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Zilpip as played by Dean (Guest)

Tobe as played by Liz

Mhurren as played by Vinny

Erbak as played by Tom

Narrator/Scraw/GM/Everything else as played by Ray

[Audio Description]

{Tone Guide/Sarcasm etc}

Ray/GM: Hello and welcome back, listeners, to Tails from The Dark Dragons Inn. We're glad you're still with us. We hope you're enjoying the ride. If you're listening to us on iTunes and you have a spare minute, we'd love to hear from you. Leave us a rating and review. Not only will we be reading each and every single one personally, but these help us to spread the word and would be greatly appreciated. If you have any questions for myself or any of the cast, drop us a message on twitter @DarkDragonsInn or you can find us on facebook, tumblr, or you can drop us an email at contact@tailsfromthedarkdragonsinn.co.uk. This week, we're joined by my good friend Dean, playing the character of Zilpip. You'll meet him shortly. Now, for a quick recap.

GM: The city of Greenest is under attack. The party has made their way through the city, abandoning their duties of protecting the caravan in favor of trying to rush to the rescue of some townsfolk who are under siege. You encountered a woman and her family called Linaan. You guided them through the town. Tobe lost his mind a little bit. Scraw touched him. He didn't like it. You guys killed a bunch of people who were apparently evil, wearing creepy dragon like masks. You killed a whole bunch of kobolds. You guided the townsfolk that you met along the way to safety to the keep. And at the very last minute, managed to successfully knock one of the cultists unconscious at the suggestion of the firbolg. Mhurren hoisted him over his shoulder and dragged him into the keep with the rest of you.

You made your way inside, at which point you were held up by a series of guards who were surrounding you. Initially the captain of this guard was a little bit suspicious of the lot of you. Mhurren is hoisting a half-elk...half-elk?! half-elf dragonborn over his shoulder with a badly burned and mutilated face. After the party had semi-negotiated their way into the keep, the captain looked up and saw the entering Doomsinger. He insisted that The Doomsinger reveal himself and no longer be masked, as he wasn't about to let a masked stranger during the peak of an attack into his keep. There looked like there was going to be an incident,

however prior to this situation, The Doomsinger had encouraged some of the other mercenaries and guards on the caravan trail to head into the town to save people and they had made it to the keep before you guys. And they vouched for you.

So you're currently in a position of the captain of the guard, who's name is Escobar who is a grizzly looking dwarf. And he's looking at you all like

Escobar: "Look, there's going to be a guard on you at all times and we're going to be watching you very, very closely. But! For now, you're free to go with your friend."

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 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.

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.

Ray/GM: And I'm Ray, your host and game master. And I play... well, just about everyone else.

Doomsinger: "Safe and sound to the keep they fled, though tired, worn, and seeing

red. A captive taken to the hold, who's tales swiftly must be told. Our heroes have questions aplenty, but for the answers, are they ready?"

GM: Your friend, the half-orc, half-dragonborn who's sat before you. Erbak, you are familiar with the bearded gnome who you saved the life of after a bear attack on the caravan during the trail. I'd say there's a reasonable chance you've met the half-orc. So his name is Feng, and obviously, you know, you've been travelling with The Doomsinger, so you know, you're often seen together. And Doomsinger turns and says..

Doomsinger: "Well, well, well, all of you. I believe you've met my friend here."

GM: Feng kind of nods and goes..

Feng: "Mhurren. It's good to see you. I've seen the rest of you, I guess."

GM: And Scraw goes..

Scraw: "Well met friend!"

Feng: {slurring} "Come on, come on, it's great here."

GM: And you guys, as you start walking through the guard line, the captain goes..

Escobar: "Edric, with them!"

GM: Small gnomish man who is part of the guard turns away from the line and starts to follow you. So now that you guys are inside the keep, what do you want to do? You have a few of the caravan crew with you at the moment. You have an unconscious cultist over your shoulder, Mhurren.

Erbak: "We should find a use for this cultist. He's just lying there."

Tobe: "I believe like someone mentioned that we should take him to a Tarbaw?"

GM: Who are you saying this to?

Tobe: I'm just saying it in general.

GM: In general.

Tobe: To the group as we're trying to work out what we're gonna do.

GM: Edric, the small gnome man with you says..

Edric: {stammering} "Tarbaw? I could take you to Tarbaw, if you think that's what you would like."Tarbaw:

Tobe: "Well, we've got this unconscious cultist. We should probably figure out what to do with him and what his group wants to do with your town."

GM: He kind of just sneers at the unconscious cultist.

Edric: {stammering} "Vermin! Is what they are! The things they've done to this town is disgusting."

Tobe: "Yes, and we should try and figure out why they're doing it."

GM: Just nods and says..

Edric: {stammering} "Yes, I don't know how much talking he's going to do in that state. You guys did a number on him."

Tobe: "I'm sure we haven't killed him yet."

Edric: "So, Tarbaw, then?"

Tobe: "Please."

Doomsinger: "Yes. That seems like a likely course of action, do you not think?"

Edric: "Yeah.."

GM: And he kind of like, looks at the masked man..

Edric: {stammering} "Follow me."

Tobe: I follow him.

GM: He starts to lead you across the courtyard. He's quite confident in his walk. He thinks he's directing you where you need to be and suddenly he turns his head and goes..

Edric: {stammering} "Mister Nighthill? Governor?"

GM: And he starts rushing off diagonally to one side. And you see he's rushing towards a pair of gnomes, both of whom seem much older than this young gnome who has been left to guard you. And he rushes over. You seem them look up at you. One of them turns to the other. He's wearing quite fine clothes, he has an arm in a sling. He has a small, but graying goatee and he nods to his companion and he nods to Edric in front of you and starts walking over towards you guys. So, all three gnomes come back to you before you make much progress.

Tarbaw: {sighs} "Hello, I am Tarbaw Nighthill and I am.. What's.. Let's just say I lead the town from here. I am led to believe you have a guest for us."

Tobe: "Putting it politely. I don't think guest is quite the appropriate word, but yes, we have one of the cultists. Unconscious, not dead."

GM: You say cultist and he looks confused.

Tarbaw: "Cultists? Well. Why?"

GM: He seems very confused. Dean, could you give us a brief breakdown of what the elderly gnome next to this gentleman looks like?

Zilpip: He's a pretty scruffy dude. Pretty short. A little bit fat. Really old, matted hair. His clothes are a bit rag-tag. Very, very white hair. Overgrown facial hair. No shoes.

GM: He turns to you and says..

Tarbaw: "I'm sorry to cut our conversation short. Perhaps you could join us? I think your expertise in such matters may come in handy."

GM: And he turns to you, Mhurren, and says..

Tarbaw: "Would you like to bring this gentleman to my quarters? We don't have really any other place we can take him to, right at this moment. Please, follow me."

GM: So everybody starts to head in that direction. Myx gets your attention, Tobe.

Myx: "I'm not feeling so great. One of the kobolds stabbed me pretty good out there. I think I'm going to go try and find a medic."

Tobe: I turn to her and kind of ... I take Oz off of my horns and puts it on Myx's shoulder, so she can send Oz to me when she's ready to come back to the party or tell me where she is.

Myx: "Thank you, Tobe. I'm sure I'll be fine."

GM: And she kind of looks down at her leg. It's still kind of bleeding a little bit.

Myx: "I'm sure it'll be okay."

Tobe: "Please take care of yourself, Myx."

GM: Gives you a little salute and then she goes over to Escobar. You see her just kind of wander over him and he turns around looking alarmed. They have a little discussion and he leads her off. Oz kind of [caws] back at you. You get a little.. A slight sensation of confirmation or happiness from Oz that Myx is doing as she's told. Tarbaw leads yourself, Edric, the older gnome gentleman and the rest of you to the large tower in the keep, which is at the back corner. So he leads you up a

series of stairs into a large spherical tower and he leads you into one of the rooms. He walks you past various townsfolk in various states of repair. Mostly families. Children, old folk, women. In this particular area, most of the younger men you see are injured. You get the idea that this is basically just where they're trying to hole up as many people as possible to keep them out of the way. Tarbaw gestures to a chair in the room that you can put the cultist down on if you wish to, Mhurren.

Mhurren: Okay, I can do that. Sit him down on the chair and get some rope. And i'd like to secure his hands and feet.

GM: Okay, you successfully tie up the unconscious guy, watching and making sure the bindings are sufficiently tight.

Tarbaw: "Thank you. This will hopefully shed some light on what's happening here. I truly thought... I'm very perplexed. From the reports that we had had, I was under the impression that this was an Elven raid, but cultists? What makes you say they're cultists?"

Tobe: "Well, they're running around with dragon masks on shouting 'Hail Tiamat.'"

Tarbaw: "I had not heard anything to that effect, but I had simply assumed the masks were a disguise to hide their true faces."

Erbak: "Well they certainly said it quite a lot of times. They're definitely God botherers"

GM: Doomsinger turns and says..

Doomsinger: "They've been saying what? I just thought it was a load of bloody nonsense, frankly. I don't know, none of that gibberish makes any sense to me."

GM: He turns to you, Erbak, and says..

Doomsinger: "No offense."

GM: Actually, no he doesn't, because he doesn't care.

Tarbaw: "Well, um, this is Zilpip. Who are you? What might I call you?"

Tobe: "My name's Tobe."

Erbak: "I am Dr. Erbak Voss, at your service."

Tarbaw: "Ah, doctor. Excellent. We'll have much need of your service this night, no doubt."

Erbak: "That is not excellent. It's not good to need a doctor's services".

Tarbaw: "True, but it is good that you are here. Would be worse to need a doctor's services and not have one."

Erbak: "That is typically the case"

Tarbaw: "We do have medics here and they will see to your aid, if any of you do need assistance, but we will certainly welcome another pair of hands."

GM: And Scraw says, hiding in the back.

Scraw: "I am Scraw. You may call me Scraw. Scraw is my name."

Tarbaw: "That's very good. Pleasure to meet you."

Scraw: "And you also, Tarbaw."

Tarbaw: "Nighthill, please. Governor Nighthill will do."

GM: Doomsinger does not introduce himself, he just hangs back in the back of the room. Zilpip, do you introduce yourself to this group of strangers? After Tarbaw introduces you, rather, do you make any moves to communicate?

Zilpip: Nah, he doesn't really have anything to do with these people, so he's just there, waiting.

GM: So, you are aware that Greenest has been under attack and has been under attack by... I'd say for a couple of hours now. Tarbaw's been sort of communicating with you about his concerns. He believed, until now, that it was an Elven raid on the city and these people have captured one of the invaders and he needs information from him. And for some reason, he thinks you might be able to help in that. So, now this cultist is bound to a chair.

Mhurren: I'm just keeping an eye on him, for when he wakes up.

GM: Doomsinger is just sort of sitting in the back, completely disinterested with the whole thing. He just doesn't want anything to do with these half elves. Tarbaw turns to you, Erbak, and says.

Tarbaw: "Doctor, if you could, perhaps, tend to this man. Bring him round? Perhaps we can gain some information from him."

Erbak: "Certainly!" Okay so, I walk up to him and.. Make a medicine check to find out what kind of state he's in?

GM: A medicine check is all you need to roll to resolve this situation.

Erbak: Okie-doke.

GM: His face is severely burned, The Doomsinger firebolted him. This is the cultist that attacked the townsfolk first and after doing so was attacked by Tobe and The Doomsinger. The Doomsinger burned his face up. Yeah, so he passed out from the pain in his face.

Erbak: Oh it's that guy! So messy. 18! Good roll, that.

GM: Nice. So how do you go about bringing this guy to consciousness?

Erbak: I'm going to stare intently just at his face for a few seconds and I'm going to, with both hands slap him sharply on the cheek.

GM: Okay, yep, that will medicine the heck out of him. So you slap him about and he actually comes to screaming. He's just..

Cultist: [screaming]

Erbak: "There we go!"

Cultist: [pain noises]

GM: He doesn't stop. He's alive, but he's just continuously groaning in pain. Tarbaw looks slightly shocked at your ministrations.

Tarbaw: "I don't think he's going to tell us much if he's in too much pain to talk. Is there anything you can do about this?"

Erbak: "We'll need some kind of salve for a burn of that nature. It is quite severe and will keep him in pain for quite some time."

GM: You probably would have access to that in your components pouch. With that medicine check, if you wish to, you may apply a salve of some kind.

Erbak: Okay, i'll apply a salve to the burnt side of his face even though he's wiggling around a bit.

GM: Absolutely, he is and when he feels something touch him, lashes out sideways and tries to snap at the hand and realizes that you're a quite large lizard man and holds still while you put this on him. As you're done and the pain begins to subside slightly, he says to you in dragonborn.

Cultist: "You lower yourself. You are of a higher order than this."

Erbak: "Hmm. Curious. He seems to take me for some kind of dragon."

GM: Do you say it in common or do you say it in dragonborn.

Erbak: I say it in common.

GM: As you say this in common, he just sneers at you. Spits on the ground by your feet. Tarbaw sort of looks at you and he just looks like..

Tarbaw: "He thinks you're a.. Right. Okay. You there. What are your people doing here?"

GM: And the cultist just side-eyes him. Says nothing.

Tobe: I repeat the question in Draconic.

GM: He sneers, just says nothing. He kind of looks at you with a smug, big shit-eating grin. He understands what you're saying. He just...

Cultist: "I have nothing to say."

Tobe: "Maybe you should slap him again."

Erbak: "I would do but he can't sustain the damage"

GM: Doomsinger just takes out his lute and starts plucking at it because he doesn't understand anything anyone's saying.

Zilpip: I'm going to silently stand up and put acid in his lap.

GM: What, the cultist?

Zilpip: Yeah, mate, that fucking cultist.

GM: You're just gonna pour it or are you just gonna...?

Zilpip: Yeah, I'm gonna pour it in his lap.

GM: Okay, yeah, so you wander over. You guys watch as this little old gnome sort of creaks up onto his limbs, [heavy sigh] walks over and reaches into a very odd looking bag. And he pulls, he's just kind of blindly reaches around with one hand and pulls something out. You seem him make a motion over the guys lap and he just starts screaming again.

Erbak: Did we see what he actually did, properly or did we just see the motions?

GM: Go ahead and roll a perception check. You were the closest so you can probably... I don't think you do, but you probably hear.. You see him kind of make a motion and the guy's like.. He looks down and sneers and makes a face of disgust at him, actually as he feels something on his clothes and you sort of hear a slight hissing and you see his clothes on his lap begin to smoke and then he starts to scream.

Zilpip: Can I now pour a healing draught on him? On his lap?

Group: {laughing}

GM: How long do you leave it?

Zilpip: Until I know that the acid has started to, just before the acid has started to wear off?

I know how it works, I just want to freak him out.

GM: You would have to make him drink the healing draught.

Zilpip: Yeah, I'm just gonna pour it down his throat. He's tied down, right?

GM: He's sitting down. He's tied up, but... I mean, how tall are you?

Zilpip: Pretty short. Maybe I can't reach him.

GM: Yeah, you probably couldn't reach it to make him drink it yourself.

Zilpip: I'm pretty darn short, to be honest.

GM: Yeah, you probably can't actually reach high enough to make him drink it. And Tarbaw's kind of looking at you horrified like..

Tarbaw: "What... um. Is this really necessary?"

Zilpip: Maybe I just put it in his hand and say "Maybe you should give him this"

Mhurren: I just step in a bit

GM: The gnome reaches into his bag again and pulls something else out. Who do you give it to, Zilpip? Cause the guy's bound behind his back on the chair, presumably.

Zilpip: Well, I'm gonna give it to Tarbaw.

GM: Okay. Tarbaw's...

Zilpip: Cause he's in charge of the operation.

GM: Sure. He is four foot tall, so that would probably be tall enough. He's just like

Tarbaw: "What is this? Do you want me to do that as well? I'm not going to torture this man!"

Tobe: "Might be the only way to get him to talk. Just saying."

Zilpip: "No, I need you to heal him my friend. This healing draught will fix him right up"

GM: The dawn of realization hits as you say healing draught. He rushes over. The man's thrashing in his chair and he grabs his head and.. Hold up.

Mhurren: So, when the acid was poured and then the guy violently reacted, I wanted to kind of step in and just kind of.. "Hold, sir. I'm not sure if it's doing any help at all."

GM: You've kind of rushed over and gone, 'Wait, wait. We shouldn't be harming this guy.' and he's screaming behind you and Zilpip turns to Tarbaw and says 'here give him this.' Nighthill rushes over and tries to get the man to hold his head still so that he can force feed him this potion, but he's not able to do so. You see him struggling and he's like...

Tarbaw: "Please can you help? Hold him still, he must drink."

GM: Are you going to help him restrain this guy?

Mhurren: I'll get behind and I'll hold his head and I look at Zilpip and go, "But will it help?"

Zilpip: "It'll help him talk."

GM: Tarbaw, with your assistance, successfully puts the vial to the mouth of the cultist and the cultist, unable to resist doing so, swallows the draught. So that heals him very nicely. As he...

Tobe: He was better than he was before the acid.

Mhurren: He's a slightly healthy fucker

GM: He swallows the draught and recovers, comes to, and then he goes slack in his chair.

Mhurren: Are his eyes open?

GM: You don't know. I mean, you're behind him right now.

Mhurren: Yeah, I was kind of securing his..

GM: Did you let go once he finished giving the potion?

Mhurren: Well he was...I just kind of peek over and see if he's still conscious.

GM: Roll an... First off, how are you checking if he's conscious?

Mhurren: Just knock his head back and then just..

GM: That's the extent of your insight as to whether or not he's conscious. Just roll a medicine check with disadvantage. He isn't showing any signs that you recognize as consciousness.

Erbak: Can I tell if he's conscious?

GM: But Tarbaw turns to Zilpip, even more horrified that you have made him do something that has forced this man into unconsciousness.

Tarbaw: "You said this would help!"

Erbak: "He'll probably be fine. I can't tell what you did to him, but he'll probably be fine."

Zilpip: "Listen to your young friend, he'll be fine."

Tarbaw: "Is this normal? Do people usually go unconscious when you heal them?"

Tobe: "Well, I mean, he's probably traumatized."

Zilpip: "I'm not a doctor."

Tarbaw: "{Panicked} What did you give me? Oh, this night! This night!"

Mhurren: Can I roll to check if Zilpip was lying about the salve?

GM: Insight check. You really can't tell. He seems really unconscious. This is like the most unconscious person you've ever seen. Totally unresponsive. And yeah, just doing a really good job of being unconscious right now.

Erbak: Can I try to wake him again?

Zilpip: Just hold his hand

GM: Yeah, you can try and wake him. How are you going to try and wake him?

Erbak: This time I'm going to apply the double slap to the cheek, paying more attention to the fact that one of them is still horribly burned.

GM: Okay, I need you to make an attack roll, please. Make a dex save.

Erbak: Natural one.

GM: Looking at this guy, seeing everyone poking and prodding him, you're like 'no, no, no, this is not how medicine works. Look.' and you go to slap him and as your hand comes in to catch him, this time he turns around, like magic... He snaps out of unconsciousness, air quotes, and whips down his sharp teeth on your hand, as hard as he physically can. And he actually bites off a chunk of your finger on whichever

hand you choose, he bites.. Let's say up to the first knuckle, just completely gone. He literally just.. Cause he's half-dragonborn. He is essentially built like an elf, but he has scales and very sharp teeth. And he uses those to chomp down on your hand. As he does this, you pull your hand away he just...

Cultist: [laughs through spittle]

GM: And he spits your chunk, your finger chunk and there's just blood, lizard blood dribbling down his face as he grins maniacally. It's only two points of damage, but it does leave you permanently mutilated.

Mhurren: "Doctor are you alright?!"

Erbak: "Hmm, those teeth. I must have those teeth."

Tobe: {Laughing} Geez, Erbak has some serious issues

Erbak: "Might I inquire as to whether you have any ice in your cellars?"

GM: Tarbaw says..

Tarbaw: "Um. Yes.."

GM: He's looking at you and shakes his head.

Tarbaw: "Are you alright? Should we get another medic in here? I'm just.. I will send for someone."

GM: And he kind of just goes to the door and you hear him call out for somebody. In fact, actually, he just turns to Edric, who has been with you and tells him to go get it.

Edric: {stammering} "Sorry, Governor. I have to stay here. With him."

GM: And he points at The Doomsinger. And he goes..

Tarbaw: "Very well."

GM: And he goes and gets one of the other guards and says..

Tarbaw: "Fetch one of the medics!"

GM: So he sends him off to find a medic and some ice. So you now have a cackling, bound prisoner with blood all over him.

Erbak: I'm going to add the finger to my inventory.

GM: Fingertip, I would suggest. Tarbaw comes back and says...

Tarbaw: "I'm not sure how long he'll be, but you may wish to apply pressure. That's usually what you do, right?"

Tobe: "Yeah, you should probably cover that up so you're not, you know, bleeding all over the floor."

Mhurren: Did the doctor retrieve his fingertip?

GM: Yes, he did. Scraw, seeing the prisoner lash out, saunters over to the prisoner, to your side; next to Mhurren.

Scraw: "Well, I don't really think this is going that well. I mean, we've got no use for a prisoner who.."

GM: And he just turns around and belts him across the side of the head with his big long arms and he gives him a good smack.

Mhurren: I step back a little bit in shock.

Scraw: "Now listen, friend, if you try anything like that again, it will be you losing fingers. You understand?"

GM: The cultist just goes.. [blows raspberry] and spits out as much of the blood as he can in Scraw's direction. Scraw makes a dex save and fails, so Scraw reels back and wipes the blood from his eyes.

Scraw: "Are we going to ask this person anything or are we just going to get rid of him? I'm tiring of his attitude."

Tobe: "I don't think he's any use to us if he's not going to answer any questions."

Erbak: "I will take his teeth, though, if he's not going to answer anything."

Tobe: "That's morbid, but okay."

Zilpip: "Tarbaw, should I prepare the acid bath?"

Tarbaw: {horrified}"I really don't think that's necessary. I think perhaps if we are done with this man, we should put him in one of the cells if we can, but I feel as we should have more information than this but perhaps we're not applying the right approach."

Mhurren: "Yes, a cell is a wonderful idea."

Zilpip: "Yes, a nice warm cell will keep this prisoner happy for years to come."

Tobe: "Who's saying it has to be warm?" I go up to him, kind of put my hand on the cultist's shoulder and I gets as close to this guy as I dare, because I don't want to

get bitten in the face. And it's closer to this guy than I've been to anyone else in the room. And in Draconic, I say, "Look, if you don't start answering our questions. I'm going to let that gnome pour more acid on you 'cause at that point, I don't care. If you're not going to give us anything, you're useless."

GM: So he has acid poured on him and he's been threatened by the big people in the room, been beaten, just like 'whatever what are you gonna do'?. And then this weedy little tiefling wanders over, just kneels down and gets all close to his face and is just like 'the gnome will be allowed to do whatever he wants if you don't answer our questions.' He looks into Tobe's eyes and he can see something there. A little twinkle of absolute loathing that he doesn't see in anybody else's face. And he's not that happy about seeing it. He's a little bit afraid. He's just like.. And again, in Draconic.

Cultist: "What do you wish to know?"

Tobe: "What are you and your people doing here for a start."

Cultist: "We are amassing a great hoard. Treasure beyond measure to usher the great queen into the world. We will begin the reign of the queen of dragons."

Tobe: I have to take a deep breath to keep from losing my shit a second time. "Did you bring a dragon with you?"

Cultist: {slyly}"I wouldn't say we **brought** a dragon. {laughs} They're rather large and hard to conceal."

Tobe: I'm trying to think of how to phrase my question.

GM: He is being more cooperative now. You guys see that Tobe has managed to have some kind of influence on him.

Zilpip: Do I know anything about this, obviously he's a cultist, in terms of what religion they are, who they're worshipping?

GM: Go ahead and roll a religion check. I don't believe you've had any dealings with them previously, so it would just be regular religion. So they don't have any immediately identifying marks, however, you have heard the phrase queen of dragons before as that is commonly used in association with Tiamat, who occasionally will manage to rile up dark cultists to try and break free from her slumber and into the world once more, usually causing death and chaos as their primary actions. So, you're not specifically familiar with this cult, because they are just wearing black robes and he doesn't have any other identifying marks with him, but based on what he has just said about the queen of dragons, it is clear that he is worshipping Tiamat in some way. I think based on what he's said, that's probably

all you can gather right now.

Zilpip: "Ah, Tiamat's been pretty unsuccessful over the years."

Cultist: "This time is different."

GM: And he says this in Draconic. I don't know if you understand Draconic.

Zilpip: Nah, I don't understand bloody goobledy-gook.

GM: Yeah, so he just turns around and goes

Cultist: [speaking in Draconic]

Tobe: "How is it different?"

Cultist: "This time she will succeed. The reign of the queen of dragons has been foretold. The time is now and we shall be the ones to usher her through the gates."

Erbak: "What do you intend to do with this queen of dragons? How do you intend to get her through the gates?"

Cultist: "I am not privy to these details. I just know that we must amass a great hoard of treasure, so that we may present it to her upon her arrival."

Erbak: "You must forgive my skepticism. The fact that you have leaders who have simply asked you to find them money with no proof of this god whatsoever."

Cultist: "Be as skeptical as you wish."

Erbak: "Don't worry. I intend to be."

Tobe: "If you were sent here to gather a hoard, does that mean others were sent elsewhere to try and usher her in?"

Cultist: "All I know is that Greenest is the largest town we've hit yet. It is a great trove and we will return all of our riches to the hoard."

Tobe: "You've hit other towns recently?"

GM: He sort of just bobs his head side to side. Like, well you might say that.

Erbak: "It may be worthwhile to get a list of all the places this cult has hit already. Perhaps I could take a finger for each town. It would be quite effective punishment and I would appreciate the poetic justice of the situation."

Cultist: "What use is this information to you? Those towns are done with already. The villages have burned. Their people taken. What use could you possibly have with knowing where they were?"

Tobe: "How about knowing where you've taken them to?"

Cultist: "We have a camp. The people that are taken are working for the glory of Tiamat."

Erbak: "Very well. It would help us all if we knew the whereabouts of this camp. So i'd like to suggest that you tell us now, as I would very much like to not have to blunt all my various implements on different parts of you."

Cultist: "The camp is not far. Where are we?"

Tobe: "The Keep."

Cultist: "Head south. About twelve miles. A large camp. There is a cave. The camp surrounds it. They guard the entrance to the cave night and day."

Tobe: Can I insight check him to see if he's lying to me? I don't know shit!

GM: You get the feeling he's being fairly honest with you. I mean, you've never known cultists to lie before.

Zilpip: They are men of god.

GM: He seems like he's being honest, as far as you can tell. You guys just met at a bar practically, he's been so upfront. He's like the drunk guy at two in the morning, telling you his life story.

Cultist: "I do not know what is in the cave, but know that they do not want anybody getting close to it. That is where we take our hoard. That is all I know. Surely you have seen through the town."

Erbak: "How many of you are there?"

Cultist: "Surely you have seen them through the town?"

Erbak: "A more specific number would be most appreciated."

Cultist: "Hundreds? Thousands? I don't know. You have to understand, I am not high on the rung, but I am also not given a head count every time I enter. There are enough of us that we have stormed this city and its people cower in a keep."

Tobe: "Returning to my previous question, which you dodged the answer quite spectacularly. Is there a dragon with you, rather than did you bring one?"

GM: He looks around the room.

Cultist: {Smirkingly} "Not as far as I can see. What's this one's obsession with dragons?"

Tobe: {laughing} Fucks sake

GM: He looks at the lizardman.

Cultist: "He talking about you?"

Erbak: "I am lizard folk. Not a dragonborn. There are significant and numerous anatomical differences."

Cultist: "Yes. You are simply a lower life form. To be pitied."

Mhurren: "What do you want? Other than Tiamat, is there a leader amongst your camp?"

Cultist: "I am subservient to the purple robes."

Mhurren: "The what?"

Erbak: "Do you have the names of these purple robes?"

Cultist: "You barely captured me. You have no hope."

Mhurren: "This purple robe. Is this your leader or simply the name of your order?"

Cultist: "One of. The leaders are known only to us as the purple robes."

Erbak: "That's all you know about them? No other details? Nothing?"

Cultist: "About what, exactly? They are many, as are we. If you want specifics, I'm afraid you'll have to be specific."

Erbak: "{Sighs} Numbers. People numbers. Leader numbers. Intentions. You can't just say you're summoning a dragon you have to be specific about these things. Be a man of science!"

Cultist: "That was a lot of questions all at once. Rezmir, Frulum these are names you will come to fear. Langdedrosa know the name now and shake in fear when you see their glory."

Tobe: I am very quiet now. I'm not saying anything.

Erbak: "What's your modus operandi, then?"

GM: He just looks puzzled.

Erbak: "Oh, for heaven's sake. Fine! How did they go about obtaining what they need to obtain?"

Cultist: "You have seen this for yourself. We simply take it."

Erbak: "You simply take it? Sacking and looting? No concentrated army"

GM: He just shrugs.

Cultist: "I am not a general. I simply know what I am here to do. We were to barricade the keep, prevent those within from leaving. Prevent those within from preventing us from doing what we came to do."

Erbak: "What are you looking to do here specifically?"

Cultist: "To gather enough riches for the hoard. I'm starting to wonder how much of a lesser creature you are."

Tobe: "I don't think it's anything deeper than that. It seems as though they simply did come here just to pillage until they had everything they wanted. And everyone in a singular place where they couldn't interfere with them."

Cultist: "Finally someone with some bloody sense!"

Erbak: "I would have thought you'd have much more finesse than this. Always the same with these cultists and Gods."

Tobe: "Well, I don't think this particular individual or any other sack in the city are particularly high up the ladder, so they probably aren't trusted with anything more important."

GM: At this point, Tarbaw speaks up.

Tarbaw: "This has been enlightening."

GM: Turns to the cultist.

Tarbaw: "Why this city?"

GM: And the cultist simply replies.

Cultist: "Soon all cities will be Tiamat's. You are not special to us. You were simply convenient."

Tobe: "They were probably on the way to somewhere else."

GM: He sneers a sort of half smile.

Cultist: "Very astute. I like the way you think, boy. Could almost be one of us."

Tobe: I get very quiet.

Tarbaw: "If you have any further questions, I think perhaps we should simply restore him to his cell and well, you can let me know and I will make sure the information is recovered."

GM: At this point, one of the guards walks in with a gentleman who is a Tabaxi and the Tabaxi is dressed in very plain clothes and he has a small leather bag with him.

Tabaxi: "I am led to believe there is a medical emergency."

Erbak: "Ah yes. I have a finger severance issues"

GM: Completely ignoring anything you're saying and just picks up your hand and looks at it closely.

Tabaxi: "Ah, yes. It's a very... not so clean cut. You have..? Do you have the the finger"

Erbak: "I do." I show it to him.

Tabaxi: "Now, the cut was too unclean. I am sorry it cannot be saved."

Erbak: "When you say the cut's unclean do you mean on the finger or the rest of the hand?"

Tabaxi: "I.. no, I mean the break. It was.. The bone, here."

GM: He points out to you, the finger.

Tabaxi: "Shattered."

GM: So, basically, he's just saying it can't be reattached because the bone is too broken. It won't reset.

Erbak: Yeah, does he mean the bone on the finger or the bone on the hand?

GM: What's the difference?

Zilpip: He's gonna take one of the guy's fingers.

Erbak: Oy! That's entirely coincidental.

GM: He's basically saying the bone is.. Essentially both. He's looking at you when you're asking this.

Tabaxi: "The bone."

GM: And he's pointing at your hand.

Tabaxi: "It will take a while to heal, but nothing will attach here. This is not clean."

GM: And he sort of shoves it in your face.

Tabaxi: "Look!"

GM: And he whips it back down and starts to do his best to bandage and stitch the wound closed. Meanwhile, Tarbaw gestures to the guard to take the cultist to a cell.

Erbak: "Yeah, I did want to get the tooth from him, actually."

Tobe: I'm not sure that counts as a question.

Tarbaw: "My friend, he has been very cooperative with us. You will do no further harm to this man."

Erbak: "I could make it painless!"

Tarbaw: "He is a prisoner under my protection now. If you lay a hand upon my prisoner, I'm afraid you will be ejected from the keep. No further harm must come to this man. He will see trial and justice after the keep is safe. After the city is safe."

Erbak: "Very well." Then I walk away looking very disappointed.

GM: So the guard is leading the cultist out of the room and as he does so, the cultist looks back over his shoulder and says in Draconic.

Cultist: {Tauntingly} "Ah, boy! Boy! Say hello to the dragon, will you?"

GM: He just kind of cackles as he's dragged out.

Tobe: I'm seething, but I'm so quiet that probably no one else can tell.

[Outro music begins]

Ray/GM: And it's on that note which we leave you this week. New episodes are every Sunday, so don't forget to subscribe to our feed to get them as soon as they air. You can find all this information and more on our website at <https://tailsfromthedarkdragonsinn.co.uk/> that's T-A-I-L-S from the dark dragons I-N-N dot co dot uk. The track you heard at the beginning of this episode was Extravaganza by TRG Banks. And the song you are hearing now is While You Are Here by the amazing band, Ending Satellites.

[Music continues to end]