

This transcript is colour coded for ease of use. Please download the PDF.

Tobe as played by Liz

Myx as played by Nina

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}

[rain] [thunder crack]

GM: You are all blinded by a flash of blue lightning. You've seen this attack before when you were at the keep. You watched as Lennithon obliterated guardsmen who were on the walls. Comparatively, that was at a distance. Up close, you've never seen anything like this. The volume of lightning that is belched forth from this creature is astonishing. The beam [thunder cracks], it's more like a storm, crashes forwards and rips through the group of strangers that surround you. You watch as they are utterly vaporized. [rain and thunder continue ambiently] For a moment, you feel relief, until the lightning continues, and one by one, you fall to the ground.

Myx: Are we unconscious?

[rain]

Ray: Hello, travelers, and welcome to the final episode of Season 1 of Tails From the Dark Dragons Inn, Episode 20: The End of the Storm.

GM: As you enter the inn this evening, coming in from the rain, you see the usher is not there to greet you. He is, instead, sitting by the tavern stage, his face frozen in anticipation. He sees you and gestures quickly for you to join him as the show begins.

Doomsinger: "And so it was that The Scales of Justice fell. Though I stand here before you today, it is not as I once was. Indeed, after that fell night, not unlike this one, things thereafter were never quite the same."

GM: Mhurren, you're not sure how much time has passed, but you are woken violently. And as your eyes slowly open, you find yourself looking into the face of Scraw who looks exhausted and burned. His fur is blackened and charred and there's a dim light in the air. It looks like it's starting to be early dawn.

Scraw: Scraw is shaking you. "Mhurren! Mhurren!"

Mhurren: "{startles} What?"

Scraw: As he sees you come to consciousness he says, "Good. You're awake. I {sighs}, I don't know what else to do. We need to get everybody out of here."

GM: And you look around and you realize that your body is lying next to a large cart and all of your friends are inside of it. They too are badly burned with various scarring and signs of burning. They all are extremely unconscious and very badly off.

You've got The Doomsinger, Erbak, Myx, Tobe. They're all unconscious in the cart.

Scraw: "I-I can't pull them all on my own. I-I need, I need your help. I know you're hurt, but we, we have to get them back to Greenest."

Mhurren: "No, no. We, we have to go. We should go. {heavy breathing}."

GM: And ...

Mhurren: "Are you all right?"

Scraw: "No, but we, we need to go."

Mhurren: "Let's go."

GM: So you pull yourself up. He offers you his hand and helps you. Both between you start pulling this cart away from the camp. You look around you and the entire area outside of the cave, because this is where the cart is, is just charred black. there's no sign of the eggs. There's no sign of Lennithon. And there are no sign of any of the cultists. Seems like everything in this camp has been vaporized.

All the remaining tents are gone. All of the remaining people are gone. This whole area is just scored with scars of black lightning burns.

Mhurren: Were there any remaining bodies of the cultists?

GM: There is nothing. Everything is ash.

Mhurren: Nothing.

GM: Just the entire area. And it's not burned as in on fire. You can see very distinct scarring in the earth of where the lightning has clearly driven a path through the area. Everything is scorched. It may as well have been set on fire, but this is clearly the work of a giant, adult, lightning dragon.

You see Scraw take hold of one side of the cart. You see that there's a spare handle on the other side.

Mhurren: I'll go and grab it.

GM: You both begin slowly to haul between you this cart filled with your friends. And, it's incredibly slow going. You are both in absolute agony. The further you push, the harder it gets. You feel your energy waning and draining until you get to the point where you can barely walk and everything goes black.

You all come to, surrounded by somewhat familiar surroundings. You're in a room. You're in beds. And as you're coming to, you hear, "Doctor. Doctor. I think ... I think they are coming around."

Erbak: I get very confused at this.

GM: And, Myx, you look up as you blink your eyes awake. You see a familiar Tabaxi looking down over you.

Tabaxi: "Ah, you have seen fit to join us, I see. Welcome back."

Myx: "What are you doing here? I w-th-there's the drag- Why, why are you h- With the dragon!"

Tabaxi: The Tabaxi looks at you concerned. "How many fingers am I holding up?"

Myx: "Uh, ngh, three?"

Tabaxi: "That's not good."

{laughs}

Tabaxi: "I think this one's delirious."

GM: And you are all hearing this. You look around you and realize things are just normal. You all feel not great, but as you're lying in bed you begin to see that you are being ministered to by various Tabaxi doctors.

Myx: I want to get out of my bed and go sit in Tobe's bed.

Tabaxi: You try to get out of your bed and the Tabaxi who is assisting you immediately just pushes you down and says, "Can we get some straps over here?"

{laughs}

Myx: "Hey! What's the big idea?"

Tabaxi: "You are not well enough to leave this room."

Myx: "Well, fine."

Tabaxi: "Stay still and be patient."

Myx: I glower at the Tabaxi, but stay still because I'm scared of the Tabaxi {laughs}.

Mhurren: Is everyone conscious?

Myx: Can I throw my pillow at Tobe?

Tobe: Oh my god. {laughs}

Myx: To make sure Tobe is conscious?

GM: You can try.

Myx: Yeah!

Tobe: I get the feeling that this isn't going to end well.

GM: Go ahead and roll a slight of hand to see if the Tabaxi doctor catches what you're up to before you can do it. You're paying attention to the Tabaxi who's taking care of you and the moment that she looks away you reach under your head, grab the pillow, and launch it across the room at Tobe.

Tobe, you are hit in the face with a pillow.

Tobe: "{frustrated groan} Why?"

Myx: "Just making sure you're alive." I shout.

Tobe: "You could ..."

Tabaxi: "Where are the straps!?"

Myx: "Jrah! I'm lying down! I'm lying! "

Erbak: I just sit bolt upright at this. "Doctor. They, they need doctors. Who needs a doctor? I'm a doctor! Am I?"

{laughs}

Tabaxi: "You will sit down now." A furry paw is put on your lizard snout and slammed into the bed.

{laughs}

Tabaxi: "Your assistance is not required. Thank you."

Tobe: So much for gentle healing, just slam him into the bed.

Erbak: "I'm a doctor. They said doctor."

Tabaxi: "You are a patient. You are not a doctor right now."

Erbak: "Patient?"

Tobe: "You know, Myx ..."

Myx: "Hi, Erbak. You're awake too now."

GM: Erbak, you look over yourself and you try to get an idea of why she's saying you're a patient. Your body is covered in third degree burns at the very least. Your skin, in various places is charred black. You're not in as much pain as you would have expected, but you have a whole bunch of new scars that you didn't have before.

Erbak: "That's fascinating."

GM: You don't remember much of anything. The rest of you who are interested in looking at yourselves, find pretty much the same thing. Your hair is intact- in places.

{laughs}

Myx: No!

GM: But your skin has been badly burned. Though, it's well on its way to healing, due to the magical assistance that has been applied to you. You are very, very, very badly injured.

Myx: "Um, doctor?"

Tabaxi: "Yes? Are you going to stop resisting now?"

Myx: "Yes."

Tabaxi: "Good."

Myx: "But can I ask a question?"

Tabaxi: "What?"

Myx: "What happened to us?"

Tabaxi: "I don't know. I was hoping you would be able to tell me. We found you unconscious in a cart somewhere outside of the city I am told."

Myx: "Oh." Do I see The Doomsinger and Mhurren in this room?

GM: Yep.

Myx: Okay. Just making sure everyone's here.

Tobe: I am sitting up in bed and using the extra pillow as a prop. {laughs}

Tabaxi: The doctor is frowning at you but is allowing you to readjust yourself, seeing as you seem to be capable of doing so.

Myx: I am now regretting the fact that I don't ...

Tobe: I'm not trying to get out of the bed. I'm just trying {laughs} to sit up and using this additional pillow to help.

Tabaxi: "Now don't you feel silly?"

Tobe: Have I lost my familiar?

GM: Oh, he's certainly not present right now.

Mhurren: Can I try and get up out of my bed?

Tabaxi: You try to get up and your doctor gives you a very similar treatment to the treatment Myx received. "No, you must stay still. I am very sorry, but you are not well."

Mhurren: "No, but, but {sighs}." I look around. Do I see anyone else? Is everyone here?

GM: Yeah, everyone's essentially here.

Mhurren: Is anyone listening?

GM: There is Scraw, The Doomsinger. The Doomsinger and Scraw still appear to be out right, but you see Tobe. You see Erbak. You see Myx.

Myx: Myx is waving at Mhurren has he's looking around the room.

Mhurren: "How did we get here?"

Tobe: "Good question."

Myx: "I don't ... I-I don't know."

Mhurren: "I ..."

Myx: "Wait! The dragon eggs? Where are the eggs?"

Tobe: "I don't really think we're in a situation to worry about that right now. I mean, look at us. We're ..."

Mhurren: "We don't have them. I thought you were all dead!"

Myx: "I mean ..."

Tobe: "We are frankly, lucky to be alive, Myx. I think, despite quests we were given and promises we may have made to rescue the progeny, we should be thankful that we're still breathing."

Myx: "I mean, I am. I just ... I really want to know what happened."

Mhurren: "I ..."

Tabaxi: "All I know is that you were found in a cart outside of the city. Your bugbear friend was unconscious on the ground. The rest of you were in the cart. That's all I know."

Myx: "Aw. Scraw."

Erbak: "I remember a dragon, a great blue thing."

Mhurren: {sighs}

Tobe: "Yes, I think most of us probably remember that bit."

Erbak: "And the light."

Mhurren: "You see ..."

Myx: "I mean, maybe not."

Tabaxi: "I am very curious about this dragon you are all speaking of, but I believe based on your injuries, it certainly is plausible you fought something."

Myx: "Where are we right now?"

GM: Looking around the room, have you sit up? Are you now lying flat on your pillowless bed?

{laughs}

Myx: I'm lifting my head up. {laughs}

GM: Really not sure but there are Tabaxi here.

{laughs}

GM: You recognize the Tabaxi, so wherever it is, I think your recovery's just really not going that well right now.

Myx: Must have got hit in the head. Concussion.

GM: I mean, you've taken some serious damage. Tobe's right. You are lucky to be alive. And, the Tabaxi already believe you're a little bit delirious, so ...

{laughs}

GM: Now you're starting to believe it.

Myx: Okay, good to know. "Um, doctor? Wh-where are we exactly, right now?"

Tabaxi: "Uh, you are in the medical quarters of Greenest Keep."

Myx: "Okay, thank you."

Tabaxi: "You're most welcome. No more violence."

Myx: "I ..."

Tabaxi: "Would you like a pillow?"

Myx: "Yes, please."

Tabaxi: "I will see what I can do."

Myx: "Thank you."

Tabaxi: And she turns to a doctor who's just bringing large leather straps and she shakes her hand. "Pillow please."

Myx: "{whispering} Phew, dodged a bullet there."

{laughs}

Tobe: "Well, maybe, Myx, you should, uh, lay in bed and be a good patient and not throw pillows at people who would probably respond to you if you just asked them if they're alive."

Myx: "Don't blame me if another pillow comes flying your way, Tobe."

Tobe: "I will keep that one too."

Myx: "I'm watching you."

Tabaxi: The Tabaxi glowers and says, "Do you want a pillow or not?"

Myx: "Yes, ma'am. Sorry, ma'am." Myx, head back down on the bed, not moving. Doesn't want to upset the Tabaxi. {laughs} Does not have the energy to upset the Tabaxi.

Tabaxi: "You may sit up if you wish, but please, do not throw your pillow that my associate has gone to find for you at somebody else. It's just not necessary."

Myx: "I promise I will be good."

Tabaxi: "We will let you know if your friends are conscious if you simply ask. I'm sure they can tell you themselves if they are conscious because that's what conscious people do."

Myx: "Yes, ma'am."

Tobe: Despite how much pain I am in, I'm looking very smug right now.

Myx: "Of course you are." {laughs}

GM: Mhurren, Erbak.

Erbak: I'm just staring at my wounds. I just ... I've never seen stuff like this before, so this is all new to me.

Mhurren: I shout over to the doctor, "Um, how far from town did you find us?"

Tabaxi: "I'm not sure but our guards found you, so, I can only assume it was either within the perimeter of our watch patrols or possibly maybe somebody saw you from the walls of the city. I ... I don't really know. But, probably not that far."

Mhurren: I try to get up out of bed again. Try and make my way over to Doomsinger.

Myx: "Don't do it, Mhurren."

Tabaxi: "Please, stay in bed. Your friend is being taken care of."

Mhurren: "Fine." I'll just slump back into bed.

Myx: Is there any chance that I can cast a spell right now?

GM: You can try.

Myx: I just want to summon Darconius. I want my dragon friend.

GM: You can lie in bed silently for an hour focusing on Darconius.

Myx: Yeah, that's what I'm going to do.

GM: You might want to tell the rest of your party that's what you're doing ...

Myx: Oh.

GM: ... so they don't think you're just being a dick.

Myx: "Um, doctor, a-and everyone. I'm gonna bring Darconius back because I feel awful and I want to make sure he's okay so, I'm just gonna sit here and do that." And then I proceed to quietly chant and whatever I need to do to mediate and bring him back.

GM: So, you just focus on Darconius and you have to say the magic word.

Myx: What's the magic word?

GM: If you don't remember it, well, it's just not going to work.

Myx: Ah, fuck, what's the magic word?

Erbak: Spaghetti.

Mhurren: Po-tay-toes.

GM: Erbak and Mhurren just start shouting food words.

Tabaxi: "Are you hungry?"

{laughs}

Mhurren: "We're very hungry."

{laughs}

Mhurren: "We're delirious and hungry."

Tabaxi: "Yes. I imagine you would be. You have been unconscious for a few days now."

Tobe: "A, a-a few days? H-how many days?"

Myx: "Wait, days?"

Tabaxi: "Yes. You did not think you survived these injuries unscathed did you?"

Myx: "Well, of, of course not, but I thought maybe it's been a day not days."

Tabaxi: "You have been here for at least 48 hours."

Myx: Myx is a bit taken aback by this and is distracted from remembering the magic words.

GM: I was just kidding by the way. There were no magic words. But Titania did try to convince you that there was at some point.

Tabaxi: "Yes, uh, you have been here for at least 48 hours."

Myx: "Um, guys. W-w-what do we do?"

Tobe: "I don't think we do anything right now, 'cause I think if we try to do anything we're going to get manhandled back into our beds." {laughs}

Myx: "No, no. I mean ..."

Erbak: "Doctor."

Myx: "Of course."

Erbak: "Doctor?"

Tabaxi: "Hmm?"

Erbak: "May you pass me my book? I'd like something to do whilst I recuperate."

Tabaxi: "Um, what book?"

Erbak: "I have a, well, it's more of a sheaf of pages in my things. Where are our things?"

Tabaxi: "I'm not sure. I'm sure we can ask the guards to see if you were brought here with anything, but I am afraid I do not have your book."

Tobe: At that point, Tobe starts looking around for his Book of Shadows.

GM: You all realize as Erbak is saying this that you're all in the equivalent of hospital gown style pajamas. You're just in extremely plain shift clothes. Most, if not all of your stuff is not currently with you.

Tobe: Well, that's concerning.

Mhurren: "D-do any of you remember what happened after the flash? The light?"

Tobe: "No. I'm pretty sure after that we were all, uh ..."

Erbak: "No."

Tobe: "I remember the light and that's where my memory ends."

Myx: "Yeah, I-I remember just a flash and that was it."

Mhurren: "Well, I remember coming to and Scraw was the only one conscious. He had all of you in a cart. You all looked dead."

Myx: "Wait, you were conscious?"

Mhurren: "I was. He woke me up. There was nothing left of the cultists, the tents, nothing. We tried to {sighs} drag you all back to town, but I must have passed out before we got to town."

Myx: I wanted to see if I notice if Mhurren's any less damaged than the rest of us.

GM: Not in the least. He looks just as fucked. His long black hair that he used to wear in a coarse ponytail, has been burned badly and it is much shorter, much closer to the scalp. He's covered in burn scars, same as the rest of you. He looks just as grievously injured. But you are familiar enough with Mhurren and his orcish bloodline to know that you've seen him literally come back from death moments after what should have been a killing blow before. In fact, you saw it in the battle with Langdedrosa, where Langdedrosa lightning blasted him. He dropped to the ground, borderline unconscious and was still able to get up and continue fighting.

Tobe: "It sounds like we owe you and Scraw a lot. We probably wouldn't be here if you two hadn't dragged us here. We'd be a lot worse off, most likely."

Myx: "Yeah, I d-, I don't think we're ever gonna be able to repay you for helping us and not just leaving us when it would have been completely within your right to do so."

Mhurren: "I-I think {sighs} Lennithon spared us even if we didn't come out unscathed."

Tobe: "I-I definitely think I can agree with that sentiment. I think if that dragon wanted to kill us, we'd be dead."

Myx: "Do you know if Lennithon got the egg back? Or do you know anything like that?"

Mhurren: "The eggs are gone."

Myx: "Gone as in do you think the cultists took them? Are there any cultists left?"
{laughs}

Mhurren: "I don't think anything remains of the cultists?"

Erbak: "Even Frulum?"

Mhurren: "I couldn't tell you."

Erbak: "Well, it was a good thing we were brought back. Even if we woke up there, I would not have been able to treat these injuries with what I had."

Mhurren: "Nothing remains."

Myx: "I know that for now we can't do anything because we're kinda probably need to rest up, but where do we go from here once we're able to? I feel like I've been so focused on getting the progeny back to Lennithon that now that that's over, wh-what do we do?"

Mhurren: "I feel like Lennithon has a plan for us."

Myx: Myx just feels a little bit sad right now, 'cause she feels like she failed.
{laughs}

Mhurren: "He wouldn't have left us alive otherwise."

Erbak: "Well, I don't know about all of you, but, I have intent to travel on to Waterdeep at some point. If we're done in Greenest."

Myx: "What's in Waterdeep?"

Erbak: "A university. And a great place of knowledge. I'm incredibly interested in investigating it and expanding what I know."

Mhurren: Can we tell what time of day it is right now?

Erbak: "Do any of you have any idea what you want to do? Have you any future plans?"

Mhurren: Close my eyes and try to rest.

Myx: I am going to turn over and just go back to the idea of bringing back Darconius.

Erbak: I am simply also going to to just rest.

GM: So, you all go back to resting. Myx, you spend time focusing, trying to resummon Darconius, and an hour or so later, he appears on your bed and you feel him pressing gently against you. And you hear his voice in your head.

Darconius: "Are you okay? Y-you look really hurt."

Myx: "Are you okay? I'm so sorry. I-I ..."

Darconius: "It's okay. I don't really remember what happened. I think I fell asleep."

Myx: "Th-that's okay. I fell asleep too."

Darconius: "You look a lot more hurt than I do. You shouldn't sleep so hard."

Myx: "I, I will try not to, but I might rest for now and I-I can tell you all about what happened. I just wanted to make sure you were okay."

Darconius: "Yeah. I'm fine."

Myx: "Okay, good. I am going to make some room on my pillow so that if Darconius wants to curl up then he can curl up somewhere comfy."

GM: You see one of the Tabaxis come over, seeing Darconius on your bed and comes over frowning. And you also see the head Tabaxi doctor step in the way and intervene and just shoo them away, looks back at you and rolls her eyes.

Myx: "He makes me feel better."

GM: But you are aware that being in the medical wing with animals is not allowed. But she's making an exception seeing as you guys are the only ones in here anyway.

Myx: "Thank you, doctor."

GM: Another 24 hours passes. You manage to get some sleep. The doctors are continuously monitoring your progress and at some point, you are awoken by a familiar presence, that of Tarbaw Nighthill. He comes in, at a time when you are all awake. You are being fed breakfast and he knocks on the door and gingerly enters.

Tarbaw: "I-I see you're all awake and well. Uh, h-ho-how are you all feeling?"

Myx: "Better, I think?"

Tarbaw: "I take it the outcome of your journey was not good."

Erbak: "There were ups and there were down."

Tobe: "Well ..."

Myx: "Many downs."

Erbak: "In the ends I will consider some parts a success."

Tarbaw: "Did you learn anything more of the cult? Are we safe?"

Erbak: "Two of the half-dragons are dead, Or at least, I believe."

Tarbaw: "Um, that-that's good I-I think?"

Myx: "Yes, good."

Tobe: "I mean, I think we can safely assume the other one is dead, but we don't actually have confirmation on that as far as I know."

Myx: "Yeah, I don't think we do have ..."

Tarbaw: "Um, did you learn anything more while you were there?"

Erbak: "They had a dragon. We took out some dragon eggs. The dragon took the eggs, killed a cultist and well, this is all I'm going on really. And hey, that's what I can figure out."

Myx: "They mostly moved, but there were many steps taken to keep the dragon eggs protected."

Tarbaw: "I-I-I don't really care about the dragon eggs. Um, I'd-I'd like to know what happened with the cult. You said they moved on?"

Erbak: "In a hurry. Much of the camp looked ramshackle."

Tobe: "Yeah, by the time we got there, like ..."

Mhurren: "Scattered to the four winds."

Tarbaw: "I'm not sure that really means anything."

Myx: "By the time we'd actually gotten there, before we went into the cave, there were no cultists there. They, it had looked like they'd practically left, just gone. There was only a small group of kenkus."

Tarbaw: "I may be able to enlighten you all on some of that, um, I was around when they were leaving after all. I was actually there. They hadn't discovered my whereabouts or caught me before they started to leave. So, I-I may have some information that is helpful, possibly. But, I-I'm not sure."

Tobe: "Well, don't keep it to yourself."

Tarbaw: "Well, I, wh-what information were you looking for? Wh-what did you want to know? I- I wasn't here."

Tobe: "Where'd they go?"

Tarbaw: "Well, when the carts began to leave the camp, they, they headed in several different directions. Primarily it seemed they were headed to the north, to Baldur's Gate. From there I know not where they were headed. I believe some of them were headed west, but I'm not sure where they were going. They divided up and they scattered, except for, well, the forces that were left behind to guard the remnants of the ..."

Mhurren: "The eggs, you mean?"

Tarbaw: "Yes. They left on second day, sixth. So a few days after you left the camp."

Tobe: "I imagine after the stir we caused, they probably were in a hurry to get out of there."

Tarbaw: "Quite frankly, I don't think it actually had anything to do with us. I think it was the absence of Leosin that did it. I don't know why or of what importance he had to them, but they were very concerned about what he knew. What he knew of their activities and the moment he was gone. I sensed that there was an urgency to complete their plans before they could be interrupted."

Mhurren: "Governor, is Leosin still in town?"

Tarbaw: "Uh, I'm afraid not. Uh, he did leave a note for you. I will have someone fetch it if you wish. He did say that you would know where to find him, should you need him. I asked about where he was headed, but he unfortunately said that it was not prudent to have everyone know his whereabouts at all time. But he did say that should anyone be looking for him, that you would know where to find him and he left a note just in case, which, of course, I have not read, because that would be improper." And he turns towards The Doomsinger. "Thank you for the information and I'm glad to see you have returned. I thought you were lost to us and I'm deeply grateful for your help and your assistance in returning our citizens."

Myx: "Well, thank you for allowing us to recover and patching us up."

Tarbaw: "Of course, anything we can do to help The Scales of Justice. You've done more than enough for Greenest."

Mhurren: "Well, the cultists are still out there."

Tarbaw: "That is unfortunate. And I'm sure that efforts will be made in the greater cities to put a stop to their activities."

Myx: "Is there anything further you'd ask of us?"

Tarbaw: "Not personally. Why don't I ... I-I'll go get that note from Leosin and I-I'll leave you to your rest. I just wanted to check you were all doing well and if there's anything I ... uh, you need of me, um, please, just don't hesitate to ..."

Erbak: "Might I ask, do you have our ... Do you know where our items are? Our belongings?"

Tarbaw: "Uh, yes, uh, I think some of your belongings were recovered by the guards. I-I will see what I can do about having those returned to you. If anything was damaged, please let me know. I will do what I can to have it replaced."

Erbak: "Thank you."

Tarbaw: "Unless there's anything ... I-is there anything I can get for you?"

Myx: "Um, no, the, our stuff would be great, thank you."

Tarbaw: "Well, I will send someone along with the note accordingly and I-I'm glad you're all well."

GM: And you do notice now that a lot of the scarring and the burns on your bodies have pretty much healed themselves. It's only been a day or so. But, you are more or less entirely healed now. With that, Tarbaw dismisses himself and it's not long before you have another visitor. A very familiar gnome guard appears.

Edric: "Y-you're all back! It-it's good to see you."

Myx: "Thanks."

Edric: He rushes over to each of you and gives you a hug if you will allow him. It's Edric.

Myx: I will be hugged.

Edric: He actually doesn't even try to hug you, Tobe, he just rushes over to the edge of your bed and politely nods. "I, I'm glad you're well."

Erbak: I just hold out a hand for him to shake.

Edric: He shakes your hand and says, "I-it's good to see you, doctor."

Erbak: "It's good to see you too."

Edric: He rushes over to you, Mhurren, and gives you a big hug. He hugs Scraw.

Mhurren: "{surprise coughs}"

Scraw: Scraw, you see a lot of his fur has been burned.

Edric: Edric says, "Um, I-I-I have uh, a-a note for you. Um, {stammers} who should I give it to? Or sh- {stammers} would you just like me to read it? It's, I don't know if it's personal or, um ..."

Mhurren: I'll put my hand out.

GM: Mhurren, he goes over to you and he gives you a very small piece of paper folded over and sealed.

Mhurren: "Thank you, Edric. It's good to see you."

Edric: "Oh, o-of course. Yes." And he steps away after giving you the note so that you can read it. "Oh, ah, I-I've, I've got your things. Um ..." And he goes out and he recovers and brings in your belongings.

GM: Anything that is magical has escaped all harm. Everybody go ahead and roll a d8. That number is the number of non-magical items upon your person that have been destroyed.

Tobe: Noooooo! {sob yells} {blows raspberry}

GM: But you now have a note. Edric has recovered your things and returned them to you. As he brings in your backpacks, you see that they're all quite badly charred. And as you look through, each of you find that there are some things in there that simply didn't survive the damage. But, the majority of your things are probably still intact.

Tobe: {snorts} Unless you're Tobe. {laughs}

Edric: "Um, if there's anything I can get for you, um, let me know. When Leosin, uh, when Mister Erlanthar, he, he gave us that, um, message, he, he left, um, he said that he left something for you at the, um, the, The Black Books Inn, I think, yeah, i-it was The Black Books, yeah. The Black Books Inn. Mm-hmm {affirmative}. So, um, when, when you have time, maybe, um, go down there and see? I'm, I'm not sure what it is or if it's important, but I-I'm sure he wouldn't have said anything otherwise."

Tobe: "Thanks Edric."

Edric: "Well, it's really good to see that you're all all right, um, and again, if there's anything that I can do for you. Wh- So thankful for The Scales of Justice. You guys have done ... You've done so much."

Doomsinger: And you can see that The Doomsinger's beaming at the praise.

Edric: "I just {stammers} ... We're just so thankful to have you. Um, so thank you for coming to Greenest, I guess {chuckles}. Anyway, I'm ... I should get back to, to

work. Um, op, bye!" He dodges out of the room.

Erbak: I smile in glee as I discover, "My specimens are intact!"

GM: Next to your bed, in addition to where Edric put your things, are the clothes you were wearing when you were brought in and they are full of burn holes. But, they still exist. You see, Tobe, that the purple cloak, which Myx carefully draped around you, appears to have been cleaned and is now a very radiant shade of purple and still has very clearly got a lot of the golden colored embossing and it actually looks really swish now, but it is completely unharmed.

Tobe: "Huh, well. What do you know? This one is worth keeping."

GM: So, Mhurren, you have a note from Leosin.

Mhurren: I'm just staring at it wide eyed. I'll read the letter out. "The letter reads, {sighs}, from Elturel, inaudible Resnday 7th. I cannot wait long, hurry. That's all it says." I say this to everyone.

GM: Resnday 7th. So, the way weeks work is weeks are 8 days long. The 8th day is Resnday . It is currently Sixthday 6th. He's saying Resnday 7th.

Erbak: Can I do a history check to see if I know of that?

GM: So, Elturel is a city. It is about 200 miles to the north from here. You are familiar with it. You've never been there, I imagine. But, it's on the trade route. If you'd stayed on the wagon long enough, probably would have passed through Elturel, as it is one of the routes you can take that leads to Baldur's Gate. Frume, though, doesn't ring any bells, doesn't mean anything to you.

Erbak: "Elturel. I've heard of that. That's on the trade route. The wagons were going there."

Tobe: "If the note says hurry, then my suggestion would be that we hurry in that direction."

Myx: "Yeah, I mean, o-once we do some shopping. I don't know about you guys ..."

Doomsinger: "Who does this man think he is? Hadn't we done enough for him by saving his life? Why ... Why on earth should we go to Elturel? What do you owe him? Why on earth would you go to Elturel to see this man?"

Myx: "Well, do you have a better idea in mind?"

Mhurren: "For answers."

Tobe: "Well, he clearly knows something, and as much as I want nothing to do with him, this cult needs to be stopped before they get too far in their plans."

Doomsinger: "Quite frankly, I've had enough of this cult for a lifetime. They almost killed me and I wasn't too pleased about that."

Tobe: "I'm not too pleased about that either, but not following them doesn't necessarily guarantee our safety from them."

Doomsinger: "Priest, I owe you a debt, so I will do what you wish."

Mhurren: "I think you should come with us."

Scraw: "Personally, I'm up for stopping them. If Tobe wants to stop them. I'm there."

Tobe: That actually gives Tobe a warm, fuzzy feeling inside. He won't tell anyone about ...

Scraw: "I mean, let's be honest, if we track down the cult, there might be more dragons!"

Myx: Myx just kind of facepalms slowly.

Tobe: Tobe is now facepalming.

Scraw: "And we need to stop them, because dragons are very dangerous as has been proven."

Tobe: "Oh, we definitely need to ..."

Scraw: "And think, if we couldn't stop the dragon, imagine what they'd do to a city of normal people, farmers and other people that are not warriors."

Myx: "Uh, yeah, let's ..."

Tobe: "Start getting ready to make our way to ..."

Myx: "Shopping."

Tobe: "Not what I was gonna end my sentence with {laughs}."

Erbak: "Research for me."

Myx: "I would very much like to get re-equipped before going anywhere else."

Tobe: "Also not really a bad idea."

Myx: "Lesson learned the hard way. We must be prepared."

Tobe: I mean, I'm assuming we're allowed to leave our beds at this point.

GM: This point, the doctors are no longer preventing you from leaving. You all seem much more healed up and the doctors aren't really paying that much attention to you at this point. For the most part it's more like, got bed rest, but you're welcome to leave when you feel capable.

Erbak, you say research. What is it you want to do?

Erbak: First of all, I want to go and locate Bawden and try and arrange to meet up with him in the evening, because I have something I'd like to show him.

GM: Do you tell anyone where you're going or do you just go?

Erbak: I'm just gonna tell people I'm just going off to do research and then i'm going to potter off. I'm very single minded, after, of course, getting dressed and shit {laughs}.

GM: You get all your stuff together from the medical clinic and make your way out to find Bawden.

Tobe: I will join Myx on her shopping trip, because I actually want to look for healing potions {laughs}. We're very squishy and we need to take precaution.

Myx: That is exactly where I'm going with the shopping.

GM: Erbak, it does not take you long. You find Bawden. He's actually in his room. So, he's not on duty and you give a quick knock on his door. He answers and the surly looking dwarf is there.

Bawden: "Ah, my dear boy. It's good to see you. Wh-what can I ..."

Erbak: "Bawden. It's good to see you too. E-excuse the mess. I had a run in with,

um, a dragon no less."

Bawden: "Indeed. Oh, that sounds rather frightening. Is, is it the same dragon that attacked the keep?"

Erbak: "Well, I certainly hope so, because I don't wish to imagine there being two of them."

Bawden: "Mmm, indeed. Ha ha. {intake of breath} Ah. Can I invite you in?"

Erbak: "Please do. I have something interesting to show you."

Bawden: "Indeed? Well, I look forward to it. Come on in."

Erbak: So, I toddle into his room and I park myself down on the next nearest chair that has a table of some kind.

GM: It's a very plain room. Next to his bed, he has the most ludicrously oversized set of shelves. Edge to edge lined with books. But in the opposite side of the room there is a small, plain table with two plain wooden chairs.

Erbak: I sit myself down, take off my backpack, sling it on the floor and begin rooting through it. "There's a creature I found that you simply must look at. I feel you would be most interested in it."

Bawden: "I see."

Erbak: And I pull out the jar containing the dead stirge.

Bawden: He wanders over and he picks it up. "Ah, yes. I've come across these before. They, um ... In actual fact, my sister, her basement was infested with these at some point. They're rather beastly."

Erbak: "The impressive thing I've found is the fact that they extract life directly from a living victim. Simply plant on and latch on."

Bawden: "Yes, yes. It wouldn't be the first creature to develop such a ability, shall we say. Uh, not unlike the vampiric species."

Erbak: "What I'm contemplating, if there's a possibility, at least with magical tendencies, to try and replicate this? Given that we were very seriously injured earlier, I'm starting to see the limitations of, uh, my medicinal supplies. When you've not have anything on hand, sometimes you need to use your hands, or in

this case, a beak."

Bawden: "I see." You see him raise the collar on the shirt that he's {laughs} wearing. As he tries to guard his neck. "It's very interesting that you would, uh, come to that conclusion. Magic is rather potent these days. Uh, it's, n-not always in such short supply, but it's an interesting theory, certainly."

Erbak: "But, think of the possibilities! Being able to rejuvenate oneself. Not having to rely upon the whims of some guard!"

Bawden: "Well, such machinations are not unheard of. I'm not entirely sure that my own research extends to that area of expertise, as it were."

Erbak: "Please believe me, I have no intention of becoming one of those abominable undead, no. This, this is life at its most potent."

Bawden: "I see. Well, I do have a book on ... hmm. Let me think. Hang on." And he goes over to his bookshelf and he starts rummaging through. "There's ... Ah, no. No. No. That won't do. Hmm. Well ... Okay." And he takes a book down and comes over and says, "The findings of this researcher are, {sighs}, rather far fetched. And, quite frankly, I'm not sure that there's any merit in them at all. It's a fairly common book and you're more than welcome to have it. It's a, well, see for yourself." And he hands you Grimtar Slim's Tome of Artificial Life.

Erbak: "Artificial? This is fascinating stuff."

Bawden: "Yes. I think, you know what? You should keep it. I picked it up on a whim at some point. It's not really my thing. Um, I'm afraid I'm actually finding myself rather busy today. Is there anything I can help you with?"

Erbak: "No, no, no, no. Of course, this is certainly fine. Yes, thank you. Thank you very much for this. We shall have to meet up again and discuss our findings."

Bawden: "Please, c-consider it a parting gift. I think I may be busy for a while."

Erbak: "Very well." Not catching the intent at all, Erbak packs his things and wanders out the room very happy.

GM: Myx, Tobe, Mhurren. You guys make your way out of the keep. Since your recovery, Mhurren, you've noticed that The Doomsinger, keeping his company close to you. Wherever you go, The Doomsinger is just tailing along.

Mhurren: Okay.

GM: And he's been, for him, exceptionally quiet. He is just going wherever you go, doing whatever you want to do and not making a fuss about it. He hasn't really spoken much since he came back to consciousness.

Scraw: Scraw, on the other hand, is constantly talking. He seems quite excited by the experience that you guys have had recently. As you make your way through the town, keeping your eye out, you're trying to find something. "Well, and then, like, lightning came. It was just [mouth explosion sound]." He's just doing big, dramatic hand motions. "And then, I came too. You were all unconscious. Picked you up. Well, first, I found a cart. Then, I dragged you all into the cart. And then, I tried to pull it, but you were all very, very heavy. So. I shook Mhurren as hard as I could. And eventually, he woke up. And then he helped me and then I kept pushing, and then ..." And he just keeps going on and on and on, talking about how he effectively rescued your asses.

Mhurren: I pat him on the shoulder. "You did all the work."

Scraw: "No, no, no, no. I couldn't possibly have done it without Mhurren."

Mhurren: "Thank you."

Scraw: "You are all very heavy and I was very tired and hurt and it sucked."

Tobe: "We appreciated it, big guy." I give him a pat on the shoulder.

Scraw: He hugs you back, instinctively.

Tobe: "{surprised and distressed sound}" Regret! Regret!

Myx: I loop my arm through Scraw's arm and, "Thank you, Scraw, really."

Scraw: "It-it's fine. It's fine. I-I'm just happy The Scales of Justice are whole, entirely and with none of us are dead. That's a good thing."

Myx: Potions.

Tobe: I'm looking for three things specifically. I need new armor, because {laughs} mine got incinerated. I need a new sickle and I'm looking for healing potions.

GM: You're looking for an armory.

Myx: Potions or healing items in general? Rope, and new clothes. Spare clothes, backup clothes, whatever. Those three. {laughs}

GM: 20 gold easily gets you a full set of traveling clothes. No armor, but definitely a set of traveling clothes.

Myx: No, armor we don't need anymore. Like, i'm alright.

GM: So, you guys are making your way through the town and as you're traipsing behind Myx, wandering from clothes store to clothes store, you manage to come across a run down looking store that, from the outside, doesn't look particularly impressive. But, over the front door there is a quiet large wooden sign that has a needle and thread which is weaving around a hammer slamming into an anvil. You go into the armory and it is apparently empty.

Tobe: Of stock or of people?

GM: People. There's no patrons and the front desk appears to be unmanned. But, there's no signs that say they were closed and as you walk into the room, you notice that there's a contraption that is attached to the door. And you watch it move, and you see a series of pulleys with rope around them start moving. And, a minute or two passes and nothing else happens.

Tobe: "Hello?"

GM: There appears to be a number of things on display. So, various sets of armor. You're looking around the store and a large goliath comes out from the back and you see him brushing soot off of himself and he's wearing a thick, heavy leather apron. As he ducks under the doorway.

Smith: "Ah, I'm very sorry {laughs} for the delay there. I've been ... I've been working in the back. Um, what can I help you with?"

Tobe: "Hi. Yes. I'm, um, looking to procure some studded leather armor and a sickle?"

Smith: "Right, right. Um, sickle's a bit of an odd one. For that you probably, I mean, I might have something that'd probably be a bit more farmer's grade. Um, wha-what sort of thing you looking for? Is it for ... "

Tobe: "Just ..."

Smith: " If you're looking for armor, I assume it's for combat purposes."

Tobe: "Yeah. I'm looking for something to defend myself with."

Smith: "Sure, sure, sure. Sickle, uh, well, I mean, as I said, it's a ... It's a farming tool. So, i can, i can sort you out with one. But, I'm, I'm not sure how useful it will be in combat. Armor, well, uh, what I have available to take now is what you see in the store."

GM: Looking around the store, you mostly see quite nice but very heavy looking plate mail. You see a couple of chainmail pieces and you do see a plain set of really basic leather armor.

Tobe: Yeah, I'll take that. It's better than nothing.

Smith: "So, uh, you're looking at the ... the leather armor then. Um ..." And he digs around. He says, "One moment." He heads into the back, comes back and he brings out a really, extremely simple looking sickle. "Okay, uh, between those two that will be setting you back, hmm ... About ... Uh ... 15 gold."

Tobe: "Deal."

Smith: "Excellent. Thank you very much."

Tobe: "Thank you."

Smith: "Y-you're more than welcome."

GM: The sickle is a -1.

{laughs}

Tobe: That's even worse than the one that got burnt.

GM: It's worse than the one that you got burned, absolutely. This one is not intended for combat. It is a farming sickle. However, the leather armor is really solidly made. It's very good quality.

Myx: "Rope. I would like rope."

Smith: "All ... right. Well if that's what you're looking for, you'll be looking for a general store. I'm afraid I don't really stock that kind of thing."

Myx: "Ah, that's all right. Thank you though."

Smith: "No problem. You should be able to find one just down the road. You can't really miss it. It's not named. It's just the store will be open fronted and, uh, have a whole bunch of shit outside."

GM: You head out and head over to the general store. You find that it is run by a small halfling woman who is busying herself around rearranging things and you see at some point she's staring at this box of apples.

Esma: "Hmmm... okay! Uh, I'm just gonna check this." And she takes an apple and she puts it up towards the top. "Hmm. I like, no, I like it better where ..." She puts it back and she's just sitting there muttering to herself as you all approach.

Myx: "Um, hello?"

Esma: "Oh, hello, yes."

Myx: "Sorry ..."

Esma: "How can I help?"

Myx: "Sorry to disturb you. Um, we're after ..."

Esma: "N-n-n-not at all {stammers}. How are you? It's a lovely day out."

Myx: "Yeah, it's beautiful."

Esma: "Can I get you anything?"

Myx: "Um, yeah, could ... Uh, do you sell any rope?"

Esma: "I'm sure I could find some in here somewhere." She starts digging through the nearby box, pulling out dolls and half broken toys. Rummaging through the box of crap box, and she comes back out and, "Ah, ah, yes." Pulls out a big ol' reel of rope. "Will this do?"

Myx: "Um, yeah. I, I'll take that. That's fine. Um ..."

Esma: "Okay, um. {stammers} What else can I get you?"

Myx: "Uh, do you have any rations?"

Esma: "Well, yeah. I mean, wh-what sort of rations you looking for? We've got all sorts of food."

Myx: "Uh, traveling rations and I will take an apple."

Esma: "Okay, um, so, how many rations would you like? We, we sell them in, in traveling days. So, um ..."

Myx: "How many rations would I get for 1 gold?"

Esma: "Ooh, that's a lot of rations. You sure you can carry that much?"

Myx: "Uh, no. I'll take five rations. One more thing, do you have any healing items or would I need to go somewhere else for that?"

Esma: "Um, what sort of healing items?"

Myx: "Um, potions or salves, anything at all, really."

Esma: "Oh, um, I'm afraid not, no. It, it's a rather uncommon item and with the recent raid ..."

Myx: "Of course."

Esma: "Most, most places were cleared out. That's why things are in a bit of a disarray you see."

Myx: "Yeah, of course. Oooh, would you have a recipe for a potion."

Esma: "Uh, no. That's magic, dear. It, it, it's not made of herbs."

Myx: "Well, I thought I'd try."

Esma: "Although my aunt ... My, my, Aunt May did make a lovely tea. I, I can, I could tell you how to make that."

Myx: "You know what, sure. I-I will take one recipe of your tea."

Esma: "Okay. That's 50 gold."

Myx: "Uh, maybe not."

Esma: "It's a very good recipes, dear."

Myx: "Um ..."

Esma: "It's family secret passed down for generations."

Myx: "Would it heal me?"

Esma: "It's just tea, dear."

Myx: "Uh, m-maybe next time. I'd need to save up for that special of a tea."

Esma: "Okay, well, then, in that case, it's 1 gold and 25 silver for the, the rope and the foods."

Myx: "Sure."

Esma: "And the apple's on the house."

Myx: "Oh, thank you."

Esma: "You're welcome. I hope you enjoy it."

Myx: "I will." Myx is very excited about this apple.

Esma: And she hands you over all the bits and pieces.

Mhurren: "I'm sorry. I didn't catch your name?"

Esma: "Oh, oh, it's Esma."

Mhurren: "Esma?"

Esma: "Esma, yes. Esma Torfin."

Mhurren: "It's a lovely name."

Esma: "Pleasure to meet you. And you are?"

Mhurren: "Uh, I am Mhurren."

Esma: "Mhurren. I've heard that name recently."

Mhurren: "And these are my friends."

Esma: "That, that's an interesting name. Not Mhurren the Undying?"

Mhurren: "You might know us more colloquially as ..."

Esma: "Surely you're pulling my leg."

Mhurren: "The Scales of Justice?" {laughs}

Esma: "Oooh. Oohh I can't believe I charged you so much. I'm so sorry!"

Mhurren: "No, no, no, no. Consider it a tip." What am I doing here? Oh, god.
{laughs}

Esma: She's just like, "Oh, oh my goodness. It's so nice to meet you all. Oh, oh, would you mind signing-."

Mhurren: "Pleasure's all mine," and I start to leave quickly, swiftly.

Esma: "But ..."

{laughs}

Esma: "Oh, th-th-that's fine I suppose. It was nice to meet you all. Thank you for saving us."

Tobe: "One, one last thing. You said that potions are in short supply after being attacked. You wouldn't know of anyone who would have any first aid kit or a medical pack?"

Esma: "It's not likely, dear. I'm afraid."

Tobe: "Mmm. Thanks anyway." {laughs}

Esma: "No problem. Let me know if there's anything else."

Tobe: "I surely will."

Esma: "Y-y-you take care now."

Tobe: "Byeeee." {laughs} "So, I suggest that we go to that inn to pick up whatever it was that Leosin left there."

Myx: "Yeah, um, that, that is a good idea. Mhurren, what do you think?"

Mhurren: "Yes, let's go."

GM: Erbak, after you left your meeting with Bawden, do you head from there to The Black Books Inn? Or did you have other plans?

Erbak: I'm going to say he probably tried to look for somewhere in the medical area where he could sit down and do some research involving specimens and was probably thrown out for trying to carve up animals so he's gone off to The Black Books Inn.

GM: So, I would say that's exactly what happens.

Tabaxi: The Tabaxi doctor, as soon as she sees you bring out your jars of specimens. She goes, "Excuse me. You cannot ... This is a place of healing. These ani ... These things you have are filthy, get out."

Erbak: "Ugh. This all leads to healing. If you only knew!" he says as he's pushed out.

Tabaxi: "I'm sure that it will in time, but until then, until such a time, leave. I will not have you mucking up my medical space."

Erbak: "Dah!" I storm out angrily before remembering about the inn.

GM: You head into town to find The Black Books Inn. Led by Tobe, Mhurren and Myx and Scraw and The Doomsinger find their way to The Black Books Inn relatively quickly. It takes Erbak a lot longer to find it, however, because of the fact that his excursion was much shorter than everyone else's who was shopping, the entire time they were shopping and then looking for the inn, Erbak was just looking for the inn.

You all arrive at approximately the same time and you reconvene outside.

[music]

Narrator: Hey there friend, you look like you need a coffee. Why don't you take a quick moment to settle down, throw the kettle on, get yourself a hot, steamy brew and in the meantime, here's something just a little bit different.

Rob: It is a dark and stormy night. The wind lashing down and you're facing against your greatest challenge yet, a player who's gone in the wrong direction. We've all been there. You got a story planned out and this player heads off in the wrong

direction and you got nothing to fill that gap. Well, my name's Rob and I've started a podcast to help you. The podcast is called Loremasters and each week I bring you something for your game. It could be a hook. It could be an object. It could be a person. It could be a city. It could be a whole story arc.

If you're a dungeon master and you want some inspiration, please check us out wherever you find podcasts and remember, you're not alone.

[music]

GM: You all arrive at roughly the same place at more or less the same time. As you find yourselves outside what appears to be a large building attached to a stableyard. The stableyard has a large orc in the middle of the stable running a horse right now, which is where they have a horse on a tether and they're turning. They're running it to get its exercise in.

You see where the large yard that is attached to this building, there is some stables at the back of it and in itself is not the most stellar building in the city. You've been around for awhile now. You've had a look around. You've investigated a lot of different places. And this place isn't looking run down but it could use a little work. The sign outside the door is quite clearly a leatherbound black book open to the first page and it is The Black Books Inn.

Erbak: "So, is this the place you were all looking for?"

Tobe: "I believe so."

Erbak: And Erbak just pootles straight on in.

GM: Inside the decor is quite plain. It's your usual, run of the mill tavern. Despite the fact that there is a stable connected to this building, it's quite clearly set up with its primary purpose being food and places for people to stay. There are a few patrons at different tables and as you walk in you're greeted by a small dwarf who walks over. He's quite young looking.

Theed: "Uh, table for six?"

Myx: "Yes please"

Theed: "Sure, um, i-it'll take me a minute. Hang on. I-I'll be with you shortly." And he dashes off and you see him on the other side of the room dragging some tables over and pushing them together. "Right this way." And he leads you all over to some tables. As he seats you, he hands out the menus. "It's a plain fare, but it's good food."

Myx: "Ah, plain is fine. Tasty food is good." Gonna spend a minute checking on the menu.

Theed: "I'll just give you all a few minutes and I'll come back and see if you need anything."

Myx: "Yep, sounds good."

Theed: And he pootles away.

Tobe: "Did we really need to get a table? Because I thought we just came in here to retrieve something and get some information."

Myx: "Eh, we may as well just enjoy it."

Erbak: "It has been quite some time since I've been to an inn."

Myx: "Been a long time since we've sat down at a table and had food."

Mhurren: "To be honest, I think we all deserve a drink."

Scraw: "I second that!"

Mhurren: "Of course."

Tobe: Giving a suspicious look to Scraw {laughs}.

Mhurren: "How 'bout you, Doomsinger?"

Doomsinger: "I can do with a wine I suppose."

Mhurren: "Wine for one. Got you."

Doomsinger: "D-Don't feel any need to get it for me. I'm sure one of the capable staff here will be able to bring it to our table. And I-I may even order myself today."

Tobe: "Amazing."

Doomsinger: He turns and smiles his most charming smile at you.

Tobe: I'm just put out by the smile. Just like {groans}.

Doomsinger: Doomsinger looks around. He says, "So, um, whilst we're all here, I-I already told you that I know some things about the cult that might be of use to you. I did tell you what came to mind, predominantly the fact that they are headed to the north and the west. Is there anything that you didn't learn that I might be able to assist you with? I wish only to make up for my past misdeeds. I ..." He actually takes a moment. He stands up at the end of the table. "I sincerely apologize to all of you. I hope that we can travel together in peace but I understand if you no longer wish to travel with me. I can see my own separate way if you so wish. You have a long road ahead of you and will not put myself upon your burden."

Tobe: I'm actually taken aback, 'cause I hadn't expected him to apologize at all based on his previous behavior. So ...

GM: And he's literally never apologized for anything.

Erbak: No need to charm me. I'm taking this entirely at face value.

Mhurren: "It's quite all right."

Myx: Myx feels a similar way, especially as he could have not helped when they were in the cave, so ... Definitely appreciative of the apology.

GM: As he is standing there making this apology, you see the dwarf heading over to you and he's standing behind The Doomsinger looking up expectantly.

Theed: "Um ..."

Doomsinger: "Oh, um, I'm very sorry." He sits down hurriedly and kind of looks slightly embarrassed.

theed: And the dwarf has a big jug of water. "I thought you might like, uh, some water while you decide. Ha-have you come to any conclusions? W-what can I get for you?" And he just starts putting glasses out and pouring.

Tobe: "I'll just take a hot tea, thank you."

Theed: "Uh, yep, okay, tea. Right." And he jots that down.

Erbak: "Uh, the lamb. Um, how fresh is it?"

Theed: "Um, well we have uh ... We, we locally source all our produce, um, and it comes from the local butcher, I think. Uh, he has a farm just outside town."

Erbak: "Excellent. I'll take one shank. Rare."

Theed: "Uh, right you are, sir."

Myx: "I will have the beef stew with the house bread please."

Theed: "Well, the house bread is soda bread. Are you going to be okay with that?"

Myx: "Absolutely."

Theed: "Not everybody likes it. They think it's got a funny taste."

Myx: "I know! Some people seem to think that, but I love it. No, that will be perfect. Thank you. Ooh! And a very nice flagon of ale, please."

Mhurren: "A round of ale if you would."

Theed: "I think we're out of ale. Um ... No. {laughs} Just, just a little joke. Just ignore me."

Myx: Myx looks like she had a little heart palpitation, very briefly, because she was really looking forward to it.

GM: 'Cause she's an alcoholic.

{laughs}

Myx: She is not.

Mhurren: "You're funny. I like it."

Doomsinger: Doomsinger speaks up and says, "Op, um, a-a wine for me, please."

Mhurren: "Maybe a vintage, Doomsinger?"

Doomsinger: "The house will be fine."

Theed: And the server's like, "Oh, okay, yes. Uh ... th-that's fine. Um, so, we got a beef stew, lamb, a hot tea. Did, did you also want ale?"

Mhurren: "A round, please."

Tobe: "I guess if Mhurren is supplying, then I will graciously accept."

Myx: "Do it!"

Mhurren: "Let's call it an ale chaser."

Tobe: "I will not be mixing the two drinks. {laughs} I will be drinking them separately."

Theed: "Don't mix the tea and ale, got it. Right. Um, is anybody else having food?"

Scraw: "What's the biggest thing you have?"

Theed: "That would be the, uh, the boar, sir."

Scraw: "I'll have that."

Theed: "Oh? I-i-it-it's quite ..."

Scraw: "I will have that ..."

{laughs}

Theed: "Okay, um ... the boar, whole. How would you like that done?"

Scraw: "Ask the chef, whatever he thinks is best."

Theed: "Right. Boar, whole. I'll tell the chef to do what he needs to do. Um, right. I'll be back with your drinks shortly and we'll bring your food out as quickly as we can."

Myx: "Thank you kindly, sir."

Mhurren: "Thank you."

Theed: He quickly toddles away.

Doomsinger: "So, um, as I was saying ..."

Erbak: "Hmm? Yes, yeah, you can, you can stay, yes."

Doomsinger: "The cult. I-I can do my best to answer any questions that you may have. I-I appreciate that you are allowing me to travel with you once more. Scraw, I thank you for saving my life. You could have left me there, surrounded by ash and

there would have been no one to stop you, so ... But seriously, where are we going? Why are we going?"

Erbak: "I assume everyone here is going to Elturel, at least that's the intent. It's partway up the north to Baldur's Gate. So, it would be worthwhile getting a caravan that way of some type or at least finding some kind of protection on the way."

Doomsinger: "There's likely to be work in Baldur's Gate. I can probably earn a coin or two with a song. {laughs}"

Erbak: "A song and a story are always welcome in that town."

Doomsinger: "What say you, Mhurren, do you have any cause or desire to head north?"

Mhurren: "Well, from the letter, it seems that we would indeed have to travel to Elturel."

Doomsinger: "Haven't we done enough for Leosin? Surely we saved his life. Why? Why are we going to Elturel to meet him?"

Mhurren: "Well, there seems to be a sense of urgency in his letter and ..."

Doomsinger: "Well, if I left a random note for some fools to follow me off into the wilderness, I'd say it was urgent too."

Erbak: "Well, it's on the way anyway. Plus, the material these cultists seem to have is interesting."

Mhurren: "That's true."

Tobe: "He seem to be investigating this cult already, so I assume whatever he wants to meet us in Elturel about is in regards to this cult."

Doomsinger: "Is the cult really our problem?"

Tobe: "I think it might become everybody's problem eventually."

Myx: "I'm with Tobe on that."

Doomsinger: "What could they possibly do? Erbak, you said yourself they're just god bothering idiots!"

Erbak: "Yeah, but there is a lot of them. {sighs} And it could be worthwhile getting out to a much better defended place than Greenest. Besides, they have the most fascinating things at their disposal. Can't let something like this get past."

Myx: Myx slams her fist on the table. "They have our dragon eggs. Who knows what they're going to do? They, they have the control of a dragon."

Erbak: "Such beautiful eggs those were."

Doomsinger: "What did happen to those? Mhurren, you were awake before the rest of us."

Mhurren: "Yes, well, {clears throat} I-I saw no remains, but that is not to say ..."

Tobe: "Considering that the cultists were vaporized, is it not too difficult to assume that the dragon probably took the eggs?"

Myx: "I mean, if you wanna be realistic."

Erbak: "Well, here's hoping."

Scraw: "Why? Why did it attack us in the first place? Surely we did everything we agreed to. I didn't slay the beast where it stood in the keep. In exchange for its worthless life, we said we would save its progeny and then it attacked us anyway. When I was weak and tired from the cave."

Tobe: "To be fair, our doctor friend here was threatening to smash one of them at the time."

Scraw: "I suppose that might have had something to do with it."

Erbak: "And to be fair, and you were all perfectly willing to hand over the eggs and let yourself get butchered by a bunch of rabid cultists. I was the only one doing anything."

Scraw: "Fair point."

Tobe: "Either way, I don't really think the eggs are of any concern anymore."

Scraw: "What about the dragon? Are we likely to see him again, do you think? I owe that beast a scrape along the face or two."

Mhurren: "Well, if the cultists or, whether Frulum lives or not, if the dragon is still being controlled we, we may yet see him again, I fear."

Scraw: "Well, if he was being controlled, why did he attack the cultists? None of this makes any sense to me. Where's that boar?"

GM: As he says this, you see the dwarf heading over from the bar with a tray full of drinks.

Theed: "Right, so, uh, we have an ale, an ale, uh, an ale ..."

{laughs}

Theed: "Uh, wine, an ale, uh, an ale, a hot tea, and your stew will be along in, uh, 15 minutes, I think and the lamb, uh, will take five. Do you want the food all together or shall we wait until ... Uh, just bring it out as it's ready."

Myx: "Uh, I'm happy for people to, um, have their food whenever they're ready."

Theed: "Oh, that's good, because the boar's gonna take six hours. Is that okay?"

Tobe: "{spittakes}"

Myx: "Mmm."

{laughs}

Myx: "That's ..."

Theed: "It, there's a rather lot of it, you see."

Myx: "I mean."

Theed: "We usually take preorders for that sort of thing."

Scraw: Scraw is just dead eyeing him across the table. {laughs}

Tobe: I am scowling at Scraw because he had to ask for the biggest fucking thing on the menu. "How determined are you to eat this boar?"

Erbak: "Can you eat a boar that big?"

Scraw: "I'll wait!"

Myx: "I definitely think he could."

Scraw: "Yes! Yes, I can!" He just folds his arms, slams his back into his chair. He's, "Yep, six hours. This is fine."

Tobe: "I-I guess we aren't going anywhere today."

Mhurren: "Let ... Perhaps some bread and cheese in the meantime? If you would, for our friend here."

Theed: The dwarf's looking at really slightly concerned at how hostile everything's become. "We could perhaps get you a leg? Just a leg? Legs are quite big. I-in less time?"

Scraw: Scraw side eyes Erbak.

Erbak: "It's still meat, isn't it, Scraw?"

Scraw: "Out of consideration for my friends, a leg will be fine. Thank you."

Myx: Reaching over and patting Scraw on the hand.

Tobe: As a like reward for conceding, Tobe slides his ale towards Scraw.

Scraw: Scraw lightens up. "Oh, well, if you insist. But, Tobe, I think I would much prefer if you had it." And he pushes it over.

GM: And time goes by. You guys chat between you and the dwarf comes over.

Theed: "Uh, your beef stew and uh, mister, your, uh ..." He hands over the lamb. And you get the sense that he very much understood what you meant by rare, because the skin is slightly seared on the outside and otherwise it's just a lamb shank that could have been taken out of a fridge.

Erbak: I'm looking at this in a fashion very, very animalistic.

GM: Yeah, you notice also that no fork or knife has been provided {laughs}. The plate is actually just a wooden plank with the leg sitting on it for ease of use, shall we say. And, you look around the tavern and you notice that there are actually other lizardfolk in this tavern and you get the impression that maybe they're used to serving people with your tastes. And they understand discretion when it counts.

Erbak: I begin to tear into it.

Tobe: I am glad that I did not order any food.

GM: Your stew is cooked properly, everything else seems fine. Scraw's leg turns up eventually and he tucks in.

Myx: Sipping on some stew.

Mhurren: Can I take out my ink and parchment and start writing out the letter?

GM: You see Doomsinger occasionally trying to catch a glimpse of what you're writing.

Mhurren: Do I notice him?

GM: Yeah, probably.

Mhurren: I just look over and go, "How's the wine?"

Doomsinger: "It's very fine. I'm just wondering what it is we're doing here."

Mhurren: "Well, I believe there are question, uh, we should be asking the innkeeper." Where is the innkeeper?

GM: You've spoken to a waiter who is the dwarf and he's just busying himself between tables, checking on the patrons.

Theed: He stops over and, "Is everything okay with your food?"

Myx: "Yeah, uh, it's really good. Thank you."

Theed: "No problem. Can I get you guys anything else?"

Erbak: "Erm. Mhurren, you said you wanted to speak to the, the main innkeeper, manager?"

Mhurren: "The innkeeper, yes."

Theed: "Oh, uh, okay. Is ..."

Mhurren: "Um ..."

Theed: "Is, is there something un-~~stammers~~. I can fix if you needed food or if we've done anything to upset you I can- ."

Mhurren: "No, more of a ... Some general queries, the traveling."

Theed: "Right, um, I mean, I might be able to help. Is there anything? Wh-what is it you need?"

Mhurren: "Well ..."

Theed: "I mean, I know the area quite well. It's a, it's a lovely city. Are you looking for some sights? Are you not ... Are you new to town?"

Mhurren: "I wouldn't say so. We are looking for a place called Elturel. Have you heard of it?"

Theed: "Um, yep. Th-th-that's not in Greenest. That's, that's another city."

Myx: "Oh, that's fine. Um, do you know our best route to getting there?"

Theed: "Well, it depends how you're traveling, really. The trade route's quite safe if you're along the wagons. That'll take you, uh, ooooh, week and a half, two weeks?"

Myx: "Is there a shorter, not safe route?"

Theed: "Um, I mean, if you were travel across the plains or, you know, through the forests. I, I'm not really much of a traveler ~~laughs~~, don't get, get outta Greenest much."

Mhurren: "Did you say two to three weeks?"

Theed: "Um, yes, if you're taking the trade route, certainly."

Myx: "If we didn't, do you know how long it might take?"

Theed: "Well, how are you planning on traveling?"

Myx: "If, if we went through the forest?"

Theed: "By foot?"

Myx: "Eee, maybe with some horses?"

Theed: "Oh, well, if you're looking for horses, w-we hire those out. We, we, we have horses. Um, I mean, horses are not great through forests though, not particularly fast when there's trees in the way."

Myx: "Yeah. No, that, that is a fair point."

Theed: "And you run the risk of laming them and that's very expensive. Horses are costly to replace."

Myx: "No, th-that is understandable."

Mhurren: "We could always grab us some horses on a cart, a couple of them, take the whole lot of us."

Myx: "I like that idea."

Theed: "Oh, do, uh, do you drive?"

Myx: "Uh, not ... I could learn."

Theed: "You, you might find people are bit hard pressed to {laughs} loan you their vehicles and hire things out to you if you don't know how to ride them."

Myx: "It's okay. One, one of these ..." And Myx is like doing a circle around the table. "{stammers} One of them will know."

Tobe: I'm facepalming. {laughs}

Mhurren: "There's no time like the present."

Theed: "To take a wagon, you'd probably have to take the trade routes because those are the roads."

Myx: "Yeah, n-no. The definitely on the roads."

Mhurren: "And speaking of, uh, trade routes, would you know anything about the routes leaving Zhenstucka? Would any of those caravans or wagons come through Greenest?"

Theed: "Um, yes, certainly. Well, they usually stop here, before headed on to the rest of the trade route."

Tobe: "Do you know when the next one is due to pass through?"

Theed: "Can't say I do. Probably best off talking down at The Exchange."

Erbak: "Which exchange is that?"

Theed: "It's the big market exchange. It's in the central square. But I think it's probably closed at the moment. Quite frankly, I'd be quite surprised if we saw any wagons coming through any time soon after we've been attacked recently. Doubt anybody's got anything to trade."

Mhurren: "Sorry, my good friend, I-I didn't catch your name."

Theed: "Me? Oh, I'm Theed. Pleasure."

Erbak: Well, I'm going to thank him for his time. "Welp, it seems like our only option then is to obtain a cart {sighs}, learn how to drive some horses."

Tobe: "Well, hold on. What is the nearest town and how far is it away?"

Theed: "Probably Elturel, to be honest with you."

Erbak: "Is there any smaller settlement that might perhaps have a caravan passing through? Anything that would attract even a modest amount of trade?"

Theed: "It's not likely. It goes from one big place to the next one. They're ... They're not really interested in what farmer folk have got."

Erbak: "Are there any places where caravans may go to who are not necessarily want to be seen in these larger cities?"

Theed: "I'm afraid I wouldn't know anything about that, sir. Um ... Look, uh, I-I don't, I don't mean to be rude, but I-I do ... i-if, if you don't need to order anything, I actually have other clients to attend to. So, if you need anything, um, just, just wave? I'll, I'll come on over, but for now I-I think I need to be helping other folks. Gonna get in trouble with my boss."

Myx: "yeah, well, thank, thank you for your time. So, does anyone know how to drive? Mhurren, you must have some experience."

Doomsinger: "No, I-I've never ridden nor do I intend to. Frankly, I think they're bloody awful beasts."

Erbak: "Hmm."

Myx: "Could we hire someone?"

Erbak: "Would you all excuse me a moment? I'm just going to nip on out."

Myx: "Eh, sure Erbak. Yeah, could we hire someone? Do, do you think ...?"

Scraw: "If he eats a horse, we're going to get in trouble, you do realize this?"

{laughs}

Myx: "That's not where he's going right?"

Scraw: Scraw says to the table as Erbak gets up to leave.

GM: Erbak, where are you going?

Erbak: I'm just going to head off and try and find some people in the town using my previous ex ...

Myx: "So, we could rent everything, but maybe they could provide us with a driver."

Scraw: "Mhurren."

Mhurren: "Yes?"

Scraw: "Leosin said he wouldn't wait long, right? When is he disappearing? And weren't we here for a reason? Didn't we come to this inn for something?"

Tobe: "I believe we were told that he left something here for us."

Myx: "He didn't happen to say where exactly?"

Scraw: "Maybe we should be trying to find out."

Mhurren: "Well, I just know that we need to head to Elturel."

Erbak: Right, so upon popping out, Erbak has experience dealing with people who have very different attitudes towards what's legal and what isn't. So, what Erbak is thinking is that even in times like this, there's bound to be people who really need things. There's bound to be people who will pay good money to try and get those things, and there's bound to be unscrupulous folk who will charge high prices to give

people these things. In other words, there's going to be people exploiting these poor war torn folk.

Now, if there's people like that in town, those people must be using a means of getting stuff into town and vice versa. I was wondering if the vice versa part might be something that he could look into. What he is going to try and do is he's going to check out more esoteric upmarket stores, places where people who are used to having affluent stuff is, people who might have that kind of money here. And he's going to see what kind of people enter there and he's going to look for people who have things that they probably shouldn't have.

GM: You start wandering away from the tavern where the horses are and looking around, trying to find somewhere relatively affluent looking. And, you walk past a not particularly well adorned building, a winery. And, so the front store looks like it is the kind of place that probably has very high priced stock, the kind of wines that sell for a couple of hundred gold a bottle, because they are very old or they're a very special vintage. And you would have expected this kind of place would have been absolutely ransacked. Yet, despite that, the glass in the windows is not broken. There are a lot of these wine bottles on display and nothing appears to have been stolen, or if it has been stolen, it has certainly been replaced in a timely fashion.

You look in through the door and it doesn't look like there's anyone there. In fact, most of the lights in the store are off or dimmed. However, you do hear yelling, and it appears to be coming from behind the store.

Erbak: Okay. First of all, I'm gonna go around the side of the building, where I make sure no one's looking.

GM: So, as you walk around the side of the building, the shouting actually gets louder. You can see the end of what looks like a cart sticking out from behind the building. And, as the shouting increases, you hear a loud crash and you see a bottle of wine rolls out from behind the wall.

Erbak: I'm going to cast disguise self and make myself look like one of the lizardfolk that I saw in the tavern, make myself look mildly affluent, like I've been reasonably well fed, yet a slightly gaunt expression in the face, like someone who's obviously also been not kind to themselves in terms of what they've using. So, the wine bottle rolled 'round the corner, you say? I'm gonna pick up the wine bottle and I'm going to carefully peer around the corner just to see what's going on.

GM: You peer around the corner and you see that a large, female lizardfolk who is wearing form fitting leather and a soft, almost velvet-like jacket on top of that is looming down over a young looking, pointy featured triton who is cowering back

against the wall and he appears to be holding a book of some kind, but he's clutching it to his chest.

Triton: "{stammers} I'm very sorry. I'm sorry. Look {stammers} . We can't keep paying."

GM: And she's pushing him up against the wall and you can't quite make out what she's saying.

Erbak: Hmm.

GM: Behind her is a cart and it's a small cart. It's slightly different than the carts you've seen before. It's got modified wheels. And there's something unusual about them but you'd have to examine it up close to get a better idea of what's up with it. However, in the driver's seat are two tieflings and as you're peering around, you see one of them look directly at you and he analyzes you for a moment and smiles a half smile.

Erbak: I'm just going to stroll around and clutching the bottle and said, "Op, I believe you dropped this."

Ixal: The lizardfolk woman turns sharply and looks at you. "You should get out of here."

Erbak: "Now why would I paying customer want to leave?"

Ixal: "We have other business to take care of."

Erbak: "I have business to bring. "

Ixal: "Xan, Corva, what are you doing?"

Xan/Corva: "Ixal, Ixal, it's all in good fun. Calm now. He looks like he probably has some coin."

Erbak: "I have coin, an eye for good wine. When you're done with this business, would there be anywhere you would like to talk that's somewhere less, shall we say, obtrusive?"

Ixal: "There's a tavern not far from here, The Black Books. Meet us there."

Erbak: "Of course, what time? Any time? Night? Dark?"

Ixa: "We'll be there soon. We'll see you at the inn."

Erbak: "But, do not worry, I understand. I'll leave you to your business." Then I'll set down the wine bottle and walk away. I walk a good distance and check every now and then to make sure I'm not being followed and then I'll get back to the inn. Anyway, as soon as I walk in, I'm ...

GM: You remove the disguise self.

Erbak: Yes, I remove it for now and walk straight in.

Tobe: "We have 10 days to get there, but going by the road, and it looks like we're not going to have any luck catching any passing wagons considering the current circumstances. We need to find a way to get there in time if we want to meet up with Leosin."

GM: So, at this point, Erbak wanders back in from his little escapade.

Erbak: I'm just gonna march straight over to the table, hands down. "Quickly, which of you here has disguise magic?"

Myx: "Uh, I do."

Erbak: "You. Doomsinger, do you have any?"

Tobe: "I don't have disguise magic, but I can make myself invisible."

Erbak: I'm just going to lean in now and whisper, "I've made contact with some less than savory fellows who may make a deal with us regarding transport. I have to do it via disguise. Later on, when we meet them proper, we can then possibly jump them and take their stuff. I don't know."

Myx: "I'm not a thief!"

Erbak: "Not for now, well they are ... But right now, we need a fast way out and this may be one of our best options. I need you, I need some people to come with me, disguised so they don't recognize us as The Scales of Justice and then we can speak to them."

Myx: "Okay. I-I-I'll help."

GM: As you are saying this, the three people that you spoke to walk into the tavern. You guys, for the first time are seeing a large lizardfolk woman in a leather tunic

that is form-fitting and what looks like a sleeveless velvet jacket over the top of it. She has brilliantly covered face painting on. She has what looks like facial scars, but she has each of the facial scars filled in in a different color. And she is accompanied by two slight and casually dressed tiefling men. She walks up to the bar and starts talking to whoever's behind it.

Myx: "{whispers} Wh-what-what's going on?"

Erbak: "Myx, Tobe, Doomsinger, come with me. Scraw and Mhurren, keep an eye on the three people at the bar, big lizardwoman in particular."

Mhurren: "And if they make trouble?"

Erbak: "Don't worry about it for now. Just keep an eye on them."

Mhurren: "Hmm."

Erbak: And I'm going to get up and leave the bar, just walk out of the inn.

Tobe: I get up and follow him.

Scraw: As you get up and leave, Scraw turns and goes, "Bye, guys! See you later."

Tobe: I flinch. {laughs}

Mhurren: "Scraw!"

Myx: Myx walks and just facepalms.

Mhurren: "{whispers} Quiet down."

Scraw: "What!?! I'm friendly. It's what I would do."

Myx: "Too much ale."

Mhurren: I try and cover it by holding up my ale and go, "Yes! Cheer on that. Yes. Yeah."

Scraw: "{cheers}" And Scraw moves all of the rest of the ales and divides them between you. [fist hitting table top as punctuation] "Chug. Chug. Chug. Chug."

Mhurren: "Shit, okay. Yes."

GM: So, you both down an ale and you feel a little bit lightheaded. This stuff is stronger than you expected. This, this is good. And there are two more in front of you.

Mhurren: Oh no. {laughs}

Scraw: And Scraw picks up the second and holds it out in front of you. He goes, "This to-to us. To friendship."

Mhurren: "Uh, yes."

Scraw: And he puts his tankard up and you clink tankards together and he starts drinking.

Mhurren: Can I corner of my eye, keeping an eye on the ...

GM: You look over the bar and the lizardwoman is looking directly at you as Scraw goes, "Drinking! Chug, chug, chug, chug, chug." And he's saying this just as the lizardwoman looks directly at you.

Mhurren: I'll chug it.

Scraw: So, Scraw's like, "Drinking!"

GM: You clink your tankards together, you slam it down and you are inebriated. {laughs}

Scraw: {slurring}"So, Mhurren, we're doing a really, really good job of spying."

Mhurren: "We certainly are."

Scraw: "Yass."

Mhurren: "{whispers} This is pretty good."

Scraw: "{whispers} They're going to be so proud of us."

{laughs}

Mhurren: "What year is this ale?"

Scraw: "We should get the name of it so we can order some next time."

GM: Switch cameras to Erbak who has led everyone else outside.

Erbak: I walk around the side of the inn where I lead them to a more secluded spot. "Okay, we need to assume magical disguises. Try to make yourself look like someone affluent who maybe, a little bit dodgy, I guess, I don't really understand."

Myx: "Well, what would you define as dodgy? Do you want me to look like a bouncer? Do you want me to look like a dragon?"

Doomsinger: "Look like a prostitute. That'll do the trick!"

Myx: "Excuse me?!"

Erbak: "That's perfect!"

Tobe: "Th- ..." {laughs}

Doomsinger: "I just ... What ... I just ... Wealthy and you know sexy."

Myx: "You look like the prostitute!"

Doomsinger: "Got it."

{laughs}

Erbak: I'm going to transform myself into what I was before.

Tobe: I am facepalming.

Doomsinger: Doomsinger clicks his fingers and he is suddenly wearing a v-line neck shirt that goes all the way down to his belly button. It has these brilliant purple ruffles that come out of his shoulders. He is now a tiefling. He looks like bait. He looks just, just about 18. Can't quite tell if he's actually 18 or maybe he's younger, but he's just so strong. And he has very faded purple-grey skin. His hair is Tobe's hair but he has different horn shapes and he-

Tobe: {laughs} Damn fucking right he does. {laughs}

Doomsinger: His horns actually curl up and forwards in a leading manner that draw you into his eyes and his eyes are solid gold-bronze with more of a red tone and his outfit is predominately velvet and he just turns and goes, "So, which one of you will I be hanging onto?"

Myx: "Oh! Me! Me! Me!"

Tobe: "Not me." {laughs} I turn myself invisible.

Doomsinger: {flirtatiously}"Myx, you have a thing for the tiefling boys. I see."

Myx: "{groans}"

Erbak: "I would make yourself look somewhat intimidating to compensate."

Myx: "What about a half-orc? A menacing looking half-orc."

GM: What's menacing about her?

Myx: Permanent almost eyebrows are arched, furrowed and definitely scars. Tusks, I want one of them to be broken and I want really intense eyes, crazy intense, scared to look at them for too long intense. Oh, a Kenshin scar one side of the cheeks.

GM: She has like a big cross scar on one cheek and that's the same side as the broken tusk and the other one just protrudes.

Myx: Oh, oh. And one more that goes down one of the eyes, on the other side.

Doomsinger: He steps up on his tiptoes and dances over. "Oh, you're so scary."

Myx: "Shut up, wench."

Doomsinger: He flops down on your shoulder. "So, do we look sketchy enough?"

Erbak: "This will do."

{laughs}

Erbak: "Now, follow my lead. W-we want to try and organize a midnight meeting."

Doomsinger: "Excellent. Let's go."

Myx: "Oh, wait, wait, before we go. Should they ask us something directly, how do we talk to them?"

Erbak: "You grunt and Doomsinger, you do that ... Just be you. Tobe please just be present in case anything happens to go very wrong."

Tobe: "I assumed, since no one can see me." {laughs}

Erbak: I'll go in first and the other two behind me, I guess.

GM: So you make your way into the bar led by Erbak. As you do, you hear...

Scraw: "DRINKING!"

Mhurren: "DRINK!"

GM: You see that Mhurren and Scraw are trying to convince the waiter to bring more drinks.

Theed: "Um, I just ... I just don't think that's a good idea right now. How many? Uh, weren't there more of you before?"

Scraw: And Scraw's like, "There are more of me! Ha ha ha!"

Mhurren: "I count four of you! You're right!"

Scraw: "Yeah, four drinks! Four for me, four for this man. {clapping in cadence} Drinking, drinking, drinking!"

GM: You see that the two tieflings and the lizardfolk woman are deep in discussion with a hobgoblin behind the bar.

Erbak: I walk up to them whilst also looking at Scraw and Mhurren who had ... While trying to do an expression of slight confusion.

GM: You wander over and the hobgoblin looks up.

Ness: "Huh. Interesting." And you see that she is middle aged. She has dark, bronze-ish skin, hair that is in a mohawk, but it's combed over to one side. Not super prominent tusks. "Now why would y'all come in here like that? Huh."

Ixal: And the lizardwoman looks up and goes, "Oh, you're here."

Ness: "This is who you're waiting for."

Ixal: "Yeah, why?"

Ness: "Huh, interesting. Okay. Well, you go about doing whatever you're doing."

Erbak: So, I stand next to them at the bar and just raise my hand to try to and order a drink.

GM: The person behind the bar just left.

Erbak: I know, I'm just looking. I'm exasperated.

Ness: She turns around as you raise your arm and she starts wandering slowly back and you notice that she's wearing what looks like a monocle, like a single monocle that is tied to a chain which is cuffed to the top button of the shirt she's wearing and she looks at you through it and grins. "What can I get you?"

Erbak: "Erm, something not quite as strong as what they're having," pointing to Scraw and Mhurren.

Ness: "Honestly, I don't know what they're drinking." {laughs} "Uh, I don't think it's what we serve, whatever it is."

Erbak: "I'll, I'll just take a house red and, um, my associate here, Loki," and I just turn to the half-orc.

Ness: "{mirthful laughter} Ah, oh, sorry, uh, Loki, mm-hmm {affirmative}, what-what is it that you want?"

Myx: I just grunt.

Ness: You grunt at her and she grins and she just nods. "{amused} Okay, all right. I'll ... I'll get you your house red, Mister, wh- Sorry, what's your name?"

Erbak: "Kazir."

Ness: "Kazir. Okay."

Erbak: "I know. I know."

Ness: "Ah, yeah, sure." She pulls out the glass. "And what about for theeee, uh, the other two?"

Tobe: Two? There's only one other person there. Tobe's invisible.

Ness: She turns to Erbak and says, "What about the other two?"

Erbak: "The monocle?"

Ness: She just smiles, shrugs. "You come into my establishment, you probably want to know who you're working with." She turns to the lizardfolk and says, "You're dumb as bricks, honey."

Ixal: "What are you talking about?"

Ness: She's like, "Ixal, seriously? What are you doing? You should know better than to deal with strangers."

Ixal: And she looks at you scowling and she goes to grab you by the shirt, "What are you playing at?"

Myx: I look angrier, furrowing my brow further. "{growls}"

Ness: She turns, "You can drop the act. Seriously. You're cute."

Erbak: "We need something. We don't want to be seen doing something."

Ixal: "Right. And you thought the best way to get what you wanted was to try and make a fool out o' me? You got a death wish?"

Erbak: "We do not want to be seen doing something. You should know that better than anyone."

Ixal: "And I'm not seeing your reasoning here. What exactly do you want?"

Erbak: "Passage. Fast passage."

Ixal: "Starting to get the feeling I don't even want to help. Y-you come to my business, you get up in my face, you pull this kind of shit, why?"

Scraw: "DRINKING!"

Mhurren: "DRINKING!"

Erbak: "I told you. We can't be seen doing this for who we are. As other people, we can do business. That is why we are now other people."

Ixal: "And what exactly ... What business is it you think I can do for you?"

Erbak: "No caravan travels these roads, at least very little."

Ixal: "Sure."

Erbak: "We want to know how you're moving around so quickly and we want you to move us quickly."

Ixal: "Well, right now, we're not moving anywhere. My horse is lame."

Erbak: "Your horse is lame?"

Ixal: "Yeah. It got hurt."

Erbak: "{sighs}"

Ixal: "You saw the cart. You see any horses?"

Erbak: "Well, this has just been one wild goose chase."

Ixal: "I'm starting to feel that way myself." And she just puts you down and is just like, "Why don't you get the hell out of here?"

Ness: "Well, this has been real fun, but, um, why don't you all just come on back into my office? If you are who I think you are, I think you've been probably going about this all wrong." And she walks back to the other end of the bar, flips up the table. "Theed! Watch things for me!" And goes through a back door.

GM: The lizardfolk and the two tiefling, without looking at any of you, walk off and follow her.

Erbak: "{sighs} And those two over are completely inebriated, aren't they?"

Tobe: "Yep."

Myx: "Yeah, we're not gonna get much help from them right now."

Scraw: You say that and Scraw goes, "{slurred} Hey, Mhurren, Mhurren, I've been, I've been keeping an eye. And I think ..."

Mhurren: "Well, both eyes, yes."

Scraw: "I, yea, yeah. I, those, the lizard and the tiefling."

Mhurren: "Oh, wait, you have four."

Scraw: "The, but, the ones we're supposed to be watching ... They're going. We should, we should go watch them. We should follow those, tieflings and the lizard woman to see what they're up to."

Mhurren: "I mean ... Probably?"

Scraw: "Let's go."

Mhurren: "That could be a bad idea."

Scraw: Scraw gets up and {laughs} just starts strolling across the bar.

Theed: Theed comes over and goes, "Sorry, sorry, sir. Y-you can't go ..."

Scraw: "Get out of my way. I've got things to do."

Tobe: Tobe has followed them into the back room since he's assuming that they're most certainly rumbled.

Erbak: "Uh, Doomsinger, could you try and sober these two up before they destroy anything?"

Doomsinger: "Oh, you mean the two that are just," and he points as they walk through the door.

Erbak: "I'm just going to sigh and walk on into the office and after them, trying to make sure that Scraw and Mhurren don't do anything daft."

GM: Quite quickly you find yourself standing in a relatively well furnished office. There is a solid, oak desk in the middle of the room. Lots of shelves, books. There is a full suit of armor and more than a few swords hanging on placards on the wall. The tieflings and the lizardwoman are looking at Scraw and Mhurren very confused and Scraw and Mhurren are looking at each other, I think.

Scraw: "I'm not sure we thought this through?" {laughs}

Mhurren: "You mean you didn't think this through."

Scraw: "Ah, y-you came too. Who's more the fool? The fool or the fool who follows-
."

Tobe: At this point, I drop my invisibility.

Scraw: "TOBE!!!"

Tobe: "Will the drunk people please shush."

Scraw: "Hey, no one else was talking."

Mhurren: "I think you're the drunk one, Scraw."

Scraw: "I think Tobe's had too much to much to drink if you ask me."

Tobe: "I think you're ..."

Mhurren: "Tobe! Where did you come from?"

Tobe: "{exasperated sigh} Nevermind that. Erbak's plan didn't work. Just be quiet for now. Please."

GM: And Erbak and Myx join the room. The Doomsinger remains a prostitute.

Scraw: "Myx! You got yourself a fancy boy."

{laughs}

Tobe: "That's The Doomsinger."

Scraw: "And he looks like Tobe."

Tobe: "Eh, no he doesn't."

Myx: Myx is facepalming 'cause, just {exasperated sigh}.

Scraw: Scraw squints. "Are you sure?"

Tobe: "This is a trainwreck, clearly."

Mhurren: "I think I've drunk so much I don't recognize you."

Ness: The hobgoblin's just looking bemused behind the desk, saying nothing.

Ixa! The lizardfolk woman is looking pissed off.

{laughs}

Erbak: "Well, here we are."

Ixal: "Yes, and who exactly are you?"

Ness: And the hobgoblin woman sits back. "These, Ixal, are The Scales of Justice. Aren't you?"

Tobe: "Yes."

Erbak: "{sighs} That is who we are."

Ness: "Well, you could have just asked to see me. It might have been quicker."

Erbak: "The fact of the matter is, it's when you don't have much time in town it's hard to find who to ... To find who, or hard to know to know who to speak to."

Ness: "Did ... Did nobody tell you to come to The Black Books Inn to collect the horses that were left for you?"

Tobe: "No one told us that horses were left for us. They just said that something was left for us."

Ness: "You could have asked."

Erbak: "{exasperated sigh}"

Ness: "Well, uh, Leosin is a good friend of mine. He has paid for six horses up front."

Ixal: "Six horses? You're not going to give these fools six horses. It's ridiculous!"

Ness: "They were paid for up front and they are yours to do with as you wish. Now, I assume you ride?"

Tobe: "{snorts} Um, does anyone here know how to ride a horse?"

Ness: And the hobgoblin woman's looking between you all like, "Wait, for real?"

Erbak: "I've grown up in a lot of strange places. I've never ridden a horse."

Scraw: "{slurred} You just, like, swing your leg over it right? And you just, you just sit on it? It's pretty easy. I can, {stammers} I could sit. I could fall off a wagon."

Tobe: "You have already fallen off a wagon."

Scraw: "I don't know what you're talking about. I wasn't ever on one. Hah!"

{laughs}

Ness: "Nonetheless, we have six horses. They are yours. They've been paid for."

Tobe: "Hm."

Ness: "I believe Leosin should be waiting for you."

Tobe: "He is indeed."

Ness: "Well, if you are to get to wherever he is, I imagine he wouldn't have paid for six horses if he didn't not need you there in a hurry."

Myx: "How long would it take us to get there? Someone has already told us it would take us two weeks."

Ness: "Where is it you're going?"

Tobe: "Elturel."

Ness: "Leosin's in Elturel? Okay."

Tobe: "That's where he told us to meet him."

Myx: "Yeah."

Ness: "Interesting. Well, he didn't tell me where he's going, but that's good to know. Thank you."

Tobe: "Uh, um ..."

{laughs}

Ness: "Elturel is 200 miles to the north and yes, if you were to follow the trade route, it would take two weeks."

Tobe: "Do you know of a quicker route?"

Erbak: "This is why I was ..."

Ness: "If you're riding, you can simply cut through the plains. It's much quicker. It's as the crow flies."

Erbak: "Well ... {sighs} herein lies the issue. We needed an alternative route."

Ness: "It would take, roughly, six days were you to cut straight through the plains."

Mhurren: "Wait, did you say crows would be quicker?"

Tobe: {laughs} Oh, my fucking god. {laughs}

Mhurren: "We'll take six of them."

Ness: "They, they would, but we don't have crows. We only have horses."

Mhurren: "Aw, darnit."

Tobe: "And we're certainly not riding them drunk."

Mhurren: "What about a raven?"

Ness: "If you have a raven large enough to get you there, I'm sure it will take no time at all."

Tobe: "No. I cannot make Oz large enough to carry six people. Don't even think of asking me."

Myx: "I did consider it."

Erbak: "Six horses require six people who know how to ride horses."

Ness: "Well, there are six of you, so I assume that's why horses were paid for for you?"

Tobe: "Hmm, I mean ..."

Erbak: "You see, one of the reasons I was ..."

Ixa: "You are just looking to get to Elturel, yes? Ness, give the horses to me. These fools will simply leave them for dead in a ditch."

Erbak: "We're wondering if you knew a maybe riskier but faster route to take a cart?"

Ixal: "No, there is no other route, but our cart does not need roads. Ness, give me the horses. I will keep them and they will get where they're going."

Ness: The hobgoblin looks towards you all and says, "They're your horses."

Tobe: "I think we're probably not going to get a better offer, because we don't know how to ride and we'll probably get lost and be unsuccessful."

Erbak: "Ever the optimist."

Tobe: "Well, I just think that letting someone who knows what they're doing take us where we want to go is better than us not knowing what we're doing and not getting where we need to go."

Erbak: "But, yes, this is our best option."

Myx: "I agree with Tobe."

Ness: "So, what say you?"

Tobe: "Well, I say that that's ... That I have no problem with letting this woman have the horses that were paid for because we have no use for them. But if she wants the horses in exchange for getting us where we're going and also has a means of getting us where we're going, I'm perfectly happy with that."

Ixal: "I can get you there in seven days."

Tobe: "That's good enough for me."

Ixal: "When will you be ready to leave?"

Myx: "Almost immediately, I'd imagine?"

Tobe: "I've got everything I own on my person, so ..."

Erbak: "If you don't mind those two outside being in the state they're in, then we're ready to leave."

Ixal: "I'm sure we can bring a bottle or two or something to lure them on. Besides, there's nothing wrong with a bit of fun when you travel. Right. Ness. Have the

horses ready and I'll bring the cart. 30 minutes, outside." And she just leaves with the two tieflings following in tow.

[music]

Ray: And that is all we have time for. Our heroes begin their journey to Elturel, leaving the chaos of Greenest behind them. What awaits them on the road ahead? Find out in Season 2, coming soon to podcatchers everywhere. The song that you heard at the beginning of this episode was Extravaganza by TRG Banks and the song you are now hearing is While You are Here by Ending Satellites.

Though our Season has drawn to a close, we will be releasing new content each week here on Sundays, the same time as always. So, until next time, travel safe and remember, whether in this realm or the next, The Scales of Justice are here for you, always.