If you change your mind, do come back. It's not likely to get bought out."

He speaks with a trace of quiet irony. We move on. Dozens of others like him come here every day hoping to sell things that seemed essential before the war.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F161 Just a few hours ago we heard a menacing sound of planes flying above the city. Now, wandering among ruined buildings, we are still looking for cover, afraid of a sudden airstrike. Until now, nothing has happened, but we are still vigilant.

We are working our way around the marketplace, staying close to the walls of surrounding buildings just like the local traders. They put their merchandise on canvases and blankets, ready to grab it quickly and hide among nearby tenement houses.

Suddenly, we hear truck engines echoing down one of the streets. It gets louder and louder and is joined by the stomping of heavy boots. Soldiers! Most of the peddlers vanish and the market is emptying.

► **We run with others** – see f179.

► **We take the opportunity to grab a few trifles from the nearest stand** – see f54.

► **We hide in an archway to see who's coming** – see f100.

F162 It takes just a few angry words for the goons to attack us with sticks and blades.

Draw 3 Enemy tokens. Goons are armed with:

- A – nothing
- B – Knife
- C – Knife

Begin Combat – see Journal: COMBAT sheet. You cannot Flee from this Combat.

▶ **If we manage to kill at least two of them, the third one will flee** – see f109.

F163 We crouch among the ruins. They use flashlights as they walk. Easy targets. A few jagged pieces of rubble fly at the goon. Bad luck, one of them hits the woman. Now they are both unconscious but alive. The blood seeping from Irina's head wound soaks into her red dress. Maybe she won't even notice the stain.

We rummage through their things. It's been a long time since we've gotten such fantastic loot!

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1.

Add 1 Knife, 2 Canned Food, and 1 Jewelry to the Findings Pile.

Lower the Tolerance to 1.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

F164 We put some distance between ourselves and the marketplace to avoid snoops, but we can't resist any longer. When we open the preserves, we breathe in the wonderful smell of well-seasoned meat. We'd love to devour everything at once, but we're careful. We taste a small bite each to confirm that the meat isn't rotten under the overwhelming taste of spices. But everything seems all right! We gobble down the preserves, enjoying the amazing flavor; a rare treat! It was worth the risk for this heavenly meal.

Lower the Hunger of all Characters present by 1.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

F165 We start struggling to get free. In the commotion, we knock over the desperate woman. We dive beneath a stall made out of planks and bricks to put some distance between ourselves and the crowd. It seems that we can escape the marketplace quickly if we run straight ahead. However, it's too dim to see if there are any guards behind the corner of the wall. Maybe it will be better to slip along the side of the market? We have to make the decision fast, before the crowd reaches us.

▶ **We take the fastest route straight out of the marketplace** – see f58.

▶ **We run among the ruined garages** – see f121.

F166 *"What do you want from the kid?"*
"No one asked you here!"
"Give back what you took from him!"

The crowd is moving in menacingly, and we can tell it's better not to say anything, in case we provoke someone. We move to the exit, but in order to get there, we have to squeeze through the angry throng. Along the way we get a few painful prods, but fortunately that's as bad as the "riot" gets.

Distribute 2 Fatigue among the Characters present.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

F167 We slink among the vendors. It's a busy night and there are too many people in the square. Most of them are outsiders – they keep flashing those flashlights, inviting bad luck. We're about to get out of here when suddenly jar shatters right next to us and a man falls with a moan. Before we can react, we can hear the echoing sound of a gunshot.

"*Sniper!*" shouts one of the vendors and dives right behind a thick piece of corrugated iron.

All hell breaks loose. People are panicking; they scatter all around trying to find cover. No one knows where the bullets are coming from. The clank of slugs hitting their targets mixes with the slightly delayed echoes of gunshots. We're cowering behind a

barrel when we notice a small girl a few steps away from us. She's looking around, confused. Her grimy face is wet with tears. We look at one another. There is no one else to help her, just us.

▶ **We must save her!** – choose 1 Character present and see f83.

▶ **We can't help the girl. Her parents should have protected her** – see f40.

F168 When we get closer to the boy, he starts walking towards the outskirts of the marketplace. We follow him, accompanied by an ominous feeling that we're walking into a trap.

▶ **Following him is a bad idea** – see f155.

▶ **He's been watching us. He must know something** – see f19.

F169 *"Shut up, you child kidnappers!"*

We hear only insults from the people surrounding us. They encourage the woman to approach us. She peers at each of us closely. We can see that she's agitated and can't control her emotions. If our fate is in her hands, we aren't likely to survive. She turns to the crowd and says:

"I'm not sure. It could have been them."

Nobody cares for our version of events. We get a few sharp punches. Then, they start questioning us.

"Where is the girl?"

"What have you done to her?"

"Talk! Where did you take the child?"

Distribute 1 Wound among the Characters present.

▶ **We tell them truthfully that we don't know anything** – see f85.

▶ **We remain silent so as not to make things worse** – see f34.

F170 We get rid of those scoundrels! We help their victim to his feet. He can hardly stand, but we manage to lead him out of the marketplace. He takes only a necklace and a shawl from the vendors' van. Somebody is definitely watching us; we may have made some new enemies tonight.

Lower the Tolerance by 1.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

F171 The fourth member of the "council" stares at us with scorn. We stare right back. Sure, we've done a lot of bad things, but so has everyone else in this city. We do what we must to survive.

The man moves his head. The goons take our bags and backpacks. We have enough common sense to let go; it's just a few trinkets.

Discard all tokens from the Findings Pile.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

F172 The car stops suddenly. After a moment we hear the back door creak. They untie our hands only to hand us some short army shovels.

"Dig!"

▶ **We dig** – see f66.

▶ **"You can shove these up your asses"** – see f15.

F173 One of us carries the kid and we head back to the marketplace, looking for help. We ask one trader after another, hoping for anyone who knows the child, but so far we are unlucky. Finally, an older woman takes the boy from us saying:

"He looks just like my grandson Luka. I'll take care of him."

What else can we do? The hospital is way too far and we cannot afford to take the boy to our shelter. With this woman he has a slight chance, better than anywhere else. We can't do anything about his illness, and it's not likely we'll ever hear how his story ends.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = lower their Misery by 1.

Write down "Ill child, f173" on a Blank token and slide it under the top card of the Night Raids deck. When you would draw a card this token was placed on, remove this token from the game and roll the Black die.

▶ **A result of 1** – see f41.

▶ **A result of 2-10** – see f108.

▶ **Meanwhile BACK TO GAME.**

F174 We sprint to a safe haven in the maze of ruins. We've almost made it when the crowd takes hold of our backpacks!

▶ **We won't give away what's ours** – see f144.

▶ **They'll rip us to pieces before they let us go. We shuck off our backpacks and keep running** – see f123.

F175 We peek out and see a girl wrapped in a filthy blanket on the ground. She's clearly pregnant – about to give birth, actually, considering that her body is trembling with contractions. She's accompanied by a young man who casts around helplessly for anybody who might assist them. Suddenly, he notices our presence.

"We need a doctor! My Lenka is having a baby! Look, I have nice pair of boots – I will give them to you, just help us!" he says pointing at his feet.

Indeed, those are brand new army boots.

▶ **"We'll help you get to the hospital, but the boots are ours!"** – see f23.

▶ **"We could stay and try to help somehow"** – see f86.

▶ **We know nothing about receiving childbirth. We feel sorry for the young couple, but there's nothing we can do** – roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1. **BACK TO GAME.**

F176 A group has gathered at the market's corner, next to some bushes that serve as the toilet, and they are clearly drunk. On the ground, between several men, stands a large plastic bottle with some brown liquid.

"Wanna have a drink with us?", says one of them, and there's no doubt he's addressing us.

▶ **"No, thanks. We have to get back!"** – see f21.

▶ **"Sure! We can have a drink with some good people"** – see f90.

F177 We witness the final act of the man's tragedy. He is hauled onto the pallets. It's just a moment and then we can hear a dry snap. He swings as the crowd watches silently. Pale smiles creep onto the grim faces of people around us. We try to smile, too, hoping to be left alone.

A few minutes later the marketplace returns to its wartime normality. People slowly disperse back to their stalls. No one pays any attention to the hanged convict. It's time for us to go.

Roll the Black die and compare the result with the Empathy of each Character present. A result that is equal to or lower than a Character's Empathy = raise their Misery by 1. If the script f53 was resolved earlier, for this roll treat the Empathy of each Character present here as if it was 2 lower.

▶ **If the Tolerance = 2 or 3** – **BACK TO GAME.**

▶ **If Tolerance = 1** – see f136.

F178 Breathing is becoming almost impossible, lungs are aching, legs are so heavy. It's harder and harder to avoid the piles of debris and wind through the maze of narrow streets. The pursuers are getting closer. Their angry shouts give you one last bout of determination, but then you trip and fall. They start kicking you. Another hit on the head and everything turns into a flood of agonizing blackness.

The last sound you hear is the echo of steps walking away.

Remove this Character from the game.

▶ **See f129.**

F179 People take what they can and scamper down side alleys. We run too, tripping over bricks scattered everywhere. We do not dare to use our flashlights. It's way too dangerous – snipers might already be out there. One of us falls into a half-buried manhole and we barely pull them out. This is more than sufficient warning. It's time to lay low for a while and safely go back to our shelter later – taking a detour around trouble.

Distribute 2 Wounds among the Characters present.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

F180 *"Do you know how much this cost... back then?"*

He makes a resigned gesture with his hand and we think he says something more, but we can't hear it. We're moving on. Dozens

of others like him come here every day hoping to sell things that seemed essential before the war.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

F181 We sneak behind the garages. The girl resists her attackers: she screams and tries to scratch them, but the bodyguard is holding her tightly, and the big guy is already rummaging at his belt. We look around, searching for anything that could serve as a weapon. There are some hefty pieces of rubble which we start throwing at them when their attention is still on the girl. The bodyguard lets her go and tries to reach for his gun, but he's too clumsy. One well-aimed hit and he falls unconscious. His boss is standing paralysed, with his trousers around his knees, and soon he falls, too, hit with a brick.

Unfortunately, there's one more thug still standing. He must have heard our struggle and left the girl's father to check on his boss. We hear the clank of a Kalashnikov being reloaded and quick steps on the frozen gravel.

▶ **If the Tolerance = 1** – see f154.

▶ **If the Tolerance = 2 or 3** – see f47.

F182 We leave. We must quickly find what we need, buy it and get back to the shelter.

You may draw a new Wares card and resolve it normally (ignore the Reality Impact card).

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

F183 We had to flee the marketplace, but we won't survive without food. We return to the market, expecting the vendors to demand much higher prices than usual. But instead of people watching over carts and blankets with their wares or buyers skulking around with flashlights, there are only rags frozen to the ground, broken stalls and some abandoned knick-knacks. The silence, so peculiar here, is even more chilling than the icy wind tearing through our ragged clothes.

We walk in circles trying to guess what happened here. At last, we notice fresh tracks made by wide off-road tires. There are a lot of them, and they lead along one of the main streets. After a short discussion, we decide to follow the tracks.

An hour or so later we reach the part of the city with the bridge marking the border of the demilitarized zone. On the other side of the bridge, there is the area held by the so-called "peacekeeping forces". It might as well be a different dimension. The whole territory is well-lit, so we find a safe vantage point on the second floor of a nearby building. We can see guard towers, boom gates, sandbags, and concrete anti-tank obstacles. The fortifications are on both sides of the bridge, and among them – scores of armed men. There is only one difference. On "our" side, right at the edge of the lit area, a few trucks have been parked. And next to them: their cargo. Dozens of people whom we used to see at the marketplace – customers, vendors from outside the city, beggars, children. There are heaps of the junk they used to sell, stacked into neat piles: food, valuable things, and scrap treasures useful only to those who have to somehow survive in the city.

The market people are kneeling in rows. Behind them, soldiers are standing. Some officer is shouting, pointing his finger at the captives and the peacekeeping forces on the other side of the bridge. One guy is recording everything with a huge camcorder; another one is holding a microphone. We can't hear what the officer is saying, but he's waving his hands wildly, and then he takes out his gun. He shouts an order.

The soldiers start shooting. One vigorous, well-coordinated round and the first row of the kneeling falls. About a dozen people. The others flinch and curl up a little, but they are still kneeling as if hoping to get out of this alive. The guy with the camcorder comes closer. His microphone-bearing companion covers his mouth with his hand. A second order. A second round. The second row of the kneeling lands face-down in the snow. Some of those in the third row seem to have realized what's happening. They jump to their feet and start running for the boom gates, but the rest are still kneeling down. They still have hope. A third round and they are gone. The group of the city people race past the barriers. The guards don't react, as if they were letting them save their lives. The runners reach the middle of the bridge when a machine gun in one of the towers comes to life. They die still on this side of the bridge, probably so as not to violate the conditions for the ceasefire.

The officer approaches the cameraman. The guy seems to be arguing, so the officer hits him in the face. The man falls in the snow, and the officer takes out the tape from the camcorder and puts it inside his pocket; then he throws the device onto the pile with valuable goods. The microphone guy isn't apparently worth the officer's attention, because one of the soldiers kicks him towards the boom gates. The guy is shivering with fear; he's walking slowly. He must know that they will shoot him, just like they've shot those people from the market. He passes their bodies... and nothing happens. He reaches the first line of the peacekeeping soldiers. Someone puts a blanket on his shoulders.

The foreign soldiers keep to their side of the bridge. During the shooting, some of them raised their guns, but now they just stand there. After all, the ceasefire agreement hasn't been breached.

We leave.

Raise the Misery of all Characters present by 2.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F184 We try to get away slowly, before anyone calls for artillery support. More vehicles seem to have arrived. It's hard to tell. Crawling in the rubbish, we can't see much. The shooting intensifies. Something explodes close to us, but we don't know if it's a grenade, a vehicle hit, or something else.

A volley shot rips through the ground behind us. We freeze, waiting for the pain, but we must have gotten lucky this time. We can move on with others who've decided it's time to flee.

Slowly, we're getting away from the battle. A helicopter can be heard somewhere up ahead. We can turn around here. We see missiles flashing, a whole series of them. The building they were shooting from is torn apart by several powerful explosions. The earth shakes. At that very moment the air above the helicopter is pierced by tracers. We turn around. It's time to run while we still can.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F185 We quickly walk back to the van, but we see only dust and rubbish where it was parked. Someone must have beaten us to the punch and struck a deal with the man.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

F186 We get out of the way and move to stand among some sellers. We lower our heads and try hard not to stand out. As the uniformed men pass us, they stop to aim their guns at our group for a second, before they move on. They aren't looking for us.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

CHAPTER 3: INCIDENTS

SCENARIO: SIDE BY SIDE

DURIĆ

1 HOW ARE YOU DOIN'?

Needs 0: They seem to completely ignore your presence. They're too busy eating the leftovers of canned food you gave them last time. You leave unnoticed.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

Needs 1: They're looking at you with hungry eyes. When you reach inside your backpack, they follow your every move, just like wild beasts ready to flee at the slightest sign of danger.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

Needs 2: They're sitting against the wall, clearly freezing, covered with some old, dirty rags. You can hear them coughing. The stench of unwashed bodies is overpowering. It must be really horrible, if you can smell it even after living several months under the siege. They haven't done anything to make their lives better.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

2 DEATH

The same moment you enter the house, you see what happened. The pile of bodies frozen to death is a grim welcome. It seems they were hugging each other, desperately trying to warm one another to the very last moment. No one has come here for the last few days, and these are the results – more dead who have joined the already huge body count of this endless war. We will probably forget about them soon, just like we kept forgetting when they lived next door.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

3 AFTER THE WAR

Some things simply never change. One would think that experiencing the horrors of war would teach the Durić family something, but in their case everything is just as it was: war or not, it makes no difference to them. They just listlessly endure day after day, too weak to live, and too cowardly to die.

ANDREJ

4 HOW ARE YOU DOIN'?

Needs 0: You keep trying to catch Andrej, but he's always busy, always doing something to help other people. He fixes someone's furniture, caulks windows or just makes some urgent repairs. It's as if he worked in his old workshop. Usual stuff.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

Needs 1: Andrej greets you with a smile, looking at you over his thick glasses. He gestures at a pile of junk he's just found as if telling you how much work he has, but you notice he's tired and resigned – a stark contrast with his usual enthusiasm.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

Needs 2: You wait at the door for a while, but no one answers. Expecting the worst, you enter the house. You find Andrej in bed, despite the fact that normally he would be working at this time. He looks tired, answers your questions reluctantly and refuses when you invite him to visit your shelter.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

5 DEATH

We haven't seen Andrej in the neighborhood for a few days. In fact, no one has. You decide to visit him at home. Door is open, which is suspicious, because Andrej has always carefully locked them, making sure no scavenger would rob his "treasures". You search the house with the flashlight and suddenly the light casts a shadow on a wall. You look up... Andrej's body is slowly swinging, pushed by gusts of cold, winter wind that you let inside.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

6 AFTER THE WAR

From time to time, we visit Andrej in his workshop and, ironically, we recall the war with strange sentiment. When the city was under siege, we missed normal life. But now, everyday routine gives our war struggles a new meaning. Although Andrej works now mostly with electronic equipment, he still keeps some junk he used to turn into useful stuff for his neighbors.

KOVAČEVIĆ

7 HOW ARE YOU DOIN'?

Needs 0: The Kovačević welcome you happily, as always. Their house is the only place where you can find tea, crackers or some canned spam. Maybe it isn't exactly as it used to be before the war... but close.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

Needs 1: They are pleased to see you, as usual, but they keep asking about the protection of their house. Last night, someone smashed the window and stole a few trinkets. The oldest son says that he has everything under control, but one look at his mother's face tells you how worried she is.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

Needs 2: You must knock for quite a while. After a few minutes door opens and you can see a determined boy's face. He's tightly clutching a big kitchen knife. Inside, you see that the younger children are terrified. Someone entered upstairs yesterday night and stole lots of food supplies. The mother begs you for help, looking at her oldest son every few moments. You notice he's hiding bruises under his hood.

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

8 DEATH

Door to the Kovačević house is kicked down. The oldest son lies on the threshold – he was shot in the chest. A few steps inside and you see the bodies of other children... In the dark corner of the room, you find the mother; she's still holding the youngest baby in her arms. They lie among the scattered toys and wooden bricks... They must have died a few days ago, because their bodies are frozen in poses that leave no doubt as to their fate. The house was pillaged from roof to cellar. All you can do for them now is bury everyone...

▶ **BACK TO GAME.**

9 AFTER THE WAR

Younger children attend school, the oldest son has gone abroad and only the mother seems to stay the same; she's always happy to invite us for a homemade cake and some tea. She's getting older with a loving family by her side. From time to time we visit her husband's grave – after all, we survived the war thanks to his foresight.

VLADIMIR

10 HOW ARE YOU DOIN'?

Needs 0: You instantly hear incomprehensible gibberish. Vladimir is sitting by the table completely drunk, pouring some moonshine to a dirty glass. Only his razor-sharp axe propped nearby reminds you how dangerous this man can be.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

Needs 1: Vladimir opens the door and invites you in. He's wearing his best clothes and he seems to be a completely different man, but you can still smell a slight scent of alcohol on him. He makes you some coffee and tells you a couple of "good old times" stories. His hands are shaking a little, but he's quite fine.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

Needs 2: Even from the distance you can hear shouts of fury and sounds of furniture being demolished. You are not sure if going there is safe, but maybe some vodka will calm Vladimir down. Just a few sips and you should be able talk. Just remember not to stare at the pictures of his dead family on the table...

► **BACK TO GAME.**

11 RAGE

Everyone in the neighborhood is afraid to go outside. Vladimir is angry as a bull; he harasses every passerby and takes everything he may trade for moonshine. He hardly ever visits his home or sleeps. Sometimes he just looks at our shelter, as though he were planning something. Everyone tries to avoid him, even the soldiers and looters that sporadically show up in the area. Sooner or later someone will have to deal with this...

► **BACK TO GAME.**

12 AFTER THE WAR

Vladimir never came to terms with the loss of his family. When the city was being rebuilt, he spent some time working as a bricklayer. We thought he would be okay, but when there was no more work for him in Pogoren, he didn't decide to go abroad. He was often seen stumbling around drunk, just like during the war. He didn't carry his hatchet, but that didn't give the story a happier ending. One day, his outburst turned nasty and several people were wounded in a brawl he instigated. He was sentenced and went to prison. We never saw him again.

SCENARIO: YOU AND ME

BREAKDOWN

Dina's Misery = 4 and Zoran is alive: There is nothing worse than a lovers' quarrel. Months of unsuccessful search for her brother took their toll on Dina. Her despair spilled over onto Zoran. It turned into resentment - he wanted to go back to his family; he didn't care enough to help; he was leaving her to search on her own. In the end, she ran into the night and Zoran didn't manage to find her among the ruins. Now he's waiting in their shelter, hoping his beloved Dina will return.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

Dina's Misery = 4 and Zoran is dead: More and more lonely days spent watching the plaster falling from the crumbling wall. More and more nights in a desperate search for her brother. Dina was constantly torn between mourning the death of her beloved Zoran and the painful awareness that every moment spent in hiding lowered her chances to find the last relative she had left. One night, completely desperate, she stayed in the city too long. Her torment was finally terminated by a sniper's bullet.

Unfortunately, we were not able to accomplish the Objective. This is the end of the game.

Zoran's Misery = 4 and Dina is alive: One night, when Dina came back from the scavenge with her bag full of frozen, but still edible vegetables, she found the house empty. She waited for several hours, hoping that Zoran had gone scavenging, too, and would be back soon, but at dawn chances of his return were close to zero. There was no letter, nor signs of a break-in or fight. When Dina took a closer look around the house she realized that Zoran's belonging were gone, too. He had just left her without saying a word.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

Zoran's Misery = 4 and Dina is dead: A few weeks passed after Dina died. Zoran tried to keep himself busy: he cleaned and renovated the shelter, gathered supplies and made the barely standing bed every day, as if his lover were going to come in any minute. Finally, he decided to pack all his belongings and leave the city. Or at least try... However, on the day of his departure he simply couldn't leave the house filled with all those memories... Unable to live with them, he threw himself at his own knife and bled out.

Unfortunately, we were not able to accomplish the Objective. This is the end of the game.

Dina and Zoran's Misery = 4 simultaneously: When Zoran came back from yet another one of his futile scavenging expeditions and found Dina staring apathetically through a dirty window. He finally made a decision. He took a necklace they found only a few weeks earlier and went straight to the nearest military outpost. The jewelry passed from hand to hand and the deal was made.

The paid man came the next day and silently slipped into the lovers' shelter. When he entered, they were lying, holding each other. Zoran was awake - he gazed at the man with a half-scared, half-grateful look. When he closed his eyes and hugged Dina for the last time, two shots echoed inside the house.

Unfortunately, we were not able to accomplish the Objective. This is the end of the game.

DEATH

Dina dies (she is removed from the game) and Zoran is alive: When you're surrounded by ruins, it's hard to find a focus for your fury and despair. Is it satisfying to destroy something that has already been destroyed? His hands were stained with the earth from Dina's grave. His thoughts were full of memories. Their time together was all tied up with the horrors of war, and he grieved. Eventually, though, he came to his senses - hungry, tired, but ready to survive another night. Against all odds.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

Zoran dies (he is removed from the game) and Dina is alive: "There's too much death around. Only the dead surround me". Dina lost her path when even Zoran left her alone by dying. Alone in the cold, and dark, she couldn't fathom how she would manage. The despair and betrayal pulled at her until something broke; she might have lost Zoran, but her brother wasn't gone yet. She just needed to find him. When the night falls, Dina will take her backpack, lace up her boots and set off to the shelled streets of Pogoren again.

► **BACK TO GAME.**

Dina and Zoran die (they are removed from the game) simultaneously: They lived for each other and died for each other. Their neighbors knew them, but only a few actually spoke with them more than once. People thought they had their own world, far, far away from this ruined city. Only death could finally bring them to the place where everyone is finally going to end. All that remains now are their bodies, slowly covered by fresh snow. Their love wasn't hot enough to melt even the tiniest snowflake.

Unfortunately, we were not able to accomplish the Objective. This is the end of the game.

EPILOGUE

Only Dina is alive at the end of the game: War remains in all of us. Some suffer more, some less; others carry their war experience as unendingly festering wounds. Dina lost everyone in Pogoren and she couldn't cope up. Because she was sure her parents and Zoran died, she obsessively held to the thought that her brother Petar was still somewhere out there.

She kept looking for him many years using different methods to no avail. From time to time, she found some pieces of information; sometimes she met a someone who supposedly saw Petar somewhere, but finally everything turned out to be just a fraud. Nevertheless she never gave up hope and never stopped looking. She probably still is...

Only Zoran is alive at the end of the game: Zoran buried his only one true love in Pogoren. There was nothing else in the city he cared about. He came back to his family house in the mountains. He found it partially burnt down, but he was sure his family had left it safely. With that in mind, he started to renovate it. A few months of hard work enabled him to forget about Dina for a while. When the situation in Pogoren stabilized, Zoran started working as a lumberjack again. At the same time he kept sending letters, trying to find information about his family. In the end he received an official document confirming their bodies were exhumed from a mass grave close to the country's border. Human traffickers brutally treated people they were supposed to smuggle away from the war zone. In the end, Zoran rebuilt the house for nothing...

Both Dina and Zoran are alive at the end of the game: Life is full of surprising finales. Dina and Zoran survived and got married soon. The country was being rebuilt around them, and they were part of those changes. However, their love was clouded by the loss of the loved ones. A few months after the war Zoran found out that his family was murdered when trying to cross the border. As for the fate of Petar – no one ever learned what happened to him. Just like during the siege, Dina was obsessively looking for any signs of him – now using letters, chronicles, interviews with survivors and finally using the Internet. Her work showed the picture of tragedy of thousands of families, Dina published it as a series of documentaries. The world learned the truth about the war. So what? Dina never found out the truth about what happened to her own brother.

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