BLIZZARD ENTERTAINMENT

OVERWATCH

CRUCIBLE



A SHORT STORY BY LYNN JOHNSTON

WRITTEN BY
LYNN JOHNSTON

ART BY
GORLASSAR

SENIOR DIRECTOR, STORY & FRANCHISE DEVELOPMENT
VENECIA DURAN

SENIOR MANAGER, WRITING & BOOKS
MATTHEW COHAN

EDITORIAL SUPERVISOR
CHLOE FRABONI

SENIOR EDITOR
MEGAN WALKER

SENIOR BRAND ARTIST
SOPHIE ERB

PRODUCTION
BRIANNE MESSINA, TAKAYUKI SHIMBO, JT TORREA, QIANNAN ZHANG

GAME TEAM CONSULTATION
JEFF CHAMBERLAIN, MIRANDA MOYER, NESSKAIN,
DION ROGERS, JUDE STACEY, JUSTIN RICHMOND

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CRUCIBLE

Silence. Darkness. Solitude. I never found comfort in these things as a younger man . . . I was too preoccupied with feeding my ego to appreciate the value of self-reflection. But if I have learned anything from my . . . recent trials, it is that my greatest enemy is not Vendetta, or anyone else in this world . . . but complacency.

Widowmaker was the first to find me since my fall, and she was not faring much better than I. Talon's once deadliest assassin, now simply a shadow of her former self. For years, she could push down her traumas and hone her talents through Dr. O'Deorain's treatments, perfecting her killer instinct. Now that it no longer runs through her veins, one must wonder what—or who—haunts her refreshed mind. Her precision is shaken . . . yet she has come, determined to reclaim the power she once knew. A drive I will not waste.

Reaper found me soon after. He tries to mask the way he stumbles in, switching form, but something is clearly wrong. Much like Widowmaker, without the salve of Moira's formula to stabilize his abilities, he struggles to maintain his physical form. His swift, measured movements have been replaced by shaky steps and paltry attempts at covering weaknesses with pride.

But there's a focus there—a clarity that was once smothered by uncontrollable rage. Though I cannot see his eyes, I feel the burning judgment of his gaze, down to my missing namesake. I am no fool . . . I recognize that he is evaluating my worthiness as a leader, whether the cruel echo of what I once had will make me vulnerable. Regardless of what he may think, his only choices are to eventually face retribution from Vendetta for the fall of her father . . . or to join me—and I am glad to have him by my side.


GÉRARD
LACROIX







Sombra's arrival struck me with just how quiet it was. The quips, the laughter, the jeering once synonymous with her, now only come as half-hearted attempts to maintain her mask of indifference. But I know why she's here. Sombra's allegiance has always come with ulterior motives. Sometimes it is a hunt for hidden truths. This time . . . she seeks the well-being of what may be her one true loyalty: Sigma. Her view of Talon, of me, is irrelevant. She'll lend her skills to see Vendetta fall, and in return, she'll have mine.

These three operatives—once my best, now vulnerable, strung out, struggling . . . but still standing. I once made Talon into a collection of powerful individuals with resources that would benefit my plans. With what remains of these alliances, I must find a new strategy. I must earn their trust.

They're likely skeptical that I can overcome what Vendetta has thrown my way. I do not blame their doubt. I commend it. Blind trust in a leader is the surest path to failure.

I need not plead. Instead, I will prove that Vendetta's momentary victory was not my downfall . . . but my crucible. With every rock I grasped, every ledge I surmounted, my resolve strengthened . . . and the new path I have paved will help us all attain our ends. Together.

My players are assembled, and the board is set. But one piece remains to move our future into view . . . and now is the time to strike.

