

Mariner Session Five

2020.12.13 9:00-12:00

Player Characters

Amock - Green Elf Paladin 3 / Warlock 1 (John)

Azriel Davalnath - Triton Hexblade Warlock 4 (Quinton)

Charlotte Foxtrot (aka Kyaran) - Elven Rogue 1 / Trickery Domain Cleric 3 (Kayla)

Dahlia - Tiefling Swashbuckler Rogue 4 (Connor)

Horace the Wise - Birdfolk Noble Fighter 1/ Life Cleric 3 (Miles)

Paulson - Human Battlemaster Fighter 4 (Justin)

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

Rixa - Eladrin Arcane Archer Fighter 4 (Casey)

Campaign Date

Hallow 27th, 930 - 28th, 930 (Mid Fall)

Log

Horace, was so happy to finally reach Korm's Fall and meet his dearest love, Skye. She was just as lovely as he imagined, but in person Skye's personality was nothing like her letters. Instead of being thoughtful and loving she seemed distant and cold. Nonetheless, a hasty nuptial ceremony is scheduled. Horace's best friend and servant Silverfinch sells his own family's heirlooms to provide a reasonable wedding ring for his friend and monarch, Horace.

It seems Paulson is dead set on killing Count Rugen, the six-fingered imperial nobleman. Many of the crew have learned that Rugen is a deadly duelist and has famously slain several humans who have crossed his ire. Charlie has been stressing over these orders that she stole from Kyaran - another Imperial officer. This Kyaran person Charlie robbed sure seems like a piece of work. When Charlie pretends to be her, everyone seems timid and respectful like they are going to lose their jobs or lives.

Horace is so penniless, he doesn't even have the means to find noble guests of his own to invite. Instead, he asks the crew of the Mariner's Razor to join in the celebration. At least most of them look presentable now that they have blended in with the people of Dunhall. Charlie particularly looks impressive as she continues to pretend to be Kyaran.

Horace meets the other members of the crew as the servants put food and drink out. Red and Amock are immediately angered that the ale is not served in buckets. Charlie offers two gifts for

the wedding. One is a doormat with the slogan “Live, Laugh, Love” from Kyaran’s house from her, and another is a tapestry with the same slogan given as a group gift from the other crew members.

The ceremony is about to start. The important guests start to arrive from the sky. The crew of the Mariner’s Razor are seated at the very back of the congregation of humans who serve the royal birdfolk. First to arrive are the sturdy gull folk. They are strong and proud, the working class of the birdfolk elite. Next are the owl folk. These people are wise and thoughtful, and arrive with amazing and thoughtful gifts for the royal couple. Next, the militant crow folk swoop in. They arrive in their finest military dress uniforms, yet still ready to fight with knives and swords if they should need to. Finally, the nobles arrive. Horace’s distant cousins fly in, alighting in the garden by the castle’s cliffside.

The music swells just as Skye arrives. She stands at the top of the stairs down to the cliffside garden. She gives Horace a contemptful sneer. Horace is confused. Didn’t this bird send him years of love letters pledging her undying love?



Skye’s parents, The Honorable Athena and Georgious Peck arrive by air with a brace of bodyguard eagles. These two nobles are the king and queen of Korm’s Fall. They alight on the altar set up in the beautiful garden overlooking the cliffs of Auria. “We love you, and we welcome you to our family,” they whisper to Horace as they decorate him with their floral favors before the ceremony. The host turns toward the bride as nuptial music swells.

Skye explodes into a large demon whirling in acidic oxidation. Acidic bubbles smell like burnt rubber smoke like flame from the flesh of this abyssal being. “You think Graeae a fool? My devious and enchanting matron has taken your Skye and enslaved her. And now with a single stroke I wipe out the entire nobility of the bird-folk.”

The entire wedding party scatters. Gulls and Owl folk flee with their children while the Crow folk move to attack this new threat. In a malicious move, the Impostor burns the crow folk to death, turning their feathers to ash and melting the flesh off their bones. Then, the monster raises these skeletons from the dead and turns them against the assembled host.

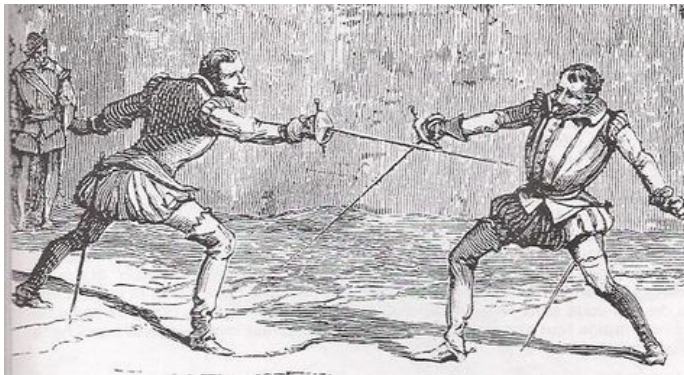
The burning expands. Athena and Georgious are consumed. Their flesh melts away and their bodies become the conveyance of two servant demons of Graeae’s impostor. They shriek in pain and anger as they are freed of the abyss and given the forms of flesh to murder and terrorize!

The impostor demon leans toward Horace, "What is this? I sense that Pricketts is amongst you! You already have the sweet taste of the curse, birdfolk! Tell me, where is he and I'll be merciful and kill you last."

With the crows incinerated, once all the civilians out of the way, the crew of the Mariner's Razor are the only ones to protect Horace from being murdered by the demon posing as his bride. The skeletons of the blasted bird-folk join in the attack.

The crew sit in stunned silence amidst the ruins of the beautiful royal wedding. There is sobbing in the background, and Red enjoys a bucket of ale. Amock helps himself to the wedding cake, digging into it with his hand. With all the nobles slain or

After a while, a plan begins to form. The crew must free the over one hundred orphans who will be doomed to be sent off to Graeae tomorrow. They need some officers' garb. Paulson knows where to get those uniforms.



Paulson challenges Count Rugen to a duel. The elven nobleman, incensed by the mask Paulson wears, agrees that they meet in a remote part of Dunhall Village for their fight in an hour's time. Meanwhile, the crew of the Mariner's Razor prepare to ambush Rugen and his entourage.

Paulson, flanked by Red and Amock stand in the street as the Count rolls in with his six sycophantic elven officers and a young and impetuous mage. Red murmurs under his breath, "Now remember what my father always said, kill the wizard first."

Paulson and Count Rugen exchange insults. "Is this duel to the first blood? Or to the death? Death is SO overrated," the Count coos. Paulson challenges the elven nobleman to fight against a "member of the 103rd squadron, defending Drusura" to which Rugen gives the odd retort, "well then I suppose that makes me the six-fingered elf now doesn't it? Just like the famous poem by Lord Alfrond."

The duel begins, but it quickly devolves into a full-on battle. Amock, Paulson, and Red charge Rugen. Rixa and Charlie manage to kill the wizard but not before taking a close-up blast of arctic ice and wind that cuts them to ribbons. Azriel leaps from the top of a building, stabbing one of the officers through the chest. Paulson's first few attacks are blocked easily by the Count's magic. Rugen calls mockingly to his mates. "Nice footwork, peasant! Perhaps you'll have to show me that one when I see you in hell."

After distributing healing, Horace has “had enough of this” and “just wants to get his wife back” so he joins the fray just in time to be caught in an explosive teleportation as Count Rugen moves across the battlefield. “You remind me of a younger Warlord Tipstreck. Is it the mask? Or the technique? Where did you study, boy?” Azriel immediately becomes focused on what the nobleman says.

Paulson removes his mask, exclaiming how his ruined face is Rugen’s fault. However, what everyone sees instead is an exact duplicate face as that of Captain Pricketts. Everyone is confused, including Count Rugen. “Why you’re that horrible Pricketts wizard fellow. When we last met you were completely rude and obnoxious with your prattling on and such. I had no idea you were such a swordsman, though!”

The crew redoubles their efforts and pushes their attack. Rixa and Charlie knock two more of the Count’s men out with Amock’s help, and Paulson and Red re-engage the sneering Imperial nobleman. “Of course, you should know that I’ve studied with the best: Mox Sheol. Venn Dawgrim. The Slaughterer. Worked with Corvax, that one did. His lessons cost my family a fortune.”



Rugen does his best to escape, dropping a fireball that knocks Rixa out of the fight. However, with the mage and the officers down the crew manages to pin Count Rugen in place and capture him after knocking him unconscious. The group later questions the Count. They learn that from the Empire’s point of view, Warlord Tipstreck has some designs of his own beyond helping Graeae find and retrieve certain artifacts from the Tritons’ undersea kingdom. They also learn that it was as a favor to Graeae herself that the bounty was put out on the Mariner’s Razor. Also, they came to understand just how loathed Kyaran truly was among noble society.

Charlie has been studying Kyaran’s orders. It appears that on the afternoon of the 28th, Kyaran has an appointment at the Happy Faces Orphanage and Workhouse in the Village of Dunhall to take possession of over a hundred orphans of several races, board The Silence captained by Captain Saria Elmenor, and meet The Witchbeard at a deserted island near Mortu. There, Kyaran was to trade the orphans for a package of some sort which is to be delivered directly to the Imperial Conclave itself.

There are specific orders that the children are to be well-fed and must not to be harmed at all costs before they reach the rendez-vous. Imperial officers should all know these rules as well, and will do their best to prevent any harm to the children. It seems that there should be plenty of chaos with the harvest festival preparations for that evening that the crew should be able to come up with some sort of a plan to liberate the orphans and throw the plan into disarray.

The Ballad of 103-2

BY ALFROND, LORD TENZEN

Imperial Year 3854

I

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the forest of Death
 strode the squadron
“Forward, 103rd! Make haste!
Charge for the ramparts!” he said.
Into the forest of Death
 Strode the 103rd squadron.

II

“Forward, 103-2!”
What was there for a man to do?
Not though the soldier knew
 Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the forest of Death
 Strode the 103rd squadron.

III

Arrows to right of them,
Arrows to left of them,
Arrows in front of them
 Volleyed and whistled;
Stormed at with venom and blade
Boldly they advanced and never strayed,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
 Strode the 103rd squadron.

IV

Flashed all their rapiers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Skewering the archers there,
Charging an army, while

All the world wondered.
Plunged in the sorcerous-smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Elven and Human
Reeled from the rapier stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they fell back, but not
Not the 103rd squadron.

V
Arrows to right of him,
Arrows to left of him,
Arrows behind him
Volleyed and whistled;
103-2 fights on but does not die,
The six-fingered elf stabs him in the eye
He who had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
He was that was left of them,
Left of the 103rd squadron.

VI
When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Reapers, the soldiers of Drusura
Noble 103rd squadron!