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**Tobe**

**Myx**

**Mhurren**

**Doomsinger**

**Erbak**

**Ray:GM:Host:Scraw:Other Voices**

[Audio Description]

{Tone Guide/Sarcasm etc}

**Ray, Host/GM:** Hello listeners. This is the first episode of our D&D podcast, "Tails from the Dark Dragons inn". We play together each week online and this has resulted in the occasional, 'interesting' audio hitch.

These improve significantly as we go, so please do bear with us in these early episodes. If, like me, audio quality is an absolute must for you, i'd recommend listening to a couple of episodes to get a feel for us and then jumping ahead to episode 1A. This is a recap episode which will bring you up to speed and get you right into the thick of the story without having to deal with any of our audio hiccups.

Our group is currently following one of the official wizards of the coast campaign guides, however, it's being run in a homebrew, alternate universe version of the forgotten realms.

There are a lot of changes; the main one you'll notice being the treatment of race. All you need to know to be up to speed is that the majority of races live in relative harmony, save for humans and elves who are widely mistrusted by all. If you're interested in learning more, please visit our website <http://tailsfromthedarkdragonsinn.co.uk> or follow us on twitter @DarkDragonsInn.

Now let me introduce our players!

**Vinny/Mhurren:** Hello, i'm Vinny. I play Mhurren, the half-orc Monk. He has a

slender build, dark green skin, blue eyes and coarse dark hair, tied into a ponytail. He dresses simply in a loose shirt, breeches and sandals which he wears underneath a traditional monk's robe, tied at the waist with rope.

He also wears a bracelet patterned with scales, which was given to him by his Master, Kriv. It bears the symbol of Bahamut. As a monk of the Order of the Stone Claw, he has set out to learn more of the wider world. He also seeks an old acquaintance. One who he hopes has answers about the events surrounding the tragic fate of his best friend.

**Liz/Tobe:** I'm Liz and I play Tobe. A warlock of the Raven Queen. Tobe is a tiefling, 6ft tall and of slender build. His eyes are a solid purple and he wears his purple black hair short. His skin is a pale grey and he has horns which curve backwards and to the sides before tapering off into fine points.

He wears a turtleneck with a vest on top, both in different shades of purple. Has a long thin tail, ending in a tuft of hair. Often perched on his head is his spirit raven, Oz. Tobe is currently hunting for a cure for his sister Ayla, who he left in the care of a friend.

**Nina/Myx:** Hi, i'm Nina and I play Myx, the Aasimar warlock of the fey. Myx is 5ft 10, with one gold eye, the other a deep red and she has little horn nubs on her head, showing subtle traits of her mixed lineage. Her hair is long, purple tinted silver and she wears an oversized burgundy cloak.

Myx was raised in the woods by her grandmother; an ex assassin and is currently on a journey to learn the truth of her family.

**Tom/Erbak:** I'm Tom and i'm playing the delightfully oblivious, Erbak Voss. Lizardman Wizard. Erbak's basically your average man-shaped lizard, about 5'10 with green scales, yellow underbelly and a head not unlike a velociraptor.

As well as a rucksack and travelling clothes, he wears a traditional, though tattered, doctor's coat. Erbak's an ex-slave who worked as a saw bones in The Wastes, before hiding in a pile of post-revolt corpses to make his escape.

He now travels the world, peddling his medicinal skills, whilst looking to sate his scientific curiosities about life, death and everything in between.

**GM:** In this episode, we have a guest player; Tom, playing the character of The Doomsinger. The character surrounded in mystery. Tall, slim, wearing a hooded cloak that hides his features and a finely crafted porcelain mask that covers his entire face. Little is known about this character, but much will be

revealed.

And i'm Ray! Your host and Game master, and I play...well, just about everyone else.

Now, without further ado, please give a warm welcome to our host tonight.

**The Doomsinger:** Welcome! To Tails from the Dark Dragons Inn. I am your orator; The Doomsinger. Many are the guests that pass through these humble doors but tonight, I speak of a select few. Perhaps you will have heard of them. I speak of course, of The Scales of Justice.

Please! Please! Hold your applause. Though their names are great, and carry much weight; not always was it so. Tonight the tale of their humble beginnings as they began so long ago.

**GM:** Erbak! You have been in the Dark Dragons Inn now, for roughly two weeks. While you've been here, the crowds of people have been coming and going, it's been a fairly regular stream.

Most nights and most days, seem to be quite bustling. It's a very active Inn, due to the nature of the services it provides, being an adventuring hall where travellers looking for work can come and find work, or they can await letters or any kind of information that's on the road; this is essentially a central hub for that kind of exchange.

Today however is unusually quiet! The majority of the patrons you've seen over the past few weeks have not been here. They've left on a recent caravan.

Two or three days ago, you received a letter. The letter was from your contact who was informing you that he had found what he was looking for; The original manuscripts of The Order of Slen, which is something that you had sent him to recover, purely on the basis that you could work out exactly what they had done, so you could work out how to do it right. Because wizards though they claimed to be, they just weren't really up to your standards.

You are keen to leave but on your own, you're not likely to make it that far. The road is dangerous and you've been looking for a party to travel with or some adventurers you can hire; you're not particularly picky at this point.

You have learned that in the coming days, there will be a trade caravan route where they will both be hiring guards and also willing to take on passengers.

They will be heading to Baldur's Gate via a town called Greenest. When they get to Baldur's Gate, they'll essentially dump their goods, sell on their wares, buy new ones and head back the way they came. Just because that's fairly common. Baldur's Gate has very stringent trade policy and doesn't seem to have much in the way of letting people pass through.

Today, the bar is quiet. The Barman is still tending his wares, going around buffing the counter. You're familiar with him; His name is Vistirion and he is a Dwarf. He's a rather tall dwarf, so you guess that he is probably not full blood but a Dwarf he is, nonetheless.

You are enjoying your breakfast, for what enjoyment can be passed for when it comes to 'civilised' food, when two strangers enter. You have not seen them before. One of them is a Tiefling and the other is an Aasimar.

**GM:** Tobe! Myx! You guys have found your way to the quiet town of Zhenstucka. The roads have been clear. When you arrive, it's about as small as you've heard. The buildings are not particularly flashy; it's a very, very small village and that makes the sheer scope and size of the Dark Dragons Inn, something to behold. You could fit several of the average building size of this village inside the Dark Dragons Inn and there would be more room to spare.

When you walk in through the front doors, it's dead. There is a single barman behind the bar, buffing the counter. There is a lone Lizardman in the back of the bar. As you walk in, the barman looks up.

**Barman:** "Hello! Friends! Welcome to the Dark Dragons!"

**GM:** And he shouts this literally across the hall because he sees you and is SO pleased to see someone today.

**Myx:** I wave frantically back at him {excitedly} "Hellooo friend!"

**GM:** This bar is not; so you've heard that this a hive of activity. This place should be bustling, but it's pretty dead. You wonder perhaps if it's the time of day or...maybe you're in the wrong place! Who can tell?

**Tobe:** I turn to Myx {Deadpan} "I think we might have been lied to"

**Myx:** "Maybe we just got the date wrong?"

**GM:** And you see the barman, he gestures you over, unwilling to scream across the tavern and interrupt the only patron he has that's paid for anything.

**Tobe:** I'm very reluctant to move forward

**Myx:** I just march over to the bar and look at him with big shining eyes and be like "Can I have, a glass of water, sir?"

**Erbak:** I'm going to stare pointedly at them

**Barman:** "Yes, of course!"

**GM:** You just stare at them from the other side of the bar and Vistirion, he leans under the bar and he brings out the fanciest goblet you've ever seen. He fills it water and he says;

**Barman:** "Well! You may as well enjoy it. It's not like we have anyone else here right now!"

**Myx:** "Why IS it so...for somewhere with such grandeur this is awfully quiet. Is this normal? Is this...?"

**Barman:** [Makes a dismissive noise] "The people come and go. There was a caravan, recently. Took most of my customers but it's fine. There will be more. And you are here!"

**Myx:** "Caravan? Yes..." and I'm looking over at Tobe, kinda stuck on the word Caravan.

**GM:** Go ahead and roll a history check to see what you know about the Dark Dragons Inn.

What you know about the Dark Dragons Inn, is that it is the beginnings of a trade hub; largely in terms of information and it is also a point where people hire out adventurers, travellers and the like. So it's not too uncommon for a large travelling caravan to do things like, hire people to work for them, to help protect the caravans, to take passengers on to bigger cities. People pay for space on the caravan, so they can travel with ease and not have to travel the roads on their own and by foot.

So what he's implying here is there's just been a big old caravan train that's come through town recently and most of his clients had either hired their way onto it themselves or they have been hired to travel with the caravan and this is not, you gather by his demeanour, a particularly unusual experience.

**Myx:** Can I insight check him? {laughing}

**GM:** You can insight check him, yeah.

**Tobe:** By this point, i've stopped standing by the door and have joined Myx by the bar.

**Myx:** "Another glass of water for my friend please!"

**Barman:** "Yes of course!"

**GM:** And he goes to get you a glass. Did you come up with a name for your crow?

**Tobe:** Fuck, I did not.

**GM:** Do you have your crow out at the moment?

**Tobe:** I do

**Myx:** 17 on insight

**GM:** Yeah, I mean he seems very friendly, he seems very open and he has a very honest face. He has no real reason to lie to you, he wants your money.

So he brings up a really ornate tankard and he places it and fills it with water. He cocks his head and starts waving his finger at you Tobe.

**Barman:** "Hmm...Waaaiiit wait wait wait wait wait. I think I have something for you."

**Tobe:** I narrow my eyes

**GM:** He reaches under the counter and he brings out this bag and starts going through it and you can see, bits of paper falling out and stuff and he pulls out a scroll.

**Barman:** "Uhh, what's your name, stranger?"

**Tobe:** "Tobe", I very reluctantly answer.

**Barman:** "Ah! Then this is for you."

**GM:** and he hands it and you see that there's a tag on the scroll that says 'Tobe - Bird Boy'. Myx You're watching this interaction with curiosity

**Myx:** I'm gonna say it was like, really hard not to just snatch the scroll and be like "Oh! What's this?" but it's Tobe so..

**GM:** Just thinking about that, like you're looking at Tobe receiving this letter, you're like "Hmm" and you hear a little [tink tink tink tink] and you feel a

patting on the side of your leg.

**Myx:** I kinda shake my head out of the dead zone of staring and go to check my little clink clinking thing.

**GM:** You look down and there appears to be a very small goblin who is wearing a little tweed jacket and this floppy red hat and he looks up

**Goblin:** "Uhm...Mistress..."

**Myx:** Myx kind of squeals a little bit

**GM:** And you look at him and you notice this Goblin's eyes are extremely dull and glazed over almost. It's expression is...It's really blank. It's looking up at you with very focused attention.

**Goblin:** "The lady...of..."

**GM:** The Words seem like they're struggling with. Like they're trying to work through this sentence. It shakes its head, puts its hand up and in its hand is a scroll and it's kind of holding it up.

**Myx:** I tilt my head a little bit but I take the scroll from this teeny tiny goblin and say "Thank you"

**GM:** As soon as you take the scroll, the goblin blinks; its eyes clarify. It looks around and groans. It looks around the tavern and groans louder in frustration.

**Tobe:** {laughing}

**Myx:** "You okay little guy?"

**Goblin:** "I'm gonna be laaaaaate."

**GM:** And he just like, staggers out. So you are currently in the bar, either looking at or reading your letters.

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-Cuts to outside in the streets of Zhenstucka-

**GM:** So, Mhurren and Doomsinger. You find yourself wandering in to a sleepy looking town. The houses are fairly, inexpensively built shall we say. They're small, good for every day, day to day usage. The town is really, super plain.

You are here for the Dark Dragons Inn.

As you are walking down the streets you do see that there seems to be a distinct lack of people. And then all at once, you start to hear yelling. Not lots of yelling. Just one voice. And specifically, it's shouting

**GM:**Distant yells: "Slavers! Slavers!! Get back you cowards!!"

**GM:** And this seems to be coming from the direction that you are heading in, as a matter of fact.

**Doomsinger:** "Dreary little place, isn't it?"

**Mhurren:** "Sounds like someone needs help."

**GM:** How do you approach this? Are you just going to charge off in that direction? Or are you going to saunter as per Doomsinger's suggestion?

**Mhurren:** Proceed with caution! At a slight jog.

**GM:** So you quicken your pace slightly

**Doomsinger:** I'll continue to walk at my steady pace behind him. Swinging my sword casually in hand

**GM:** You run down a sidestreet, turning towards, one of the largest buildings in this village and the building that you are nearing, is large enough that you could actually fit several of the smaller houses inside of it.

It's huge. But what grabs your attention is, as you turn the corner you see a 6ft8 BugBear, standing with a giant glaive in front of him. He's holding it in a defensive position and behind him, is an 8 year old girl and she is clinging to the back of his leg and he is facing down a trio of elves.

You can see them sort of, circling around him and you can see them getting closer. He is just doing his best to puff his chest up, look as fierce as he can but he's not doing a spectacularly good job at it. You just see him shouting and then he turns to see you and says

**Bugbear:** "Quickly! Help me get rid of these."

**GM:** and the elf in charge looks at you, then he looks back at the bugbear and he motions to his men who draw their weapons. He then turns to you and says

**GM:**Elf: Are you going to cause me trouble?

**Doomsinger:** "Gentlemen, I think you'll find this one's already mine."

**GM:** Are you wearing your mask right now or not?

**Doomsinger:** Yes!

**GM:** The bugbear, as soon as you say this, turns and re-angles himself in front of the little girl, who shifts around behind him and he also looks at you defensively. The elves make no moves to respond to your claim,

**Doomsinger:** Ugh. It's going to be another one of those days, Priest.

**Mhurren:** Aye

**Doomsinger:** I'll still be walking along, casually swinging my sword in the style one might swing a cane.

**GM:** The bugbear looks at you defensively but you notice that his defensive turn towards you is more posturing than anything else. He wants the elves to think you're in opposition but he's sussed you out. He sees through your nonsense. Unfortunately, so do the elves.

**Doomsinger:** "What do you reckon Priest? Time for a bit of a ruck?"

**Mhurren:** "Well, I guess there's no way around it."

**Doomsinger:** "Alright. Off you go then!"

-Cuts back inside the Dark Dragons Inn-

**GM:** So you guys have been standing around for a couple of minutes just going through your letters, drinking your water. This lizardman from the other side of the room has been narrowing his eyes at you and trying to get your attention but I don't think either of you have particularly noticed? And as you're standing there, making polite conversation with Vistirion a dwarven man bursts in through the door.

He is out of breath, he looks extremely distraught he bends over double and looks up at you:

**Dwarf:** "Please! Help! They have my daughter! Elves! Slavers in town!"

**GM:** He points out of the door and as he does so, you hear a loud voice shouting from the street

**GM:**Distant yells: "Slavers! Slavers!! Get back you cowards!!"

**Myx:** I glance over at Tobe and give him the sign that we need to help. We need to get rid of these slavers.

**Tobe:** Knowing that I don't really have much of a choice, I just nod and accept.

**Myx:** I want to check that the guy is okay. I'm not a cleric but I still want to check he's okay.

**Tobe:** I go over to peak out the door to see what's going on.

**GM:** He's just really out of breath. Not knowing what else to do, he just ran into the place where he knows a lot of travelling guardsmen and mercenaries tend to be and he hoped that there would be people in there who are not afraid to stand up to scummy elven raiders.

**Myx:** Okay, well I run back to the bar really quickly to get my glass of water and I give it to him before rushing out

**GM:** Tobe, you look out the door. You see very clearly, that in a direct path to the entrance of the inn, there appears to be three elves who are circling and getting closer to a large looking bugbear, who behind him has a small dwarven girl who is cowering and holding onto his leg.

The bug bear is holding a giant glaive in front of him in a defensive position. Every now and again, he swings it to ward off the elves as they close in.

**Myx:** I look over at the slavers and yell "Oy, what do you think you're doing? Leave them alone!"

**Tobe:** I wish she hadn't done that.

**GM:** Their attention is directed elsewhere right now. They're almost 100 ft down the road right now, not just outside of the inn.

**Myx:** Remembering that i'm squishy, I want to run to the scene carefully, quickly but stay out of sight

**Tobe:** I'm gonna follow.

**GM:** So you guys make your way out of the Inn.

**Erbak:** I'm going to wait until they've left the Inn, calmly get up, walk over to

the door and peer out.

**GM:** You see pretty much the same thing, only you also see the pair of them trying to sneak down the road towards the scuffle. You notice that the bugbear is very tall but he's extremely lanky, looking almost half-formed. You've met bugbears before and you get the impression this one is not an adult. He's doing his best to look intimidating but he's not especially good at it.

You hear some footsteps approaching, a passing conversation between some newcomers just out of sight and then you see the elven slavers draw their weapons.

**Erbak:** I've got my head sticking out of the door. As a lizardman, it makes peering out of anything much more challenging. I'm just going to wait and see what happens.

How far away from the elves am I?

**GM:** About 100ft. Everybody roll initiative for me please!

[chorus of groans from all]

**GM:** This slaver is going to circle around to the left of the bugbear and then hold his action. Mhurren, what are you doing?

**Mhurren:** I'm going to move in 30 feet, hold my action with a dart. I'm going to wait until anyone makes a move towards the bugbear or the girl

**GM:** They already are making those moves. You mean you want to wait for them to attack?

**Mhurren:** Nope! Screw it. I'm gonna go for the guy closest to me.

**GM:** Go ahead and roll your attack. - That does not hit, sorry! You pull out a dart, throw it and he dodges out of the way.

**Elven leader:** "What business have you here? Why do you meddle in our affairs?"

**GM:** The clear leader of the three turns to the others and says

**Elven leader:** "You take care of them, i'll take care of the boy"

**GM:** as he moves in to take care of the bugbear, you see him pull out his blade, he takes a slash. The bugbear casually deflects it with his glaive and

spins it away

**Scraw:** "Not today! Not today buddy." He is going to Rage and you hear him shout "The girl stays with me!"

**GM:** You see in his stance, he swings his glaive out as though he's going to hit the guy in front of him and what he actually does instead, is he launches it forward, it slides out from his hands until it's extended to its full range and he whips it out sideways, attacking the elven slaver to the right and the blade catches him in the side of the head.

He hits the bricks, just like a sack of shit. Shploof! This massive gaping wound in the side of his head as Scraw pulls back his glaive as quickly as he's able and you see him roaring with fury into the face of the elf in front of him. Tobe!

**Tobe:** I'm going to continue sneaking forward for my full movement, along the side of the building. How much of the situation am I able to read, just from what I can see?

**GM:** You left the building knowing that a dwarf ran into the building telling you slavers were trying to take his daughter and as you ran out of the bar, you heard this bugbear shouting about slavers. And those are elves. And everyone knows about Elves, right?

**Tobe:** "Mmhmm."

**Doomsinger:** We sure do.

**Tobe:** Okay, i'm going to cast eldritch blast against the main instigator.

**GM:** Nice! So you sneak down and send forward a blast of charged energy and this lashes out; As it flies past the minion, you see him turn and react and suddenly realise that the two of you are sneaking up behind him. He turns to warn his boss and this is how it goes down.

He turns as he sees the energy is going to collide with his bosses back and watches as the force hits him so hard that it knocks him from his feet completely. He doesn't say anything because the air is knocked out of him.

**Tobe:** I don't say anything, but i'm pleased.

**Doomsinger:** I'll continue my casual stroll moving half of my movement forward, extending my hand, in front of myself I will sing (To the tune of "Disco Inferno" by the Trammps) "Burn baby burn; Elven inferno! Burn baby burn, burn that slaver down"

**GM:** You're wandering over at your casual pace and singing 'Burn baby burn' and what happens is as you're singing this, you forget the words. {mumbling} Oh fuck it', you release the energy and it just pftpftpftpft dissipates in the air in front of you before it reaches its target and you also feel slightly embarrassed. Luckily, the mask hides that and you feel no shame anyway.

**Doomsinger:** I make out like I was just casually lighting sparks with my fingers and singing to myself. Nothing to see here.

**GM:** Myx!

**Myx:** Yo, so first thing, going to continue moving along forward, max of my movement which is thirty feet. I wanna chuck a crossbow at that fellow

[everyone starts laughing]

**GM {Laughing}:** You pull out your crossbow and you just throw it at him! Go ahead. Roll a d20 for improvised weapon.

**Myx:** Oh no!

**GM:** Okay, no, you can fire it for real if you prefer. But if you want, you can just throw a crossbow at him.

**Myx:** I'm going to FIRE it; aiming specifically at his shoulder. I don't want to kill him. The one closest to me.

**GM:** I think it would have been much more entertaining had Myx just lost her composure, pulled out a crossbow and lobbed it at him though.

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**GM:** I mean, that pretty resoundingly hits him. You shoot a crossbow bolt into his shoulder and he doubles over with the pain. You see him almost black out but he manages to stay on his feet. He rushes over to his boss and he uses his action to help him up and then he fuckin' runs. He runs over, past the corpse of his friend, doesn't give a shit. He just keeps running.

**Myx:** "Don't let him get away!"

**Erbak:** Is that guy still on the board?

**GM:** Yeah, he's still in range. You are stood effectively in the entrance to the tavern.

**Erbak:** I'm going to cast chill touch on the running fella.

**GM:** You summon a skeletal hand. That's what gets summoned. And does the touching.

**Tobe:** That sounds so wrong.

**GM:** You just reach out your arm and you focus on this running guy. You see a skeletal hand manifest itself behind him and it passes through the back of his head as it tries to grab hold of him.

So as you reach out and you see the hand pass through him and the bones pass through the back of his skull, you see his spine arch as he's running and his arms are splayed out as his body collapses forward to the ground. He is dead.

**Erbak:** I'm going to allow myself a slight smile.

**GM:** Nobody notices.

**Tobe:** Not the best way to go.

**Mhurren:** I still see the main dude.

**GM:** the main guy is on his feet in front of the bug bear.

**Mhurren:** I'll just move over and grapple him.

**GM:** As you see this other elf help him up, you rush over and watch as the other elf runs, arches and collapses to the ground. You try to grab hold of this larger and more prominently dressed elf. He dodges and weaves, fighting back your hands lap sao style as he backs away from you and he's going to use his full movement and double dash and he's just going to get the hell out of dodge.

As he does so, you see him turn to one of his fallen compatriots; He spits and runs.

**Tobe:** What a dick.

**GM:** You see Scraw the bugbear, relax visibly as he pulls his glaive over and begins to wipe it down. He wipes it on the corpse of the elf in front of him.

**Scraw:** He looks up at you all "Thank you. All. There's nothing in this world I can abide less than slavers. Disgusts me."

**Doomsinger:** ~Nonchalantly whistling~

**Erbak:** I'm going to make my way over to this gathering

**Myx:** Now that we're out of initiative can I get closer to the bugbear and the girl

**Doomsinger:** "Poor attempt at a grapple there priest"

**Mhurren:** "Well, he was a slippery fellow."

**Doomsinger:** "Any excuse, eh? Any excuse."

**Scraw:** Looks up at you "I thought it was a fine job. Well done!" He turns to the dwarven girl, "Come mindy. We should find your father. Would you like to all join me in the inn?" He turns to you Erbak "That was a fine shot friend. I'm glad I'm not on your wrong side." and he starts leading the small dwarf girl back to the inn where he saw her father rushing over.

**Doomsinger:** "Before we go, Priest, would you mind checking that Elf out for me? They may have various interesting things on them. Chop chop"

**Mhurren:** "Oh, fine." I'll go and CHECK THE ELF OUT

**Myx:** Oh, can I do the same? Not to loot them but to see if I can find anything out about who they are or if they're part of any particular group or sect?

**Erbak:** I just stand near them, to see what they're doing.

**GM:** Erbak roll a perception check. Mhurren and Myx, roll investigation checks separately. How subtle are you trying to be?

**Myx:** I'm not being particularly subtle, I just want to know who they are and what they're doing here.

**Mhurren:** I'm just checking the guy out. To see if he's good looking or whatever. I mean, that's what he asked me.

**GM:** Yeah, it's true. You're just going over there, checking out his arse. You wipe some of the blood off his face.

**Mhurren:** I gently prod him with with my foot.

**GM:** You roll him over. Eh. He's a 4.

**Mhurren:** "He's a four!"

**Doomsinger:** "Look for interesting ITEMS you Dolt!"

**GM:** You don't find anything of interest, sadly.

**Doomsinger:** "I don't know why I protect you sometimes priest"

**GM:** You pat down the pockets Myx and you sadly don't find anything of interest. You find a couple of silver pieces, but nothing identifying. You don't find any scrolls or instructions.

**Myx:** Can I take the silver pieces? So that I can give them to the bugbear or the father for their troubles?

**GM:** Yeah, there's three silver, you can take those if you want. The large bugbear and small dwarven girl have gone into the building, so welcome to The Dark Dragons Inn. The titular inn!

Vistirion is standing at the bar. You see him patting the distraught looking dwarf on the shoulder and as the bugbear walks in with the little girl, his face lightens up immediately. He opens up his arms and the little girl runs over;

Mindy: "Daddy!"

**GM:**Dwarf: "Mindy!" He takes her up in his arms, looks at you all thrilled beyond words. Doesn't know how to express his gratitude. He naturally attempts to do so by offering to hug...Tobe

**Tobe:** I just back right the fuck up immediately.

**Myx:** I'll take the hug! Myx takes the hug instead.

**GM:** You see this dwarf running towards Tobe "Thank you so much stranger" and you step in 'Thankyouwelcomeyayyyy'

**Doomsinger:** I'll sigh distastefully.

**Myx:** When i'm hugging him can I give him the silver that I just took off the elves?

**GM:** He seems confused.

**Myx:** "For your trouble sir. Courtesy of the no longer present elven people"

**GM:** "Umm..uhhh..Thank You. M..Mindy, we should go. Your mother will be worried. Thank you again friends! I wish I could offer more than my thanks but...well. You've done me a kindness this day and maybe in the future..."

**Erbak:** "I should point out to you. One of them did get away. The big one? Taller one? The boss one. Yes. He ran. He ran."

**GM:** "Well, if he's running, he's probably running still. Elves are cowards

when they're on their own."

**Doomsinger:** ~Whistles Nonchalantly~

**Myx:** I'm wondering where this whistling is coming from and why it's happening.

**Doomsinger:** I'm randomly playing with my lute

**GM:** "Well, we don't see them round these parts very often. Bigger towns tend to attract them. Not Zhenstucka. It's a quiet place and that's the way we like to keep it. Only the Dark Dragons Inn is...Well, let's just say the entire town's population will be in here tonight." and he turns to Vistirion, "And they'll be serving you so get your staff ready!"

Vistirion: "Ah hah! I look forward to seeing you all!" He turns to you as a group, "Friends, it sounds like you are all in need of a well earned drink."

**Doomsinger:** "Well, I would never say no to a glass of decent wine."

**Myx:** "I mean, I guess I could drink. Tobe, could you drink?"

**Tobe:** "Ughhhhh. I'll have a small one."

**Myx:** "A small one it is!"

**Doomsinger:** "Would somebody mind bringing it to my table? Please" I go and sit down in the corner.

Vistirion: "Yes! Of course sir!"

**GM:** Erbak, you've been very quiet other than warning this dwarf.

Vistirion: "Come friend, I saw what you did. You have earned this too."

**Erbak:** "Very well. Do you have water?"

Vistirion "If you insist..."

**Erbak:** "I jest. I jest. It is a jest. I learned jest."

Vistirion: Forced laughter "Yes! I see! You are a card friend."

**Erbak:** "But I should finish my food. I have left it on the table. It has matured."

Vistirion: "Let me get you something fresh. What would you like? I have some recently killed game?"

**Erbak:** "I like game. Game is a good game."

**Tobe:** Can I insight check the barman?

**GM:** You may insight check the barman. What was the question, Erbak?

Vistirion: "Yes, and how would you like it?"

**Erbak:** "Don't trouble yourself. I will have it as is."

Vistirion: "I thought you might. Allow me."

**GM:** He heads into the back

**Myx:** DM, does tea exist in this world?

**GM:** No. No tea for you.

**Tobe:** She can't have real tea, she can't have fake tea.

**GM:** What specifically were you checking in terms of insight?

**Tobe:** I was very suspicious about the way he said he had recently killed game.

**Myx:** I don't want no Elf burgers.

**GM:** I mean, he wasn't offering you guys anything, he was offering it specifically to Erbak

**Erbak:** Don't knock Elf burgers man.

**GM:** He disappears into the back for a few minutes and comes back with a small platter with a perfectly skinned small rabbit, and it is garnished to the best of his ability to make it look like a fine dining experience, despite the fact that it is not cooked and there is no sauce and he's passing the tray to you smiling, but you can see that a part of him is dying inside as he wishes he could do more with it.

Vistirion: "I hope this is to your liking."

**Doomsinger:** "Is my wine ever going to get here?"

**Myx:** I narrow my eyes at the masked gentleman in the corner who's sounding very uppity.

Vistirion: "Of course sir, please, i'll be with you in one moment."

**Doomsinger:** "I've heard that one before."

Vistirion: "Will you all be sitting together?"

**Erbak:** "I must let you know, people tend to dislike the way in which I eat. It is because of all the blood."

**Myx:** "I don't even know any of your names!"

**Doomsinger:** "Oh well."

**Myx:** "I mean, I'll sit with you but who are you guys?"

**Doomsinger:** "Well, you can call me The Doomsinger, it's generally what I go by these days."

**Erbak:** "You sing of Doom!"

**Myx:** "Hello Mr Doomsinger. My name is Myx. Who are you?" and I point at the priestly man.

**Doomsinger:** "He's the priest."

**GM:** Barman steps out with drinks

Vistirion: "And I am Vistirion! You may call upon me whenever you need."

**Doomsinger:** "Where's the wine?"

**GM:** He's literally saying this as he's serving you the wine.

**Mhurren:** "Thank You for the service."

Vistirion: He puts down the wine in front of you. "Here, sir."

**Doomsinger:** "Do you accept tips?"

Vistirion: "No." He turns away from you and hands out the rest of the glasses.

**Doomsinger:** "Unfortunate. I had a witticism lined up."

**Tobe:** "Thanks"

**Myx:** "Thank You kind sir. Priestly man! What shall I call you?"

**Mhurren:** "Well, I'm Mhurren. I've been travelling with this fellow here for some time."

**Myx:** "Mhurren. It's nice to meet you"

**Mhurren:** "Well met."

**Myx:** Who am I missing?

**Scraw:** "Well, you are all a handy bunch" He's sat down with you all now, but he looks uncomfortable in his own skin. He's about six foot eight and it's like when you look at a bunch of kids who are in seventh grade and they look like miniature adults and they're all gangly limbs and they don't fit themselves right, something about them makes them look like half-formed humans. The proportions are all wrong. You can tell there's an adult in there waiting but it's just not grown into itself yet.

**Doomsinger:** I'll pick out my Lute, strike a chord and sing (To the tune of teenage dirtbag by Wheatus) "You're just a teenage bugbear baby"

**Scraw:** He turns to you "How very astute of you"

**Doomsinger:** "I do try."

**GM:** Go ahead and make a dex save.

**Doomsinger:** It's going well for Doomy.

**GM:** He turns to you "How very astute of you" and turns back. As he turns back to grab his drink, the drink flies across the table, very firmly in your direction and you manage to tilt back in your chair, just enough that the drink misses and the fluid spills out across the table.

**Scraw:** "Oh. Well that's a shame." and he reaches over and takes your wine glass.

**Doomsinger:** With a heavy sigh "Mhurren, get my wine"

**Mhurren:** "Um, another one please."

**Doomsinger:** "No, I want my wine."

**Scraw:** The bugbear looks up "Looks like you don't have any."

**Doomsinger:** "Bugbear, give me back my wine. There's no reason to start with this. I sung you a song, it's my trade you dolt."

**Myx:** "Oy!" I'm watching this interaction, "Why are you being so mean to him?"

**Doomsinger:** "I sung him a song and he stole my wine and threw a drink at

me!"

**Scraw:** "I threw no such thing, it was an accident. Could have happened to anyone."

**Doomsinger:** "In which case, if it was an accident, then surely you would not mind handing me back my wine."

**GM:** As you say this, Mhurren returns from the bar with another glass and puts it down in front of you.

**Doomsinger:** "No, no, no. I want MY wine."

**Mhurren:** "It's wine, all the same."

**Doomsinger:** "The bugbear can have that one, I would like mine please."

**GM:** Scraw says "Hold" as he takes the glasses in front of you. I need you to roll a perception check as he essentially plays "find the pearl" but with both the wine glasses in front of you.

**Doomsinger:** If I could have one good roll so far, that would be quite nice.

**GM:** -Laughing- He's trying to switch these glasses around but he underestimates how sticky the table is and they just scrape around.

**Scraw:** "Well this didn't go quite as I expected. Do you remember which one was yours?"

**Doomsinger:** "Yes"

**Scraw:** "Well, take it."

**Doomsinger:** "Right, shall we start again? I do sing songs, I am a bard."

**Scraw:** "Perhaps, you should wait for when people ask for them instead of passing social commentary unnecessarily."

**Doomsinger:** "Not generally how bards work. We sing songs and hope for money dear."

**Erbak:** "But you are juvenile, yes?"

**Scraw:** "Perhaps you should simply ask if people are going to pay you."

**Doomsinger:** "Not necessarily, sometimes one just plays and they pay."

**Tobe:** "Apparently, they sometimes also throw things at you".

**Doomsinger:** "Well, that is very true. I have been chased out of more towns than I care to mention."

**Tobe:** "I wonder why."

**Doomsinger:** "They can't handle my art. Obviously. My notes are too bold. Too sensual for some."

**Myx:** I snicker

**GM:** You're all getting along swimmingly. Erbak, whilst the various humanoids around you are bickering. What are you doing?

**Erbak:** Delicately, to the best of my skills, eating my meat and watching them interact.

**GM:** Yeah, I figured that's what was happening. You're basically chomping down on this raw rabbit, tearing off chunks.

**Erbak:** Well, i'm eating relatively delicately. I'm aware that in the past, blood going everywhere doesn't get you friends for the most part.

**GM:** So you are using utensils to the best of you ability.

**Erbak:** Yes.

**GM:** This gigantic lizardman, is very daintily holding a knife and fork and trying to saw chunks off this meaty, uncooked rabbit; having a moderate amount of success with the butter knife he's been given.

**Myx:** I'm observing this and finding it quite peculiar. It's very interesting watching him eat.

**Doomsinger:** "For the love of Bahamut, will someone give that man a napkin?"

**Scraw:** "See. Commentary." He turns to Myx "I am Scraw. It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance."

**Myx:** "It's a pleasure to meet you too Sir."

**GM:** His hand just engulfs yours. You're quite dainty. He is disproportionately large, despite being quite gangly

**Myx:** I think this is really freakin' cool. "Oh! What big hands you have."

**Scraw:** He blushes as well as a bugbear can blush, at your interest "Oh. Well. Um. You know. Um." And he puts his hands behind his back, "It's. It's you know. It's a bug bear thing."

**Myx:** "It's cool!" and then turns to the lizardy friend, i'm so sorry I haven't got all the names right yet, and she pulls out her dagger. "Would you prefer to use this instead of that dainty little butter knife? I don't think you're going to get very far with it."

**GM:** He hasn't introduced himself, to be fair. What are you giving him?

**Myx:** My dagger. To cut the meat.

**Erbak:** Can I at a glance determine how sharp the dagger is? Or try to.

**GM:** Go ahead and roll a perception check. Yeah, this looks like a knife made for killing a man. It's pretty sharp. At a glance, you reckon it's gonna cut like this through butter.

**Tobe:** "Myx, I think you went from underkill to overkill."

**Erbak:** "Underkill, overkill. There only one kill really. If you underkill, they're alive. It's a very strange word. I do not understand. I appreciate the gesture but I must warn you, that's a nice looking knife. Surely you should save it for its intended purpose, should you not?"

**Myx:** "I mean, I can clean it off when you're done, it's alright."

**Erbak:** "Are you not concerned about blunting it? These blades are not of the best quality, no offense to Vistirion"

**Tobe:** "Trust me. Just take it. Trust me."

**Myx:** I'm just nodding my head, "Yeah, take it. Take it."

**Erbak:** "If you insist!" I take the knife and then I begin very aggressively and methodically slicing up the last of the rabbit.

**GM:** Once you have the dagger and you start slicing, you find that the ease with which this passes through, it's like slicing a cucumber. Pieces come away in long thin slivers that you can easily twirl up in a fork, like Parma ham. It is good.

**Myx:** I'm very proud of myself.

**Erbak:** "Hmm! This is a good knife. It has just occurred to me that I have not introduced myself."

**Myx:** "What is your name, stranger?"

**Erbak:** "My name is Erbak Voss and I am a travelling doctor and surgeon." I hold out my hand, still partially covered in blood for a handshake.

**Myx:** I'm gonna take it and shake it.

**Tobe:** I'm just shaking my head

**GM:** Myx with the old, take and shake

**Myx:** I'm just really excited to meet everyone except for that hooded figure/masked figure, she doesn't much care for him but everyone else is cool.

**Erbak:** I hold out my hand to shake everyone else's too

**Myx:** "It's okay, I got most of the blood off."

**Scraw:** Scraw is the nearest one so he turns and shakes your hand "Well met friend; A doctor you say?"

**Erbak:** "Yes! Yes."

**Doomsinger:** "Yes. Hello. Very droll."

**GM:** Is anyone else shaking his hand.

**Tobe:** I am not shaking his hand.

**Doomsinger:** I'm going to do a very casual, slight little wave with one hand whilst sipping, trying to sip my wine through a mask, i've just realised.

Vistirion: Watching from across the room, "Uh, friend, would you like a straw?" as he didn't realise you weren't going to remove the mask

**Doomsinger:** "No, I have a very nice mouth hole in my mask, it's fine."

Vistirion: "As you wish!"

**Myx:** I'm just imagining a little funnel in the mouth hole and pouring the wine in

**GM:** Yeah, and then it's just pouring down his chin because that's not how masks work. It is a full face mask that he is wearing; His entire face is disguised.

Tell you what, before we continue, why don't you give everyone a brief

breakdown of how the Doomsinger is currently adorned.

**Doomsinger:** I am wearing leather armour. It is of nice craft but nothing to stand out. I'm wearing regular "roaming the countryside, greeny looking" clothing, I have a lute of deliciously fine craft and I have a white, pearlesque looking mask with intricate engraving. It's a lovely, intricately carved white mask, all you see of me is my eyes and the mouth hole where I can slot my wine glass.

**GM:** So essentially, you're sitting around a table, everyone's jovially greeting each other or being stand-offish. The person who is harassing everyone is wearing a full face mask and a hood.

**Tobe:** The longer he goes without removing the mask, the more suspicious I am becoming. I don't like it.

**Myx:** I just don't really like him

**Doomsinger:** Well, none of you have asked me any questions really, so you know.

**Myx:** Don't need to.

**GM:** You've already offended half your party without removing your mask.

**Doomsinger:** That suits me.

**Tobe:** I'm not offended. Just very suspicious.

**Myx:** I'm just very aware of people that do not treat bar staff very nicely.

**GM:** That is fair. As all people should be.

**Erbak:** "So what brings you all of you to this establishment? Is it to secure employment with the local trading wagons?"

**Doomsinger:** "I'm a bard, I go from place to place, I play some songs, I earn some money as soon as I stop getting paid, I move away again. I picked up the priest a while back. Good fellow, sturdy. You know."

**Erbak:** "I understand this lifestyle".

**Mhurren:** "I thank you"

**GM:** Mhurren, whilst you were fetching Doomsinger's drink earlier, the barman and you were having a brief chat and he caught your name and informed you that he had a letter for you, as much information passes

through this inn. He handed it to you.

Erbak was asking what you're all doing here. Whether you're looking to travel on the caravans.

**Doomsinger:** "I have travelled the area, looking for trade. With my bard skills of course, I'm not trying to buy and sell things. I'm not uncouth" Whilst i'm chatting, can I look around? does the bar have many other patrons in?

**GM:** It's actually completely dead. You guys are the only people here. Despite what you've been told briefly, it's actually bereft of clientele. You guys are literally the only people here and none of you have paid for anything.

**Doomsinger:** Whilst everybody's talking, can I do a performance check and casually play some music in the background and make them at least think i've got nice nimble playing fingers.

**Scraw:** In response to your question Erbak, "Well, uh, I was here for the caravans. I missed the last one. I've heard a new one will be coming through any day now though."

**Erbak:** "Hmm. That matches what I have heard and I assume the others are here with the intention of riding it? I am also a travelling tradesman. So, much like our bard friend, I need to find means of livelihood"

**Scraw:** "Will you be travelling on the next wagon then? Will you be a traveller or will you be offering your trade as part of the journey perhaps?"

**Erbak:** "I assume that my trade will be required enough that they'll allow me on the wagon. That is, you know, what they call capitalism is it not?"

**Scraw:** "Ah yes, that old chestnut. Well, trade is as trade does. What of the rest of you? Do you plan to stay here in town or will you be moving on?"

**Doomsinger:** "Well I don't think i'll be staying long, there's nobody bloody here to pay me."

**Scraw:** (Sarcastically) "Perhaps you'll find worthy employ on the wagon train. I'm sure it'll be a thrilling journey."

**Doomsinger:** "Ooh. it sounds it. Caravan with salesmen. Delight."

**Scraw:** "Well, at least they'll be drinking. They may even enjoy your music then."

**Tobe:** I can't actually contain my snort of laughter at that

**Doomsinger:** "Very Droll. I'm playing quite pleasantly at the moment. You can't knock me."

**GM:** You're playing AVERAGELY.

**Doomsinger:** I am. I haven't rolled above a 9 so far today.

**GM:** You are playing about as good as an average musician could play. You're sitting there tinkling along on your lute, thinking to yourself "Yeah. this'll do." You're playing the beginning of a local folk tune that you swear you heard was popular in the area but no one seems to have heard of it.

**Doomsinger:** It's called pathway to heaven

**GM:** So you guys continue your conversations and you gather through your bickering and your various dialogue, you find that you all get along fairly well.

As the evenings progress, you find that the crowds get larger each night until there is the reported bustling community you had expected. Alas, that evening, the wagons arrive and this is indeed the wagon train that Erbak referred to. It's up to you guys, you can choose whether or not to ride this wagon train and achieving something in your own time.

**Doomsinger:** "Well, it suits my purposes all of you if we generally get on here as a bit of a troop as it were. I don't like travelling alone. Obviously the priest travels with me but it's always nice to have more people, isn't it?"

**Erbak:** "There is a saying, I believe, that talks about safety in numbers. I believe the saying is, safety in numbers."

**Doomsinger:** "That has been said."

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Caravan driver: "Yes! I'd be happy to have you all along."

**Doomsinger:** "Safety from slavers I suppose"

Caravan driver: "Yes, well we don't see many of those around these parts but surely if they were to come along it would be helpful to have people of such ability and means upon the road."

**Doomsinger:** "Would you allow me to travel free of charge with my valet here if I play you a merry tune along the way and entertain the men at nights?"

Caravan driver: "What does he do exactly?"

**Doomsinger:** "Priest, what do you do? Well, he's my man. You know, he does for me."

**Mhurren:** "I help."

**Doomsinger:** "I'll feed him"

Caravan driver: "If he's able to cover the watch during the night with the other mercenaries, i'm sure he could join the wagon train at no cost to himself"

**Doomsinger:** "Oh yes, he'll do that."

Caravan driver: "He looks physically capable. What of the rest of you?"

**Mhurren:** "I would be glad to offer my services."

**Tobe:** "What would employment on this train entail?"

Caravan driver: "What can you do?"

**Erbak:** "I have medical capacities. I am a surgeon, doctor."

Caravan driver: "That would be excellent actually, our last Doctor died of the whooping cough. It was rather unfortunate."

**Tobe:** "Pretty poor doctor."

Caravan driver: "Well, he ran out of components on his journey." He turns to you, "You do have adequate components for at least the journey to greenest, yes?"

**Erbak:** "I am quite resourceful."

Caravan driver: "Excellent. Yes, i'm sure that you are" he says whilst looking over you.

**GM:** Tobe and Myx, are you taking this wagon? Are you going to work on the wagon in some way or are you going to...?

**Tobe:** I'd prefer to work so I don't have to pay for it and can earn some money along the way.

**Myx:** I'm all for working because yes, money would be good and yes, i'm also happy to offer my services to help if needed

Caravan driver: "I'm sure there's room".

**Tobe:** "I can offer magical protection and I can see well in the dark."

**Myx:** "I can see in the dark too"

Caravan driver: "Oh! Excellent. Night watches. Our men hate them and it means we can run without a fire if necessary. Of course, you'll need a fire to keep warm, I imagine. Hah! I'm not cheap. So, the payment for the journey in full will be 5 gold because obviously, you are part paid in the transport. You will be paid half up front and half upon arrival. Is that adequate for your needs?"

**Tobe:** "Sounds fine".

**Myx:** "Sounds alright to me"

**GM:** He is offering you payment but he's only offering this to Tobe, Mhurren, Scraw and Myx who are offering to be guards.

**Doomsinger:** Am I travelling free as i'm entertaining?

**GM:** You are travelling at no cost, correct. Mhurren, are you satisfied with the 2 gold up front, 3 on arrival?

**Mhurren:** Yep.

**GM:** So! You guys are travelling on a wagon train now. There are a few random patrons who are also guards or merchants and the like. They are all making their way towards Greenest, mostly to pick up stock. Some of whom, this is their final destination, others who will be moving on with the rest of you towards Baldur's Gate.

Do you have any of you have any particular desires to do anything during your journey other than your work?

**Myx:** I want to get to know my compatriots

**Doomsinger:** Before you said performing, I was going to ask if I could perform to earn some coin.

**GM:** you can perform throughout the journey if you want to make a performance roll to see how frequently they let you play...

These are common folk simple people. The first night, you bring out your lute and someone shouts {drunkenly} "Play us the two banjos! The two banjos!"; you're like "I...I have a single lute" and they respond (Drunken slur) "TTWWWOOOOO BANJOOOOOOOOOS"

**Doomsinger:** And I've done it! I've achieved it!

**GM:** So that's what happens. You take out your four string lute; fine as it is and you play the bottom two strings fretless as though they are one banjo and you retune the top two into a completely different pitch range and using magnificent pickmanship to play all four strings alternatively so it sounds like you're playing two instruments duelling one another.

**Myx:** I'm just imagining Cotton eye joe. Myx from the metaverse imagining cotton eye joe.

**Doomsinger:** I'm now a midget redneck

**GM:** You are indeed. And everybody's thrilled by it and every night you are requested different things and you play your own way. You pick songs that you like, you pick songs they like but every single night, he comes out, pissed as a fart (drunkenly) "Two! Banjooooos!"

How many nights in a row do you allow him to get away with this on this three week journey?

**Doomsinger:** How many days is that? That's 21 days isn't it?

**GM:** That's 24 days.

**Doomsinger:** Ah yes, the extra day. Wait, is it? In three weeks?

**GM:** There are eight days in the week.

**Doomsinger:** Oh yes, it's not earthworld calendar

{Editor note: Our world has its own calendar and a week is eight days long because the GM like's making life more complicated than is required}

**Doomsinger:** Ten days I play that for.

**GM:** You get to midway through the second week of the journey and he comes out, staggers over the edge of the wagon as he tries to get out and before they've even finished setting up the campfire, he puts his hand on your shoulder

Drunk: (Slurring heavily) Buddy. Buddybuddybuddybuddybuddy. And he's a half-orc, half-dragonborn so he's quite large and intimidating. "Buddybuddybuddy. Two. Bbbbanjos." He's right in your face and leaning over you "Two Banjos. Both. Both of them. On the one. Doitagainitsgreat."

**Doomsinger:** As he's pissed, can I try and persuade him that one of my

banjos is broken?

**GM:** Yes.

**Doomsinger:** Do I get advantage as he's pissed?

**GM:** You don't need advantage in this instance. Tell me how you deliver the news.

**Doomsinger:** I casually put my arm on his shoulder

**GM:** The universal sign of drunk man friendship, so immediately, yes, you get advantage.

**Doomsinger:** "My dear friend, unfortunately, due to the regularity with which I have performed the tune that you love so very very frequently. One of my banjos has sadly taken ill and is no longer able to perform."

**GM:** Go ahead and roll your persuasion with advantage. Okay. You lean over and as you're saying this and you're talking, initially he's grinning at you {excitedly} "Ohhhhh you're going to play the best song ever!" and you start describing.

It's as though his own mother has died. You watch his heart break and his face just slumps. He looks at you.

Drunk: {Remorsefully} "I hope it gets better" and he slinks back off into his wagon, tankard no longer full as he took the news, he unwittingly emptied his ale on the floor.

**GM:** The next few days, you see he doesn't come out for music. He's just sitting in the back of his wagon, resting his head in his arms and anytime anyone asks him if he's alright, he responds;

Drunk: {Remorsefully} "The banjo. It was me."

**GM:** Eventually, he rejoins the troupe and by the time you start getting close to Greenest, he has paid you fully two gold in tips. Everyone else is stingy as fuck but he tips responsibly.

He comes up to the side of you one night.

Drunk: {Guiltily} "Sorry about the Banjo" And he gives you a silver piece "I hope this helps"

**Doomsinger:** "I'm sure it will my good fellow, i'm sure it will."

**GM:** Does anyone else wish to do anything during the journey?

**Tobe:** I basically just stick to Myx most of the time but halfway through, he starts to relax around people, to the point where;

**GM:** I will point out, this entire journey, Doomsinger has not removed his mask and refuses to be called by anything other than Doomsinger.

**Tobe:** I'm not getting more relaxed around him. Just in general.

**Myx:** I want to try and get to know my fellow travellers a bit more during our journey and as we brought it up, I wander over to the Doomsinger. "Why are you called the Doomsinger? Why don't you have a name name?"

**Doomsinger:** Can we have her persuade me?

**Myx:** Yeah, sure. I mean, i'm hella charming.

**Doomsinger:** Roll a persuasion roll and see how much i'll give you.

**GM:** By the time you're having this conversation, it will be at least a week of travelling.

**Doomsinger:** That's good, that's good.

**GM:** What about the rest of you? Is there anything you guys are doing on your journey?

**Erbak:** I'm going to use the opportunity, any time I'm doctoring people, to have a good analysis of all the really weird crossbreed folks around here. Like the half-dragonborn, half-orc.

**GM:** That sort of thing is not that uncommon. That sort of thing is just basic genealogy so it wouldn't be especially unusual to Erbak. You can still do that but it wouldn't that unusual to him.

**Erbak:** Oh i'm always learning. Every day's a school day.

**GM:** One of the nights there is a watch ongoing and one of the mercenaries takes a heavy wound as a horde of rampaging creatures; bears of some kind for some reason, attack the fire that is on the outskirts of the encampment. He takes a pretty nasty wound to his chest and obviously seeks you out or they bring you over to him.

He is a gnome but he is not a full blood gnome by any stretch. He is actually a gnome who's essentially come from a parentage of gnome and goliath and so he is an exceptionally tall gnome. He is about as tall as your average

dwarf, if not actually taller. Unlike pretty much any gnome, he is rolling a gratuitously large beard. Go ahead and roll a medicine check for me.

**Mhurren:** You killed the gnome!

**Erbak:** I don't think I killed him.

**Tobe:** He just didn't get any better

**Mhurren:** {jokingly} You let him die

**Erbak:** I didn't let him die either!

**GM:** You fix him up well enough. You stitch up the hole in his chest to stop the bleeding. He's not doing great. In the next couple of days, gets a pretty nasty infection. You manage to clear it up but he is not longer able to do mercenary duty through the rest of his journey and you get the impression that he's going to have a fairly nasty scar for the rest of his life. However, when he's recovered from his fever, he does actually stop by and thanks you for saving his life and shows you the gnarly wound as you obviously need to inspect it to see how it's coming along. He proudly says "when I get home and show the missus, she's gonna love that. She's all about scars. I'll tell her a great big ten foot tall fuckin' mountain tried to kill me. It'll be great! Cheers doc." He wanders into the night.

**Erbak:** "Mountains don't have claws. Strange fellow."

**GM:** Mhurren! You have temporarily escaped the Doomsinger and you are regularly on mercenary duty and you have your own obligations through the night. What's going on with Mhurren at the moment? What's he thinking?

**Mhurren:** I'm just thinking about getting to Greenest

**GM:** So that's the main thing; you're just focusing on the fact that you're getting to Greenest and looking up someone in the neighbourhood as it were.

**Mhurren:** mhmm

**GM:** Is there anything you'd like to do on your journey? Is there anything you'd like to focus on making?

**Mhurren:** Can I make darts at all? I have carpenters tools

**GM:** Okay, yeah. If you've got carpentry proficiency I'd definitely say you can make darts yeah. Go ahead and roll a dex check. It's very fine work.

You try to make darts but mostly you end up with a handful of

Mhurren & **Doomsinger**: Splinters.

**GM**: Splinters. Yeah, pretty much. What do you do about that? Do you seek medical attention?

**Mhurren**: Oh, actually! "Hey Doctor!"

**GM**: So you seek out Erbak

**Mhurren**: Yes.

**Doomsinger**: Here's comes septicemia!

**GM**: Erbak! I need you to roll an intelligence check. It's actually going to be two rolls Erbak, it's going to be a perception check and then an intelligence check. Yeah, go ahead and roll intelligence with advantage

**Erbak**: Twenty-two!

GM (In private chat with Erbak): Okay! So as this half-orc approaches you, he is there to tell you about his wound, etc and so forth.

As you have this interaction with him, you notice that Mhurren's fairly slight of build, as Orcs go. He doesn't have any particularly prominent odd features. He doesn't have any scales, as though he were half dragonborn, he doesn't have a beard as though he were half-dwarf. He's not particularly short, so obviously gnomes and the like are out. He's obviously not part halfling. You try to narrow down just through a process of elimination the things that Mhurren could be and you realise with an eventual certainty that there's only really one of two things that Mhurren's other half could be.

Elf or human. So, because of that, I'm actually going to bring in; Okay!

(Mhurren is added to the private conversation)

So you go and see, Erbak for your splinter problem

**Erbak**: "Ah! Half orc. It's you."

**Mhurren**: "Hello Doctor, I seem to have caught a few splinters. Would you be able to get them out for me? If it wouldn't trouble you so much, please?"

**Erbak**: "Of course! That's the problem. Some people derive splinters as a more trifling childhood injury. Something to laugh at. But they can carry infection. And as we all know, when infection takes hold, it can eventually make its way through the entire body thus killing. It's rather fascinating really that the smallest blade can kill a man. Makes you wonder why we use

swords. I apologise. I ramble sometimes. You are a priest though, you understand the whole discourse of life and death of course?"

**Mhurren:** {Somewhat bewildered} "Yes yes yes, of course. It is an eternal cycle."

**GM:** Go ahead and roll a medicine check for me Erbak. I just want to work out whether you horribly mutilate him.

So Erbak takes your hand and he's actually surprisingly delicate for someone who's so physically large and hasn't necessarily got the most perfectly formed hands and quite rapidly, your hands feel no pain, nor discomfort. You can move them freely without issue.

**Mhurren:** "Fine job Doctor!"

**Erbak:** "Might I enquire as to how you received these injuries?"

**Mhurren:** "Umm.., Well I was uh...trying to replenish my stock of darts and umm, I suppose one needs a steady hand? And probably not be travelling on a moving caravan I think."

**Erbak:** "Ah of course. Yes, you may want to wait until perhaps your next watch. Of course, then you'd be watching your hands and not the night and night is of course where most of our problems come from most of these days. Perhaps wait until we reach Baldur's gate?"

**Mhurren:** "That's good advice doctor"

**Erbak:** "It may be safer there. The sanctity of an inn is a much safer place for woodwork, rather than a rumbling caravan on the road."

**Mhurren:** "I shall take your advice"

**GM:** Tobe; Myx was bugging the doomsinger. During your journey, again, you've had three weeks. I know you were mostly shadowing Myx but was there anything during the journey you would like to accomplish?

**Tobe:** I've probably at least read that letter I received and I'm at least thinking about that most of the time.

**GM:** Sure. So for the past several days, you guys have been travelling a road that winds lazily through the rolling grasslands, the greenfields. It is the fifthday of the fifth of spring and Sundown is approaching when your wagon train tops a rise and you see the town of Greenest just a few short miles away.

However.

Instead of the pleasant welcoming town you expected, you see large plumes of black smoke rising from burning buildings. Running figures that are little more than dots at this distance and various small shapes whirling their way through the skies, low over the keep that rises above the centre of the town.

Greenest is under attack.

**Doomsinger:** {Dryly}“Well, this looks promising”

**Myx:** I go from my quirky friendly demeanour to quite serious and basically rush off the caravan to try and help.

**GM:** So you just rush off the caravan and start charging towards the town?

**Myx:** Yeah!

**GM:** Okay, Scraw sees you do this and says

**Scraw:** “A wise decision!”

**GM:** He jumps down and starts pelting after you.

**Tobe:** I run after but I also send my raven on ahead.

**Doomsinger:** Am I to assume this caravan has other guards?

**GM:** Yes. They have all...All the caravans have stopped. They are not moving towards Greenest.

**Doomsinger:** Can I do an elaborate performance of standing at the front and Winston Churchilling it and try to encourage them to charge with us?

**GM:** Yes, you can certainly do that. How do you go about doing that?

**Doomsinger:** I will stand in the most prominent part of the caravan that I can stand on; the highest point where I can see the most and I will orate magnificently about death and glory and fight them in the streets and fight them in the air and in the trees and in the cupboards and we will never surrender.

**Mhurren:** Okay guys, I gotta run.

**GM:** Sadly you do not get advantage because they are

**Doomsinger:** [cuts off the GM victoriously snarling as he gets a natural 20]  
Yes! I've done something!

**GM:** Mhurren! Before you dash off, what did you want to do?

**Mhurren:** I was just going to say that I follow them

**GM to Doomsinger:** Yes, you stand on the top of the wagon train and you give a rousing chorus of "Once more into the fray! We must go to the town and help these people!" etc and so forth. As you're saying this, your speech comes to an end and a man steps up to the front of the caravan next to you and shouts

Caravan owner: {Yelling angrily} "And remember who's bloody paying you and don't abandon us with this bloody fire going on!"

**GM:** Nonetheless, a few of the mercenaries do actually rally at your cry and head charging towards the town. You guys are heading in one direction, the mercenaries actually end up splitting off as you're heading towards the town. They're aiming to come around the town from another direction to try and cover a larger area of ground to better provide the town with assistance.

So some of the mercenaries stay behind with the caravan because as the owner of the caravan points out, their goods and their lives are also at stake but a good majority of them do leave the caravan and rush to the aid of the town.

Mhurren, you see as you're giving this speech, has leapt off the caravan and is also charging towards the town. I believe that just leaves Erbak. Doctor?

**Erbak:** Well i'm not gonna lie, that speech probably had a bit of an influence on me even though I wasn't expecting it to, so I decide, eh because I'm jovial. Why not. Before I do, I'm just going to quickly check around the wagon i'm in. Is there like, any sort of alcohol around?

**Doomsinger:** Just to say as my troops are running off, I run after them singing "Let's get down to business" [Singing refrain from Disney's Mulan]

**GM:** What were you looking for?

**Erbak:** Any small amounts of alcohol or sand or both.

**GM:** Alcohol? Yes. Sand? No.

**Erbak:** Okay. I find a small amount of alcohol. I need to see if I have anything to put it in actually. Do I have any glass compartments in my

component pouch?

**GM:** No but you could grab a bottle. There's a couple of bottles of fine wine.

**Erbak:** Hmm. I'll leave it for now. Leave it for now. It's not worth it. I'm going to cautiously follow everyone else.

**GM:** So as you guys near the town, you see, you get to the point where you're approaching a bridge and again, you see a lot of smoke, you see a lot of small fires. You get the impression as you get closer to the town that it's not so much the buildings that are on fire but that there's a lot of things that are near buildings on fire.

You get the impression that whatever's happening here, there's a lot of intent to cause havoc rather than destroy so as you are rushing into the town, you encounter three Kobolds who are looking around and they're looking for something to smash.

They catch sight of you. Everybody go ahead and roll some initiative.

**Doomsinger:** I'm back to my usual rolls again.

**GM:** Oh good, can't have you succeeding too frequently.

**Doomsinger:** {Laughing} What's too much? That one success I've had thus far?

**GM:** To be fair, I shouldn't have described them as Kobolds I should have described them as weird dog like dragon creatures.

**Tobe:** Too late now!

**GM:** You know that they're kobolds because kobolds are not uncommon in this world

**Doomsinger:** Are they one of the races that are considered reasonable and day to day or are they considered to be arseholes by everybody?

**GM:** It varies. Depends who you talk to. They live more commonly in chaotic society. They are sentient. Again, a lot like goblins in this, goblins aren't monstrous creatures. They are, in some places, just part of normal society. Kobolds are the same. They're commonly, I think probably not that common in Lawful society but they do exist.

But these guys look like they're looking for trouble

**Doomsinger:** No problemo.

**GM:** As you are about to find out as they start whacking rocks at you with their slings.

As you are a big shining beacon of glowingness Myx;

**Myx:** They can't touch this!

**GM:** They're going to go ahead and try to attack you

**Myx:** I'll fight them

**GM:** Yes, that's the hope. I'm going to go ahead and guess that an eight doesn't hit you.

**Myx:** No, it doesn't!

**GM:** You see the first one rush ahead and shout as he brings back his sling and launches it at you. You, what languages do you speak?

**Myx:** I speak common, celestial, infernal and draconic.

**GM:** Okay, yes. You see him muttering

**Kobold:** "Get the shiny one! Hahaha"

**GM:** and he just launches a rock at you but it misses! Goes wide and he looks at his sling like it's broken [Snort of frustration]

**Erbak:** Woohoo!

**Myx:** I'm going to stick out my tongue and go [Blows raspberries] at the one that failed.

**GM:** Mhurren is going to rush in like a fool. He's going to use one of his darts to try and throw at the one that attacked you and that hits! So you see him rush in front of you and with one arm, whips out a small instrument that you've not see him use before, or rather you've not seen commonly used before and the Kobold [screeches] actually fucking dies.

**Mhurren:** Wait, who died?

**GM:** The kobold who you just threw a dart through the eyeball of, just fucking, he ran over, whipped out his slingshot, he tried to lob a pebble at Myx. You retorted by running forward and with that momentum, launching a dart at the creature and it penetrated his skull and he is dead as he collapses into a heap on the ground. Myx!

**Mhurren:** Lovely.

**Myx:** I am going to move slightly and then i'm going to crossbow, that one, yeah

**GM:** The closest one?

**Myx:** Also, I'm aiming specifically for his shoulder. Not trying to kill him because I want to question him.

**GM:** [Screeches] He turns to his friend "Definitely get the shiny one!" as he tries to pull the arrow out and he wiggles it [Cries out]. He doesn't like it. Tobe!

**Tobe:** Can I see how well the kobold that Myx just shot is doing at all?

**GM:** I mean he's looking pretty wounded. It's a pretty hefty gash.

**Tobe:** Knowing what she's like then, I'm going to go for the other one with eldritch blast again.

**GM:** Tobe rushes forwards and sort of tries to get a handle on the situation, sees the kobolds being blasted around and thinks 'that one looks fine', he smashes out an energy blast and the other creature is thrown from its feet, lands on the ground and is no longer moving. Erbak.

**Erbak:** Well, I have no idea that they want to capture this fellow, so I am just going to give them a light tap in the face with my chill touch.

**GM:** you don't even move, you just reach out your hand and focus your energies and you summon your skeletal hand. You watch as it moves down and focuses on the arrow shaft. Do you say anything witty as you yank it free to destroy him?

**Erbak:** No, I'm just doing this very casually.

**GM:** You just reach out, grab hold of the arrow shaft and you yank it free. Its entire body launches forwards with the force of the pull and it collapses into a heap of its own blood and screeches

**Myx:** I really facepalm horribly. "Ugh, I should have learned."

**GM:** So, you guys, are you doing anything right now? Or are you just rushing into the town?

**Tobe:** I whistle to call Oz back to me, assuming the bird is close enough for him to hear

**GM:** He is now scouting out the town itself and what you realise is before you start whistling for him to return, you look up and see that he is actually almost within range already and as he gets close you feel an overwhelming sensation of fear that he is sending to you.

**Tobe:** I stop dead

**GM:** As you're finishing off this battle, you look around and you hear [Raven cawing], you look up and he's getting in range and as he does so, you feel the overwhelming sense of fear. He gets closer and you begin to hear his thoughts. And they're just jumbled, they're erratic, they're everywhere.

Oz: "Wings, Wings, so many wings. Wings. Wings. Big. Huge wings. Teeth! Teethteethteethteethteethteeth. Hide. Mustmustmust Must hide!"

**Tobe:** At this point, i'd definitely be calling him back cause i'm not going to get anything more useful than that out of him right now. "What's big?"

Oz: "Dragon"

**Tobe:** "Oh fuck"

**GM:** That's the last thing that he thinks to you before he alights on your horns and buries his head under his wing. You guys are on the edge of town, just finished off these kobolds and again, there's a lot of havoc, there's a lot of mayhem. The streets of Greenest appear to be overrun. As you're watching across the bridge, every now and again, you see, various groups of Kobolds and smaller creatures running past, all of them are armed. You do occasionally see groups of people that don't look armed that appear to just be running

**Doomsinger:** "I suppose we had best find something to kill, hadn't we really"

**Tobe:** I immediately call across to Myx "Dragon!"

**Myx:** {Puzzled} "Dragon?"

**Tobe:** {Insistent} "Dragon!"

**Mhurren:** "There's a dragon?!"

**GM:** Myx, with your travelling with Tobe, what you would know is that Tobe has a connection with his crow that is a mental connection. He is a capable of a very limited amounts of communication and he has in the past used his crow to scout ahead. The crow has returned and the moment that it does, Tobe stops in his tracks and looks kind of horrified and that is what he says

when you see this look of fear upon his face.

**Myx:** I wasn't really expecting that of all things.

**Tobe:** I'd also say, I'm usually quite calm and well mannered

**GM:** Composed

**Tobe:** Yeah, it's not. It takes a lot for him to freak out

**Myx:** Well, because i'm. I'm going to move closer to him

**GM:** So right now, everyone's looking at Tobe like 'Dragon? What' and they're looking around at the skies, 'what the hell are you talking about'?

**Myx:** "Tobe, do you know where? Where's the Dragon?"

**Tobe:** "It's up there. Oz saw it." And obviously, she'd know that Oz is his raven.

**Myx:** Can I try to convey that to our other party members because they wouldn't know?

**GM:** I mean he did just say Dragon out loud and they're all looking around like 'what the fuck are you talking about?'

**Tobe:** {Laughing} Who is this crazy tiefling?

**Myx:** Yeah, exactly so i'm just trying to clarify

**GM:** Everybody go ahead and roll a group perception check. Tobe, you don't need to roll perception, you need to roll persuasion.

**Tobe:**{Laughin} They all think i'm crazy :Natural 1 was rolled:

**Myx:** not me though

**GM:** Actually, to be honest, with a persuasion roll like that, you know that he's got a connection with Oz but I mean, he's just a bird. And you guys are looking around and you can see there's a couple of Wyverns in the sky. Wyverns are very reptilian, they're a lot LIKE dragons but on a much MUCH smaller scale. There's also a couple of; you've seen as, watching from across the bridge, you guys are seeing the occasional Kobold that runs past actually has wings and a Kobold is essentially just a dragon if a dragon was dog sized. So, I mean, there are things that are flying around that SORT of look like dragons. So, you know. Mistaken identity, probably?

**Myx:** I have an idea how to confirm what the heck's going on and I try to find

someone near abouts that isn't fighting, who's running away essentially and ask them what's happening.

**GM:** With that perception roll, there is no one on this side of the bridge. No one has made it out of the city. But if you guys want to run into the city and find out what's going on, you can try to find someone then

**Myx:** Cautiously, because even though i'm not convinced at the moment sadly, Nina is, Myx is not. I will cautiously proceed deeper into town, crossing the bridge.

**GM:** So by the time you've made it to town, it is actually quite dark out. There is a lot of dim light in the city because there's a lot of fires everywhere but they're not big fires, there's nothing that would have been caused by, for example, a dragon burning its way across the city.

There are a lot of small blazes, you find things like carts with goods that have been set on fire, haystacks by barns. Flower Stands that have been set on fire. There's a stream that you cross over as you pass the bridge that appears to run the majority of the way around the edge of town and has, from where you're standing, has a lot of high bushes and brush and it does appear to travel the majority of the way around the town that you can see. Are you guys all gonna follow Myx?

**Tobe:** I do

**Mhurren:** Yeah, I do.

**Doomsinger:** I'll continue my gentle saunter forward, whistling as I do.

**Tobe:** The world is burning down around him, he's just whistling.

**GM:** You're casually strolling forward, Mhurren, how are you approaching this? Because Scraw has just...Once Tobe is like "Dragon!" Scraw's like

**Scraw:** {Enthusiastically} "Really?! Where?!" And he runs forward. Straight into town "This is gonna be great! Come on friends! Let's take down these villainous scum!" and he sweeps aside a Kobold with one heft of his glaive as he runs through.

**GM:** And they are everywhere. Predominantly what you're seeing all over the place is just Kobolds. Erbak.

**Erbak:** I'm going to follow the last person going in, cautiously. Definitely staying at the back. Keeping my eyes out, you know. Remaining calm, trying to assess the situation.

**GM:** So you guys are making your way cautiously into town and as you do so, the scale of the situation begins to become apparent. The screams in the distance, the volume of chaos and noise that's happening here is overwhelming. You are running down one of the major thoroughfares when, without warning, a small family of 5 dash out from between two buildings on your right.

There's a limping male Gnome and he is with three young children. He's holding the smallest of them as he rushes across the street, fleeing into the shadows between buildings, he's dragging his two gnome children behind him and shortly thereafter, a badly beaten and heavily injured looking dwarven woman, fostering a shield and a snapped spear comes staggering out of the same area, she's backing away and swinging her spear and slamming it against her shield

Dwarf woman: {Shouting} "Come on you miserable Fucks!"

**GM:** as she's clearly trying to deter something and as she does so, you see that she is being surrounded by Kobolds.

Scraw is taking the lead at this point 'ahh, it's gonna be so great'. Myx, Tobe, Doomsinger's casually strolling behind everyone so we've got to move everybody a few feet forwards.

**Doomsinger:** [Whistling]

**Tobe:** If I wasn't so freaked out right now, i'd tell him to shut up.

**Erbak:** You can do that whilst freaked out.

**GM:** Voss, you're also tailing. Yeah, so as you're taken aback as this woman suddenly pops out of nowhere, the kobolds fan out around here and she's turning backwards and forwards trying to keep them at bay but also trying to maintain their attention, she clearly does not want them following the gnome and their children.

Seeing as you are looking for someone, you appear to have found someone. What do you guys want to do?

**Doomsinger:** Roll initiative

**GM:** The kobolds, well, not necessarily, the Kobolds haven't paid any attention to you right now, they are snapping at this woman. You hear them jeering. Those of you who understand draconic hear them say

**Kobold:** "Ahh haha, we'll finish you first! Then we'll eat the children!" and

similar kind of jeering remarks and sneers

**Doomsinger:** I will start singing one of my wizardly songs.

**GM:** Do you speak draconic?

**Doomsinger:** No but I see a load of angry things attacking a small thing and I think "Ahh I can..." [Sings to the tune of 'Hot in here'. Ish] "It's getting hot in here, so i'll ignite your clothes. It is, getting so hot, i'm gonna melt your face off" and I cast firebolt.

**GM:** Which one are you attacking?

**Doomsinger:** I will go, there is one very nearly on a diagonal to me to the left so I shall go to that one.

**GM:** Okay, sure, so everyone roll initiative, I will give you advantage on attacking that one in just a moment. Actually, you know what, instead, roll initiative with advantage Doomsinger. Everyone else just roll regular initiative.

I will warn you that this is the beginning of a very long period of time where they may not be ANY potential for rest. Doomsinger, you've already called it actually, so go ahead and use your firebolt on that dude.

**Doomsinger:** I shall indeed {Sarcastically} Behold a monumental miss. Yeah!

**Myx:** Good job.

**GM:** Nice, yeah, that definitely hits.

**Doomsinger:** "Take that, you reptilian fuck" and then that.

**GM:** {Deadpan} Oh no, Kobolds are resistant to fire.

**Doomsinger:** It's about...Typical.

**GM:** You see all these kobolds surrounding this woman and they're lashing out with their blades, and taunting her backwards and forwards and she turns towards one of them, trying to bat away their dagger. She does so successfully.

You unleash a bolt of flame which shoots out and slaps this Kobold on the arse. He screeches and suddenly the Kobolds are paying attention to you. Up until now they just assumed you were on their side for some reason.

**Doomsinger:** I just realised I set my spell to warm, It's set to reheat at the

moment.

**GM:** Mhurren, what are you doing?

**Mhurren:** Okay! I am

**Doomsinger:** Go on priest. Oh! Sorry! As a bonus action can I bardic inspire the bugbear please? While I was firing off my spell, I will end it with singing a brief, brief, inspiring song of bugbears I heard on my many travels of the great forebears of the bugbears and their mighty, holds in the mountains and all the mighty things they've done, crushing the weak and defending the poor.

**GM:** Cool. As you're doing this, he turns to you and says "Tis a mighty song friend. I think you've mistaken us for dwarves, but that's fine."

**Doomsinger:** "No no, bugbears live in caves and such"

**Scraw:** "Yes, yes, you must know the history of my people better than me. My mistake."

**Doomsinger:** "Good. Glad we agree."

**Mhurren:** I'm going to move here and attack this dude right next to me with my mace.

**GM:** You rush over with your mace in one hand and you try to follow through with another and it's just hopping around so much from being recently hit with flames that it's not doing so well for itself but it's sufficient enough to dodge you. Scraw, runs in, passes the Kobolds. Gets right up next to Linaan and back to hers,

**Scraw:** "haha! Come on you little runts" and he is going to rage, he is going to just attack the same one that you attacked. So yeah, he fucking destroys that kobold. As he swings his gigantic glaive into its face. Tobe!

**Tobe:** I am going to be moving over here and attack this one with chill touch.

...I am not going to attack that one with chill touch.

**GM:** You try to manifest the skeletal hand that you've seen Erbak use so effectively. For the moment, it just escapes your grasp and you're not quite able to structure it correctly and the energy dissipates in front of you harmlessly.

**Tobe:** Should have stuck with eldritch blast.

**GM:** That's three Kobolds. Oh. Ooh. Ouch. Okay. Mhurren, you see one of the kobolds lunge forward and stab the dwarven woman deeply with a dagger and its two friends try to follow suit but fail to do so.

But she does look grievously wounded from that attack. Erbak.

**Erbak:** I'm gonna get a bit experimental this time. I'm gonna grab and try this toll the dead spell i've got. He is killed by the sound of bells. Literally.

**GM:** Actually, yeah, he is. You guys watch as one of the kobolds drops to his knees screaming and clutching his head as he falls into not unconsciousness.

**Myx:** I'm gonna move, a little bit closer, but not too close. Maybe, here and going to once again use my crossbow to the one i'm closest to, so the one next to the bugbear.

**GM:** Scraw is his name

**Myx:** But before I do. I want to shout "Leave one of them alive!" Because I want to question one of them. I mean, we can injure them but like

**GM:** Uh yeah, so you take that one out. You drop it with your crossbow. The gnomish man and his children try to move forward and get a few feet further.

This kobold fails to attack linaan but she retorts, she bats away the dagger and drives the broken spear through its face. So yeah, she fucks up that shit.

Having just witnessed his friend be slaughtered wholeheartedly, he's going to try and attack her and he succeeds. The Doomsinger!

**Doomsinger:** I will continue my gentle saunter forward at half-rate and I will sing "Feeling hot hot hot", the nearest kobold up to my left on the diagonal and once more chuck a firebolt at its little old noggin.

**GM:** So, this kobold goes up in flames [Fire engulfing noise] Screeching all the way down.

**Doomsinger:** I guess he was hot for me.

**Mhurren:** I'm gonna move over here, between and i'll attack this guy right here with my mace, in his face.

**GM:** So you bring your mace down towards the kobold and it brings up its dagger and clashes with the mace with both hands "Ah hah!" and as it turns and looks, you just bring your left arm around with a left hook and smash your fist into its face.

Bugbear rushes up and he is going to attack this kobold out of here. He tried to hold back after the instructions about not killing them and the glaive just cuts through it like butter and he looks back feeling slightly guilty

**Scraw:** "Sorry"

**Tobe:** Is one of them dead now?

**GM:** There are only two that are left standing and none of them are alive. The only two that are alive are the ones who've not been attacked yet.

**Tobe:** I'm just deciding if i'm going to attack something or not. I'm going to move over here and use chill touch on the one directly in front of me. Frustrated that it didn't work the first time.

And frustrated that it didn't work the second time either!

**GM:** Yeah, you're just like 'okay, okay, you've got this tobe. You've got this. HRRNNGh you don't got this."

**Tobe:** I'm still just freaked out from the uh...

**GM:** Yeah, you're just still shaking with the fear of the knowledge that you have that no one believes

**Tobe:** That no one is listening to!

**GM:** and you can't focus. It's just not there. This kobold begins to start trying to run having seen the worse for wear that his companions have fallen to. Mhurren if you want to go ahead and make an attack of opportunity. Scraw also rolls an attack of opportunity.

You bring up your mace as the creature starts running away and you start swinging it down at the same time, scraw starts swinging his glaive and what basically happens is your mace hits it from one side and the glaive hits it from the other and you just smash the...

The mace forces the creature into the glaive coming the opposite direction and though you're both trying to hold back not to kill this creature, it just [squelch] obliterates it viscerally.

**Tobe:** Blood everywhere.

**GM:** Pretty much. Erbak it is your turn.

**Erbak:** I should be trying to show restraint.

**Myx:** I'm praying. Praying that...

**Erbak:** So I'm going to chill touch this last kobold but only gently.

**Tobe:** I don't think you get a choice in how gently

**GM:** Yeah, magic is magic.

**Erbak:** Magic is magic! And i'm trying! And that's really what matters at the end of the day. Consider him touched.

**GM:** Go ahead and roll your damage.

**Tobe:** He shows Tobe how it's done.

**Erbak:** Right, i'm doing it gently.

**GM:** You're giving him a gentle tickle

**Erbak:** Nice and gentle see!

**Doomsinger:** With a hammer.

**GM:** A faint skeletal tickle in the back of the noggin.

**Erbak:** Right in the amygdala

**GM:** You guys watch as this skeletal hand manifests above the creature, it slowly sinks down and just goes down to the back of the head and wiggles its fingers teedle eedle eedle ee and the creature, you watch as its eyes roll back into its skull as it collapses to the ground

**Doomsinger:** Did you shout hadouken as you cast it?

**GM:** As this creature is most certainly. Dead.

**Myx:** {Disappointed} I thought you were going to say ticklish

[Outro Music begins playing softly]

**Erbak:** He might have been

**Myx:** [Frustrated noises]

**GM:** Perhaps in a previous life

[Outro music continues as the episode ends]

**Ray, Host/GM:** And that's all we had time for this week. Thank you for

listening and hopefully you can join us next time. New episodes will be released each sunday for the foreseeable future so don't forget to subscribe to our RSS feed or on itunes or through your favoured podcasting service.

The song that you heard at the beginning of this episode was extravaganza by TRG banks and you can find this on bandcamp at [trgbanks.bandcamp.com](http://trgbanks.bandcamp.com) and the song that you are now hearing is while you are here by Ending satellites.