

# Mariner Session Eleven

2021.03.07 9:00-12:00

## Player Characters

**Azriel Davalnath** - Triton Hexblade Warlock 6 / Fighter 1 (Quinton)

**Charlotte Foxtrot (aka Charlie)** - Elven Rogue 2 / Trickery Domain Cleric 5 (Kayla)

**Paulson** - Human Battlemaster Fighter 6 / Warlock 1 (Justin)

**Red "Danger" Bronson** - Human Barbarian 5 / Warlock 2 (David)

**Rixa** - Eladrin Arcane Archer Fighter 6 / Warlock 1 (Casey)

**Horace the Wise** - Birdfolk Noble Fighter 1 / Life Cleric 5 (Miles)

**Skye, Warrior Princess** - Birdfolk Noble Warrior 5 (NPC)

## Campaign Date

Jubilee 30th, 931 (Winter)

## Log

Following the attack on the tower that befouled the Luminous Pool of Fortification and smashed the three Mirrors of Reflected Visage, the tower that was once the bedrock of Greyhollow's defenses began to waver and fade from existence. The crew of the Mariner's Razor just barely managed to make it out of the enchanted tower as it winked out of existence. For a moment there was concern that the dwarven guards of the underground city would attack, but almost immediately Pomphredo's aberrations attacked, and the sounds of remote fighting echoed through the sea maze. That gave the party the opportunity to make their way to where the orphans were hiding out and making sure that they and other innocents had a safe passage away from Graeae's doomed city. After a long rest, the entire crew made their way toward the hidden bridge that leads to Graeae's hidden fortress where they hope to end the curse that threatens all their lives by making a sacrifice to her cauldron.

The heroes realize that the only way past these guards is through them. At first the attack goes smoothly. Maybe too smoothly! Zombies, cultists, and guards all fall beneath the crew's withering attacks. As the party crosses halfway across the natural bridge, Graeae herself appears from the darkness of the chasm suspended in the air on her flying broom. She peppers the heroes with magical fire from her wand and screams at them.

"Why aren't you lot dead yet?" the mighty hag screams. "I have no time for you. The missing pieces of the trident are hidden away by my cauldron. You'll never get them for your master, that monster Streckript!"



Graeae aims to leave the chasm through the entrance to her grand volcanic hideout, but the path is blocked by Rixa. The elven archer gets a close-up view of her former mistress as Graeae streaks by deeper into the caverns. “Out of my way, turncoat!” the hag-queen croaks at Rixa as she drains the life force from the captain of the Mariner’s Razor.

The party considers pursuing Graeae, but she is moving much too fast and they fear being lured into a trap or ambush. They take a short rest and then press on into the volcanic caverns that are the hag-queen’s inner sanctum. After about twenty minutes, they encounter a guardpost at a half-ruined bridge that crosses a deep well of magma. Two cultists stand guard on the far end. The party sneaks into position, looking to ambush the sentinels. The trap is about to be sprung when Charlie gets a little too curious looking at two strange corpses lying in some rubble on the far end. They sprung to life at Charlie’s inspection, alerting the cultists of Graeae. These corpses appeared to be made up of several zombies sewn together and powered by an electric charge. They proved to be tough, and particularly resistant to turning attempts. Moreover, lightning attacks appeared to heal these mindless golems made of flesh!

Meanwhile Red sprinted across a thin shelf overlooking the magma to engage the cultists. One proved to be a wizard and conjured a trio of fire elementals. Azriel conjured a great wall of water to block the elementals' attacks while Red ruthlessly and methodically chopped the cultists into smaller bits with the furious attacks from his axe. The party managed to beat the monstrous automatons of flesh into submission, and Rixa's bow and Azriel's magic finished off the remaining elementals of flame. The party pressed on.



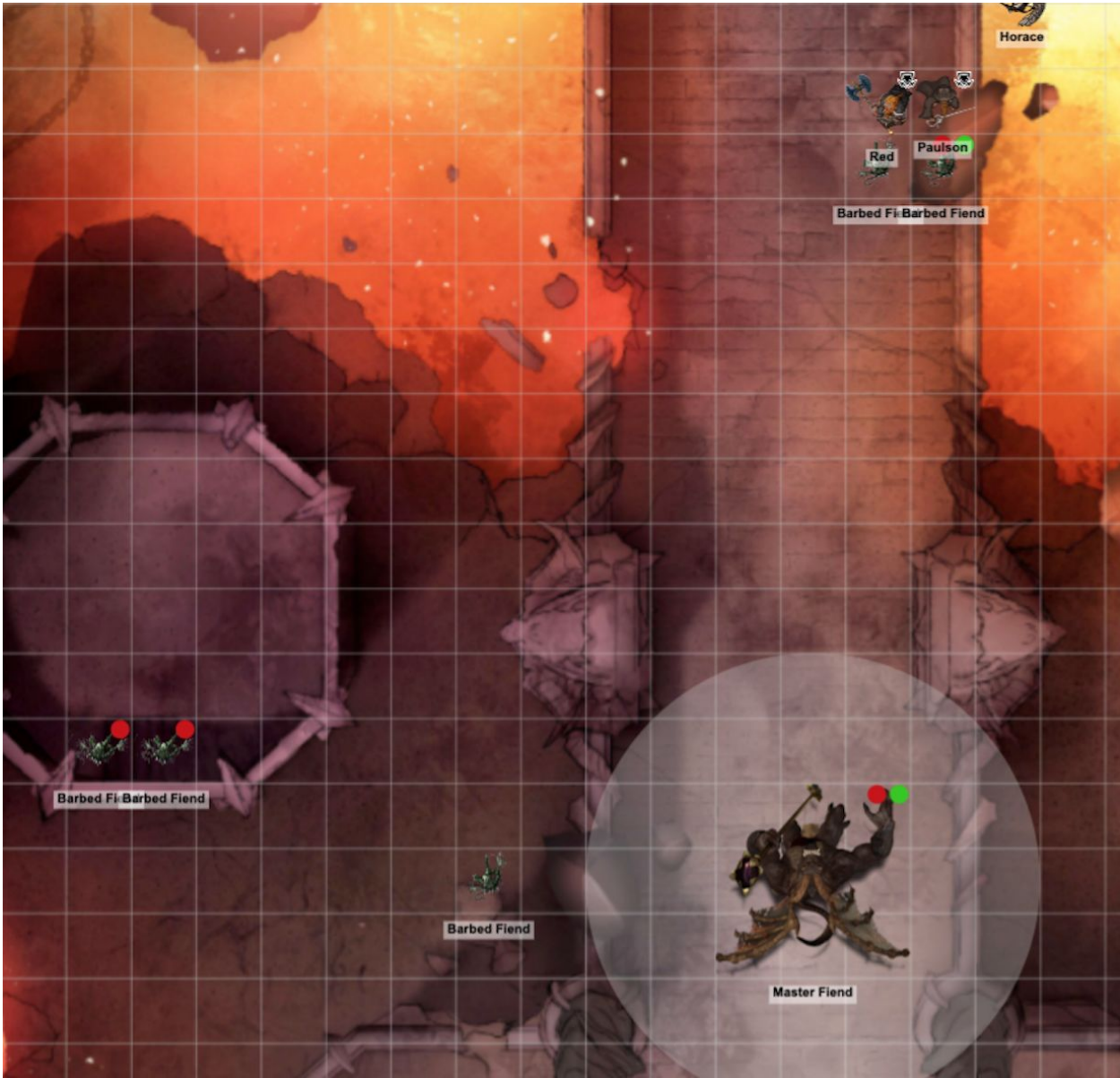
After another brief rest, the heroes reach Graeae's fortress itself. It is a massive stone edifice that may only be reached by a long bridge over smouldering magma. Fiends and cultists stand guard at one end. The other is blocked by a massive horned devil and his spined companions.

The heroes attack. Rixa takes out the cultists in a tower in short order while Red, Skye, and Horace engage the fiends in melee combat.





The party attacks the massive master fiend in concert. Red, Horace, and Skye hold the line against the fiends while Rixa, Azriel, and Charlie mop up behind them delivering covering fire.



After driving off the fiends, the heroes cautiously enter Graeae's fortress. Inside they see a titanic iron cauldron hanging over a lake of molten rock. A mystical bridge of force stretches between the shore and the massive basin of boiling sin. The crew crosses the bridge to the opening to the cauldron. They look at one another, take a deep breath, and then begin dropping sacrifices into the cauldron in an attempt to end the deathly curse that had befallen them and the rest of the crew.

Azriel disposes of the armor his family gave him as an heirloom. He will no longer carry the weight of their expectations. Red throws in his boots, a magic item that he most certainly should use but just doesn't. Horace cremated his magical morningstar in the cauldron, remarking that he would be trading the enchanted weapon for a crown and scepter soon. Charlie burns the papers she stole from Kyaran. After wearing her identity like a chip on her shoulder Charlie would no longer take the risks with her life and that of her newfound "family." Rixa burned up the eyeball of the hag, signifying that she has forgiven herself for all the ways she was forced to act on Graeae's behalf when she served the hag. Finally, Paulson burned the mask he wore when he was sure he was disfigured that covered the fact he was a clone. Just because Paulson was made in the image of Lord Streckript doesn't mean that he is destined to become a monster too.

The weight of the curse lifts. The entire crew of the Mariner's Razor are freed of the deadly curse. The party investigates the single stone chest sitting near the opening to the cauldron. It is trapped, and hurts the entire party with its necromantic magic. Inside, are two more parts of the Mariner's Trident. Azriel reaches in and collects them.

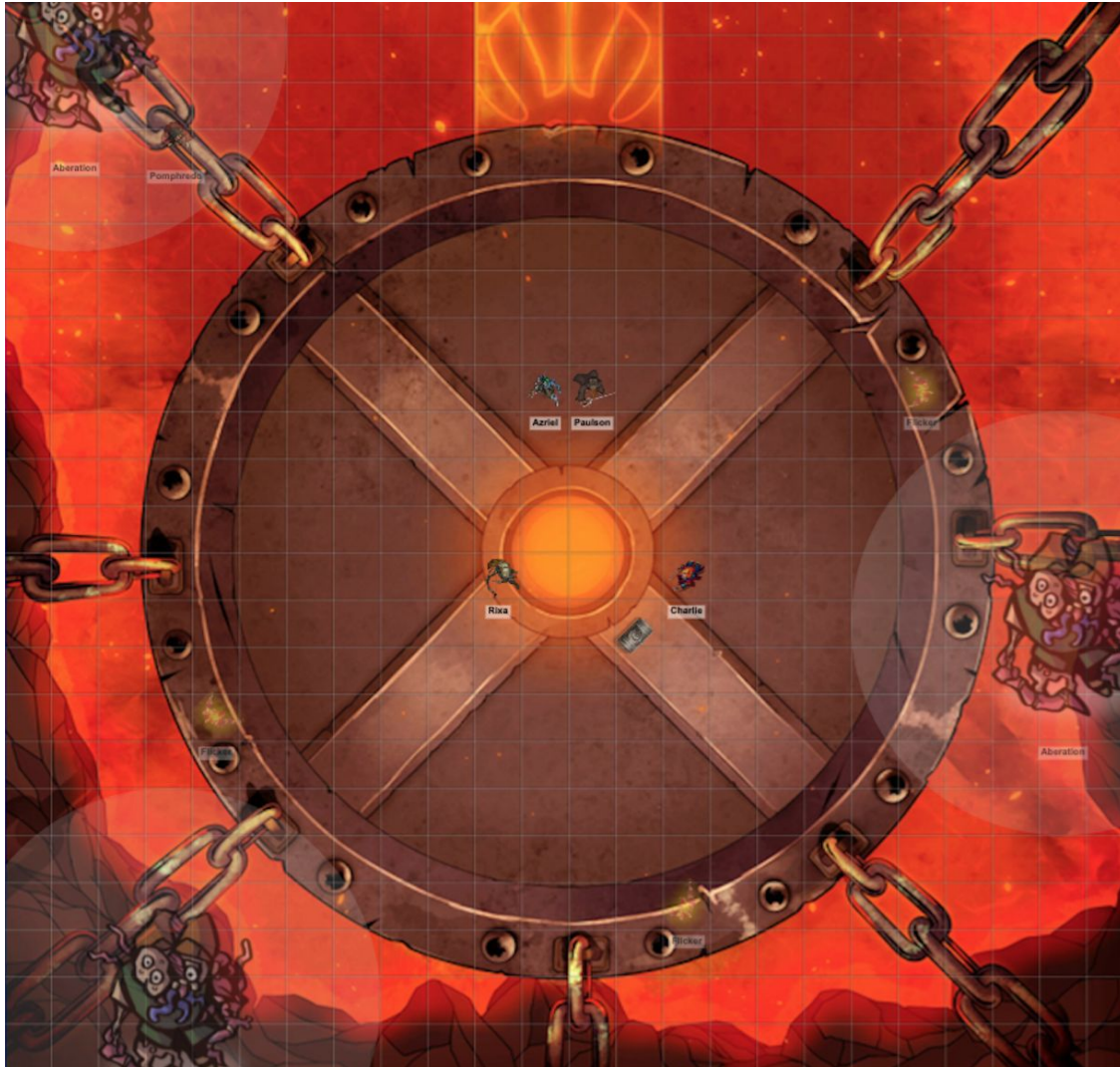
At that very moment, Graeae arrives in the massive cauldron chamber on her broom. She dispels the magical bridge and flies above the party threatening them.

"Laetitia has moved on you fools! She does not want to return to the mortal plane! As usual, Streckript is making a grave mistake, blinded by his hate."

The party tries to communicate, and prepares to fight off an attack but the witch is deaf with hate.

"No! He mustn't have the missing parts of the trident! The only way Streckript can force her to return to life is by extorting the old gods. My daughter no longer wants to be a part of our struggle."

Now the ceiling of the rough chamber is torn open. Three titanic aberrations have tunneled into Graeae's most inner sanctum and attack, led by another hag, Pomphredo herself. A massive struggle of might and magic begins between the two hag archmagi.



“Don’t give Streckript what he wants! I implore you! Return all the parts of the trident to the sea. Let the Mariner return to his rightful place in the pantheon. You must not let him...win!”

The crew take the opportunity to flee Graeae’s domain and exit through the sea maze in their ship. For the first time in months they can breathe free on the oceans of Kyor.

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