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Tobe as played by Liz

Myx as played by Nina

Erbak as played by Tom

Mhurren as played by Vinny

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

Ray/GM: Hello and welcome to Tails From the Dark Dragons Inn, Episode 1A, An Awkward Retelling. As you know, if you've been listening from the start, our show has suffered from it's fair share of audio issues. However, those have since been resolved and in an effort to put them behind us, we're releasing this episode as a catch up to bring everyone up to speed. I've included several snippets from the past as mini-flashbacks and I hope you enjoy the end result. And that's all I have for you today. Please ,enjoy the show.

GM: So, Vinny, you play Mhurren. Tell us a little bit about him.

Mhurren: He is a monk from the order of the stone claw. It's a temple that is somewhere far, far away. I've been there my entire life. I was taken in, actually, by my Master Kriv. I'm a half-orc, yes.

GM: Liz, tell me something about Tobe.

Tobe: Tobe is a tiefling warlock, whose patron is the Raven Queen. He's rather anti-social to people he doesn't know and slower to warm up to others. But when you have his trust, you have it and you break it to your own peril, to be honest. He has a familiar called Oz, who's a raven. And not edible. Not a crow and not edible.

GM: There's also the barbarian bugbear, Scraw. He is amicable. Always looking for a greater challenge. And he's generally a positive influence on the group, I think. Although, some may argue otherwise. We additionally have The Doomsinger, who is the party's bard. There isn't much to say about him. He's a little arrogant. He's a little aloof. He's not particularly well liked or pleasant. That summarizes him pretty well. Tom, tell us about Erbak.

Erbak: Well, Erbak's a doctor who grew up in some pretty harsh conditions. Got into his career by circumstance. He's also a wizard, which is his primary method of staying alive by shooting things with spells and making sure they stay dead. But his main hobby and interest is science. Anatomy, biology. So that, and he mostly just travels the world providing medical aid in exchange for knowledge, information, and just generally tinkering about with science. He's a Lizardman. 100% full blood.

GM: Nina, tell us about Myx.

Myx: Myx is an aasimar, and she's a warlock of the fey, with her patron being Titania. She is very silly. Doesn't always think things through, but tends to mean well most of the time. She likes befriending animals, though isn't always very successful at it.

GM: Recently, the Scales of Justice have been having a little downtime. They were roped into this situation by the Doomsinger. They weren't really that keen on it, but he sold them on it on the premise that they were probably going to get paid. And if they didn't get paid now, they'd get paid later.

He didn't really elaborate on the details, but it's not long before you find yourselves in a group standing on a stage. And the stage is in a very, very small rundown theater. And you find yourself sitting in front of a very small audience of gnomes and they're all sitting right at the front of the stage. They have little notepads out. They're getting ready. They're getting comfortable. They're sitting down. Kind of like pre-lecture. They're shuffling in their chairs, minor chatting going on. And you are greeted on the stage by the people who have arranged for you to be here. There is a halfling woman, who is roughly three foot tall. She has soft brown hair, sparkling almond eyes, and she's wearing a gown that is deceptively simple at first glance, but in the right light, it shimmers with an impressive amount of detail. There's just an incredibly intricate amount of detail work embossed into the dress. She radiates warmth, and as she approaches you, you all immediately feel at ease. She walks straight over to you all as a group and addresses you.

Halfling Woman: "Hello, and welcome to the Helping Hands company. So, I'm glad that you're here."

Myx: "Hello!"

Halfling Woman: "Thank you for coming. As I'm sure you've been told already, we are going to be doing our best to get the details of your story and my fellow gnomish troubadours here will be disseminating your story throughout the land and making sure everyone knows exactly what's happened to you and who you are."

Myx: "Okay!"

Tobe: {Dryly} "Fantastic."

Myx: I'm nervous.

GM: And you glance around the rest of your party and you see that the Doomsinger is beaming at the proposition that other people will be telling the story of the Scales of Justice.

Behind the halfling at a slightly further distance is a five foot six, very thin looking tiefling. They are wearing a fitted waistcoat with a shirt. They're in dress attire. It's all in black, except for the fact that there's a lot of silver detailing. A lot of silver embellishing in very small, fine, intricate details. They're wearing a black bowtie that is shaped like a bat. And it's a little bit glitzy. They have short cropped hair and slender horns which curve straight up and back. Not entirely unlike a gazelle. Their skin is a deep red and their face, similarly slender, has sharp pointed features with a soft smile, emphasized by a superb contouring job, in various shades of dusk. They walk over behind their compatriot and make a polite [cough]. The halfling turns.

Halfling Woman: "Oh! I haven't actually introduced myself. My name is Tahina, it's a pleasure to meet you and over here, we have my colleague Ron."

Raan: {Frustrated} "Oh my god, Tahina, how long have we been travelling together? I've told you a thousand times, it is Raan. There is an A in there. Raan, not Ron. Raan!"

GM: She just rolls her eyes.

Tahina: "If you'd all like to take a step backstage, we will be having each of you out individually. We'll question you. You can feel free to tell us your story as you see fit and we'll handle the embellishment ourselves. Our troupe is very, very talented. We'll be absolutely certain to portray you in the best light possible."

Tobe: "Uncomfortable.."

Erbak: I'm showing no emotion right now.

Myx: I'm just uncertain of the situation, but am happy to go with it.

GM: The Doomsinger strolls offstage. Scraw follows along.

Mhurren: "Oh right." I get up and follow.

Erbak: I stiffly get up and follow.

Mhurren: I kind of nod at the others.

GM: So as you all get up to leave the stage, Tahina, the halfling, speaks up.

Tahina: "Mr. Erbak? You can...You can stay. We'll start with you."

Erbak: "Ah. Very well."

Tahina: "Erbak, please, if you have a seat."

GM: Gestures towards you and gestures towards the seat. She turns to her companion, who steps backstage to talk with the others, and she takes a seat herself opposite the chair.

Tahina: "Mister Erbak, it is Erbak, isn't it?"

Erbak: "Technically, it would be Doctor Voss, but I find Erbak much more familiarizing. First names always are, you understand?"

Tahina: "Yes, absolutely, but if you prefer Doctor Voss, I can work with that. That's not a problem."

Erbak: "No, no, Erbak. Erbak is perfectly fine."

Tahina: "Very well. Please, take a seat."

Erbak: I gently and carefully sit down.

Tahina: "So, I'm led to believe that the tale of the Scales of Justice began in a tavern, called the Dark Dragons Inn in a town called Zhenstucka. Very out of the way place for such a grand troupe, wouldn't you say? What is it that brought you there?"

Erbak: "Well, first you must understand. We were not initially a troupe that came to Zhenstucka. We were all isolated, I suppose. We all met up by circumstance. Travelling."

Tahina: "Is that so?"

Erbak: "I was just a mere, wandering peddler doctor at that point. Just looking to sate my interests and take in the different wildlife, localities. And of course, to ply my trade. A man has to eat, you know."

Tahina: "Indeed. What was it that brought your attention to the others? Surely, there must have been many adventurers moving through the tavern."

Erbak: "Well, ironically, it was an adventure. I believe that would be irony. But there was an incident outside when all of us were in the inn simultaneously. And everyone just scurried on out. And I, being of curious mind, I poked my nose out and saw a large bugbear beating to death a group of elves."

Tahina: "Remarkable set of circumstances. One might call it fate."

GM: And she turns and smiles to the audience who are watching, and are furiously taking notes. So, Myx, you have been brought out from behind the stage. Raan has

ushered you to a chair. They indicate that they will be doing your interview. There appear to be two chairs facing one another. They sit on one and they indicate for you to sit in the other.

Raan: "Please, darling, take a seat."

Myx: "Alrighty."

Raan: "Now, I'm led to believe that ya'll were travelling in Zhenstucka with Tobe when you arrived."

Myx: "Yes, that's correct."

Raan: "What's the story there? Are you sweet on him?"

Myx: "Uh, not exactly. Well, I met Tobe a little while ago, but he's basically become my closest friend."

Raan: "You met him a while ago? So you were travelling together for some time, then?"

Myx: "Yeah, for.. I believe it's a year."

Raan: "And there's nothing going on there? Honey, please."

Myx: "Nnn-No. I don't doubt you'll have some time to speak to Tobe, but as soon as you do, you will very quickly realize...Uh no."

Raan: "Right.. okay. If you say so."

GM: And they turn to the gnomic audience and give a big dramatic wink.

Raan: "So, how did you two meet?"

Myx: "In a forest, actually."

Raan: "Mhm, that sounds like there's a story there."

Myx: "Not hugely. We both mysteriously found ourselves in the same forest at the same time, looking for a different set of herbs. Yeah. And we bumped into each other because he was scrambling to find what he was looking for. Cause he's not used to foraging, whereas I am. And I helped him out."

Raan: "Mm, that is mysterious. So, what brought you to Zhenstucka?"

Myx: "Oh, you know. Trying to see the world, seek adventure, learn about things."

Raan: "I see, I see."

Myx: "I guess the usual adventurer story, really."

Raan: "You could say so. So, when you got to the inn, what exactly did you do once you got there?"

Myx: "I think I went in with Tobe, being a little confused because we went there on the assumption that we were to be given some work or there was something we were supposed to do. I remember sitting down at the bar and asking for some water. Yeah."

Raan: "Oh, okay. Well, the way I hear it, when you were in the bar, there was some big ol' hubbub. What was that all about?"

Myx: "So what happened was a dwarf ran into the inn while me and Tobe were sitting down and desperately asked us for help because his daughter had been kidnapped by slavers. So, yeah, I guess he wanted us to help. Which, I don't blame him for, really. I would want help in that scenario."

GM: Mhurren, you are brought from backstage by the short tiefling named Ran. They gesture you over to the center of the stage where there appears to be two chairs facing one another. They sit in one and they gesture for you to sit in the other.

Raan: "Take a seat."

Mhurren: "Very well." I go sit down. While I'm sitting in the chair, I'm just carving darts. Getting sawdust everywhere.

GM: So you take a seat and they get themselves comfortable. They lean back.

Raan: "So, Mhurren. You're a big ol' adventurer now. I hear you've been travelling with The Doomsinger a while."

Mhurren: "Yes, um, about a month or so."

Raan: "Well, I imagine it's been a lot longer than that since then."

Mhurren: "Probably a bit longer, yes."

Raan: "So, what exactly brought the two of you to Zhenstucka? Why were you travelling together?"

Mhurren: "Well, hmm, I suppose we met because he had a fire and I approached as a stranger one night and asked if he would share. I suppose that is how we met."

Raan: "Well, that's awfully nice and simple. That's good enough for me. Make sure you write a note of that, campfire."

GM: And they're looking over at the gnomes, who are all furiously scrambling on little bits of paper.

Raan: "So, Zhenstucka. How'd that happen? Why were you there?"

Mhurren: "Mmm I believe I was looking for someone. Well, am looking for someone. Um...Yes. So, I was told that it was a good first port of call for work, as you see myself and Doomsinger, we are just simple travelling compatriots. Just looking for work. For money."

Raan: "That makes sense. Travelling in numbers is important these days. So, just two buds travelling for work, huh?"

Mhurren: "More or less, yes."

Raan: "I buy it, I suppose. So what about this friend? I believe you follow Bahamut, yes? Were they religious, too?"

Mhurren: "Are you asking about Doomsinger?"

Raan: "No, honey, the person you were looking for."

Mhurren: "Ah. I would believe so. I would like to think so."

Raan: "I see. Okay, well let's move on now, shall we?"

Mhurren: "Thank you."

GM: You all watch as Raan, the tiefling presenter comes backstage and gestures for the Doomsinger to join them. The Doomsinger turns to you all and smiles broadly.

Doomsinger: "Well, my audience awaits me."

Raan: "So, Mr. Doomsinger."

Doomsinger: "Oh, please. Doomsinger is fine."

Raan: "Mhurren tells me that you two were travelling companions looking for work?"

Doomsinger: "He told you what?! I could understand why he might think that. However, our relationship is a lot more subtle than that, you understand. He's more of a manservant. I'm an auteur."

Raan: "Well, I have to say thank you so much for organizing all of this. We are thrilled to have the chance to tell your tale and it is a pleasure to meet you."

Doomsinger: "Well, I imagine it is, yes."

Raan: "So how exactly did you and Mhurren meet, if it's not the way he tells it?"

Doomsinger: "Well, I was travelling alone one night. I had found myself in the middle of a forest during a rainstorm. Using my expert tracking and travelling skills, I had built myself a small encampment to shelter from the rain. Mhurren burst forth like a wild beast from the woods, covered in soil and rain. Frankly, he was a pitiful creature to behold. And he begged me for a place by my fire. Naturally, being a generous and giving man, I welcomed him by my side and I've taken care of him, well, ever since."

Raan: "Indeed. Is that so? Well, I'm not surprised, you do seem the generous sort."

GM: Tobe. Tahina comes backstage and interrupts whatever conversation it is that you are having with your friends. Between you all probably scowling at the Doomsinger, who's just gleefully telling you all about how he arranged the whole thing. She gestures for you to join her on the main stage and you walk out and you find that there are two chairs, facing one another. She sits in one, and invites you to sit in the other.

Tahina: "Please, take a seat."

Tobe: Very reluctantly, I sit down opposite her.

Tahina: "So, Tobe, I hear you're rather a favorite among the ladies."

Tobe: {Awkwardly} "That's news to me."

Tahina: {cheerfully oblivious} "Oh, I'm sure you're fighting them off with a stick. Don't worry. No secrets here. So, Myx tells us that you both arrived together in Zhenstucka, looking for work, travelling together, to see what the world brings you, shall we say?"

Tobe: "I'd say that's accurate."

Tahina: "So, when you were in the Dark Dragons Inn, there was a bit of a kerfuffle. Some dwarf came in, screaming about his daughter, and you gallantly rushed to the rescue. Can you tell me a bit more about that?"

Tobe: "Well, me and Myx rushed outside to see a group of elven slavers apparently trying to kidnap a child, who was being defended by our very own Scraw, the bugbear."

Tahina: "Those evil, wicked creatures. Slavers, eh?"

GM: And she looks out to the gnomish crowd and they all [grumbling]. And they're all making little scrabbly notes. Slavers, elves [angry muttering].

Tahina: "So, tell me more, how did that go down?"

Tobe: "Well, we are a group of strangers. We somehow managed to work together to either kill them or chase them off and rescue the young girl and return her to her father."

Tahina: "And he must have been very grateful, I'm sure. A gallant rescue and just the beginning of the tale."

GM: As you're all backstage discussing things between you, Tahina, the halfling comes back and beckons for Scraw to join her. He nervously looks around between you all and follows her to the stage. And you see his gigantic six foot eight bulk completely dwarfing the halfling woman as his long bugbear limbs are probably about the same height as she is. When they get onto the stage, Scraw sits himself down opposite her and shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

Tahina: "It's okay. You can feel completely at ease here. We just want to know your story."

Scraw: "My um...my story. You want to..to know about me. I see. Well, I am Scraw. I uhhh...I like to fight things! I seek great glory and umm I I.. sorry, what was the question?"

Tahina: "I hadn't actually asked one. However, you are Scraw and that's a good start."

GM: And she turns to the audience, and she nods. The gnomes are diligently taking notes.

Tahina: "So, Scraw, well we know that you like to fight things, that you seek glory. What exactly do you do for the party?"

Scraw: "Well, mostly, I keep Tobe out of trouble. He's a little rambunctious."

Tahina: "That's interesting. So how did you meet Tobe and the rest of the party?"

Scraw: "Well, back when I was in Zhenstucka, you see, I was wandering down to the tavern, The Dark Dragons Inn, and there was a small child and she was with her father, who was also small, being a dwarf. He was trying to stop some elves from taking his child. And it's naturally, I ran to his aid. There's nothing I can stand less than people splitting up families. It's just not right. And I was protecting her and shouting, 'Slavers! Slavers!' just like that. And I was yelling for them to get back and I swung my weapon at them a lot. Before I knew it, I was surrounded by good hearted people, looking to serve and protect this child. That's when I knew, that these were the people that I would be travelling with."

Tahina: "Mr. Erbak, as I understand it, you all fought together against a group of elven slavers? How did that come about?"

Erbak: "Well, someone burst into the bar, if I recall. Some kind of commotion. Everyone else just ran out. I was sat on my own at the time and I was curious, so I followed. Outside, we see this big, half-naked bugbear swinging his glaive around at a bunch of Elven slavers. I believe there was a child there, as well? I think the slavers were after her, yes. Yes. I remember."

Tahina: "Uniting together to save the life of a child. A truly noble goal, don't you think, everyone?"

GM: The little gnomes [clapping]. And then they go back to scrawling on their paper.

Raan: "So, Myx, y'all travelling together. How does that work? Is there anything interesting that happened on the journey?"

Myx: "I feel like interesting things happen more when we get to our destinations, than during the journey."

Raan: "You didn't get to know anyone special?"

Myx: "Well, I mentioned earlier, but I'd been travelling with Tobe previously, so it'd just really been him and me. But during our journey, I got to know the Doomsinger better. Get to know a little bit more about him."

Raan: "He is a charmer."

Myx: "You could say that."

Raan: "Well, when he approached us, said that you were all interested in sharing your story, we were just thrilled."

Myx: "Thank you. Well, the Doomsinger and I were kind of sat on our own and he actually revealed who he really was to me. I don't know if I maybe gave off the right impression or.."

Raan: "Is he a wealthy millionaire? Is he a young, dashing entrepreneur looking to spread his joy and goodwill? He seems the type."

Myx: [laughing] "He might be, but I don't know.."

Raan: "A bachelor?"

Myx: "Yes, I.."

Raan: "Did he propose? Oh my goodness, did he propose?"

Myx: [laughing] "He most certainly did not propose. Um see, the Doomsinger, as you might have noticed, wears a mask all the time."

Raan: "I hear he's disfigured."

Myx: "Yes, that what he likes to tell people. The truth is, he isn't. And that's what I got to discover that night. He isn't disfigured in any way."

Raan: "Did he take anything else off?"

Myx: [laughing] "No. Just the mask."

Raan: "Okay, so what is he hiding underneath there?"

Myx: "His very handsome elvish features."

Raan: "Mmm...Why that is a surprise."

Myx: "Believe me, I was quite taken aback by that realization."

Raan: "I'll bet you were. So, Mhurren, y'all were travelling on a wagon train with the intention of guarding it until it got to Greenest. However, the way I hear it, y'all never made it that far."

Mhurren: "To Greenest. We did make it to Greenest, didn't we? Given there may have been an obstacle or two. But we got there."

Raan: "But it was on fire."

Mhurren: "Well, the town was beset by cultists. Certainly wasn't a welcoming party."

Raan: "Cultists, you say? Cultists of what, exactly?"

Mhurren: "They all seemed to be worshipping uh...Tiamat."

Raan: "Tiamat worshipping cultists. Well, if there isn't anything worse."

Mhurren: "Everyone follows their own god, I suppose."

Raan: "Well, some of us have got some decency, too, but that doesn't excuse nobody."

Mhurren: "Quite right."

Tahina: "So, Tobe, you were in Greenest, fighting off some dastardly kobolds. I hear you met a woman."

Tobe: "Uh...In a manner of speaking. I mean, we went to the rescue of a woman."

Tahina: "Ah, the dashing knight clad in armor, rushing to the aid of a fair maiden."

Tobe: {annoyed} "Not sure I'm enjoying this story you're trying to tell or the way you're embellishing it."

Tahina: "Well, then, please tell it your way. We're all ears."

Tobe: "That I was part of the group I'd been travelling with on the caravan and we all rushed in together to help this woman and her family."

Tahina: "She had a family? What happened, then?"

Tobe: "We engaged the kobolds that were harassing them and managed to dispatch them. And after that, we stuck with her cause she seemed to know where the best place in the town was to go."

Tahina: "Was it a pub? I like to go there, too."

Tobe: "It was the keep."

Tahina: "Naturally, of course."

GM: And the gnomes giggle. There's giggling at your discomfort and frustration. It's almost as though, they're very familiar with her ways with people.

Tahina: "So, she led you through the town and you defended her and her family. And you made it successfully to the keep."

Tobe: "Yes. We also managed to capture one of the cultists alive and take them for questioning."

Tahina: "Interesting."

Tahina: "Erbak, so, you arrived at Greenest Keep and I believe, that's where you met the captain. I hear he wasn't entirely pleased with your companions get up."

[FLASHBACK]

Guard Captain: "Like it or not friend, our town is under attack. I can't talk anybody's word for nothing. As far as I'm concerned you're all strangers here. You may well have a cultist, but for all I know this is just another trap. I'm not willing to risk the lives that we have saved today on the words of some priest that claims to have who knows what. You may reveal yourself now or you may be leaving. Those are your options."

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

Erbak: "I can't honestly think why. I suppose in the middle of a tremendous battle, then, anyone not in the right uniform would obviously be of suspicion. We managed to persuade him well enough and got through."

Tahina: "And I hear that you had a captive cultist. How did that interrogation go? Did you learn anything juicy."

Erbak: "I see what you're going for here. I see this. Yes, erm, you may notice that I the tip of my left index digit has been removed. It turns out that I learned something juicy that day, you see."

Tahina: "Oh, that's rather ghastly. How did that happen?"

Erbak: "Yes, in their teeth. Their incredibly well-pronounced canines. You see, if you look carefully, you can see the indentation here and the way it severs. It's just immaculate. Utterly immaculate."

Tahina: "Interesting, yes."

Erbak: "I have some more notes here, actually, if you would like to read on some more about this."

Tahina: "Oh, absolutely, that would be intriguing. But what did you learn from him, verbally?"

Erbak: "Verbally? Oh, he was just another one of those god-bothering lunatics. You know, world domination, big armies swarming the land. Apparently there was some sort of great group of half-dragon men, which we later did find out to be true. He dropped the names Langdedrosa, Frulum and Rezmir, who turned out to be the Captains of the cult that were besieging the town."

Tahina: "Here's hoping the tale goes well from here, eh?"

GM: And the gnomes all dramatically huddle and go [loud shivering]. You can tell that this little gnomish audience has a real flair for the dramatic. As you guys are all being interviewed separately, but you notice that when they're making notes, they're often to one another, doing little magical illusions. Really, really small illusions on their notepads demonstrating what happened in your story visually in front of them.

And so you get to catch glimpses of little magical Myxs and little magical Tobes and Erbaks and Mhurrens and Scraws and Doomsingers acting out the scenes you're describing as they're doing that. And every now and again, Raan and Tahina catch

them in the act and you see them shoot them a little scowl and immediately the illusion disappears.

Raan: "So, Myx, it says here you were asked to go somewhere."

Myx: "Yes, we were asked to go to the Chapel, because there were a large number of people stuck inside."

Raan: "And how on Earth did you get out of the keep? It was being bombarded. Besieged on all sides."

Myx: "There was an underground pass, that we were able to go through to get to the Chapel whilst avoiding all the commotion going on outside."

Raan: "Anything I should know? Dark secrets?"

Myx: "Maybe not dark secrets. Embarrassing secrets, possibly, but not dark ones."

Raan: {Playfully} "Ooh, kissing? Kissing's always embarrassing."

Myx: [laughing] "No. I mean, well, no. No kissing."

Raan: {dubiously} "If you say so."

Myx: "Yeah, no, just.."

Raan: "Your secret's safe with me."

Myx: "Just an incident with some rodents."

[FLASHBACK]

GM: You're trying to stick your hands into a swarm of rats, to grab one of them. Unsurprisingly, that doesn't work. And now the swarm of rats attacks you.

Myx: "Why have you betrayed me, furry friends, why?"

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

Raan: "You were kissing rodents?"

Myx: "I may as well have been. I thought that I could maybe persuade them to not be in the way and not attack us and I got mauled by them, instead."

Raan: "Yeah, city rats are mean. That probably wasn't the brightest thing you've ever done, but I'm sure.. You look like you recovered well."

Myx: "Yeah, I mean, I made it out okay, but I will never ever live that moment down with my party members, ever."

Raan: "Well, I'm sure they'll forgive you eventually."

Myx: "One can only hope."

Raan: "So, Mhurren, you arrived at the Chapel. What happened, then?"

Mhurren: "We found it to be barricaded. We did see some of the cultists trying to break in. At some point, I believe they tried to smoke out the people inside by setting things alight."

Raan: "Yeah, there was a lot of fire that night. From what I've heard. All over the city. Those blasted kobolds. How did you overcome then?"

Mhurren: "Well, the smoke from the fire turned out to give us a decent amount of cover and we dealt with some of the cultists, cleared the way and.."

Raan: "And that's where you met Eadyn Falconstone?"

Mhurren: "Well, she was a little hesitant at first."

Raan: "Well, naturally, I mean. All those people stuck inside were under attack. I'm sure it was very frightening."

Mhurren: "I mean, she did mistake us for more of the same cultists."

Raan: "But your winning charm got through to her, I'm sure."

Mhurren: "That or the door."

[FLASHBACK]

GM: Mhurren, with an almighty heave, you whack the mace square into the door and it just caves in flat. As you do so, you see inside, people suddenly rushing backwards. The door actually catches a couple of people and leaves more than a few of them looking bruised and disgruntled. As you rush in, you hear shrieks of panic as people start running around and running away.

Mhurren: I put my hand up. "We're here to help!"

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

Raan: "Well, all paths in life must be opened one way or another."

Mhurren: "You're very wise, aren't you?"

Raan: "I like to think so. Thank you."

Tahina: "So, Tobe, you and your compatriots made your way safely back to the keep with the people in tow. I'm led to believe that things after that got a little bit heated."

Tobe: "That's certainly one way of putting it. We were able to have a brief rest to heal up from our venture outside to rescue the people from the chapel and it wasn't very long before our rest was interrupted by someone ringing a bell to alert us to even more danger."

Tahina: "What kind of danger?"

[FLASHBACK]

GM: The silence is broken. [extremely loud dragon roar]

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

Tobe: "Only an adult blue dragon."

Tahina: "You're pulling my tail."

Tobe: "I really wish I was, but no. Adult blue dragon. Very terrifying."

Tahina: "But you're alive."

Tobe: "Yeah.. I mean, I'm still a bit.."

Tahina: "I think."

GM: And she reaches over and touches your hand.

Tobe: "Oh!" I pull my hand away, straight away.

GM: She smirks, but nods apologetically before telling the crowd that you're still breathing.

Tobe: "Yeah, still a little bit confused about that myself, but it seems that Mhurren was able to communicate with the dragon."

Raan: "So, Mhurren, the way I hear it, some great big ol' dragon attacked the keep and you were rushing outside to talk to the captain and you had some kind of episode. What happened?"

Mhurren: "It spoke to me."

Raan: "What spoke to you?"

Mhurren: "Lennithon did. The dragon of which you speak of."

[FLASHBACK]

GM: When your vision clarifies, you still see the eyes of the dragon above you and for a moment, it's though you're looking up at Bahamut themselves. You shift uncomfortably beneath their gaze as the snowfall continues. The hazardous stone

peaks around you are both alien and cold, but somehow deeply familiar. You look at the dragon again, unable to break their gaze as some part of you realizes distantly.. This doesn't just seem like Bahamut. This is Bahamut.

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

Raan: "Well, then, what did it say?"

Mhurren: "Well, it said something. But just didn't make sense to me. It still doesn't."

[FLASHBACK]

Bahamut: "Arendelonthos."

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

Raan: "What exactly was it?"

Mhurren: "Um...I would prefer not to share that, if it's okay."

Raan: "Oh, come now. We're here to tell your story. Don't you want everybody to know the truth?"

Mhurren: "Well, not until I figure it out for myself."

Raan: "I suppose that's fair."

Mhurren: "You would agree, yes?"

Raan: "It is your story to tell. If you don't know how it goes, there's not much sense in the rest of us trying to tell it."

Mhurren: "Quite."

GM: So, Myx, you're sitting and you're chatting with Raan and Tahina walks out.

Tahina: "Raan, dear, if you wouldn't mind, I think I'd like to take over here, if that's alright?"

Raan: "As you wish, Tahina. Alright, you take over."

GM: And they get up. Tahina sits herself down in front of you, wiggles comfortably into the chair.

Tahina: "He always has this too high. I'll be a moment."

GM: And she adjusts the chair.

Tahina: "Ah, it's much better. He's far too tall if you ask me. N-Not that you're too tall! You're as tall as you should be. So, Mhurren had some kind of episode, as I understand it? What happened then?"

Myx: "We all freaked out a little bit. We had no idea what was going on."

Tahina: "Well, there was a big dragon."

Myx: "There was a very big dragon, yes. Mhurren, I remember very vividly, after he came out of his trance or whatever it was, told us that we had to try and reason with the dragon."

Tahina: {Incredulously}"Reason with the dragon?"

Myx: "That was my reaction! Yeah, and well, I distinctly remember just being baffled at, you know, how are we supposed to communicate with this giant entity creature that probably wants to eat us for lunch?"

Tahina: "That sounds reasonable. So, presumably, you tried to reason with the dragon?"

Myx: "We-we-we did! It all happened so quickly, but we actually ended up speaking to the dragon."

Tahina: "I heard Scraw was a bit upset about that."

[FLASHBACK]

Scraw: "Why would we reason with such a beast?!"

Tobe: {laughing}

Myx: {sighing}

Scraw: "It's murdering people, for God's sakes!"

Myx: "And we can't murder it!"

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

Myx: "Yeah, he was definitely more looking for a glorious battle. Whereas, if I had a choice, I definitely did not want to fight the dragon."

Tahina: "I think that makes sense. They're quite large, yes?"

Myx: "Massive, like you would not believe."

Tahina: "Most things are much bigger than me, darling. I'd probably believe a lot."

Myx: "It was bigger than the keep, probably bigger than two keeps."

Tahina: "That does sound very large. How did you survive?"

Myx: "We made a deal with the dragon. And I can't believe I'm telling this story, but he made a request of us. He, she, the dragon."

Tahina: "Right. What could a dragon possibly want with anyone? No offense."

Myx: "None taken."

Tahina: "You're mortal and you know, small."

Myx: "The dragon asked us to save their progeny. I remember him repeating himself saying that that's all he wanted and the deal was if we agreed to find the progeny and bring it back to him, that we would stop attacking."

GM: Tobe, your interview with Tahina is cut short as the tiefling walks out from backstage.

Raan: "Come on, Tahina, you've had enough. My turn."

GM: And she pouts.

Tahina: "Alright, alright."

GM: Walks off the stage. They settle themselves down in the chair opposite you.

Raan: "I look forward to talking with you, Tobe, but here we were at a crux in the story with one of your friends. Something about a dragon? You reasoned with it, and I don't know, some kind of deal was made. Whatever, what happened next?"

Tobe: "Well after we made a deal with the dragon, we learned that it was simply there as a distraction to draw our attention away from another attacking force who was trying to invade the keep from the tunnel that we had previously used to exit in order to save the people in the cathedral."

Raan: "Right. Do you think they found it because of you?"

Tobe: "I think it's a possibility they could have found it because of us."

Raan: "What did you do?"

Tobe: "We went to dispatch them, of course. Couldn't very well let a load of cultists and kobolds get into the keep where the surviving members of the township were taking refuge."

Raan: "That makes sense. I hear you faced down one of their magic users. How was that? Fighting another caster? Face to face."

Tobe: "Ugh...Terrifying. I mean because at least there was a little distance, it's not as terrifying as someone swinging an ax in your face, but still quite terrifying."

Raan: "Yeah, that sounds uncomfortable."

GM: Mhurren, your interview is interrupted by Tahina, who comes over without even saying anything. Ushers Raan out of their chair and sits herself down in front of you.

Tahina: "Mhurren, I am so looking forward to talking with you. I believe we're now at the stage of the story where you got your first title, am I not mistaken?"

Mhurren: "My title?"

Tahina: "I hear they call you Mhurren the Undying. Why is that?"

Mhurren: "Oh. That, yes. Um I don't know, it's just something that some of the townspeople.."

Tahina: "Come on, there must be something more to it."

Mhurren: "I simply go by the name Mhurren. Nothing more."

Tahina: "Well, as you wish, I suppose."

Mhurren: "I have no need of titles."

Tahina: "Well, try telling that to the townsfolk in Greenest. How do you recall that fight?"

Mhurren: "Well, the cultists had found the secret tunnel that we had used previously to return the villagers. So, we just stood our ground and held them off, trying to stop them from getting in. I believe, what was it? Edric? Yes. He.."

Tahina: "Ah, yes, your guard gnome."

Mhurren: "We were trying to hold off the cultists whilst he was trying to get the gate back in place, as it were. So, if there is thanks to be given, it should be given to him."

Tahina: "Make a note of that. Edric, gnome guard, yes, yes, he's one of you. Oh for gods' sakes, focus."

Doomsinger: "Ah, yes, I remember it clearly. The ode to the Scales of Justice. Some of my finest early work."

[FLASHBACK]

Doomsinger: "Who are these mighty heroes that have saved your simple town, fought back the darkness this night past, and who cherish the very lives you hold dear? You've heard their story now, you learn their names. Mhurren the Undying, whisperer of wyrms did spake unto a dragon bold. When friends did battle to free the keep, the fallen gate he stood and hold. Then came Doomsinger, of no small gift. Tobe the Silent, his mind ablaze. The Doctor Erbak, of talon swift. Scraw the Warrior, also brave. When dragon knave, did family take. Myx the Bloodless, burning wylde, did cause the dragon's knees to quake and made him seem not but a chylde. I thank you all for hearing yon tale, but the adventuring sect that could not fail. So speak of no less, your saviors, I present to you.. The Scales of Justice."

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

Doomsinger: "But of course, I made much headway in my career since then. I'm quite an auteur you know."

GM: Erbak, your interview is interrupted as Raa n the tiefling comes to the stage.

Raan: "Tahina. You're needed backstage. Please. Now, Mr. Erbak, Mr. Voss, Dr. Voss, I'm sure you prefer. After the keep was defended valiantly by yourselves and your compatriots, I believe a challenge was brought to the doors of the keep?"

Erbak: "Yes, I've never understood why these barbarian types insist on doing this. Eggs in one basket, I suppose. It's a very well, a way of life. You recall the half-dragons I mentioned before?"

Raan: "Yes, I was listening earlier."

Erbak: "The gentleman.. gentleman. The man named Langdedrosa. This great tremendous beast of a being, his purple ish scales, rippling.. enormous, but typically and utterly wasted on such a brute. He held his horde at the front gate and demanded a challenge. And naturally, we took it as an opportunity."

[FLASHBACK]

GM: As he steps into the light, he is at least seven foot tall. His skin is covered in blue scales. He has wicked claws. And his face has the muzzle and the reptilian eyes of a dragon. He stops about 80 yards from the main gate of the keep and scans the walls. Behind him, his kobolds, with their spears, prod four dwarven prisoners into the dim light. You can make out a teenage boy soaked in blood, and two children, as well as a woman. The half-dragon steps forward, shouting at the top of his voice.

Langdedrosa: "Defenders of Greenest! This has been a glorious and successful night and I am feeling generous. Do you see these four pitiful, useless prisoners? We have no need for them. I will trade them back to you. Send out your best warrior to fight me and you can have these four in exchange."

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

Raan: "I see. What kind of opportunity?"

Erbak: "An opportunity to turn those barbarian brains upside down like the peanuts they are. We decided that if he was so eager for blood, that perhaps we could pull back the restrictions of the fight, possibly place a limitation on it. First blood. It's a common deal and something that even they could possibly understand."

Raan: "Right, that sounds smart."

Erbak: "Unfortunately, it was also very necessary, given that our own fighters were incapacitated or unavailable. As a result, Myx decided that she would be the one to accept the challenge."

Raan: "Indeed."

Tahina: "So, you stepped forth from the keep and you faced down some kind of dragon man? What on earth were you thinking?"

Myx: "Well, all I know is that I didn't want to volunteer any of my companions and that something needed to be done. And I was ready to do it."

Tahina: "Why fight him at all?"

Myx: "I don't know, in the moment, it didn't seem like we had any other choice. He was going to hurt more people if we didn't confront him."

Tahina: "Ah, so there were hostages."

Myx: "Yes, and I just really wanted to save them. I didn't want any one more to get hurt."

Tahina: "So what happened?"

Myx: "Uh I went to go face him and well, it was him against me and I defeated him."

[FLASHBACK]

Myx: I shout to him, "Is there any way I could persuade you otherwise?"

[laughter]

Half-dragon: "I am Langdedrosa. This will be the final name you hear. Alas, this may be the last time you draw your weapon."

Myx: I draw no weapon.

Myx: Oh my god.

Myx: I'm casting a spell, that's what I'm doing. I am actually going to cast Witch Bolt. I'm terrified, but I'm trying my best to put on a brave face.

GM: You hold your hands in front of you and you focus. The crystal around your neck floats out from underneath your collar and floats between your hands. You charge it with your internal energies. You release it all at once. It collides with the creature standing in front of you who has introduced himself as Langdedrosa and smashes into him. He howls in pain and reacts instinctively with his lightning breath. You see him bellow and arch his back and he roars forwards. The air in front of him crackles with lightning. You leap backwards, dodge sideways and roll to one side and land in a three point landing with your hand up and ready. As you do so, the lightning fades.

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

Tahina: "You defeated a barbarian warrior."

Myx: "Hey, I know I don't look like much of a fighter, but when the time comes."

Tahina: "Who am I to question one of the scales of justice? If you say that's what happened, well.."

GM: And you see the gnomes are variously scrawling and making little illusions of combat between dragon man and you and various weapons.

Tahina: "So, what kind of combat was it, what did you do?"

Myx: "Well, if I remember correctly, the original agreement was whoever draws first blood is the winner. And would then have the right to kill the other."

Tahina: "That sounds rather risky."

Myx: "It was very risky, and I was praying that I wasn't going to be the one that died. To be fair, I didn't want to kill him either. I just wanted to save the hostages."

Tahina: "So you beheaded the creature, then."

Myx: "No, I won, but I think that caught him so off guard that he kind of laughed it off, almost. And he just left."

[FLASHBACK]

Half-Dragon: [Laughter, followed by acceptance]

Myx: "What's so funny?"

Half-dragon: {Satisfied} "This could have been a great fight."

Myx: "What do you mean could have?"

GM: Turns and walks towards his men. He just punches the kobold nearest to the woman in the face. Nods his head at her and she runs.

Half-dragon: "Well-fought mage. I've decided to keep my head."

GM: And he just leaves.

Myx: I fall down on my knees. Terrified. Confused. Relieved.

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

Myx: "Again, I wouldn't have killed him even if I had had the chance to, but.."

Tahina: "Of course, naturally. You are a compassionate creature, one of reason and logic."

Myx: "I like to think so."

Raan: "Now, if you don't mind, we're all going to take a coffee break. Everybody take five."

GM: Everybody clears out and the gnomes go and take a break.

Tobe: "Why did we agree to this, again?"

Myx: "I don't really know."

Mhurren: "I haven't the faintest idea."

Erbak: "Was this you, Domsinger?"

Domsinger: "I don't know what you're talking about."

Myx: "It must have been you."

Domsinger: "Well, of course, it was me. I brought you here."

Myx: "Exactly! Cause you can't keep your stupid mouth shut."

Domsinger: "Look, when it comes down to it, you are going to be rolling in gold for the rest of your days thanks to me and if not, gold, your names, your very names will go down in history."

Tobe: "That's exactly what I'm afraid of."

Domsinger: "You have nothing to fear, your names is clean. You have done nothing but good since you've been travelling with the Scales of Justice and that's all that really matters."

Tobe: "Not really what I'm afraid of, but okay."

Erbak: "Reputations are fragile, Domsinger. And often very much like a head over a parapet."

Domsinger: "And exactly why they must be controlled."

Myx: "What happens if we slip up? Then, not only everyone knows us and expects things of us, but if we mess up, then.."

Doomsinger: "They already expect things of you, but now when you arrive, they get to hear things from your perspective."

Tobe: "Not sure how much of this story is gonna actually be from our perspective. It seems that there's a lot of embellishment going on."

Doomsinger: "They are patrons of their craft. It's simply what we do. Everybody wants to hear the juicy bits. Give them some."

Tobe: "Could do with them being a little bit less juicy."

Myx: "Maybe we should start explaining more of the guts. That'll give them plenty of juice."

Doomsinger: "Yes, tell them about that part when.. you remember, when you picked up the kobold."

Myx: "Oh god no."

Tobe: "Maybe not so much the guts, then."

Myx: "Maybe like.. what was that thing? Zilpip."

Doomsinger: "You mean our gnome companion? I have not seen him in a while, but...he seemed rather pleasant."

Myx: "I know! What happened to him?"

Erbak: "Don't know, and I'd rather not know. Maybe someone stepped on him."

Doomsinger: "Who can say? Perhaps we'll see him again in the future. Maybe our stars will align and our paths will cross."

Myx: "I mean, I can't say I trust the fellow. When you guys met him, I was being healed by a Tabaxi and the likes."

Doomsinger: "He did a very good job of getting that cultist to talk, I'll tell you that much."

Myx: "So I've heard."

Erbak: "Not entirely certain he's all there. He's beginning to display symptoms of early onset senility."

Tobe: "Think that's putting it lightly."

Doomsinger: "Something you have any experience with, doctor?"

Erbak: {dryly} "I'm a doctor."

Doomsinger: "Of course. That must be it. Scraw, you're awful quiet."

Scraw: "I'm just lamenting that dragon. I still can't believe you stopped me."

Tobe: "It would have eaten you."

Myx: "We weren't gonna have you fight a dragon."

Scraw: {Angrily} "You don't know that!"

Erbak: "It is scientifically proven it would have eaten you."

Scraw: "I would love to see you scientifically prove the past in a potentially infinite universe, doctor. That sounds impressive. Please try."

Erbak: "Fair enough!" I take a quill and some paper.

GM: As you start drawing out diagrams, Tahina and Raan come back from the stage. They're looking at you very confused.

Tobe: I am nursing a headache.

Tahina: "If it's alright, we'd probably better hurry things up. We've got a very limited amount of time. It's a rental."

Erbak: "Of course."

Tobe: "Yeah, sure."

Mhurren: "Please do."

Tahina: "Well, in that case, seeing as you're volunteering, Tobe, please come with me."

GM: And as she says this, Raan turns and says.

Raan: "Ah, Tahina, I think you're forgetting something. It's my turn."

Tahina: "Oh, fine."

GM: And so, Raan leads you out onto the stage. Offers for you to sit.

Tobe: Once again, reluctantly, I sit down.

Raan: "So, Tobe, tell me. What happened next? How did you end up, well, where you ended up?"

Tobe: "Well, after Myx's, I guess, miraculous survival and victory, we rested. And the next day, we were asked to follow the cultists who had, in the mean time, completely left, apparently having gotten what they wanted."

Raan: "Interesting strategy."

Tobe: "So, we gathered ourselves together and pursued them, pretty much as quickly as we could, knowing the possibility that we could lose their trail even though it is a rather large group of people to follow. But we didn't know where they were going, how far they were going, and how long they'd be stopped for."

Raan: "That's fair. Was there anything in particular you were looking for?"

Tobe: "It turned out that they had kidnapped a number of the townspeople, so. We were asked, if possible, to try and rescue a number of them, find out what the cult wanted. I particularly thought it would be interesting to find out where they were going, if perhaps, we could get that information out of them, we might be able to head them off or warn the next target. We were also going after the progeny of the dragon that we had agreed to try and rescue, as well."

Raan: "I think that would have been the top of my priority list, if I'm honest because dragons are fucking scary."

Tobe: "Yeah. Yeah, dragons are fucking scary. We were also asked by a firbolg called Nasim to rescue a gentleman by the name of Leosin who, strangely enough, Mhurren seemed to know something about."

Raan: "Is that so?"

Tobe: "Not quite sure how they're related still."

Raan: "Did anything interesting happen on your way there? How'd you track such a huge number of people without getting spotted?"

Tobe: "Well, it seems they had quite a lead on us and most of the journey there was just open plains if I recall correctly. Following a large group of people isn't actually that difficult when they leave tracks. Too many tracks to cover up, I suppose."

Raan: "Sounds like they were probably emboldened by their attack."

Tobe: "I'd say so. They probably would have considered themselves above the people of the town. They probably didn't expect to be followed, either, after the attack. After the state they'd left the remaining townspeople in. We managed to find a few stragglers along the way and I reluctantly spoke to them. Managed to convince them that I was also a straggler from the invading force."

Raan: "Interesting that they bought that."

Tobe: "I don't think they were very bright."

Raan: "I'm sure it has much more to do with your dazzling charm and wit. Come now, tieflings are tieflings. It's in our nature."

Tobe: "If you say so."

Raan: "You're telling me people don't just fall at your feet when you want them to? You don't happen to know the exact right thing to say at the right time to get what you want? Come now, Tobe."

Tobe: "Kind of prefer not to talk to people at all, actually."

Raan: "mhm. You ain't fooling nobody."

GM: And they roll their eyes and they run their fingers through their short, shaggy hair and tilt their head slightly away from you as they glance at you cock-eyed. Demonstrating just a little bit of their own tiefling wile. They know exactly what you're about. Willing to talk is not the same as ability to talk. And they see right through you.

Raan: "So, Erbak, you arrived at the enemy encampment. That must have been fascinating."

Erbak: "Well, it was a camp, I suppose. Not quite sure how else to describe it. Fortunately for us, Doomsinger procured some disguises which we managed to use. A combination of those and magic got us through the front gates quite admirably."

Raan: "Interesting. I imagine that would be quite the scene. Make sure you're taking notes. Disguises. What were the disguises like?"

Erbak: "Simple cultist robes. There was a bunch of masks and those cloaks. Of course, a few of us had to make do with just a quick spell to mimic that fact."

Although, very fortunately, as we got further in, it turned out such things were no longer necessary."

Raan: "Why is that?"

Erbak: "To this day, I haven't quite figured it out. It seems that once inside the camp, they did not wear these robes. It led to some very unusual theories that I concocted, but none of them seemed to add up. We got some very strange looks. That may have been because we were stood around a particular tree for a very long time."

[FLASHBACK]

GM: Once you get to a central point of the camp, you do find a very large oak tree that has obviously been here for a very long time. It's trunk is like a good ten foot across, I guess. It's an extremely wide tree. It goes up higher than you can estimate. It has very large boughs. There doesn't appear to be much activity near this tree. In fact a lot of the people around the area are avoiding it and the ground here appears to be quite sodden and mushy compared to the rest of the camp. However, it does seem to be largely avoided by the majority of those in the camp. You do notice there's a really pungent odor in the air near this tree. You get the idea that the reason a lot of people are avoiding this tree is people only stop by this tree when they're in need of a quick break.

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

Raan: "It sounds like there's a story there, too, but let's stay focused. What did you learn while you were in the camp?"

Erbak: "Well, let's see. We did divert at one point, but we identified a mess hall, a prison encampment which was guarded by a significant amount of kobolds. Quite ludicrous amount, almost. Several mercenary tents. Each one under three different companies."

Raan: "Mercenaries? What mercenary companies were those?"

Erbak: "They all blur together, but I remember the colors. One particularly odd group had.. it seemed like their coat of arms was play on words. At least as far as I can tell. It was a symbol of arm in a coat and I believe it was called the ArmCoats."

Raan: "Yeah, I've heard of them. I believe they're being led by Wolfgang the Magnificent."

Erbak: "Some sort of small man in a silly hat, I believe."

Raan: "Yeah, that's what I hear. It's odd."

Erbak: "The others were just some standard mercenary groups. Reavers, Black Claw, something around those."

Raan: "Oh, those are mean. What do you think they were doing with them? Why were the mercenaries travelling with a cult?"

Erbak: "War breeds war. And where war breeds, the dogs of war follow."

Raan: "Interesting. Did y'all do anything about that?"

Erbak: "We split up again and decided to go to different areas and see if we could locate several things. Myself and Myx went to a large pit, which we noticed earlier, which the dragonborn fellow that Nasim had asked us to find was tied up."

Raan: "So this is a dragonborn, not one of those half-dragons?"

Erbak: "No, no, this is most definitely a dragonborn. A large silver one by the name of Leosin. He was not in a good way at all, but it looked like he was a prisoner of some note, which was very curious to me."

Raan: "Did you ever find out why?"

Erbak: "No, none that I can say."

Raan: "None that you can say. I see how it is."

GM: And they tap their nose.

Raan: "So, what happened? You and Myx you went to this dragonborn and.."

Erbak: "Nothing more than a simple tap on the shoulder, a light dust of sleep magic, and a quick unchaining. And we were off. It went without any particular issue whatsoever."

[FLASHBACK]

GM: Myx, Erbak, you are making your way through tents, dragging along a in and out of conscious dragonborn. The two of you successfully manage to navigate exactly to the edge of the mess hall, dragging Leosin, when simultaneously, behind you, you start hearing yelling and chaos as at that exact moment, chaos and yelling erupts from the tent in front of you. Chaos in the tent in front of you is significantly louder as noise behind you is coming from only two people. Over the clamor of the noise from the mess hall, you begin to hear. "He's gone! He's gone!" You don't know how anybody found out so fast.

Myx: "We gotta get a move on. They know."

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

Raan: "Well, that sounds perfect."

Erbak: "We disguised him as a drunk and made our way back to the entrance to the camp to reconvene with the others."

Raan: "What did the others get up to?"

Erbak: "Well, Scraw and Tobe went to the mess hall. I assume it went well? Their job was to gather information. You know, overhear, the locals talk, as it were. They were asking for information on, you know, logistics of the camp, size, force, potency, location plans."

Raan: "Sure, because you'd been asked for that information. That makes sense."

Erbak: "So, we sent them to the mess hall to try and eavesdrop and get what information they could and.. Yes, in retrospect, I should have remembered the effect of alcohol on the brain."

[FLASHBACK]

Voice: "When was it that you joined us again? Just remind me, I'm sure I would have seen you around."

Tobe: "I don't have a great memory for places, so.."

Voice: "You don't know where you're from. Interesting. Issa, Do you remember where you're from?"

GM: And you turn and you see the half-elf behind you is no longer playing with your hair. She's just scowling at you and just

Issa: "Doesn't everyone?"

Scraw: "Now, let's not persecute Tobias here about his stupid brain. He's probably just had a bit much to drink. That's all it is. I barely remember my own name."

Tobe: I take a nervous sip from my tankard at that point.

GM: The elves turn and look at him and say

Voice: "And where exactly are you from?"

Scraw: "Ah, sod this! Bar fight!"

GM: And he flips the table.

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

Erbak: "And as a result, from what I can tell, Tobe made some remark about some rather lascivious characters and Scraw just said he had a very good time and he took out a few of them?"

[FLASHBACK]

GM: Scraw tosses his tankard in one direction. Tobe tosses his tankard in the other direction. The goliath gets it smashed on the back of his head. When you toss your tankard in the other direction, it smashes into the back of the head of this huge burly dragonborn. Both the goliath and the dragonborn stand up at the same time, turn around and it happens to be the case that they're at such a trajectory from one another that they both think the other threw their tankard at them and they just charge over tables directly at one another. Knocking drinks aside, people start swiping at their legs. It's just absolutely mayhem as people start throwing tankards at one another. Tables get tossed. Scraw looks over at you impressed as he saw the tankard hit the dragonborn.

Scraw: "Well played. That was well done."

Tobe: I actually smile.

GM: You see Tobe, his teeth bare as he grins.

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

Raan: "Right. Interesting. That's an interesting approach to subterfuge."

Erbak: On the whole, we got some information out of them. Mhurren and Doomsinger, however, had this plan. Rather ingenious one if I do say so myself. Where they would disguise Doomsinger as a captive and simply take him to the pens and throw him in.

Raan: "The...the plan was to get captured?"

Erbak: "The plan was for Doomsinger to get captured and send for Mhurren to release him."

Tahina: "So, Mhurren. You and Doomsinger were locating those poor, lost, poorly malnourished captive people."

Mhurren: "The prisoners, yes."

Tahina: "Yes, that's what I said. You understand, we have to bluish these things up. They have to sound.."

Mhurren: "Sorry. Embellishments, flair."

Tahina: "Not embellishment. That implies a lack of truth. There's certainly truth here. I hope you understand, we plan on telling the story that you are telling us, but we do have to give it a little bit of the dramatic, just for the.. Choices of words are important. But prisoners is fine for now. So, as I understand it, you heroically between the two of you, broke the prisoners out, fought off the guards. Then what happened?"

Mhurren: "Well, we had to get the prisoners out, and um...so.."

Tahina: "The camp was in an uproar at this point. Something about a fight in a mess hall? I'm not really sure about the details."

Mhurren: "I did seem to hear some commotion from over that way, but I was too far away to notice too much."

Tahina: "You were trying to escape with the prisoners. Did anybody try and stop you?"

Mhurren: "Well, yes. But we did create a few fires, thanks to the Doomsinger, of course. In fact, he actually stayed behind...so we could get free and leave the camp."

[FLASHBACK]

GM: If you're going to stop and try and set fire to something, it is more likely to succeed. You stop and you grab a bit of wood from the ground, from the campfire and take four points of damage as grabbing burning wood hurts. However, as you do this, the Doomsinger sees that and goes..

Doomsinger: "Burning things!"

GM: He starts casting firebolts. Stands and spins in a circle. Firebolt. Firebolt. Firebolt. At the tents. And he is going to start running back into the encampment, casting firebolts. Not at anyone, but into tents. And as he does so, he's casting firebolts, as he runs past you, he just goes

Doomsinger: "Priest get them out of here."

GM: And disappears off into the encampment.

Mhurren: I rejoin the prisoners. I shout at them to stick together.
[FLASHBACK ENDS]

Tahina: "Doomsinger valiantly ran back into the camp?"

Mhurren: "He stayed behind."

Tahina: "And he survived."

Mhurren: "And held off the cultists. In any case, it bought us enough time to get most of the prisoners out and back to Greenest."

Tahina: "I see. It must have been very upsetting for you, having to leave him behind."

Mhurren: "Well; He is safe now. That's all that matters."

GM: And with that final set of comments, Tahina brings you all backstage and both Tahina and Raan say their farewells.

Tahina: "Thank you all so much for coming, your stories are truly, truly something to behold and I cannot wait for our troupe to spread the word of the Scales of Justice. You can expect to hear your tale being told across the land in a tavern near you very soon."

GM: As the gnomes filter out from the auditorium, the camera pans down to Tahina and Raan, who are still sitting in their interview chairs chatting amicably between them.

Tahina: "So, what do you think?"

Raan: "Didn't you think they were just kind of holding back. Kind of feel like they're not telling us the whole story."

Tahina: "Yes, I did get that impression, but well, dear. We're writers, we can fill in the gaps."

Raan: "Yeah, yeah, I'm sure we can."

GM: And that's everything. That's our tale from then to now. And if you'd like to find out what happens next, well join us this Sunday, March 4th at 10:30 AM UTC anywhere that you can find good podcasts for Episode Eleven, The return to Greenest. The song you heard at the beginning of this episode was Extravaganza TRG Banks. The song you're hearing now is While You Are Here by Ending Satellites. Until next time, travel safe, and remember, The Scales of Justice are here for you. Always.