

# CAVERN OF FROST GIANTS

## PART 03

Hundreds of chambers disappear into the far stretches of the cavern and your every footstep resounds in echo from ice wall to ice wall. In front of you sits a towering, pale-skinned Frost Giant, with his large squarish face, narrow eyes, and long grey beard with frosted tips all the way down to his stomach making him easily identifiable.

“Salute, good Giant Sir,” you speak aloud to their leader while kneeling down. Their leader sits on his impressive frozen throne unmoved. “I have traveled from afar, here to negotiate a trade for a crest of honor you obtained many years ago,” you continue unwaveringly. The leader, still unfazed, shoos you away with his hand. Before being dragged away by two Giants, you blurt out in Jotun, the Giant language: “I cannot return empty handed!”

“You want trade honor?” the mighty chieftain asks of you in an intimidating voice. “Honor not business. Weaklings not welcome. Fight or leave,” the Giants’ leader expresses.

You are a weathered warrior, one who has overcome many obstacles. You throw down your long black cloak and unsheath your huge sword that was hidden underneath. He grins at you, stands up from his frozen throne and readies his axe for battle. “That’s like it more, Human.”

**Grid Size:** 20x33

**Formats:** VTT, PDF (6000x9900 px, 300DPI)

**Variations:** Original, Midnight, Shadowfell, Royal Sun, Clean, Amethyst Sky, Obsidian Outpost, War Camp